The Spirit of Grinnell.

Words by LEWIS C. COBB, '16.

A - cross the roll - ing prairie land The towers of our college
But not a - lone in brick and stone Or cam - pus fair is her re -
Whe - er - ev - 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
nown; 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.

Henry York Steiner Prize Song 1916
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