



W. H. S. CEDAR CHEST 1926

THE SENIOR CLASS POEM

BY

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Four times we saw the summer wane,
Four times saw the fluttering snow;
Four times we saw the tender grass
Of Springtime come and go.

Each changing season brought us near
And nearer—man to man.
Our Alma Mater fostered us
As through our course we ran.

At last, upon the brink of life
We pause, and linger long,
Regretting that the day has come
In which we end our song.

For, true indeed, a friendship good
Is but a song of life;
A gentle cadence now and then
Disturbed by petty strife.

But, when we look across the years,
We've been together here,
We find no cause to once regret
What we have done—nor fear.

Our friendships have been warm indeed,
The handclasps firm and fixed,
As year by year we've rallied 'round
The Class of 'Twenty-Six.

Now, in the portals of the world
We linger yet a while
To bid farewell to high school days
With their bewitching guile.

Our years together have been short—
Too short, it seems to me.
We wish that we could live them o'er
Upon the campus free.

Yet, time will make the best of friends
And even loved ones part;
But parting binds them closer still—
Each heart to noble heart.

Farewell, O noble walls, farewell!
Up, classmates loyal—fixed:
A health to passing high school days!
A health to 'Twenty-Six!