

WOLLONGONG HIGH SCHOOL

FAREWELL SONGS.

SCHOOL SONG

Come all students of High,
Hail to the black and the green,
Proudly shall our flag fly,
Flag of the emerald sheen,
Black for the coal that gives life to our mills,
Green for the meadows that slope to our hills
Let your voice ring as we joyfully sing
Wollongong High School are we.

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Nature's beauty enshrines,
Schoolrooms and broad fields of play,
Sunlight sparkles and shines,
Bright on our beaches and bays.
Where the twin mountains like sentinels stand
Where the waves crash on the long golden strand
Twixt the dark range and the sea's restless change
Wollongong High School are We.

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Long shall our memories hold,
Thoughts of the school of our youth
Her great precepts threefold
Honour and Courage and Truth
Honour to friend and to foe in the fight
Courage to strive for the things that are right
Truth to be sought and wrong to be fought
Wollongong High School are we.
Wollongong High School are we.

THE DINNER OF THE YEAR

Air: "There's a Tavern in the Town".

Now that we are meeting here, meeting here,
At the dinner of the year, of the year,
And though in scattered places we will be,
The School we'll hold in memory.
Let us take the time that's fleeting,
And remember we'll be meeting,
In the years to come when student days are past, are past
Here's to our friendship ever strong, ever strong,
Despite the years that roll along, roll along.
Then let us now our toasting glasses clink
And to "re-union" let us drink, let us drink.

THE GOOD OLD SCHOOL

Air: "Men of Harlech"

Kembla, Keira, Bass and Flinders
Sing as one as mem'ry lingers
Sing to High and sing forever
To our good Old School.
Most of us are striving
Some of us deciding
What we'll do when we leave school,
And give up fag for something more inspiring
Sport and frolic, these are they,
That round out our working day.
And for these we turn for aye
To our good Old School.

THOSE DAYS OF FAG

Air: "Clementine".

In the schoolyard, in the schoolyard,
Ruminating on exams,
Stood a student, most imprudent
Muttering assorted "darns"
Oh the Leaving, Oh the Leaving
Oh the Leaving's nearly on
And I've gone and lost my Chem. notes
Dreadful sorry, chances gone.

In the playground, near the tuckshop,
Stood the mathematics fans
Puzzling out a tricky theorem
All on circles, chords and tans.
Why the dickens, why the dickens
Why the dickens must we grill
At these everlasting theorems,
Never learned them, never will.

In November, This November
All the facts we'll have to tell,
And we'll find that work and talkies
Do not mix so very well.
Oh the Leaving, Oh the Leaving,
Oh the Leaving's coming fast,
When its over we're in clover,
All the fagging will be past.

In the future, in the future,
When we're at our daily task,
It's then we'll find the answer
To the question that we ask.
When we're building roads and bridges
Editing a social mag.,
Running fact'ries, flying aeros.,
Then we'll bless those days of fag.

FAREWELL SONG

Air: "The King's Highway".

So long to High, sorry to leave this school of ours
So long to High, where we have spent such happy hours
It's been great to meet you here
Right good company and right good Cheer
Come then my friends
Since we know success depends
On what we did while here
Let us banish all our fears
As we did in High School days.

Five whole years,
Filled with laughter and with fears,
Soon we'll sigh
For the pals we met made it good to be at High.
So long to you
Though we never meet again,
The memory will stay,
As we go through rain or shine.
Remembering our Farewell Day.
Remembering our Farewell Day.

Words of above composed by 4th Year 1952.

TUNE: THE MAORI'S FAREWELL.

Now is the hour when we must say good-bye
Soon you'll be leaving school days far behind,
While you're away, O please remember me,
When you return you'll find us waiting here.

(While 5th Year departs, sing this twice, then Auld Lang Syne.)

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
for auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty frier
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll take a right gude-willy waugh
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
for auld lang syne.