

Adsum.

Words by
J. H. F. PEILE.

Music by
ARCHIBALD F. TESTER.

Allegro vivace.

PIANO. *f*

Voices in Unison.

mf

1. Un-der the elm tree, all to-ge-ther,
2. What does it irk to leave a minute Your

Sher-borne scholars a round ten score (By times in the court when its e-vil wea-ther)
half played game for a pe-dant rule, Then back in a trice to lose or win it? Why

Fret or fidg-et till roll be o'er: For the mas-ter stands to call the roll, And
lad, what do you learn at school? What else but to put your own will by, (You

p
4. Nor shall the bat - tle claim you on - ly, Yours is the task that may not cease, On

trop - ic coasts, on Frontiers lone - ly To school wild heart - ed folk to peace

8

CRESC.

p
Hi - ther and thi - ther the wide world round Eng - land calls and her sons o - bey, Though

p
Hi - ther and thi - ther the wide world round Eng - land calls and her

no flag fly, no trum - pet sound, They

sons o - bey, Though no flag fly, no trum - pet sound, They

CRESC.

f

hear and an - swer their names and say Ad -

ff

8 8 8

sum. Ad - - sum. Ad - - sum.

fff

Molto maestoso

allargando

fff

8 8

Unison.

So at the last twill be well with you, lad, When com-eth a day, be it

8

sempre ff

8

soon or long, That you have done all you had to do, lad, And it

ring-eth at length to ev-en-song: When the last call sounds thro' the darkness clear, When your

dim. *p*

dim.

feet are set on the un-known way With-out a quiv-er of doubt or fear You shall

CTESC.

p *CTESC.*

ff *poco rit.*

hear and an - swer your name, and

ff

(Simplified accompaniment)

tempo

say Ad - sum. Ad - sum. Ad -

sum.

W. 4239.

ADSUM

Under the elm tree, all together,
Sherborne scholars a round ten score
(By times in the court when its evil weather)
Fret or figet till roll be o'er:
For the master stands to call the roll,
And never a boy can go his way
To sport or study, to wicket or goal,
Till he hear, and answer his name, and say
Adsum. Adsum. Adsum.

What, does it irk to leave a minute
Your half played game for a pedant rule,
Then back in a trice to lose or win it?
Why lad, what do you learn at school?
What else but to put your own will by,
(You must, if you mean to command one day)
Not always ask a reason why,
Just hear, and answer your name, and say
Adsum. Adsum. Adsum.

Sure you'll find when you're here no more, lad,
Stern rules in the world begun;
Think of the lads that went before, lad,
Who gave their lives for a duty done:
On the Chapel wall their names shew bright,
Take you their place, be staunch as they,
Where Manhood calls and Honour and Right,
Then hear and answer your name and say
Adsum. Adsum. Adsum.

Nor shall the battle claim you only,
Yours is the task that may not cease,
On tropic coasts, on Frontiers lonely
To school wild hearted folks to peace.
Hither and thither the wide world round
England calls and her sons obey,
Though no flag fly, no trumpet sound,
They hear and answer their names and say
Adsum. Adsum. Adsum.

So at the last twill be well with you lad,
When cometh a day be it soon or long,
That you have done all you had to do, lad
And it ringeth at length to evensong.
When the last call sounds thro' the darkness
clear,
When your feet are set on the unknown way
Without a quiver of doubt or fear
You shall hear and answer your name, and say
Adsum. Adsum. Adsum.

Words by James Hamilton Francis Peile (1863-1940).

Score by Archibald Frank Tester (1882-1925).