

# TO BACCHUS, DEAR BACCHUS,

*A Celebrated Drinking Song,*

For the Harp, Piano Forte, or German Flute,

*Composed by*

**SIG<sup>R</sup> DITTERSDORF.**

*Pr. 1.<sup>s</sup>*

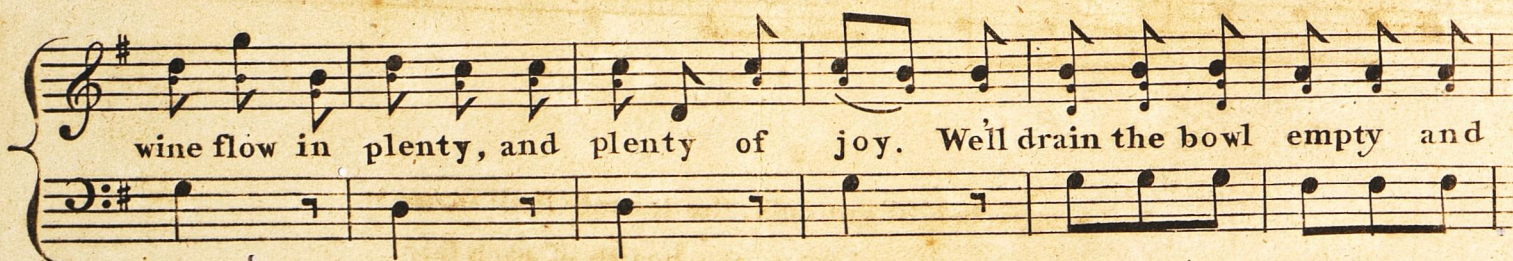
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To Bacchus, dear Bacchus, an altar I'll raise; And full of his presence, grow



wild in his praise, Approach thirsty topers no ills shall annoy, But



wine flow in plenty, and plenty of joy. We'll drain the bowl empty and



drink away care, We'll drain the bowl empty, and drink away care, If



endless such pleasures, how happy it were, If endless such pleasures, how

Cho<sup>s</sup>

happy it were, If endless such pleasures, how happy it were, If

endless such pleasures, how happy it were.

And Venus, bright goddess, the incense shall share,  
 And bumpers be quaff'd to the health of each fair.  
 In love's happy triumph each beauty shall shine,  
 And heighten the joys of the juice of the vine.  
 We'll drink, and we'll love, and we'll drive away care.  
 If endless such pleasures, how happy it were!