

Elizabethan Schooldays

Some incidents in the History of

Lincoln School

During the reign of

Queen Elizabeth I

A play written by The Reverend R P Baker MA
Master in Classics and Religious Education at Lincoln School
In 1953

Transcribed from the handwritten original by Sion Parker, a member of staff at
Lincoln Christ's Hospital School for Heritage Open Day in 2020

Please also see Occasional Paper No.57:
'Elizabethan Schooldays', compiled by Peter Harrod in 2020

The History of Lincoln School

From

Its foundation to 1587

Together with

“Elizabethan Schooldays”, a play

Written by

The Reverend R.P.Baker.M.A; master in Classics and Religious Education

At

LINCOLN SCHOOL

1953

[Music]

Narrator :

Ladies and gentlemen, my first task this evening is to furnish you, as briefly as I can, with a background to the incidents in our school's history which we are to portray.

The beginnings of Lincoln School are lost in antiquity. We cannot with certainty name our founder. We have no detail of our foundation. But we do know that, when Elizabeth I was queen, our school already had a history of at least five hundred years.

As far back as we can trace it, the school was situated downhill. Yet our connection with the Cathedral was very close. In early Norman times, the Chancellor of the Cathedral, who had the oversight of all education in the diocese, was our headmaster and taught personally in the school. By the 13th Century the Chancellor had delegated his teaching duties, but he still appointed the headmaster, and the Dean and Chapter were responsible for paying the headmaster's salary.

But in 1407, the Dean and Chapter were guilty of setting up a rival grammar school in the Close, and the old school downhill fell upon evil days. The Chancellor still appointed to headmaster, but the Dean and Chapter took little interest in it. All this enthusiasm for education was centred on their own school but their finances were insufficient to make it a success.

So at the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth I, there were two grammar schools in Lincoln. The Close School and the Old School down near St. Rumbold's rapidly becoming derelict. It is against this background that our first scene this evening takes place.

Ladies and gentlemen, come back with us in imagination. It is May 8th 1567, and the Mayor, Aldermen and Councillors of the city are meeting to discuss the condition of our ancient school.

[Exit]

Scene 1

[The Council Chamber. Enter Aldermen, Councillors and the Mayor. They take their seats].

Mayor: The chief purpose of our meeting today is to consider what measures we can take to remedy the sad condition of the grammar school of this city.

1st Alderman: Not “sad” condition, Master Mayor. “Disgraceful” is the word. If the Dean and Chapter did their duty....

Mayor: Let us not begin by blaming anybody. This business calls for cool heads, not hot words. We all know something of the condition of the school-house. It is indeed plain for any passer-by to see. But lately at my request the Master of the school hath written us a report of the building. I have it here. “The floor”, saith he, “Is rotten and unsafe. The roof leaketh in every shower of rain. Every wind doth blow through the building, so that the scholars can scarcely work for discomfort”. All that the Master can find to praise is the glass in the windows.

2nd Alderman: Ay, we paid for that glass, when the scholars barred out the Master last Christmas, and smashed every window in the school.

Mayor: Well, there is the Master’s report. I have myself visited the school, and all he writes is true. I fear the place may collapse on the unfortunate boys, unless something be done, and that soon. Let us then consider what can be done.

3rd Alderman: I should like to speak as one who was himself educated at the school. Fifty years and more it is now since I was a scholar there. William Dighton was the schoolmaster then – a proper man he was. I remember how he was returning home one night – a little in his cups perchance – and as he crossed the river a loutish fellow did insult him. Master Dighton thrashed him soundly and then threw him over the bridge into the Witham. Ay, a proper man he was. I remember that two aldermen had to give sureties for him to keep the peace, and to appear at the next sessions. Later he became Mayor. I remember.....

Mayor: Good Master Alderman, these recollections of time are doubtless interesting and even amusing. But recollections will not repair the school.

3rd Alderman: Have patience, Master Hallaby; have patience. I am going to talk about the repair of the school almost at once. I mentioned Master Dighton, the schoolmaster. Now soon after he was appointed master of the grammar school – about the year 1510 it was – there who need of a house for him to dwell in, and I remember what the mayor of that time did.

Mayor: Well, what did he do?

3rd Alderman: He called together all of the men of substance in the city and enquired how much money each would give towards the purchasing of the house. Could we not do the same thing to obtain money for repairing the school?

2nd Alderman: Such a plan will not serve in these days. The worthy Alderman doth forget that we are living in the hard times. Lincoln is poor; trade is bad; our citizens cannot give enough money for our purpose. It is certain that we cannot find the money.

1st Alderman: But why should we try? It is not our duty. As I said before, if the Dean and Chapter did their duty, the school would be repaired.

Mayor: But is it the duty of the Dean and Chapter?

1st Alderman: Most certainly it is. Seven years ago the Queen herself commanded them to maintain a free grammar school in this city, and to pay the master £20 a year and the Usher £10. At that time, the Dean and Chapter agreed to keep the school downhill – that is our ancient grammar school – and to keep it in repair. On these conditions this council relieved them of the obligation to pay the Usher £10. It is therefore the plain duty of the Dean and Chapter to keep their side of the bargain and to repair the school.

Mayor: I cannot think they will do it. Nor can we compel them. Those masters of the Close are uncommonly tight-fisted; and besides they care nothing for our school. They purely wish to obey the Queen's command by maintaining their own Close school as the grammar school of Lincoln.

4th Alderman: This then is the situation: to repair the school will cost money: our citizens cannot pay, and the masters of the Close will not. The conclusion is plain. The school cannot be repaired.

3rd Alderman: Cannot? But it must be repaired. It is our old school. I remember when William Dighton –

1st Alderman: A few days ago, I would have agreed with thee, Master Alderman. But lately, I have received a letter from Master Robert Monson, a man of law whom I am proud to call my friend. But then we all know him, and this city doth owe him much for his service in the past.

2nd Alderman: There is money to be made in the law, methinks, even in these hard times. I did hear it whispered that Master Monson hath bought the Greyfriars' house. Is it true, think you?

4th Alderman: It is time. Quite time. It is about the Greyfriars that he wrote to me. Master Monson hath a proposal to lay before this Council.

3rd Alderman: But what about the school? Are we to do nothing?

4th Alderman: Nay, be not perturbed. The proposal which Master Monson will make known to you concernth the school as well. Master Mayor, the proposal seemed to me of such importance that I entreated Master Monson to come here and declare it to you himself. He is at hand, and with thy leave, I will bring him in.

Mayor: No man is more welcome here than Master Monson. *[Exit Ald].*

2nd Alderman: I like not this mystery and this proposal. Master Monson is a good man. But he is a lawyer, and the law doth breed in a man a shrewdness that –

Mayor: Judge not the merits of this proposal before we know what is proposed. But here is Master Monson [*Enter Alderman and Monson*].

Monson: Greetings to thee, Master Mayor, and to you all.

Mayor: Thou art ever welcome, Master Monson, whatever be the occasion of thy coming. But today thou art especially welcome, since thou hast brought, I am told, a proposal of advantage to this city which we all hold dear.

Monson: Lincoln is indeed as dear to me as to you all, and I will do what I can for its advantage. But let us come to the purpose of my visit. For some time I have been grieved to see the condition to which our grammar school hath sunk.

Mayor: We were discussing that very condition before thy arrival. It is indeed the purpose of our meeting today.

Monson: The school house hath become a poor hovel, quite unfitted for the education of our children, and even dangerous. To restore it to a proper state of repair would cost much money.

2nd Alderman: Ay, money which we cannot find. Our Lincoln citizens are poor and cannot give it.

1st Alderman: And the Masters of the Close uphill are niggardly.

Monson: Then what I propose is well timed. You may perchance have heard that I have of late bought the house from which His Majesty King Henry drove out the friars. It is, as you know, a sound and strong building, that will stand for many a year yet. Those monks and friars knew how to build well and house themselves snugly. The Greyfriars house is in good repair save for the windows. Doubtless some of your scholars have amused themselves in breaking them. For that is an ancient tradition among the scholars of Lincoln, I know. But the glaziers will soon repair the Greyfriars windows at little cost to me.

Here now is my proposal. I offer to give to the Mayor, Sheriffs and Commonalty of Lincoln the site, house and grounds called the Greyfriars to be used as a schoolhouse where our scholars may in comfort and safety be trained up to serve God and the Queen. The lawyers shall draw up a deed of covenant in which all details shall be settled. But I will have the building put in order at once, and made fit for the scholars, if you accept my offer.

Mayor: If we accept it? Good Master Monson, do not misinterpret our silence. If we are slow to answer, it is that we lack words to match thy generosity.

Already thou hast served our city well, and thy reward is the love in which we hold thee. And now this crowning act of generosity – Sir, on behalf of my fellow citizens I accept thine offer. Truly, the Greyfriars is strong and will stand for many a year yet. Master Monson, so long as it stands its very stones will be a memorial of thy kindness. These are but words, poor things that cannot express our thanks. But words are all that we can offer thee.

3rd Alderman: Not so, Master Mayor. There is something else. I propose that we give him the window-glass from the old school to glaze the new.

Monson: An excellent scheme, Master Alderman, and I will accept it. And now I invite you all to accompany me and visit your new school house. At first it will lack those associations that made the old school dear. But in the future Lincoln men will think of the Greyfriars as the alderman here thinks of his old school, when he recalls the days when Dighton was the Master.

(Exeunt)

(Music)

Narrator: Thus by the generous action of Robert Monson, the old school was transferred to the Greyfriars, which remained its home until modern times. Perhaps there are present this evening a few old boys who received part of their education there.

During the centuries at the Greyfriars the school underwent far-reaching changes. In the Elizabethan period the number of scholars was very small. The school possessed almost no equipment. There were two forms only, the upper being taught by the Headmaster, and the lower by the Usher. In both forms, the curriculum was restricted to the classics. The hours of teaching were long.

Such a system sounds dull to us who are accustomed to the variety of interests and aptitudes for which our modern school is designed. But the Elizabethan schoolboy found compensations in his school life. Already we have heard references to the barring-out of the Headmaster and to the custom of breaking windows on Shrove Tuesday and at Christmas. In our next scenes we shall try to show you something of the lighter side of school life.

It is just after 7 o'clock on an early spring morning in the year 1586. The roll has been called by the headmaster, Walter Nethercotes, and the boys of the lower form are making their way to their own room for a Latin lesson with their Usher, Master Plumtre.

(Exit)

Scene IIa

[The Greyfriars. Enter school boys, Botterill, Storr, Harewood, Yates, Rockadine, Galland. They sit about, chattering. A wandering musician passes. The boys rush out to him].

Botterill: That is a gay tune. Will you play it again, that we may dance? Dancing will make us warm on this cold morning.

Musician: Your Master will quickly find other means of warming you if he finds you dancing here.

Botterill: What, old Plumtre? Why, he is almost blind, and deaf as well. We have no fear of him. So play on and we will all dance.

[Morris dance. While they are dancing, enter Plumtre. He peers round to find them, grumbling about his sight. At least he hears them, goes forward, and drives them in. Exit musician. The boys settle down].

Plumtre: Come on, you have wasted too much time already with your dancing. Open your books. Vergil it is. Page 207. It may be some of you remember something of the passage we read yesterday, though I doubt it. You think of nought but your dancing. The poet was describing how a troop of horsemen, led by Aeneas, were galloping over rough, open country. Now find the place – half-way down the page –

Yates: Which page didst thou say, Sir?

Plumtre: Page 207. Art thou deaf boy? *[All laugh]*. Now have you all found the place? Very well. "... "Id clamor et agmine facto. Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum"

Storr, translate it.

Storr: Arouse, ariseth, and a column having been made. the hoof striketh the rotten plain with a four-footed sound.

Plumtre: Alas, 'tis-like' casting pearls before swine.

[Botterill pinches Storr]

Storr: oh. It was a pain, Sir, a very sudden pain that came and went. It is better now.

Plumtre: Good. Now, my poor child, didst thou ever hear a horse galloping?

Storr: Of course, Sir. My fathers horse - .

Plumtre: Never mind thy father or his horse. What sort of a noise doth a horse – any horse – make when galloping? *[Storr taps on his desk.]* Exactly. *[All boys begin to tap]*. Stop that noise. Now, Storr, did it not enter that thick skull of thine that Vergil here is trying to reproduce that sound of galloping by the sound of his words? Listen once again: "Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum". Now didst thou hear the sound of the hooves in the words? *[Rockadine goes on all fours and Galland rides on his back, unseen]*

by Plumtre.] Now, Storr, in thy translation try to do as Vergil did. Make the scene real, make it vivid. [Harewood and Yates imitate the other pair.]

Storr: But there is one word in the line which I cannot understand. That word “ungula” – is it not singular?

Plumtre: Certainly it is singular. The plural would be “ungulae”.

Storr: That is what I thought, Sir. But why doth Vergil say “hoof”? Was he writing about a one-legged horse? Could a one-legged horse gallop, Sir?

[Storr and Botterill also begin to gallop round. Cries of “whoa” etc. Plumtre becomes aware of the disturbance, seizes his cane and goes for them. But they easily avoid him and the confusion increases. Enter Nethercotes].

Nethercotes: Silence. To your seats at once. Botterill, what is the meaning of this?

Botterill: We were trying to make Vergil real and vivid, Sir.

Nethercotes: You were making a nuisance of yourselves and taking advantage of Master Plumtre’s infirmity. You shall be flogged, every one of you. Meanwhile, get to your books.

[They pore over their books. Nethercotes and Plumtre go apart.]

Plumtre: I am sorry for this, Master Nethercotes. Such disorder never used to happen to me. But in these days my sight and my hearing fail me, and I can neither see nor hear the mischief these young rascals plan. Alas, I am too old to teach.

Nethercotes: Grieve not, my friend. Old age and its infirmities come to us all, and when they come the wise man accepts them quietly. Thou sayest thou out too old to teach. Then thou shouldst not try to teach. Thou shouldst spend the evening of thy life in retirement and ease, thinking of thy long years of service to this school, and –

Plumtre: Ay, all that is true enough. It is good advice thou dost offer. Yet it cannot be put into practice. If a man – even an old man – is to live in retirement and ease he needeth money; and it is little enough I have been able to save. An usher cannot make a fortune, and I have earned only enough to meet my simple needs.

Nethercotes: Nevertheless we must see what can be done. Perhaps the Lord Bishop may be able to help thee – he will if he can, for he is a good friend to the schools and their masters. Then several of the aldermen of the city were taught by thee years ago. They surely will remember what they owe to thy training.

Plumtre: Master Nethercotes, thou art young yet. But the years have taught me the bitter truth that the poor men hath no friends.

Nethercotes: Nay. I’ll not believe it. Thou art dependent because thy scholars proved unmannerly. But come, let us take a glass of wine together. Then thou wilt smile upon the world again. And afterwards, I will thrash some manners into these unruly lads. Follow me to my room all of you. Come Master Plumtre, a glass of wine. *[Exeunt Nethercotes and Plumtre].*

Botterill: The next few minutes will be real and vivid enough to satisfy even Master Plumtre.

Storr: Master Nethercotes is a huge brute of a man. They say that a flogging from him is something to remember.

Botterill: We shall remember it next week. It will be Shrove Tuesday, and we will have our revenge. You have not forgotten the old custom. We will bar him out of his own school, and smash every window too. Revenge is sweet.

Storr: It must needs be sweet, if it is to make up for the next few minutes. Ah well, lead on Botterill.

[Exeunt slowly].

MADRIGALS

Scene II b

[Boys, junior and senior, gather in school, all carrying missiles. One is set to watch for Nethercotes. As he and Plumtre approach, the boys bar the door against them. Nethercotes bangs the door and the boys laugh and jeer. The masters are seen looking through a window and demanding admittance. The boys rush to break the windows, and the masters disappear. Finally, much stone-throwing – noise of windows being broken]

[A morris-dance, and the boys dance off].

Narrator: The incidents which we have portrayed in the last two scenes became known to the city council, who as usual had to pay the bill for the broken windows. Meetings were held to consider what action should be taken in the case of Master Plumtre, who was obviously too old to continue teaching. In December of the same year, everything was decided. But we will let Master Nethercotes himself break the news to Plumtre.

Scene II c

[The Greyfriars. Enter Nethercotes reading a paper. He sits down and as he is studying it, enter Plumtre].

Nethercotes: Well met, Master Plumtre. I have some news to tell thee before our scholars come to school.

Plumtre: News? Is it good or bad?

Nethercotes: Both good and bad; good for thee and bad for me.

Plumtre: Let us hear the bad first. The good will keep, and being taken last will leave a sweeter taste in the mouth.

Nethercotes: Very well, the bad first. I have here a letter from the Mayor and the Common Council of the city.

Plumtre: Ay, bad news comes from that quarter.

Nethercotes: So doth the good news this time, as thou shalt hear. Doubtless thou hast not forgotten last Shrove Tuesday?

Plumtre: The barring-out and the breaking of windows? I remember it; and if I had forgotten. I should be reminded next-week at Christmas. Shrove Tuesday and Christmas – every year the boys do it.

Nethercotes: Well, we are told that it must be stopped.

Plumtre: But how is it to be stopped? The council have forbidden it before, but boys take no notice of their orders.

Nethercotes: True, and therefore this time it is I who have to stop it. Look, here are the very words – “in order to break the mischievous custom of barring out the Master and of breaking windows it is hereby determined that for this occasion only the council shall pay for the repairing of the windows. But any breakages in the future shall be paid for by the Master himself”. So Master Plumtre, I, the Master, have to put a stop to this – what did they call it? – This mischievous custom.

Plumtre: I wish thee joy of it. Now let me hear the good news.

Nethercotes: The good news concerns thyself. The council realise that the time hath come for thee to live out thy days in retirement.

Plumtre: Ay, we talked of that months ago. But I cannot afford it.

Nethercotes: Unless a pension should be granted thee.

Plumtre: A pension! Who would grant it?

Nethercotes: Listen. The Council talked much about it some weeks since, and they wrote to the Dean and Chapter, making this offer. The council would grant thee a pension of £5

yearly on condition that the Dean and Chapter added £3.6.8. The Dean and Chapter agreed readily, and so the business is settled. Here it is in my letter – “whereas Master Plumtre is now too old to teach, it is determined that the Council grant him a pension of £5 yearly with all the benefits of a freeman of the city, the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral of Lincoln having agreed to provide in addition a pension of £3.6.8. yearly”. Well, is it not good news?

Plumtre: The Bishop would help me. I understand that. But the council of the city - £5 yearly Master Nethercotes, “timeo Danaos et dona ferentes”.

Nethercotes: Thou fearest the Greeks especially when they offer gifts?_Nay, there is nought for thee to fear.

Plumtre: But £5 yearly – it is not their custom thus to give their money away.

Nethercotes: [*Laughing*] But there. I forgot to tell thee the best joke in the whole letter. They have found a way to pay thee £5 yearly at no cost to themselves.

Plumtre: How can that be?

Nethercotes: They have decided to deduct thy pension from the salary of thy successor!

[Exeunt]

Music

Narrator: It is uncertain how far Master Nethercotes was successful in his attempt to stop the breaking of windows. Certainly he did not succeed in bringing to an end the practice of barring-out, for a hundred years later the governors of the school were still issuing edicts forbidding that “mischievous custom”.

But you will have noticed that in the matter of Plumtre’s pension the Dean and Chapter at last co-operated. This was the result of the most important event in the school’s history which occurred during the Elizabethan period. For after, long negotiations the union of the ancient school downhill with the Cathedral Close School was accomplished. Henceforth, there was to be one grammar school under the joint supervision of the City and the Cathedral authorities.

Our last scene shows a meeting of both the interested parties, which took place in the Chapter House of the Cathedral on 18th January 1587 under the chairmanship of the Bishop of Lincoln, Thomas Cooper.

Scene III

[The Chapter House. Enter Dean, Precentor, Chancellor, Mayor (Rishworth), Aldermaen, and finally the Bishop].

Bishop: Thy reverend brethren, Master Mayor and Aldermen: we are met today, here in this Chapter House, to bring to an end an ancient quarrel, in which the chief sufferers have been the boys of this city.

Our records show that from the time of the illustrious predecessor, Remigius, there was one grammar school in Lincoln, in which were educated both the boys of the city and also the choristers and the poor clerks on the foundation of the Cathedral. It was a good school, an efficient school. To it there came as its master them of sound learning with skill to teach. Our boys were brought up in good learning and virtuous living.

Then at the beginning of the last century, blazed out that wicked quarrel between city and cathedral. The Dean and Chapter began a rival school in the Close. This is no time to rake up old scores, to re-ignite antagonisms that should never have existed. It will suffice to say that in my judgement there were faults on all sides, presumption on the part of the Precentor of these days, negligence on the part of the Chancellor, stubbornness on the part of the Council of the City.

But the result of the quarrel was a state of affairs, which we all know and which we all deplore. Instead of one good school the city had two indifferent schools. Neither the Council nor the Cathedral could provide sufficient stipends to maintain able and learned masters for their schools. In both schools, the scholars did not so much profit and proceed in learning as was looked for and wished by their parents. Thus divers parents did withdraw their children from these schools, and others being discouraged did forbear to put their children to school, to the hindrance of good knowledge and learning.

Now after long discussion – for 'tis easier to start a quarrel than to end it – an agreement hath been framed by which the two schools shall be united, and I have summoned both parties here today that they may affirm their consent and affix their seals to this instrument of union.

But first let us hear the terms of the agreement. Master Chancellor, thou hast a foot in both camps. For thou art a member of the Chapter and from ancient times the school downhill hath been in thy care. Therefore thou shalt first expound to us the terms of this agreement.

Chancellor: Gladly will I, my Lord Bishop. No man here hath this business more at heart than I; for there is no peace of mind for one whose loyalty must be divided.

This instrument then beginneth by narrating, as the Bishop hath done, the present unhappy case of the two schools. To remedy this case, it is proposed to unite the school on these terms:

- That the Dean and Chapter shall elect and choose the Master of the Grammar School, who shall be Master of Arts.

- That the Mayor, Recorder and Aldermen of the city shall elect the Usher of the School.
- That the Dean and Chapter shall pay £20 yearly towards the stipend of the Master.
- That the Mayor, Sheriffs and Commonalty of the city shall pay £20 yearly, of which £13.6.8 shall be the stipend of the Usher and the residue shall be towards the increase of the Master's stipend.
- That the school shall be kept in the Greyfriars.
- That the Mayor, Sheriffs and Commonalty of the city shall repair the schoolhouse at their own cost as often as need shall be.
- That the school shall be visited twice yearly by the Dean and three residentiaries, the Mayor, the Recorder and two aldermen.

The agreement then dealeth with the conditions on which scholars shall enter the school and the fees which shall be paid by their parents.

Ald. Blow: I for one like it not. This agreement would give the authorities of the Cathedral a greater control over the School than they had before. Yet the council is to pay for the maintenance of the School.

Bishop: Master Alderman, the noise of your faction fights in the council hath reached the ears even of the Queen's advisors in London. Small wonder then that we in this Cathedral have heard it. You have, I know, made the School the subject of your brawling.

Mayor: My Lord Bishop, let not Master Blow disturb thee. He is like the dog in the adage – his bark is worse than his bite. But doubtless a well-bred dog would not bark in the Chapter House of the Cathedral.

Bishop: Nay, Master Rishworth, I'll have none of your wranglings here. If the Council be not one mind about this agreement, compose your differences elsewhere, and then come back here.

Mayor: 'Tis true that Master Blow and some of his friends have opposed this agreement. But the greater part of the Council, being assured that it is the best that can be reached, and that it is for the advantage of our city, have empowered me to affirm our consent to it.

Bishop: Then come forward. Here is wax, and a light.

Affix to the agreement the common seal of the City.

[Rushworth seals]

Master Chancellor, the seal of the Dean and Chapter is in thy keeping. Are they content? Art thou empowered to seal for them?

Chancellor: They are well content.

[Chancellor seals]

Bishop: And I will add my own seal.

[Bishop seals]

There now 'tis done. Their sons – for I your Bishop am a father to you all – as a father's heart must ache when his sons are at variance, so he must rejoice when their differences are composed. So do I rejoice at what we have done today.

Through this day's work our school – for it belongeth to us all now – our school shall advance to greater success and fame. As a token of what is to be, I tell you with pride that the Dean and Chapter have appointed as the first Master of the United school Master William Temple, who comes to us from King's College in the University of Cambridge. He is well known to our Dean as a man of outstanding gifts, and under his care our school will achieve things as great as we could ever wish.

[A bell begins to ring]

Thy sons, God in his wisdom hath hidden the future from human knowledge. Yet today our thoughts must needs dwell on the future, and though we cannot know we may dream of what is to be; and sometimes our dreams do hit the truth as surely as our knowledge. Then bear with me as in my dream of the future I speed through the ages, through many generations of men, until the Lincoln we know hath grown and changed past all our recognition. And some day perchance, far far off in that future, another Queen, a second Elizabeth, shall reign. Yet even in these days not everything in Lincoln shall be changed. Two things shall remain of the city we know. The Cathedral on its hill-top, with its beauty, its challenge and its inspiration. And our school, still training up the boys of Lincoln in sound learning and – what matters more – in virtue and godly living.

My sons, the bell calleth to Evensong. I do beseech you, come with me now, everyone; and in our worship of God, in whose hand rest both the present and the future, let us pray that this thy dream may find fulfilment.

[Exeunt to solemn music]

"God save the Queen"