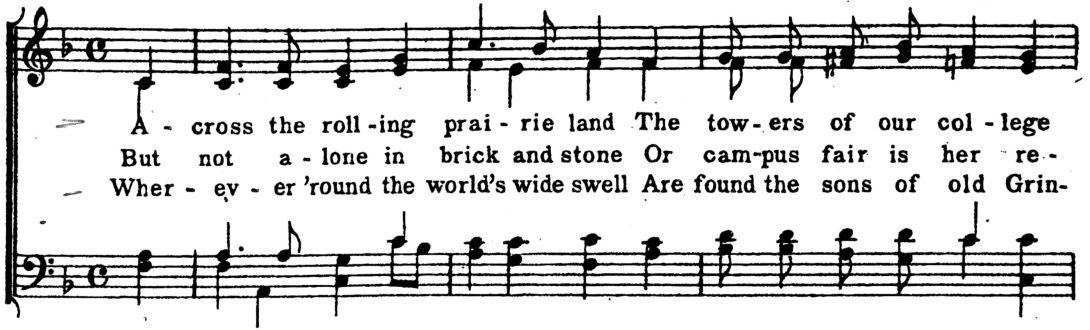


The Spirit of Grinnell.

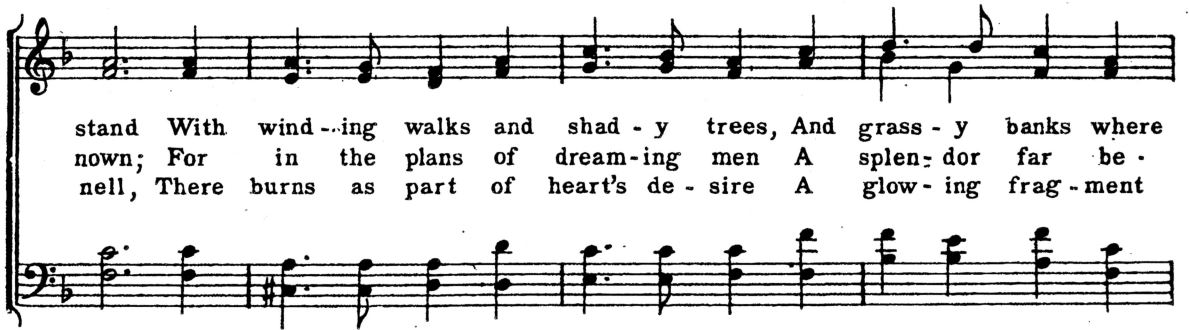
7

Words by LEWIS C. COBB, '16.

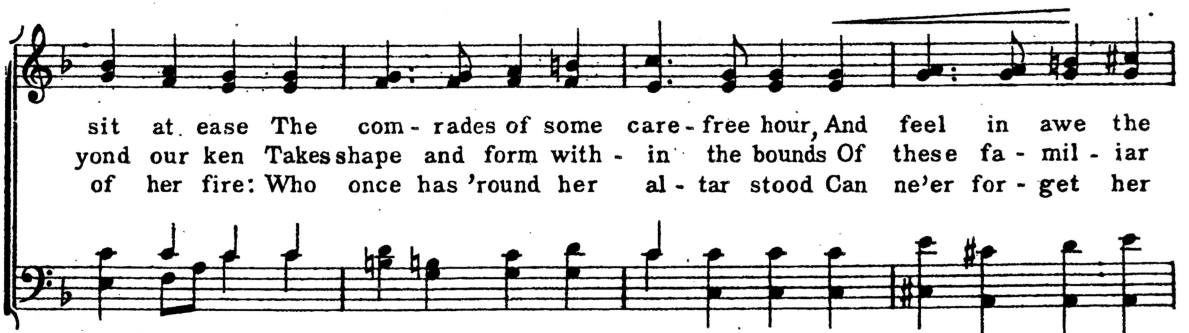
Music by WAYNE F. RICHARDS, S.M.



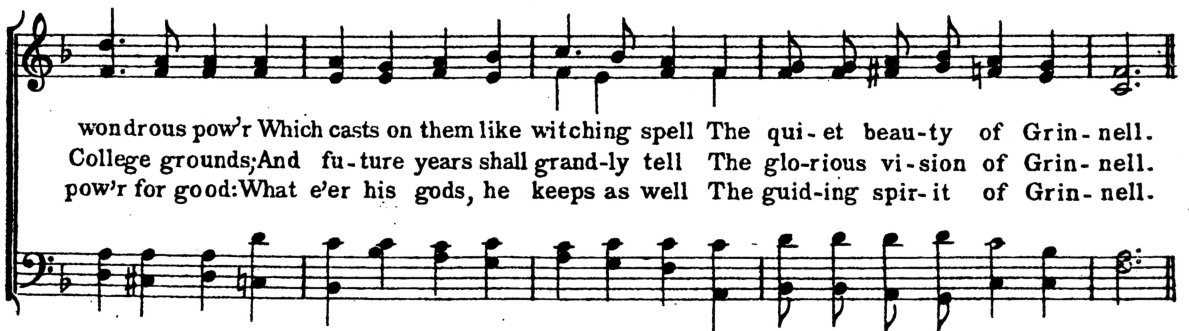
A - cross the roll - ing prai - rie land The tow - ers of our col - lege
But not a - lone in brick and stone Or cam - pus fair is her - re -
Wher - ey - er 'round the world's wide swell Are found the sons of old Grin -



stand With wind - ing walks and shad - y trees, And grass - y banks where
nawn; For in the plans of dream - ing men A splen - dor far be -
nell, There burns as part of heart's de - sire A glow - ing frag - ment



sit at ease The com - rades of some care - free hour, And feel in awe the
yond our ken Takes shape and form with - in the bounds Of these fa - mil - iar
of her fire: Who once has 'round her al - tar stood Can ne'er for - get her



wondrous pow'r Which casts on them like witching spell The qui - et beau - ty of Grin - nell.
College grounds; And fu - ture years shall grand - ly tell The glo - rious vi - sion of Grin - nell.
pow'r for good: What e'er his gods, he keeps as well The guid - ing spir - it of Grin - nell.