

SHERBORNE SCHOOL

COMMEMORATION, JUNE 30th, 1928

PROLOGUE, *recited by* S. H. NOWELL-SMITH, *Head of the School*

The *DAY* again is here, when Ancient Rule
Gives a brief view of this our *World of School*;
Be welcome *PARENTS, SISTERS, FRIENDS*, who wait
Our *Games* to approve, our *Work* to appreciate:
And you, *wise* Governors, whose prudent Skill
Shapes all our Ends, '*rough-hew* them how we will':
'Mongst whom still holds Affection's *largest* Share
Our *CHAIRMAN'S*¹ *courtly* Mien and silver Hair.

But TWO a more especial Welcome claim;
*One*² known to all, to all an *Honour'd Name*,
Of whose *just* Praises *long* the Tale should be,
But Filial Pride must yield to *Modesty*.
And *One*³ whose Years, *though few*, rich Offerings bear—
His *learn'd* and *virtuous* Youth *Rugbeia's* care;
At *Trinity* (by *CAM*) Truth still he fought,
(The same a *BOUGHER* and a *BALDWIN* taught);
First *Kingston* knew, now *Blackburn* vaunts his Zeal,
As *Bishop*, *wise* to guide, inspire and heal.

BEHOLD us then, ponder our *Works* and *Days*;
Censure may profit, but we seek your *PRAISE*.
Perchance to view our pleasures may excite
A *reminiscence* of some past Delight.

{ The *Father*, when he sees us brave and gay,
{ Resolves that 'where he play'd his *sons* shall play';
{ Th' approving *Mothers well-air'd* Beds survey,
{ And *wholesome* Food, and fruits of *Darkest* gray.
Yet not *Demeanour* and the *Outward Boy*,
Nor *Beds* nor *Food* ensure unfailing joy;

¹ George Gordon, Esq., J.P.

² Nowell C. Smith, Esq., M.A., late Head Master of Sherborne School.

³ The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Blackburn, D.D.

Rather to 'chafe the rolling *Oval's* Speed',
 The *Pass* well held, th' *unflinching* Tackler's meed;
 To pitch the Ball upon the Stumps with Ease,
 Or '*drive it devious*',—are there Joys like these?
Others the Ball or *hard* or *soft* propel,
 'Unerring, in the *Fives Court's* narrow Cell,
 Or in the Baths, from *Spring-Board* or *High-Dive*,
 In flashing Circle each 'gainst other strive;
Gymnastic Contests some their Pride confess,
 Where Troops of *eager* Athletes onward press.

TURN HENCE, to where no *impious* Slaughter stains
 Of *Mimic War* the *not-ensanguined* Plains;
 The ordered Ranks in *martial* Habit stand,
 In Ringing Tones peals forth the loud Command;
 Straight with one Mind, by Discipline made bold,
 The *mazy* Evolution they unfold,
 Drink deep of *GLORY*, yet feel not its Scars,
 And make the *Playing Field* a *Field of Mars*.

BUT Time would fail me, should I seek to expound
 The *World of School* in all its *varied* Round;
 Where *Knowledge* first her *Casket* rare unlocks,
 That *World* where *Boys* 'learn *Latin* and *to box*';
 Where youthful Heart to Heart its *secret* tells,
 Trembling surpris'd at Beauty's *magic* Spells,
 While *lovely* Youth to *noble* Manhood grows,
 And *Innocence* ebbs not as *Wisdom* flows.

But HARK! Methinks the *sound* of Marriage Bells,⁴
 Upon my ear with grateful Murmur swells;
 One BRIDEGROOM *Mars* and dusty *Pollux* bred,
 And one *Apollo* and *Mercurius* led;
 Of *Venus* and *Minerva* lov'd the BRIDES,
 And grac'd by *Queen Calliope* *besides*;
 Let *All* your *prosp'ring* Wishes with them take,
 And let the blushing *BARD* his *Exit* make.

⁴ P. E. H. Parry-Jones, Esq., M.A., Master at the School since 1919, is shortly to be married to Miss Jean Carey; and H. S. Gervis, Esq., M.A., Master at the School since 1921, to Miss Ruth Streatfeild.