

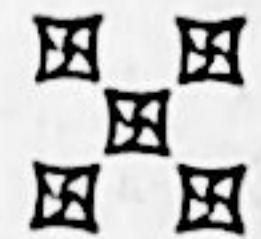
Schoolboys of the Empire!

By H. GWYNNE.



»»»»
This song has been composed specially for the HOLIDAY ANNUAL; the music will be found on the following pages. Ask your sister to play it over for you.
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Across the Empire's mighty space,
Through all her far-flung lands,
A sturdy band of schoolboys true
Are joining loyal hands.
We're one in work, in fun, in sport,
We're one in cheerful rag,
We're one in truth and honesty,
And one beneath her flag!



CHORUS.

Right worthy of our school we'll be,
Whatever be her name!
We'll try to do our very best,
And always play the game!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! for the schoolboys.
(Last line to be shouted.)

Each one upholds the school he loves,
In every land the same;
The work he does, the games he wins,
Are added to her fame.
All other schools from North to South,
And from the East to West,
Are fine—but every schoolboy says
That *his* school is the best!

CHORUS.

And when in time ahead we roam
The Empire near and far,
We'll think with pride of our old school,
That made us what we are!
And when we've passed those busy years
That stretch 'twixt Now and Then,
With hearts of gratitude, we'll thank
The school that made us men!

CHORUS.

Schoolboys of the Empire!

Music by
M. NUTBROWN

Words by
H. GWYNNE.

Briskly.

Voice.



A - cross the Empire's might-y space, Thro'

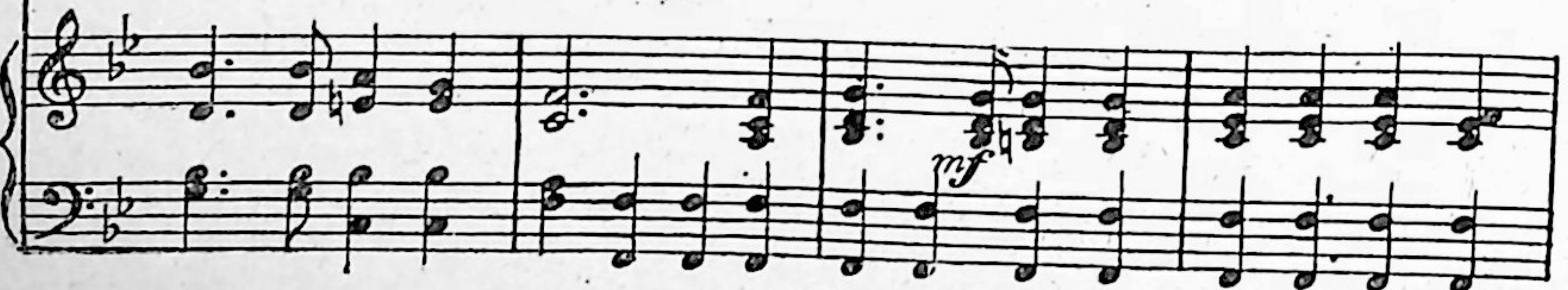
Piano.



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REFRAIN.

one be-neath her flag! Right worth - y of our school we'll be What

ev - er be her name, We'll try to do our ve-rybest And

al - ways play the game. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! for the school-boys!

PICTURESQUE SCENES OF COWBOY LIFE !



ROPING HORSES
IN THE CORRAL.



PULLING A COW OUT OF A
MUD-HOLE.



WATCHING THE HERD AT NIGHT.



BRANDING A CALF.



RIDING THE LINE OF THE FENCE