

SHERBORNE: AN ODE

'Tis fifty years since last we met to keep our Festal Day,
And many are gone, and some are here, tho' wrinkled now and grey,
The long dim past grows clearer as we meet, and not in vain,
Recall the fleeting days of youth and turn to boys again!
Our years increase, our blood runs slow, we hasten to grow old
But never shall our souls forget, till heart and hand are cold:

The old School, the dear School, where we were boys together,
The old days, and dear days of life's young April weather.
When the future, filled with gleams of gold, the musing boyish eye,
And all the world seemed at our feet, and hopeful hearts beat high!

Many have since by East and West found glory or a tomb,
Some toiled for God and Country mid the city's stifling gloom,
Some midst wrangling of the Forum, or dull chaffering of the Mart,
Have slaved for children, and for home, contented with their part,
Their years increased, their limbs moved slow, they hastened to grow old,
But never did their souls forget, till heart and hand were cold:

The old School, the dear School, where we were boys together,
The old days, and dear days of life's young April weather.
When the future, filled with gleams of gold, the musing boyish eye,
And all the world seemed at our feet, and hopeful hearts beat high!

Grey are our heads, but still there come bright lads with sunny hair,
The gay throngs wake the cloistered courts where once their grandsires were.
Youth like a red rose, lights the shade with gleams of rising day,
Dear Lord! Protect them as they go upon life's perilous way,
Increase their years, make strong their limbs, prepare them to grow old,
But never let their souls forget, till heart and hand are cold:

The old School, the dear School, where we were boys together,
The old days, and dear days of life's young April weather.
When the future, filled with gleams of gold, the musing boyish eye,
And all the world seemed at our feet, and hopeful hearts beat high!

We are strangers when we visit now the scenes we loved before.
The playfields and the river, where we raced and plunged of yore.
Youth blossoms, and shall blossom still, when centuries have gone,
And young lives, today undreamt of, shall press tireless, fearless on.
Their years shall grow, their limbs move slow, and they in turn grow old,
But never may their souls forget, till heart and hand are cold:

The old School, the dear School, where we were boys together,
The old days, and dear days of life's young April weather.
When the future, filled with gleams of gold, the musing boyish eye,
And all the world seemed at our feet, and hopeful hearts beat high!

Words by Sir Lewis Morris OS (1833-1907).

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