

SONG.

Ann Radcliffe

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Pur the rich libation high;
The sparkling cup to Bacchus fill;
His joys shall dance in ev'ry eye,
And chase the forms of future ill!

Quick the magic raptures steal
O'er the fancy kindling brain,
Warm the heart with social zeal,
And song and laughter reign.

Then visions of pleasure shall float on our sight,
While light bounding our spirits shall flow;
And the god shall impart a fine sense of delight,
Which in vain sober mortals would know."