

FALL



ALMA MATER

We hail thee, Winnsboro,
The pride of each heart.
We cherish fond memories
Thy halls now impart.
Thy ideals are lofty;
Thy standards we praise.
We hail thee, Winnsboro,
We bask in thy rays.

Thy sons and thy daughters
All cherish thy fame.
We'll hold high the banner
To honor thy name.
We'll proudly unfurl it
In purity bright.
We hail thee, Winnsboro,
Our strong beacon light.

