

The
ANACREONTIC SONG
Sung at the Crown & Anchor Tavern in the Strand.
 the Words by
 RALPH TOMLINSON Esq.ⁿ late President of that SOCIETY.

Price 6*d*

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To A. NAUREON in Hove where he sat in full Glee, A few Sons of Herma - ny

sent a Petition That He their In - filder and Patron would be, when this

Answer arriv'd from the JOHN OLDENCLAN Voice Fiddle and Flute no

longer be mute I'll lend you my Name and In - spire you to sing And he -

sides I'll instruct you like me to Entwine The Myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS's Vine

Quintus.

And be... flies ill infuse you like me to infuse The
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Hyr... the... of VENUS with BACCHUS'S Vine.
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The news through OLYMPUS immediately flew,
 When JUD THUNDER just-and-right himself Aire,
 If such Mortals were bold to their Scheme to perfuse,
 The Devil a Godless will fly above Stairs.

"Dark already they cry,

"In Transport of Joy,

"Away to the Sons of ANACREON we'll go,
 "And there with good Fellows well known to infuse
 "The Mystic of VENUS with BACCHUS'S Vine.

"The YELLOW HAIR'D GOD within his fifty Miles,
 "From HELLION'S Banks will inventurk low
 "ITALIA will boast but of tempestuous Shores
 "And the HI farked HELL a more Reckless will be
 "My Thunder no fear will,

"Well done do its Extrams,
 "And danc'ne. I'll bring the Blingblings I warrant,
 "I'll trim the young Dogs for thair daring to twine
 The Mystic of VENUS with BACCHUS'S Vine.

APOLLO rose up and said, "Prayther, who's quarned,
 "Grovelling of the Gods with my Vatues before
 "Ye Thunder is offish now beshugly Lored,
 Cry 'D'Sic vittally filling you know +

"Then over each Head
 "My Lards I'll spread

"So my Sons from your Countries as Milke's but dead,
 "WHILF sing in their Club Room they Jovily to me
 "The Mystic of VENUS with BACCHUS'S Vine

"NEAL MIMUS got up with his vittile Pliz,
 And Peate with APOLLO's left cheefull John
 "The full Tide of Harmony still shall be Nix
 But the Song and the Catch, the Lough shall be wine
 "Then JOVE he and Seafins
 "Of Hele's himself tellours,

Cry 'D'SIC We solent flane the Truthy you now tell us,
 "And fence by OLD STYX, but they lang-fled intoller
 The Mystic of VENUS with BACCHUS'S Vine.

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Ye Sons of ANACREON your Joll Hand in Hand
 Preferre Chivalry Friendship and Love,
 "Tis yours to support wha's to happily plann,
 You're the Sancion of Gods and the FIAT of JOVE,
 While these we agree,
 Our Troof let it be,

May our Club boards happy united and Free
 And long may the Sons of ANACREON intoller
 The Mystic of VENUS with BACCHUS'S Vine.