

SONS OF OLD "FRATERNITAS"

Air: "Marching Through Georgia"

$\text{♩} = 120$

Sons of old "Fra - ter - ni - tas," to - night it's up to you,
Ma - ny are her glor - ies, no - ble old Fra - ter - ni - ty,
Some are Pul - pi - teer - ing with a fame that will en - dure,
Sen - iors, Jun - iors, Soph'mores, Freshmen - all the pre - cious Gang That

Yank' and 'York - er, Crack - er Jack, and all the pre - cious Crew,
Wide her fame and proud her name, in Col - lege His - tor - y.
Some are do - in' Doc - tor - in' e - quipped to kill or cure;
wear the daint - y Dia - mond, now and all to - geth - er hang,

Raise a might - y Hal - cy - on - ic howl for old Psi U,
True to all she taught us, ev - er loy - al - ly will we
Le - gal Lights and Bus - 'ness Knights and "Thes - pi - an - i" sure!
Whoop her up, O Son - nies, now as erst you NEV - ER sang,

Send all the Wel - kin a' shak - ing! Hoo -
Still keep her Hon - ors a' mak - ing.
Bright fame and du - cats a' - rak - ing.
All in the spir - it par - tak - ing!

ray, hoo - ray! Psi U, Psi U, Psi U! _____ Fill
high, fill high, dear fel - lows, tried and true! _____ We
won't go home till morn - ing, till the Cock - a - doo - dle - doo
Hints how the day - light is break - ing.