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## PRESENT SCHOOL SONG



To us the School holds out the torch  
Of learning keen and clear;  
She lights the golden way that leads  
To where achievements crown the deeds of industry sincere;  
In knowledge she would make us strong,  
To her we dedicate our song. (Repeat once)

In fields of sport she trains us well,  
To play with might and main,  
To set the team above renown,  
To win ourselves a better crown,  
True fellowship to gain,  
In service she would make us strong,  
To her we dedicate our song. (Repeat once)

With courtesy and kindness  
She paves the path we tread;  
And in our hearts her light will shine,  
With understanding's grace divine,  
When days of youth have fled,  
In wisdom she would make us strong,  
To her we dedicate our song. (Repeat twice)

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## NEWCASTLE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL EX-STUDENTS' UNION

1906



1990

# Thirty-Eighth Annual Dinner

MAIN AUDITORIUM  
Newcastle City Hall

Friday, 7th September, 1990



**Patrons:**  
**Mrs. Mabel Whiley, Mrs. Heather Woodward**  
**President: Mrs. Elaine Street**  
**Hon. Secretary: Mrs. Sue McConnell**  
**Hon. Treasurer: Mrs. Kathy Faint**

THE QUEEN

GRACE ..... Read by Helen Haugh

APOLOGIES and MESSAGES  
Read by Sue McConnell

WELCOME TO VISITORS  
Elaine Street, President

INTRODUCTION OF GUEST SPEAKER  
Dorothy Lahey

ADDRESS — Lady Mayoress  
Mrs. Margaret McNaughton

VOTE OF THANKS TO SPEAKER  
Carolyn Rigby

PASSING PARADE ..... Elaine Street

THE SCHOOL SONGS

AT THE PIANO ..... Francis Gibson

"AULD LANG SYNE"

"ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR"

SCHOOL ANTHEM



Words by D. Birtles

Used prior to 1943

We students of Girls' High School  
Who walk in learning's light,  
Should e'er we make the slightest claim  
To scholarship or worldly fame  
We'll keep our honour bright.

Refrain, repeat three times  
Then let our hearts no weakness feel,  
But consecrate our high ideal.

We play the ball to reach the goal,  
And run the race to win,  
With spirit keen and courage bent,  
And on the game itself intent,  
Our purpose closes in.

Refrain—

Should we grow old and wise and grey,  
By striving in a world of men,  
We'll laugh at troubles long since past,  
Our fellowship will always last,  
And school days live again.

Refrain—