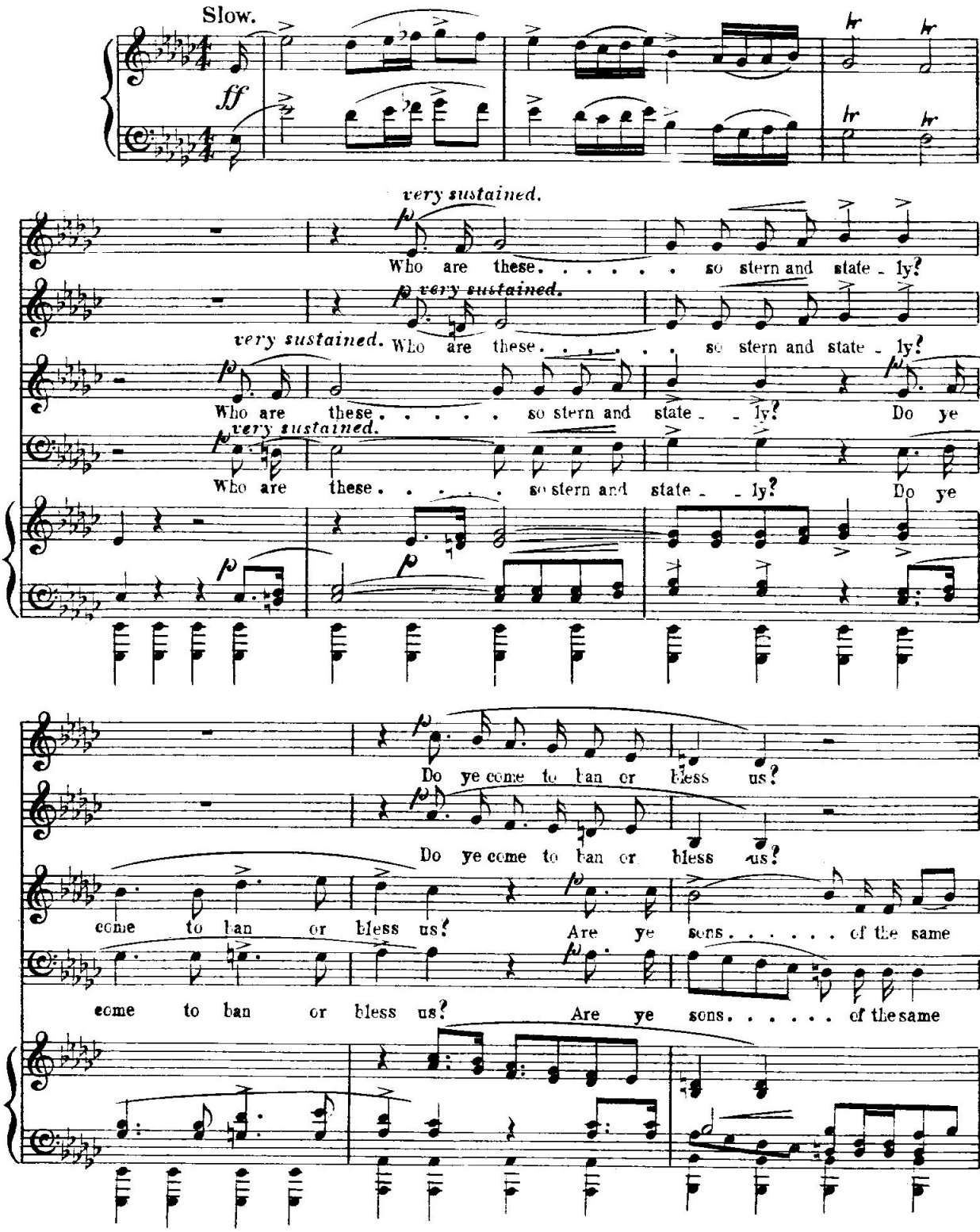
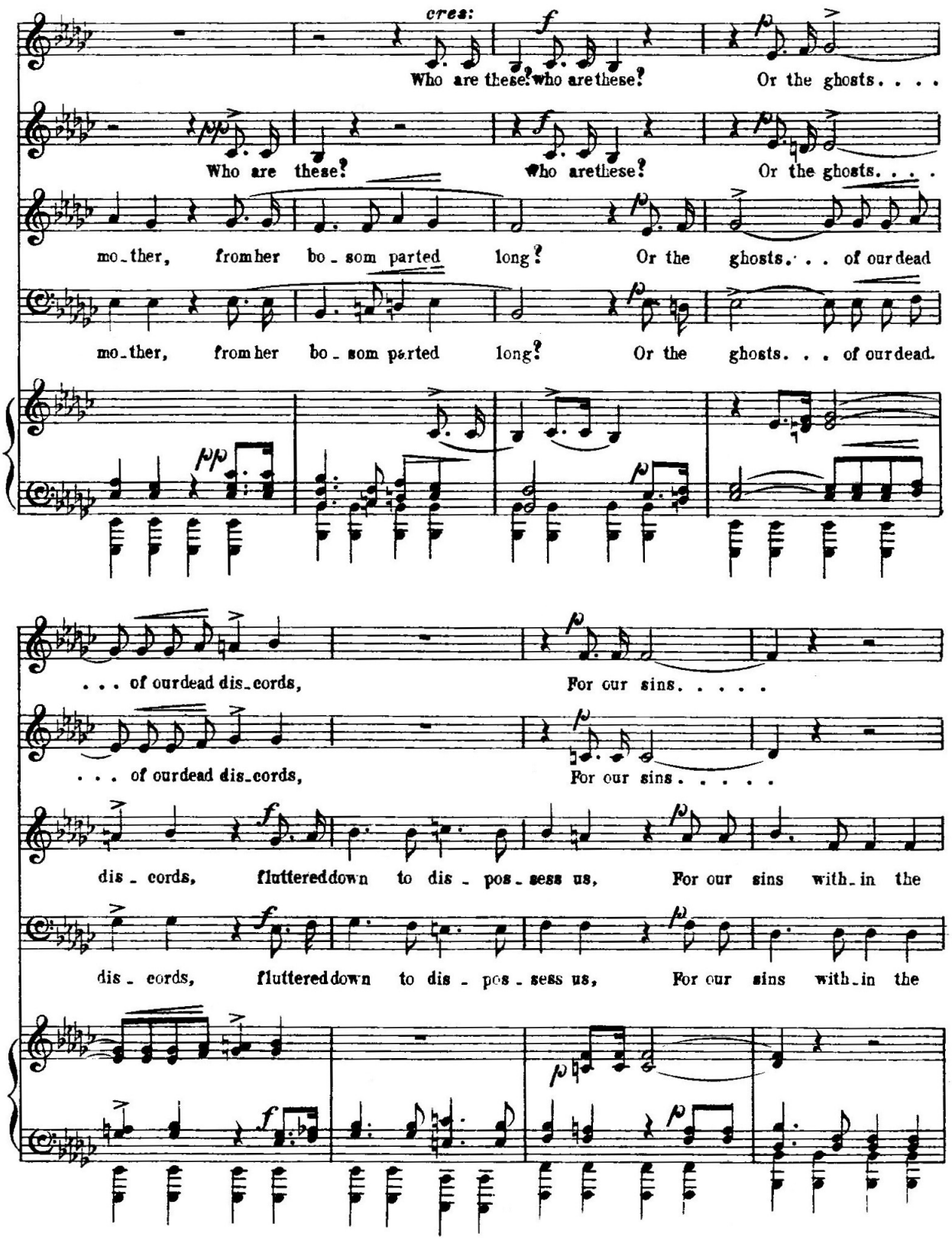
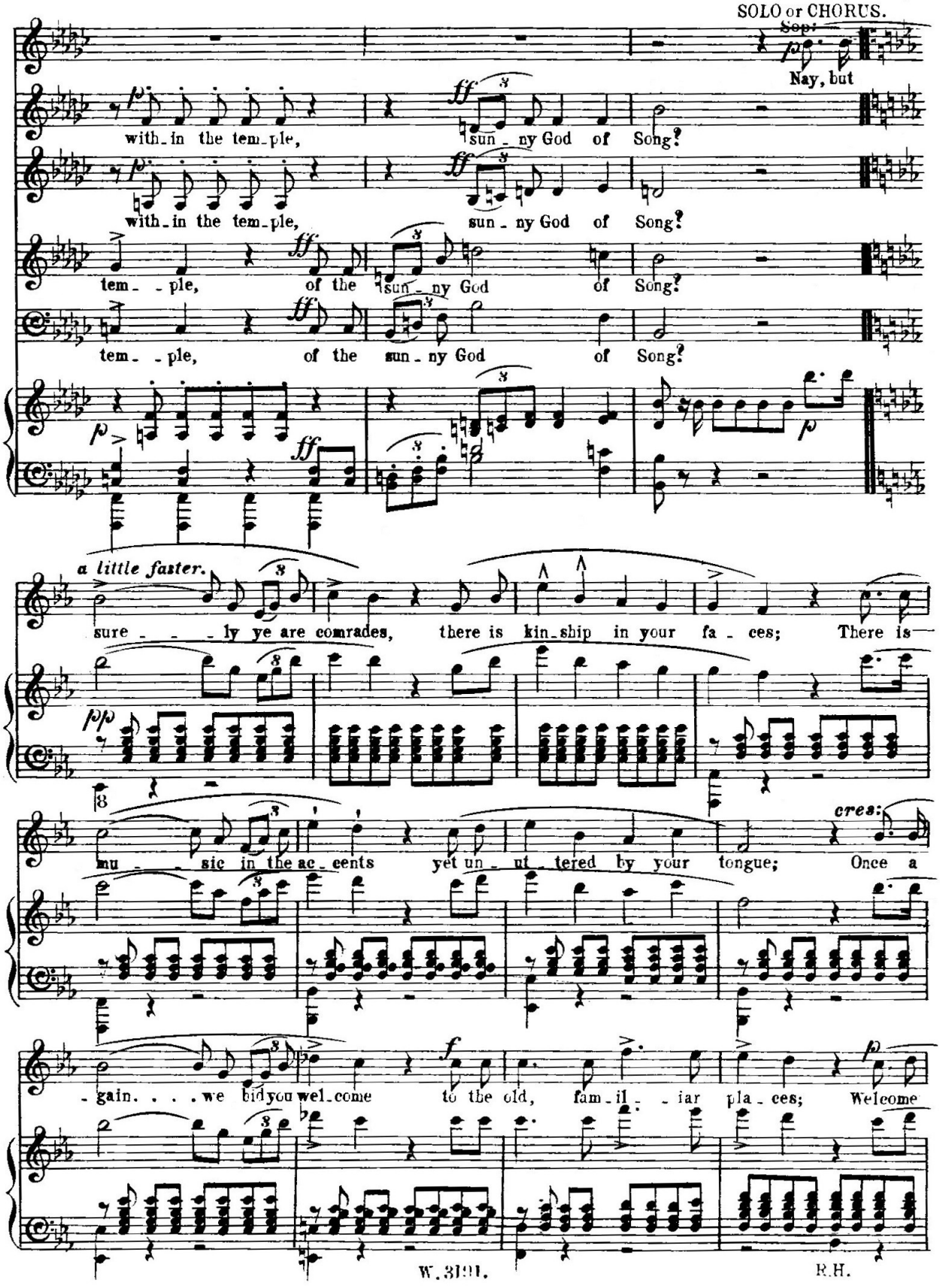
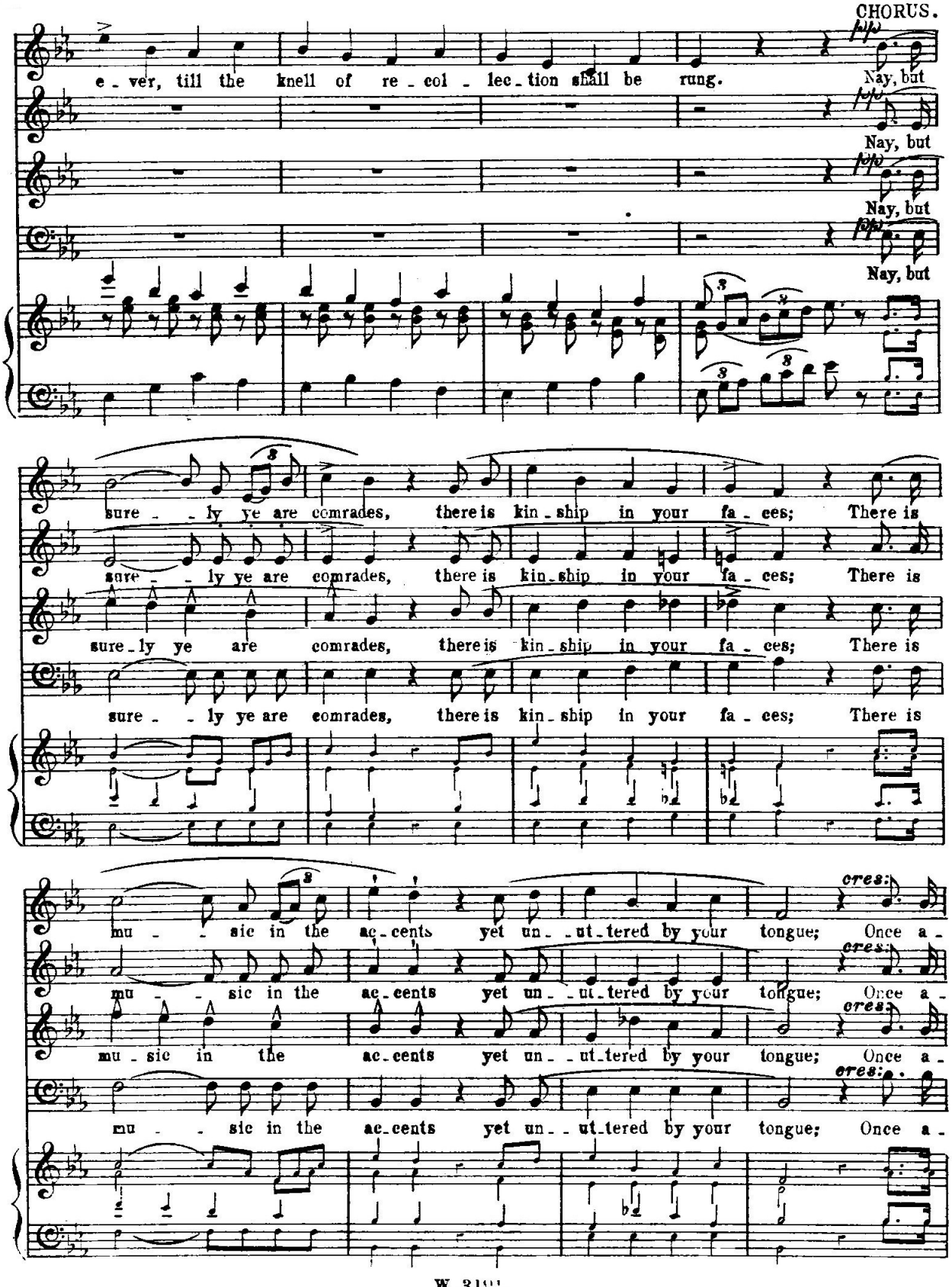
A FESTAL SONG.

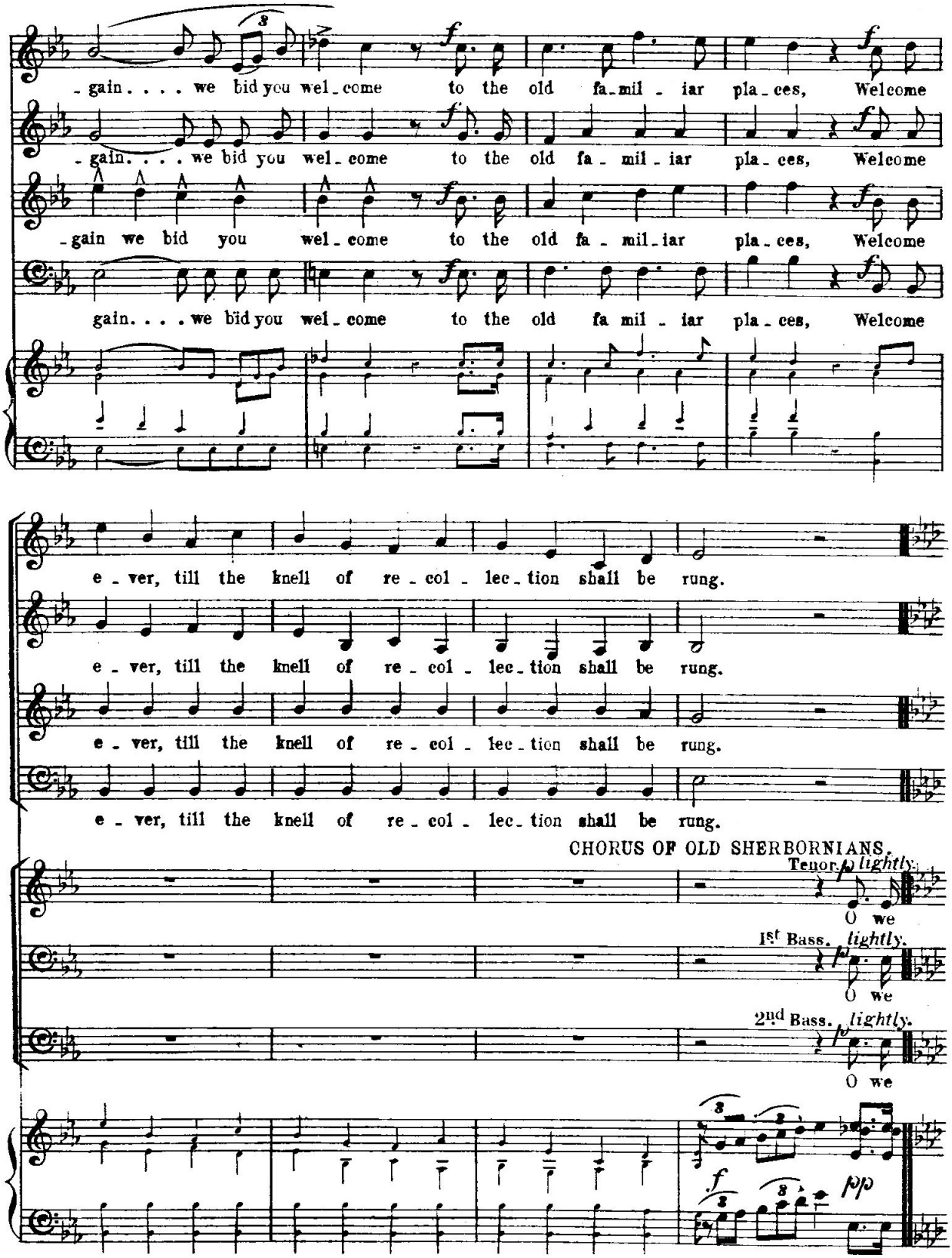
Words by JAMES RHOADES. Music by LOUIS N. PARKER

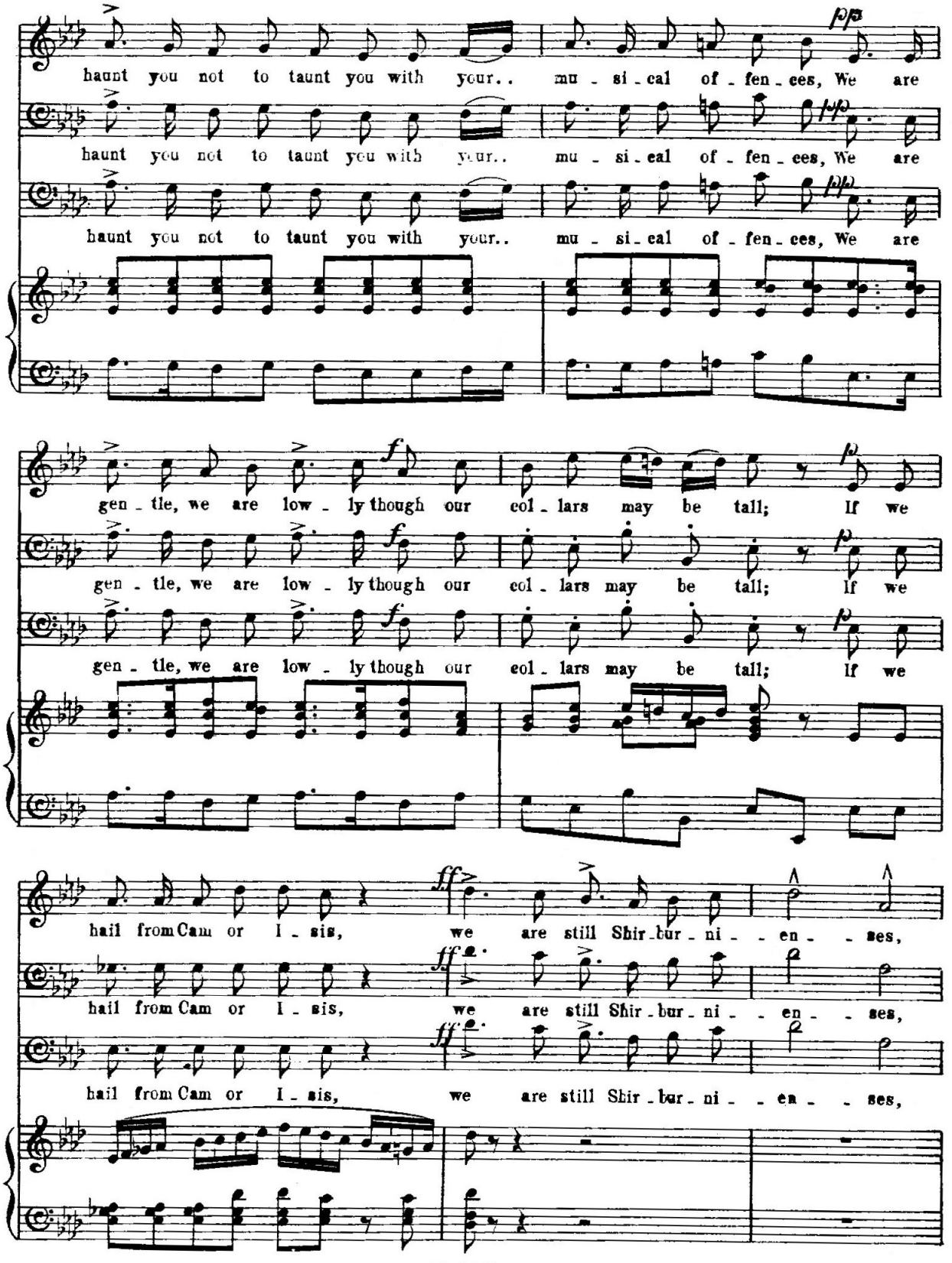


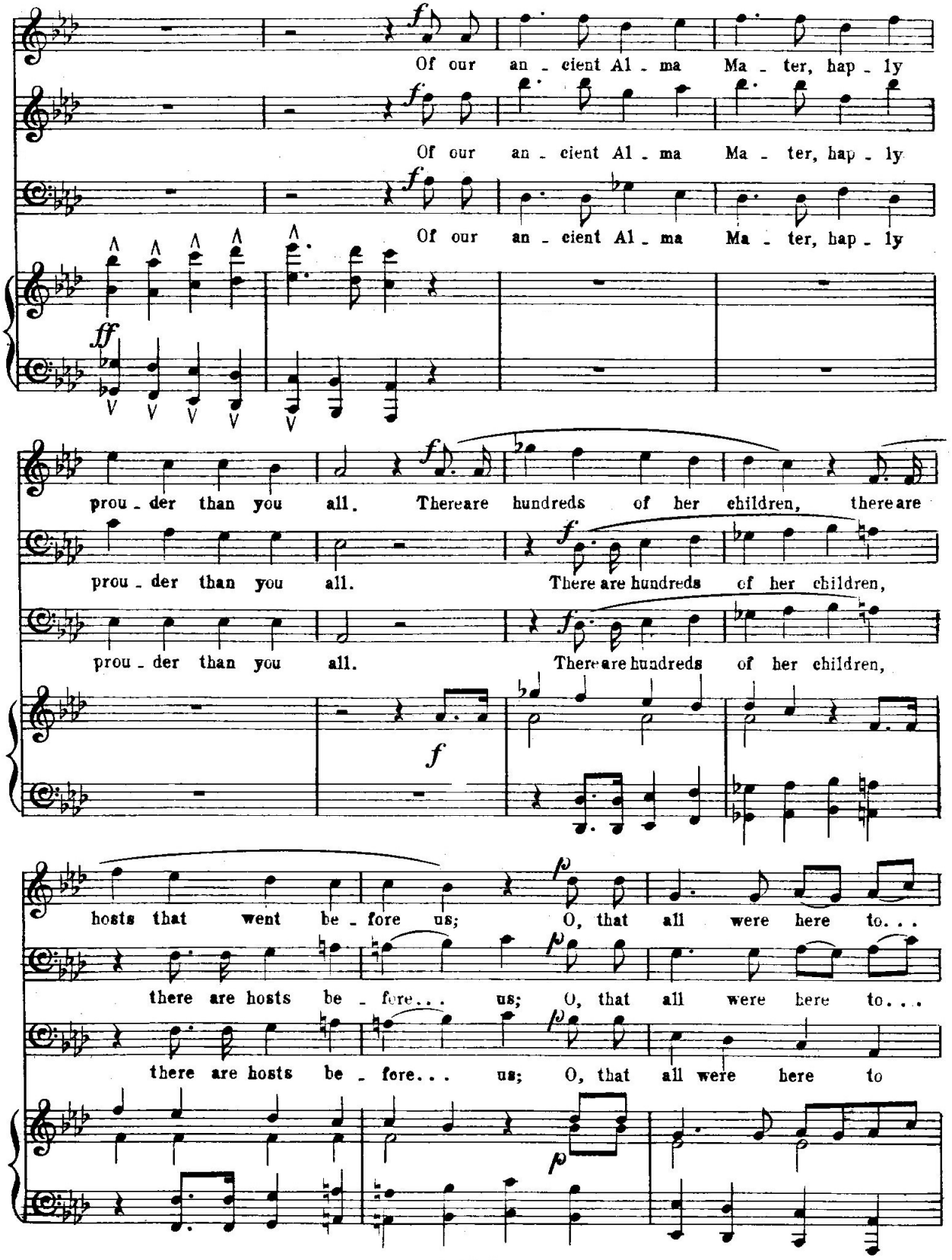

cres:
Who are these? who are these?
Or the ghosts. . . .
Who are these?
who are these?
Or the ghosts. . . .
mo_ther, from her bo_som parted long?
Or the ghosts. . . of our dead
mo_ther, from her bo_som parted long?
Or the ghosts. . . of our dead.
. . . of our dead dis_cords,
For our sins. . . . .
. . . of our dead dis_cords,
For our sins. . . . .
dis_cords, flutter ed down to dis_pos_sess us,
For our sins with_in the
dis_cords, flutter ed down to dis_pos_sess us,
For our sins with_in the

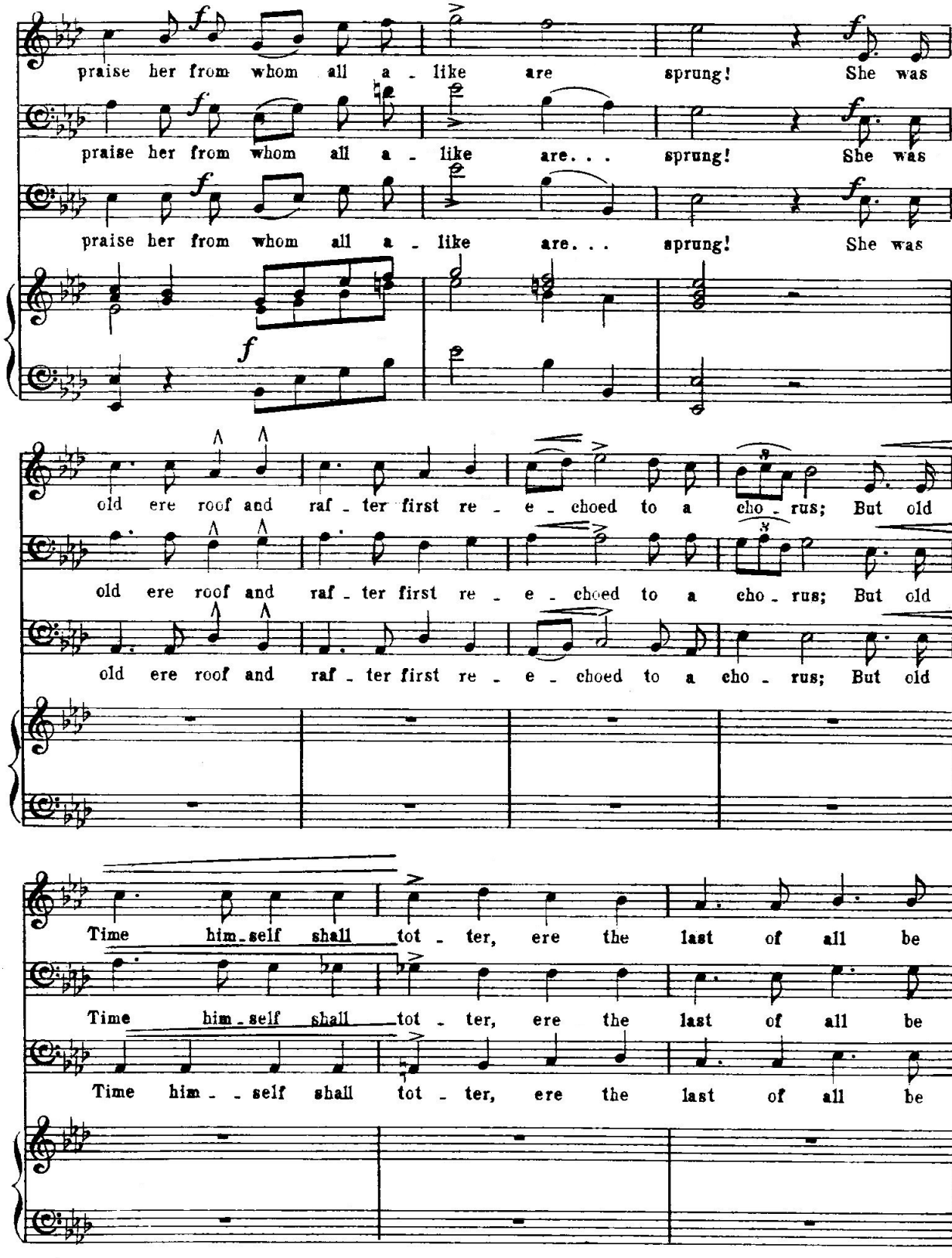

SOLO or CHORUS.
Sop:
Nay, but
with-in the tem-ple,
sun-ny God of Song?
with-in the tem-ple,
sun-ny God of Song?
tem-ple,
of the sun-ny God of Song?
tem-ple,
of the sun-ny God of Song?
a little faster.
sure-ly ye are comrades, there is kin-ship in your fa-ces; There is
mu-sic in the ac-cents yet un-ut-tered by your tongue; Once a
cres:
-gain. . . . we bid you wel-come to the old, fam-il-iar pla-ces; Welcome
W.3191.
R.H.

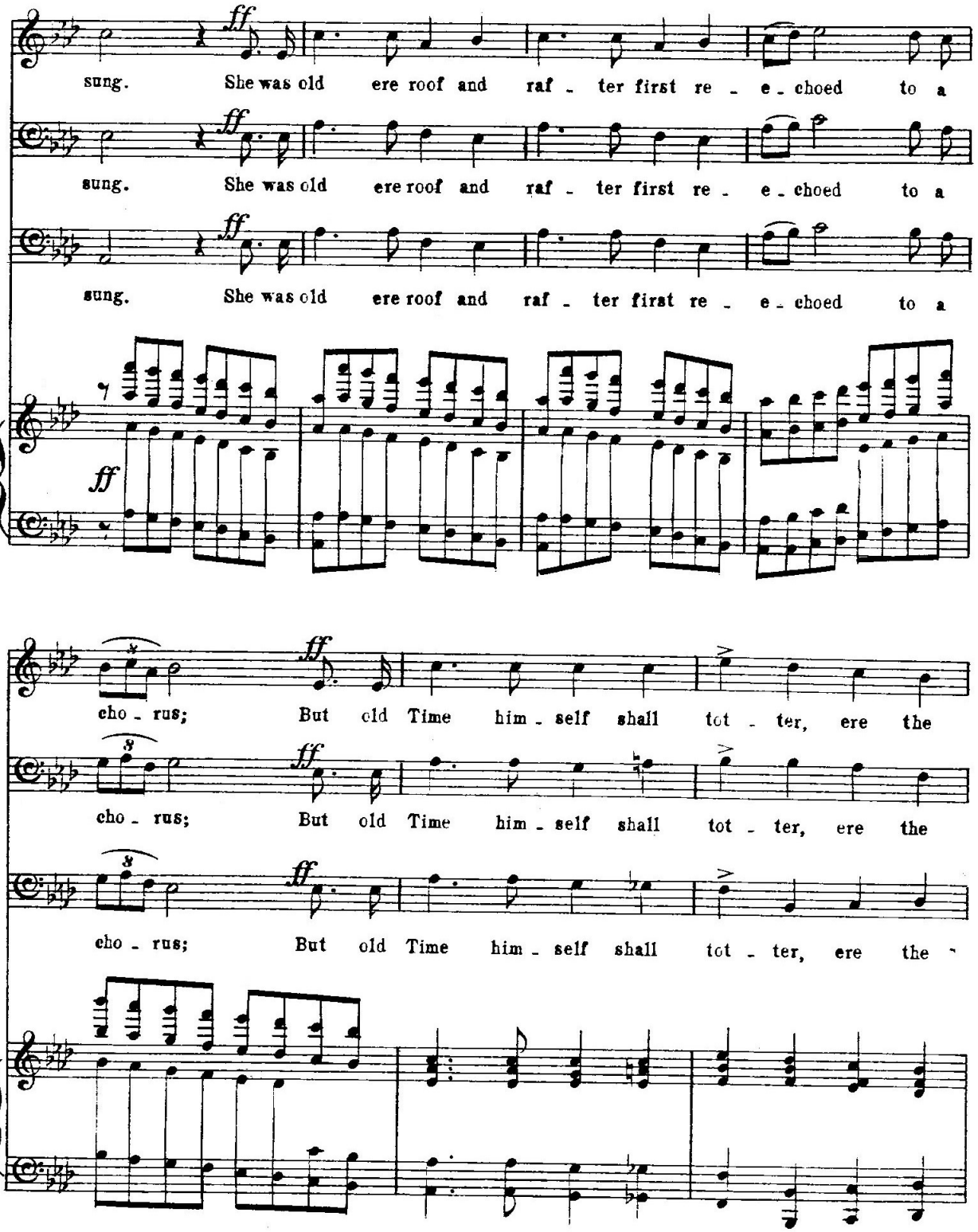

CHORUS.
e - ver, till the knell of re - col - lec - tion shall be rung.
Nay, but
Nay, but
Nay, but
Nay, but
sure - - ly ye are comrades, there is kin - ship in your fa - ces; There is
sure - - ly ye are comrades, there is kin - ship in your fa - ces; There is
sure - ly ye are comrades, there is kin - ship in your fa - ces; There is
sure - - ly ye are comrades, there is kin - ship in your fa - ces; There is
mu - - sic in the ac - cents yet un - - ut - tered by your tongue; Once a -
cres.
mu - - sic in the ac - cents yet un - - ut - tered by your tongue; Once a -
cres.
mu - sic in the ac - cents yet un - - ut - tered by your tongue; Once a -
cres.
mu - - sic in the ac - cents yet un - - ut - tered by your tongue; Once a -

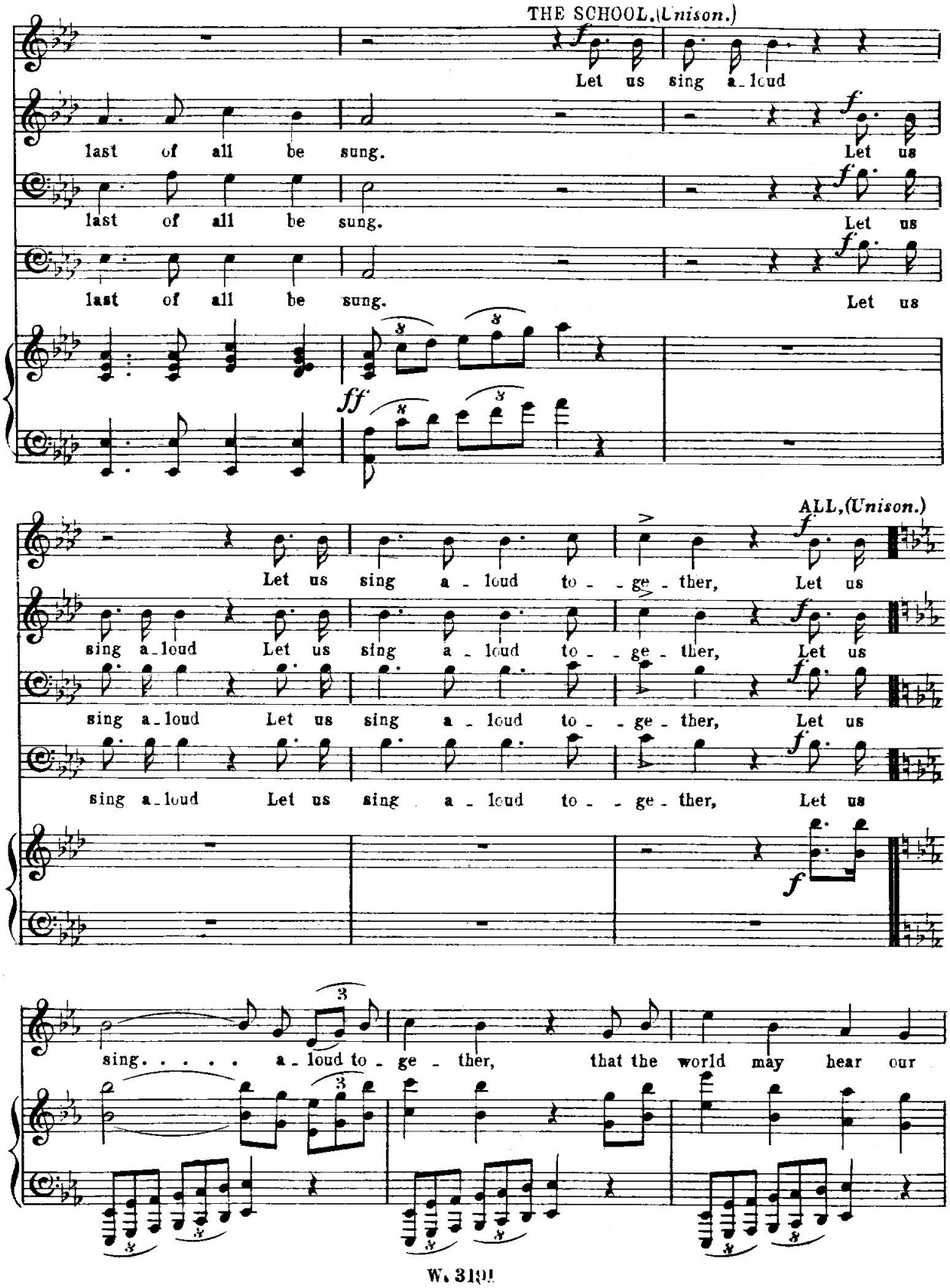

-gain. . . . we bid you wel-come to the old fa-mil-iar pla-ces, Welcome
-gain. . . . we bid you wel-come to the old fa-mil-iar pla-ces, Welcome
-gain we bid you wel-come to the old fa-mil-iar pla-ces, Welcome
gain. . . . we bid you wel-come to the old fa mil-iar pla-ces, Welcome
e-ver, till the knell of re-col-lec-tion shall be rung.
e-ver, till the knell of re-col-lec-tion shall be rung.
e-ver, till the knell of re-col-lec-tion shall be rung.
e-ver, till the knell of re-col-lec-tion shall be rung.
CHORUS OF OLD SHERBORNIANS.
Tenor. lightly.
O we
1st Bass. lightly.
O we
2nd Bass. lightly.
O we

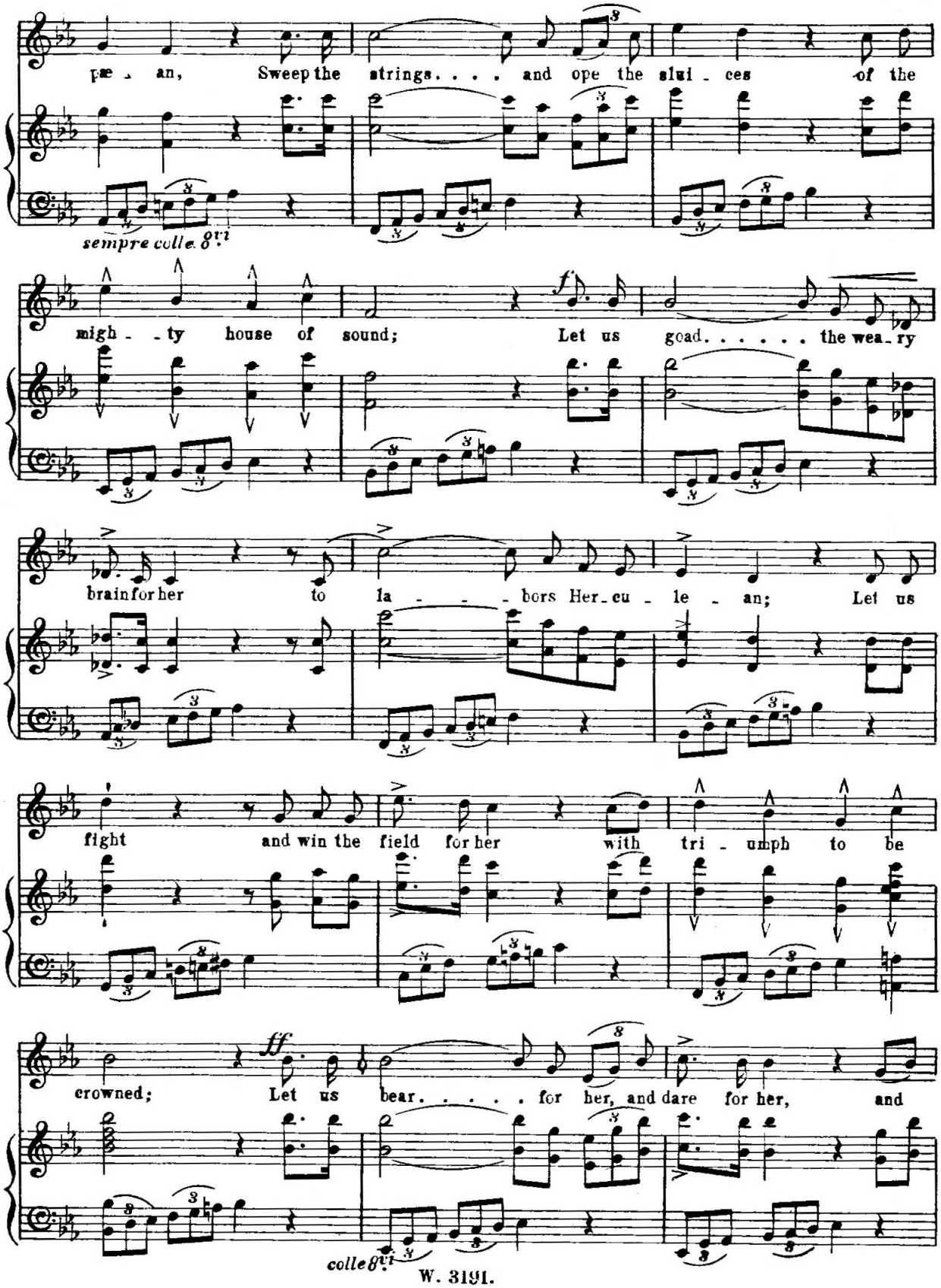

haunt you not to taunt you with your.. mu - si - cal of - fen - ces, We are
haunt you not to taunt you with your.. mu - si - cal of - fen - ces, We are
haunt you not to taunt you with your.. mu - si - cal of - fen - ces, We are
gen - tle, we are low - ly though our col - lars may be tall; If we
gen - tle, we are low - ly though our col - lars may be tall; If we
gen - tle, we are low - ly though our col - lars may be tall; If we
hail from Cam or I - sis, we are still Shir - bur - ni - - en - - ses,
hail from Cam or I - sis, we are still Shir - bur - ni - - en - - ses,
hail from Cam or I - sis, we are still Shir - bur - ni - - en - - ses,

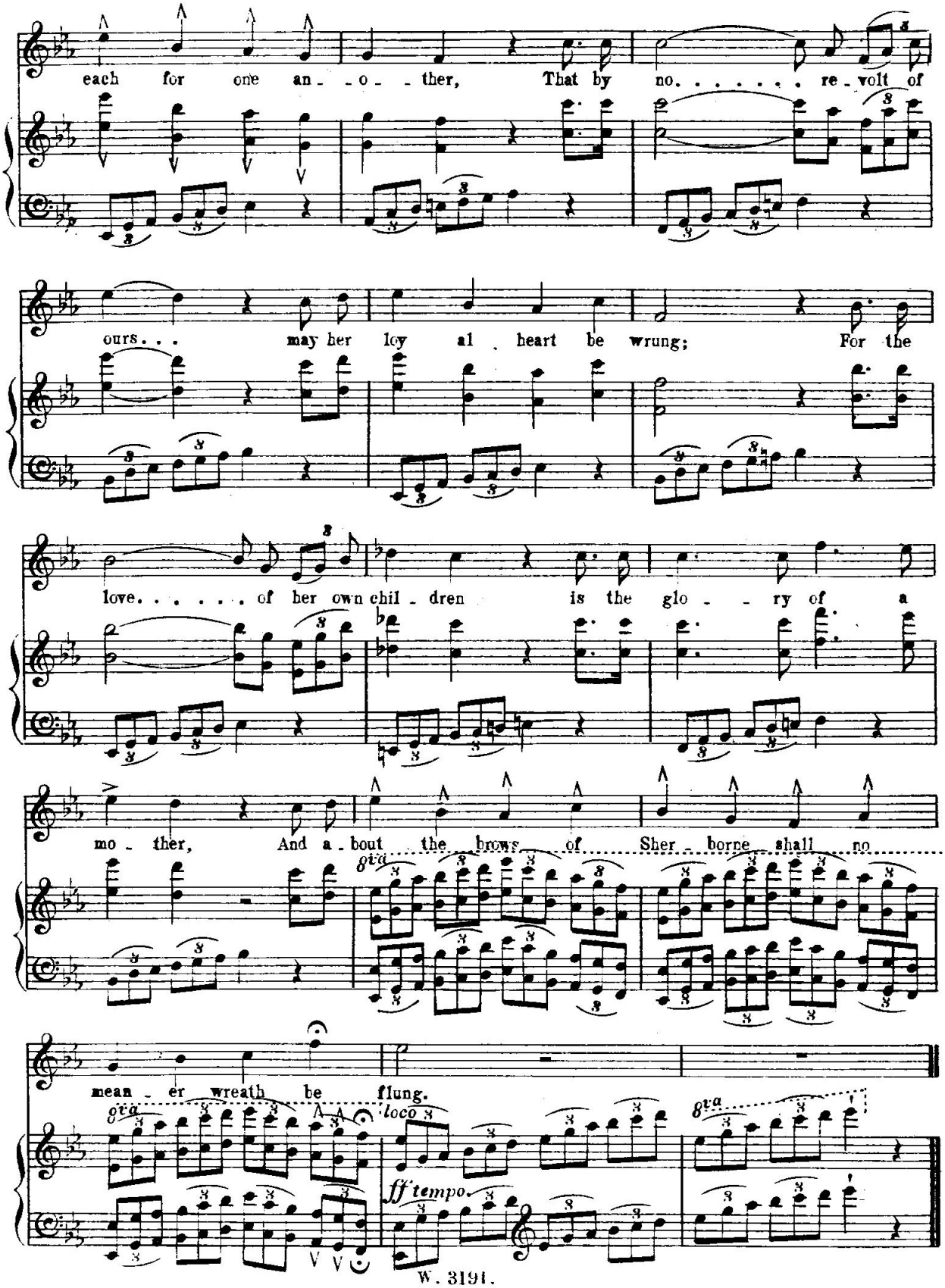

Of our an - cient Al - ma Ma - ter, hap - ly
Of our an - cient Al - ma Ma - ter, hap - ly
Of our an - cient Al - ma Ma - ter, hap - ly
prou - der than you all. There are hundreds of her children, there are
prou - der than you all. There are hundreds of her children,
prou - der than you all. There are hundreds of her children,
hosts that went be - fore us; O, that all were here to...
there are hosts be - fore... us; O, that all were here to...
there are hosts be - fore... us; O, that all were here to


praise her from whom all a - like are sprung! She was
praise her from whom all a - like are. . . sprung! She was
praise her from whom all a - like are. . . sprung! She was
old ere roof and raf - ter first re - e - choed to a cho - rus; But old
old ere roof and raf - ter first re - e - choed to a cho - rus; But old
old ere roof and raf - ter first re - e - choed to a cho - rus; But old
Time him - self shall tot - ter, ere the last of all be
Time him - self shall tot - ter, ere the last of all be
Time him - - self shall tot - ter, ere the last of all be


sung. She was old ere roof and raf - ter first re - e - choed to a
sung. She was old ere roof and raf - ter first re - e - choed to a
sung. She was old ere roof and raf - ter first re - e - choed to a
ff
ff
cho - rus; But old Time him - self shall tot - ter, ere the
cho - rus; But old Time him - self shall tot - ter, ere the
cho - rus; But old Time him - self shall tot - ter, ere the


THE SCHOOL.(Unison.)
Let us sing a-loud
last of all be sung.
Let us
ALL,(Unison.)
Let us sing a-loud to-ge-ther, Let us
sing a-loud Let us sing a-loud to-ge-ther, Let us
sing a-loud Let us sing a-loud to-ge-ther, Let us
sing. . . . . a-loud to-ge-ther, that the world may hear our


pæ - an, Sweep the strings. . . . and ope the slui - ces of the
sempre colle 8va
migh - - ty house of sound; Let us goad. . . . . the wea - ry
brain for her to la - - - - bors Her - cu - le - an; Let us
fight and win the field for her with tri - umph to be
crowned; Let us bear. . . . . for her, and dare for her, and
colle 8va


each for one an - - o - - ther, That by no. . . . . re - volt of
ours. . . may her loy al heart be wrung; For the
love. . . . . of her own chil - dren is the glo - - ry of a
mo - ther, And a - bout the brows of Sher - borne shall no
8va
mean - er wreath be flung.
8va
loco
8va
ff tempo.

A FESTAL SONG/THE NEW HUNDREDTH

CHORUS OF SHIRBURNIANS
Who are these so stern and stately? Do ye come to ban or bless us?
Are ye sons of the same mother, from her bosom parted long,
Or the ghosts of our dead discords fluttered down to dispossess us
For our sins within the temple of the sunny God of song?
Nay, but surely ye are comrades, there is kinship in your faces,
There is music in the accents yet unuttered by your tongue;
Once again we bid your welcome to the old familiar places,
Welcome ever till the knell of recollection shall be rung.

CHORUS OF OLD SHIRBURNIANS
O we haunt you not to taunt you with your musical offences;
We are gentle, we are lowly, though our collars may be tall!
If we hail from Cam or Isis, we are still Shirburnienses,
Of our ancient Alma Mater haply prouder than you all:
There are hundreds of her children, there were hosts that went before us;
O that all were here to praise her, from whom all alike have sprung!
Nine and ninety times the rafters have re-echoed to the chorus:
How should any voice be silent when the hundredth's to be sung?

OMNES
Let us sing it out together, that the world may hear our praean,
Sweep the strings, and ope the sluices of the mighty house of sound;
Let us goad the weary brain for her to labours Herculean,
Let us fight and win the field for her with triumph to be crowned;
Let us bear for her and dare for her, and each for one another,
That by no revolt of ours may her loyal heart be wrung;
For the love of her own children is the glory of a mother,
And about the brows of Sherborne shall no meaner wreath be flung.

Words by James Rhoades (1841-1923).
Score by Louis Napoleon Parker (1852-1944).
Sung on the occasion of the hundredth School Musical Society Concert, Christmas 1887.