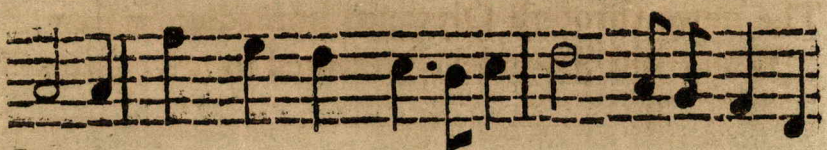
Hard, hard is my fate! oh, how galling my chain
My life's steer'd by misery's chart—
And 'tho 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,
Tears gush forth to ease my sad heart:
I disdain e'en to shrink, tho' I feel the sharp lash;
Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore:
While round me the unfeeling billows will dash,
I sigh!—and still tug at the oar.

How fortune deceives!—I had pleasure in tow,
The port where she dwelt we'd in view;
But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with woe,
And, dear Anne, I hurried from you.
Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,
To behold my lov'd Anne no more!
But dispair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay-
He sigh'd—and expir'd at the oar!

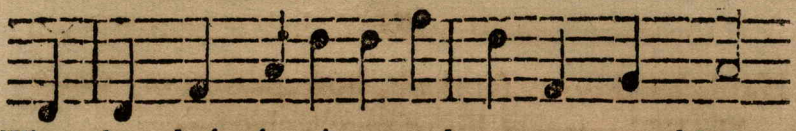
.....

ANACREON IN HEAVEN.

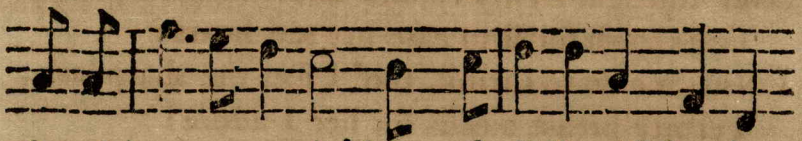
To Anacreon in Heav'n where he sat in ful



glee, A few sons of harmony sent a petition



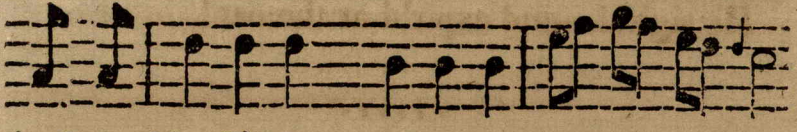
That he their inspirer and patron would be,



when this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian:

Voice fiddle and flute no longer be mute, I'll

lend you my name and inspire you to boot;



And besides I'll instruct you like me to entwin

The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine

The news through Olympus immediately flew,
When old Thunder pretented to give himself
airs;

"If these mortals are suffer'd their schemes to pursue,
The devil a goddess will stay above stairs:
Hark! already they cry,
In transports of joy,
Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,
And there with good fellows we'll learn to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The yellow-hair'd god and his nine fusty maids,
From Helicon's banks will incontenent flee;
Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be;
My thunder, no fear on't,
Shall soon do its errand,
And, d..me, I'll swinge the ring-leaders, I warrant;
I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Apollo rose up, and said, 'Prithee ne'er quarrel,
Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below;
Your thunder is useless,' then, shewing his laurel,
Cry'd, 'Sic evitabile fulmen', you know,
Then over each head
My laurels I'll spread;
So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread,
Whilst snug in their clubroom they jovially twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,
And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join;
"The full tide of harmony still shall be his,
But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall be mine;
Then Jove be not jealous
Of these honest fellows,"— [us,
Cry'd Jove, 'we relent, since the truth you now tell
And I swear, by old Styx, that they long shall en-
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine. [twine

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand,
Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love;
'Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd,
You've the fiat of gods, and the sanction of Jove,
Whilst thus we agree,
Our toast let it be,
May our club flourish happy, united, and free;
And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

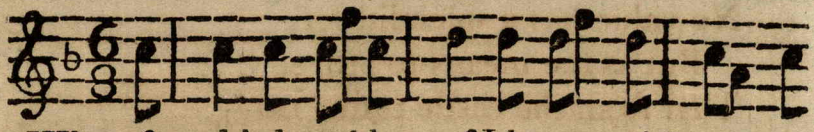
TO THE FOREGOING TUNE.

When Bibo went down to the regions below,
Where Lethe and Styx round eternity flow;
He wak'd in the boat and he would be row'd back,
For his soul it was thirsty, and wanted some sack;
But Charon replied you were drunk when you died
And ne'er felt the pains that to death are ally'd:
Take me back reply'd Bibo, I mind not the pain,
And if I was drunk let me die once again.

Forget, reply'd Charon, those regions of strife,
Drink of Lethe divine, 'tis the fountain of life,
Where the soul is new born, and all past is a dream,
E'en the gods themselves sip of the care-drowning
stream:
The gods! reply'd Bibo—drink water who will,
The maxim of mortals I'll ever fulfill:
So prate not to me of your Lethe divine,
Our Lethe on earth is a bumper of wine.

At length grim old Cerberus gave a loud roar,
When the crazy old bark struck the Stygian shore;
Then Bibo got up, and he stagger'd to land,
And jostled the ghost's as they stood on the strand
Says Charon, I tell you, 'tis vain to rebel,
For you'r banish'd from earth, and are now in hell
That's a truth, reply'd Bibo, I know by this sign,
For 'tis hell upon earth to be wanting of wine.

WHEN FIRST THIS HUMBLE ROOF



When first this humble roof I knew, with various

cares I strove; My grain was scarce my sheep were