

Cerise and White

The Man we bless and his brave Queen Bess
Were made of the same good English stuff,
Sing, heart and voice, to old John Roysse –
You cannot extol his name enough.
Each passing race to the next gives place
But Abingdon School will be all right;
We will carry it on, good Founder John! –
Hurrah, for your boys in Cerise and White!

Chorus –

Cerise and White! Cerise and White!
To the front in the game! In the thick of the fight!
The world shall ring with the song we sing –
Hurrah, for the Boys in Cerise and White!

Through the hot long day at the "sticks" we stay,
Or "hunt the leather" with dauntless soul;
In the autumn slush our resistless rush
Takes the winning shot to the guarded goal;
Our gallant "four " since the days of yore
Have wrested the bays from men of might;
Whatever the game, it is all the same –
You may bet on the boys in Cerise and White.

Chorus

When the shouts are done and the battle won,
We stretch tired limbs in the pleasant shade;
With a chum or a book in a cosy nook
We talk or dream of the runs we made;
We may drift at our ease past the willow trees,
When the silvery Thames is summer-bright,
Or talk till we tire by the winter fire
Of the deeds of the Boys in Cerise and White.

Chorus

In the busy hum of the days to come,
When the world of men is our field of play,
We shall carry still the dauntless will,
The pluck and the grit, that are ours to-day.
And though time and cares may bring grey hairs,
And our names in the school be forgotten quite,
Yet the arm of a friend shall be ours to the end,
When we're old, old boys in Cerise and White.

Chorus

Cerise and White! Cerise and White!
To the front in the game! in the thick of the fight!
Sing boys, sing; let the wide world ring
With the fame of the Boys in Cerise and White!

Edward Fairbrother Shepherd 1863-1951
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