

## **The anacreontic song [lyrics]**

### **Verse**

To Anacreon in Heav'n where sat in full Glee,  
A few Sons of Harmony sent a Petition,  
The He their Inspirer and Patron wou'd 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 Intwine  
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine

### **Chorus**

And besides I'll instruct you like me to intwine  
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.

### **Verse**

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 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 intwine  
"The Myrtle of Venus and Bacchus's Vine.

### **Verse**

"The Yellow Hair'd God and his nine fusty Maids,  
"The 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.

### **Verse**

Apollo rose up, and said, "Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,  
"Good King of the Gods with my Votries 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 Club Room they Jovially twine  
"The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine

**Verse**

Next Momus got up with his risible Phiz,  
And swore with Apollo he'd chearfull Join  
"The full Tide of Harmony still shall be his,  
"But the Song and the Catch, the Laugh shall be mine  
"Then Jove he 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 shal intertwine  
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.

**Verse**

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 intertwine  
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.