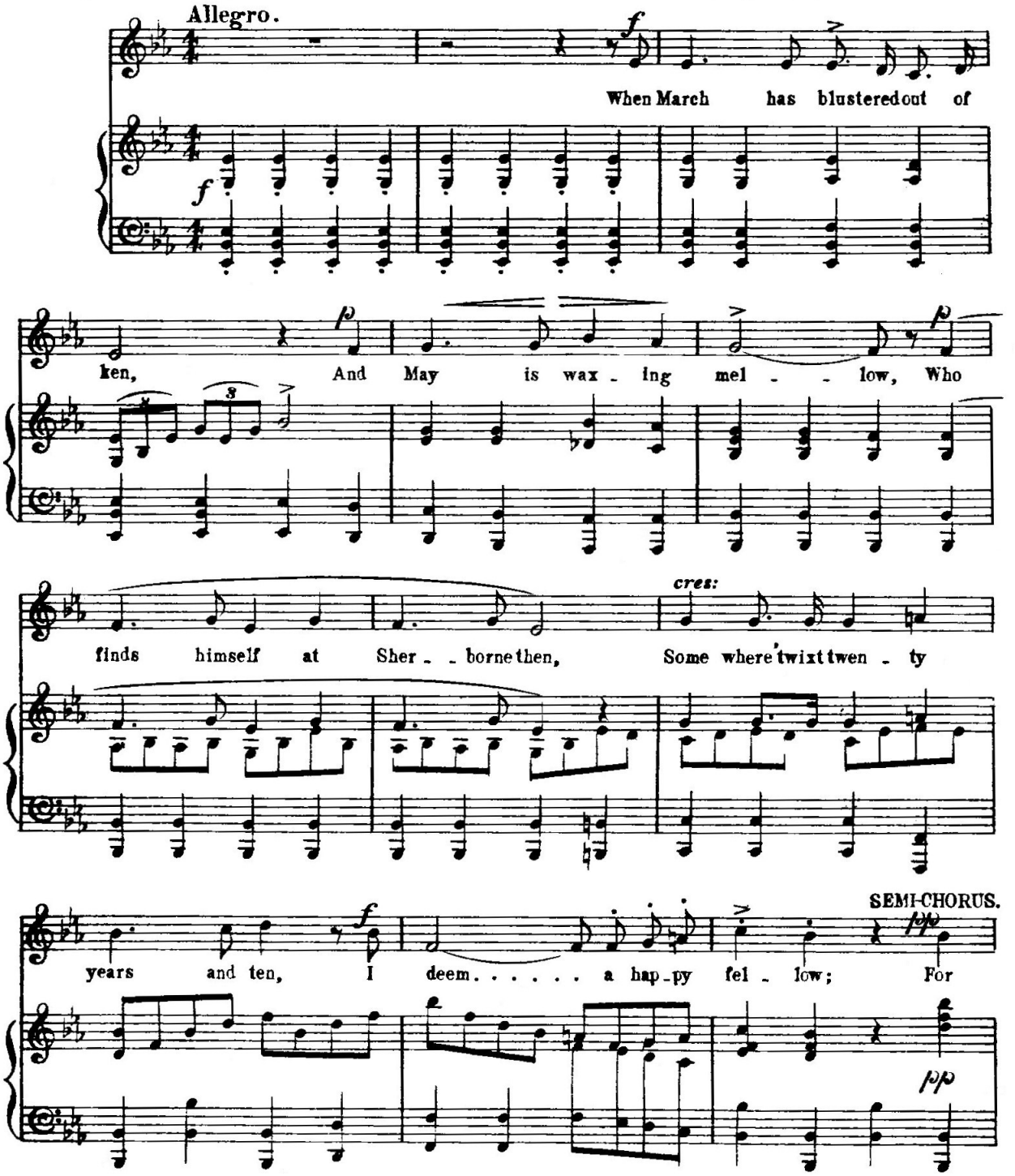
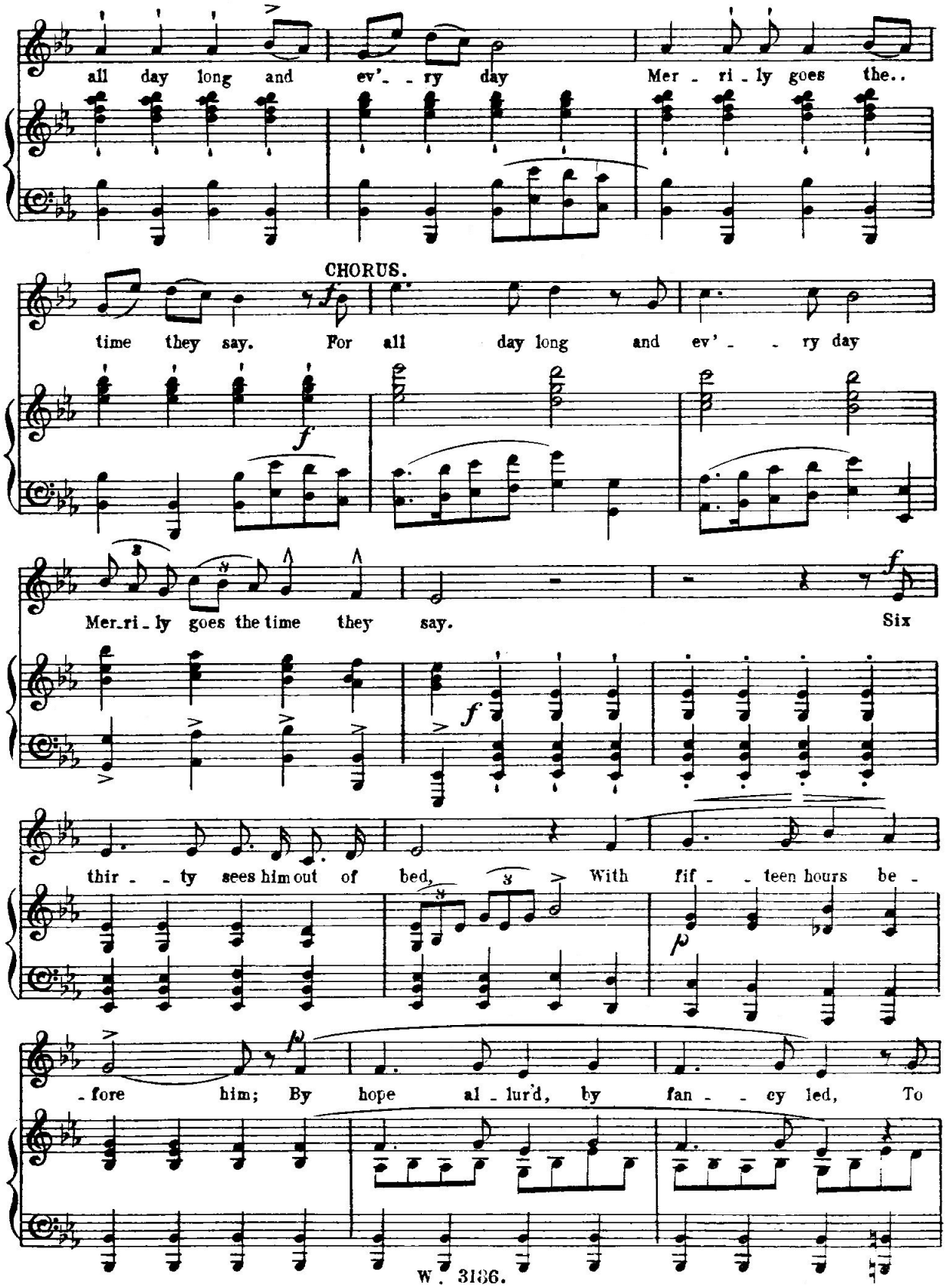
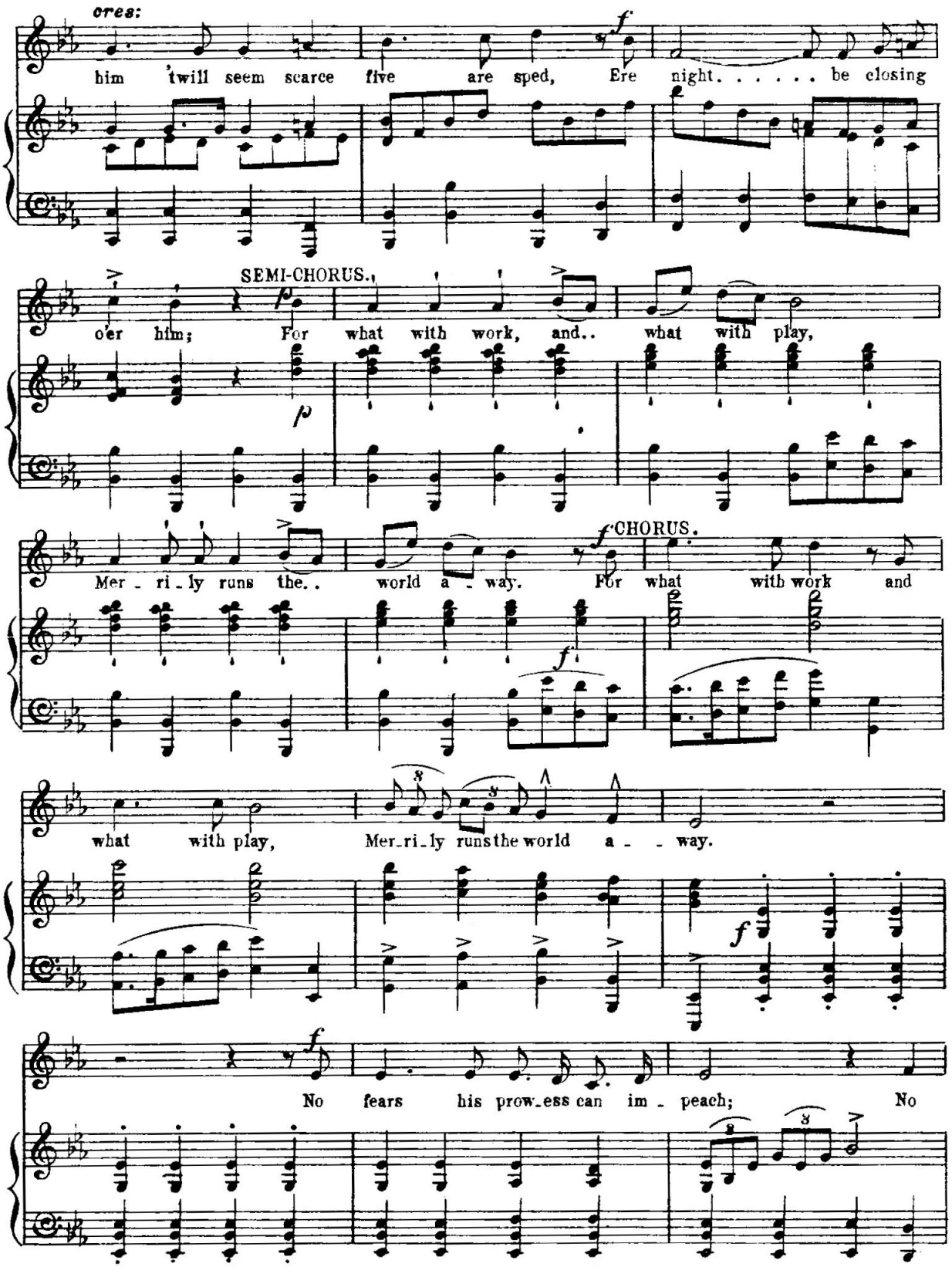
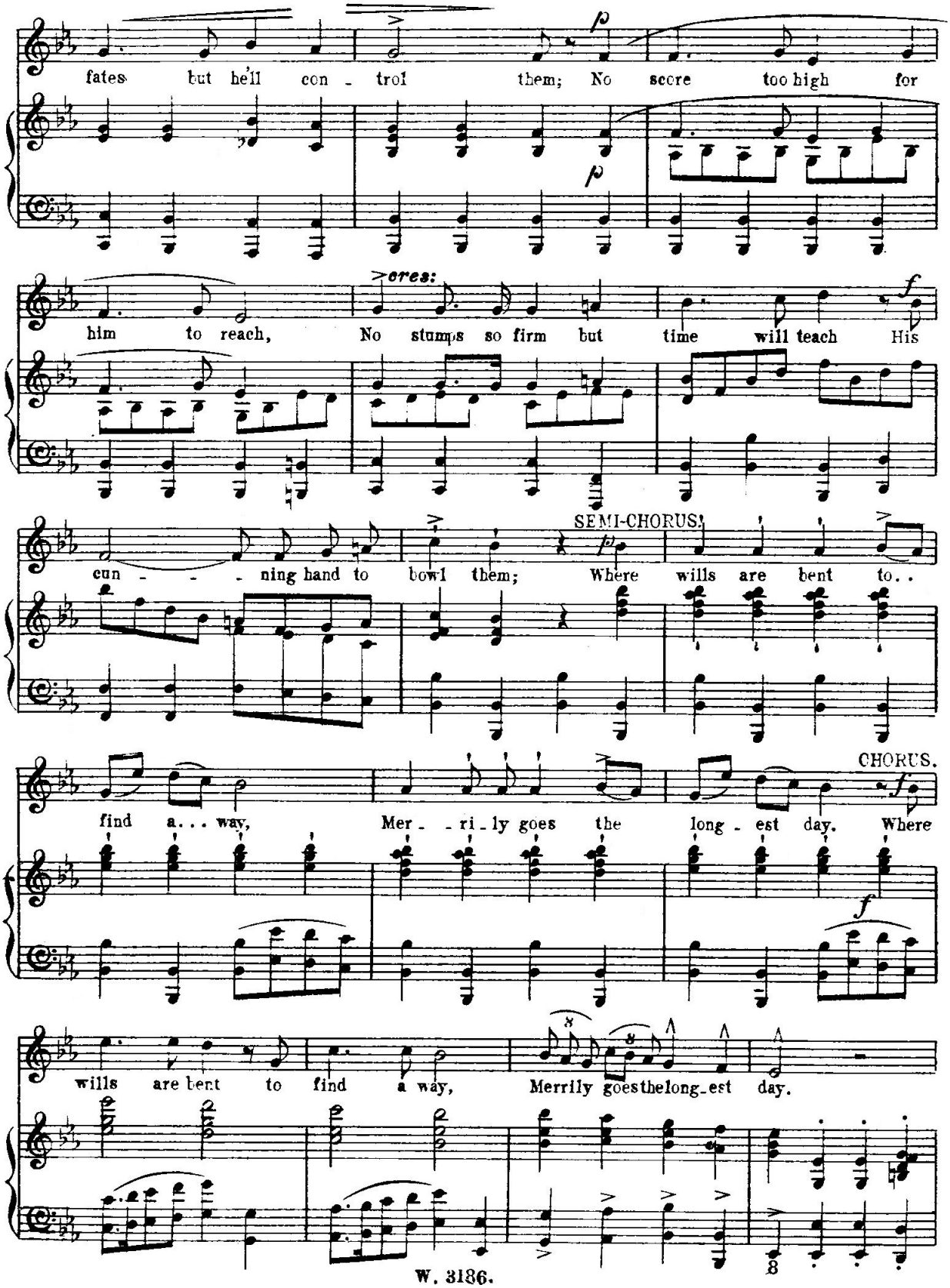
SUMMER SONG.

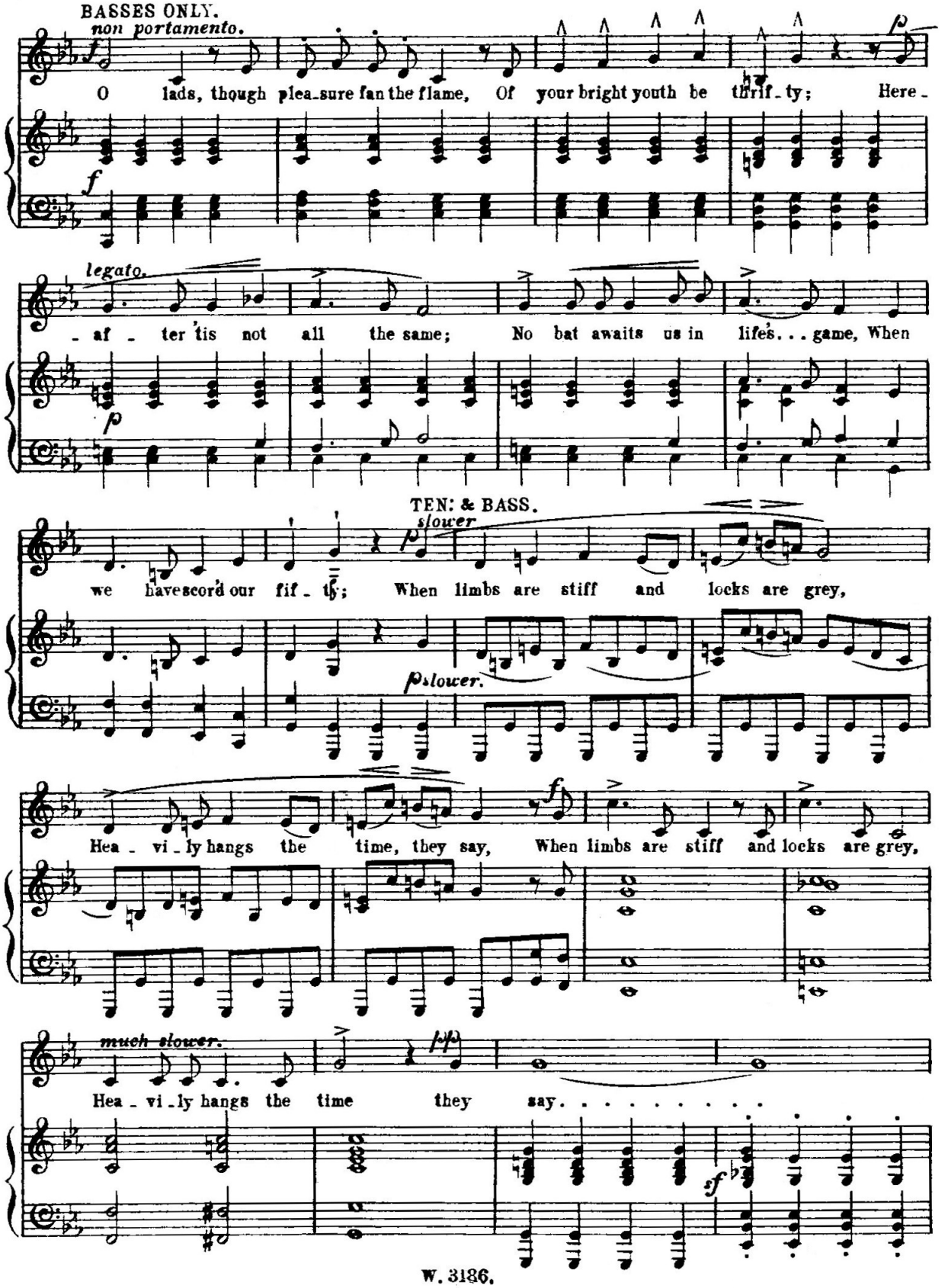
Words by JAMES RHOADES. Music by LOUIS N. PARKER.

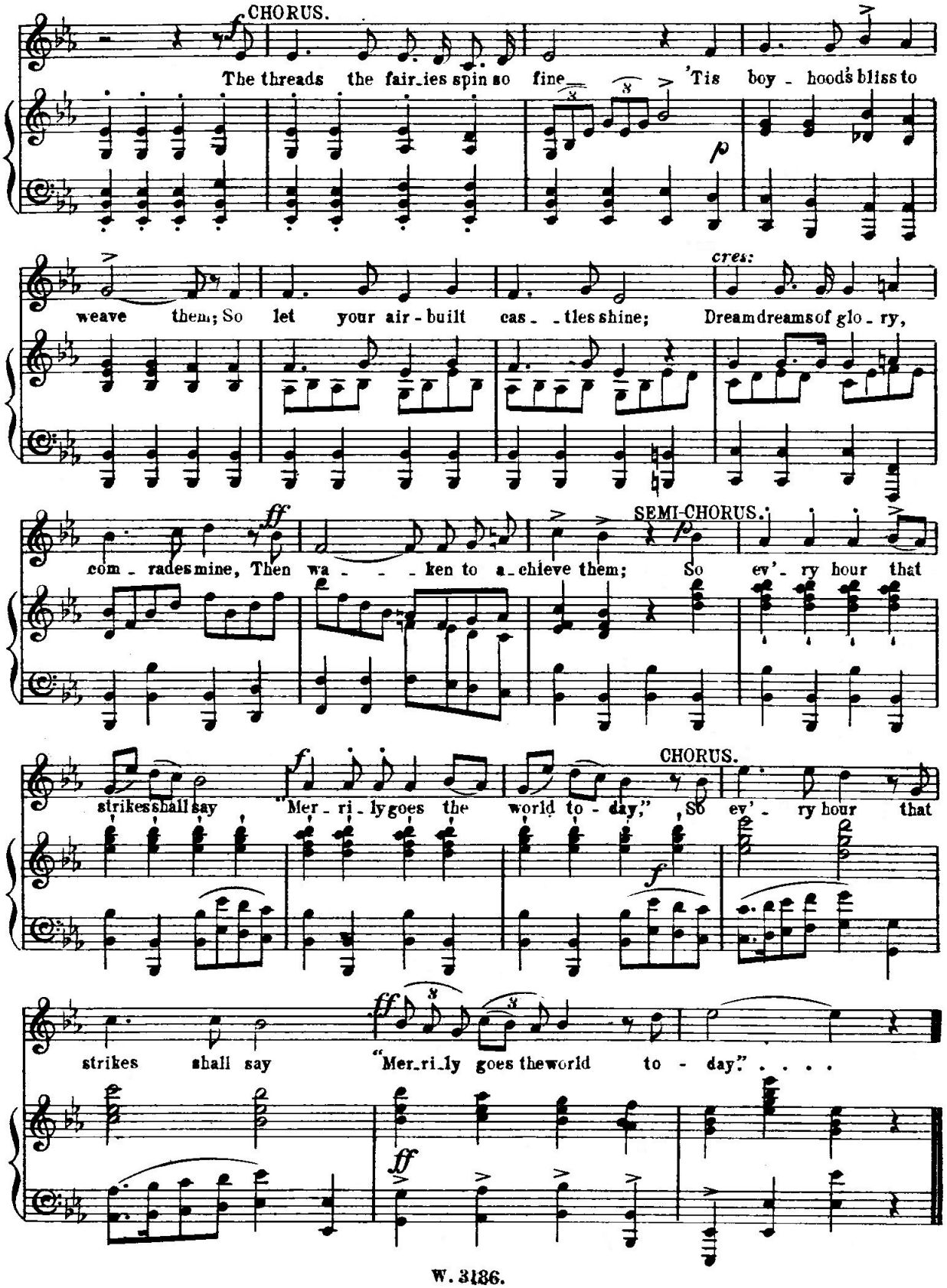



all day long and ev'_ _ry day Mer _ ri _ ly goes the..
CHORUS.
time they say. For all day long and ev' _ _ ry day
Mer_ri _ ly goes the time they say. Six
thir _ _ ty sees him out of bed, With fif _ _ teen hours be _
_fore him; By hope al _ lur'd, by fan _ _ cy led, To


ores:
him 'twill seem scarce five are sped, Ere night. . . . . be closing
SEMI-CHORUS.
o'er him; For what with work, and.. what with play,
Mer_ri_ly runs the.. world a_way. For what with work and
CHORUS.
what with play, Mer_ri_ly runs the world a_ _way.
No fears his prow_ess can im_peach; No


fates but he'll con - trol them; No scene too high for
p
p
him to reach, No stumps so firm but time will teach His
cres:
f
cun - - - ning hand to bowl them; Where wills are bent to..
SEMI-CHORUS.
p
find a... way, Mer - - ri - ly goes the long - est day. Where
CHORUS.
f
f
wills are bent to find a way, Merrily goesthelong-est day.


BASSES ONLY.
non portamento.
O lads, though plea-sure fan the flame, Of your bright youth be thrif-ty; Here-
legato.
-af-ter 'tis not all the same; No bat awaits us in life's...game, When
TEN: & BASS.
slower
we have score'd our fif-ty; When limbs are stiff and locks are grey,
p slower.
Hea-vi-ly hangs the time, they say, When limbs are stiff and locks are grey,
much slower.
Hea-vi-ly hangs the time they say.


CHORUS.
The threads the fair_ies spin so fine 'Tis boy_hood's bliss to
weave them; So let your air-built cas_tles shine; Dream dreams of glo_ry,
cres:
com_rades mine, Then wa_ken to a_chieve them; So ev'_ry hour that
SEMI-CHORUS.
strikes shall say "Mer_ri_ly goes the world to_day," So ev'_ry hour that
CHORUS.
strikes shall say "Mer_ri_ly goes the world to_day."

A SUMMER SONG

When March has blustered out of ken,
And May is waxing mellow,
Who finds himself at Sherborne then,
Somewhere ‘twixt twenty years and ten,
I deem a happy fellow;
For all day long and every day
Merrily goes the time, they say.

Six-thirty sees him out of bed,
With fifteen hours before him;
By hope allured, by fancy led,
To him ‘twill seem scarce five are sped
‘Ere night is closing o’er him;
For what with work, and what with play,
Merrily runs the world away.

No fears his prowess can impeach;
No fates but he’ll control them;
No score too high for him to reach,
No stumps so firm but time will teach
His cunning hand to bowl them;
Where wills are bent to find a way
Merrily goes the longest day.

O lads, though pleasure fan the flame,
Of your bright youth be thrifty;
Hereafter ‘tis not all the same;
No bat awaits us in life’s game,
When we have scored our fifty;
When limbs are stiff and locks are grey,
Heavily hangs the time, they say.

The threads that fairies spin so fine –
‘Tis boyhood’s bliss to weave them;
So let your air-built castles shine;
Dreams dream of glory, comrades mine,
Then waken to achieve them;
So every hour that strikes shall say
‘Merrily goes the world to-day.’

Words by James Rhoades (1841-1923).
Score by Louis Napoleon Parker (1852-1944).