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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

A Song. For St. Cecilia's Day at Oxford.

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A SONG. For St. CECILIA'S Day
at Oxford.

I.

CECILIA, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the Blest,
In choirs of warbling Seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious Saint, and see
Thy vocal sons of Harmony;
Attend, harmonious Saint, and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune ev'ry string and ev'ry tongue,
Be thou the Muse and Subject of our song.

II.

Let all *Cecilia's* praise proclaim,
Employ the Echo in her name.
Hark how the Flutes and Trumpets raise,
At bright *Cecilia's* name, their lays;
The Organ labours in her praise.

34 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
 From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly,
 In soaring Trebles now it rises high,
 And now it sinks, and dwells upon the Base.

Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
 The work of ev'ry skilful tongue,
 The sound of ev'ry trembling string,
 The sound and triumph of our song.

III.

For ever consecrate the day,
 To Musick and *Cecilia*;
 Musick, the greatest good that mortals know,
 And all of heav'n we have below.
 Musick can noble hints impart,
 Engender fury, kindle love;
 With unsuspected eloquence can move,
 And manage all the man with secret art.
 When *Orpheus* strikes the trembling Lyre,
 The streams stand still, the stones admire;
 The list'ning savages advance,
 The Wolf and Lamb around him trip,
 The Bears in awkward measures leap,
 And Tigers mingle in the dance.
 The moving woods attended as he play'd,
 And *Rhodope* was left without a shade.

IV.

Musick religious heats inspires,
 It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,

And

And wings it with sublime desires,
 And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
 Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
 And seems well-pleas'd and courted with a song.
 Soft moving sounds and heav'nly airs
 Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.
 When time it self shall be no more,
 And all things in confusion hurl'd,
 Musick shall then exert its pow'r,
 And sound survive the ruines of the world:
 Then Saints and Angels shall agree
 In one eternal jubilee:
 All heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine,
 And God himself with pleasure see
 The whole creation in a chorus join.

C H O R U S.

Consecrate the place and day,
 To Musick and *Cecilia*.
 Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
 Invade the hallow'd bounds,
 Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
 Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
 Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
 But gladness dwell on ev'ry tongue;
 Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
 Keep up the loud harmonious song,
 And imitate the Blest above,
 In joy, and harmony, and love.