



# The Palmetto '23

## Senior Class Poem

*We dearly love you, Carlisle School;  
There's none so rare as you  
Among the many colleges  
And other prep-schools too.*

*In this most honored school we've spent  
Our youngest, happiest years;  
We've had our pleasures, sorrows, griefs,  
Our laughter and our tears.*

*And now our waited-for June has come,  
We've reached our goal at last;  
We stand upon the brink of life  
And look back on the past.*

*The road we've come is stern and hard,  
We've been a weary while,  
We've gained our first mile-stone at last  
And greet it with a smile.*

*We're glad to lay aside our books,  
To know our work is done,  
The work we've mixed all through and through  
With seriousness and fun.*

*But while our battered books we close,  
Our eyes with gladness fall  
Upon the many little things  
That have made school bright for all.*

*Within these cherished walls we've spent  
Such happy, happy hours,  
We're loath to give up all the joy  
That once we claimed as ours.*

*But broader fields are calling us,  
Though schools we must forsake,  
Our memories all our lives we'll keep,  
Our ties we shall not break.*

*So fling her banner to the breeze;  
Yes, raise it for the sky to rule,  
Keep fresh the memory evermore  
Of dear old Carlisle School.*

R. H. PARNELLE, Poet, '23.