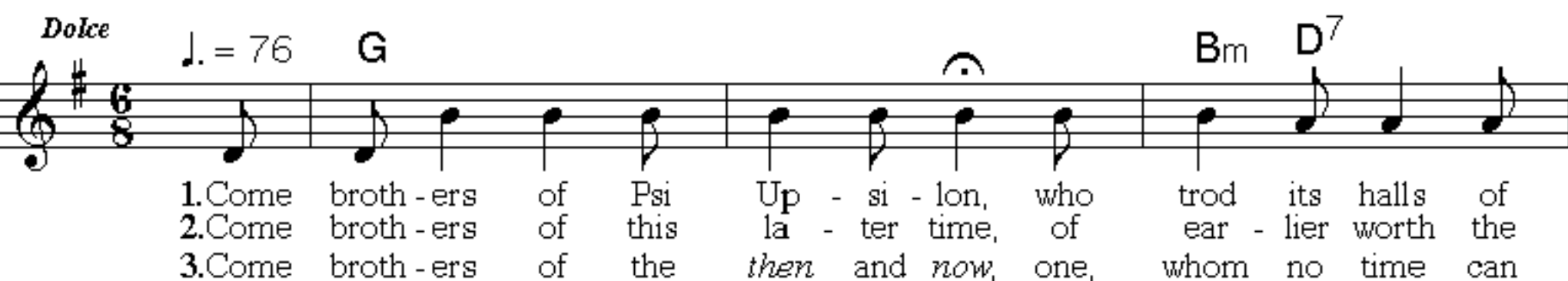


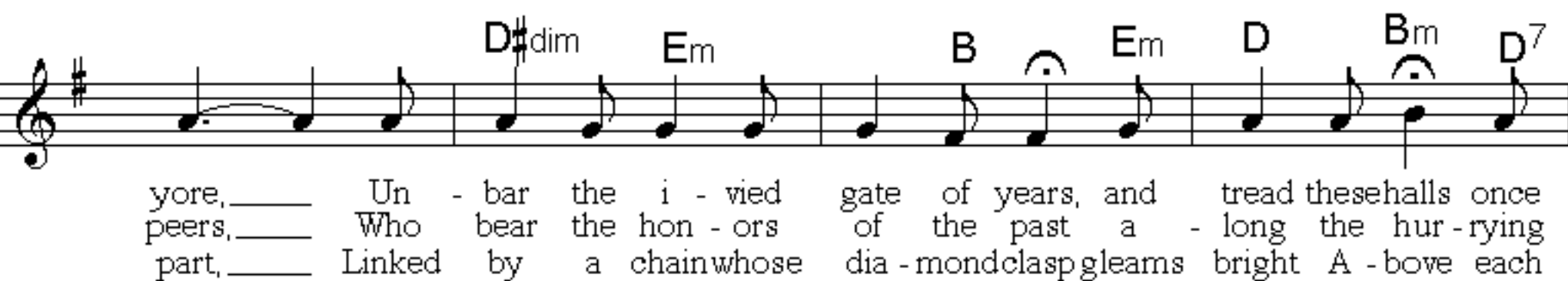
# DEAR OLD SHRINE

Air: "Dearest Mae"

*Dolce* ♩. = 76



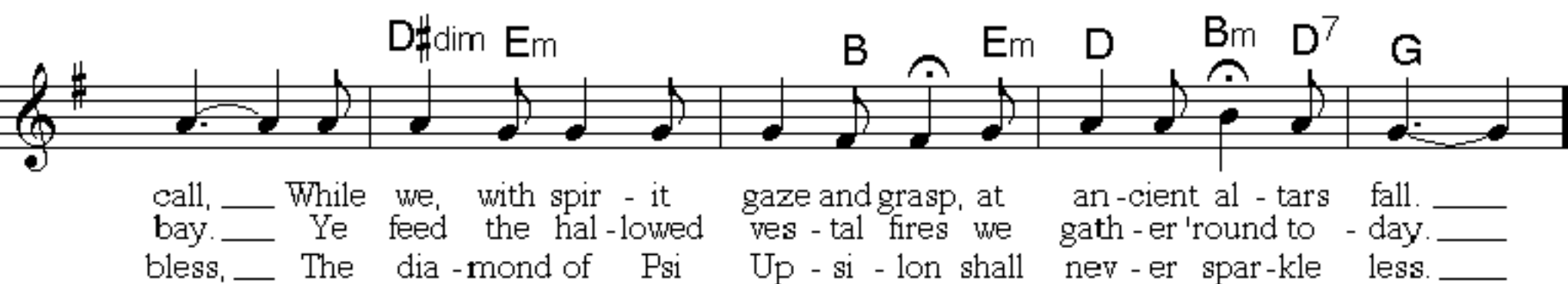
1. Come broth - ers of Psi Up - si - lon, who trod its halls of  
2. Come broth - ers of this la - ter time, of ear - lier worth the  
3. Come broth - ers of the then and now, one, whom no time can



yore, Un - bar the i - vied gate of years, and tread these halls once  
peers, Who bear the hon - ors of the past a - long the hur - rying  
part, Linked by a chain whose dia - mond clasp gleams bright A - bove each

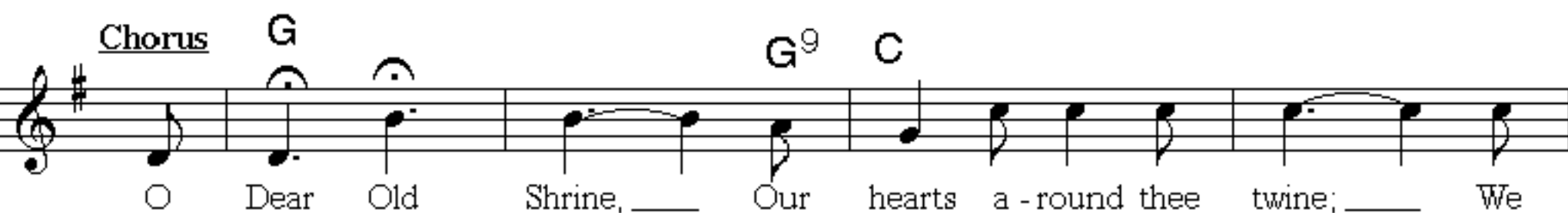


more; The bur - ied jew - els glit - ter still - the ling - 'ring voi - ces  
years; Ye keep our tem - ple walls still bright, ye weave the wreaths of  
heart; Come sing a - gain the good old songs, the mys - tic bond still

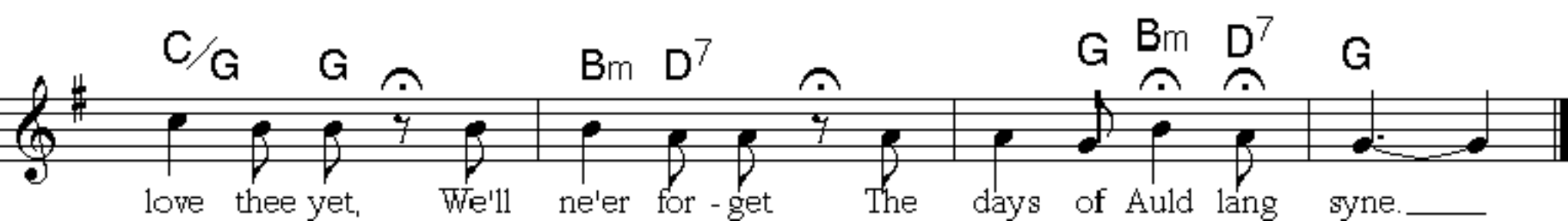


call, While we, with spir - it gaze and grasp, at an - cient al - tars fall.  
bay, Ye feed the hal - lowed ves - tal fires we gath - er 'round to - day.  
bless, The dia - mond of Psi Up - si - lon shall nev - er spar - kle less.

**Chorus**



O Dear Old Shrine, Our hearts a - round thee twine; We



love thee yet, We'll ne'er for - get The days of Auld lang syne.