SONS OF OLD GRINNELL.


1. Sons of Old Grinnell, Let your voices swell, In a song to the staunch, the true,
   In praise of Alma Mater, As her sons ever love to do.
   Thy glory and thy honor, Thy fame alone we tell,
   And ever for thee, Our love shall be, Grinnell—Grinnell—Grinnell.

2. We will cheer for thee In each victory; We will love thee in defeat,
   With the same old loyal spirit, Every fortune of thine we'll greet.
   What'er the years may bring thee, The name we love so well,
   We pledge it shall ne'er Dishonor or bear, Grinnell—Grinnell—Grinnell.

3. With a zeal to do We will follow true In the years that are yet to be;
   Thy love of truth shall guide us, Thru success or adversity.
   Let ev'ry son uncover, To her whom we love so well,
   That name written high, Shall never die, Grinnell—Grinnell—Grinnell.