

SHERBORNE SCHOOL.

COMMEMORATION, JUNE 21ST, 1913.

1. PROLOGUE, recited by R. E. HODGSON, Head of the School.

Dread Governors, embodiment of Law,
Whose distant thunders fill our world with awe !
First I bid hail your Chairman, if I dare,
As skilled to guide a Council as a car.
Long may the Sherborne Schoolboy mark with pride
The kindly countenance and the stately stride
Of one whose care assures a loyal School
That all is well beneath his watchful rule !

Three newly chosen members of your band
A special welcome on this day demand.
Him⁽¹⁾ who from Minterne's turf-encircled groves
To Sherborne brings a name that Sherborne loves ;
And him⁽²⁾ from Longleat's acres broad and fair
We greet, our latest-chosen to repair
With counsel and goodwill the loss deplored
Of classic Wilton's kind and courtly lord ;⁽³⁾
And one⁽⁴⁾ allied by dearer homelier ties,
Who with his subjects needs must sympathise ;—
As boy and man his feet our courts have trod ;
He wields the sceptre now where once he feared the rod !

(1) The Lord Digby.

(2) The Marquis of Bath.

(3) The late Earl of Pembroke, the representative of Wiltshire on the Governing Body.

(4) E. W. Bartlett, Esq., O.S.

Thee next I greet,—I scarce can call thee guest ;
 More loved and honoured e'en than all the rest !
 At Norwich hailed as *Doctor Venerabilis*,
 At Sherborne *Informator Peramabilis* !
 Hail and thrice hail ! Whene'er thou wilt, employ
 Thy silvery eloquence for girl⁽⁵⁾ or boy !
 Though outward changes meet each time thy view,
 And classrooms grow where once thy lime-trees grew ;
 Though masters buy or build them palaces,⁽⁶⁾
 While others, surely far less wise than these,
 (Proh ! sapientium inconstantiam !)
 Desert us for the Ganges or the Cam ;⁽⁷⁾
 Long mayst thou live, and often mayst thou come,
 And always feel that Sherborne is thy home !

Lastly, the mouthpiece of the School extends
 A hearty greeting to all other friends,—
 Courageous parents, who have dared to face
 The fell bacillus in your son's embrace !
 Fair joys befall you all ! Yet think of me,
 My gay companions, in your heedless glee.
 While you display with pride the prize you've won,
 Or plausibly explain why you have none ;
 While, at the Digby, claret-cup you sip,
 Or at the Tuck-shop spend th' expected tip ;
 Reflect one moment on my duller lot—
 To have a parent always on the spot !

But stay ! I see that Roman parent frown,
 The sign to ring this stammering Prologue down.
 'Enough of this !' he cries : 'It is not thine
 To hold high converse with the tuneful Nine.
 "Numbers"⁽⁸⁾ will never raise *thy* head to heaven,—
 Except a hundred made for the Eleven !'

(5) As Chairman of the Council of the Sherborne School for Girls.

(6) This appears to be an impudent allusion to Messrs. Hodgson and O'Hanlon, and perhaps even to Mr. Tindall.

(7) Ladies no longer require to be told that this means 'Alas ! for the fickleness of philosophers !' Mr. Bensly leaves for Cawnpore, Mr. Butler for Corpus Christi College, Cambridge,—*valde deplendi ambo* !

(8) Commentators suspect a pun here. "Numbers" is a literary expression for verse : cp. Pope, "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." It is scarcely necessary to remark that we have this year the highly desirable combination of Head of the School and Captain of the Eleven in one person, and that the son of a most valued Master.