

**HARROW SONGS
AND OTHER VERSES**

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Harrow songs and other verses by Edward E. Bowen & Kohler Collection of British Poetry

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EDWARD E. BOWEN & KOHLER COLLECTION OF BRITISH POETRY

HARROW SONGS AND OTHER VERSES

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AND OTHER VERSES

BY

EDWARD E. BOWEN



LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1886

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THE songs which are here reprinted were written at various times during the last eighteen years, and have found an indulgent reception at the hands of several generations of schoolboys. For whatever interest they may have awakened, they are chiefly indebted to the genius and skill of Mr. John Farmer, by whom nearly all of them have been set to music, and presented to an audience which, for the sake of the singers, as well as for his, has never been too harshly critical of the sentiments or the words. I ought to mention that some of the lines in No. XV., and two or three in No. XVIII., are the work of a friend.

A few other pieces are added, chiefly connected with Harrow; these, though not of permanent interest, will perhaps find readers who may care to have them in print.

[The words and music of most of the songs may be had from Mr. Wilbee, of Harrow.]

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FORTY YEARS ON

FORTY years on, when afar and asunder
 Parted are those who are singing to-day,
 When you look back, and forgetfully wonder
 What you were like in your work and your play ;
 Then, it may be, there will often come o'er you
 Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song—
 Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
 Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.
 Follow up ! Follow up ! Follow up ! Follow up !
 Till the field ring again and again,
 With the tramp of the twenty-two men,
 Follow up ! Follow up !

Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,
 Bases attempted, and rescued, and won,
 Strife without anger, and art without malice,—
 How will it seem to you, forty years on ?
 Then, you will say, not a feverish minute
 Strained the weak heart and the wavering knee,
 Never the battle raged hottest, but in it
 Neither the last nor the faintest were we !
 Follow up ! &c.

O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted--
Hardly believable, forty years on !
How we discoursed of them, one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate !
Follow up ! &c.

Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shouluer,
What will it help you that once you were strong ?
God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun ;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on !
Follow up ! &c.

II

LYON OF PRESTON

LYON, of Preston, yeoman, John,
 Many a year ago,
 Built on the hill that I live on,
 A school that you all may know ;
 Into the form, first day, 'tis said,
 Two boys came for to see ;
 One with a red ribbon, red, red, red,
 And one with a blue,—like me !

Lyon, of Preston, yeoman, John,
 Lessons he bade them do ;
 Homer, and multiplica-ti-on,
 And spelling, and Cicero ;
 Red Ribbon never his letters knew,
 Stuck at the five times three ;
 But Blue Ribbon learnt the table through,
 And said it all off,—like me !

Lyon, of Preston, yeoman, John,
 Said to them both, 'Go play'—
 Up slunk Red Ribbon all alone,
 Limped from the field away ;