



If you should search this country o'er, from Florida to Maine,
From Golden gate to Plymouth Rock, and then come back again;
From Northern Pines to Western Plains amid the Southern Flowers;
You'll never find a better school than this old school of ours.

And here's a rousing health to her, and here's a loud "Hooray";

And may the glories of our school grow brighter every day.

There's something that we wish to say that may seem strange to you,

But we have known it all along and so, of course, it's true.

No matter where you chance to roam beneath the flag so free,

You'll never find a better school than Jenkinsville S. C.

And here's a rousing health to her, and here's a loud "Hooray";

And may the glories of our school grow brighter every day.