

86 TIES OF OLD

We have gathered once more in our mystical 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 ever be the same.

O long may that union, unchilled by disdain,
Still live in the hearts of us all,
And ne'er may we seek, while life's journey we tread,
To escape from its glorious thrall!
The clouds that of old may have darkened our sky,
Have faded as quickly away,
And the rainbow of promise succeeding the storm
But heralds the brightness of day.

Then, sorrow, begone! let the spirit of mirth
Descend and be with us to-night;
The jest and the song let us gladly prolong,
Unheeding the hours in their flight;
And while the glad Present thus brightly illumines
The path we are treading to-day,
We trust that the light which is beckoning us on,
Undimmed may still shine on our way.

Sources:

Psi Upsilon Fraternity Song Book, 1857.

Newsboy, May, 1982.