

To Anacreon in Heav'n
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Ralph Tomlinson

To Anacreon in Heav'n,
Where he sat in full glee,
A few Sons of Harmony
Sent a petition
That he their Inspirer
And Patron would be;
When this answer arrived
From the Jolly Old Grecian:
"Voice, Fiddle, and Flute,
No longer be mute,
I'll lend you my name
And inspire you to boot,

Chorus:

: And besides I'll instruct you,
Like me, to intwine
The Myrtle of Venus
With Bacchus's Vine." :

2. The news through Olympus
Immediately flew;
When Old Thunder pretended
To give himself airs.
"If these Mortals are suffered
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,

Chorus:

: And there with good fellows,
We'll learn to intwine
The Myrtle of Venus
With Bacchus' Vine. :

3. "The Yellow-Haired 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 swing
The Ringleaders I warrant.

Chorus:

: 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, "Pry'thee ne'er quarrel,
 Good King of the Gods,
 With My Vot'ries below:
 Your Thunder is useless"--
 Then showing 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,

Chorus:

: While, snug in their clubroom,
 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, 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:

Chorus:

: And swear by Old Styx,
 That they long shall intwine
 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!

Chorus:

: And long may the Sons
 Of Anacreon intwine
 The Myrtle of Venus
 With Bacchus's Vine." :