



## ANACREONTICK.

WHEN Spring came on with fresh Delight,  
To cheer the Soul, and charm the Sight,  
While easy Breezes, softer Rain,  
And warmer Suns salute the Plain ;  
'Twas then, in yonder Piny Grove,  
That *Nature* went to meet with *Love*.

Green was her Robe, and green her Wreath,  
Where-e'er she trod, 'twas green beneath ;  
Where-e'er she turn'd, the Pulses beat  
With new recruits of *Genial* Heat ;  
And in her Train the Birds appear,  
To match for all the coming Year.

Rais'd on a Bank, where Daizys grew,  
And Vi'lets intermix'd a Blew,  
She finds the *Boy* she went to find ;  
A thousand *Pleasures* wait behind,  
Aside, a thousand Arrows lye,  
But all unfeather'd wait to fly.

When they met, the *Dame* and *Boy*,  
Dancing *Graces*, idle *Joy*,  
Wanton *Smiles*, and airy *Play*,  
Conspir'd to make the Scene be gay ;  
*Love* pair'd the Birds through all the Grove,  
And *Nature* bid them sing to *Love*,  
Sitting, hopping, flutt'ring, sing,  
And pay their Tribute from the Wing,  
To fledge the Shafts that idly lye,  
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.

'Tis thus, when Spring renews the Blood,  
They meet in ev'ry trembling Wood,  
And thrice they make the Plumes agree,  
And ev'ry Dart they mount with three,  
And ev'ry Dart can boast a Kind,  
Which suits each proper turn of Mind,

From the tow'ring *Eagle's* Plume  
The *Gen'rous Hearts* accept their Doom;  
Shot by the *Peacock's* painted Eye  
The *vain* and *airy Lovers* dye:  
For *careful* Dames and *frugal* Men,  
The Shafts are speckled by the *Hen*.  
The *Pyes* and *Parrots* deck the Darts,  
When *Prattling* wins the panting Hearts:  
When from the *Voice* the Passions spring,  
The warbling *Finch* affords a Wing:

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Together, by the *Sparrow* stung,  
 Down fall the *wanton* and the *young*:  
 And fledg'd by *Geese* the *Weapons* fly,  
 When others love *they know not why*.

All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)  
 I learn'd in yonder waving Grove.  
 And see, says *Love*, (who call'd me near)  
 How much I deal with *Nature* here,  
 How both support a proper Part,  
 She gives the *Feather*, I the *Dart*:  
 Then cease for Souls averse to fight,  
 If *Nature* cross ye, so do I;  
 My *Weapon* there unfeather'd flies,  
 And shakes and shuffles through the *Skies*.  
 But if the *mutual Charms* I find  
 By which she links you, *Mind to Mind*,

They

Put on some Cloaths to come abroad,

And took a Waiter's Place.

Then *Cupid* nam'd at every Glass

A Lady of the Sky;

While *Bacchus* swore he'd drink the Lads,

And had it Bumper-high.

Fat *Comus* tost his Brimmers o'er,

And always got the most;

*Jocus* took care to fill him more,

When-e'er he mist the Toast.

They call'd, and drank at every touch;

He fill'd, and drank again;

And if the Gods can take too much,

'Tis said, they did so then.