

Songs

of the

PSI Upsilon FRATERNITY



*“The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet Sounds
Is fit for Treason, Stratagems, and Spoils.”
— Shak*

*“Until the sands of life are run,
We’ll sing to thee, PSI Upsilon.”
— Finch*

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*Reprint of words of selected
songs from the Official Song Book of
the Fraternity
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1987.*

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1. TITLE PAGE

As sung in two parts by the Delta Chapter

Songs of the Psi Upsilon
Songs of the Psi Upsilon
Songs of the Psi Upsilon

Fraternity
Fraternity, boys,
Fraternity

The man that hath no music
The man that hath no music
The man that hath no music
in himself
in himself, boys,
in himself

Nor is not moved with concord
Nor is not moved with concord
Nor is not moved with concord
of sweet Sounds
of sweet Sounds, boys,
of sweet Sounds

Is fit for Treason, Stratagems,
Is fit for Treason, Stratagems,
Is fit for Treason, Stratagems,
And Spoils — Shak
And Spoils — Shak, boys,
And Spoils — Shak

Until the sands of life are run
We'll sing to thee, Psi Upsilon
We'll sing to thee, Psi Upsilon
Psi U Finch
Psi U Finch, boys,
Psi U Finch

Published by the Executive
Published by the Executive
Published by the Executive
Ke-oun-cil of the Psi
Ke-oun-cil of the Psi, boys,
Ke-oun-cil of the Psi

Upsilon Fraternity
Upsilon Fraternity
Upsilon Fraternity
New York
New York, boys,
New York

Nineteen hundred oughty-eight
Nineteen hundred oughty-eight
Nineteen hundred oughty-eight
Period!

2. DEAR OLD SHRINE

By: Prof. C. S. Harrington, D.D., Xi '52

Air—"Dearest Mae."

—1—

Come brothers of Psi Upsilon, who trod it 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 alters fall.

CHORUS

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

—2—

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 today.

—3—

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.

*After 3rd verse, chorus is sung twice. First time it is sung at normal volume,
second time it is sung very softly.*

3. PSI U DOXOLGY

Air—"Old Hundred."

O God, Thy blessing now shed down
Upon our loved Psi Upsilon;
May all her ties of Friendship be
Strengthened and honored,
Lord, by thee.

23. THE SWEETHEART SONG

By Dale O. Richardson, Theta Theta '48 and Norman J.
Schoonover, Theta Theta '46

Air—"Navy Blue & Gold"

—1—

I've seen the golden sunset rays
Blend with the twilight hue
And watched the searching midnight moon
Turn leaves of ashen hue.
And yet this beauty seems to fade
Compared with beauty true,
The lovelight shining in your eyes
My sweetheart of Psi U.

—2—

For you the starlight fills the night
And summer breezes sigh,
For you alone the silken clouds
Reach out to touch the sky.
No angel voices raised in song
Nor classic words of old
Could ere describe the chosen one
Of garnet and the gold.

—3—

Hum... (a total of 4 lines)

Hum...

Hum...

Hum...

As surely shades of night must fall
When each new day is through,
There is no beauty but thine own
My sweetheart of Psi U.

22. AFTER THE BATTLE

By: Prof. C. S. Harrington, D. D., Xi '52

Air— "All Together."

—1—

Bold and ready, strong and steady,
Daylight is done,
Gather `neath the old fraternal banner
Blazoned with Psi Upsilon.
Diamond and golden,
Gleams the badge our hearts above;
Joys, new and olden,
Kindle with the grasp of love.

—2—

From the rattle, from the battle,
Victory is won;
Now the restful peace of blest communion,
At thy shrine, Psi Upsilon,
Pure, warm, and loyal,
Honor's soul and virtue's crown,
Each brother royal
Fighteth for a king's renown.

—3—

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.

4. THE RHO OWL SONG

By: Charles Floyd McClure, Rho '95

Air—"Colored Four Hundred"

Written at the time of the struggle to obtain a charter for the Rho chapter.

—1—

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

Tu-whit, tu-whoo!
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!
Tu—whit, tu—whoo!
Psi U, Psi U!
O, Tu—whit, tu—whoo!
Psi U, Psi U, forever!

—2—

The ancient owl blinked both his eyes and marveled 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!"

—3—

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!"

5. WELCOME, BROTHERS, OLD AND YOUNG

By: Charles Harry Arndt, Iota '89

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

Written for the Convention of 1888.

—1—

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're depart.

—2—

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

—3—

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 Up-si-lon.

20. INITIATION DIRGE

Written for the Phi Chapter

All ye mortals who have trod the ashen way
And whose feet have brushed aside Cyprian dew,
If your palsied hand can grasp the flaming blade,
We will tell you the secrets of Psi U,
Of Psi U, of Psi U,
We will tell you the secrets of Psi U

21. TALKING PSI U

(PSI U THIS AND PSI U THAT)

By: Murray L. Eskenazi, Lambda '56

(Spoken)

Oh it's Psi U this and Psi U that
In a Psi U shirt and a Psi U hat,
Where a Psi U grip and a Psi U grin
Says "Welcome Brothers, Come on in."
We've a Psi U Badge o'er a Psi U heart
With clasped hands that never part,
A lifetime pledge that never ends,
Psi U Brothers, Lifelong friends

We've join the chain of Psi U's past,
Of Psi U's now, and yet to come,
Linked by Garnet, linked by Gold,
Forever young as we grow old.
In the blinking of the Owl's eye,
Where o'er the Earth we chance to roam,
We still return to our Psi U home.

Beneath the Owl's shelt'ring wing
Our Psi U voices proudly sing
Of hearts and hands entwined around
Our Dear Old Shrine and the love we found
Now let us raise a Psi U toast
To the Brotherhood that means the most,
Come gather Brothers far and near
And give a rousing Psi U Cheer

Psi, Psi, Psi,
Psi Up-si-lon
Psi Up-si-lon, Psi U,
(Chapter Name 3 times)

*Brothers are welcomed to add their owns verses
Whenever the mood or events seem appropriate----
But please always end with the Psi U Cheer*

19. SESQUI PSI U

*Words by V. Stanley Davies, Lambda '53, Nu'83H and Murray L. Eskenazi, Lambda '56. Music by V. Stanley Davies, Lambda '53, Nu'83H
Written for the 150th Anniversary of the Fraternity in 1983.*

—1—

O, a hundred and fifty years ago
We came upon the scene.
A hundred and fifty years have passed,
And we know where we've been.
And a hundred and fifty years from now
We'll still be going strong,
'Cause we're not finished yet.
You bet!

CHORUS

Sesqui (sesqui), Psi U (Psi U),
Our loyal hearts are true (are true).
Sesqui (sesqui), Psi U (Psi U),
Your name will see us through (us through).
And when (and when) we're gone (we're gone),
Our spirits will live on (live on)
In you (in you), Psi U (Psi U),
Our great Psi Upsilon.
Psi U!

—2—

O, in Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-three
Psi Upsilon was born.
And from only seven brothers
We've become a mighty throng.
Be we stars and stripes or maple leaf,
Our friendship makes us strong
And we're not finished yet.
You bet!

6. THE COLLEGE CHORUS

*By: W.H. Boughton, Lambda '58
Air— "Few Days."*

—1—

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.

There to sing and to speak thy praises,
Psi U, Psi U,
To sing and to speak thy praises,
Psi Upsilon.

—2—

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.

—3—

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!

7. PSI U JOYS

By: Prof. L. O. Kuhns, Xi '85

Air— "The Pope."

—1—

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

—2—

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

—3—

No sadness e'er can enter here, enter here,
Joy smiles upon us all the year, all the year;
ll: While hand in hand, like brothers true,
We faithful stand to old Psi U :ll

—4—

Let envious tongues wag as they may, as they may,
Psi Upsilon shall win the day, win the day;
ll: We'll shout, as years go rolling by,
"Psi Upsilon shall never die!" :ll

8. BROTHERS ALL

By: Albert G. Hartigan, Pi '47

Air—"All Through the Night"

Written for the 75th Anniversary of the Pi Chapter in 1950

—1—

Brothers all we stand together, singing our song;
Hallowed be thy name forever, Psi Upsilon.

CHORUS

As we sing to thee in chorus,
Ever wave thy banner o'er us
Till thy sons emerge victorious,
Psi Upsilon.

—2—

Marching to the fields of glory, Brothers, sing on.
Ever live in song and story, Psi Upsilon.

—3—

When the shades of night have parted, bringing the dawn,
Echoes still the song we started, Psi Upsilon.

18. PSI U LINEAGE

By: Robert T. McCracken, Tau '04

Air—"The Leader of the German Band."

—1—

Fam'lies antedate the flood,
Boast the purple in their blood;
Some people want only fabulous wealth;
Others desire wit, beauty and health.

(Well,well,well)

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.

—2—

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:

(Well,well,well)

Cromwell and Napoleon,
Frederick and Washington,
Charlemagne, Caesar, Alexander, too,—
Father Adam was a good Psi U!

—3—

There are yet some other names
Contributing to Psi U's fame,
When ere a hand reached out to do good
There was a member of our Brotherhood,

(Well, well, well,)

Cath'rine and Victoria,
Barton, Ross, and Nightingale,
Lady Liberty and Madame Curie too,
Mother Nature is a good Psi U.

17. A STEIN SONG

By: Richard Hovey, Zeta '85

Written for the 1896 Convention held with the Phi Chapter

—1—

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 good song ringing clear.

—2—

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.

—3—

For we've 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.

—4—

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.

9. THE EVER—LOVELY MAIDEN

By: George W. Elliott, Xi '73

Air—"Funiculi. Funicula."

—1— (Sentiment of Youth)

Some think it very wrong to toy with chances;
And so do I, and so do I;
But much depends upon the circumstances.
None can deny — at least not I!
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-tresséd hair!
She charms the scene; enthalls the heart;
Inspires the mind; and, free from art,
Maiden debonair, - "Psi Upsilon,"-
My heart has won!

—2— (Sentiment of Middle Age)

Some say it's very wrong to court ambition;
But life is strife, and strife is life;
I've sown, and reaped my share of fame's fruition,
And like the strife of active life!
But ah,—not ev'ry day is full of gladness,
For sorrows come to ev'ry home;
And friends are few, when bitterness and sadness
Fill fully up the fateful cup!

CHORUS

"Maiden," "Maiden," older, yet so fair!
Winsome woman, tho' thy golden hair
Be silveréd, thy heart and head
Enchant me still, persuade my will;
Matron, ever fair! Psi Upsilon,
My heart hath won!

—3— (Sentiment of Old Age)

Ah me! the shadows steal behind and lengthen!
I've run my race with winning pace;
And waning pow'rs 'twere vain to try to strengthen,
So give I place to fitter race!
But oh! tho' little worth seems present pleasure,
The mind in vast stores of the past,
'Mid memories, in most abounding measure,
Finds joys that last, tho' 'die be cast!

CHORUS

Then, ah then, the "Maiden debonair,"
Never seemed so beautiful and fair!
She thrills the blood—the pulses fly!
Revives the love! oh! ecstasy!
Silver crownéd mère, Psi Upsilon
And life are one!

10. PSI U BEER

By: Prof. Willard Fiske, Ph.D., '51

Music by: W. Orville Fiske

—1—

Had Bacchus lived with me and mine,
He would have drank no wine, no wine
But said his pray'rs 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.

—2—

Apollo, with his golden locks,
Had he been truly orthodox,
Would have stopp'd his chariot here,
And swigged a mug of Psi U beer.
Poor Apollo
Had to follow
His sundry courses all the year,
Without a drop of Psi U beer.

—3—

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 Jovey!
What a covey!
Preferred to take his nectar clear,
And never tasted Psi U beer!

—4—

Come, Lay aside your learnéd 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.

16. COME, BROTHERS, FOR A SONG!

By: E .A. Sumner, Xi '78

Air— "Hark, I hear a voice."

ll: Come, brothers, for a song,
To our lov'd Psi Upsilon, Psi U;
And roll the chorus on,
And roll the chorus on. :ll

CHORUS

Let us bind our hearts in one,
Trusting in Psi Upsilon I
Let us bind our hearts in one,
Trusting in Psi Upsilon
Merrily now we roll, we roll,
We roll, we roll, we roll, we roll,
Merrily now we roll, we roll,
Roll the chorus on.

—2—

ll: Hail to thee, Psi U!
With thy Brother bond so true, so true,
Endearing thee anew,
Endearing thee anew. :ll

—3—

ll: Hail to the diamond fair,
The golden badge we wear, we wear!
For the claspéd hands are there,
For the claspéd hands are there. :ll

—4—

ll: Then, brothers, pledge anew,
To our lov'd Psi Upsilon, Psi U;
To her we'll e'er be true,
To her we'll e'er be true. :ll

15. PSI UPSILON SMOKING SONG

By: Hon. F. M. Finch Beta '49

Hartford Courant: 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 life has produced.

—1—

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.

CHORUS

Then smoke away, 'til a golden ray
Lights up the dawn of the morrow,
For a cheerful cigar, like a shield, will bar
The blows of care and sorrow.

—2—

The leaf burns bright, like the gems of light
That flash in the braids of beauty;
It nerves each heart for the hero's part,
On the battle plain of duty.

—3—

In the thoughtful gloom of his darkened room
Sits the child of song and story;
And his heart is light, for his pipe beams bright,
And his dreams are all of glory.

—4—

By the blazing fire sits the gray-haired sire,
And infant arms surround him;
And he smiles on all in the quaint old hall,
While smoke-curles float around him.

—5—

In the forest grand of our native land,
When the savage conflict ended,
The Pipe of Peace brought a sweet release
From toil and terror blended.

—6—

The dark-eyed train of the maids of Spain
'Neath their arbor shades trip lightly;
And a gleaming cigar, like a new-born star,
In the clasp of their lips burns brightly.

—7—

It warms the soul, like the blushing bowl,
With its rose-red burden streaming,
And drowns it in bliss, like the first warm kiss
From the lips with love-buds teeming.

11. EVENSONG

By: R.N. Wilson, Tau, '93

Air—"Annie Lisle."

—1—

Soft the shades of night surround us,
Bowed before the shrine,
Lovéd be those hearts with fervor
Pledged us ever thine.
May we ever love and honor
Thee, our pride, our song,
Crown thee with our life's endeavor,
Fair Psi Upsilon!

—2—

Darker fall the shadows 'round us,
From the somber sky;
Clouds may form and thunder o'er us,
Naught can terrify.
Look we ever to thy beacon,
Beaming forth a sun;
Time nor care can tinge with sadness
Fair Psi Upsilon!

12. BROTHERS, THE DAY IS ENDED

By: C. A. Boies, Beta, '60

Air—"Suoni la Tromba."

—1—

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 'til the star-bells, ringing,
Chime in the golden sun!
Hail to thee, glory bringing,
Starry crowned Psi Upsilon.

—2—

Heaved on the breast of beauty,
Tossed on the manly heart,
Glitters the golden token,
Twinéd 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!

13. PSI U FELLOWSHIP

By: Capt. John F. Critchlow, Tau '94
Air—"I'se Gwine Back to Dixie."

—1—

Come, boys, and fill your briers
With "Lone Jack" and "Virginia;"
Let's draw around the fire,
Where care won't come to hinder,
The smoke wreaths soft ascending,
In loving fragrance blending,
As each man's heart is bending
To old Psi U

CHORUS

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

—2—

Let's sing and tell a story,
A story rich and mellow;
'Twill be a tale of glory
Of some good Psi U fellow;
He's a man whose heart is tender,
Who never knows surrender,
When standing as defender
Of old Psi U

—3—

We have sat for hours unnumbered,
Their golden sands unheeded,
Till the "gray owl" blinked and slumbered,
And the shades of night receded;
We greeted night with singing,
And echoes loudly ringing,
And dawn has found us clinging
To old Psi U

—4—

And when life's tide is turning,
And we are growing old,
We'll all look back with yearning
To the Garnet and the Gold;
To the claspéd hands we'll rally,
Be we king or row a galley,
And then pass through the valley
To the tune of the old Psi U

14. HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

By: Prof. J.F. McElroy, Zeta '76
Air—"Jolly Dogs."

—1—

Come, all ye jolly sons of earth,
Who have your laurels won,
Come, cast your trophies at the feet
Of loved Psi Upsilon.

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,
Fal, 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.

—2—

Her altars are in ev'ry land,
Bright shining as the sun,
And there unite our faithful bands.
In loved Psi Upsilon.

—3—

Sing ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
In our fraternal throng,
Sing 'til the echoes reach the skies.
In golden notes of song.