

Freshman Song

We are the Harpeth Freshman girls
Teeth in braces but our hair in curls
Cheeks are ruddy eyes are glowing
Latin and French we're gonna be knowing
Egar to solve the riddle of X
Never daunted by the History text
This is the way that we expect to be a Senior girl

We're still the Harpeth Freshman girls
Teeth won't straghten and our hair's uncurled
D's and E's on our cards are showing
Cheeks are pale and tears are flowing
Math won't check and our minds all hazy
Classes are dull and the teachers are crazy
Never by heck do we expect to be Senior girls