



THE ALMA MATER

Gentle slopes and lofty tower
Radiant in the sun
Arching bridge and shaded valley
All our hearts have won

Withrow's beauty, Withrow's splendor
Fill our hearts with pride
Love for you our Alma Mater
Ever will abide.

Friendships made in search of knowledge
Cherished binds and true.
Memories of golden hours
Hold us close to you.

As we venture from your portals
Aims held ever high
We held ever high
We'll turn back to glimpse once more
The lower against the sky.