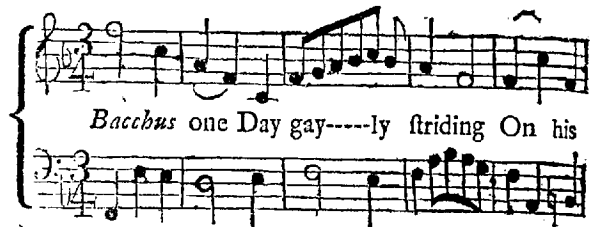
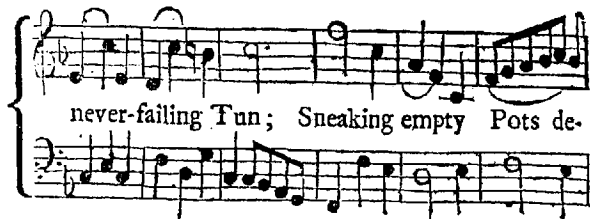


BACCHUS's *Speech in Praise of WINE*;

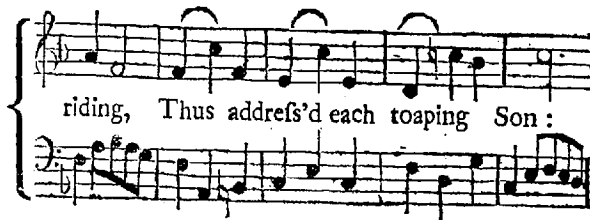
To a Minuet of Mr. *HANDEL*'s.



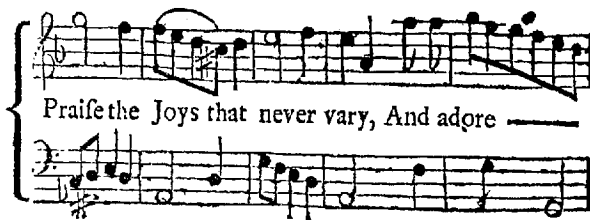
Bacchus one Day gay----ly striding On his



never-failing Fun; Sneaking empty Pots de-

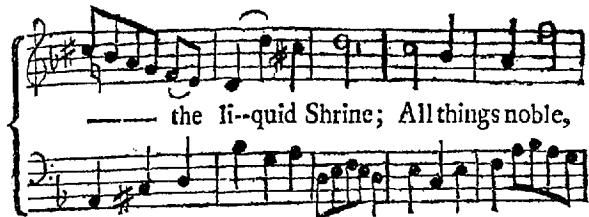


riding, Thus address'd each toaping Son:



Praise the Joys that never vary, And adore —

the



— the li-iquid Shrine; All things noble,



gay and ai-ry, Are perform'd by generous *Wine*.

Ancient Heroes, crown'd with Glory,
Owe their noble Rise to me;
Poets wrote the flaming Story,
Fir'd by my Divinity:
If my Influence is wanting,
Mufick's Charms but slowly move;
Beauty too in vain lies panting,
'Till I fill the Swains with Love.

If you crave a lasting Pleasure,
Mortals, this way bend your Eyes;
From my ever-flowing Treasure,
Charming Scenes of Bliss arife.

Here's

Here's the soothing balmy Blessing,
Sole Dispeller of your Pain ;
Gloomy Souls from Care releasing ;
He who drinks not, lives in vain.

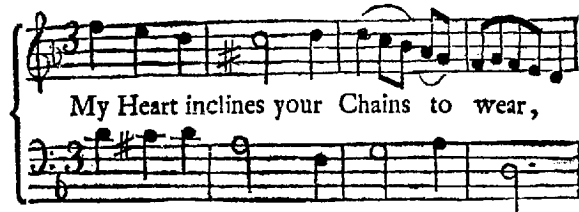
For the FLUTE.



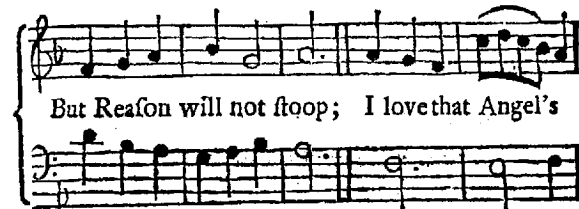
The SNAKE in the GRASS.

To a LADY of Pleasure.

By *Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD.* Set by *Mr. DIEUPART.*



My Heart inclines your Chains to wear,



But Reason will not stoop; I love that Angel's



Face, but fear The Serpent in your Hoop.

Your Eyes discharge the Darts of Love,
But oh! what Pains succeed,
When Darts shall Pins and Needles prove,
And Love a Fire indeed!