

Transcribed/Arranged by  
H. John Henry, Tau 1955

## DEAR OLD SHRINE

by Prof. C.S. Harrington, Xi 1852

Air: "Dearest Mae"

*Dolce* ♩ = 72

1. Come broth - ers of Psi Up - si - lon, who trod its halls of  
2. Come broth - ers of this la - ter time, of ear - lier worth the  
3. Come broth - ers of the *then* and *now*, one, whom no time can

yore, \_\_\_ Un - bar the i - vied gate of years, and tread these halls once  
peers, \_\_\_ Who bear the hon - ors of the past a - long the hur - rying  
part, \_\_\_ Linked by a chain whose dia - mond clasp gleams bright A - bove each

more; \_\_\_ The bur - ied jew - els glit - ter still - the ling - ring voi - ces  
years; \_\_\_ Ye keep our tem - ple walls still bright, ye weave the wreaths of  
heart; \_\_\_ Come sing a - gain the good old songs, the mys - tic bond still

call, \_\_\_ While we, with spir - it gaze and grasp, at an - cient al - tars fall. \_\_\_  
bay. \_\_\_ Ye feed the hal - lowed ves - tal fires we gath - er 'round to - day. \_\_\_  
bless, \_\_\_ The dia - mond of Psi Up - si - lon shall nev - er spar - kle less. \_\_\_

### CHORUS

O Dear Old Shrine, \_\_\_ Our hearts a - round thee twine; \_\_\_ We

love thee yet, We'll ne'er for - get The days of Auld lang syne. \_\_\_

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## PSI UPSILON DOXOLOGY

Air: "Old Hundred"

O God Thy bless - ing now shed down  
Up - on our loved Psi Up - si - lon:  
May all her ties of Friend - ship  
be Strength - ened and hon - ored, Lord, by Thee.

O God Thy bless - ing now shed down  
Up - on our loved Psi Up - si - lon:  
May all her ties of Friend - ship be  
Strength - ened and hon - ored, Lord, by Thee.

O God Thy bless - ing now shed down Up - on our  
loved Psi Up - si - lon: May all her ties of  
Friend - ship be Strength - ened and hon - ored, Lord, by Thee.

Detailed description: The image shows a musical score for a doxology. It is divided into two systems. The first system is in F major (one flat) and 2/2 time. It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The second system is in G major (one sharp) and 2/2 time, also consisting of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes on each staff. The lyrics are: 'O God Thy blessing now shed down / Up - on our loved Psi Up - si - lon: / May all her ties of Friend - ship / be Strength - ened and hon - ored, Lord, by Thee.' This sequence of four staves is repeated in the second system.

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# WELCOME BROTHERS, OLD AND YOUNG

by Charles Harry Arndt,  
Iota 1896

Air: "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."

$\text{♩} = 120$

Wel-come, bro-th-ers, old and young. Wel-come ev-'ry loy-al son, All who  
In our var-i-ous paths of life, Cares and sor-row may be rife, And the  
(Slowly) When our race on earth is run, And our la-bor here is done, And the

wear the em-blem of the cho-sen few: Let us loud our voi-ces ring, And each  
night be dark and faith-ful friends be few: When the storm is rag-ing high, And deep  
jew-eled crown of life is fair-ly won, May our last, faint, fal-tering breath, Ere 'tis

broth-er glad-ly sing, Sing the prai-ses of our own, our lov'd Psi U.  
dark-ness rules the sky, Then the bea-con light shall burst from old Psi U.  
hush'd in si-lent death, Breathe the sweet-est of all words, Psi Up-si-lon.

## CHORUS

Psi Up-si-lon, Psi U. for-ev-er!

Sym-bols dear-est to our heart! Ev-er 'round thy ho-ly

shrine We'll the vic-tor's myr-tle twine, And our love for thee, Psi

U., shall ne'er de-part. Psi Up-si-lon, Psi U. for-

ev-er! Sym-bols dear-est to our heart!

Ev-er 'round thy ho-ly shrine We'll the vic-tor's myr-tle

twine, And our love for thee, Psi U., shall ne'er de-part.

**PSI UPHILON SMOKING SONG** by Hon. F.M. Finch, Beta 1849  
air: "Southern Melody"

$\text{♩} = 96$  F B $\flat$

1. \_\_\_\_\_ Float - ing a - way like the foun - tain's spray, Or the
2. The \_\_\_\_\_ leaf burns \_\_\_\_\_ bright, like the gems of light That \_\_\_\_\_
3. In the thought - ful \_\_\_\_\_ gloom of his dark - ened room Sits the
4. By the blaz - ing \_\_\_\_\_ fire sits the gray - haired sire, And \_\_\_\_\_
5. In the for - ests \_\_\_\_\_ grand of our na - tive land, When the
6. The \_\_\_\_\_ dark - eyed \_\_\_\_\_ train of the maids of Spain "Neath their
7. It \_\_\_\_\_ warms the \_\_\_\_\_ soul, like the blush - ing bowl, With its

F C $^7$  F

1. snow white \_\_\_\_\_ plume of a maid - en \_\_\_\_\_ The \_\_\_\_\_ smoke wreaths rise to the
2. flash in the braids of \_\_\_\_\_ beau - ty; \_\_\_\_\_ It \_\_\_\_\_ nerves each heart for the
3. child of \_\_\_\_\_ song and \_\_\_\_\_ stor - y; \_\_\_\_\_ And his heart is light, for his
4. in - fant \_\_\_\_\_ arms sur - round him; \_\_\_\_\_ And he smiles on all in that
5. sav - age \_\_\_\_\_ con - flict \_\_\_\_\_ end - ed, \_\_\_\_\_ The \_\_\_\_\_ Pipe of Peace brought a
6. ar - bor \_\_\_\_\_ shades trip \_\_\_\_\_ light - ly; \_\_\_\_\_ And a gleam - ing cigar, like a
7. rose - red \_\_\_\_\_ bur - den \_\_\_\_\_ streaming, \_\_\_\_\_ And \_\_\_\_\_ drowns in bliss, like the

B $\flat$  F C $^7$  F

1. star - lit skies, With \_\_\_\_\_ Bliss - ful fra - grance la - den \_\_\_\_\_
2. he - ro's part, On the bat - tle plain of du - ty. \_\_\_\_\_
3. pipe beams bright, And his dreams are all of glor - y. \_\_\_\_\_
4. quaint old hall, While the smoke - curls float a - round him. \_\_\_\_\_
5. sweet re - lease From \_\_\_\_\_ toil and ter - ror blend - ed. \_\_\_\_\_
6. new - born star, In the clasp Of their lips burns bright - ly. \_\_\_\_\_
7. first warm kiss From the lips with love - buds teem - ing. \_\_\_\_\_

**CHORUS** F B $\flat$  F C $^7$

Then smoke a - way, till a gold - en ray Lights up the dawn of the mor - row, \_\_\_\_\_ For a

F B $\flat$  F C $^7$  F

cheer - ful ci - gar, like a shield, will bar The blows of care and sor - row. \_\_\_\_\_

**FINALE** G C G D $^7$

Then smoke a - way, till a gold - en ray Lights up the dawn of the mor - row, \_\_\_\_\_ For a

G C G D $^7$  G

cheer - ful ci - gar, like a shield, will bar The blows of care and sor - row. \_\_\_\_\_

# PSI U. JOYS

Air: "Few Days"

O We're a band of jol - ly boys, jol - ly boys, Our  
The wine we drink is Psi U. wine, Psi U. wine, It  
No sad - ness e'er can en - ter here, en - ter here, Joy  
Let en - vious tongues wag as they may, as they may, Psi

— We sing and laugh the  
— The songs that we de -  
— While hand in hand like  
— We'll shout as years go

hearts are filled with Psi U. joys, Psi U. joys; We sing and laugh the hours a -  
thrills us with a joy di - vine, joy di - vine; The songs that we de - light to  
smiles up - on us all the year, all the year; While hand in hand, like broth - ers  
Up - si - lon shall win the day, win the day; We'll shout, as years go roll - ing

hours a - way  
light to sing  
broth - ers true  
roll - ing by

way No oth - er life is half so gay. We sing and  
sing, With Psi U.'s prais - es ev - er ring. The songs that  
true, We faith - ful stand to old Psi U. While hand in  
by, "Psi Up - si - lon shall nev - er die!" We'll shout, as

— We sing and laugh the hours a - way  
— The songs that we de - light to sing  
— While hand in hand like broth - ers true  
— We'll shout as years go roll - ing by

laugh the hours a - way, No oth - er life is half so gay.  
we de - light to sing With Psi U.'s prais - es ev - er ring.  
hand, like broth - ers true, We faith - ful stand to old Psi U.  
years go roll - ing by, "Psi Up - si - lon shall nev - er die!"

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## PSI U. FELLOWSHIP

by Capt. John F. Critchlow, Tau 1894

Air: "It's Gwine Back To Dixie"

Come, boys, and fill your bri - ers with "Lone Jack" and "Vir -  
Let's sing and tell a stor - y, A stor - y rich and  
We've sat for hours un - num - bered, Their gold - en sands un -  
And when life's tide is turn - ing, And we are grow - ing

gin - ia;" Let's draw a - round the fire, — Where care won't come to  
mel - low; 'Twill be a tale of glor - y Of some good Psi U.  
heed - ed, Till "Gray Owl" blinked and slum - bered, And shades of night re -  
old, — We'll all look back with yearn - ing T' the Gar - net and the

hin - der, The smoke wreaths soft as - cend - ing, In lov - ing fra - grance  
fel - low; A man whose heart is ten - der, Who nev - er knows sur -  
ced - ed; We greet - ed night with sing - ing, And ech - oes loud - ly  
Gold; — To clasp - ed hands we'll ral - ly, — King or rowin' a

blend - ing, As each man's heart is bend - ing To old Psi U.  
ren - der, When stand - ing as de - fend - er Of old Psi U.  
ring - ing, and dawn has found us cling - ing To old Psi U.  
gal - ley, And then pass through the val - ley, singing "Old Psi U."

CHORUS

We're all birds of a feath - er, We're al - ways found to - geth - er, And naught can come to

sev - er Our hearts so true; And af - ter all is o - ver, We'll

drink a lit - tle clo - ver, For ev - ry man's a lov - er Of old Psi U.


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## AFTER THE BATTLE

by Prof. C. S. Harrington, Xi 1852

Air: "All Together"

$\text{♩} = 108$




1. Bold and read - y, strong and stead - y, Day - light is done,  
2. From the rat - tle, from the bat - tle, Victor - y is won;  
3. Bond fra - ter - nal, bond e - ter - nal, Link - ing in one,



Gath - er 'neath the old fra - ter - nal ban - ner Bla - zoned with Psi Up - si - lon.  
Now the rest - ful peace of blest com - mun - ion, At thy shrine, Psi Up - si - lon,  
Ho - lier un - ion than chi - val - ric cir - cle, All thy sons, Psi Up - si - lon.

*a tempo*



Dia - mond and gold - en, Gleams the badge our hearts a - bove; \_\_\_\_\_  
Pure, warm, and loy - al, Hon - or's soul and vir - tue's crown, \_\_\_\_\_  
Nev - er, no, nev - er, Fade the lau - rel of our band; \_\_\_\_\_



Joys, new and old - en, Kin - dle with the grasp of love.  
Each broth - er roy - al Fight - eth for a king's re - nown.  
Shine on, for - ev - er, Sym - bol of the heart and hand.

**Then, at the end of the song,  
Repeat:**

"Never, no, never,  
Fade the laurel of our band;  
Shine on, forever,  
Symbol of the heart and hand."

... softly to the accompaniment of snapping fingers  
with two extra snaps after the last note.



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# THE COLLEGE CHORUS

by W. H. Boughton, Lambda 1858

$\text{♩} = 106$  F B $\flat$  F C $^7$

1. Come, \_\_\_ broth - ers, and a song we'll sing, Psi U.,  
2. The \_\_\_ bright - eyed maid - en loves to hear Psi U.,  
3. Now \_\_\_ three times three for all our men, Psi U.,

F B $\flat$  F C $^7$

Psi U., And \_\_\_ make the lodge-room 'round us ring, Psi Up - si -  
Psi U., The \_\_\_ stor - y of our brave ca - reer, Psi Up - si -  
Psi U., And \_\_\_ for the la - dies ten times ten, Psi Up - si -

F F B $\flat$  F C $^7$

lon. We've \_\_\_ gath - ered in our hall to - night, Psi U.,  
lon. And \_\_\_ looks up - on the man as blest, Psi U.,  
lon! Hur - \_\_\_ rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Psi U.,

F B $\flat$  F C $^7$  F

Psi U., To \_\_\_ leave it with the morn - ing light, Psi Up - si - lon.  
Psi U., Who \_\_\_ wears the dia - mond on his breast, Psi Up - si - lon.  
Psi U., Hur - \_\_\_ rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Psi Up - si - lon.

## CHORUS

F B $\flat$  F C $^7$  F C $^7$

There to sing and to speak thy prais - es, Psi U.,  
Then hur - rah! for the Psi U. la - dies, Psi U.,  
And a - gain we'll \_\_\_ sing thy prais - es, Psi U.,

F F B $\flat$  F C $^7$  F C $^7$  F

Psi U., To \_\_\_ sing and to speak thy prais - es, Psi Up - si - lon.  
Psi U., Hur - \_\_\_ rah! for the Psi U. la - dies, Psi Up - si - lon.  
Psi U., And a - gain we'll \_\_\_ sing thy prais - es, Psi Up - si - lon.

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# THE RHO OWL SONG (Psi Upsilon)

by Charles Floyd McClure  
Rho 1895

Air: "Colored Four Hundred"

Tempo di Marcia



There is a le- gend quaint and Greek a - bout\_ an an-cient owl,\_ Who dwelt in great ex -  
The an-cient owl\_blinked both his eyes and mar-velled at the roar,\_ In loud pro - test a  
Un - to the rab- ble thus the owl: "A- way!\_ Let him ap - pear!\_ When Vir-tue claims her



clu-sive-ness, a most re-spect- ed fowl;\_ Be lov - ed he\_\_ of li - on bold, who,  
pack of curs were snar-ling at\_\_ his door;\_ "An up - start li - on comes this way!" the  
just re - ward, 'tis En - vy seeks\_ to jeer:\_\_ To thee, wise beast\_ of ram-pant mien, the



ram-pant, rose\_\_ one morn,\_ A - wak-'ning con-ster- na-tion in the land where he was born.\_  
en-vious jack - als cried.\_ "Pray bar from out thy por-tals fair this trai - tor dou-ble - dyed!\_  
mys - tic badge\_ I bring.\_ Ac - cept, for thy great loy - al - ty, the shel - ter of my wing!"\_

## SEMI-CHORUS



Tu - whit,\_\_\_ tu - whoo!\_\_\_ O an - cient owl of fair Psi U., Thy jew - el



bright\_\_\_ The ram-pant li - on wears to-night, And true\_\_\_ to thee\_\_\_ Will ev - er

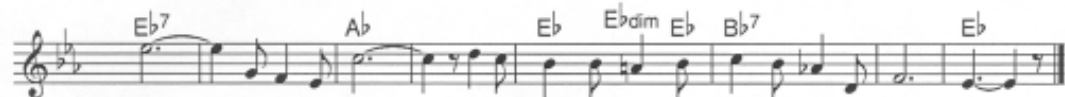
## CHORUS



be, Owl of old Psi U. O love - ly owl!\_\_\_ Con-ser - va - tive



fowl!\_\_\_ In his joy and ex - ul - ta - tion Doth the ram-pant li - on howl! Tu-whit, tu -



whooh!\_\_\_ Psi U., Psi U!\_\_\_ O, tu - whit, tu - whooh! Psi U., Psi U, for - ev - er!\_\_\_

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# SESQUI PSI U

by V. Stanley Davies, Lambda 1953  
2nd Vs: Murray L. Eskenazi, Lambda 1956









## CHORUS











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# BROTHERS, THE DAY IS ENDED

by C. A. Boles, Beta 1860  
air: "Suoni la Tromba"

$\text{♩} = 160$  F B $\flat$  F C<sup>7</sup> F

Broth-ers, the day is end - ed, Lost in the surge of time.  
Heaved on the breast of beau - ty, Tossed on the man - ly heart,

F B $\flat$  F C<sup>7</sup> *Ritard...* F

Gent - ly the hours have blend - ed In that mel - o - dy sub - lime.  
Glit - ters the gold - en to - ken, Twin - ed hands that nev - er part.

C F C A Dm G C G<sup>7</sup>C

Soft as a dream of beau - ty Fad - eth the sil - ver light,  
Vexed with a vain am - bi - tion, Por - ing the wear - y page,

C *poco a poco...* F C A Dm G C C<sup>7</sup>

Done with the joys of Du - ty, Now for the joys of Night! Hur-rah!  
Oth - ers may dream of great - ness, Here's to a green old age! Hur-rah!

F B $\flat$  F C<sup>7</sup> F

Sing till the star-bells, ring - ing, Chime in the gold - en sun!  
"On to the field of glor - y!" Soon be the tri - umph won!

F B $\flat$  F C<sup>7</sup> *Ritard...* F

Hail to thee, glor - y bring - ing, Star - ry crowned - Psi Up - si - lon.  
Hal - lowed in song and stor - y, Ev - er live - Psi Up - si - lon!

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## PSI U. BEER

by Prof. Willard Fiske, Ph.D., Psi 1851  
Music by W. Orville Fiske

$\text{♩} = 108$

Had Bac - chus lived with \_\_\_ me and \_\_\_ mine, He would have drank no  
If Jove had learned a \_\_\_ chris - tian \_\_\_ creed, he would have sent down

wine, no wine, But said his pray'rs with \_\_\_ con - science \_\_\_ clear, And tas - ted \_\_\_ naught but  
Ga - ny - mede, To buy him in this \_\_\_ mun - dane \_\_\_ sphere A val - iant \_\_\_ mug of

*Slower* *a tempo*

Psi \_\_\_ U. \_\_\_ Beer. Poor \_\_\_ Bac - chus He did lack us. In all O - lym - pus \_\_\_  
Psi \_\_\_ U. \_\_\_ Beer. Poor \_\_\_ Jo - vey! What a co - vey! Pre - ferred to take his \_\_\_

far and \_\_\_ near, He found no drop of \_\_\_ Psi U. beer. A - pol - lo with his \_\_\_  
nec - tar \_\_\_ clear, And nev - er tas - ted \_\_\_ Psi U. Beer! Come, lay a - side your \_\_\_

gold - en \_\_\_ locks, Had he been tru - ly or - tho - dox, He Would have stopped his \_\_\_  
learn - ed \_\_\_ tomes, And seize your tank - ard while it foams; We need a - mid our \_\_\_

*Slower*

char - i - ot here, And swigged a \_\_\_ mug of Psi \_\_\_ U. \_\_\_ Beer. Poor A - pol - lo  
toil se - \_\_\_ vere, *Ein frisch - es \_\_\_ Glas* of Psi \_\_\_ U. \_\_\_ Beer. Of men or gods

*a tempo*

Had to fol - low His sun - dry cour - ses \_\_\_ all the \_\_\_ year, With - out a drop of \_\_\_ Psi U. Beer!  
We ask no odds, If so they let us \_\_\_ lin - ger \_\_\_ here, To quaff, to quaff our \_\_\_ Psi U. Beer.

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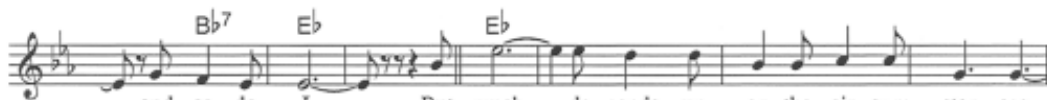
# THE EVER-LOVELY MAIDEN by George W. Elliot, Xi 1873

Air: "Funiuculi, Funicula"

$\text{♩} = 116$  *Allegretto*



(Youth) Some think \_\_\_ it ver - y wrong to toy with chan - ces; \_\_\_ And so do I, \_\_\_  
(MiddleAge) Some say \_\_\_ It's ver - y wrong to court am - bi - tion; \_\_\_ But life is strife, \_\_\_  
(Old Age) Ah me! \_\_\_ the shad - ows steal be - hind and length - en! \_\_\_ I've run my race \_\_\_



- and so do I \_\_\_ But much \_\_\_ de - pends up - on the cir - cum - stan - ces, \_\_\_  
- and strife is life; \_\_\_ I've sown \_\_\_ and reaped my share of fame's fru - i - tion, \_\_\_  
- with win - ning pace; \_\_\_ And wan - ing pow'rs 'twere vain to try to strength - en, \_\_\_



- None can de - ny \_\_\_ at least not I \_\_\_ For I \_\_\_ I do ad -  
- And like the strife \_\_\_ of ac - tive life! \_\_\_ But ah, \_\_\_ not ev - 'ry  
- So give I place \_\_\_ to fit - ter race! \_\_\_ But Oh! \_\_\_ tho' lit - tle



mit the ac - cu - sa - tion \_\_\_ I love the win - some maid to court; \_\_\_ I  
day is full of glad - ness, \_\_\_ For sor - rows come \_\_\_ to ev - 'ry home; \_\_\_ And  
worth seems pres - ent plea - sure, \_\_\_ The mind in vast \_\_\_ stores of the past, \_\_\_ 'Mid



live \_\_\_ for her, and sigh to sa - ti - a - tion \_\_\_ For maid - en fair, \_\_\_ so deb - o -  
friends \_\_\_ are few, when bit - ter - ness and sad - ness \_\_\_ Fill ful - ly up \_\_\_ the fate - ful  
mem - o - ries, In most a - bound - ing meas - ure, \_\_\_ Finds joys that last, \_\_\_ tho' die be



**CHORUS**  
nair! \_\_\_ Maid - en! Maid - en! Oh! so deb - o - nair! \_\_\_ Red - rose  
cup! \_\_\_ "Maid - en, Maid - en," old - er, yet so fair! \_\_\_ Win - some  
cast! \_\_\_ Then, ah then, the "Maid - en deb - o - nair," \_\_\_ Nev - er



cheek and gold - en tress - ed hair! She charms the sense; en - thralls the heart; In - spires the  
wo - man, tho' thy gold - en hair be sil - ver - ed, thy heart and head En - chant me  
seemed so beau - ti - ful and fair! She thrills the blood, the pul - ses fly! Re - vives the



mind; and, free from art, Maid - en deb - o - nair, "Psi Up - si - lon," My heart has won! \_\_\_  
still, per - suade my will' Ma - tron, ev - er fair! Psi Up - si - lon My heart hath won! \_\_\_  
love! Oh! ec - sta - cy! Sil - ver crown - ed mere, Psi Up - si - lon And life are one! \_\_\_

# COME, BROTHERS, FOR A SONG!

by E. A. Sumner, Xi 1878  
air: "Hark, I Hear A Voice"

$\text{♩} = 138$  *Allegro*

Come, Broth-ers, For A Song, \_\_\_ To our lov'd Psi Up - si - lon, Psi U.; And \_\_\_  
Hail to thee, Psi U! \_\_\_ With thy broth-er bond so true, so true, En \_\_\_  
Hail to the dia-mond fair, \_\_\_ The \_\_\_ gold-en badge we wear, we wear! For the  
Then, broth-ers, pledge a - new, \_\_\_ To our lov'd Psi Up - si - lon, Psi U.; To \_\_\_

roll the cho - rus on, \_\_\_ And \_\_\_ roll the cho - rus on. \_\_\_ on.  
dear-ing thee a - new, \_\_\_ En \_\_\_ dear-ing thee a - new. \_\_\_ - new.  
clasp-ed hands are there, For the clasp-ed hands are there. \_\_\_ there.  
her we'll e'er be true, \_\_\_ To \_\_\_ her we'll e'er be true. \_\_\_ true.

## CHORUS

Let us bind (Let us bind) Our hearts in one, (Our hearts in one), Trust-ing  
in (Trust-ing in) Psi Up - si - lon; (Psi Up - si - lon); \_\_\_ - lon);

## TRIO

Mer-ri - ly now we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer-ri - ly now we

*Ritard...*

roll, we roll, \_\_\_ Roll \_\_\_ the cho - rus \_\_\_ on. \_\_\_

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H. John Henry, Tau 1955

# INITIATION DIRGE

Phi Chapter of Psi Upsilon

by J. C. D.

Dm A7  
All ye mor - tals who have trod the

Dm  
Ash - en way

Ebm Bb7  
And whose feet have brushed a - side the

Ebm  
Cyp - rian dew

Em B7  
If your pal - sied hand can grasp the

Em  
flam - ing blade

Fm C7  
We will tell to you the se - crets

Fm  
of Psi U.

Fm C7 Fm  
Of Psi U.

F#m C#7 F#m  
Of Psi U.

Gm D7 Gm  
We will tell to you the se - crets of Psi U.



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H. John Henry, Tau 1955

# PSI U. LINEAGE

Air: "The Leader of the German Band"

by Robert T. McCracken, Tau 1904  
3rd vs: Murray L. Eskenazi, Lambda 1956

$\text{♩} = 116$  C Ebdim G7 Dm D7-5 G7

1. Fam - lies an - ta - date the flood, Boast the pur - ple in their blood'  
2. High a - bove the world's great names, We may have an - ces - tral claims;  
3. There are yet some oth - er names Contrib - u - ting to Psi U.'s fame.

C C G7 Gdim G7 G9 G#dim G9 C6

Some peo - ple want on - ly fab - u - lous wealth; Oth - ers de - sire wit, beau - ty and  
Where - er a man found good work to do, There was a fath - er for me and  
When e'er a hand reached out to do good, There was a mem - ber of our Broth - er -

G7 C Ebdim G7 Dm D7-5 G7

health. We have these and some - thing more, We have broth - ers by the score!  
you: Crom - well and Na - po - le - on, Fred - er - ick and Wash - ing - ton,  
hood, Cath - 'rine and Vic - tor - i - a, Bar - ton, Ross and Night - in - gale,

C G Gdim G A7 D7 G Gdim G7

Firm - ly they stand an un - bro - ken band, Sup - port - ing us on ev - 'ry hand  
Char - le - magne, Cae - sar, Al - ex - an - der too, Fath - er A - dam was a good Psi U!  
La - dy Lib - er - ty, And A - the - na too, Moth - er Na - ture was a good Psi U!

## CHORUS

C F A7 Dm C Ebdim G7 C C#dim G7

Age it is the rage, In lace and race and creed;

C Ebdim G C#dim D7 G G7

Tone and tone a - lone will place you in the lead

C F Dm C Ebdim G7 C C#dim G7

Fame re - sound - ing fame Spread a - broad thro' all the land,

C E7 F F#dim C Ab7 D7 G7 C

All, all are at your beck and call, If in Psi U.'s ranks you stand.

## TALKIN' PSI U "Psi U This and Psi U That"

♩ = 120

Oh it's Psi U this and Psi U that In a Psi U shirt and a  
We've\_\_ joined the chain of Psi U's past, Of\_\_ Psi U's now, and\_\_  
Be \_\_ neath the Ow - l's shel - t'ring wing Our\_\_ Psi U voi - ces\_\_

Psi U hat, Where a Psi U grip and a Psi U grin Says "Wel - come Broth - ers,  
yet to come, \_\_ Linked by Gar - net, \_\_ linked by Gold, For - ev - er young as \_\_  
proud - ly sing Of \_\_ hearts and hands en - twined a - round Our Dear Old Shrine and the

Come on in." We've a Psi U Badge o'er a Psi U heart, With clasp - éd hands that  
we grow old. The \_\_ col - lege years go \_\_ fly - ing by In the blink - ing of the  
love we found. Now \_\_ let us raise a \_\_ Psi U toast To the Bro - ther - hood that

nev - er part, A life - time pledge that nev - er ends, Psi U Broth - ers,  
Ow - l's eye, Where o'er the Earth we chance to roam, We still re - turn to our  
means the most, Come ga - ther Bro - thers far and near And give a rous - ing \_\_

life - long friends.  
Psi U home.  
Psi U Cheer.

**PSI U CHEER**  
**Psi, Psi, Psi,**  
**Psi Up - si - lon,**  
**Psi Up - si - lon, Psi U!**  
**(Chapter Name 3 times)**

Brothers are welcome to add their own's verses whenever the mood or events seem appropriate---  
But please always end with the Psi U Cheer. - MLE

Transcribed/Arranged by  
H. John Henry, Tau 1955

# IN MEMORIAM

Air: "Siloam"

by Rev. Prof. H. E. Parker, Zeta 1841

$\text{♩} = 80$

With \_\_\_ sore and strick - en hearts we \_\_\_ mourn; To - day \_\_\_ a  
In \_\_\_ gen - 'rous high - toned fel - low \_\_\_ ship No more \_\_\_ we  
That \_\_\_ mien, that voice, that mind, that \_\_\_ heart We fond - ly  
Rest, \_\_\_ broth - er, rest with God on \_\_\_ high In hea - ven - ly

broth - er fell. O no \_\_\_ ble mind, O \_\_\_ no - ble  
meet \_\_\_ him here; With melt - ing eye and \_\_\_ quiv - 'ring  
now \_\_\_ re - call; 'Tis these \_\_\_ that make it \_\_\_ hard to  
halls \_\_\_ re - main; Life's guer - don won, no \_\_\_ more to

form, We \_\_\_ bid thee now fare - well!  
lip We \_\_\_ speak his name so dear.  
part, So \_\_\_ hard to miss them all.  
die; Fare - \_\_\_ well! We'll meet a - gain.

With \_\_\_ sore and strick - en hearts we \_\_\_ mourn; To - day \_\_\_ a  
In \_\_\_ gen - 'rous high - toned fel - low \_\_\_ ship No more \_\_\_ we  
That \_\_\_ mien, that voice, that mind, that \_\_\_ heart We fond - ly  
Rest, \_\_\_ broth - er, rest with God on \_\_\_ high In hea - ven - ly

broth - er fell. O no \_\_\_ ble mind, O \_\_\_ no - ble  
meet \_\_\_ him here; With melt - ing eye and \_\_\_ quiv - 'ring  
now \_\_\_ re - call; 'Tis these \_\_\_ that make it \_\_\_ hard to  
halls \_\_\_ re - main; Life's guer - don won, no \_\_\_ more to

form, We \_\_\_ bid thee now fare - well!  
lip We \_\_\_ speak his name so dear.  
part, So \_\_\_ hard to miss them all.  
die; Fare - \_\_\_ well! We'll meet a - gain.