

Dx 16/14

T. WATSON.

# Ackworth Centenary Hymns and Songs.

## 1. CENTENNIAL CHORUS.

GLADLY we marshal in glad array,  
Greeting our Centenary holiday;  
Loud let the praises of Ackworth ring,  
Gaily they'll ring, gaily we'll sing, all joyfully sing!

Longing we've looked to this happy day,  
Often we've been singing this beautiful lay,  
Welcome we give to all that are here,  
Whilst we willingly sing, joyfully sing, sing  
of this hundredth year!

Loudly we'll sing our festival song,  
Quickly the years are rolling along,  
Soon shall we be taking part in the strife,  
Let us rightfully spend, happily spend, a noble life!

Joyful we think of the weeks to come,  
Often we've thought of our friends at home,  
Grateful we think of our blessings here,  
Blessing in work, blessing in play, blessing everywhere!

Loud let our jubilant voices raise,  
Praise Him whom everything should praise,  
Watchful He's been in the years that are past  
Let us trust Him again, trust Him in all, His kindness will last!

## 2. ESCAPE FROM THE CITY.

When far from the town I take my way,  
Then through fields delighted here I stray,  
I laugh and carol full of glee,  
Like captive bird from cage set free.—La, la, &c.

Here I gaze with joy on vale and hill,  
Bird songs fill my ear, and gushing rill,  
I watch the wild birds soar and sing,  
And build their nest, or plume their wing.—La, la, &c.

## 3. ACKWORTH SCHOLARS' SONG.

Sing the praise of Ackworth,  
Sing it loud and long  
Make the walls re-echo  
With our joyous song!  
Of all schools the foremost!  
Best for work or play!  
Ne'er to be o'er-rated,  
Praise it as we may!

Does not every play-place  
Tell of jolly times?  
Is not every school-room  
Worthy poet's rhymes?  
Oh! the friends we made there!  
Oh the joy and fun!  
Oh! the years of gladness  
All too quickly done!

Dining-room and play-room  
Terrace and arcade,  
Flags and grove and garden,  
Lofty colonnade,  
Haunted all by memories  
Sweet and fresh and fair,  
Memories of happiness  
Thronging everywhere.

Sing the praise of Ackworth!  
Sing it clear and loud!  
All its sons and daughters  
Of the place are proud.  
Proud they are and loving,  
Trusting it may stand  
Century to century,  
Glory of the land.

Ackworth is our glory!  
Ackworth has our love,  
From the stones we walk on  
To the roof above!  
No school like the old school!  
We will ever sing.  
First in age, and first in fame,  
Ackworth is the King.

## 4. THE FOOT TRAVELLER.

On foot I gaily take my way,  
— Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
O'er mountains bare and meadows gay,  
— Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
And he who is not of my mind,  
Another travelling mate may find,  
He cannot go with me, he cannot go with me!  
Hurrah, &c.

No snail-paced friend I want, not I,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
At every step to pause and sigh,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

No gloomy man to scowl and groan,  
And over others' sins make moan,  
I'd rather trudge alone, I'd rather trudge alone.  
Hurrah, &c.

Foot travel to the gay is sweet,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
But heavy hearts make heavy feet,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

The man who loves the sunshine bright,  
And never peeps behind for night,  
That is the man for me, that is the man for me.  
Hurrah, &c.

## 5. AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And the days of auld lang syne.

[OVER]

ACKWORTH CENTENARY HYMNS & SONGS.

*Should Ackworth ever be forgot,  
And never brought to mind,  
Should Ackworth ever be forgot,  
And the days of auld lang syne?*

CHORUS—For auld lang syne, my friends,  
For auld lang syne,  
For aye we'll love the dear old place,  
For auld lang syne.

*We oft ha'e run about the braes,  
And auld the gowans we,  
We've wandered mony a weary fit,  
Since auld lang syne.*

*We oft have got into a scrape,  
And toe'd it at the line,  
Yet still we love the dear old place,  
For auld lang syne.*

CHORUS.

*We oft ha'e paid'd in the burn,  
Frae morning sun till dine,  
But seas between us, braid, ha'e roar'd,  
Since auld lang syne.*

*A good old custom still there is,  
Since auld lang syne,  
For they walked with "cousins" on the flats,  
In seventeen seventy-nine.*

CHORUS.

*And here's a hand, my Ackworth friend,  
And gies a hand o' thine,  
Old friends must never be forgot,  
Nor auld lang syne.*

CHORUS.

6. **O**h! **H**asten from the **B**usy **T**own.

Oh! hasten from the busy town,  
Leave all its toil and care;  
The shady grove invites to-day,  
With treasures rich and rare.  
The merry brook with gentle song,  
The trees in beckoning sway,  
The birds, the flowers, all nature sings  
Come share our joy to-day.  
For summer flowers will fade,  
And summer days be o'er,  
The brooklet cease its singing,  
And birds invite no more.  
Then listen to the song,  
All nature sings to-day,  
Come hasten to the woodland!  
Away! away! away!  
Haste quickly away!  
Happy with song! tripping along!  
Come let us haste to the woodland, away!  
Our basket's bounteous store we'll spread  
Upon the green so fair,  
With wavy arches over head,  
And beauty everywhere!  
Our joyful songs shall echo wide  
Throughout the forest aisle,

And faces, shaded long with care,  
To-day shall light with smiles!  
Life's long and toilsome road  
Will have enough of pain;  
Then let us from each moment  
Some pleasure seek to gain.  
Then listen to the song, &c.

7. **C**ENTENNIAL **H**YMN.

Oh! Century of blessings,  
The children of the past  
Are watching by thy death-bed  
To see thee breathe thy last.  
Oh! Centuries of promise,  
The children of to-day  
Are gathered round your cradle  
To speed you on your way.  
Ye years now past and vanished,  
To all your lessons teach;  
Ye years now hastening onward,  
Bring peace and joy to each.  
Teach thankfulness for mercies  
Whose number is untold;  
Bring courage for the trials  
The future may unfold;  
Teach mercy and forgiveness  
To those who suffer wrong;  
Bring vigor to the feeble  
And meekness to the strong.  
Teach faith, and hope, and patience,  
To struggle and to pray;  
Bring work, and will to do it,  
And strength for every day.

And Thou, all gracious Father,  
To whom so much we owe,  
Be Thou with all Thy Children  
Wherever they may go.  
That Ackworth's sons and daughters,  
Spread far o'er land and sea,  
May ever sing Thy praises  
And render thanks to Thee.

8. **C**ONCLUDING **H**YMN

Eternal Father, holy Lord,  
Thou God of sovereign grace,  
Draw near us we implore Thee now,  
Reveal thy loving face.  
With contrite, humble, trustful hearts,  
We bow before thy throne,  
Thy name we bless, Thy love proclaim,  
Thy gracious care we own.  
Have mercy on this School, O Lord,  
Let it indeed be blessed,  
Thy blessings may its children share,  
And in Thy favor rest.  
Give us thy blessing now we pray,  
Our sinful past forgive,  
Teach us to love Thee as we ought,  
And ever with Thee live.