

From Gambaga to Accra
From Wiawso to Keta
We are brothers and our mother is our School
She will guide us all and each
So to learn that we may teach,
So to subjugate ourselves that we may rule.

Chorus:
Play the game 'shout her name'
Spread her fame afar;
She's the head of all the host,
She's the School of whom we boast,
She's the glory of the Coast-Achimota!

When our books are laid aside
And we scatter far and wide,
We remember with affection all we gained,
How we learned to take our share
In the life and labour there,
Where the men whom we are proudest of were trained

Chorus:
Play the game 'shout her name'
Spread her fame afar;
She's the head of all the host,
She's the School of whom we boast,
She's the glory of the Coast-Achimota!