

# Ode for Music

Thomas Gray



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# Ode for Music

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## Thomas Gray

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Ode for Music

**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.

Ode for Music

**Chorus**

"Nor Envy base nor creeping Gain

Dare the Muse's walk to stain,  
While bright-eyed Science watches round:

Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

Ode for Music

**Recitative**

From yonder realms of empyrean day  
Bursts on my ear the 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, (accomp.)

Yet hither oft a glance from high

They send of tender sympathy  
To bless the place, where on their opening soul  
First the genuine ardour stole.  
'Twas Milton struck the deep-toned shell,

And, as the choral warblings round him swell,  
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,  
And nods his hoary head and listens to the rhyme.



Ode for Music

**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 wooed the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright  
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,  
With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melancholy."

Ode for Music

**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 with the lilies on his brow  
From haughty Gallia torn,  
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn  
That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare,  
And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose,  
The rival of her crown and of her woes,  
And either Henry there,  
The murdered saint and the majestic lord,

That broke the bonds of Rome,  
(Their 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 poured,  
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,  
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;

And thus they speak in soft accord  
The liquid language of the skies.

Ode for Music

**Quartetto**

"What is grandeur, what is power?  
Heavier toil, superior pain.

What the bright reward we gain?

The grateful memory of the good.  
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."

Ode for Music

**Recitative**

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud  
The venerable Margaret see!

"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.

## Ode for Music

### **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.

Ode for Music

**Recitative**

"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 refined

Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:

She reveres herself and thee.  
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow  
The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she brings,

And to thy just, thy gentle hand  
Submits the fasces of her sway,  
While spirits blest above and men below  
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

Ode for Music

**Grand Chorus**

"Through 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:  
The star of Brunswick smiles serene,  
And gilds the horrors of the deep."