

# CLASS POEM

*The mirth, the laughter, the carefree song  
Of the child has dwindled and passed along.  
We are no longer children, but young men and women,  
Yes, and it won't be long!*

*Winnsboro, thou glory of our years!  
Our final farewell all too swiftly nears.  
Too soon, it seems, time ticks away  
To bring alas our parting day—  
So soon alone to shape our own careers!*

*We here depart from home and friends  
To trod life's path henceforward to its ends.  
We bid them all a fond adieu,  
For each of us must seek anew  
A way of life awaiting 'round timeless bends.*

*Teachers, you shall ever be  
The mold of young mind and personality.  
We leave you with gratitude, yet sorrow—  
You must remain to guide others to their tomorrow.  
Yours is a noble and necessary responsibility.*

*In the years yet to come and pass,  
Mem'ries great and small we shall amass;  
As we sit and ponder and reminisce,  
We'll recall with equal bliss  
The joys, the trials of each high school class.*