

CLASS SONG

(TUNE "MEMORIES")

Memories, memories, we'll have
quite a few,
Friends and classmates we have
made
Now we're leaving you.
Collegiate days now are o'er,
But in our hearts they'll stay,
Saint Augustine's we'll be true,
True to you every day.

Our dreams of life, we'll plan to
mold,

Four years of study now are o'er
Into the world we'll go,
Farewell, Saint Aug., our foster
home,

Four years of joys we've known;
Classmates, friends, farewell to
What we've learned, we shall show.
you,

"Veritas liberabit vos."

Mary Florence Boley '40

CLASS POEM

Oh noble school, scene of our hap-
py days,
Where we have worked and played
there four, fast-moving years.
Dear St. Augustine's, we would
sing thy praise,
Yet fain would mingle with our
plaudits, tears
Not tears of joy but tears which
show regret
At leaving thee so soon, Oh stead-
fast friend
Whose guiding hand has never
let us yet
Wander astray, or from thy ideals
bend.

Dear Alma Mater, in our sojourn
here,
We have endeavoured to fulfill
thy aim—
In our regard for all that you hold
dear,
We've striven but to bring thee
greater fame—
To add a bit, in our own humble
way
To that great luster, shining far
and wide
Of thy proud name; for through-
out our stay
We've heard it loud acclaimed on
every side.

So now we leave thy stately, much
loved walls,
And wind our way into the world
beyond
These walls, where duty sternly
calls,
And fain would have us quit our
memories fond;
But though we leave thee, we will
ne'er forget
Your noble spirit, which has made
our souls
The seats of high ideals, and
thoughts and yet
Will mold our minds, as year to
year unfolds.

Oh, Alma Mater, all that you here
taught
Will still remain, as we from thee
depart
All things that thy dear, faithful
care has wrought
In us, will stay deep in the heart
Of our lives, a cherished memory
there;
And in our lives, we will perpetu-
ate
The courage, noble deeds, and ac-
tions fair
All taught by you and learned by
us of late.

Rosa Hall—Class of '40