

O D E

PERFORMED IN THE
SENATE-HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE,
J U L Y 1, 1769,

AT THE INSTALLATION OF HIS GRACE
AUGUSTUS-HENRY FITZROY,
DUKE OF GRAFTON,
CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Gough Adds Cambridge 4.9.3.

SET TO MUSIC BY

Dr. R A N D A L,
P R O F E S S O R O F M U S I C.



C A M B R I D G E,

Printed by J. ARCHDEACON Printer to the UNIVERSITY.

M.DCC.LXIX.



O D E

F O R

M U S I C.

A I R.

“ **H**ENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
“ **H** Comus, and his midnight-crew,
“ And Ignorance with looks profound,
“ And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
“ Mad Seditiōn's cry profane,
“ Servitude that hugs her chain,
“ Nor in these consecrated bowers
“ Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in flowers.

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

“ Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain
 “ Dare the Muse’s walk to stain,
 “ While bright-eyed Science watches round :
 “ Hence, away, ’tis holy Ground !

R E C I T A T I V E.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
 Bursts on my ear th’ indignant lay :
 There sit the fainted Sage, the Bard divine,
 The Few, whom Genius gave to shine
 Through every unborn age, and undiscovered clime.
 Rapt in celestial transport they, (accomp.)
 Yet hither oft a glance from high
 They send of tender sympathy
 To bless the place, where on their opening soul
 First the genuine ardor stole.
 ’Twas *Milton* struck the deep-toned shell,
 And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
 Meek *Newton’s* self bends from his state sublime,
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

A I R.

“ Ye brown o’er-arching Groves,
 “ That Contemplation loves,
 “ Where willowy *Camus* lingers with delight!
 “ Oft at the blush of dawn
 “ I trod your level lawn,
 “ Oft woo’d the gleam of *Cynthia* silver-bright
 “ In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
 “ With Freedom by my Side, and soft-ey’d Melancholy.

R E C I T A T I V E.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
 With solemn steps and flow
 High Potentates and Dames of royal birth
 And mitred Fathers in long order go:
 Great *Edward* with the lillies on his brow
 From haughty *Gallia* torn,
 And sad *Chatillon*, on her bridal morn
 That wept her bleeding Love, and princely *Clare*,
 And *Anjou’s* Heroïne, and the paler Rose,
 The rival of her crown, and of her woes,
 And either *Henry* there,

The murther'd Saint, and the majestic Lord,
That broke the bonds of *Rome*.

(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er, (accomp.)
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
All that on *Granta's* fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bad these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their *Fitzroy's* festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies.

Q U A R T E T T O.

- “ What is Grandeur, what is Power?
“ Heavier toil, superior pain.
“ What the bright reward we gain?
“ The grateful mem'ry of the Good.
“ Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
“ The bee's collected treasures sweet,
“ Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
“ The still small voice of Gratitude.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud

The venerable *Marg'ret* see!

“ Welcome, my noble Son, (she cries aloud)

“ To this, thy kindred train, and me :

“ Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace

“ A *Tudor's* fire, a *Beaufort's* grace.

A I R.

“ Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,

“ The flower unheeded shall descry,

“ And bid it round heaven's altars shed

“ The fragrance of it's blushing head:

“ Shall raise from earth the latent gem

“ To glitter on the diadem.

R E C I T A T I V E.

“ Lo, *Granta* waits to lead her blooming band,

“ Not obvious, not obtrusive, She

“ No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings ;

“ Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd

“ Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :

“ She reveres herself and thee.

“ With

- “ With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow
“ The laureate wreath, that *Cecil* wore, she brings,
“ And to thy just, thy gentle hand
“ Submits the Fafces of her fway,
“ While Spirits blest above and Men below
“ Join with glad voice the loud fymphonious lay.

G R A N D C H O R U S.

- “ Thro’ the wild waves as they roar
“ With watchful eye and dauntless mien
“ Thy steady course of honor keep,
“ Nor fear the rocks, nor feek the shore :
“ The Star of *Brunswick* smiles ferene,
“ And gilds the horrors of the deep.

F I N I S.