

## **POWELL HOUSE SONG**

1. From East and from West came we, To lodge in thee royal host  
Came to out life into thee, To make thee great is a must  
What a house it shines like diamond,  
Though placed in the midst of rough stones  
We in you shall not be drones, We shall make you polished brass
  
2. On the field or in the school, Towards evening or at morn  
We shall employ every toll, That school glories may be worn  
Powell house, full of young blood, In the building, in the boys  
It shall not be just our noise, But our trophy-tray must flood
  
3. See the purple color arise, Mustard seed mixed with the swan  
Born a leader Powell is, From him older brothers learn  
Neatness, sports and discipline, Beautiful environment  
From these our way'll not be bent, And our glory never less.