SONGS

OF THE

THETA DELTA CHI.

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1869.
ZETA SHOUTS HER CHORUS.

Air—“Sparkling and Bright.”

The hand’s warm clasp,
When brothers grasp,
No earthly power can sever;
And a brother’s love,
All change above,
Shall cling to the heart forever.

CHORUS.

Then laugh and sing, ere Time can fling
His chilling shadow o’er us;
Let young delight put care to flight,
With Zeta’s ringing chorus.
ZETA SHOUTS HER CHORUS.

The sacred chain
Shall our hearts retain
In its links of fond devotion,
While brims each soul,
Like the blushing bowl,
With the wine of warm emotion.

Each spirit keep,
In memory deep,
Our motto's mystic beauty;
Let it shine afar
Like a pilot star,
O'er the holy path of duty.

And thus each day,
Shall glide away,
In bliss to perfect ending;
ZETA SHOUTS HER CHORUS.

And life be bright
With a rainbow light,
Of tears and sunshine blending.

Old Time shall fly
More merrily by,
When joy has plumed his pinions;
And not a shade
From his wings be laid
On Love and Youth's dominions.

CHORUS.

Then laugh and sing; Time ne'er can fling
His baneful shadow o'er us,
While hope is bright, and our hearts are light
And the Zeta shouts her chorus.

JOHN M. HAY,
Class of '58.