



ALMA MATER

To the fairest high school of them all we will sing with hearty will,

Till the echoes sound in every hall, till our hearts in answering thrill.

We will sing of joyous victory, on diamond, field, and track.

Midst the golden haze of high school days, our hearts to thee turn back.

Hail Alma Mater, our Alma Mater, Monroe all hail to thee.

We'll love thee ever, all voiced together, and ever sing of thee.