We were strangers met in friendship now we're kin to one and all. Who have pass'd their youth 'neath the guiding hand of our noble Horace Mann. When we're lone and helpless wanderers in this dark and stormy sea. She's the beacon that will light the way to life and liberty. For knowledge is the truth that makes us free. Great is the truth and it prevails. Mighty the youth the morrow hails. Friends come and go; stars cease to glow; but great is the truth and it prevails. Let us honor Alma Mater as in tribute now we stand. Pour your heart into each vibrant note that earth this song may span; Let the heavens hear and hail to Horace Mann.