The Grinnell Hymn.
The Henry York Steiner Memorial, 1912.


1. O Col-lege, fair-est of our dreams, As now on us sub-dued, there beams
   The gold-en-tint-ed past. We wan-der on thru cam-pus ways
   Where po-et men in by-gone days Dreamed gold-en dreams 'neath
   win-try grays. And built them sure and fast.

2. Calm Spir-it of the past, de-scend Thro' all the years, and soft-ly blend
   With this, our life and dwell A-mong us in re-fin-ing pow'r
   Like wait-ed frag-rance of a flow'r, A ho-ly trust, a
   might-y tow-r. Old Spir-it of Grin-nell.

3. Great Mas-ter of ho-ro-ic men Who fought for us with sword and pen
   To rear our Col-lege walls. We pledge our faith to them and Thee;
   Oh, grant us vi-sion; let us see The glo-ry of our
   min-is-try Een here in col-lege halls. A - MEN.