

Verfe 3 parts. E're since the *Theban* Bard to prove  
The Wond'rous Magick of his Art  
Taught Trees and Forrefts how to move  
All Nature has a gen'ral Concert held  
Each Creature strives to bear a part,  
And All but Death and Hell to Conquering Musick yeild.

V.

Verfe 2. Vor. But stay, I hear Methinks a Motley Crew  
A peevish, odd, Eccentrick Race  
The Glory of the Art debase  
Perhaps because the sacred Emblem 'Tis  
Of Truth, of Peace, and Order too,  
So dang'rous tis to be perversely wise.  
But be they ever in the Wrong,  
Who say the Prophets Harp 'ere spoil'd the Poets Song?

VI.

GRAND CHORUS 5 Parts.

To *Athens* now my Muse Retire,  
The Refuge and the Theatre of Wit,  
And in that safe and sweet Retreat  
Amongst *Apollo's* sons Enquire  
And see if any Friend of thine be there,  
But sure so near the *Thespian* spring  
The humblest Bard may fit and sing  
Here rest my Muse, and dwell for ever Here.