

# Lines to Armour Institute of Technology



CANNOT sing thine age or name or fame,  
Or moss-grown walls with tints of green and gray,  
Re-echoing faintly yet the words of yore,  
And breathing memories or sad or gay  
Of generations.

I sing thee not for breadth of field and wood,  
Where venerable trees bend over earth  
Long trod by sons of thine through passing years,  
Made dearer by association's birth  
And time's slow magic.

Few sons to carry thee in memory,  
To make thy name a power through their deeds,  
Hast thou sent forth equipped with strength of thought,—  
So wait thou must for fruitage from the seeds  
Thy care hath planted.

If much is lacking, what then is thy boast?  
A standard high, to greater heights no bar;  
A record fair in that already writ,  
And bound to be yet fairer, nobler far  
In that unwritten.

Thy home a city great in breadth and deeds,  
Of waters king, though risen from a fen,  
Fast bound by ties of steel that throb with life  
To all the world of commerce; served by men  
Of energy and daring.

Thy spirit, earnestness; we find in thee  
That honest effort, backed by purpose strong,  
Doth hold its fit reward. All honor be  
To men who make this true, in this our song  
To Alma Mater.