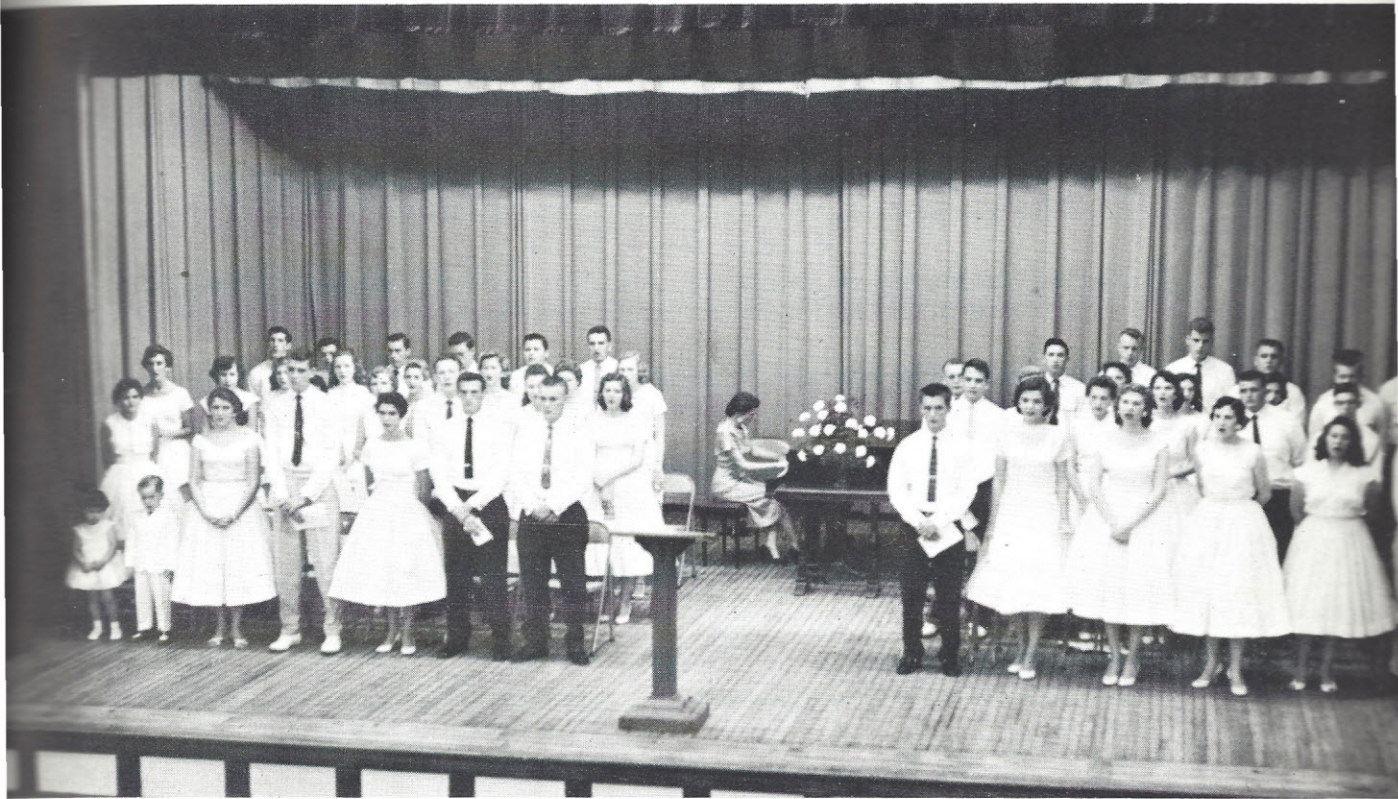


CLASS NIGHT



Mount Zion, we bid thee fond farewell
This day with heavy heart
The saddest of all occasions
Is when dear friends must part.

We hold our heads up high, and smile,
No one should even guess
The radiant light upon each face
Is not pure happiness.

We pause to thank our patient teachers
For interest they have shown;
And humbly ask them to forgive
The class for each small wrong.

Mount Zion, we bid thee farewell,
Though another door appears,
The memories of these precious hours
Will linger through the years.



CLASS POET - Ruby Nell Black