

FROM THE ARCHIVES

A Poem written by a past student on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee
(25th Anniversary)

Career

How sweet upon the air
The breath of those who sang
In former years incessant hangs?
A greeting rings beyond
This little land
For this bright day,
And brighter things.

From those illumed pages
We unfold our joy,
For we have wrapped ourselves
In what they writ;
And see! The light that sweeps
Its rays on us,
Originates with them,
Burns with their glory.

But what shall be the song
Of those who follow on
If we stand still?
Here let us batter our ignorance,
Untethering our minds
To spheres exalted
Clearing our hearts
To throb into the heights
Where they be heard.

Here let us earn
The rights for which we ask,
Clasping our earnings
With a pure clean hand.
Through tireless toil and tearless bravery,
In energetic and determined haste,
Let us achieve
For this small land of ours
A voice with others.
And let there be no destiny for us
But that we build

Anna Sealey