

Alma Mater

(School Song – Our Old High)

Once again, here as schoolmates assemble,
We fain would lift our hearts in song,
To our High School, our dear Alma Mater,
Let gladness the moments prolong;
We are proud of her lads and her lasses,
Of honors won in days gone by,
So here's a cheer for our old High School,
For our High School,
Our dear Old High.

Here's to our classes, here's to our lasses,
Here's to the lads they adore;
Here's to the Seniors so mighty,
Juniors so flighty,
“Freshy” and “Sophomore”,
Let mirth and gladness banish all sadness,
And as the days go by,
You'll find us ready and steady
Boosting for our “Old High”.

Soon for us will the school days be ended,
The dreams of youth, that fade so fast,
But we know that the hearts oft will ponder,
In memory, o'er scenes that are past,
These are joys that will long be remembered
And friendships too, that ne'er can die,
Then here's a cheer for our old High School,
For our old High School, our dear “Old High.”