

Greyfriars School Song

Words by FRANK RICHARDS

Music by JEFF LYTTON

Marcia

Briese

ff

There

once was a friar of ord - ers grey Who

marcato

found - ed a school when he came this way, And

R.H.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo and mood are indicated by 'Marcia' and 'Briese'. The piano part starts with a forte dynamic 'ff'. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system includes a repeat sign and the word 'There'. The third system features the lyrics 'once was a friar of ord - ers grey Who' and a 'marcato' marking for the piano part. The fourth system includes the lyrics 'found - ed a school when he came this way, And' and a 'R.H.' marking for the piano part. The score concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

since that far date ump - teen years long a - go ————— Good old

Grey friars School — has con - tin - ued to grow. — There

may be a school some-where that is our match ————— But we

don't quite be - lieve there can be. ————— We

ra - ther think Grey-friars the best of the batch = At the

top! At the top! Right up at the top of the tree! — *28va*

(Sing) The top! The top!

CHORUS *a piacere*

Good old Grey friars, sec-ond — to none, —

Past and pres-ent, and for-ty years on!

R.H.

Nev-er in the cart, ——— ev - er in the van, ——— For

that is the way of a Grey - friars man! ——— With

work and play ——— our days are full, ——— Our

claim to fame ——— we play the game ——— And

car-ry on _____ the fam-ous name, _____ The fam-ous

ff

ff *ffz*

1.

name _____ of good old Grey - friars Schooll _____

ff *8*

2.

Grey - friars Schooll _____ Grey friars

Last time. rit

rit *D.S.* *8*

a tempo

Schooll _____

ff a tempo



2nd verse

When the rising-bell clangs in the dewy morn,
We roll out of bed, by the light of dawn.

"Now, then, they're my trousers!"

"They're my bags, you tick!"

"What swob's got my socks?" "I say,
this is too thick!"

We wash—all but Bunter—and rush down
to prayers,

"Hurry up, you men, here comes a pre!"

The last buttons buttoned halfway down
the stairs,

Tempus fugit, tempus fugit, tempus fugit,
and ditto do we!

Chorus.

Good old Greyfriars, second to none,
Past and present, and forty years on!

Never satisfied as an also ran,
For that is the way of a Greyfriars man.

We may get it hot, but we keep quite cool,
When Sixth Form ticks hand over six,

We pack our bags with Latin dic's, to take
the licks,

At good old Greyfriars School.

3rd verse

Sometimes there's a pillow-fight in the dorm,
And sometimes a rag on the beak in Form;

We work when we must, and we play when
we can,

For that is the way of a Greyfriars man.

We mug up our Latin, in verse and in
prose,

But we can't help a few rows and rags,

And then it's "Bend over, and touch
your toes!"

And it's six, and it's six, and it's six of the
best on the bags!

Chorus.

Good old Greyfriars, second to none,
Past and present, and forty years on,
Following tradition, that's the good old plan.
For that is the way of a Greyfriars man.

We toe the line when the beak's no fool,
Saying, "Yes, sir, oh!" and "Please, sir,
no!"

As our fathers did long, long ago, long, long,
ago,

At good old Greyfriars School!

4th verse

At games, I may mention, we're quite a
force,

We may lose a match now and then, of
course;

But the men here play footer, I'm open to
say,

With the accent emphatic and strong on
the "play";

Who cares if his jawbone is barged on
a boot?

We are not here to loaf or to loll,

Never mind a few hacks, they don't
matter a hoot,

If you hear the School yell for a goal!

Chorus.

Good old Greyfriars! On the ball, on!
Play up, a game's never lost till it's won;

Stick it to the end, keen as you began,
For that is the way of a Greyfriars man!

Go in and win, and take your gruel,

Who cares a pin for a broken shin,
Or a broken neck? Oh, shove it in! An-

other win!

For good old Greyfriars School!