Song of Schey

Ruth Paulsen

best old acquaintance be forgot, good friends no longer
here, we'll sing a song of Schey to day and hold our
memories dear, of tears and joys of girls and boys of
walks and talks—hearts bared, of children grown of church and home of
happy times we've shared, of picnics grand of dinners planned of
cards and cookies, too, of bodies of Schey who seemed to way while
men their banners flew, we'll sing a song of
Schey to day and hold our memories dear, best old ac
Quaintance be forgot, dear friends no longer here.

Schey—castle courtyard
where tournaments were held.