

## *Class Poem*

Across the sea, a ship came sailing,  
As it had sailed in years before;  
To anchor the Cottageville Seniors  
Upon the graduation shore.

Twelve years our ship had sailed  
Proudly over waters blue;  
Twelve years it had not failed  
To prove loyal, faithful, and true.

There were times our ship was hard to steer  
Because of waves that dashed so high;  
But our captain bade us not to fear,  
For soon the shore would be nigh.

As we sailed over waters deep,  
Over smooth and rugged ways,  
Time silently upon us did creep  
To end the voyage of our school days.

As our ship drew near the desired shore,  
There was a sadness within our heart;  
For with our classmates we'd be no more,  
And from our school we must depart.

As our ship drew near the harbor of our goal,  
Which in reaching we've known both joy and strife,  
We know not what for us the future will hold,  
But with heads held high, we face a new life.

Evelyn Adams  
Class Poet