

# Floreamus

G. C. Moore Smith

The Sheffield University Students' Song

Henry Coward

Choir & Piano

*With spirit.*

O the

3

life of a Stu-dent's the life made for me, By the Cam or the I - sis, the

6

Seine or the Spree, But the best of all Stu-dents, or more is the pi - ty, Are the

9

Stu - dents who ga - ther in Shef - field's black Ci - ty.

11

*Vivace*

O Stu - di - o - se mag - na cum vo - ce,

*Vivace*

2 15 *ff*

Flo - re - a - - - -

Dic Flo - re - a - mus, Dic Flo - re - a - mus, Flo - re - a -

Flo - re - a - - - -

18 mus. *f*

mus. 2. Do we

mus.

Repeat from  $\text{X}$  for each verse.

1. O the life of a Student's the life made for me,  
By the Cam or the Isis, the Seine or the Spree!  
But the best of all Students, or more is the pity,  
Are the Students who gather in Sheffield's black city!  
O Studiose, Magna cum voce, Dic, 'Floreamus!'

2. Do we envy the worldlings who toil but for gold,  
With their minds ever shrinking, their hearts growing cold!  
The Student who lives with the great ones of yore  
Has more in his garret than they in their store!  
O Studiose, etc.

3. When troubles infest us and life is stripped bare,  
With Darwin or Newton we banish our care;  
We have Shakespeare to charm us, and Shelley to sing,  
So, if the flies sting us, Amen, let them sting!  
O Studiose, etc.

4. There's a joy that descends on the Student alone  
When he conquers a poser and feels himself grown,  
When he sees a bit deeper in nature or man,  
And thinks a bit harder than simple folks can.  
O Studiose, etc.

5. And when work is put by, and he lifts up his eyes,  
How dear to the Student green fields and blue skies!  
The dark purple morn where he lies with his friend!  
The leaping and laughter! the talk without end!  
O Studiose, etc.

6. Then here's to our College, its friends, and its founders!  
And here's to sound learning and all its expounders!  
And here's to all Students, wherever they be,  
And, last but not least, here's to you and to me!  
O Studiose, etc.