

## School Song

Let others sing of college days,  
Their Alma Mater true,  
But when we raise our voices,  
'Tis only High, for you.  
We'll ne'er forget those days gone by,  
Those glorious days of old,  
When oft we sang the praises of  
The Crimson and the Gold.

Dear high, dear Central High  
Thy mem'ries never die.  
Thy honor we'll cherish and  
Laud it to the sky,  
On ballfield or in life,  
In peace or deadly strife,  
For thee we all will labor,

For thee, oh, dear old High!