

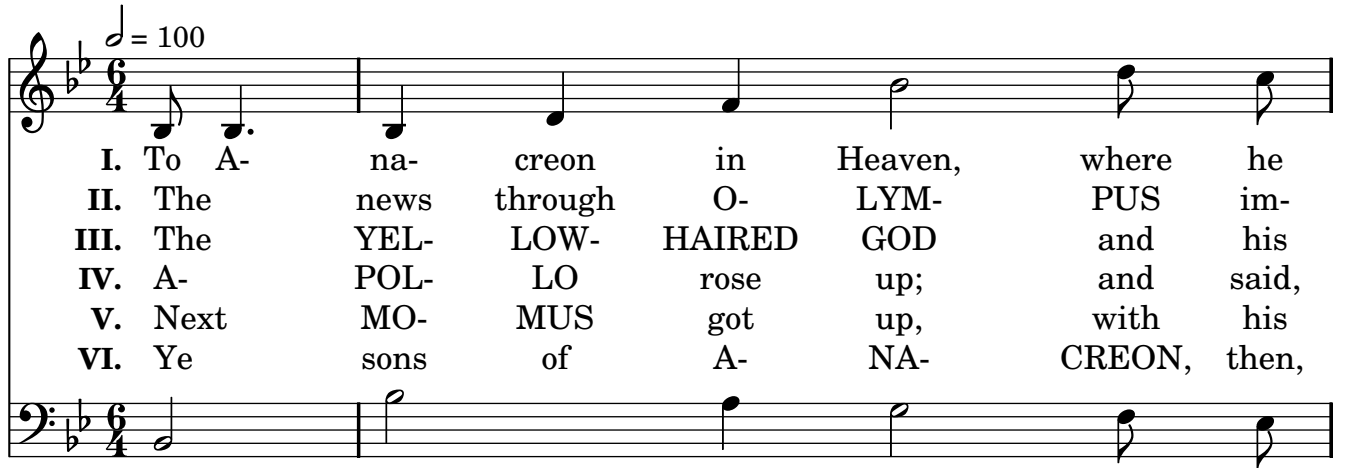
To Anacreon in Heaven

s Sung at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand

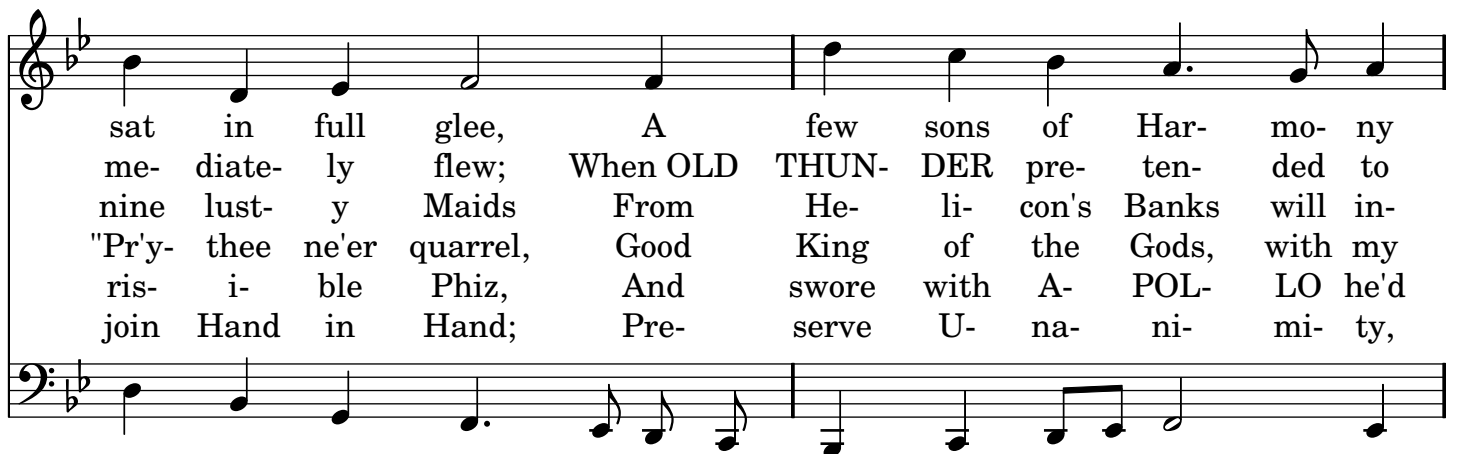
Ralph Tomlinson Esq.

John Stafford Smith (attributed)

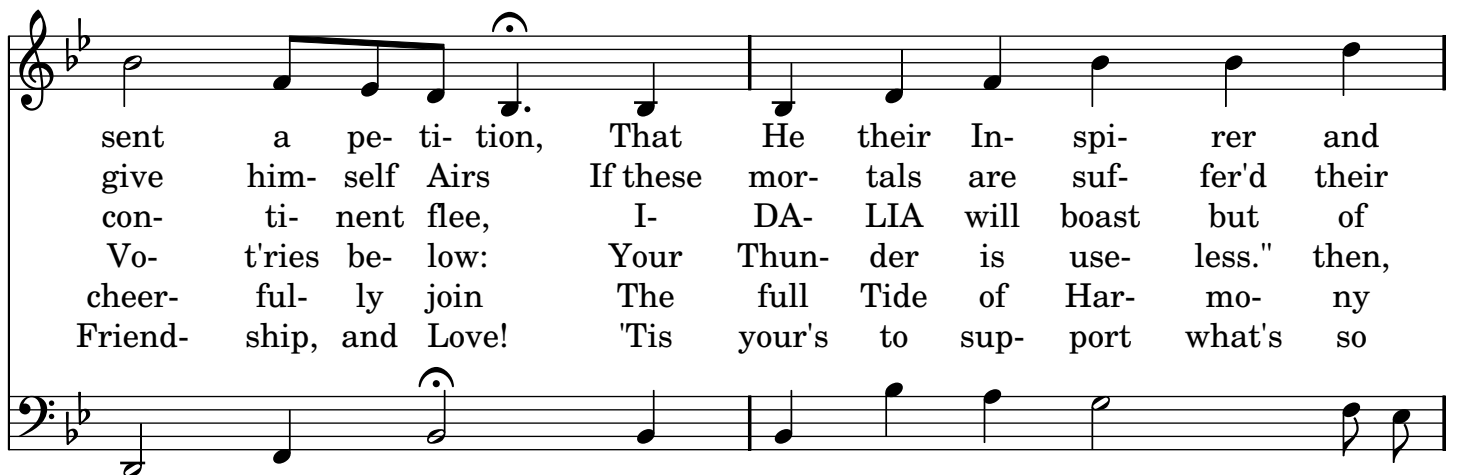
$\text{♩} = 100$



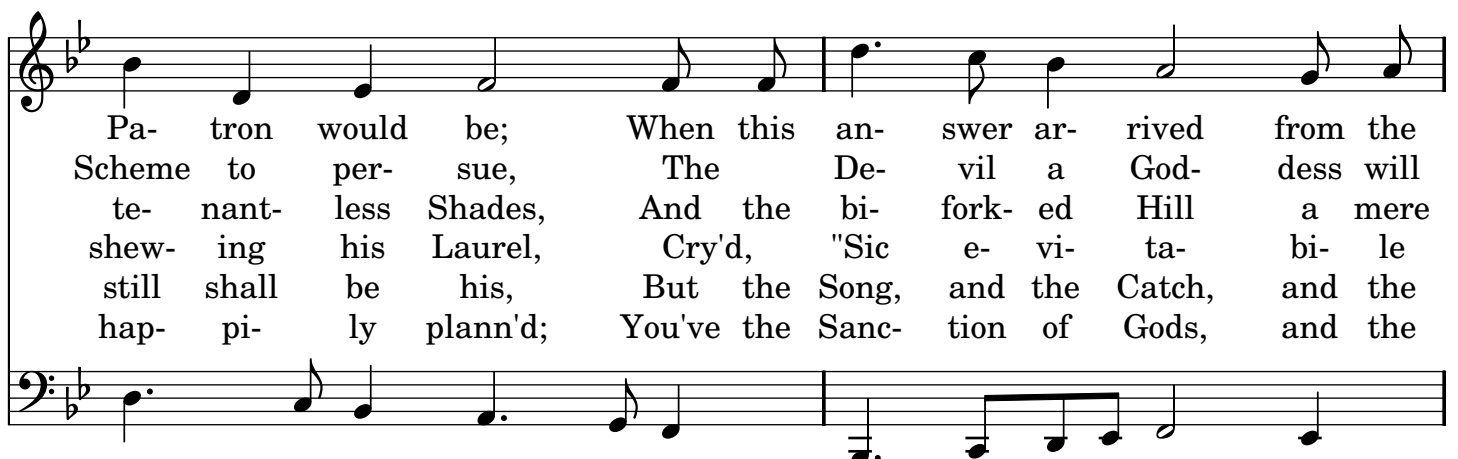
I. To A-na-creon in Heaven, where he
II. The news through O-LYM-PUS im-
III. The YEL-LOW-HAIRED GOD and his
IV. A-POL-LO rose up; and said,
V. Next MO-MUS got up, with his
VI. Ye sons of A-NA-CREON, then,



sat in full glee, A few sons of Har-mo-ny
me-diate-ly flew; When OLD THUN-DER pre-ten-ded to
nine lust-y Maids From He-li-con's Banks will in-
"Pr'y- thee ne'er quarrel, Good King of the Gods, with my
ris-i-ble Phiz, And swore with A-POL-LO he'd
join Hand in Hand; Pre-serve U-na-ni-mi-ty,



sent a pe-ti-tion, That He their In-spi-rer and
give him-self Airs If these mor-tals are suf-fer'd their
con-ti-nent flee, I-DA-LIA will boast but of
Vo-t'ries be-low: Your Thun-der is use-less." then,
cheer-ful-ly join The full Tide of Har-mo-ny
Friend-ship, and Love! 'Tis your's to sup-port what's so



Pa-tron would be; When this an-swer ar-rived from the
Scheme to per-sue, The De-vil a God-dess will
te-nant-less Shades, And the bi-fork-ed Hill a mere
shew-ing his Laurel, Cry'd, "Sic e-vi-ta-bi-le
still shall be his, But the Song, and the Catch, and the
hap-pi-ly plann'd; You've the Sanc-tion of Gods, and the

Jol- ly Old Gre- cian Voice, Fid- dle, and Flute, no
 stay a- bove the Stairs. Hark, al- read- y they cry, In
 De- sart will be My Thun- der, no fear on't, Shall
 ful- men", you know! then o- ver each Head My
 Laugh shall be mine Then, JOVE, be not jealous Of
 FI- AT of Jove. While thus we a- gree Our

long- er be mute, I'll lend you my Name and in-
 trans- ports of Joy, A- way to the Sons of A-
 soon do it's Errand, and, dam'- me! I'll swinge the Ring-
 Laur- els I'll spread; So my Sons from your Crack- ers no
 these ho- nest Fellows. Cry'd JOVE, "We re- lent, since the
 Toast let it be. May our club flour- ish hap- py, u-

spire you to boot, And, be- sides, I'll in- struct you like
 NA- CREON we'll fly, And there, with good Fel- lows, we'll
 lead- ers, I warrant, I'll trim the young Dogs, for thus
 Mis- chief shall dread, Whilst snug in their Club- Room, they
 Truth you now tell us; And swear, by OLD STYX, that they
 nit- ed and free! And long may the Sons of A-

me to en- twine The Myr- tle of Ve- nus with Ba- chus- 's Vine.
 learn to en- twine
 dar- ing to twine
 jo- vial- ly twine
 long shall en- twine
 NA- CREON in- twine