

ALMA MATER

In the vale the river flows,
Rolling gently by,
On the hill our school of dreams
Silhouettes the sky.
Alma Mater! Alma Mater!
Be thou ever nigh.
For we love our school of dreams,
Love thee, Eastern High.

When the thoughts of other days
'Round our hearts entwine.
Then in memory we'll meet,
At thy sacred shrine.
Alma Mater! Alma Mater!
Grant thy care benign.
School of dreams, we'll follow all
The precepts that are thine.

Paul R.G. Smith