THE SONGS OF PSI UPSILON

By Karl P. Harrington, Xi '82

"Then a song, a song for old Psi U!
Strike hands and pledge anew.
In love no ill nor change can chill
Our faith to old Psi U."

CALEB T. WINCHESTER, XI '69.

SINGING IS TRADITIONALLY an important feature of all our gatherings. It is common at regular meetings, at meal times, at special social functions, is considered very useful at the rushing season, and in many Chapters there are regular sings at stated intervals. At fraternity conventions there is nothing in which the Chapters so readily get together in intimate realization of their love of brotherhood. Many members connect the dearest memories of their college days with the inspiring choruses of the fraternity. The secret societies have the credit of introducing singing in American colleges. Few of the college songs now sung and few in the earliest collections were written much before 1850. The first edition of Psi Upsilon Songs, which it is believed antedates all similar books, appeared in 1849.

Our first songs were written by one whom Professor Fiske calls the poet-laureate of Psi Upsilon, and who, Professor Boyesen declares, "has the lyrical flame in him, and might win a crown in literature, if other things did not occupy him,"—Francis Miles Finch, Beta '49, of Yale, long a member of the Court of Appeals of New York. During the interval of two years between his initiation (July, 1847) and his graduation, he composed the five songs which form the basis of our hymnal, and which at this day have few equals in our own or in any other collection. Of "The Smoking Song," which begins,—

"Floating away, like the fountain's spray,
Or the snow-white plume of a maiden,
The smoke-wreaths rise to the star-lit skies
With blissful fragrance laden,"

and of which the refrain is,—

"Then smoke away till a golden ray
Lights up the dawn of the morrow;
For a cheerful cigar, like a shield,
The blows of care and sorrow,"

we read in "The Hartford Courant" of April 23, 1879, the following:—
“This song is perhaps the most striking poem in English literature which the theme of tobacco has inspired; and it is at the same time almost the one lyric, remarkable from a literary point of view, which American student-lift has produced... During one of the author's last years at Yale, it chanced that the members of his college society, the Psi Upsilon, were sitting in their chapter-room, engaged in smoking, chatting, and singing student-songs. In an interval of comparative silence a member suddenly remarked, "We've lots of drinking-songs: why don't somebody write a smoking-song?" Mr. Finch, whose facility at versification has always been remarkable, at once withdrew into a quiet corner, and in a few minutes produced the first three verses of 'The Smoking Song,' written to the melody of what was then a great favorite,—Charles Fenno Hoffman's 'Sparkling and Bright.' These were at once sung with immense delight. The next morning these stanzas were revised, and the four remaining ones written. The subsequent history of the song is equally notable. It has been published both in English and California journals, ascribed in the former case to a well-known English writer, and in the latter to a Pacific bard of less fame... Some years ago a new air of great merit, and far better adapted to the words than 'Sparkling and Bright,' originated at the University of Virginia, and to this melody it is now generally sung. It long ago ceased to be the peculiar property of the society for which it was written, and became the common possession of the whole student world."...

In general literature Judge Finch is more widely known from his two poems, "The Blue and the Gray" and "Nathan Hale." But, returning to his Psi Upsilon writings, it may be said that Senator Hawley's account of the convention of 1848 mentions "The Mystical Bower" and the "Anthem." The latter is one of our best lyrics. Its air is that of "Crambambuli," and it is often quoted. The first and last of the five stanzas are:

"Come, brothers, swell the anthem glorious,
And rend the air with joyful songs;
Let garlands crown the band victorious,
To whom the laurel-wreath belongs.

Before all else beneath the sun,
We'll sing to thee, Psi Upsilon!
Long live Psi Upsilon! Psi Upsilon!

Then hip, hip, hurrah! Psi U, forever;
Till sun and stars are lost in night
Our altar's fire shall fail us never,
But blaze in beauty clear and bright.
Then till the sands of life are run,
We'll sing to thee, Psi Upsilon!
Long live Psi Upsilon! Psi Upsilon!"

"The Fairies' Song" and "The Halls of Psi Upsilon," both very beautiful, complete the list of Finch's early productions found in the song book; but a very touching memorial Ode of his, written for the memorial exercises held by the Xi on August 5, 1851, for the brilliant Joseph Jameson Lane, Xi '45, was afterwards printed in The Diamond. "The Old Men's Song," written for the convention of 1879, introduces the names of the several chapters.

When asked to contribute a new song for the tenth edition of the Song Book, Judge Finch replied that he had promised his daughter to write one more song for the Fraternity, but expressed the fear that "ten years of hard judicial life have not helped the old taste and facility." Nobody, however, who reads or sings the magnificent song, "The Brothers' Love," which he sent with that letter, can fail to find in it both the old poetic afflatus and the noble maturity of his life-long affection for Psi Upsilon:

1
What's a-float in glasses lifted,
Each with golden waves adorning?
Is it dust of roses sifted
Through the fingers of the morning?
Is it tender radiance streaming
Down from eyes that wait above?
No!—in brothers' cup is gleaming
Purest gold of Brothers' love.

2
What's a-twist in smoke up-curling
When the amber pipe is lighted?
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Is it snow of winter whirling,—
Face of Spirit earth-affrighted?
Is it flakes of silver drifting
Down from shivering stars above?
No!—from brothers' pipe is lifting
Whitest wreath of Brothers' love.

3
What's awake in brain of sleeper
Turning slumber into smiling?
Is it something broader, deeper,
Stronger than young love's beguiling?
Is it whispers without number,—
Tones that rival voice of dove?
No!—there comes to dreaming slumber
Clasping hands of Brothers' love.

4
What's amiss in life or labor,
Dimming day with dusk of sorrow?
Traitor friend, or bite of neighbor,—
Hopeless rain that chills the morrow?—
Ah, the sun will shine out brighter
When the clouds disperse above!—
Ah, the load of life grows lighter
Borne by help of Brothers' love.

It was on January 24, 1896, that a distinguished company of some 150 members of the Fraternity, representing most of the Chapters, met at the Hotel Savoy in New York to do honor to our poet laureate. Among the speakers in the long list of those responding to toasts were Edmund Clarence Stedman, Beta '53, ("Psi Upsilon Poetical"), Charles Dudley Warner, Psi '51, ("Psi Upsilon Humanities"), Austin Abbott, Delta '51, ("The New Field of Honor"), and Professor Willard Fiske, Psi '51, ("Psi Upsilon Universal"). Judge Finch had been recently appointed Dean of the Cornell University Law School, and among the congratulatory messages received on this festive occasion were those from Frederic R. Coudert, Lambda '50, Andrew D. White, Beta '53, U. S. Senators Hawley, Psi '47, Frye, Kappa '50, and Wetmore, Beta '67, and Dr. R. S. MacArthur, Upsilon '67. Albion W. Tourgée, Upsilon '62, sent a poem, and Lyman D. Brewster, Beta '55, sent the following:

"Long life to him, serene and hale,
Through evening's purple splendor,
Whose morning songs of Youth and Yale
As hearty were as tender!

The scholar-judge, his laurels won,
Where ermine snow is purest,
Psi Upsilon salutes her son,
Her poet and her jurist!"

Finch's primacy in Psi U. singing has been steadily recognized by succeeding generations of undergraduates, who have regarded singing the title page of the Song Book as one of their most popular diversions; for, in the middle of this title page has continued from one edition to another the quotation from his "Anthem,"—

"Until the sands of life are run,
We'll sing to thee, Psi Upsilon.
—Finch,"

so that "Psi U. Finch" is a traditional sentiment often loudly voiced.

Most of the four other songs printed in this first little Song Book were anonymous, and the only one which retains a place in the latest edition is the anonymous "Round the Altar." To the same early period, however, belongs "Psi Upsilon the True," by George W. Pratt, Xi '49, who, though a professional musician, did not compose original music for it, but set the words to the popular melody "Crambambuli," the tune of Finch's "Anthem." This song appeared in the second edition of the Song Book, printed in 1853, the collection having already grown to contain 17 numbers. Five of these were by James K. Lombard, Beta '54, who evidently donned Finch's mantle at Yale. The most popular of these was
undoubtedly "The Jolly Convocation," sung to the rollicking melody "It's a Way We Have at Old Harvard" and usually winding up, in modern times, with the whole title page down to the final "Boston, Oliver Ditson," etc., though the later editions of the Song Book were not published by that well-known firm. Sung with similar abandon is his "Jolly Psi U.,” to the tune of “Camp-town Races,” with its oft-repeated chorus:

“We are bound to sing all night
'Til break of day comes on,
Then home to bed with early light,
To dream of Psi Upsilon."

But Lombard continued to write real poetry after leaving college, and his finest song, from the poetic standpoint, is "The Diamond," sung to the immortal melody, "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes":

1
Drift back, ye clouds of deepening years,
That dim the blushing morn
Where Hope her fairy castle rears
When Youth and Time are born!
The sun is in the western sky,
The dawn seems far away,
We gaze with calm, expectant eye,
Beyond the verge of day;

2
Where, o'er the dark horizon's bars,
The golden stairways rise
And, slowly climbing to the stars,
Fade in the peaceful skies;
While fancy flits, erstwhile the guide
To still retiring lands,
And clear-eyed Faith, the path beside,
With pointing finger stands.

3
Let Memory set the shadow back
That o'er the dial creeps,
And swift repass the winding track
Up boyhood's shining steeps.
Be thou the sweet enchantress now,
Swing back the thrice-barred door,
Renew the grasp, repeat the vow,
And live the pleasure o'er!

4
How ring with shouts the echoing walls,
How curl the smoke-wreaths high,
How faint the beckoning future calls,
How fast the moments fly!
Surge on, ye waves of joyous song,
Dash wide your silver spray,—
For soon the hours ye would prolong
With you I will ebb away.

5
Ah, leave the burden that ye bear
High on Time's sparkling sands,—
Love, fellowship, hearts void of care,
Faith sealed by clasping hands;
Fair prophecies of new delights
And triumphs neatly won,
With fragrance of ambrosial nights,
Thy gifts, Psi Upsilon!

6
Though myriad gems like dew-drops flare
When sun-lit meads are wet,
Stem Time, one peerless jewel spare
On Memory's finger set!
Emblem of trust that spurns the years,
Of friendship sworn and true,
Of all that most the past endears,
That priceless gem, Psi U!

This edition contained also several songs by members of the then newly installed Chapter at Harvard, the Alpha. Among them is "The Joy of Psi Ups," by Francis W. Hilliard, Alpha '52, and "Ties of Old," set to the tune of "Fair Harvard," by the popular author, Horatio Alger, Jr., Alpha '52, the first stanza of which runs:

"We have gathered once more in our mystic hall,
To strengthen the ties that of old,
Cemented by friendship and brotherly love,
Have bound us with fetters of gold.
The glance of the eye and the grasp of the hand,
Though silent, still loudly proclaim
That the union of hearts and the union of hands,
With us shall be ever the same."

Others of our oldest songs are the "Greeting Song" by Willis S. Colton, Beta '50, and "The Tryst of College
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Days" by Charles F. Gerry, Xi '51, which begins:

"The midnight oil is burning low,
The moon climbs upwards in the skies,
The shining star-lamps softly glow,
Like far-off angel eyes."

In the third edition of the Song Book the number of songs had nearly doubled. Noteworthy among those first appearing at this time was "Our Noble Old Fraternity," by Allen Griswold, Xi '59, whose early death in 1862 lends peculiar pathos to the last stanza.

"And when old age has seared our locks,
And early friends are gone,
When golden dreams have vanished like
The glories of life's morn,
We will think again on college years,
And what to thee we owe,
The brightest gem of memory then, Psi Upsilon, Psi U."

The next two editions of the book were not significant, but the sixth edition, in 1870, contained more than half a hundred songs, which for the first time were accompanied by their music. In this edition appeared two songs by Professor Calvin S. Harrington, Xi '52, which won superlative praise, though, owing to the modesty of their author, both were first printed anonymously. "The Diamond Song" was written for the convention of 1865, held with the Xi. The imagery is finely maintained throughout the three stanzas.

"There's a glorious palace more noble and grand
Than the splendor of princes can boast,
More precious and costly than pearls from the strand,
The palace that we love the most;
It has diamond walls and bright pillars of gold
Unbought in the world's sordid mart;
'Tis a storehouse of riches that cannot be told,
'Tis a royal Psi Upsilon heart.

CHORUS

Then hail to the diamond, noble and grand!
Our symbol and badge be it ever;
In the songs of the heart, and the grasp of the hand,
We will tell of its glories forever.
There's a diamond door for this palace so fair,
And it flashes its welcome to all
Who interpret the magical handwriting there,
And enter the glittering hall;
There is music and feasting for each noble guest,
And a greeting as warm as his own;
On a brotherly bosom he leans him to rest,
And sits down on a diamond throne.

O palace of beauty! O walls of delight!
Thy jewels, that cannot decay,
Are Justice and Purity, Mercy and Right,
And Love with its holier ray;
Unsullied we'll keep them, no breath to pollute
Shall tarnish these virtues divine,
They shall blend in our worship or vocal or mute,
As we bow at the diamond shrine."

"Dear Old Shrine," written by Professor Harrington for the quarter-century anniversary of the Xi in 1868, early attained a unique place in the affections and the usage of the fraternity, and according to the latest canvass of the chapters, is almost universal in its popularity. It has long been the custom to sing it as a parting song in the regular ritual of the chapter meetings, and it is heard at all reunions of the chapters or of the fraternity in general. One of the high spots of the Centennial Convention of 1933 was its use at the public exercises. Set to a simple but familiar old melody ("Dearest Mae"), it never fails to arouse all the tenderest recollections and deepest emotions of the brothers who join in the mystic circle:
Come brothers of Psi Upsilon, who trod its halls of yore, Unbar the ivied gate of years, and tread these halls once more; The buried jewels glitter still—the ling'ring voices call, While we, with spirit gaze and grasp, at ancient altars fall.

CHANT
O dear old shrine, Our hearts around thee twine; We love thee yet. We'll ne'er forget The days of auld lang syne.

Come brothers of this later time, of earlier worth the peers, Who bear the honors of the past along the hurrying years; Ye keep our temple walls still bright, ye weave the wreaths of bay, Ye feed the hallowed vestal fires we gather round to-day.

Come brothers of the then and now, one, whom no time can part, Linked by a chain whose diamond clasp gleams bright above each heart; Come sing again the good old songs, the mystic bond still bless, The diamond of Psi Upsilon shall never sparkle less.

Of these songs Professor Willard Fiske, Psi '51, whose own poetic gift and critical judgment entitle him to profound respect, has written: "It is difficult to conceive anything more inspiring than his 'Diamond Song' or more happily imagined than his 'Dear Old Shrine'; and again, "The 'Diamond Song' . . . may also be styled the supreme work of its class; and the same author's 'Dear Old Shrine'—yearly sung on a thousand occasions—is inferior only to 'The Diamond Song,' and has a sentiment and pathos all its own."

Almost as popular as "Dear Old Shrine" is Professor Harrington's "After the Battle." In the recent questionnaire to the Chapters it occupied first place in the lists of seven Chapters and was included in those of more than a score. The last stanza is usually sung with special fervor:

"Bond fraternal, bond eternal, Linking in one, Holier union than chivalric circle, All thy sons, Psi Upsilon. Never, no, never, Fade the laurel of our band; Shine on, forever, Symbol of the heart and hand."

His "Carmen Animi" is sung to the familiar "Music in the Air." His "Semi-Centennial Ode," written for the Convention of 1888, and set to the stirring air, "March of the Men of Harlech," begins thus:

"Brothers linked by diamond fetters In the guilds of lore and letters, From the heart each other's debtors, Sing Psi Upsilon! Vanished years behind us, Golden bands to bind us; Song and story, Deeds of glory, Thronging to remind us; By our holy altars dwelling, Heart and hand the secret telling, With the joyful chorus swelling, Sing Psi Upsilon!"

Of Professor Willard Fiske himself, Psi '51, fifteen of whose songs (more than those of any other author) adorn the most recent edition of the Songbook, Professor Boyesen, his intimate colleague in the founding of the Chi Chapter, declares that he made it a rule never to go to breakfast before having written a Psi U. song. His "Meine Braut," our only hymn in the German language, has proved a great favorite. The "Maiden Fair" is a poetic gem:

"I know full well a maiden, A maiden wondrous fair, Her brow and bosom laden With jewels rich and rare; Upon her forehead sparkles The diamond's lustre true, And in her soft eye darkles The swart enamel's hue.
"She sits in radiant splendor,  
And clasps her loving hands;  
Around her waist so slender  
Are pearl-embroidered bands;  
A thousand lovers woo her,  
And her sweet praises sing;  
A thousand hearts unto her  
Their precious worship bring.

"And she, in equal measure,  
The love of each requites;  
With all-embracing pleasure  
Her troth to all she plights.  
May nought but good befall her,  
This maiden debonair!  
We bless her as we call her  
Psi Upsilon the fair."

On the pathos of parting Brother Fiske rings the changes in "The Seniors Last Glass," whose last stanza reaches this climax:

"For thee, Psi Upsilon, our queen,  
For thee, our love so deep, so keen  
Hath been past all man's knowing;  
Oh saddest grief to yield thee up!  
We quaff to thee this last full cup,  
We're going, we're going!"

The praises of "The Psi Upsilon Girl" are celebrated in four stanzas, the third of which runs thus:

"Hurrah for the girl whose sigh you feel,  
Is as soft and sweet as the chimed peal;  
Whose sigh, you well know, is a sigh for you,  
A sigh for the son of the sunny Psi U!"

This amusing paranomasia reminds well-informed members of the fraternity of its similarity to that in the chorus of Brother John C. Saxe's, Alpha '53, "Beautiful Name":

"And, dying, when life's little journey is done,  
May our last fondest sigh be—Psi Upsilon."

This was composed by that noted humorist at the supper table of the annual Convention in Cambridge in 1853, of which he was the formal poet. His hat had been lost during the confusion of the occasion, and he, having been jollied about it, responded with these verses. The incident is referred to in the fourth stanza.

"And cultivate honor as higher in worth  
Than favor of fortune, or genius, or birth;  
At jovial parties mind what you are at,  
Beware of your head and take care of your hat,  
Lest you find that a favorite son of your mother  
Has a brick in the one and an ache in the other."

These verses were set to music by Brother Calvin S. Harrington for the Convention of 1877 in Middletown.

It was at Willard Fiske's suggestion, also, that another celebrated man of letters, Honorable Bayard Taylor, though not himself a member of the fraternity, penned a neat Psi U. song:

**PSI UPS**

"Maidens, take your lips away!  
Come no more in lovely troops!  
Beauty cannot lead astray  
Love of mine from sweet Psi Ups,  
True to Ups and true to Psi,  
Let me live and let me die.

"When the waist of Psi I press,  
Ups's kisses warm my brow;  
When I toy with Ups's tress,  
Psi then sighs her fondest vow;  
So the twain are bound to me,  
In a sweet duality.

"If to Psi or Ups I steal,  
Ups or Psi with grief is pale;  
I with neither happy feel,  
Should the other charmer fail;  
So my perfect life flows on,  
Wedded to Psi Upsilon."

The next most prolific writer of Psi U. songs was George W. Elliott, Xi '73, to whom are credited eleven numbers in the later editions of the Songbook. When the tenth edition was being prepared, Brother Elliott, a veteran newspaper man of Rochester, New York, was suffering with invalidism, and it was his greatest comfort to while away idle hours in writing verses about his beloved Psi
U. It was he who, when chided for sending in more material than could be well utilized in the new book, replied pathetically, "I never sass back to an editor!" Among the most popular of his numbers are, "The Banner of Psi U.," set to the rollicking tune of "The Midshipmite," and "The Ever-Lovely Maiden." The three stanzas of the latter express respectively the sentiments of youth, middle age, and old age. The first proceeds thus:

"Some think it very wrong to toy with chances,
And so do I, and so do all!
But much depends upon the circumstances,
None can deny—at least not all!
For I, I do admit the accusation,
I love the winsome maid to court;
I live for her and sigh to satiation
For maiden fair, so debonair.

CHORUS
Maiden! Maiden! Oh! so debonair!
Red rose cheek and golden-tressed hair!
She charms the senses, entrails the heart;
Inspires the mind; and free from art,
Maiden debonair—'Psi Upsilon'—my heart has won!"

Hardly less fertile was the pen of that rare, poetic soul, Brother W. Whitman Bailey, Sigma '64. In his more serious mood he wrote "Sons of Psi Upsilon" and "Hail to Thee." But it was perhaps in his verses for special occasions that Professor Bailey most remarkably exhibited his genius, well illustrated in "Anticipation and Realization":

"By the door of the chapter a little boy sat,
There he was patiently waiting;
Full deeply he ponder'd,
What could they be at?
Why did they not open the grating?
'I hear thro' the window the echo of glee,
I wonder what mischief's concocted for me?
I wish I had courage my sorrow to dree—
How long will they keep me here waiting?"

"He heard in the lodge-room exuberant din—
The sound of a billy-goat bleating;
The blood in his ventricles grew very thin;
His pulse it was rapidly beating;
'I wish they would hasten to put me right thro';
I long to be with them in jolly Psi U! Can all they have told me be certainly true?
O dear! but this temperature's heating!"

"They came for that Freshman—that innocent boy,
Just now on the point of despairing,
They took him up tenderly—not to annoy
Four Sophomores stalwart upbearing;
They chang'd all his anguish to jubilant joy;
They fondled and petted him—much to his joy—
Nor heard he of anything prone to annoy
Thro' sundry surprises preparing.

"Who is there can tell what that little boy saw,
By mystical candles depicted?
Perhaps 'twas Jack Horner, or Marjorie Daw,
Or Bluebeard so sadly afflicted!
He went to his chamber that Walpurgis night,
And dream'd there strange visions, and
woke in a fright;
But ever, thereafter, if stories are right,
His legends all sorely conflicted!"

Brother Oscar Kuhns, Xi '85, too, was never happier than when writing a song for the fraternity. His "Psi U. Joys," listed by twenty-three of the twenty-seven Chapters as among those most sung by them, is evidently one of our most popular numbers. It goes with a dash:

"O we're a band of jolly boys,
Our hearts are filled with Psi U. joys;
We sing and laugh the hours away,
No other life is half so gay.

"The wine we drink is Psi U. wine,
It thrills us with a joy divine;
The songs that we delight to sing,
With Psi U.'s praises ever ring.

"No sadness e'er can enter here,
Joy smiles upon us all the year
While hand in hand, like brothers true,
We faithful stand to old Psi U."
"Let envious tongues wag as they may, Psi Upsilon shall win the day; We'll shout, as years go rolling by, Psi Upsilon shall never die."

To the favorite melody, "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," Professor Kuhns wrote "Psi U. Friendship":

"'Tis spring that brings the richest gifts The circling year affords; The flower's bloom, the zephyr's breath, The blithe bird's sweet accords; The brightest moments of the day Attend the train of morn, The sparkling dew, the blushing hues, That eastern skies adorn.

"And so life's richest, sweetest gifts, Oh Youth, to thee are given; Bright flowers bloom beneath thy feet, Kind are the smiles of Heaven; To thee belong all hopes and joys, That fill the heart and brain; Thine is the time when love can forge True friendship's golden chain.

"Oh, Brothers in Psi Upsilon! While Youth still thrills your frame; While, face upturned, ye forward press T'ward wealth and power and fame; Remember, best of all life brings, Is friendship, strong and true; Remember, friends of all the best Are found in old Psi U."

His also is our only French song, "La Vraie Amitié," wedded (oddly enough it seems, in these latter days) to the lovely German melody, "So viel' Stern' am Himmel Stehen."

It may here be noted that we have four Latin songs, which exhibit the usual happy disregard of students for the various niceties of that highly exact language. The story, however, that the eminent Psi U. Latinist, Professor Albert Harkness, Sigma '42, fainted when hearing one of them sung, is mythical. We also have a very clever Greek song, "Elhonton Adelphoi," written with tender affection, in days of failing health, by Professor Lewis R. Packard, Beta '56, and proving that that ancient and honorable language can easily express our most modern sentiments.

During the decade following the publication of the sixth edition of the Song Book, two more editions appeared, each larger than its predecessor, and in 1881 a ninth edition incorporated a recent supplement and brought the number of songs up to one hundred and one. The tenth edition, after another decade, marked important changes. An effort was made not only to collect whatever new material had become available in the growing fraternity, but also to secure other new songs from well-known writers representing the different chapters and to have some of these set to desirable music not already in the book. Moreover, the music was all re-arranged for male voices, and a complete set of indices was added together with historical notes. The result was that the book was nearly doubled in size and contained many new and attractive songs. It was published in the late fall of 1891. In 1908 about twenty-five supplementary pages were added, making an eleventh edition. Some years later a committee appointed to consider various phases of fraternity singing—Reinald Werrenrath, Delta '05, John Barnes Wells, Pi '01, and Karl P. Harrington, Xi '82, (editor of the tenth and eleventh editions)—reported to the Executive Council that no action was necessary with regard to the book, and up to date no further additions or changes have been made. It may be doubted if the compilation of any other fraternity is its equal in variety, utility, popularity, or fame of its authors.

Some of the songs in this large
collection are especially adapted to particular occasions. Others appeal more to old graduates in reminiscent mood than to present-day college boys. Some are traditionally popular in individual chapters. Still others call for special musical groups or the art of the topical songster. There is a song for almost any sort of an occasion, and an appealing melody or catchy tune often determines the popularity of a song. Apparently the most universal favorite is "Welcome, Brothers, Old and Young," by Charles Henry Arndt, Iota '89, written for the Convention of 1888 at the Iota, set to the old war-time tune, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching." This song was listed by every one of the twenty-seven active Chapters:

"Welcome, brothers, old and young,
Welcome ev'ry loyal son,
All who wear the emblem of the chosen few;
Let us loud our voices ring,
And each brother gladly sing,
Sing the praises of our own, our lov'd Psi U.

CHORUS
Psi Upsilon, Psi U. forever!
Symbols dearest to our heart!
Ever 'round thy holy shrine
We'll the victor's myrtle twine,
And our love for thee, Psi U., shall ne'er depart.

In our various paths of life
Cares and sorrow may be rife,
And the night be dark and faithful friends be few;
When the storm is raging high,
And deep darkness rules the sky,
Then the beacon light shall burst from old Psi U.

When our race on earth is run,
And our labor here is done,
And the jeweled crown of life is fairly won,
May our last, faint, faltering breath,
Ere 'tis hush'd in silent death,
Breathe the sweetest of all words, Psi Upsilon."

Another old-timer, ever young, is "The College Chorus," by William H. Boughton, Lambda '58, in which the rapid swing of the simple tune and the hearty cheer never fail to inspire the group that undertakes it.

"Come, brothers, and a song we'll sing,
Psi U., Psi U.,
And make the lodge-room round us ring,
Psi Upsilon.
We've gathered in our hall to-night, Psi U., Psi U.
To leave it with the morning light, Psi Upsilon.

CHORUS
There to sing and to speak thy praises,
Psi U., Psi U.,
To sing and to speak thy praises, Psi Upsilon.
The bright-eyed maiden loves to hear, Psi U., Psi U.,
The story of our brave career, Psi Upsilon,
And looks upon the man as blest, Psi U., Psi U.,
Who wears the diamond on his breast, Psi Upsilon.

Then hurrah! for the Psi U. ladies, Psi U., Psi U.,
Hurrah! for the Psi U. ladies, Psi Upsilon.

"Now three times three for all our men,
Psi U., Psi U.,
And for the ladies ten times ten, Psi Upsilon!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Psi U., Psi U.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Psi Upsilon.

And again we'll sing thy praises, Psi U., Psi U.,
And again we'll sing thy praises, Psi Upsilon."

When Brother Boughton was asked to write a new number for the tenth edition, he responded with the topical song, "What He Wanted," set to an old-time, popular tune called "Columbus":

"My father he tried for to put me into a counting-house,
When I had but just reached my seventeenth year;
THE SONGS

He said that he wanted to make a sober, steady man of me, And a rich one, so that I'd have nothing to fear.
He chalked out my conduct, and he said that if I followed it, Very soon with the proudest of men I might vie;
But I kept my upper lip stiff, and although I said it not, I was bound to go to college, by jingo, or die.

"So at it I went with a pick-axe so classical, To dig for old Greek roots and very learned tho';
Which I stored in my mind, when they soon did evaporate,
And I hope are replaced by what cannot be bought.
But yet I'm not sorry to think I a student was,
For I found a bright jewel whose value ranks high;
Though the fates were adverse and my enemies vigilant, I was bound to be a Psi U., by jingo, or die."

It would have been a treat to hear the author sing that himself, but it is to be feared that few members of the fraternity have ever ventured to do it justice.

"Brothers, The Day Is Ended," by Charles A. Boies, Beta '60, continues after many years of constant use to be often sung by many chapters. This goes to Bellini's operatic air, "Suoni la Tromba":

"Brothers, the day is ended, Lost in the surge of time, Gently the hours have blended In that melody sublime. Soft as a dream of beauty Fadeth the silver light, Done with the joys of Duty, Now for the joys of Night! Hurrah! Sing till the star-bells, ringing, Chime in the golden sun! Hail to thee, glory bringing, Starry crowned Psi Upsilon.

"Heaved on the breast of beauty, Tossed on the manly heart, Glitters the golden token, Twined hands that never part.

Vexed with a vain ambition, Poring the weary page, Others may dream of greatness, Here's to a green old age! Hurrah! 'On to the field of glory!' Soon be the triumph won! Hallowed in song and story, Ever live Psi Upsilon!"

A ringing march by Balfe, "The Pirates' Chorus," perpetuates similarly "Honored Psi Upsilon," by Francis A. Blackburn, Phi '68, from generation to generation:

"Sing to the honor of her we love most, Our glory and our boast,
Loyal and true Are the hearts of the few Who encircle thy altar, To pledge thee faith anew,

CHORUS
Shout! Victory ever thy banner shall crown, Honored Psi Upsilon!

"When from thy altar we've wandered afar, Be thou our guiding star!
Hand linked in hand Shall thy votaries stand, And under thy banner Still form a chosen band, Shout, etc.

"Scattered and sundered by land and by sea, Still turn our tho'ts to thee, Deep in the heart, Though in sadness we part, Thy love shall inspire us Till love and life depart, Shout, etc."

Professor Boyesen's, Chi '68, fine "Star Song" used to be sung with lusty enthusiasm; but it is to be feared that the intrinsically excellent tune, "Die Wacht am Rhein," has not been in favor during recent years because of its connotations. There are, however, no politics necessarily in music, and this stirring lyric ought not to be allowed to fade away from active use:

"From sable field of primal night
Arose the diamond star of light,
From firmament of darkness dread
O'er all the land her lustre shed."
ANNALS OF PSI UPSILON

CHORUS
Psi Upsilon, eternal star,
Friendship and joy, and joy, thy glories are!

“And as that star with placid sheen
Amid the night shall shine serene,
So stand with steady heart and true
We faithful to our loved Psi U.

“As hand of flame clasps hand of flame
Between the signs of mystic name,
So may in friendship’s noble band
Each by his brother firmly stand.

“Thus star and hands and sable field
Conjoined a deeper meaning yield,
Shine mid a world of woe and strife
As symbols of a perfect life.

Of far different tone, but widely sung throughout the fraternity, is the “Serenade,” taken from a poem read by Dr. Luther W. Peck, Delta ’45, at the annual reunion of the Xi chapter in June, 1890, and set to original music:

“Swift as an arrow time has flown,
The stars retire before the sun;
But in her golden sphere, alone,
Forever shines Psi Upsilon.

“Still shining down the lapse of years,
In smiles of love, thro’ blissful tears,
She lives till time’s last courses run,
The deathless, fair Psi Upsilon.

“We clasp to-day the friendly hand,
We closer bind dear friendship’s band;
And lay our sweetest off’rings down
Before thy shrine, Psi Upsilon.

“Psi Upsilon! Psi Upsilon!
The stars retire before the sun;
Wherever love and truth are known
Shine on, shine on, Psi Upsilon.

“Let earth retire, and star, and sun!
The kingdoms of the heart are one;
And we shall meet, to glory known,
True brothers of Psi Upsilon.”

Robert T. McCracken, Tau ’04, is the author of “Psi U. Lineage,” very generally admired, a song represent-
ing a truly modern gaiety of spirit carried by an irresistible tune:

“Fam’lies antedate the flood,
Boast the purple in their blood;
Some people want only fabulous wealth;
Others desire wit, beauty and health.
We have these and something more—
We have brothers by the score!
Firmly they stand an unbroken band,
Supporting us on ev’ry hand.

CHORUS
Age it is the rage,
In lace and race and creed;
Tone and tone alone will place you in the lead;
Fame, resounding fame,
Spread abroad thro’ all the land,
All, all are at your beck and call,
If in Psi U.’s ranks you stand.

“High above the world’s great names
We may have ancestral claims;
Where’er a man found good work to do
There was a father for me and you:
Cromwell and Napoleon,
Frederick and Washington,
Charlemagne, Caesar, Alexander too,
Father Adam was a good Psi U.!”

In the same mirthful spirit which claims Father Adam as the original Psi U., Brother Charles D. McGuffey, Iota ’63, author of three other Psi U. songs, describes “The Origin of Psi Upsilon” in eleven stanzas and chorus. Jove is represented as calling in his “brain-born” daughter, Pallas, and requesting her to choose the charter members of the fraternity from the “chosen sons” of Greece. The story proceeds:

“Thanks Sire!” said she, ‘the task be mine
To gather this noble host;
And a diamond badge from a Goddess’ hand
Each one on his breast may boast.

‘And in Hellas’ land and beyond the seas,
And where’er man’s foot may tread,
By them upon learning’s altars bright
Shall the sacred flame be fed.’

* Editor’s note—This, as well as the music for nine other songs, was composed by Karl P. Harrington, Xi ’82, author of the above chapter on Hymnology and Editor of the Songs of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity, tenth edition (1891) and eleventh edition (1908).
O dear old Shrine—
Our hearts around thee twine—
We love thee, yet will never forget
The days of Aubie Long—syne—

Come brothers of the dear old
Who tread the halls of yore
Linger to view gate of years
And trace those halls once more.

The bright jewels glitter still
The ringing voices call
While we with spirit gaze & grasp
At ancient alters fall—

Come brothers of this City (daytime)
Of earth (days) the peers
Who bear the honors of the past
Along the journey years

("Ye keep our (palace) walls still bright)
"Ye hallowed still our temple walls"

"Ye wove the crowns of bay"
"Ye blend the hallowed vestal fires"
"We gather around to-day"

First draft of the "Shrine Song"
For nearly a century the Title Pages of the Song Books have followed the style of the original Song Book of 1849
Then a rosy cloud from the ocean came,
And with parted lips aglow
Stepped out from the mist, cloud-bath'd,
sun-kiss'd,
Cytherea with breast of snow.

'And may I not share?' said the Goddess fair,
'Let the joyful task be mine
To bedeck this badge with a clasped hand,
In the purest gold to shine.

'And oft may the gem in its radiance gleam,
Thrice honored, on beauty's breast,
Sister, or sweetheart, or darling wife,
The one of all loved best.'

'It is well,' said Jove, 'let the word go forth,
And ever at learning's shrine
Let the flame be fed till the world grows old
By this chosen guild of mine.

'Let friendship ever attend their path,
And let love their footsteps cheer;
And let sunshine fill every fair one's heart
To whom a Psi U. is dear.'"

And after each stanza rolls the chorus:

"Then hail to the bright'ning fame,
Long, long, may the glory be!
Our hand had birth on the classic earth,
By the waves of the midland sea, sea, sea,
By the waves of the storied sea."

Universally sung with a contagious enthusiasm which does not die out, though the special events it celebrates are now becoming ancient history, is the "Rho Owl Song," by Charles Floyd McClure, Rho '95, set to the popular air of "The Colored Four Hundred":

"There is a legend quaint and Greek about an ancient owl,
Who dwelt in great exclusiveness, a most respected fowl;
Beloved he of lion bold, who, rampant, rose one morn,
Awak'ning consternation in the land where he was born.

SEMI CHORUS
Tuwhit, tuwho! O ancient owl of fair Psi U.,
Thy jewel bright
The rampant lion wears tonight,
And true to thee
Will ever be,
Owl of old Psi U.

CHORUS
O lovely owl! Conservative fowl!
In his joy and exultation
Doth the rampant lion howl!
Tuwhit, tuwho! Psi U., Psi U!
O, tuwhit, tuwho! Psi U., Psi U. forever!

"The ancient owl blinked both his eyes and marvelled at the roar;
In loud protest a pack of curs were snarling at his door:
'An upstart lion comes this way!' the envious jackals cried,
'Pray bar from out thy portals fair this traitor double-dyed!'"

"Unto the rabble thus the owl: 'Away! Let him appear!
When Virtue claims her just reward, 'tis
Envy seeks to jeer;
To thee, wise beast of rampant mien, the mystic badge I bring:
Accept, for thy great loyalty, the shelter
of my wing!'"

The allegorical significance of what might seem to the casual reader more or less unintelligible in this song was well explained by Brother Charles H. Bernard, Rho '95, in the Pi Garnet of February, 1939:

"Hurt by the decision of the Wisconsin chapter to surrender its charter and petition for membership in Psi Upsilon, Phi Kappa Psi and similar organizations, termed by the Phi chapter at the University of Michigan as 'small fry societies,' attempted to influence existing chapters of Psi U. to refuse the Wisconsin petitioners a charter. . . .

"In the Rho Owl song, the owl 'who dwelt in great exclusiveness' represents Psi Upsilon, and the 'lion bold who rampant awoke one morn awakening consternation in the land
where he was born' is the Wisconsin chapter which renounced Phi Kappa Psi to seek admission. Phi Kappa Psi and others are the 'envious jackals' who asked Psi Upsilon to 'bar from out thy portals fair this traitor double-dyed.'

"The song describes in graphic detail the attempt on the part of Phi Kappa Psi to oust Psi U. petitioners from campus offices and the assistance rendered what was to become our Rho chapter by Chi Psi, the other leading chapter on the Wisconsin campus in 1893.

"The paean of praise which the lion sings to the 'ancient owl'—Psi Upsilon—on being received into the fraternity—contains the lasting loyalty and devotion to the fraternity which has always been remarkably strong in the Rho chapter."

It was no easy task to secure the right to publish the copyright music of the foregoing song book. In another instance we are forced, even to this day, to sing a well beloved song from words alone, the publishers having remained obdurate to our every effort to secure the printing of Bullard's music to the familiar "Stein Song," written by the poet Richard Hovey, Zeta '85:

"Give a rouse, then, in the Maytime
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn night-time into daytime
With the sunlight of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a song ringing clear.

"When the wind comes up from Cuba
And the birds are on the wing,
And our hearts are patting juba
To the banjo of the spring,
Then it's no wonder whether
The boys will get together,
With a stein on the table and a cheer for everything.

"For we're all frank-and-twenty
When the spring is in the air;
And we've faith and hope a-plenty,
And we've life and love to spare;
And it's birds of a feather,
When we all get together,
With a stein on the table and a heart without a care.

"For we know the world is glorious,
And the goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When His children have their fling;
And life slips its tether
When the boys get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring."

This was a part of the poem "Spring," read by the lamented author at the annual Convention in Ann Arbor, Michigan, in May, 1896. Mrs. Hovey cheerfully granted permission for the use of her husband's song in the Song Book, but the archives of the fraternity are well stocked with futile correspondence carried on in the endeavor to secure publication rights to the music.

Much sung in many chapters is "Psi U. Fellowship," by John F. Critchlow, Tau '94, with its convivial spirit and its ringing chorus:

"We're all birds of a feather,
We're always found together,
And nought can come to sever
Our hearts so true;
And after all is over
We'll drink a little clover,
For every man's a lover
Of old Psi U."

One of the most effective songs for the rushing season is Professor E. L. Walter's, Phi '68, "One in Psi U."

"When comes the mild September,
And we with joy remember
How starts the year anew,
What makes us all so jolly,
So full of fun and folly,
If it is not Psi U?
Halle, hallo, halle, hallo,
It is, it is Psi U.
"O, we are skilled in Latin,
Our Greek we all are pat in,
And Mathematics too,
But what are these to pleasure,
And where find we such measure
Of this, as in Psi U?
Halle, hallo, halle, hallo,
Nowhere but in Psi U.

"With us there are no classes,
We're only jolly masses
Of jolly boys and true;
No Soph. nor Senior haughty,
No Fresh. nor Junior naughty,
We're only just Psi U.
Halle, hallo, halle, hallo,
We're only just Psi U.

"It sets us all to sighing
To think how time is flying,
And fills our eyes with dew;
But though we all must sever,
Forever and forever,
At heart we'll be Psi U.
Halle, hallo, halle, hallo,
Yes, yes, we'll be Psi U.

"Then brothers let's be jolly,
Let's give full vent to folly,
As though old Time were new;
We'll give a lasting token
That ties can never be broken,
Which makes us thine, Psi U.
Halle, hallo, halle, hallo,
We're ever thine, Psi U."

The Wesleyan poet, Frederick
Lawrence Knowles, Xi '94, is repre-
sented by only one song, "The Touch
of Psi U."

"There is a maiden gay and fair,
With eyes of honest blue,
She wears a diamond in her hair,
Bright as the morning dew,
She strokes the scholar's brow of care,
Where late the wrinkles grew,
And sets the seal of gladness there—
The touch of dear Psi U!

"This damsels wears a robe divine
Of gold and garnet hue,
And jewels on her bosom shine,
Her smile is fair to view;
We leave our task—we seek her shrine—
We bid the world adieu,
And wreaths of deathless fame entwine,
To crown our loved Psi U!

"We bring no gifts of myrrh and gold,
But loyal hearts and true,
We praise her as in days of old
Our fathers used to do;
And when the years have o'er us rolled,
And all the world is new,
Her beauty shall our sons behold,
And worship still Psi U!

"So when at last we near the tomb,
As griefs and ills accrue,
One love shall light the path of gloom,
One star shall guide us through;
The tho'ts of youth can leave no room
For winter's cheerless view,
Our altar fires shall age illumine,
And keep us thine, Psi U!"

Charles W. Winchester, Xi '68,
contributed four songs, one of which,
"The Mystic Letters," treating vari-
ously the name of the fraternity, be-
gins merrily thus:

"Cadmus of Zidon, that noble old king,
Twenty odd letters to Hellas did bring.
Two of them always were brightest and
best,
Psi and Upsilon outshone all the rest."

And Professor Caleb T. Winches-
ter, Xi '69, has left us two noble
hymns. Of these, "A Pledge to Psi
Upsilon" was written for the public
exercises of the Xi "Quadrennial" in
1882:

What joys are like the joys of youth,
When hopes are bold and high,
When friendship glows with early truth,
And care clouds not the sky!
But youth no joys more pure imparts,
No friendship finds more true,
Than those which warm the manly hearts
Of brothers in Psi U.

CHORUS

Then a song, a song,
For old Psi U
Strike hands and pledge anew,
While hearts are light and hopes are
bright,
Our faith in old Psi U.

And when the morning dreams of life
Fade in the glow of noon,
And in the heated toil and strife
We lose our youth too soon;
Still at a note of Psi U. song,
Our hearts old memories thrill;
We grasp again hands parted long,
And we are brothers still.
CHORUS
Then a song, a song,
For old Psi U!
Strike hands and pledge anew,
For joys long past, whose memories last,
Our faith to old Psi U.

Dear are those hopes whose early glow
Old age has ne'er belied,
The love and truth that stronger grow
When in life's conflict tried.
O brother of the olden day,
And brother of the new;
We grasp again hands parted long,
And we are brothers still.

The other, "Here's to old Psi U.,”
was written especially for the tenth edition of the Song Book:

"Here's a health, my brother!
Friendship, beauty, truth,
Love that thrills the bosom,
Hopes that beckon youth,—
Pledge them all together,
All that's fair and true—
Hands all round, my brothers,
Here's to old Psi U!

"What though care and labors
Darken ere the night,
Joy shall light the morning,
Early hopes be bright.
Pledge me faith, my brother;
I pledge mine to you,—
Hands all round, my brothers,
Here's to old Psi U!

"When in life's stern struggle,
Singly we shall stand,
When these ties are sundered,
Loosed the clasping hand,
Warm shall glow the friendship
Pledged when life was new—
Hands all round, my brothers,
Here's to old Psi U!

"When years thin our circle
And the most are gone,
Still shall those who linger
Sing as in life's morn,
Though the voices falter
And the hands be few,
'Hands all round, my brothers,
Here's to old Psi U!"

Festive occasions, such as conventions or special anniversaries, are likely to call out the publication of little booklets of favorite songs, varying in size from ten or a dozen to thirty or more. Those chosen for such use may contain, for example, the "Reunion Jubilee" of Charles W. Winchester, or "Here We Are Again," by James F. McElroy, Zeta '76, with its rousing chorus:

"For we always seem so jolly,
Oh, so jolly, oh! so jolly, oh!
For we always seem so jolly, oh!
In loved Psi Upsilon.

We dance, we sing, we laugh,
Ha! ha! we laugh, ha! ha!
We dance, we sing, in loved Psi Upsilon.

Fal, la, la, Fal, la, la, Fal, la, la,
Fal, la, la, Fal, la, la, Fal, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la,
Slap! bang! here we are again! here we are again!
Here we are again!
Slap! bang! here we are again!
In loved Psi Upsilon."

In several of these we find also the rollicking "Psi U. Beer" of Willard Fiske:

"Had Bacchus lived with me and mine,
He would have drank no wine, no change.
But said his prayer's with conscience clear,
And tasted naught but Psi U. beer.

Poor Bacchus! He did lack us;
In all Olympus far and near,
He found no drop of Psi U. beer.

"Apollo, with his golden locks,
Had he been truly orthodox
Would have stopp'd his chariot here,
And swigg'd a mug of Psi U. beer.

Poor Apollo had to follow
His sundry courses all the year,
Without a drop of Psi U. beer.

"If Jove had learned a Christian creed,
He would have sent down Ganymede,
To buy him in this mundane sphere
A valiant mug of Psi U. beer.

Poor Jove! what a covey!
Preferred to take his nectar clear,
And never tasted Psi U. beer!

"Come, lay aside your learned tomes,
And seize your tankard while it foams;
We need amid our toil severe,
Ein frisches Glas of Psi U. beer.
Of men or gods we ask no odds,
If so they let us linger here,
To quaff, to quaff our Psi U. beer."

For the celebration of the Eightieth Anniversary of the Fraternity on November 24, 1913, at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, two special songs were written and printed with their music. One was "Sing the Glad Praises," by Professor W. Whitman Bailey, Sigma '64; the other was entitled "The Pilgrims," written by Professor Charles M. Cayley, Phi '78:

"Our goal is not of pride or pelf
Or this world's draught of wine;
Our way is not of ease or self,—
We're pilgrims to the Shrine:
Along the centuries we pass
And climb the hill of years,
Till from the top, as through a glass,
The sacred Shrine appears.

"A Dome whose minarets of gold
Are finished lives and true;
Whose portals, memories untold
That open on Psi U.;
Whose altar is nor wood nor stone;
Whose cross of mystic art
Throbs ever from one gem alone,
A garnet,—nay, a Heart.

"With youth immortal, yes a flame,
We journey toward the Shrine
Where love and honor are the same,
And Soul is thine and mine;
We tread where countless hosts have trod—
Grandsire and sire and son,—
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their Psi Upsilon!"

Among other writers whose songs appear in these booklets are Finch, Saxe, Charles T. Catlin, Beta '56, W. D. Quint, Zeta '87, Hyland C. Kirk, Gamma '72, W. A. Gracey, Upsilon '89, George Parmly Day, Beta '97, G. Mott Williams, Chi '79, W. K. Wickes, Gamma '70, C. S. F. Lincoln, Kappa '91, and H. R. Remsen, Beta Beta '98.

But it is impossible to quote, or give special mention to all the splen-
“Die Lorelei,” “Annie Lisle,” “Comin’ thro the Rye,” and “Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes”; popular American tunes of a previous generation, such as those of Stephen Foster, George F. Root, and Henry Clay Work; many excellent representatives of the modern popular American tune, including “The Colored Four Hundred,” “Our Director,” “The Leader of the German Band”; and many a favorite old German air.

When we recall that four years is the extent of a college student generation, and how dependent a fraternity Chapter is upon a good musical leader, accompanist, and tuneful voices for successful singing, we need not be surprised that there are serious ups and downs in the singing of various Psi Upsilon groups. Some of the Chapters which have been traditionally most successful and enthusiastic may be for a time apparently without enthusiasm and success in their musical life. Interesting statistics were obtained in the replies to the recent questionnaire of the Executive Council, showing that in many instances today Psi U. Chapters are admittedly lagging behind their rivals in singing. Sometimes this is attributed to the lack of any good voices, or any leader or pianist, sometimes to absorption in athletics or other extra-curricular activities, or again to lack of interest, or to special conditions of Chapter life, e.g., not eating their meals in their own house. The fact that part-singing of many songs is essential to their thorough enjoyment, and that it is often difficult to secure voices to carry the several parts, is sometimes assigned as a reason. Insisting that initiates learn fraternity songs at once makes for good Chapter singing, and failure to do so invites disaster. One of the best singing Chapters regularly presents a copy of the Song Book to every initiate, and thus ensures success. On the other hand, there is often a lamentable lack of copies of the book in the Chapter, a condition which inevitably leads to a lackadaisical attitude towards singing. The practice in various Chapters of using small abridged pamphlet collections instead of the regular book is greatly to be deprecated. The habit in nearly all of the Chapters of singing at regular meetings plays an important part in maintaining the fraternal spirit and high morale. General sings at other stated times are common in about half the Chapters, and in various institutions there are annual interfraternity singing contests, in some of which Psi U. definitely leads.

In the majority of Chapters singing is still considered an important element of fraternity life. So, if what good judges have said about the Psi U. Song Book may be believed, it should continue to be a rallying point of Psi U. enthusiasm. Professor Boyesen, whose critical taste cannot be gainsaid, wrote:

“When I take the Song Book of the Fraternity, and read all those songs, full of the heartiest lyrical feeling and most beautiful spontaneity of expression, that sort of rousing rhythm that makes a song a song, it seems strange to me that we should not have heard of them outside the Fraternity. . . . We ought to be prouder of this book than we are. I have compared it with other song books, and have found in none so much poetic talent.”

That judgment was pronounced more than half a century ago, when many of the choicest songs in the collection were not yet written.