

The St Peter's School Song

Where once the axemen stalked and trod
On close cropped downlands free,
Where once the skin clad sentinels
Gazed out across the sea;
We tread the self same chalk today
We play where they have played.
The darkened moon, the windy sky
God for all time hath made.
For us, for us hath made.

Ten thousand years have gone; yet we
Have still the same to learn;
To fit ourselves for life's demands,
To strive, to help, to earn,
In work or play remembering
Out timeless motto's test –
"I'm coming. Sir. I'm ready. Sir.
Lead on. St Peter's best.
Lead on, lead on, the best."

When we are men, let's not forget
The laughter and the joys;
The stern fought match, the winning hit.
The throng of eager boys.
In distant lands. Come peace, come war.
Echo these words with zest –
"I'm coming. Sir. I'm ready. Sir.
Lead on. St Peter's best.
Lead on, lead on, the best."

Pat Knox-Shaw

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*These words provided by Nick Hurray – well done for keeping the original.
Does anyone remember the music that went with it? The tune I remember
doesn't quite fit in; maybe my brother Richard has it right!
Please contact Stephen Kent and we shall have it properly recorded here.*

*There are references to PP (Pigs Paradise in the "Early Years") and I know
we had to learn this song almost before the Lord's Prayer as the smallest of
boys.*