


The Grinnell Hymn.



The Henry York Steiner Memorial, 1912.

Words by ROBERT KERR, '12.



Music by MABEL WOODWORTH, '12.





1. O Col - lege, fair - est of our dreams, As now on us sub - dued, there beams
2. Calm Spir - it of the past, de - scend Thro' all the years, and soft - ly blend
3. Great Mas - ter of he - ro - ic men Who fought for us with sword and pen



The gold - en - tin - ted past, We wan - der on thru cam - pus ways
With this, our life and dwell A - mong us in re - fin - ing pow'r
To rear our Col - lege walls. We pledge our faith to them and Thee;



Where po - et men in by - gone days Dreamed gold - en dreams, 'neath
Like waft - ed frag - rance of a flow'r, A ho - ly trust, a
Oh, grant us vi - sion; let us see The glo - ry of our



win - try grays. And built them sure and fast.
might - y tow'r, Old Spir - it of Grin - nell.
min - is - try E'en here in col - lege halls. A - MEN.

