

A handwritten musical score for a piece titled "School Song Music 1". The score is written on four systems of staves, each system containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in treble and bass clefs. The first system includes a common time signature (C) and the instruction "MARCATO". The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings like accents (>) and slurs. The score is presented in a vertical orientation on the page.

School Song Music 2

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, containing a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The piano part features chords and moving lines in both hands.

REFRAIN:

The second system, labeled 'REFRAIN', also consists of three staves. The vocal line continues with a similar melodic pattern. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and rhythmic patterns.

The third system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a few notes with accents. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked 'Broadly' with a dashed line underneath, indicating a change in tempo or mood. The system concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

SCHOOL SONG.

Sons of Yorkshire, lift your voices, joyfully proclaim
Honour to the School that bred you, glory in it's name -
Yorkshire's daughters, swell the chorus, echo loud your praise,
Hail with song the School that gives you joyful happy days.

Here to-day and gone to-morrow,
Days at School will quickly pass;
Let your work be joy, not sorrow;
"Labor ipse voluptas".

Mind and han alike here gather strength to see life through,
Gaining skill and storing knowledge, sifting false from true;
Goals and wickets, bursts and rallies, matches won and lost,
All are part of one great lesson - "Strive, nor count the cost".

Here to-day and gone to-morrow,
Days at School will quickly pass;
Let your work be joy, not sorrow,
"Labor ipse voluptas".

Arm you, then, for life's endeavour, choose your weapons here;
Keep them bright, your shields untarnished, records clean and
clear,
Bear the torch, as borne before you, hand it on again;
Work with pleasure be your motto, this your glad refrain.

Here to-day and gone to-morrow -
Grasp your school-days 'ere they pass;
Struggle gaily, banish sorrow,
"Labor ipse voluptas".

A.G.J.

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