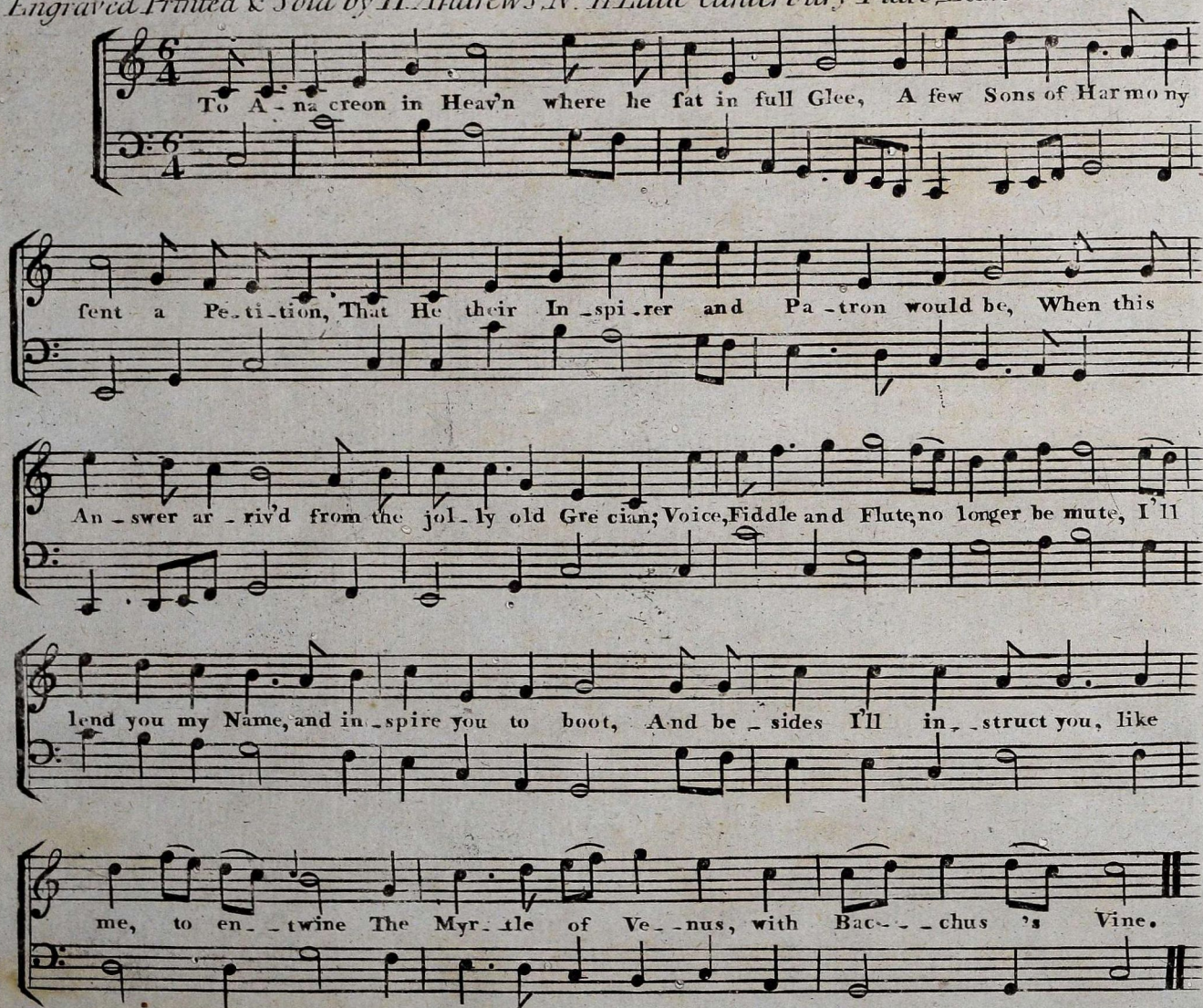


# TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN

## *the favorite* *Anacreontic Song.*

*Pf. 1<sup>st</sup>*

*Engraved Printed & Sold by H. Andrews, N<sup>o</sup> 11 Little Canterbury Place, Lambeth Walk.*



To A-na creon in Heav'n where he sat in full Glee, A few Sons of Harmony  
sent a Pe-ti-tion, That He their In-spi-rer and Pa-tron would be, When this  
An-swer ar-riv'd from the jol-ly old Gre-cian; Voice, Fiddle and Flute, no longer be mute, I'll  
lend you my Name, and in-spire you to boot, And be-sides I'll in-struct you, like  
me, to en-twine The Myr-tle of Ve-nus, with Bac-chus's Vine.

### Chorus



And be-sides I'll in-struct you, like me, to en-twine, The  
And &c.  
And be-sides I'll in-struct you, like me, to en-twine, The  
And &c.



Myrtle of Venus, with Bacchus's Vine.

Myrtle &c.

Myrtle of Venus, with Bacchus's Vine.

Myrtle &c.

2  
The news through Olympus immediately flew,  
When Old Thunder pretended to give himself Airs,  
If these Mortals are suffer'd their Scheme to persue,  
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.

3  
The Yellow Hair'd God and his nine fusty Maids,  
From Helicon's Banks will incontinent flee,  
Idelia 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 it's Errand,

And, Danime, 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.

4  
Apollo rose up, and said, Prythee ne'er quarrel,  
Good King of the Gods with my Votaries 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,  
While snug in their Club Room, they Jovially twine,  
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.

5  
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, & the Catch, & 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 twine,  
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.

6  
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 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 twine,  
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.

For the German Flute.