SCHOOL SONG

(1)
Its days may not be manifold
Its students may be few;
But we have often shown the rest
What Albury can do.
We’ve shown it in the summer days
The willow meets the ball;
We’ve shown it on the football field
At the best High School of all.

Chorus
So sing until the rafters ring,
And ring again the call;
For it’s your school and it’s my school
And the best High School of all.

WAR CRY

Oompah, Oompah,
Yacki, Yacki, Oompah,
Bluemella, Bluemella, Yah, Yah, Yah;
Ego yah, ego yah,
Anargi, Popargi, Urnanagi,
Albury High School, yah, yah, yah;
Pom-tita pom, pom-tita pom,
Hullah, hullah, umpah, hah,
Albury High School, yah, yah, yah.

(2)
We’ll show it in the classroom, too
When French comes round again;
And Mathematics makes us grind
And groan with mental pain.
We’ll stick the torturing periods out,
And very seldom fail,
When once again exams arrive,
At the best High School of all.

(3)
The day will come when we shall leave
Its doors to come no more;
But we shall often live again
The days we spent of yore.
The days that seemed so tedious then
But now can never pall.
The days of work, the days of play
At the best High School of all.

Chorus
Words by RC Wilkinson