

**COLLEGE
RHYMES; VOL. II**

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College Rhymes; Vol. II by Various

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VARIOUS

**COLLEGE
RHYMES; VOL. II**

COLLEGE RHYMES,

CONTRIBUTED BY

MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITIES OF OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

"The blossom of the flying terms"

TENNISON,

VOL. II.



OXFORD : T. & G. SHRIMPTON.
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TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
Albert Edward Prince of Wales,

THIS SECOND VOLUME OF

COLLEGE RHYMES

IS, WITH SPECIAL PERMISSION, DEDICATED BY

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS' OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

PROLOGUE.



READER, behold us launch our bark again,
For storm or sunshine on the perilous main
Of Academic favour or disdain.

First to the *Past* and the departed year ;
Be all our faults borne out upon its bier,
And truer beauties crown the new one here.

The *Present* sees our course again begun,
The joys and trials of *one* voyage done,
Hope lights us onward with the rising sun.

And for the *Future*—critic, foe or friend,
Let generosity with justice blend
And do not speak to mar but write to mend.



THEN AND NOW.

(APRIL, 1860.)

FORTY years are gone and past,
(Ah! life is short, and years fly fast)
Since first it was my fate to see
This ancient town of Shrewsbury.

Thrice six miles (a wearisome way)
Six miles to the hour, I had journey'd that day,
Not unrefreshed by road-side ales
On the box of the slow old "Prince of Wales."

Behind me rose the Wrekin's ridge,
Before me sloped the English bridge;
Beneath—the Severn, broad and strong,
Rippled and roll'd, and rush'd along.

Tower and spire, rank on rank,
Crown'd the beautiful opposite bank
A fairer town-approach I ween,
No poet's eye hath often seen.

Up Wyle-cop steep, through Market-square,
The coach to the Talbot Inn did fare ;
Whence I sought out my new abode
East by the pleasant Chester road.

A new abode it was in truth,—
A resting-place for ripening youth ;
A halt for one 'twixt boy and man,
Where play might cease, ere work began.

I had left the home of my childish years,
I had bid farewell to my boyish peers,
No more at school, not yet at college
Plucking the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

My thought looked backward to a scene
Ablaze with memory's sunset sheen ;
Forward, through mists of hope and fear,
To many a dim, uncertain year.

And now those years nigh past and done—
Life's thousand battles lost and won—
Observed that early sunset sheen
By troublous clouds that float between—

Again beneath the Wrekin's ridge,
Again beside the English bridge,
I see the Severn stream once more
Rush, roll, and ripple as of yore.