



A N

ODE ON ST. CÆCILIA'S DAY,

Adapted to the antient British music, viz. the salt-box, the Jew's harp, the marrow-bones and cleavers, the hum-strum or hurdy-gurdy, &c. as it was performed on June 10, 1763, at Ranelagh.

BY BONNEL THORNTON, Esq.

Cedite, Tibicines Itali, vos cedite, Galli;

Dico iterum vobis, cedite, Tibicines.

Cedite, Tibicines, vobis ter dico; quaterque

Jam vobis dico, cedite, Tibicines.

ALEX. HEINSIUS.

TRANSLATION OF THE MOTTO.

Yield, yield ye fdlers, French, Italians.

Yield, yield, I say again—Rascallions.

One, two, three times I say, fdlers give o'er;

Yield ye, I now say, times 1, 2, 3, 4.

PART I.

RECITATIVE Accompanied.

BE dumb, be dumb, ye inharmonious sounds,
And music, that the astonish'd ear with discord wounds:
No more let common rhymes prophane the day.

GRAND

G R A N D C H O R U S.

Grac'd with divine Cæcilia's name ;
 Let solemn hymns this awful feast proclaim,
 And heavenly notes conspire to raise the heav'nly lay.

R E C I T. Accompanied.

The meanor melody we scorn,
 Which vulgar instruments afford ;
 Shrill flute, sharp fiddle, bellowing horn,
 Rumbling bassoon, or tinkling harpsichord.

A I R.

In strains more exalted the salt-box shall join,
 And clattering, and battering, and clapping combine,
 With a rap and a tap while the hollow side sounds,
 Up and down leaps the flap, and with rattling rebounds.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Strike, strike the soft Judaic harp,
 Soft and sharp,
 By teeth coercive in firm durance kept,
 And lightly by the volant finger swept.

A I R.

Buzzing twangs the iron lyre,
 Shrilly thrilling,
 Trembling, thrilling.
 Whizzing with the wav'ring wire.

A GRAND SYMPHONY.

Accompanied with marrow-bones and cleavers,

A I R.

Hark, how the banging marrow-bones
 Make clanging cleavers ring,
 With a ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding.
 Raife your uplifted arms on high ;
 In long-prolonged tones
 Let cleavers found
 A merry merry round
 By banging marrow-bones.

FULL CHORUS.

Hark, how the banging marrow-bones
 Make clanging cleavers ring ;
 With a ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding.
 Raife your uplifted arms on high ;
 In long-prolonged tones
 Let cleavers found
 A merry merry round
 By banging marrow-bones.

RECIT.

R E C I T. Accompanied.

Cease lighter numbers : Hither bring
 The undulating string
 Stretch'd out, and to the tumid bladder
 In amity harmonious bound ;
 Then deeper swell the notes and fadder,
 And let the hoarse bass slowly solemn sound:

A I R.

With dead, dull, doleful, heavy hums,
 With mournful moans,
 And grievous groans,
 The sober * hurdy-gurdy thrums.

P A R T II.

R E C I T. Accompanied.

WITH magic sounds, like these, did Orpheus' lyre
 Motion, sense, and life inspire ;
 When, as he play'd, the list'ning flood
 Still'd its loquacious waves, and silent stood ;
 The trees swift-bounding danc'd with loosen'd stumps,
 And sluggish stones caper'd in active jumps.

A I R.

Each ruddy-breasted robin
 The concert bore a bob in,

* This instrument, by the learned, is sometimes called a hum-
 strum.

And

And ev'ry hooting owl around ;
 The croaking frogs,
 The grunting hogs,
 All, all conspir'd to raise th' enliv'ning sound.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Now to Cæcilia, heav'nly maid,
 Your loud united voices raise,
 With solemn hymns to celebrate her praise,
 Each instrument shall lend its aid.
 The salt-box with clattering and clapping shall sound,
 The iron lyre
 Buzzing twang with wav'ring wire,
 With heavy hum
 The sober hurdy-gurdy thrum,
 And the merry merry marrow-bones ring round.

L A S T G R A N D C H O R U S.

Such matchless strains Cæcilia knew,
 When audience from their heav'nly sphere,
 By harmony's strong pow'r, she drew,
 Whilst list'ning angels gladly stoop'd to hear.

