HENCE, avvart, (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 hags her chain,

Now in these consecrated bowers

Let painted Flattery hide her serpent train in flowers.

Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain

Dare the Muse's walk to stain,

While bright-eyed Science watches round;

Recitative.

Hence, away, tis holy ground!

From yonder realms of empyrean day

Barits on my ear, in dignant lay:

There fit the famed Sage, the Bard divine,

The Few, whom Genius gave to shine.
Through every unborn age, and undiscovered clime,
Rapt in celestial transport they, (comp.)
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 flute 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 woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
"In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Polly,
"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 4 with the lillies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, 6 on her bridal morn

4 Edward III. gave the old foundation of Trinity College.

That
That wept her bleeding love, and firstly Claire, s. And Anjou's Heroine s. and the pater Roche. And the murth'rd Saint s. and the majestic Lord. k. The rival of her crown, and of her woes, acco...
Sweet is the breath of vernal flower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of Gratitude.

RECIPIENT.

The venerable Margaret felt
Forenom and leaning from her golden cloud
Welcome, my noble son, (he cries aloud)
To this, thy kindred train, we trace

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

A R.

Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flower unheeded shall deflow,
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.

RECIPIENT.

Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, the
Nor dare with courtly tongue refresh'd
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:

1. The blood of the Stanleys and of the Tudors were united by the marriage of a King of Scotland to a daughter of Henry VII. The latter of the last named King, married the daughter of Elizabeth, Duke of Somerset.
She revests herself and thee,
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow
"With thy jovial cheer, the gentle hand
And thy jocose jests, the gentle hand
"The laureate wreath that Cecil wore he bring.
Submits the fates 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 hearty course of honour keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor fear the shore:
"Nor fear the rocks, nor fear the shore:
The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep.

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