AIR AND QUARTETT.

Vain now each mighty Name,
Thro' ages long descended;
Each Banner's storied fame,
Which Conquest once attended:

RECITATIVE.

From height to height the Alpine Eagle flown
Screams, as He finds no wild remain his own;

RECITATIVE.

With sullen march recede
The Russian's wasted train;
The high, indignant Swede
The Oppressor braves in vain;
In dim eclipse the Crescent's glories fade;
And the far Indian sees the approaching shade;
Where, mid the clouds of War,
Where, now the fortune of the Austrian Star?—
The high-born Maid in bridal Garlands shewn
Leads up the last sad pomp, that speaks a world o'erthrow

CHORUS.

—The shout is heard on high—
Britannia! hark—they fly—they fly—
Hark—fallen is the foe, and thine the victory.—
On Alexandria's plains glad sounds arise;
Vimeira loud replies;
The Conquerors of the World are conquered now—
Rise, bind the laurels on thy brow,
Britannia rise!—'tis thine—'tis thine,
To roll the thunders of the blazing Line,
And bid the ruin wide the scattered foe pursue;
And thine, to rush amain
Along the embattled plain,
Pour o'er the opposing ranks, and sweep them from the view:

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

On Talavera's height,
And 'mid Barossa's fight,
High beat each English heart with Triumph warm;
And England's Genius o'er the battle's storm
Rose proud, and shewed her EDWARD's laurelled Form,
While near was seen the sable Warrior Son,
Crowned, as on Poictier's day, with wreaths from Cressy won.

AIR.

O GLOSTER! pleased to thee while GRANTA bends,
And gives her sceptre to thy faithful hand,
Oh think, while round the baleful storm extends,
Why yet thy Native Land,
Why yet the loved, the beauteous Isle
In Peace can rest, in Virtue smile;

RECITATIVE.

'Mid States in flames and ruins hurled
Why England yet survives the World?—

AIR.

From hardy sports, from manly schools,
From Truth's pure lore in Learning's bower,
From equal Law, alike that rules
The People's will, the Monarch's power;
From Piety, whose soul sincere
Fears God, and knows no other fear;
From Loyalty, whose high disdain
Turns from the fawning, faithless train;
From deeds, the Historian's records shew,
Valour's renown and Freedom's glow,
'Tis hence, that springs the unconquered fire,
That bids to Glory's heights aspire;

AIR.

O GLOSTER! hence the Sage's aim,
The Scholar's toil, the Statesman's fame,
The flaming sword, still ready found
To guard the Paradise around—

Here in their last retreat are seen
The peaceful Arts, the Classic Muse;
And heavenly Wisdom here her light serene,
Her holy calm can still diffuse;

AIR AND CHORUS.

No common cause, no vulgar sway
Now, GLOSTER, claim thy generous zeal—
In ENGLAND'S bliss is EUROPE'S stay,
And ENGLAND'S hope in GRANTA'S weal—

AIR.

—Thee have the marshalled Hosts of FRANCE
Seen on their firmest ranks advance;
Thine was the Soldier's fearless glow,
And thine the skill that watched around;
Shamed and repulsed the conscious Foe
The laurel gave, tho' Fortune frowned;
And ENGLAND heard, with loud acclaim,
The promise of thy youthful fame;

DUET.

The modest Virtues on thy steps attend—
To thee the sons of grief and pain
For pity turn, nor turn in vain;
The hapless African has called thee Friend—
Oh ever thou the generous cause defend!

CHORUS.

Pursue thy course! — an honest fame is thine—
And GRANTA still shall bless the day,
GRANTA that ever lov'd a BRUNSWICK's name,
The honoured day, that saw her thus consign
To thee the Ensigns of her Sway,
Thee, Guardian of her Laws, her Rights, her Fame,
Son of her matron Lore, PRINCE of her Monarch's Line.