

THE JAMBAR

Out of the valley of smoke and  
fire,  
Washing the skies with light  
afar,  
Out of the mills whose dangers  
mar,  
Out of the toil of men and hire,  
Out of the Maelstrom comes the  
Bar.

Out of the struggle and blows of  
steel,  
Out of the clangor and roaring  
jar,  
Out of the craters as strong men  
reel,  
Out of the flames whose heat  
they feel,  
Out of the caldrons comes the  
Bar.

Oh, may we strive with hearts  
aglow,  
To build a fire that will shine  
afar,  
That out of our college halls  
may go,  
Great souls of steel whom the  
world may know,  
Our fairest product--oh, great  
JAMBAR.

"Winchy"