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O D E

PERFORMED IN THE
SENATE-HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE,
J U L Y 1, 1769, 4931

AT THE INSTALLATION OF HIS GRACE
AUGUSTUS-HENRY FITZROY,
D U K E O F G R A F T O N,
CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

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.

THE SECOND EDITION.

C A M B R I D G E, 13
Printed by J. ARCHDEACON Printer to the UNIVERSITY.
For T. & J. MERRILL, in Cambridge; J. DODSLEY, J. JOHNSON & Co.
and B. WHITE, in London.

M.DCC.LXIX.

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O D E
F O R
M U S I C.

A I R.

“ H E N C E, 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

The murder'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:

O D E F O R M U S I C .

7

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.

“ XXXI

O D E F O R M U S I C.

- “ 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 Fasces of her sway,
“ While Spirits blest above and Men below
“ Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

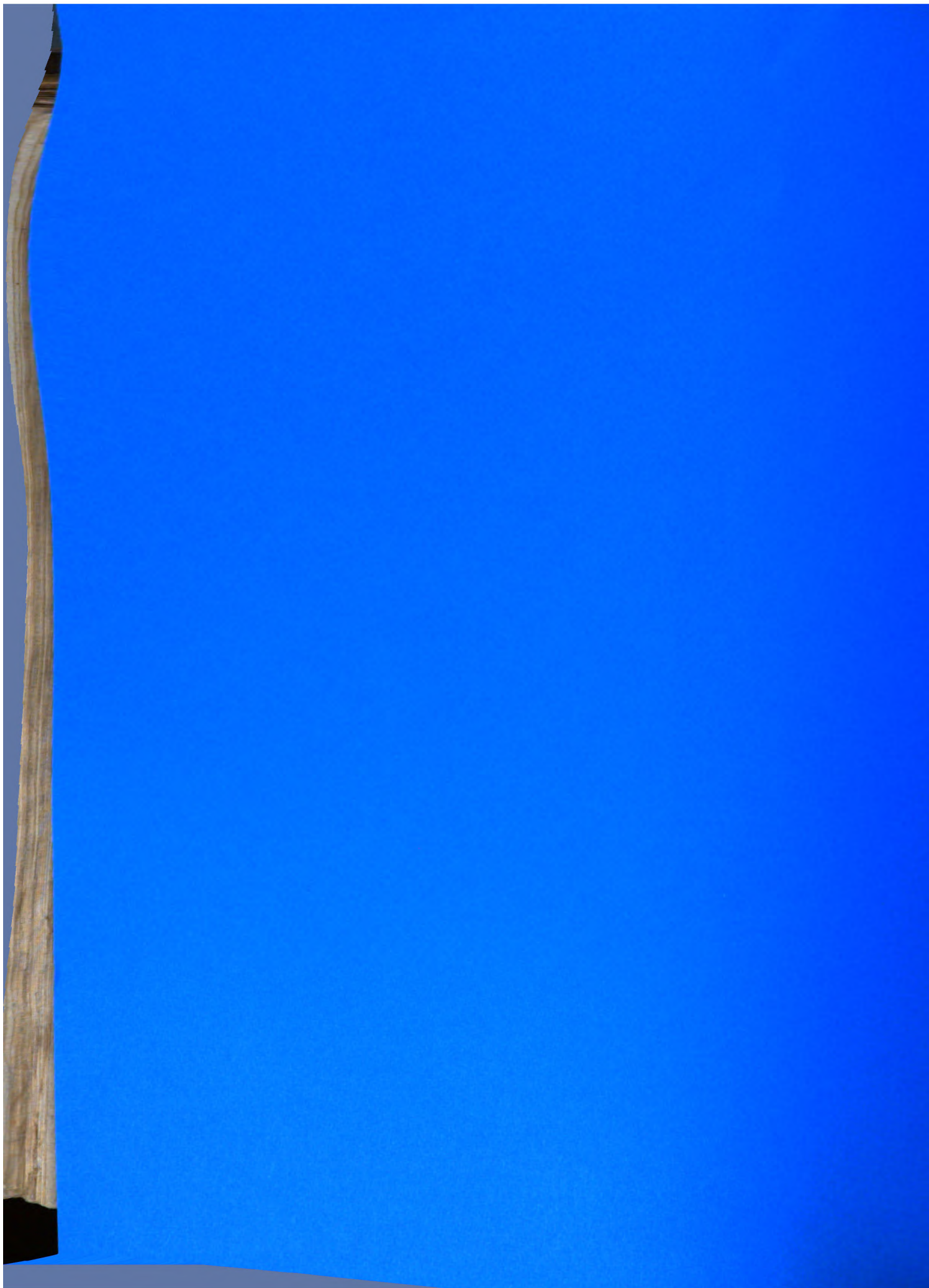
G R A N D C H O R U S.

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

F I N I S.







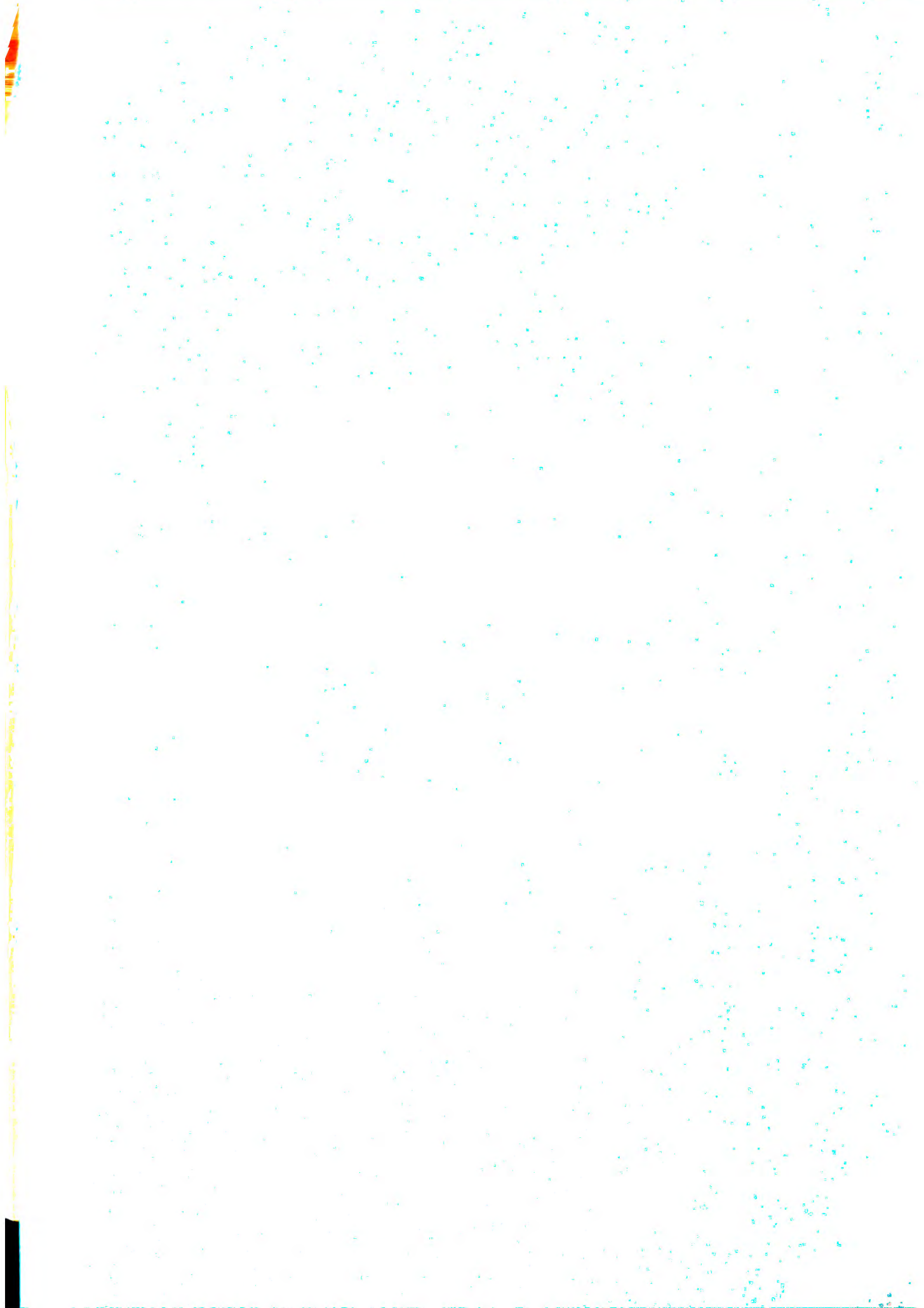












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