

TO FRIENDS OF DUNBAR HIGH SCHOOL

(A poem of thanks and gratitude for Forty-seven years of Loyal Service)

I

The snow of winter melts away;  
But in Life's busy mart  
The sunshine of a brighter day  
Still lingers in our hearts.

II

The Thanks and Gratitude we owe  
Are measured, not in tears,  
But in the golden paths you made  
Beyond the trackless years.

III

Take these, few, feeble, failing words,  
We pass along to you;  
Before we leave the school we love,  
To keep a Rendezvous.

IV

Take forty-seven years of Love.  
It's all we have to give ...  
As payment on a Priceless Debt  
For all the days we live.

V

Take all the Good we ever did,  
And spread it round the World,  
That it may be a beacon light  
To unborn Boys and Girls.

VI

High on a Hill, at Twelfth and Polk,  
We paused to say FAREWELL;  
And there we placed a Votive Stone ...  
Where Joy and Sorrow fell,

VII

Where those who walked the hallowed  
Halls  
Of Dear Old Dunbar High,  
Have carved their marks of EXCELLENCE  
Across the crowded sky.

VIII

What is the Fate toward which we go?  
Where shall the bright Road end?  
How shall we reach that certain Realm  
That lies around the Bend?

IX

On what far-distant April Night  
Shall we convene again?  
Or will it all be Yesterday,  
And Time that won't remain?

X

And so we thank the P. T. A.  
That shaped our Destiny;  
We thank our Honor Graduates,  
And Clarence William Seay.

XI

We thank such souls as Mister Johns,  
Blanche Green and Edna Scott;  
And F. P. Lewis and Mildred Brown  
And Nannie Winston's heart.

XII

We thank our Parents gratefully,  
Who worked that we might try, --  
Who went without, that we might have  
The chance that passed them by.

XIII

We thank a slowly thoughtful town,  
That finally paused to say:  
A sad FAREWELL to Dunbar High  
Before we walk away ...

XIV

We thank our Teachers and our Friends  
Who made this all worthwhile;  
And though the Future is unknown,  
We face it with a Smile.

XV

We thank our God, that we alone  
Can make this sacred Vow;  
That if we win or if we fail  
Is all that matters now.

XVI

And now the clock has run its course  
On Forty-Seven Years,  
So Keep This Night -- This Matchless  
Night --  
Among Your Souvenirs.