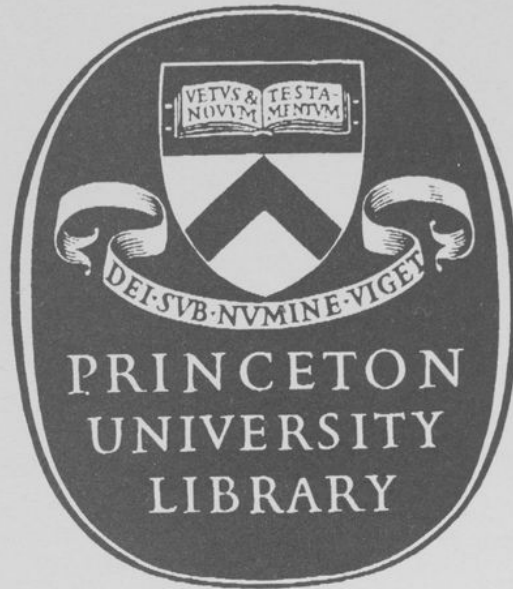


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*Peter D. Vroom.*

THE

231

MILITARY GLORY

O F

GREAT-BRITAIN,

A N

ENTERTAINMENT,

GIVEN BY THE LATE CANDIDATES FOR

BACHELOR'S DEGREE,

AT THE CLOSE OF THE

ANNIVERSARY COMMENCEMENT, HELD

I N

NASSAU-HALL

NEW-JERSEY

SEPTEMBER 29th, 1762.

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PHILADELPHIA:

Printed by WILLIAM BRADFORD, M,DCC,LXII.

196m

Britain's <sup>3</sup> Glory, sung at the Anniversary

*Sym Allegro*

Triumphant Fame ascend the Skies, ascend y<sup>e</sup> Skies, ever

glorjng in our Isle, Loud proclaim oer distant Realms, how British Power & British Glory rise, how

British Power & British Glory rise.

2:10 = -  
1-5  
10-5  
15-7 = 1/2  
6-6

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5:7:6:1/2  
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THE  
MILITARY GLORY  
OF  
GREAT-BRITAIN, &c.

INTRODUCTORY CHORUS.

*Triumphant Fame ascend the Skies,  
Ever glorying in our Isle,  
Loud proclaim o'er distant Realms*

*How BRITISH POWER, and BRITISH GLORY rise.*

*Enter first Speaker; proclaiming Britannia Conqueror,  
by Way of Introduction to the next Speech.*

**A**S down the plain with easy Tide,  
The Streams, when unmolested, placid glide;  
But, when descends a sudden Shower,  
They pour amain a foaming Flood;  
The Mountains hear the Torrents roar,

And Echoes shake the neighbouring Wood:  
 So mild and peaceful, fair Britannia mov'd  
 Her harmless Sceptre; 'till, her Wrath inflam'd,  
 GALLIA all her Vengeance prov'd;  
 Haughty LEWIS's Rage was tam'd  
 Envy and Terror; seiz'd the hostile Nations round,

## CHORUS II.

*Gallia's Sons shall vaunt no more,  
 Her Armies broake, her Fleets destroy'd  
 Gallic Power,  
 And Gallic Pride  
 In vain our injur'd Arms defy'd*

*Enter second Speaker; who enumerates several of the  
 most important Conquests of GREAT-BRITAIN, with  
 Encomiums on some of the principal Generals.*

It is not mine to raise with forming Hand,  
 A mute Encomium on its marble Base;  
 But yet in humble Phrase I'll dare rehearse  
 The mighty Deeds of Britain's conquering Arms:  
 What could avail *Monongabela's* Rage,

Tho'



Chorus 2, Allegro

Commencement, in Nassau Hall in New-Jersey, Sept. 29<sup>th</sup> 1762

Gallia's Sons shall vaunt no more, shall vaunt no more, her Armies broke her

Fleets destroyd; Gallie Power & Gallie Pride: invain our injur'd Arms defied, invain our

injur'd Arms defied.

Guyssbert Bogart Vroom.  
his Book

God gave him Grace therein to look  
not only look but understand that learn-  
-ing is better than hous or Land when hous  
and Land is gone and spent then Learning  
as most Excellent  
~~but and Ask. but and Ask~~

Guyssbert Bogart  
Bogart Vroom

Tho' glutted to the full with Blood indignant,  
 If in the Breast of Warlike JOHNSTON lay  
 Unerring Thunders of a just Revenge?  
 To Him no Mean Reward of Honour's due;  
 Since that glad Day, the first auspicious, shed  
 A Tide of Glory o'er the Western World.  
 Hence what new Triumphs in Succession croud  
 Our smiling Annals! Gracious Powers indeed,  
 To spin out such a Length of prosp'rous Fate!  
 Immured in brazen Walls, *Canadia's* Hope,  
 Stood *Louisburg*; whose tow'ring Bulwarks brav'd,  
 In bold Defiance, Victory itself;  
 But, not great WOLFE, and AMHERST; Sons of War,  
 Whose very Names struck Terror on the Foe.  
 But, ah! let not the Ardour of thy Youth,  
 Unconscious WOLFE, with such Precipitance,  
 E'er yet thy full Career of Glory's run,  
 Urge thee on Dangers,——but 'twas thus ordain'd.  
 Such Blood *Canadia's* Plains ne'er stain'd before;  
 Nor happier Genius ever rose to Fame;  
 His Death, itself, the Expiation flew;  
 WOLFE, dying, conquer'd; conquering, was immortal.  
 Nor

Nor ceases Victory; AMHERST still appears,  
 Illustrious from a Train of glorious Deeds:

Him prudent Foresight, and sagacious Cares

Led tho' the Perils of a savage War:

'Twas but to shew the Glittering of his Arms,  
 And *Montreal* with all *Canadia* yeilds.

Hence a long Tract of Continent subdued:

The ruthless Natives champ the reigning Curb  
 And break their Arrows with indignant Rage.

What shall I say of *Afric's* torrid Coast

Where the parch'd Adder gasps for Life? or what,

Of Laurels gather'd in those golden Climes,

Where the first Sun beskirts the Eastern Clouds,

And, where the Roman Eagle never flew?

What shall I say of all the wond'rous Deeds,

Of which *Germania's* Witnesses? As, when falls

Resistless *Eurus* on the Baltic Main,

The heaving Billows, of enormous Weight,

Dash, like projected Mountains, full against

Th' unyielding Shore; thus, with impetuous Tide,

Poured the whole Force of Gaul on *Hanoveria*;

And had o'erwhelm'd it: But the mighty Soul

Of

Of FERDINAND, as Atlas firm, withstood;  
 And broke the Vehemence of the pressing War.  
 So, the spent Ocean weaken'd with the Rage,  
 Which long had urged the stable Continent,  
 Falls back at length, and in itself subsides.  
 Shall I again repeat the brave Exploits  
 Of MONCKTON in the Western Isles? those late,  
 Within these peaceful Walls we sung, inflam'd,  
 With all the Ardours of a Patriot Heart:  
 But MONCKTON'S Deeds demand repeated Songs.  
 Nor should I pass in Silence *Guadaloupe*,  
*Belle-Isle*, or what the British Flag achiev'd,  
 Whether it thunder'd on the Gallic Coast;  
 Or rode in Triumph o'er the boundless Main?  
 Surprising Series of renown'd Exploits!  
 A GOD, a GOD directs th' Affairs of Men.  
 What then avails *Iberia's* Insolence,  
 So oft' surpris'd by our superior Arms,  
 Fraught with almighty Aid? While British Sons,  
 Inur'd to Toi's heroic, burn with Love  
 Of honourable Fame, nor Power, nor Threats,  
 Shall damp their ardour in their bold Career.

CHORUS

## CHORUS III

*Propitious Powers who guard our State,  
 Let our earnest Prayer be heard;  
 Our Prayer this solemn Day prefer'd.  
 Check the Force and Pride of Spain;  
 Render all her Efforts vain,  
 But Power and Glory be BRITANNIA'S Fate.*

*Enter EUGENIO; who, by Way of Dialogue with  
 CLEANDER, gives an Account of the Reduction of  
 the Havanna.*

EUGENIO.

*Hast thou not heard CLEANDER, of the Deeds  
 So late performed by ALBEMARLE? These, sure  
 Methinks demand their equal Tribute  
 Of Commendation; such as thou canst give.*

CLEANDER.

*I have EUGENIO; nor has Gratitude  
 To HIM who rules omnipotent the World  
 For such amazing Fortune of our Arms,  
 Been wanting to my Breast; But yet the Theme  
 Seem'd worthy of a more exalted Muse;*

Chorus 3.<sup>d</sup> Largo

Propitious Powers, who guard our State, let our earnest Prayer be heard; our Prayer this solemn Day prefer'd. Check if

Forc'd Pride of Spain; render all her Efforts vain: But Power & Glory be Britian

nia's Fate, but Power & Glory be Britannia's Fate,

nia's Fate. Bri...tan... nias Fate.

The Sun.

The Moon.

The Stars.

---

The Tree



A Muse like thine, enobled by the Love  
 Of British Freedom, and of British Fame.  
 Wherefore without Reluctance bear thy Part  
 In such illustrious Praise.

## EUGENIO

In Britain's Praises who can be reluctant?  
 Whilst I have Lungs to heave, a Tongue to speak,  
 I'll not be wanting to my Country's Cause.  
 Here, Silence would be base Ingratitude;  
 Nay, more, Rebellion.

## CLEANDER.

But say, EUGENIO, how that warlike Youth,  
 Such glorious Conquest gained.

## EUGENIO

Greater the Toil, the greater Weight of Glory,  
 No easy Effort gains the Alpine Summits,  
 Secured by rugged Dangers; high enclosed,  
 In clifty Bulwarks; each its' Towing Head  
 In Clouds envelop'd, inaccessible.  
 Full forty Days beneath the stormy Brow

B

Of

Of MORO-CASTLE mov'd the British Troops.  
 With various Art, and regular Approach  
 Working Destruction and sure Victory.  
 From Batteries on every Side erect,  
 The mounted Engines poured incessantly  
 Against her strong built Walls their iron Force;  
 Thick Showers of Bombs implete with nitrous Death,  
 Rain'd on their Heads defenceless, which forthwith,  
 Bursting, disploded Ruin; every Art,  
 Which military Prudence pointed out,  
 Or Valour might perfect, was tried:  
 But still the Foe with stubborn Pride resist;  
 Still, reinforc'd, guard their batter'd Walls  
 From close Assault; and, often sallying forth,  
 Would check the approaching Siege; as oft repuls'd.  
 At length ensues a Breach; their Arms appear;  
 And all their mighty Secrets are reveal'd.  
 Again, the cavern'd Ground beneath their Feet,  
 With Grain sulphurous stor'd, by sudden Blaze,  
 Bursts ruinous; up fly the Hopes of War,  
 In smoky Whirls involv'd; th' uprooted Wall,  
 A larger Chasm displays; the Fosse, fill'd up

With

With shiver'd Rubbish, gives a fairer Entrance,  
And seems t'invite the meditated Storm.

Then had you seen, CLEANDER, all the Fire  
Of British War, enflam'd by fierce Revenge.

As furious Lions prefs'd with hungry Rage,

Leap roaring on the hopeles Prey; so rush'd

The ardent Victors; bloody Shouts ascend;

And *Slaughter, Slaughter* rends the vaulted Sky;

They kill; they conquer; Death in every Shape,

Confounds th' affrighted Foe; some in Dispair

His Fury tempt, while others shrink away,

And, trembling, merit an inglorious End.

CLEANDER.

A just Reward of Spanish Cruelty,

So late exerted, when their merc'less Hands,

At the first landing of our Arms, they drench'd

In captive British Blood.

EUGENIO.

A just Reward CLEANDER. Nor here ceas'd

The vig'rous Effort; animated now

With recent Conquest, our Commanders brave

Press on to total Vict'ry. (Glorious Toils!  
 Well worthy of immortal Fame!) straightway,  
 With Force collected, and a martial Rage  
 E'en passing *British*, on th' unyielding Town  
 They turn the Charge decisive; and, at once,  
 Lend all the Thunders of their various War.  
 In vain the Foe resist; all Hope is fled;  
 Their Cannon faintly roar; the lab'ring Walls,  
 Fall piece-meal crumbling to the Ground: within  
 Reign grizzly Horror, loud Laments, and Death.

## CLEANDER.

Such then EUGENIO was their desp'rate Fate!  
 What can withstand our all pervading Arms  
 When Heaven ensures the Conquest?  
*Such* Glory to *Britannia's* Sons is due.

## CHORUS IV.

*Glory, Triumph, Victory, Fame,*  
*For ever crown BRITANNIA's Name.*  
*Sound her Praise;*  
*Her Honours raise;*  
*Her Triumphs in IBERIA's Seas.*

- Enter

Chorus 4<sup>th</sup> Part Allegro

Glory Triumph, Victory, Fame, Glory, Triumph, Victory, Fame, for ever crown Britannia's name

Name; crown Britannia's Name crown Britannia's Name; *Sym* Glory, Triumph, Victory, Fame for

ever crown Britannia's Name; Sound, sound her Praise, her Honors raise, her Triumphs in Iberias Seas

*Enter fourth Speaker; suddenly transported.*

What mean these Strains? these glad, triumphant  
My Heart, with what unusual Joy it bounds! [Sounds?

'Tis Transport all; BRITANNIA's Praise,  
BRITANNIA's Praise my Soul inspires;

Oh, how my Bosom 'glows with unknown Fires,  
Collecting Fuel as they blaze!

Down the long Tract of future Time, I view  
Effulgent British Glory shine,  
Unceasing as the Stars! ———

I see portray'd in every various Hue

The *Gallic* and *Iberian* Wars;

Here, *Gallia* trembling on her Throne;

Her Shame, there, proud *Iberia* own;

While in the midst, with radiant Crown

BRITANNIA's Splendors almost dazzle the Design.

Ye Sons of War, pursue the Foe;

Your ALBEMARLE has struck th' auspicious Blow.

See, Victory waits with laurel-Wreath to crown

Your Temples; fondly hovering round

Your glittering Arms. 'Tis Courage fights,

'Tis

'Tis Courage conquers. Pour your Wrath abroad;  
With martial Sound  
The Foe confound;  
Assert your British Rights;  
And bid them feel the Weight of your avenging Rod.

Part of the Fourth CHORUS.

*Glory, Triumph, Vict'ry, Fame,  
Forever crown Britannia's Name.*

*Enter fifth Speaker*; who closes the whole with a solemn  
Wish, for the continued Prosperity of the British  
Nation.

While on their Base th'eternal Mountains stand,  
And poise the balanc'd Globe; while Nature's Laws  
The fix'd Alternative of Night and Day; [command,  
While Sun and Moon and Stars endure,  
And on our World their Radiance pour;  
May British Lands exulting see  
The full Rewards of Victory;  
Great in the Annals of Eternity.

Long

Part of Chorus 4.<sup>th</sup> Fin Allegro.

Glory, Triumph, Victory, Fame, Glory, Triumph, Victory, Fame, for ever Crown Britannia's Name, crown

Britannia's Name, crown Britannia's Name, *Sym* Glory, Triumph, Victory, Fame, for ever crown Britannia's Name, crown

Chorus 5.<sup>th</sup> to be sung in the Tune of Chorus 3.<sup>d</sup> Allegro.

While Mountains poise the balanc'd Globe,  
Shade and Light the World enrobe;  
While Sun and Moon and Stars endure,

**I** And a blended Radiance pour,  
British Fame shall bear the Prize;  
And in a Blaze of peerless Glory rise.



Long may a *G E O R G E* the regal Sceptre sway;  
And scatter Blessings with a lib'ral Hand  
Around the peaceful Globe; but dire Dismay  
On all who dare his injur'd Arms withstand.

CHORUS V.

*While Mountains poise the balanc'd Globe,  
Shade and Light the World enrobe;  
While Sun, and Moon, and Stars endure,  
And a blended Radiance pour,  
BRITISH FAME shall bear the Prize;  
And in a Blaze of peerless Glory rise.*

F I N I S.

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