

CRESCENT'S FIRST SCHOOL

SONG

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(To the tune of "Calgary")

Crescent Heights, Crescent Heights, Whose honor we now claim:

Ours to keep, free from blame, Fair play is our aim.

Crescent Heights, Crescent Heights, Loyal we will be:

C.H.C.I. Crescent! Rah! It means so much to me.

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SECOND SCHOOL SONG

Three cheers for Crescent - Hip-Hip Hooray.

She is the school we fight for each day.

In the school and on the ground,

United and loyal we are bound,

In basketball and rugby too,

Our team from Crescent will see us through!

So hold your heads up to the sky,

and three cheers for Crescent High!

1989 - SCHOOL SONG

We are the Cowboys, we are Crescent.

We wear the colours red, white and blue.

You can be the best, when you wear the crest

And bring victory to our school.

The Crescent Cowboys have the top guns

And we're determined, watch them roll.

We're the ones with spirit, the ones with zest,

The ones who'll conquer all the rest.

We call the dream our goal.

We are the Cowboys, we are Crescent.

And we are stronger than the rest.

We have tradition,

It's our ambition

To be the very best.

Crescent's Duty

Rear up a school with name to last,
The school of Crescent Heights,
Hold up her honor of the past,
Her triumphs and her rights.
Let every Crescent pupil be
A book within a book,
Let every Crescent student see
Respect in others' look!
Though pleasures you needs must forfeit,
Let not that bother you,
Your duty to your school demands it—
Crescents! To it be true!

Love her who educates you well,
Do not a slacker be,
And when 'pon memory you dwell
Say, "Dearly I love thee."
Love her, however hard the work
By teachers asked to do,
Toil on, though easy 'tis to shirk—
To your best self be true.
And then in all the years to come,
Though scattered far you be,
Through Memory's vast priceless tome
What joy she'll yield to thee!

HOPE'S REALIZATION.

nd

Full many a time in the years gone by
Had I heard the praises of Crescent High
And I often wished for the happy day
When through her portals I could take my way.

But little I thought that my fondest dream
Which then, a mere fantasy did seem,
Should ever be realized, and that I
Should enter the gates of C.H.C.I.

Then came a time, for me with pleasure dight
And a light shone forth from out of the night,
For I was to come, a whole year to spend
In the grand old school which I now attend.

On September First nineteen twenty-one
Was a happy year of my life begun
For that was the day on which I became
A Crescent Heights student in heart and name.

And now that I've been there eight months or more
I know that to leave her will grieve me sore;
For of all the schools in our glorious West
C.H.C.I. is the noblest and best.

RAYMOND KLINCK.

