ODE

AT THE INSTALLATION OF HIS GRACE AUGUSTUS
HENRY FITZROY, DUKE OF GRAFTON,
CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.
JULY I, MDCCLXIX.

BY MR. GRAY.

AIR

"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 these consecrated bowers
Let painted Flattery hide her serpent train in flowers.

CHORUS

"Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-ey'd 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, (acomp.)
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 flat sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

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 wo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
"In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Polly,
"With Freedom by my side, and soft-ev'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 4 with the lillies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, 8 on her bridal morn

4 Edward III. gave the old foundation of Trinity College.
That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare  
And Anjou’s Heroine *, and the paler Rose, a
The rival of her crown, and of her woes, ay. 
And either Henry there,
The murther’d Saint *, and the majestic Lord. k
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(T heir 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 scenes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy’s festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord.
The liquid language of the skies.

** QU ARTET TO. **

" What is Grandeur, what is Power?
" Heavier toil, superior pain.
" What the bright reward we gain?
" The grateful memory of the Good.

* Founded Pembroke Hall. She married an earl of Pembroke, who was killed in a tournament on his wedding day.
* Founded Clare Hall. Her father the earl of Gloucester married a daughter of Edward I.
* Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. foundress of Queen’s College,
* Elizabeth Wodeville, wife of Edward IV. augmented and improved the last mentioned college.
* Henry VI. founder of King’s College.
* Henry VIII. enriched and enlarged Trinity College.
"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.

RECI T A T I V E.
Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Margaret said.
"Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud)
"To this, thy kindred train, and me:
"Pleased 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 its blushing head:
"Shall raise from earth the latent gem
"To glitter on the diadem.

RECI 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 resins’d
"Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:

1 The bloods of the Stuarts and of the Tudors were united by the marriage of a King of Scotland to a daughter of Henry VII.
2 The father of the last named king, married the daughter of Beaufort, Duke of Somerset.
She revives herself and thee,
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
The laureate wreath that Cecil wore he brings,
And to thy Jeff, thy gentle hand,
Submits the fauces of her away,
While spirits blest above and men below,
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

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