

"Alma Mater."

Words by
CANON WESTCOTT.

Music by
F. C. S. CAREY.

Allegro non troppo.

VOICES.

PIANO.

f *rit.*

Trebles.
mf

1. I know a school, an an - cient school, A school of old re - nown, Where -
2. me, what hap - py fan - cies cling A - bout those walls so grey, On

mf a tempo

on full ma - ny a cen - tu - ry In love looks smil - ing down Where
all who en - ter once with - in How strong a spell cast they:

count - less lads have work'd and play'd Till came "the hour to go," And
Year up - on year but swells the charm, It grows with grow - ing age Each

mp

off - en - times where learn'd the sire The son has learn'd al - - so.
pass - ing leaves for those be - hind A love - lier her - it - age.

Chorus.
f On each one Mo - ther lays her hand Sways each with lov - ing rule, For each she prays God
And still the Mo - ther lays her hand On all with lov - ing rule, And in - ly prays God
Chorus. *p*

f *p*

True hearts that love their school, True hearts
LYRIC. *f*
bless al - ways True hearts that love their school, True hearts that love their
bless al - ways True sons that love their school, True sons that love their

True hearts that love their school, True hearts
True sons that love their school, True hearts

1. school!" school!" 2. Ah school!"

1. *f* *rit.* 2. school!"

f *dim.* *p*

Tenors and Basses.

mp *cresc.* *f*

And some far day you too shall stand, — No longer boys, but men, —

cresc.

f

— And view the haunts of by-gone years With keen — but loving ken;

marc. *mp* *mf*

Trebles. *p*

With — in these walls we sat and work'd — Or

Altos. *p*

With — in these walls we

some - times sat and dream'd, and dream'd, On yon - - der
sat and work'd, — And sometimes sat and dream'd, On yon - - der

Trebles & Altos.

turf to toil and pant Life's hap - piest por tion seem'd, Life's hap - -

Tenors & Basses.

- piest portion seem'd, —

rit. mp

Unison. We mp

tempo

felt the Mo - ther's gen - - tle hand, We lov'd her kind - ly rule, — We heard her pray God

P

felt the gen - - tle hand,

tempo

cresc. e rall.

bless alway Each lad — that loves his school."

p

dim.

Semichorus. Mena massa.

p

But loh! If you would then re-call Those

Semichorus. p

Mena massa.

gladsome days of yore, — And stand in thought as hap - py boys Where you stood long be -

And stand in thought as hap - py boys

fore,

Think! Those shall thrill with Love's free pow'r Who her true ser - vice

Think!

those a - lone

cresc. *f* *Tempo I.* *Chorus. f*

vow: Who wou'd her mem'ries bliss-ful prove must aid the mother now: On

Chorus. *Tempo I.*

you she lays her gra-cious hand Yours now her gen-tle rule: For you she prays "God

bless al-ways All, all - that love the school," For you she prays "God bless al-ways All,

all that love the school, All, all that love the school."

ff *rit.* *marcato* *ff* *tempo* *ten.*

ALMA MATER

I know a school, an ancient school,
A school of old renown,
Whereon a full many a century
In love looks smiling down
Where countless lads have work'd and play'd
Till came "the hour to go,"
And often times where learn'd the sire
The son has learn'd also.

On each one Mother lays her hand
Sways each one loving rule,
For each she prays "God bless always
True hearts that love their school,
True hearts that love their school."

Ah me, what happy fancies cling
About those walls so grey,
On all who enter once within
How strong a spell cast they:
Year upon year but swells the charm,
It grows with growing age
Each passing leaves for those behind
A lovelier her it age.

And still the Mother lays her hand
On all with loving rule,
And only prays "God bless always
True sons that love their school,
True sons that love their school.'

And some far day you too shall stand,
No longer boys, but men,
And view the haunts of bygone years
With keen but loving ken;
Within these walls we sat and work'd
Or sometimes sat and dream'd, and dream'd,
On yonder turf to toil and pant
Life's happiest portion seem'd,
Life's happiest portion seem'd.

We felt the Mother's gentle hand,
We lov'd her kindly rule,
We heard her pray "God bless always
Each lad that loves his school."

But oh! If you would then recall
Those gladsome days of yore,
And stand in thought as happy boys
Where you stood long before,
Think! Those shall thrill with
Love's free pow'r
Who her true service vow:
Who would her mem'ries blissful prove
Must aid the mother now:

On you she lays her gracious hand
Yours now her gentle rule:
For you she prays "God bless always
All, all that love the school,"

Words by Frederick Brooke Westcott (1857-1918).

Score by Francis Clive Savill Carey (1883-1968).
Performed for the first time in 1903.