

68 PHI BETA KAPPA SONG

Come, Brothers, lift the song of gladness,
Let mirth and music rule the hours,
Far hence be every thought of sadness,
At length the golden prize is ours.

We gladly join your noble band,
And while we grasp each proffered hand
Our hearts with friendly warmth expand,
With warmth expand.

A night of festive joy and pleasure
May well succeed a day of toil,
In delving deep for Learning's treasure
Tonight we'll burn no midnight oil.

Full long we've knelt at Learning's shrine,
Tonight the laurel and the vine
About our brows shall intertwine,
Shall intertwine.

The hours of Youth on rapid pinions flying
Soon fade into the silent Past,
Then let us seize the joys around us lying,
Ere yet our sky is overcast.

Then while our hearts with joy are light,
We will not heed Time's rapid flight,
But greet with songs the morning bright,
The morning bright.

Sources:

Annals of the Class of 1852, 1922.

Alger Street, 1964.