

Bacchus, God of Mirth and Wine

Text by *Thomas Augustine Arne* (1710–1778) [Br]

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Bacchus, god of mirth and wine,
[ˈbæk.əs ɡəd əv mɜθ ænd wa:ɪn]

Lo! I bend before thy shrine,
[lo:ʊ a:ɪ bænd br.ˈfɔɹ ða:ɪ ʃra:ɪn]

Fill the goblet, fill it up,
Let me drain the juicy cup.
Fit libations let me pour,
Never shed it on the floor.
Joy, oh joy! my soul's inspired,
I burn, with attic flame I'm fired.
Poetic fervour fills each part,
It rages in my head, my heart.
My spirits rise, my cares are drown'd,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! the world goes round.

What avails the marble fane,
Impotent and idle vain.
Hence with sorrow, hence with care,
Hence with grim and dark despair.
Wake the echoes to our lay,
Bacchus is our theme today.
Joy, oh joy! my soul's inspired...

Round my head ye virgins twine,
Circling branches of the vine,
Circling clusters of the vine.
Branches with clusters nod,
Clusters worthy of the god...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription and translation is available for download.

Thank you!

