

A Song of Jubilee

Words by F. B. W.

Music by A. F. T.

Allegro moderato.

VOICE. (1. Treble & Alto)
(2. Tenor & Bass.) 'Tis To -

PIANO. *ff* *mf*

thrice ten years a - gone and three, these an - cient courts a
- day we stand in ser - ried line, proud cho - ris - ters four

- mong that spi - rits bold them - selves en - rolled to
score; or - gan and or - ches - tra com - bine to

form a league of song, to form a league of
swell the sounds we pour, to swell the sounds we

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato.' The piano part begins with a forte (ff) dynamic and ends with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the voice staff and between the piano staves. The score is divided into four systems, each with a voice staff and two piano staves. The lyrics are: 'Tis To - thrice ten years a - gone and three, these an - cient courts a - day we stand in ser - ried line, proud cho - ris - ters four - mong that spi - rits bold them - selves en - rolled to score; or - gan and or - ches - tra com - bine to form a league of song, to form a league of swell the sounds we pour, to swell the sounds we

song; pour; Yet all in a class-room dark they met, (as
 all who sang and all whosing are

p *stacc.*

dim tra-di-tions say;) IV B., I ween, has
 one in heart and will; they did their part for

mf

sel-dom seen a bli-ther troop than they, a bli-ther troop than
 love of art, the same love nerves us still, the same love nerves us

ff *sf* *ff*

they. Then shril-ly piped the tre-bles' note, deep growled the bas-ses'
 still. Still shril-ly pipes the tre-bles' note, deep growls the bas-ses'

Deep growled the bas-ses' tone, deep growled the bas-ses'
 grows grows

8

tone; and Mus - ic came (that bash - ful dame) to claim us for her
 tone; Mus - ic doth come to her old home to claim us for her
 tone;

own!
 own!
 To

SOLO *poco meno mosso.*
 Shall Stern - dale Ben - nett's hon - oured brow fore -
poco rall.

-go its wreath of bays, whose ba - tons wave the tem - po gave in

those primev_al days? Shall L. N. P. un _ noticed be the tune_ful notes that

colla voce.

wove; Rhoades, E. M. Young, re - main unsung, that built the rhymes we love?

p

Tempo I?

ff No! tre _ bles, pipe your

Bas - ses

cresc. e accel.

sf

shrillest note, ye bas _ ses, rum _ ble low; let roof-treering the while ye sing the

rum _ ble low

allargando.

bards of long a - go, the bards of long a - go.

ff

Unison. *tempo.*

The fa - thers of our Sher - borne Song, their mem - o - ry we

tempo.

prize; with - in this Hall, for each and all, is ho - nour in our

eyes, is ho - - nour in our eyes. But

we, who for the fif - tieth time our lead - er's wand o -

p stacc.

- bey Thy well - known name would first ac - claim, dear

ff

crusc.

L. H. H. to - day So tre - bles pipe your shril - lest note ye

So bas - ses' growl a - main ye

ff

bas - ses growl a - main; stint not to show the thanks ye owe to

bas ses growl a - main.

ff al fine.

him who leads the strain stint not to show the thanks ye owe

stint not to show the thanks ye owe to L. H. H. to

Him who leads the

strain.

sempre

A SONG OF JUBILEE

'Tis thrice ten years ago and three,
these ancient courts among
That spirits bold themselves enrolled
to form a league of song, To form a league of song;
all in a classroom dark they met,
(as dim traditions say)
IV B, I ween, has seldom seen
A blither troop than they, a blither troop than they.
Then shrilly piped the trebles' note,
Deep growled the basses' tone;
And Music came (that bashful dame) to claim us for own!

Today we stand in serried line,
Proud choristers four score;
Organ and orchestra combine to
Swell the sounds we pour, to swell the sounds we pour;
Yet all who sang and all who sing
Are one in heart and will;
They did their part for love of art,
The same love nerves us still, the same love nerves us still.
Still shrilly pipes the trebles note, deep growls the basses tone;
Music doth come to her old home to claim us for her own.

Shall Sterndale Bennett's honoured brow
Forgo its wreath of bays,
Whose batons wave the *tempo* gave
In those primeval days?
Shall L.N.P. unnoticed be the tuneful notes that wove;
Rhoades, E.M. Young, remain unsung, that built the rhymes we love?

No! trebles, pipe your shrillest note,
Ye basses, rumble low;
Let roof-treering the while ye sing
The bards of long ago, the bards of long ago.

The fathers of our Sherborne Song,
Their memory we prize;
Within this Hall, for each and all,
Is honour in our eyes, is honour in our eyes.

Btu we, who for the fiftieth time our leader's wand obey
They well-known name would first acclaim,
Dear C.H.H. today
So trebles pipe your shrillest note ye basses growl amain;
Stint not to show the thanks ye owe to him who leads the strain.

Words by Frederick Brooke Westcott (1857-1918).
Score by Archibald Frank Tester (1882-1925).