

SONG CLXVII.



To Anacreon, in heav'n, where he sat in full glee,



a few sons of harmony sent a pe-ti-tion, that he



their in-spir-er and patron would be; when this



answer ar-riv'd from the jol-ly 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 in-twine the myrtle of
Venus



Venus with Bac - chus's vine, and, besides, I'll



instruct you like me to intwine the myrtle of Venus



with Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew ;

When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs—

“ If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,

“ The devil & 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 intwine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

“ The yellow-hair'd God and his nine fusty maids,

“ From Helicon's banks will incontinent 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, dam'me ! I'll swinge the ringleaders, 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, "Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,
 " Good king of the Gods, with my vot'ries below:
 " Your thunder is usefess"—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 club-room, 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 chearfully join—

" The tide of full 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."

Cry'd Jove, " We relent, since the truth you now tell us;
 " And swear, by old Styx, that they long shall intwine
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye sons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand;

Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love!

'Tis your's to support what's so happily plann'd;

You've the sanction of Gods, and the fiat of Jove.

While thus we agree,

Our toast let it be,

May our club flourish happy, united, and free!

And long may the sons of Anacreon intwine

The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

SONG CLXVIII.



When dai - sies pied and vi - o - lets blue, And la - dy



smocks all sil - ver white, and cuckow buds of yel - low
 hue