

T H E A C A D E M I C

WRITTEN APRIL M.DCC.LV*.

B Y T H E S A M E.

I.

WHILE silent streams the moss-grown turrets lave,
Cam, on thy banks with pensive steps I tread;
The dipping osiers kiss thy passing wave,
And evening shadows o'er the plains are spread.

From restless eye of painful Care,

To thy secluded grot I fly,

Where Fancy's sweetest forms repair,

To soothe her darling Poesy;

Reclin'd the lovely Visionary lies

In yonder vale and laurel-vested bower;

Where the gay turf is deck'd with various dies,
And breathes the mingling scents of every flower:

* At the time of the establishment of Classical Prizes, and building
the new Public Library

While

While holy dreams prolong her calm repose,

Her pipe is cast the whispering reeds among;

High on the boughs her waving harp is hung,

Murmuring to every wind that o'er it blows.

II.

Oft' have I seen her bathe at dewy morn

Her wanton bosom in thy silver spring;

And, while her hands her flowing locks adorn

With busy elegance, have heard her sing.

But say what long recorded theme,

Thro' all the lofty tale of time,

More worthy can the Goddess deem

Of sounding chords, and song sublime,

Than, whose parental hand to vigour bred

Each infant art, the Noble and the Wife;

Whose bounty gave yon' arching shades to spread;

Yon' pointed spires in holy pomp to rise?

Shall War alone loud-echoing numbers claim,

And shall the deeds of smiling Peace be drown'd,

Amid the Hero's shouts and trumpet's sound?

These too shall flourish in immortal fame.

III.

When Science fled from Latium's polish'd coasts

And Grecian groves, her long and lov'd abode,

Far from the din of fierce conflicting hosts,

Thro' barbarous realms the weary wanderer trod;

But

While

But to what more indulgent sky,

To what more hospitable shade,

Could trembling, bleeding, fainting fly

The helpless and devoted Maid?

Time-honour'd Founders! ye the virgin woo'd!

'Twas yours, with souls to native grandeur born,

To bid her radiant beauties shine renew'd,

With wealth to heap, with honours to adorn.

In Granta's happier paths she wept no more;

Heal'd were the wounds that scarr'd her gentle break;

Here, still she smiles with Freedom's sons to rest,

Nor mourns her Attic towers, nor Tuscan shore.

IV.

Fathers of Genius! whom the Muse adores,

For sure to you her noblest strains belong,

Beneath whose venerable roofs she pours

The grateful notes of sweetly flowing song.

Th' increase of swift revolving years

With conscious pride exulting view;

How all ye plann'd complete appears;

How all your Virtues bloom anew:

The generous zeal which erst ye felt remains,

Its bounteous beams still ardent to dispense;

While unexhausted to your learned plains

Rolls the rich stream of wide munificence.

Joy to your shades! the great career is run,

Reserv'd by Fate for some superior hand,

Confer, the last, th' auspicious work shall stand,

And Statesman, Monarch end what ye begun.

V.

Ye too, once Inmates of these walls renown'd,

Whose spirits, mingling with th' ethereal ray,

Of universal Nature trac'd the bound,

Or rais'd in majesty of thought the lay,

See your lov'd Arts this clime to grace,

Their rival radiance brighter shed,

While Holles smiles the wreath to place

Upon the youthful Victor's head.

Where Spencer sits among your thrones sublime,

To the soft music of his mournful lays

Listening ye weep for his ungrateful time,

And point the better hope of happier days.

If with the dead dishonour's memory dies,

Forget, much injur'd Name, th' unworthy woe;

In strains like thine so inay our accents flow,

In nobler numbers yon' fair domes arise.

VI.

When Faction's storms, or some fell Tyrant's hate

Arts join'd with Freedom to one grave shall doom,

Then tho' these structures to the hand of Fate

Bend their proud height, like thine, imperial Rome,

Know,

Know, vainly, Time, thy rapid rage
 Shall point its wide destroying aim,
 Since what defies the force of age
 Thus consecrates the pile to Fame;

Some future eye the ruin'd heap shall trace;
 The name of Holles on the stone behold;
 Shall point a Brunswic to a distant race,
 Benign, and awful on the swelling gold.

Th' historic page, the poet's tuneful toil,
 With these compar'd, their mutual aid shall raise
 To build the records of eternal praise,
 And deck with endless wreaths their honour'd foil.

VII.

Sweeter than warbled sounds that win the sense
 Flows the glad music of a grateful heart,
 Beyond the pomp of wordy eloquence,
 Or strains too cold, high-wrought with labour'd art,

Tho' weakly sounds the jarring string;
 Tho' vainly would the Muse explore
 The heights to which with eagle wing
 Alone can heaven-taught Genius soar;

Yet shall her hand ingenious strive to twine
 The blooming chaplet for her Leader's brow;
 While with new verdure grac'd, in Glory's shrine,
 The ampler Palms of civic Honours grow;

When he, these favour'd shades appears to bless,
 Whose guardian counsels guide a nation's fate,
 And with superior toils for Europe's state
 Mixes the thought of Granta's happiness.

VIII.

Hail seats rever'd ! where thoughtful pleasures dwell,
 And hovering Peace extends her downy wings,
 Where musing Knowledge holds her humble cell,
 And Truth divine unlocks her secret springs ;

This verse with mild acceptance deign

To hear ; this verse yourselves inspire,
 Ere yet within your sacred fane

The Muse suspends her votive lyre.

Thee, Granta, thus with filial thanks I greet,

With smiles maternal thou those thanks receive,

For Learning's humble wealth, for friendship sweet,

For every calmer joy thy scenes could give.

While thus I sport upon thy peaceful strand,

The storms of life at awful distance roar ;

And still I dread, still lingering on the shore,

To launch my little bark, and quit the land.