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BIRTH LYRICS.



EDWARD THRING. M.A.







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BORTH LYRICS



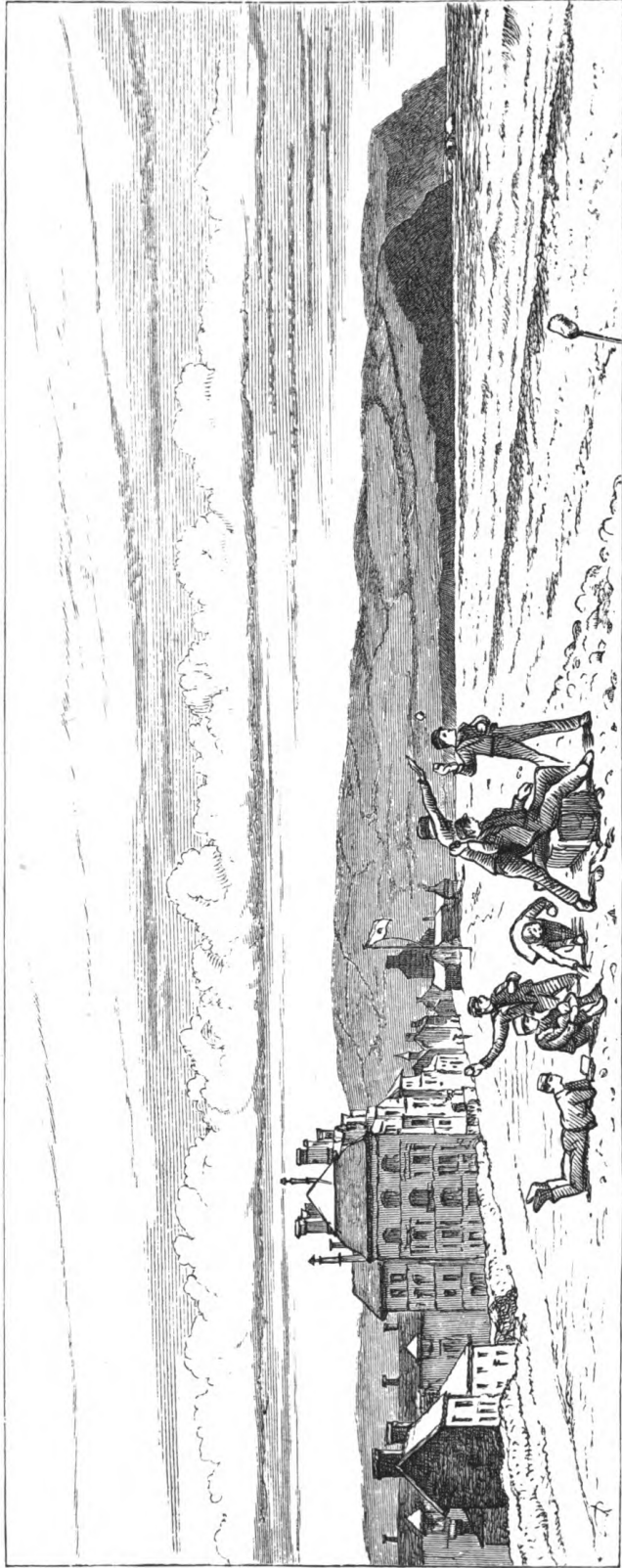
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BORTH LYRICS









*Front.*

# BORTH MYRICS

BY  
EDWARD THRING, M.A.  
HEAD MASTER OF UPPINGHAM SCHOOL  
LATE FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. ROSSITER  
ENGRAVED BY DALZIEL BROTHERS

UPPINGHAM  
JOHN HAWTHORN  
1881



280. l. 168.



## INTRODUCTION.

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THOSE who took part in that strange camping out of the School in 1876 and 1877 will be glad to be reminded of their experiences now they are over. And perhaps the School at Uppingham, in years to come, may like to have some hint, however imperfect, of that medley of ruin and safety, fear and fun, which passed from risk and danger, which seemed almost impossible to be faced, to a happy ending.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE,  
UPPINGHAM,  
*August, 1880.*



## Dedication.



TO  
MR. T. H. BIRLEY AND MR. W. T. JACOB,  
THE TWO SCHOOL TRUSTEES WITHOUT WHOSE HELP THE SCHOOL WOULD HAVE BEEN LOST ;

TO  
SIR PRYSE PRYSE, BART.,  
AND THE KINDLY WELSH PEOPLE, WHO MADE SAFETY POSSIBLE AND SUCCESSFUL ;

TO  
THE PARENTS,  
WHO TRUSTED THE SCHOOL, AND SENT IN FULL NUMBERS ON THE EVENTFUL NIGHT OF  
APRIL 4, 1876 ;

TO  
ALL FAITHFUL COLLEAGUES,  
WHO DID TRUE WORK THROUGH THOSE DANGEROUS AND ANXIOUS MONTHS,

THIS MEMORIAL OF A COMMON CAUSE IS DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.





## List of Illustrations.

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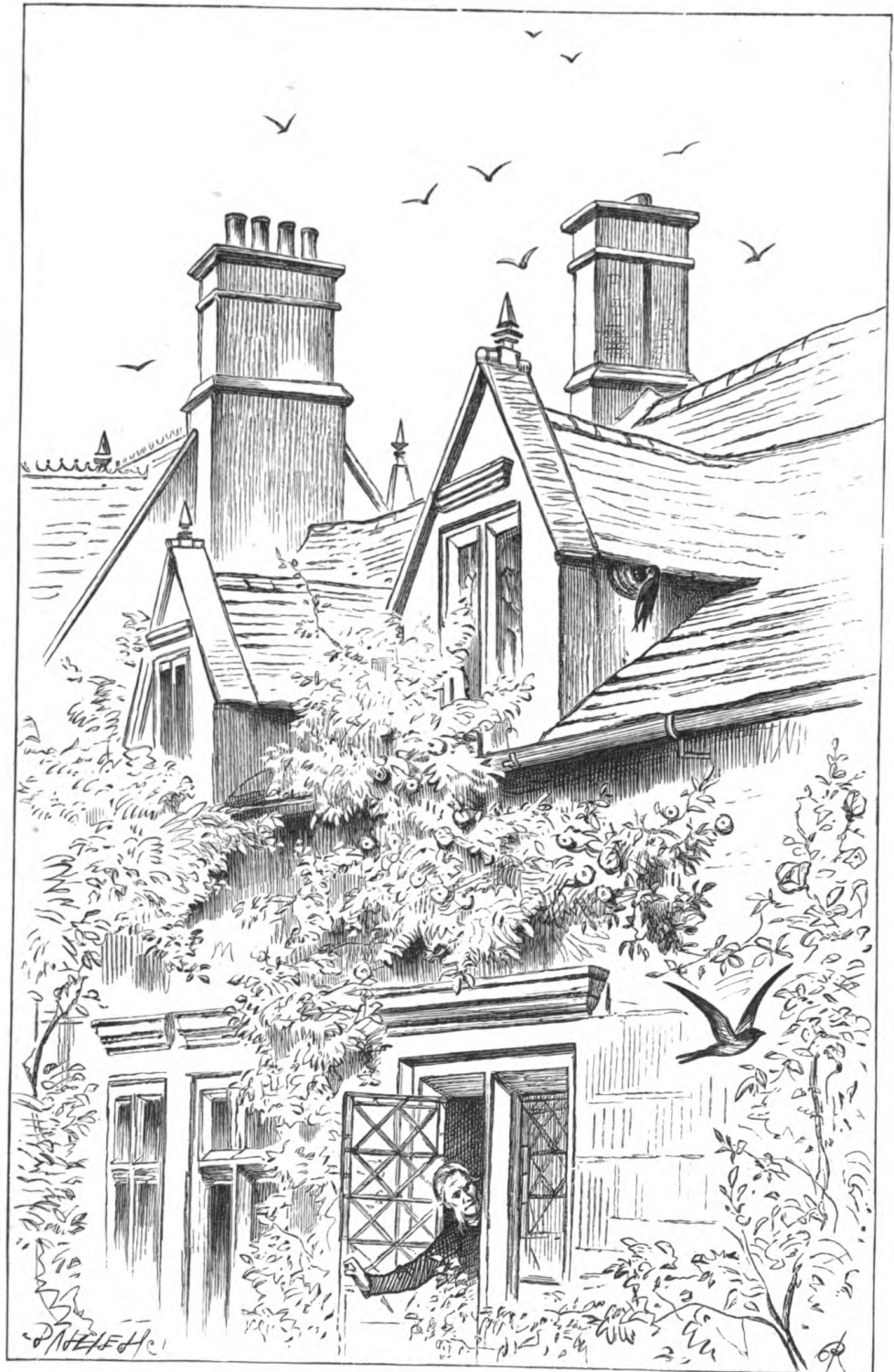
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ERRATUM, page 21, *read* goodman.

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I.

THE PROLOGUE.

 SWALLOW, with resistless wing, that hold'st the air in fee,  
O swallow, with thy joyous sweep o'er earth and sunlit sea,  
O swallow, who, if night were thine, would'st wheel amongst the stars,  
Why linger round the eaves?

Unhappy! free of all the world hast knit thy soul to clay?  
And glued thy heart up on the wall, thou swiftest child of day?  
Claim, glorious wing, thy heritage; break, break thy prison bars,  
Nor linger round the eaves.

Sweep, glorious wings, adown the wind; fly, swallow, to the west;  
Before thee, life and liberty; behind, a ruined nest.  
Blow, freshening breeze, sweep, rapid wing, for all the winds are thine,  
The nest is only clay.

The rapid wings were stretched in flight, the swallow sped away,  
And left its nest beneath the eaves, the much-loved bit of clay,  
Turned with the sun, to go where'er the happy sun might shine,  
And passed into the day.

II.

THE SUMMONS.

A THOUSAND year is nought to prayer,  
One day, so GOD it will :  
So the chapel fair, in GOD'S clear air,  
Looks calmly from its hill ;

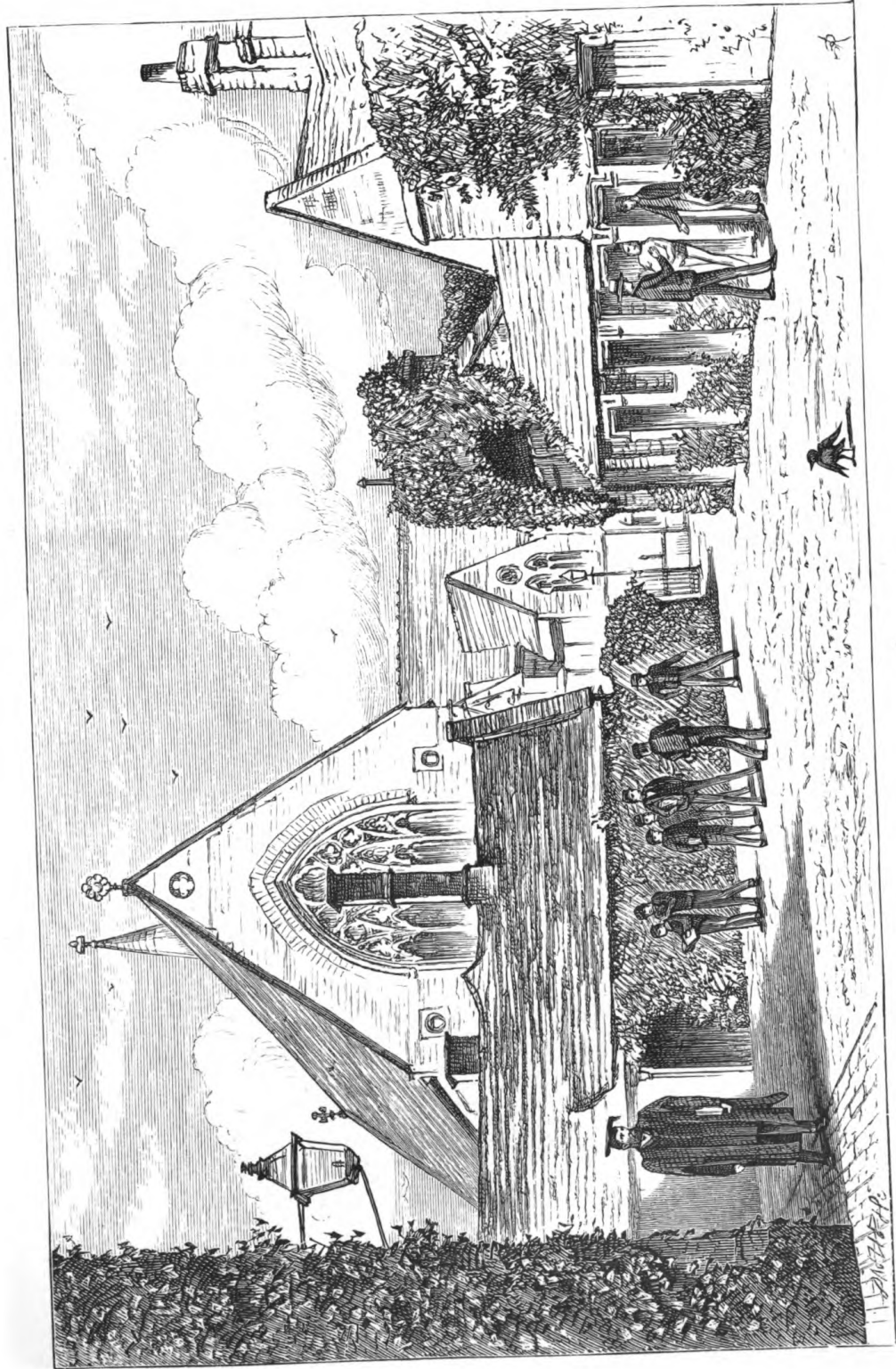
And true and bold the schoolhouse old  
Before it sentinel,  
With close at hand a trusty band  
Of comrades guards it well.

Each morn they meet, the young, young feet,  
They lightly come and go,  
A changeful stream, that still doth seem  
The same, and still doth flow.

The stream shall run while shines the sun,  
And still the buttressed stone  
Shall hear the beat of young, young feet,  
And count them all its own.

The fair sun shone, but ghastly and wan  
There came a spectral dream ;  
The stone stood fast, but a dim fear passed  
Through buttress, and roof, and beam :

With sad, sad heart life did depart,  
A ghostly silence fell ;  
With sad, sad heart they turned to depart,  
And—farewell, home, farewell.







III.

THOUGHTS.

DARKEST clouds drop tender rain,  
Every leaf and blade is fain  
Its own jewel to obtain  
From the casket of its pain.

And the thunder, black as night,  
Down descends in orbs of white,  
For the sun to fill with light,  
Tiny chambers of his might.

Precious beads of hope are pearled  
On each sorrow through the world,  
Softest dews of peace in showers  
Lie beneath the clouded hours.

IV.

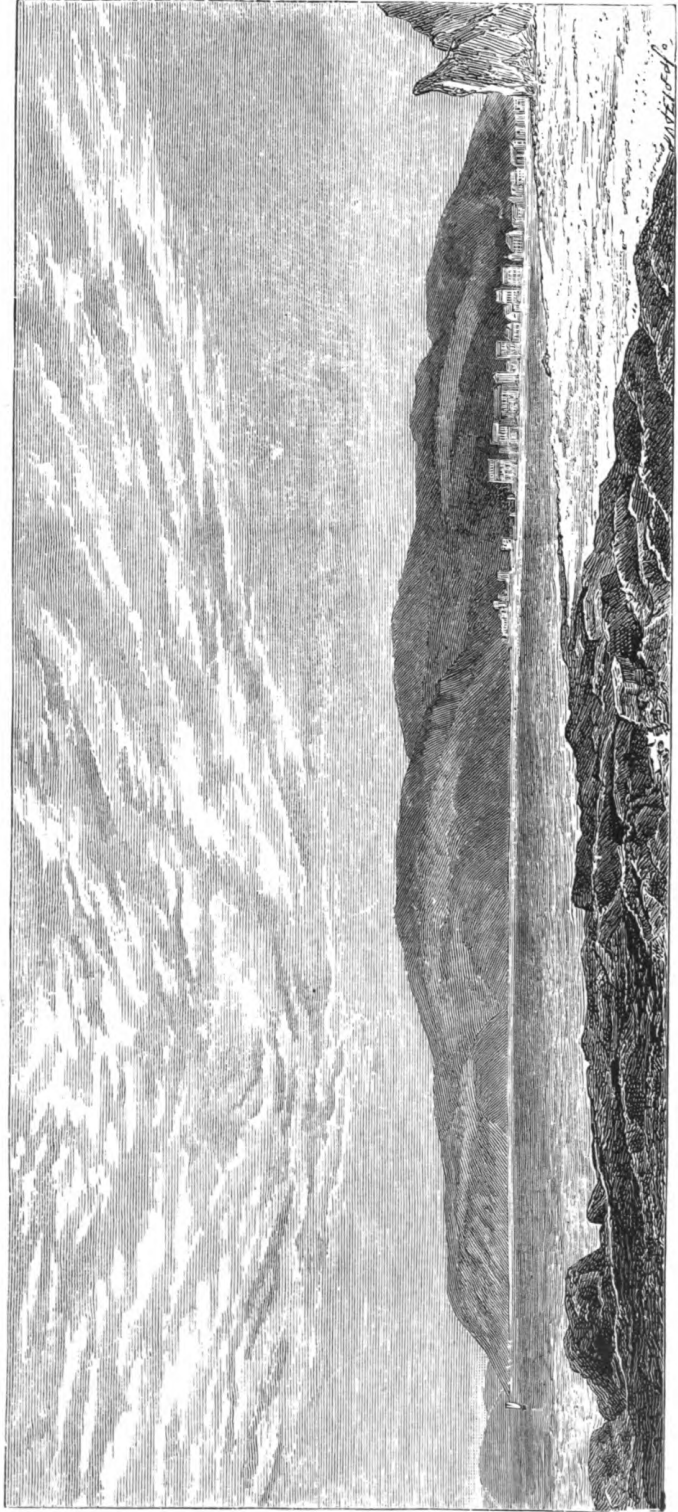
THE JOURNEY.

THE ice froze cold, as cold as death,  
Yet runs the stream below ;  
The very spring breathes bitter breath,  
But still the flowerets blow.  
Nor shall it perish from the land,  
The living seed they bore,  
As forth they fared, that pilgrim band,  
As pilgrims went of yore.

Lead, river, down the mountain glen,  
Glide 'mid the sunny slopes ;  
Now lose thyself, now come again,  
E'en like a pilgrim's hopes.  
And careless rivulets with their peace  
Smiled on the passers-by,  
From many a valley, where the trees  
See but their own dear sky.

So swept they on a great bright plain,  
A charmèd breadth out-laid,  
Where mountains rounded to the main  
A charmèd circle made ;  
And northward couched a huge hill dream,  
Which oft-times, as it lay,  
To heave and pant in sleep did seem,  
Beneath the sultry day.

And leaning up against the hill,  
Whose headland, purple-black,  
The southern waters, as they fill,  
Kiss daily, and fall back,





THE JOURNEY.

A simple hamlet, nowise planned,  
Puts out a long arm white,  
Where level sea and level sand  
Scarce know each other's right.

The mountains rule the east, but all  
The west, the sea, the sea ;  
Save when the sun at evenfall  
Disputes her sovereignty.  
A kindly people held the land,  
A kindly race and free ;  
So rest they found, that pilgrim band,  
At Borth beside the sea.



## THE SEA.—SAFETY.

BRIGHT sea, in thy waters rolled  
Dost eternity enfold,  
Endless being, uncontrolled,  
Freedom, more than heart can hold,  
Every wave a hope divine,  
Sun-charms, golden line on line,  
Thou great moving mystery-shrine!  
Thine the first sounds that the earth  
Heard, its cradle-song at birth.  
Hidden voices in thy deep  
Half untold their secret keep,  
As they murmur evermore  
Old-world tidings to the shore.  
Glorious sea, thy moving light  
Spreads round earth a mantle bright,  
Wide as range of eye or mind,  
Tameless playmate of the wind.  
Like a shuttle glancing free  
In and out, thy life, O sea,  
Whatsoever mood hath been,  
Weaves a web of magic sheen.  
Gracious wandering life, the air  
Sports around thee for its share;  
Winds that move, and winds that rest,  
Heaving softly on thy breast,  
Like a sea-bird from the crest,  
Rise from off thy waves, and fly,  
Sweeping fresh the summer sky.  
Glorious sea, glad, unconfined,  
Free as range of eye or mind,  
Tameless playmate of the wind,  
Gracious power, whate'er thou be,  
Lay thy sweetest liberty  
At the pilgrims' feet, O sea.

VI.

THE COLONY.

EAST and west, and north and south,  
As if we were shot from a cannon's mouth,  
Hurrah, hurrah! here we all are.  
Never was heard in peace or war,  
The first in the world are we,  
Never, oh, never, was heard before,  
Since a ball was a ball,  
And a wall a wall,  
And a boy to play was free,  
That a school as old as an old oak-tree,  
Fast by the roots, was flung up in the air,  
Up in the air without thought or care,  
And pitched on its feet by the sea, the sea,  
Pitched on its feet by the sea.

Ere the old school walls were dumb  
With the silence of despair,  
"March boys, march! the end has come!"  
Rang the watchword proud and clear.  
We our standard rallied round,  
Thrice a hundred faithful found.

Playgrounds—leagues on leagues of shore;  
Class-rooms—all the sea-king's caves;  
We are touched by Ariel's power,  
Free of air, and earth, and waves.  
We are elves of Ariel's range,  
Nought but suffers a sea change.

Ah! the wand has laid its spell  
Over cricket-fields and trees;  
Presto!—woods, and mountains, shells,  
Rocks, and sea-anemones;  
Thrice turn round and shut your eyes,  
Open to a fresh surprise.



THE COLONY.

Open on the level sward  
Slid Gogerddan's\* hills between,  
When Gogerddan's genial lord  
Looked upon the starry green,  
Lady-bright with summer stars,  
Heard the schoolboys' loud hurrahs.

Lo! the panting cricket train  
Up the valley slowly creeps,  
Lo! a boyish hurricane  
E'en o'er Cader Idris sweeps.  
Never in the good greenwood  
Lived more gaily Robin Hood.

Little bits of fairy world,  
Fairy streamlets, dropping rills,  
And the Lery† softly curled  
In amongst the dreaming hills:  
Never in the good greenwood  
Lived more gaily Robin Hood.

East and west, and north and south,  
As if we were shot from a cannon's mouth,  
Hurrah, hurrah! here we all are.  
Never was heard in peace or war,  
The first in the world are we,  
Never, oh, never, was heard before,  
Since a ball was a ball,  
And a wall a wall,  
And a boy to play was free,  
That a school as old as an old oak-tree,  
Fast by the roots, was flung up in the air,  
Up in the air without thought or care,  
And pitched on its feet by the sea, the sea,  
Pitched on its feet by the sea.

\* Gogerddan, the seat of Sir Pryse Pryse, Bart.

† The river at Borth.

VII.

RIPPLES.

JOLLY, O, jolly, at eve,  
When the golden waves  
Are tumbling into the sun,  
    And the silent air  
Is thinking of nothing, to run  
    Down to the shore,  
    Boys by the score,  
Into the hollow way  
Curved by the ebbing spray,  
Chasing him back to his watery den,  
Lightly, O, lightly he leaps out again.  
Backward, O, backward we run  
(Thinking-of-nothing-o fun),  
Jolly wet every one.  
Rare, O, rare,  
Nought can compare  
When the silent air  
Is thinking of nothing, to run,  
In thinking-of-nothing-o fun,  
Out on the ebbing wave,  
Chasing him back to his watery lair,  
Jolly wet every one,  
Thinking-of-nothing-o fun.

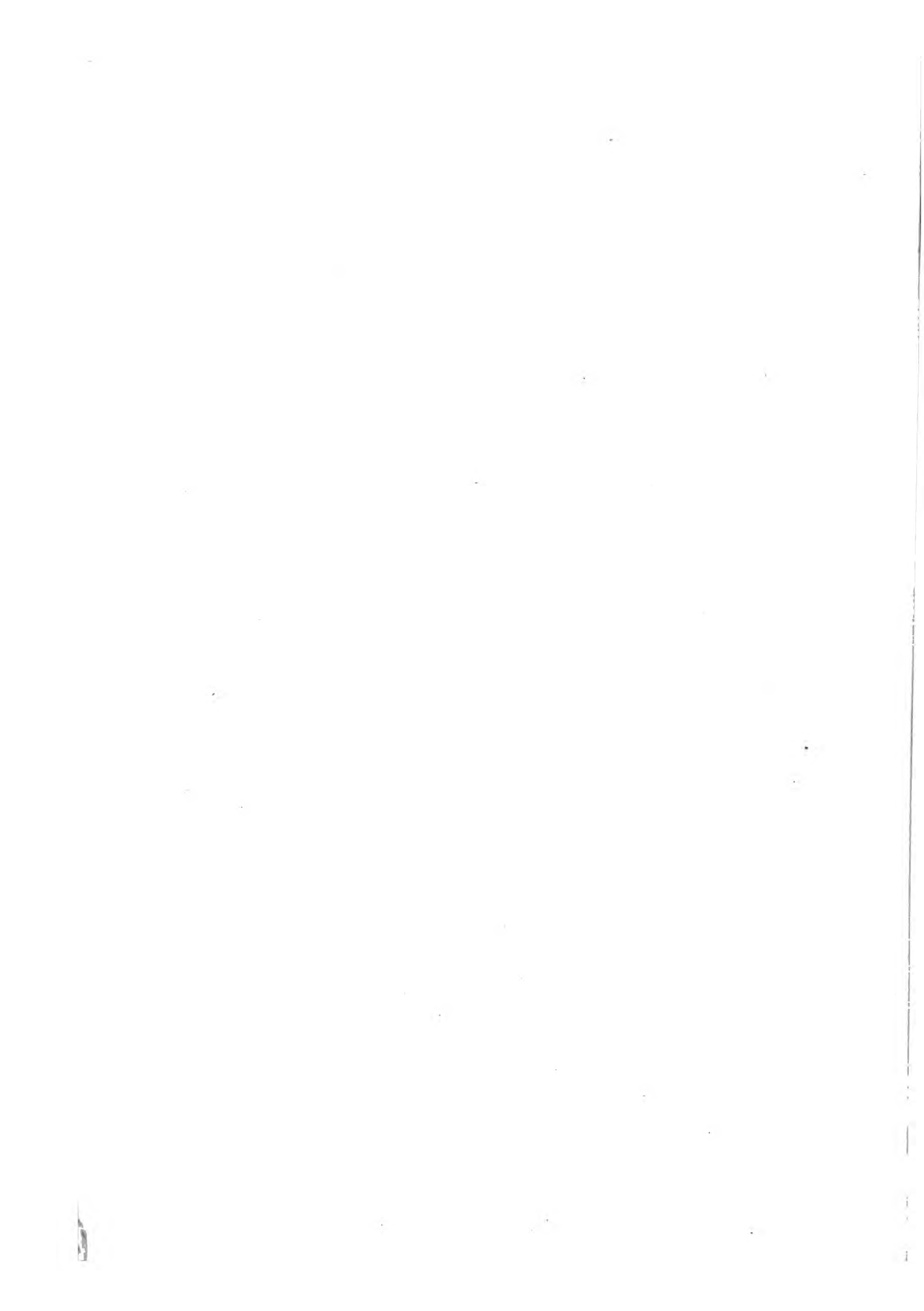
Jolly, O, jolly, at eve,  
When the golden waves  
Are tumbling into the sun,  
    And the silent air  
Is thinking of nothing, to go,  
    All in a row,  
    A hundred or so,  
Manfully take a stand,  
Just on the edge of the land,

RIPPLES.

Just where the pebbles and intrushing sea  
Battle, and rattle, and never agree,  
Solemnly, solemnly, O!  
Each his own pebble to throw,  
With a heigho! jolly heigho!  
Rare, O, rare,  
Nought can compare  
    When the silent air  
Is thinking of nothing, to go,  
With a heigho! jolly heigho!  
Solemnly, solemnly, throw  
Pebbles and pebbles at our jolly foe,  
Hundreds of heads in a row,  
Thinking of nothing, heigho!







VIII.

THE LERY.

O HAPPY days, O happy days,  
Ye pass, but do not die,  
Bright visitants, like summer rain  
Dropped softly from the sky ;  
Which rests awhile on earth,  
And sinks unseen, and reappears again  
In wondrous birth on birth,  
New born in herb and flower, in bud and tree,  
And fountain waters flowing clear and free.

O happy days, thy glow is on  
Green slope and heathery hill,  
Reflection bright of happy eyes,  
Which there have looked their fill.  
Ye choose ye valleys sweet,  
Where o'er the water-song the dim woods rise,  
Your votaries to meet,  
And sweetest far your home where Lery bright  
Plays in your smile with pebbles and the light.

We find you where we left you last,  
When that glad summer noon  
We turned to go, half gay, half sad,  
An end had come so soon ;  
Just where the wider sweep,  
With oak, and fern, and purple heather clad,  
Curves from the shoulder steep,  
Whereon ye watch the streamlet down the glade  
Send its white thoughts through narrowing glooms of shade.

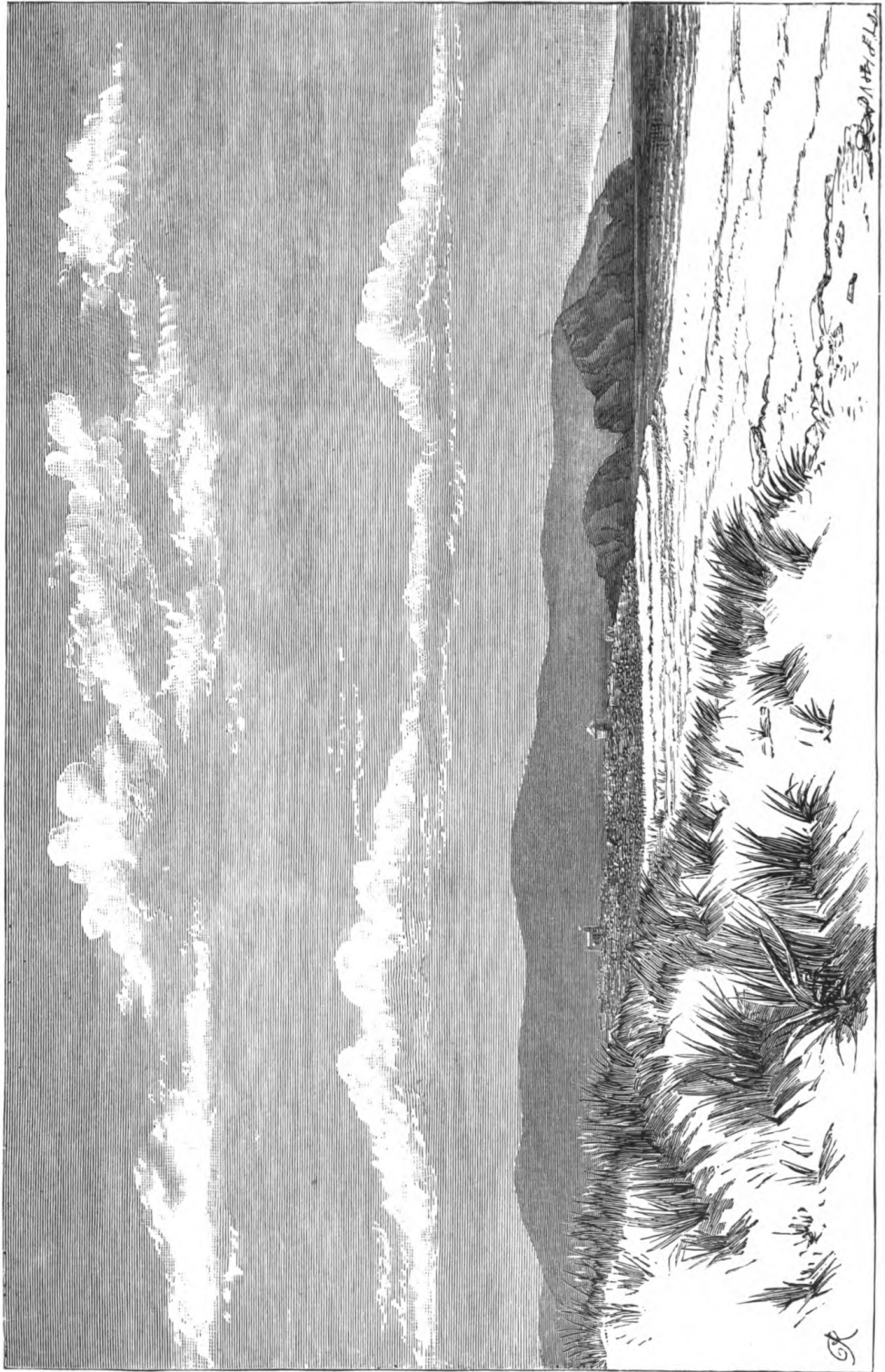
THE LERY.

Look, now th' imprisoned light is spread  
On a clear bed of rock ;  
And the next moment tossed about,  
A fairy shuttlecock ;  
Then in a still pool deep,  
Heart laid to heart in chambers hollowed out,  
The quiet wood doth sleep.  
So wooing still and wooed, demure or gay,  
The Lery down the vale a soul of joy doth stray.

Thy train, dear happy days, are here,  
Each leaflet in its place,  
They tell me round yon jutting rock  
That I shall see your face.  
Lo! all are paddling there,  
For happy time recks not of mortal clock,  
The children of last year.  
Our fishers throw, while on the pebbly ridge  
Tea boils, and rash feet shake the miner's bridge.

Each tendril the old welcome gives,  
Each leaflet in its place,  
The very ants are marching still  
Along the selfsame trace ;  
The hours themselves forget  
To drop another shadow on the rill,  
So there it lingers yet,  
And year by year we wake up with a kiss  
The sleeping princess of our summer bliss.





W. H. F. L.

R





IX.

THE SANDS.

EACH shall have his own love,  
High be linked to high,  
Sky be kissing mountain,  
Mountain kissing sky.

Dozing in the orchard  
Let the good man sit,  
Count on summer evenings  
Apples he will eat.

Glory to the sands O!  
Glory give who can,  
Where a man, who stands O!  
Feels himself a man.

Where the east wind gallops,  
Keen with keen-edged knife,  
And the wide world freshens,  
Salted with sea-life.

Where the great free waters  
Have their freedom rolled,  
And the golden sunbeams  
Powdered them with gold.

Blow, ye winds, your trumpets,  
Blow, ye winds, your fife,  
Glory to the sands O!  
Salted with sea-life.

With the sea-bird shrieking  
To the sea below,  
Clang thy wild clang, sea-bird,  
Sea, thy organ blow.

THE SANDS.

When the summer whispers  
Float in o'er the sea,  
Then a moving rainbow  
Spreads itself o'er thee.

Rainbow light and silver,  
Silver sheen and gold,  
All the light of childhood,  
Happy childhood bold.

There it gleams and glistens  
Moving as we go,  
Light of sun or childhood,  
Who is skilled to know?

Liberty and joyance  
Still ye give each one,  
Manhood with the east wind,  
Childhood with the sun.

Blow, ye winds, your trumpets,  
Blow, ye winds, your fife,  
Glory to the sands O!  
Salted with sea-life.

With the sea-bird shrieking  
To the sea below ;  
Clang thy wild clang, sea-bird,  
Sea, thy organ blow.



## THE MARSH CIRCLE.

CHIMES there are on earth, harmonious splendours,  
 Subtle symphonies of ear and eye,  
 Yea, dim bridals, when the mortal spirit  
 Weds a half-veiled immortality.

Moments, as when some dumb, wistful creature  
 Gazes in its master's eyes, to find  
 Deeps on deeps, and wins a higher nature  
 By mysterious touch of higher mind.

Whoso sees the deep eyes turned upon him,  
 Nature's dreamlike radiance, on the height  
 Breathless-happy stands, and draws by seeing  
 Blissful inspiration, clearer sight.

Go where from his rampart Taliesin\*  
 O'er the beaten gold of the great plain  
 Throws his charm on river, sea, and mountain,  
 Blending all in one bright living strain.

Now a sunny silence makes heart-music,  
 As it comes up smiling o'er the sea;  
 All the hill-sides dimple; on it passes,  
 In and out the enchanted shadows flee.

Now within the coronet of mountains  
 And the sea-fringed margin of the west  
 Nature's thoughts are stirring, gusts of passion  
 Ruffle the embroidery on her breast.

\* Taliesin, the great Welsh Bard, buried on a hill overlooking the plain of Borth.

THE MARSH CIRCLE.

Far away a trouble on the waters  
    'Gins to whiten, then a living veil  
Drops down from the sky, black gleam the headlands,  
    Gleam the hills through drifts of shadowy trail.

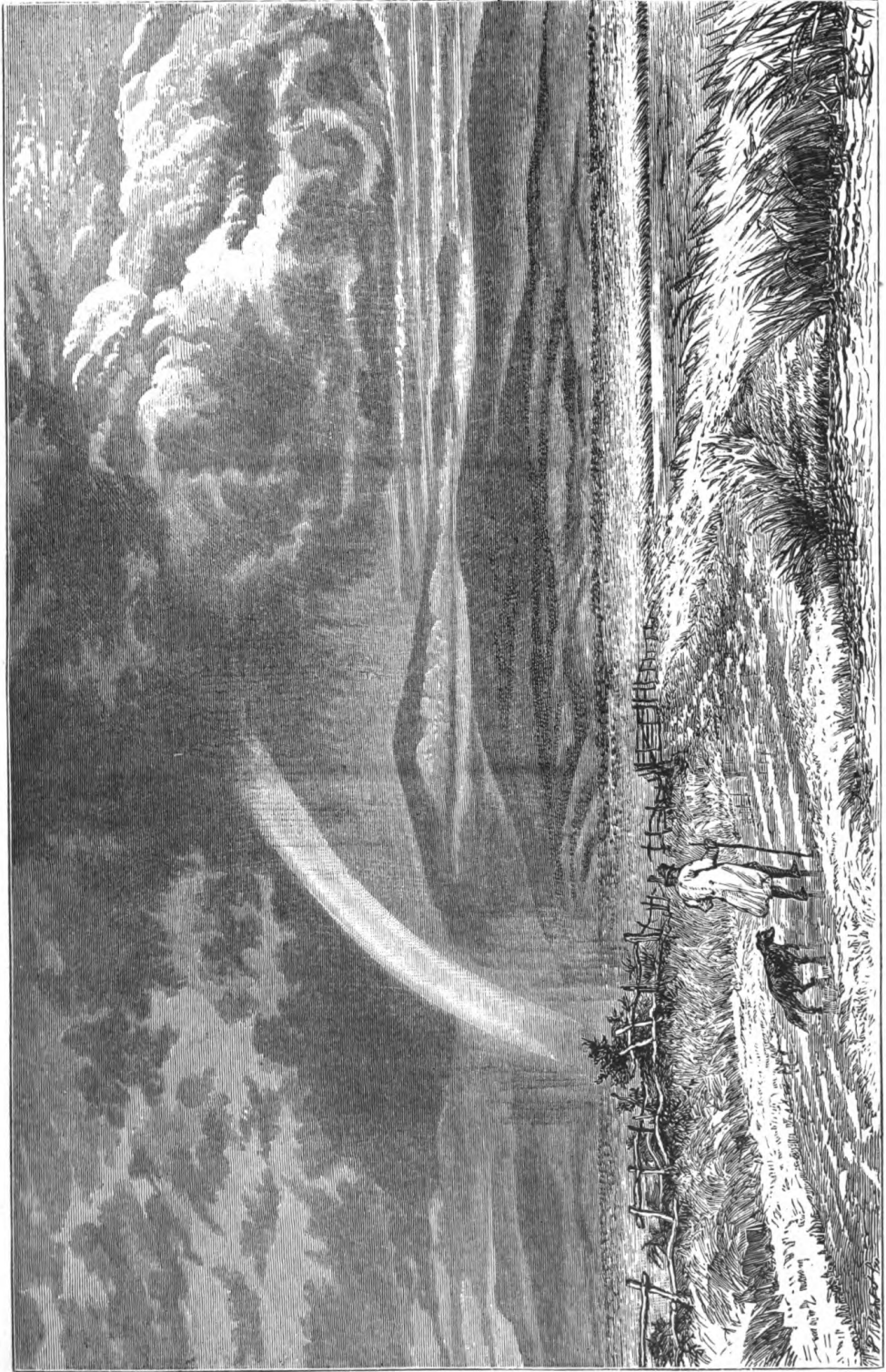
And the weird wild freedom of the marshland  
    Stretches, breadths on breadths of level gold,  
Where the storm-scuds wander, and the rainbow  
    In the midst lets fall its glittering hold.

Broad, bright plain, free wanderland of fancy,  
    Robed in colours, all the sun can weave  
Out of silver seas, and hill-sides glooming,  
    Molten in the ruddy fires of eve,

Cloth of gold from sands, and silken tissue  
    Spun from the blue distance, threads of white  
Shot through by the rivers, crimson buddings  
    Of the oak groves flushed with spring delight.

He on whom the deep eyes once have turned their  
    Hidden splendours, be he where he will,  
Evermore a prophet's dream enfolding,  
    Walks with yearnings which he ne'er can fill.







XI.

SHELLS.

FAIRIES all, whoever ran  
Pell-mell from smoke-witted man,  
Scared from haunted well and tree  
Fairy mermaidens to be,  
Colonists of fairy sea ;  
Empire found, and perils o'er,  
Soon ye peeped out on the shore,  
Frolic-bold as heretofore ;  
Village green and woodland spells  
Lightly changed for shells O, shells !  
Your sea besoms twice a day  
Swish, and swirl, and hissing spray,  
Brush all mortal taint away.  
Twice a day the saucy waves,  
Heads bent low, your merry slaves,  
Tumble in of shells a store  
From the sea-king's palace floor.  
On a day remembered well,  
Never butterfly befell  
Brighter bursting from his cell,  
Picked we the first fairy shell.  
Time his hinge had backward swung,  
Youth and Age together sprung  
In a world where all was young.  
Age was young and Youth as old,  
Age and Youth, two children bold,  
Caught old Time with potent spells,  
Magic words of shells O, shells !  
Shells—the very air did seem  
Opening into some bright dream,  
And an unseen gladness swept  
All around us as we stept.



SHELLS.

Miles of hope before us lay,  
Golden, glistening sheets of day,  
With a sea-charm washed away,  
Fairy-sprinkled! who could tell?  
Every yard might give its shell;  
Little Cockles' pearly sheen,  
Chariot fit for fairy queen,  
Pectens, dipped in colours won  
From the rays slipped off the sun  
In the waves, when day is done.  
Here a ripple in and out  
Mocking whirls the Cones about,  
Brings them to our fingers, then  
Laughs, and swings them off again.  
There a dark line softly lies  
Rich in promise 'neath the skies;  
Happy he foredoomed to burst  
On that fairy treasure first,  
Ere assailed by foot accurst,  
Or the jealous, tricky sea  
Rushing catch him to the knee,  
And with slow malicious glee  
Gently suck it back; ah me!  
Shells O, shells! the slanted hail,  
Thunder-driven, blind, and pale,  
Beat on rovers bent, subdued,  
Each apart in solitude,  
Nursing his own woeful mood.  
Lo! a shell bank—at the cry  
Sunshine flashed along the sky,  
Reckless-bright each sunny eye  
Glistened, on the spoil they fly,  
Cockles, Mactras, Artemis,  
Pectens, unknown shapes of bliss,  
Turritella, Tellens frail,  
Orphans, delicate and pale,

SHELLS.

Newly risen from the sea  
Peerless Venus Chione.  
Such a ring was never seen  
Glancing coy on minstrel's een  
In the sweetest, shyest gloom  
Of the young world's maiden bloom,  
Ere the tender dew had died  
Hopeless, on the mountain-side,  
And away the fairies hied.  
Where the fairies hied would'st know?  
To the printless margin go,  
Where sea besoms twice a day  
Swish, and swirl, and hissing spray,  
Purge all mortal taint away,  
There the fairy children play.



XII.

SUNDAY.—THE HILL-TOP.

How softly leading upward, the green slope  
Leans 'gainst the southern sky,  
And restful feet have reached the top before  
They know they are so high.

E'en so, up from the levels of the week,  
In its own quiet air,  
Enthroned within a more ethereal blue,  
The Sunday rises fair.

And ofttimes, as GOD'S peace from church and field  
Upon their spirit lay,  
A happy group down set made all their own  
That gracious place and day.

Far down the shadowy tracts of gleaming sand  
Seemed melting from the eye,  
And all the busy week, a few dark specks,  
Which sight could scarce descry.

The small waves chattered all along the shore ;  
But with low pleading sweet  
The billows crept up to the tall black rocks,  
And clasped their giant feet.

And there in talk, or silence dearer still,  
They let their hearts go free,  
In that sweet confidence, which nothing asks  
But being still to be.

The sea discourses to them, or they launch  
On summer clouds, that throw  
A purple mantle wrought in peaceful skies  
On dreaming waves below.

SUNDAY.—THE HILL-TOP.

And gathering up the light of the great plain,  
A web of colours rare,  
They blend them, as they look, with fancies meet,  
And peace of upper air,

Till where the river 'twixt the distant hills  
Leads up into the skies,  
In that fair borderland of earth and heaven  
The changeful glory lies.

Whoso within that dreamy circle sits,  
For him abideth still  
The calm of upper air, the magic light  
That hill sends on to hill.



XIII.

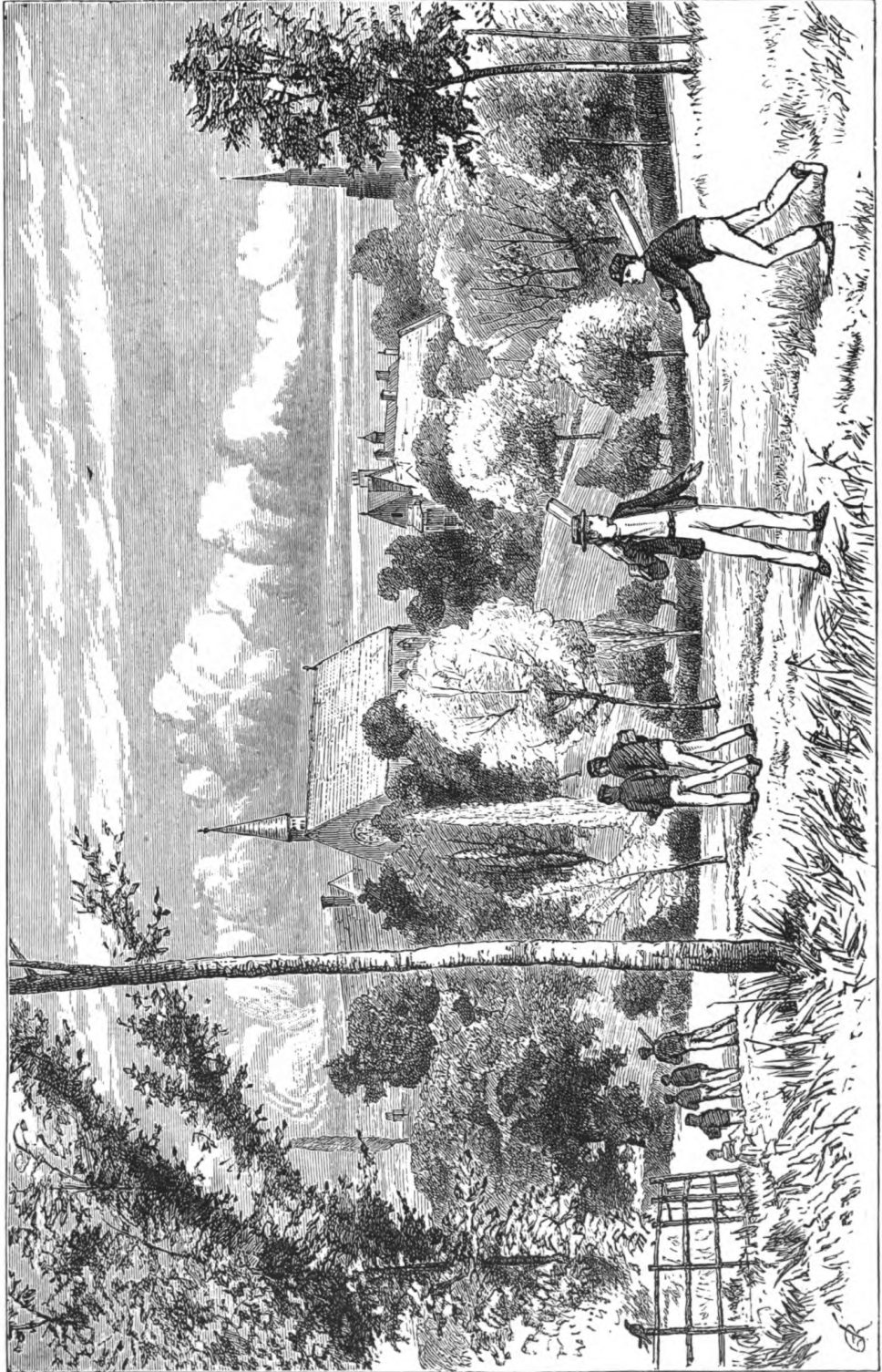
THE RETURN.

SALT, and sand, and rocking wave,  
Salt, and sand, and sky,  
All ye had to give ye gave,  
But—good bye, good bye.  
Hey, the robin, the lark, and the green green grass,  
And the ivy that clings to the wall;  
Hey, the robin, the lark, and the green green grass,  
And the oak, and the ash-tree tall.

Rocking wave, and mountain bold,  
Bright air, free to roam,  
Say not that our hearts are cold;  
Oh! but—home is home.  
Hey, the robin, the lark, and the green green grass,  
And the ivy that clings to the wall;  
Hey, the robin, the lark, and the green green grass,  
And the oak, and the ash-tree tall.

Smoothest turf, a sunshine floor,  
Dance of cricket ball,  
Studies, where we shut the door  
On our cosy all.  
Hey, the robin, the lark, and the green green grass,  
And the ivy that clings to the wall;  
Hey, the robin, the lark, and the green green grass,  
And the oak, and the ash-tree tall.

Grey old school-house, consecrate  
On thy hill afar,  
Chapel, keeping solemn state—  
Home we go, hurrah!  
Hey, the robin, the lark, and the green green grass,  
And the ivy that clings to the wall;  
Hey, the robin, the lark, and the green green grass,  
And the oak, and the ash-tree tall.





XIV.

THE FLAGS.

To him, who wounded turned aside,  
It mattered little that he died  
In sunshine, in the fair springtide.

On many a grave the flowers are gay,  
Oft ruin creeping on his prey  
Puts forth a velvet paw in play.

O Flags, ye wrap within your fold  
A stranger tale than e'er was told  
Of Muses' sons in days of old.

The homeless school, of fortune braved,  
Will aye remember how ye waved  
Above them, in the hour that saved.

As long as youth breathes living fire,  
As long as scorn is on the liar,  
And men can mount from high to higher.

Rest in the school-room, rest, and be  
A spirit moving calm and free,  
A silent flame of liberty.

Say, peace more stern than war demands  
Devotion purer, cleaner hands,  
Life larger, foot that firmer stands.

Bid Hope his thrilling clarion blow,  
And fearless truth in boyhood glow,  
And honour send him on his foe.

So life shall foster life, each son  
Still better what his sire hath done,  
And truth from truth full circle run.





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