

Alma Mater

*Close beside the Watchung Mountains,
Stands a school so dear.
All our closing years of childhood,
We have spent them here.*

Chorus

*Forward, ever be our watchword,
Conquer and Prevail,
Hail to thee our Alma Mater
Scotch Plains High, all hail.*

*When across the world we wander,
This will be our song,
Honor, Love and True Devotion
All to her belong.*

