

Class Song 1883

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With joyful voices, clear and strong
Our farewell song we sing;
And while our thoughts are free from care,
Our hearts in sadness cling
To old familiar scenes; for here
How many days we've passed,
In gathering golden seeds which yield
A harvest rich at last.

With steady hope and earnest will,
We'll toil on to the end;
Yet backward through a life of care,
To loving thought we'll send
To our blessed schoolroom, teachers kind,
And friends of youth gone by.
Now from our hearts we offer up
A slow and sad "good-bye."