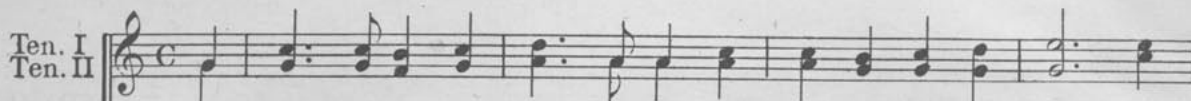


Come All Ye Glad Sinfonians



Words and Music : H. A. CLARKE
Beta

Ten. I
Ten. II





Come all ye glad Sin - fo - ni - ans And join with heart and voice, In
Ours is the art whose won - drous pow'r Still sways the heart of man, From


Bass I
Bass II


praise of our fra - ter - nal bond With hearty songs re - joice. Fair mu - sic is the ma - gic tie That
childhood's dawn to hoary age, It flings its rain - bow span. It nerves the soldier's valiant arm, It



binds our hearts in one, In un - ion strong then let us stand, While ceaseless sea - sons run.
breathes the vows of love, It cheers the sad with glow - ing hope Fore - taste of Heav'n a - bove.



CHORUS



Sin - fo - ni - a, Sin - fo - ni - a Long mayst thou flourish, Sin - fo - ni - a, Sin - fo - ni - a

Love mayst thou nourish, In ev - 'ry heart for mu sic's Art ne'er to de - part.

