O D E

PERFORMED IN THE

SENATE-HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE,

JULY 1, 1769,

AT THE INSTALLATION OF HIS GRACE

AUGUSTUS-HENRY FITZROY,

DUKE OF GRAFTON,

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

SET TO MUSIC BY

Dr. RANDAL,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

THE SECOND EDITION.

CAMBRIDGE,

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.

O D E

FOR

M U S I C.

A I R.

" HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
" Comus, and his midnight-crew,
" And Ignorance with looks profound,
" And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
" Mad Sedition's cry profane,
" Servitude that hugs her chain,
" Nor in thefe confecrated bowers
" Let painted Flatt'ry hide her ferpent-train in flowers.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

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

RECITATIVE.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Burſts on my ear th' indignant lay :
There ſit the ſainted 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.

AIR.

AIR.

" 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.

RECITATIVE.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow
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 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 aweful 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.

QUARTETTO.

" 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.

RECITATIVE.

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.

AIR.

" 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.

RECITATIVE.

" 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 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.

GRAND CHORUS.

" 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.

FINIS.