

THE SONG OF THE BATH.

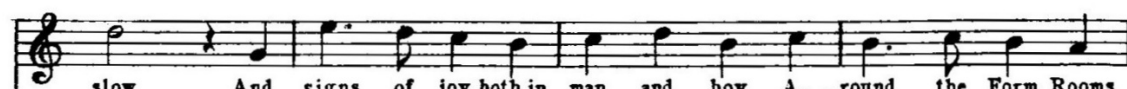
Words by
Rev. F. B. WESTCOTT.

Music by
LOUIS N. PARKER.

VOICE. 

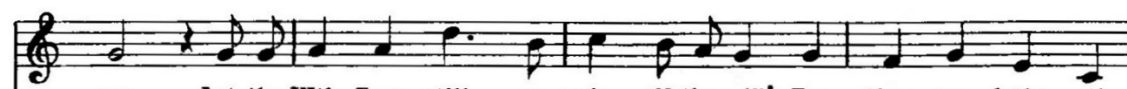
The Ab - bey Clock is strik - ing ONE Fall so - lemn - ly and

PIANO. 



slow And signs of joy both in man and boy A - round the Form Rooms



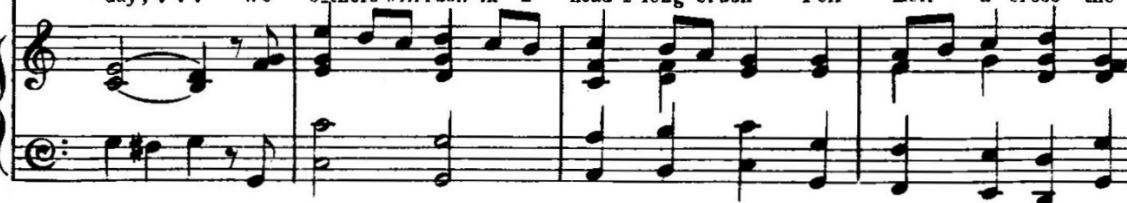


go: Let the Vith Form still re - main if they will! For they can bathe all





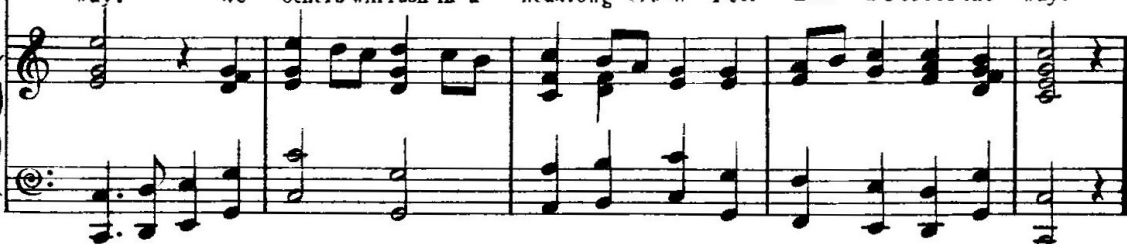
day, . . . We o - thers will rush in a head - long crush Pell mell a cross the



CHORUS.



way! We o - thers will rush in a headlong crush Pell mell a - cross the way!



THE SONG OF THE BATH

The Abbey Clock is striking ONE
Full solemnly and slow
And signs of joy both in man and boy
Around the Form Rooms go:
Let the VIth Form still remain if they will
For they can bathe all the day,
We others will rush in a headlong crush
Pell mell across the way!

When Sainly Ealdhelm found his rill
'Tis said that he cried with glee
'Here's water enow a bath to fill,
Ho! This is the home for me!'
So he set to and sank a glorious tank
(tho' where no man can say)
And he made it a rule every lad in his School
Should bathe at least once a day.

And when 'dear old Dan,' that wonderful man,
Had dug us his noble pool,
'tis said that he sent with a merry intent
This message around the School,
'Your limbs for to lave in my crystal wave
I know that you all do thirst,
But unless you arise with the lark in the skies
'tis I shall be in the first!'

And now that the Saint is long since gone,
And that other we may not see;
We do not intend the good usage should end –
No! not if we know! Say we.
For if Latin ('tis plain) will develop the brain
And toughen its fibres through,
Cold water, be sure, will your bodies inure
To suffer and toil and do!

So if ever the 'beam' to any should seem
A barrier sore and grim;
Think! Score upon score have climbed over before,
And don't be afraid of him!
No, ye that are clad in a livery sad
Of variegated hue
Oh! Rest not content till the happy event
Has dubbed you a 'double Blue'!

Words by Frederick Brooke Westcott (1857-1918).
Score by Louis Napoleon Parker (1852-1944).