

ALMA MATER

"The Red & Gold"

*Come we will sing together. Once more the ringing song,
A strain that the coming classes, Unceasingly shall prolong.
The praise of our Alma Mater, Dear Simpson will e'er be told.
We'll cherish thy recollections. And swear by the Red and Gold.*

*Fade less still the laurels. Won by the football team;
Here's to the Knights of the diamond, Brightly their vict'ries gleam,
No fear, for tomorrow's struggle. Shall ever new triumphs hold,
While the sturdy sons of Simpson. Press on with the Red and Gold.*

*Though in years before us, Life's skies grow dull and gray,
The friends of our youth are scattered, We journey our lonely way;
Sweet memories oft will linger. Of those dear days of old,
When beneath the whis'pring maples, We flaunted the Red and Gold.*