

Honour The Work

Words by: A.G. Dawse Music by: Charles Breen

Blithesome our hearts are and free is our fancy,
Swift fly the hours in work and in play;
Fain would we linger, but youth turns to manhood,
School days are passing, and we must away.

CHORUS:

Honour the work, let our motto remind us.
When courage weakens and stern grows the fight,
Strong, like its pillars, the school stands behind us,
Standing for duty, and standing for right.

Lo! Steering westward through life's stormy surges,
Those who once laboured and played here are gone;
Before them the vision, a lamp lit by learning,
A shrine to be guarded and fame to be won.

(This verse is sung only on commemorative occasions)

Red blood of youth calls from far distant Flanders,
Calls o'er the sea from Gallipoli shore;
Loud rings the voice of the deathless departed:
"Honour the work that we honoured of yore."^[55]