

(Alma Mater)

Nestled in Warwick's rugged hills
With their wealth of ore,
Stands our noble Alma Mater
Mother of our lore.

Chorus—

Lift the chorus, ever onward
Progress is our rule,
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater
Hail, Warwick High School.

Warwick's furnaces molded guns
To wage liberty's war,
Our Alma Mater molds her sons
To live forevermore.

Liberty's torch—we'll hold it high
All the ages through
We'll pledge our love and loyalty
Dear Alma Mater to you.

NORMAN RATCHFORD