

SHERBORNE SCHOOL.

COMMEMORATION, JUNE 22ND, 1935.

PROLOGUE, recited by A. W. YOUNG, Head of the School.

- My humble province is to bid you hail
As welcome guests, and to unfold the tale
Of grave and gay, of scholarship and sport,
Of schoolboys, ink, and good—and bad—report,
Of old tradition wedded to the new;
This our play's burden, and our play is true.
Our learned Mother, she with whom you share
Parental office and parental care,
Holds festival; Apollo's bow is slacked;
In our "Big" Schoolroom dexterously packed,
Helped by discomfort, you may all forget
Expensive shares that haven't risen yet,
The Minister of Transport, and the East—
Lethe shall be the cocktail to our feast.
Learning, and skill, and martial chivalry
Within these walls in eager rivalry
Bid for your favour; they are less than you;
To you tradition's dignity is due:
Sherborne would not remember ALFRED still,
If Alfred's parents had not paid his bill!
- Hail, reverend Divine, of Sherborne's See
And Sherborne's School presiding deity!
- (1) One Castle Aldhelm's chessboard still adorns;
You are the Bishop, we the humble Pawns.
To you, Sir Soldier, *Marshal* in the Field,
Today less *martial*, not less great, we yield
- (2) Our humble greeting; Titus come to life,
For peace you now exchange your country's strife:
Each well befits you; how can we afford
To say the Pen is mightier, or the Sword?
- And you, Sir, Master of the Blackmore Vale,
And Master of our Destinies, we hail!
To you we whisper, whose controlling hand
Is raised to bless us, ne'er to reprimand,
"Half holidays are scarcer than of yore."
- (3) *Fête* granted one; and now we cry "Encore!"
Thus Sherborne greets you, and twelve hundred years
Stretch out their hands in welcome; merry ghosts
Bid you remember them; they are your hosts,
Immortal, though their substance disappears.
Stay, Prologue: this surpasses your poor skill;
Strike your frail lyre with a lighter quill,
And tell how Venus' boy, with wanton laugh,
Has scattered all his arrows on the Staff;
- (4) And how, in honour of the "foxy" sport,
Terpsichore within this room held court.
On with the motley! Players, to your task!
Come, give us song, and revelry, and masque!
"Certificates," give way to levity;
We would gain *credit* for Festivity!
Our suits are clean, our straw hats newly bought,
Our faces shiny—and our hair is SHORT!
Descend now, festive Muse, and with your lyre
Let Work and Play in harmony conspire.
Prologue, enough. We make too long a stay;
The curtain trembles; come, bring on the PLAY!

- (1) The old Sherborne Castle is in ruins.
(2) The Roman Emperor Titus captured Jerusalem.
(3) A *Fête* was held recently in the Castle grounds, a half holiday being granted for the occasion.
(4) The Blackmore Vale Hunt Ball was held during last holidays in the Big Schoolroom.