

When Ve - nus, the god - dess of beau - ty and love, A - rose from the froth that

swam on the sea, Mi - nerva sprang out of the cranium of Jove, A coy sullen dame as most

au - thors a - gree: But Bacc - hus, they tell us (that prince of good fellows,) Was

Ju - pi - ter's son, Pray at - tend to my tale, For they who thus chat - ter, mis -

-take quite the mat - ter, He sprang from a bar - rel of Not - ting - ham ale.