

Class Poem

Twenty seniors are on the eve of graduation,
Long awaited with eager anticipation.

Twelve long years have passed and gone.
Each heart string plays a happy song.

With all the celebrating and making jolly,
Deep within is born a feeling melancholy.

As school days like an ebbing tide,
Go out, no longer to abide.

A part of life for us is over;
As separation like a gloom o'er us does hover.

We've memories to treasure of C.H.S.
Where we were taught to accept the worst
while striving for the best.

We stand together, the class of 1956,
Watching the doors close, our emotions mixed.

We're happy, yet a little sad.
Somewhat sorrowful, yet glad.

We'll separate each with his path to trod,
Onward, upward, always trusting in God.

Our Alma Mater we'll always hold in high esteem;
Cottageville, to us, will forever be supreme.

Rodgernelle Cattels