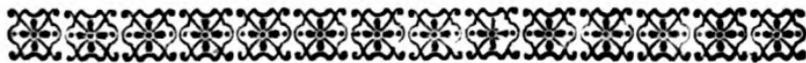




THE
MUSIC SPEECH
AT THE
Public Commencement
In *Cambridge*, July 6, 1730.



[*Price Six Pence.*]

THE
MUSIC SPEECH
 AT THE
Public Commencement
 IN
CAMBRIDGE,



July 6, MDCCXXX.

To which is added,

An ODE designed to have been set
 to MUSIC on that Occasion.

By *JOHN TAYLOR*, M.A. Fellow
 of *St. John's College.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by *WILLIAM BOWYER, Jun.*
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DIGNISSIME D^{nc} D^{nc} PROCANCELLARIE,
NOBILISSIMA FREQUENTIA,
VENERANDA CAPITA,
DIGNISSIMI DOCTORES,
CORONA HOSPITUM JUCUNDISSIMA,
VIRI SPECTATISSIMI,
JUVENTUS ACADEMICA,



I, quod mihi in animo vehementer exoptandum semper judicavi, ullum unquam extaret tempus, ubi mea vox & oratio, non dicam apud aures vestras cum laude versari, sed cum aliquâ saltem patientiâ

patientiâ exaudiri posse videretur, illud
 profectò hodierno die mihi penè confecu-
 tus videor. Eorum enim hominum vul-
 tus intueor & sensus appello, quibus, tam-
 etsi munus & contentio dicendi tota est
 nostra, gratulatio tamen mecum pariter
 est communis. Neque profectò cuiquam
 vestrûm levius hoc aut incredibile videatur,
 si palàm profitebor, nobis quodammodo
 ex ipsâ ratione dicendi accedere quandam
 vim & ubertatem orationis. Nam cùm
 omnem ferè doctrinæ humanioris rationem
 & literarum aciem hebescere intelleximus,
 nisi adjungatur ornatus & cultura quædam
 liberalior, perfectum est summâ Acade-
 miæ fortunâ, bonorum omnium deside-
 rio, Procancellarii optimi consiliis, labo-
 ribus & constantiâ singulari, ut Musas diu-
 turno situ squalentes in nitorem, & mun-
 ditiem dicam, an elegantiam? hodie
 vindicatas gratulemur. Non ampliùs intra
 barbaros penè parietes & iniquis occlusa
 spatiis versabitur acies ingenii. Vicit, vi-
 cit

cit hodierno die Academiae faustitas, nos aliquando studia, quæ privatim cum jucunditate recolimus, posse publicè cum dignitate profiteri.

JAM diu est quod Philosophia cæteraque adeo optimarum artium studia, excussâ illâ quæ per tot retro sæcula inveravit barbarie, cultiorem nacta sint disciplinam, & nostrorum hominum ingeniis vindicata in sempiternam famam & uberiores usuras latius emanaverint. Dolebat interea bonis omnibus Academiam ipsam, quæ tantæ causæ vindex esse potuit, deteriori uti fortunâ; & huic eam deesse culturam per quam est effectum ne cæteris omnino artibus deesset. Indigna nimirum & miseranda sanè conditio, Academiam, quæ foris & in acie cunctis facilè placebat, domi & in otio sibi soli placere non potuisse; & uti eam præsertim tæderet privatæ fortunæ, cujus publicæ disciplinæ pigebat neminem!

HÆC

HÆC fuit nobis domesticarum rationum luctuosa facies, cùm eum, quem EUROPA toties experta sit vindicem, toties BRITANNIA delicias compellavit, patronum naçta sit ACADEMIA. Injurius efferem & vestræ virtuti gravissimus, si eum ulteriùs nominarem, quem penè gratissima vestra recordatio, præsentis Academiæ fortunæ, & hi ipsi parietes pleniùs & expressiùs quam Oratio nostra designabit. Jam Ille qui toties salutem aliorum invigilaverit, suæ tandem gloriæ deesse noluit. Cui quoniam feliciori viâ consulere non potuit, Academiæ prospexit fortunis, & futuris literarum mœnibus literarium jecit fundamentum. Testor clarissimum illud doctrinæ lumen pariter & hortamentum, instructissimam illam librorum copiam, quâ nostrorum hominum ingenia eadem operâ acuit & devinxit, & tot suæ memoriæ impresit vestigia, tot vel privata gloriæ monumenta struxit, quot ex uberissimo isto disciplinarum fonte vel universa
literarum

literarum Respublica sperare possit ornamenta. Quid? annon incredibile prorsus & penè divinum istud beneficium prædicemus, quod non solùm vota exsuperavit, sed penè facultatem capiendi? Noluit non solùm vulgari donandi ratione, verùm etiam nostris parietibus suam contineri & terminari benevolentiam; & quanto illustriorem sibi comparavit laudem superiorum beneficia exsuperando, tanto difficilius reliquit posterioribus negotium æquiparandi sua.

AND now awhile let sterner Science rest,
 While Verse and Music hail the softer Guest:
 To Beauty sacred is the Chord and Song,
 And Homage-Numbers speak from whence they sprung:
 Theirs is the well-turn'd Verse and glowing Note,
 Whatever *Orpheus* swell'd, or *Prior* thought:

By them inspir'd I draw th' advent'rous Lines,
 Theirs all its Graces, all the Failings mine.

LADIES! our homely Simile would say,
 That by the Model of this single Day,
 The *gremial Doctor* shapes his awkward Way.
 Rubs, frets, disputes, and thinks his Compass thro',
 Till fifty Winters mellow on his Brow.
 His Noon of Life in rev'rend Slumber past,
 His Ev'ning Soul to Love awakes at last:
 The late, the closing Science is a Wife,
 And Beauty only cheers the Verge of Life.

Now will those *Oxford Wags* be apt to flee
 At these old-fashion'd Tricks we practise here,
 Those enterprizing Clerks, I've heard them say,
 Have found a better and a nearer Way:

(II)

Plato with *Hymen* they have learnt to blend,
And joynture early — on their Dividend.
There Marriage Deeds with Butt'ry-Books can vie,
They storm and conquer, — whilst We toast and sigh,

LADIES! we own our elder Sister's Merit,
The forward Girl had e'er a bustling Spirit.
'Tis there Politeness ev'ry Genius fits,
Their *Heads* are Courtiers, and their *Squires* are Wits:
There Gentleman's a common Name to all,
From *Jesus-College*, down to *New-Inn-Hall*:
'Tis theirs to soar above our humble Tribe,
That Think or Love as Statutes shall prescribe:
They never felt a Fire they durst not own,
Nor rhym'd nor languish'd for a *Fair Unknown*:
Nay Verse, that earnest Pleader with the Fair,
Has found a Portion and Professor there,

Whilst WE our barren, widow'd Bays regret,
 And *Cambridge* Muses are but Spinsters yet.

By this plain Dealing will the Fair ones guess
 Our clumsy Breeding, and our lame Address.
 'Tis true, our Courtship's homely, but sincere,
 And that's a Doctrine which you seldom hear.
 Nay, I expect the *flatter'd* Fair will frown,
 I see the Pinner o're the Shoulder thrown :
 See every Feature glowing with Disdain,
 The awful Rap of the indignant Fan,
 The Head unmindful of its Glories tost,
 And all the Business of the Morning lost.

I HOPE the charge is not so gen'ral yet,
 As no good-natur'd Comment to admit.
 Pray, cast your Eyes upon our Youth below;
 And say what think you of our *purpled* Beau?

For if the Picture ben't exactly true,

The Thanks to white-glov'd *Trinity* are due.

WHAT tho' our *Jobnian* plead but scanty Worth,
 Cold and ungenial as his native North,
 Who never taught the Virgin's Breast to glow,
 Nor rais'd a Wish beyond what *Vestals* know;
 The *Jesuit* cloister'd in his penfive Cell,
 Where Vapours dark, with Contemplation dwell,
 Dream out a Being to the World unknown,
 And sympathize with ev'ry changing Moon;
 Tho' Politics engross the Sons of *Clare*,
 Nor yields the State one Moment to the Fair;
 Tho' *Bennet* mould in Indolence and Ease,
 And Whisk prolong the balmy Rest of *Kay's*;
 And one continu'd solemn Slumber reigns,
 From untun'd *Sidney* to protesting *Queen's* :

Yet, O ye Fair! ———

Let this one dressing, dancing Race attend

For all the Follies of the pedant Gown.

The *Templar* need not blush for such Allies,

Not jealous *Christ-Church* this Applause denies,

How sleek their Looks! how undisturb'd their Air,

By Midnight Vigils, or by Morning Pray'r!

No pale Reflection dares those Checks invade,

No hectic Student scares the yielding Maid.

Long from those Shades has learned Dust retir'd,

And Toilets shine where Folio's once aspir'd.

PASS but an Age — perhaps thy Labour *, *Wren!*
Rear'd to the Muse, displays a softer Scene,

* *Trinity-College* Library built by Sir *Christopher Wren*.

Polite Reformers! Luxury to see
 The Pile stand sacred, *Heidegger*, to Thee.
 Where *Plato* undisturb'd his Mansion keeps,
 And *Homer* now past Contradiction sleeps,
 The Vizard Squire shall hear the Concert's Sound,
 And Midnight Vestals trip the measur'd Round.
 I see the Classes into Side-boards flung,
 And musty *Codes* transform'd to modern Song.
 The solemn Wax in gilded Sconces glare,
 Where poring *Wormius* dangled once in Air.

YET still in Justice must it be confess'd,
 You'll find some *modern* Scholars here; at least
 Profound Adepts, which *Gallia* never knew!
 For who would seek Ambassadors in you?
 An handsome Envoy is no Blunder yet,
 A well-dress'd Member, or a Treasury Wit:

Toupees in *Britain's* Senate may have rose,
 But who e'er read of Ballance-holding Beaux?
 For oh! unhappy to your powder'd Heads,
 'Tis sure that *Branca's* thinks, and *Fleury* reads.

'Tis yours in softer Science to excell,
 To watch how Modes, not Empires, rose and fell;
 Prescribe the haughty Prude a narrow'r Sphere,
 And sigh whole Years in Treaty with the Fair;
 To parly Ages on a Snuff-Box Hinge,
 And mark the Periods of the Bugle Fringe.

MEMOIRS like these, well gilded, may adorn
 The Ebon Cabinet of Squires unborn;
 With what serene Composure of the Brain
 Shall future Beaux turn o'er the rich Remain?
 The well-spelt Page perhaps with Rapture dwells
 On *Pepys'* gilded Shew or *Woodward's* Shells:

Important Truths are couch'd in ev'ry Line ;
 What *Cambridge* Toast excell'd in Twenty nine,
 What new Embroid'ry this Commencement grac'd,
 And how Complexions alter'd since the last.
 Ev'n *Cbina* Nymphs shall live in Sonnet there,
 Or *Polly Peacbum* stroll'd to *Sturbridge* Fair.

PERHAPS, tho' Schemes ill suit so soft a Pen,
 The gilded Leaf some Secrets may contain :
 What Show'r-drencht Sinner, reeling from the *Rose*,
 Did first the Hint of Hackney Chairs propose :
 Who bade Sultana's clasp the well-shap'd Maid :
 Who first projected *Cæsar's* Cavalcade :
 Who, fond of planting Opera Statutes here,
 Struck out the modish Thought of ticketing the Fair.

THE Moral of my Tale might fairly shew,
 The Northern Vicar that commences now,

How *Alma Mater* better Days expects,
 And Reformation thrives against the next.
 But oh ill-fated Youth ! he sees the last,
 And *Trent*, like *Styx*, for ever holds him fast :
 Before him flits the visionary Scene,
 He sees *Commencements* rise on ev'ry Green :
 The red-rob'd Doctor struts before his Eyes,
 And Galleries of Southern Beauties rise :
 Then moulds his scanty *Latin*, and less *Greek*,
 And *Hereboords* * his Parish once a Week.

PERHAPS, if Flames can glow beneath the Pole,
 Some distant *Celia* fires his youthful Soul,
 Proud to retail the little All he knew,
 He vends his College Stock in *Billet doux* ;

* *In quibusdam Codd.* And *Harry Hills* his Parish once a Week.

Whate'er his Tutor taught his greener Age
Of Muses breathing o'er the letter'd Page ;
Whate'er our legendary Schools instill'd,
Of raptur'd Bards with holy Transports fill'd.
The Tale, ye Fair ones, with Distrust survey,
There's not one Word of Truth in all they say.

IN Ledger Rolls indeed of antient Writ,
We find a *Grecian* Factory for Wit,
And musty Records give some dark Account
Of one Director *Pbæbus* of the Mount :
Nay from our Files I'll venture to supply ye
With several Bills endors'd by Banker *Clio*.
But whether Stocks declin'd, or Dealers broke,
The Trade is now an Errant *South-Sea* Joke ;
For sure the modern Bank of Love and Wit
Is what we Mortals mean by *Lombard-street*.

BUT more exalted Numbers wake the-Chord,
And flying Sounds inform the melting Word ;
Hear the glad String explain the Poet's Thought,
And GREEN exprefs how POPE with Justice wrote.





O D E

F O R

M U S I C

O N T H E

Opening the new Regent House
at the Public Commence-
ment at *Cambridge*, MDCCXXX.

I.



Oddeſs of the Brave and Wife,

On whoſe divided Empire wait

The martial Triumphs of the Great,

And

And all the tuneful Throng
That wake the vocal Chord, and shape the flying Song!

A while successive to thy Trust

Let BRITAIN'S Genius, great and just,

The Fate of Empires guard :

A while let Arts, thy other Care,

To Toils of Glory be prefer'd ;

And say, amidst the Waste of War,

Did ever to thy wondring Eyes,

A fairer Scene of Triumph rise ?

Then swell the Verse, and let it be
Sacred to Science, Harmony, and Thee.

II.

Let widow'd Empires speak thy sterner Sway,

The mould'ring Arch, the Ruin large,

The Column faithless to its Charge,

And bitter Waste that marks the Conqueror's Way :

But be thy softer, better Praise,

Be thine, and Music's Toil to raise,

To mend the Soul, and melt the Heart :

MUSIC ! the Founder Art,

MUSIC ! the Soul of Verse, and Friend of Peace.

III.

Who was it pois'd the well-tun'd Spheres,

And led the Chorus of the circling Years,

When Chaos held distemper'd Sway,

And jarring Atoms, Cold and Heat,

The Light, the Grave, the Dry, the Wet,

In fullen Discord lay ?

'Twas Harmony, 'twas Builder Harmony :

'Twas Harmony compos'd this Concert Frame,

'Twas Harmony which upwards flung the active Flame,

Prescrib'd the Air in middle Space to flow,

And bade the Wave and grosser Earth subside below.

Then all yon tuneful restless Choir

Began

Began their radiant Journeys to advance,
And with unerring Symphony to roll the central Dance.

Chor. Whilst we the measur'd Song decree,

Builder Harmony, to thee,

Tune ev'ry Chord, and ev'ry Note inspire.

IV.

But hark! *Amphion* shakes the yielding Strings,

And animated Rocks around him throng,

The Marble from his veiny Cavern springs,

The Flint forsakes his drowsy Cell,

And all obsequious to the potent Spell,

Hears the commanding Strings, and listens to the Song.

'Twas, *Cadmus*, thine the elder Fate

To mould the Infant growing State;

But *Dirce* still laments the fenceless Shed,

Still *Thebes* inglorious rears her tow'rlés Head.

There wants the vocal Patriot yet

To make thy Labours by his own compleat,
And fix the Warrior's and the Muses Seat.

V.

Now by the sweetly-plaintive Lute,

Warbling broken Faith and slighted Love:

By the sprightly Violin and mellow Flute,

That teach the measur'd Dance to move:

By the hallow'd Fire

That shakes the Prophet's Harp, and strings the Poet's
(Lyre:

By the Trumpet's loud Alarms,

That rouze the Nations up to Arms:

By holy Strains that deep-mouth'd Organs blow,

To whom the pious Use is giv'n

To wing the silent glowing Vow,

And waft the raptur'd Saint to Heav'n:

Be, MUSIC, thy peculiar Care

To shed thy choicest Blessings here;

Let ev'ry Muse and ev'ry Grace,
Soft-smiling Joy and rosy Peace,
And all the verdant, faithful Train,
That wait thy balmy, happy Reign,
With tuneful Seraphs guard the hallow'd Place.

VI.

So when at BRITAIN'S wide Command,
The *Austrian* Eagle learns to fear,
The Pile to Thee shall sacred stand,
Thy genial Empire founded here.
Then ev'ry Arch with faithful Verse
Inscrib'd, shall joyfully rehearse
How *Granta's* Arts with BRITAIN'S Conquests swell:
Then thou beneath her guardian Wing,
To either Praise shalt tune the String,
And BRITAIN'S Glories shall inform the Shell.

E I N I S.