

THE DJAH OLD SCHOOL

Words by
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Music by
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Moderato

Tempo di Fox-Trot

Gravioso

There are Eton and Harrow and

Stowe, And Rugby and Winchester too, But I think you'll agree, all you

fel lows with me That Bareroff blooms at the top of the tree There's a something a'je ne sais

qui' don't you see a - bout us, don't you think so? "WE DO!" I'm

r.h.

f
 not slatin' Repton or Rugby djah lads, I'm not sayin' Eton men always are cads, I'm

not sayin' Winchester can't be posh, I'm not sayin' Uppingham men never wash, Nor that

Scherzo

Har-row men are al-ways seen at Bill,..... In

bags as if they'd just roll'd down the Hill..... But

Barcroft's the pick of the bunch you'll admit! Ab-so-

-lute-ly and fi-nal-ly Barcroft is IT! CHO. The

Humorously, but with feeling
mf ad lib.

djah old school, The djah old school, Where the

Head non con- pos- mentis, Stood in lo- co- er par- en- tis and all that, The

djah old school, The djah old

school,..... Where we nev - er swear in Rugger, When

up for Con - firm - mug - ger, djah fel - lows, The djah old.

djah old djah old school..... The school.....

D.C.

"THE DJAH OLD SCHOOL"

(Continued)



II.

Of course, there were fellows, a few,
Whom a chap couldn't possibly know.
One could not be seen, if you know what I mean,
In the quad with a rotten outsider like Greene.
Oh, most frightfully poor, you know; hadn't a
bean.
A man couldn't know him.
CHO. : *Oh, no!*

Now, poverty isn't a crime, but gad!
It's doocid bad form—oh, most doocidly bad!
Bein' hard up, I think you'll acknowledge, is one
Of the things that most certainly never are done.
His hat, good gad! His trousers and his tie!
We barred the lout, of course, and passed him
by.
Not a bad chap, you know, in his way, but, my
hat!
A man should not parade in bags like that.

CHORUS

The djah old school,
The djah old school.
Where the good old Head still totters,
And we barred all cads and rotters and all that.
The djah old school,
The djah old school.
Where my name was on the panel,
When I became House-Flannel, djah fellows.
The djah old, djah old, djah old school.

III.

There were others, a few, you'll recall,
Who were barred by the House as too bad:
Perkins minor, the swot, was the worst of the lot,
He mugged up the classics, and that sort of rot,
And cared not a bean if the House went to pot.
He worked—really studied—
CHO. : *The cad!*

A man doesn't come up to Barcroft to learn,
But because his dear pater has money to burn.
The rottenest thing you can say of a chap
Is to call him a swot, or a greaser, or sap.
At Barcroft we disdained to learn at all.

But think, you men, of Speecher in Big Hall!
And the pots on the sideboard in silvery ranks!
Who cared if the brains were all perfect blanks?

CHORUS

The djah old school,
The djah old school.
The old Form-rooms that we sat in,
Picking up our scraps of Latin, and all that.
The djah old school,
The djah old school.
We had little, but we had some!
We could all at Roll say "adsum," djah
fellows.
The djah old, djah old, djah old school!

IV.

My fag, I remember, was Jones,
Decent kid in the Shell, don't you know.
It was really his joy, which seemed never to cloy,
To scud up the stairs when he heard me call,
"Boy!"
Believe me, no man-servant that I employ
Is as good as that fag was.
CHO. : *Bravo!*

You can't whop a valet who loses a stud,
Or leaves on your shoes a suspicion of mud;
You can't whop a butler who snaffles your port,
Or a cook if he doesn't do just as he ought.
At Barcroft School fag-masters keep a bat,
And if fags put on roll, just give them that!
It's wonderful how a junior never lags,
When he knows that it means for him six on the
bags.

CHORUS

The djah old school,
The djah old school.
Where we gave our fags a whopping,
For a plate or saucer dropping, and all that.
The djah old school,
The djah old school.
Where they thought themselves in clover,
If they weren't told to bend over, djah fellows.
The djah old, djah old, djah old school.