

THE  
MARLOWIAN  
School Song

WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY

Charles Lister Bradley

*(Sometime Choir & Music Master to the College)*

COPYRIGHT FOR  
ALL COUNTRIES.

Price 6<sup>d</sup>

London,  
THE LYRIC MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.  
120, Old Street, N. 1.

# THE "HARLOVIAN."

## SCHOOL SONG.

Written and Composed by

CHARLES LISTER BRADLEY

Tempo di marcia. *f*

VOICE. Play the games that Britons played of

PIANO. *marcato.*  
*gues.*

The first system of music features a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The voice line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics 'Play the games that Britons played of'. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of eighth notes and rests, marked with accents and dynamic markings like *f* and *marcato.*

yore, boys Play the games Har-lov-i-ans a-dore, boys

The second system continues the melody. The voice line has the lyrics 'yore, boys Play the games Har-lov-i-ans a-dore, boys'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note rhythm, featuring various chordal textures and dynamic markings.

Rush the ball a-long with mighty swing, boys, Play as if you meant to

The third system concludes the phrase. The voice line has the lyrics 'Rush the ball a-long with mighty swing, boys, Play as if you meant to'. The piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic and harmonic foundation, ending with a final chord.

*ff* CHORUS. *Grandioso.* 3

win boys Sing loud the fame sing

*rall.* *ff* *Grandioso.*

loud the name of all the old Harlovians Long live the school and

*sempre marcato.*

long live the rule To sing of the old Harlovians

2.

Now's the time to show you're brave and true, boys,  
Faithful to your colours gold and blue, boys,  
Don't forget the old'uns far away, boys,  
Do your work, and then, - just play boys!  
*Chorus.* Sing loud the fame sing loud the name  
Of all the old Harlovians  
For we've got the heart, to play our part  
Like the best of the old Harlovians.

3.

Fifty years of fortune fair, and fun, boys,  
Fifty years of honour bravely won, boys,  
Give a rousing cheer with all your might, boys,  
Cheer with voices bold and bright, boys!  
*Chorus.* Sing loud the fame, sing loud the name  
Of all the old Harlovians  
For we've got a mind - we'll not be behind  
The best of all Harlovians!