

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON FRATERNITY

Delta Chi Chapter at Cornell University

Office of the Alumni Historian

ΔX of ΔKE Special Study #10: ΔKE Poems and Songs

Three historically significant poems and a selection of popular Delta Kappa Epsilon song lyrics are presented.

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Poetry

Our Aegis

Brother John DeWitt Warner, ΔX '72.

Transcribed from *The Delta Kappa Epsilon Quarterly*, I, #1 (January 1883), pp. 3-6.

*"And first be forged the huge and massive shield
Divinely wrought in every part —its edge
Clasped with a triple border, white and bright,
A silver belt hung from it and its folds
Were five. A crowd of figures on its disk
Were fashioned by the artist's passing skill.
For here he placed the earth and heaven, and here
The great deep and never resting sun,
And the full moon, and here he set the stars
That crown the vault of heaven. * **

** * * * * **

*He raised it, and therefrom a brightness streamed
As from the moon, and as to sailors shines
The blaze of beacon fire from savage cliff,*

** * * * * **

*So from that glorious buckler of the son
Of Peleus, nobly wrought, a radiance streamed
Into the sky." * * **

Such was the targe the fire god's skill had wrought,
Such to her warrior son had Thetis brought.
And clear gleams forth through all the ages' night,
Achilles' god-like form arrayed for fight.
A mother's anxious love, great Héré's aid
Were with the hero; but the artist made
No fame-foretelling emblems on his shield,
No triumphs spread their trophies on its field,
For Jove's lame son too well the omens knew.
The fatal nuptials were too near his view,
He saw too plain that ghastly wedding day
When festal song should change the trumpet's bray
When marriage revel turn to battle gloom,
And Hymen led the hero to his tomb.

Troy fell, and from a city wrapped in fire,
A race's remnant fled the victor's ire,
Till resting, after years of pilgrim toil,

Anew their homes arise on Latin soil.
And, through the mists that shroud their future fate,
Beauty's fair goddess sees the growing state,
Down the years' vista sees the portents crowd,
Hears Fame's shrill trump resounding far and loud,
From Argos and all the Grecian main,
Sees gathered into line the captive train,
Sees up the sacred way the triumphs come,
Sees up the wide world in vassalage to Rome.

Now to her offspring must fond Venus bear
The armour that shall show her fostering care,
Again must Vulcan's artist craft appear,
But this time not for ill-starred or warrior's bier.
Long should her son the mystic buckler wear,
Long be his glory her great father's care.

*"The fire god, not unskilled
In prophet lore and of the times to come,
Had wrought the Roman's triumph there, the events
Of Italy, there all Ascanius line
To come, and all the wars in order ranged.
Here lay the she-wolf in the cave of Mars,
And hanging around her udders the two babes.*

* * * * *

*And here Augustus Caesar led to war
His people and their fathers and their gods.*

* * * * *

*Here conquered tribes in long procession march.
Such things on Vulcan's shield, his mother's gift,
Aeneas scanned in wonder, ignorant
Of all, but with the imagery moved
To joy, upon his shoulders he uplifts
The fame and fates of his posterity."*

Proud were the warrior's hopes, but prouder far
Was their fulfillment, when the Consul's car,
Led by the eagles, climbed the sacred way,
When, as each cycle passed, the herald gray,
From great Jove's shrine, amid the people's cheers,
Proclaimed for Rome another hundred years;

Till, curbing fiery Gaul and wily Greek,
Rome's septre [sic] grew too heavy, Rome too weak,
And sinking ever great, to grand decay—

Kingdom, republic, empire —passed away.

Héré baffled, Venus thwarted, who shall next the task essay?
Who but Pallas bind forever immortality to clay?
She the mighty virgin goddess, wise in council, strong in fight,
Zeus' elder, sterner daughter, peerless in her armed might,
Long had left her marble dwelling set above the blue Aegean,
Long had ceased before her statue to hear ring the Argive paean.
As of old, she fixed her altar where the trophies hung in state,
Now she dwells in learning's temple where her later triumphs wait,
As, in combat, ever foremost, squadrons melted from her lance,
So, where mind with mind exchanges, now she heads the bold advance
As of old, she led her phalanx, serried warriors true and brave,
Pure of heart, of spirit dauntless, must she now a vanguard have.
And as Thetis to Achilles, to Aeneas Venus fair
So Athéné to her chosen must a mystic buckler bear.

Vulcan's skill is left unheeded; Pallas' self can best unite,
Pencilled in her glorious colors, on its round her symbols bright.
In its azure does it glisten her clear eyes' celestial blue,
Bands of gold are but the gleaming of her own robe's saffron hue,
'Tis her thunderous purple softened that in radiant crimson glows,
'Tis her moonbeams' silver splendor that the field of argent shows.

Thereupon she graves her bearings —emblems of resistless might,
Secrecy and concord perfect —blazoned on the center bright.
From such links as, earth upholding, bind it to her deathless sire,
Golden chains, true hearts uniting, wrought she in her altar's fire.
Then, to mark her own bright presence, she, the queen of open sky,
In the zenith field of azure set the all-discerning eye,
To her chosen gave a motto, graven deep their hearts upon,
Symbolled by the letters mystic, *Delta Kappa Epsilon*.

When Achilles' life was over, but a burden to the ground,
Useless by its fallen bearer, lay his buckler's brazen round.
But the shield that Venus goddess brought to arm her own son,
When the battle's work was over, scarce its mission had begun.
Guarded by great Jove's high altar, through the centuries to come
On its mystic circle graven, read the seers the fates of Rome,
Till at last the dotard eagles hunted cowering to its shrine,
And the German seized the scepter from the failing Latin line.
Short-lived was divine Archilles [sic], and upon the plain of Troy
Rests his ashes by the city that he armed him to destroy:

Long the Roman line of triumphs, but the end was come at last,
And the once imperial city molders, dreaming of her past.

But the band that Pallas marshalled [sic] chose she from no dying race,
And the bearings that she gave them time shall burnish, not efface,
For in every great achievement, gain of peace or prize of war,
In the van the colors leading shall be Azure, Gules and Or,
In each lodge-room hangs the buckler with its glancing colors bright,
For all time its pure ideal blazoned forth to greet the sight.
For as glow the bars of crimson resting on the field of blue,
So is brother's love enkindled by the trust in brethren true.
And its Or is not earth's tinsel, rusting as this world grows old,
But the pledge of golden morrows, that the years to be enfold.

Three short summers scarce have wasted since a bark from German shore
Back to us the confined ashes of our own true Bayard¹ bore.
And up Broadway's granite pavement slowly passed with heavy head,
To the hall of state our phalanx, bearing home our honored dead.
On his brow the crown of laurel that the German Kaiser gave,
On his heart our shield in flowers, rests the poet in his grave,
Mortals each of earth's poor children; but immortal is the band
That Athéné's shrine encircles, linked in heart and joined in hand.
Broken are the breathing marbles that her temple thronged of old,
Dust long since her own great statue, wrought in ivory, clad with gold.
But in steadfast hearts still founded, firmer as the years roll on,
Has she raised her lasting altar, built her fairer Parthenon.
So as dead kings sleep about us, while the monarch never dies,
In the place of brothers fallen, evermore shall others rise;
And whenever in the future shall a day of triumph come,
Dead and living crowned together, ΔKE shall claim her own.

—John DeWitt Warner

¹Brother Bayard Taylor, Omicron, Hon. "Bayard Taylor [obit.]," *The Cornell Era*, XI, No. 13 (17 Jan 1879), 146.

Brothers in Deke

Brother John Clair Minot, Θ '96

The story told in the following verses is a true incident of the American Civil War.² The Union soldier was Brother Edwin S. Rogers, Θ '65, serving as a Lieutenant in 31st (Maine) Regiment of Volunteers. A native of Patten ME, he joined ΔKE as a Bowdoin College freshman and enlisted in the Union Army during his junior year. He was wounded mortally at Cold Harbor on June 8, 1864. The name of the Deke in the Confederate Army is unknown.

Upon a Southern Battlefield the twilight shadows fall;
The clash and roar are ended, and evening bugles call.
The wearied hosts are resting where the ground is stained with red,
And over the plain between them lie the wounded and the dead.

Then out upon the sodden field where the armies fought all day,
There came a group of soldiers who wore the Rebel gray.
But peaceful was their mission upon the darkened plain;
They came to save their wounded and lay at rest the slain.

And tenderly their hands performed the work they had to do;
And one among them paused beside a wounded boy in blue,
A Northern lad, with curly hair and eyes of softest brown,
Whose coat of blue was red with blood that trickled slowly down.

A bullet hole was in his breast, and there alone he lay
At night upon the battlefield and moaned his life away.
The Rebel paused beside him and in the lantern's light
He saw upon the Yankee's breast a fair familiar sight.
It was the pin of ΔKE, the diamond, stars and scroll,
The emblem of a brotherhood that bound them soul to soul.
He raised his hand and quickly tore his coat of gray apart
And showed the dying soldier a Deke pin o're his heart.

Then close beside the Yankee dropped the Rebel to his knee,
And their hands were clasped together in the grip of ΔKE.
"I'm from Theta," said the Yankee, and he tried to raise his head;
"I'm from Psi in Alabama," were the words the rebel said.
"Brothers from the heart forever" —nothing more was left to say,
Though one was clad in Northern blue and one in Southern gray.

²Duncan Andrews (Rho '57), ed., *A Century and A Half of ΔKE —The Illustrated History of Delta Kappa Epsilon* (Phoenix AZ: Heritage Publishers for the Rampant Lion Foundation, 1997). ISBN: 0-929690-33-8. Library of Congress #97-70228, p. 15.

But the Northern lad was dying; his voice was faint at best
As he murmured out his messages to "mother and the rest."
And as the Rebel soothed him, with his head upon his knee,
He heard him whisper "Bowdoin" and "Dear old ΔKE."
And he bandaged up the bosom that was torn by rebel shot,
And bathed the brow with water where the fever fires were hot;
And kissed him for his mother and breathed a gentle prayer
As the angel's wings were fluttering above them in the air.

And to a lonely country home, far in the heart of Maine,
A letter soon was carried from that southern battle plain.
It told about the conflict, and how he bravely fell
Who was the son and brother in that home beloved so well;
It told the simple story of the night when he had died—
All written by the rebel Deke whom God sent to his side.
And when it was all was written, the writer sent within
A little lock of curly hair and a battered diamond pin.
And thirty years have passed away, but these simple relics are
Of all a mother treasures dear, the dearest still by far.

A simple tale and simply told, but true; and I thought it might
Well thrill the hearts of loyal Dekes, so I tell it here tonight,
The Northern soldier's name is found on Bowdoin's honor roll;
And the names of both are blazoned fair on ΔKE's scroll.
God bless our noble Brotherhood; its past is sweet to hear,
And its grandeur and its glory grow with each succeeding year;
And the story of its heroes shall an inspiration be
To us who proudly wear today the pin of ΔKE.

Bedouin Song

Brother Bayard Taylor, Hon. Omicron Chapter of ΔKE (1825-1878)

Lines from this poem were quoted in the Corner-Stone Address given by Brother John DeWitt Warner, ΔX '72 on 18 November 1893.³

From the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under your window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

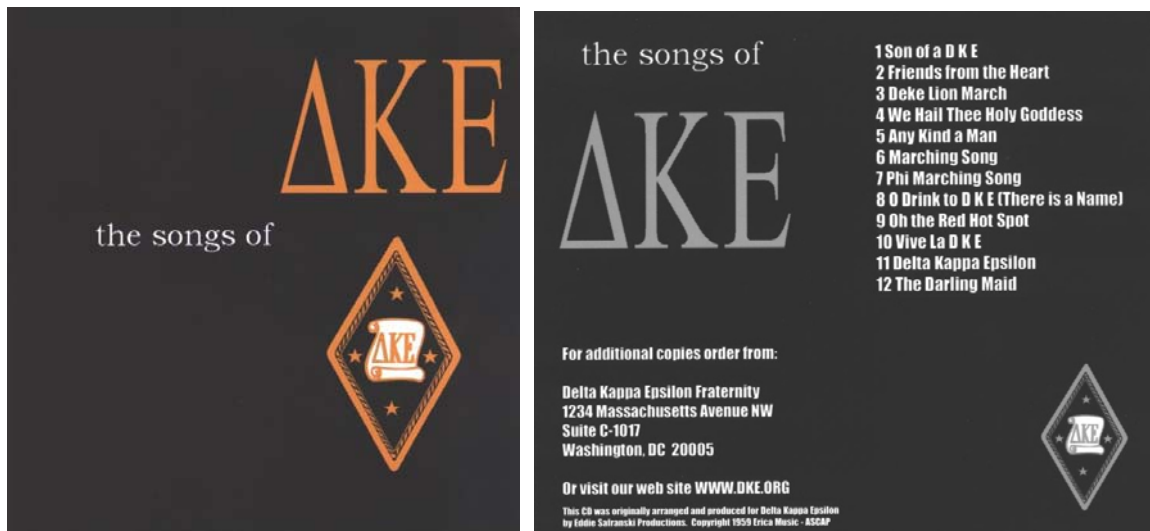
Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-wind touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lips
The words that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

³Anon. "Delta Chi: The Laying of the Corner-Stone of the New Chapter House and Sketch of the Chapter." *Delta Kappa Epsilon Quarterly*, XII, #1 (January 1894), pp. 15-21.

Songs of ΔKE: Lyrics from the 1959 Album

The following songs have been transcribed from *The Songs of ΔKE*, originally a 1959 Long Play (LP) phonograph album arranged and produced by Eddie Safranski Productions (Erica Music ASCAP). This album was later released as a compact disk (CD). Eddie Safranski was a well known big band jazz bass player who performed through the Nineteen-Forties and -Fifties.



The lyrics appear in the same order as recorded on the album.

1. Son of a ΔKE.

Lyrics by Brother Lewis Sayre Burchard, N '77; Air from Brother Charles Edward Ives, Φ '98, "A Son of a Gambolier."⁴

When I was a freshman,
A freshman, soft and green,
I dreamt of Delta Kappa,
Of college life the queen,
And when upon the woolly goat
They gently mounted me,
I felt with joy I'd reached at last,
The Hall of D K E.

Chorus:

I'm the son of a, son of a,
Son of a, son of a, son of a D K E!
I'm the son of a, son of a,
Son of a, son of a, son of a D K E!
Like every college fellow
I like my whiskey free,
For I'm a rambling rake of a college man,
And a son of a D K E.

When I was a sophomore,
So festive, gay, and free,
I wore with pride the diamond pin
Of our jolly fraternity.
I thought I owned the campus,
My style was great to see,
And I paralyzed the freshman
With my yarns of D K E.

—*Chorus.*

A sentimental junior,
I sported a moustache;
Among the innocent maidens
I cut an awful dash!

⁴Lyrics have been checked against *Handbook for Pledges* (New York: Delta Kappa Epsilon Council, 1971) and the ΦΔ Chapter website, <http://www.ΔKE.ca/index2.htm>. Charles E. Ives, *114 Songs* (Redding CT: Charles E. Ives, Privately Published, 1922), #54, "A Son of a Gambolier." ASU M1620 .I92 O5 1975 MUSIC. "Come join my humble ditty/From Tippery town I steer/Like ev'ry honest fellow/I take my lager beer/Like every honest fellow/I take my whiskey clear/I'm a rambling rake of poverty/And a son of a Gambolier./I wish I had a barrel of rum/And sugar three hundred pound/The college bell to mix it in/The clapper to stir it round/I'd drink the health of dear old Yale/And friends both far and near."

I broke a leg on the football field,
And I only said, "Oh! Gee!"
For I never swear, I'm a moral man
And the son of a D K E.

—*Chorus.*

A grave and reverend senior,
I soothed my fevered brain
By dreaming of Commencement Day,
Pipes, ladies, and champagne!
And when in happy years to come
I sport my children three,
I'll mark them each with a stencil plate,
One D! one K! one E!

—*Chorus.*

2. Friends from the Heart

Dear old D K E
Friends we'll always be.
Let the wine flow free,
Drink to D K E.

Chorus:
Let our song ring true,
Here's to me and you:
Tho' we be
Oceans apart,
We will be friends
From the heart.

—*Solo.*
Dear old D K E
Friends we'll always be.
Let the wine flow free,
Drink to D K E.

—*Chorus.*

3. Deke Lion March

We're a loyal band of brothers,
Loyal all to D K E.
Greater than all the others

In her fellowship is she,
And from Maine to California,
Dekes are very hard to beat,
Like the mighty roaring rampant lion,
Him we greet.

Chorus:
There he stands, the rampant lion,
Symbol of might is he,
There he stands, upright and fearless,
He stands for D K E.
Look out Alpha Delt and Psi U,
Zeta Psi and Sigma Phi.
Beware the lion, hear him roaring,
—*Yell:* Roar, Roar, Roar.

—*Yell:* Roar, Roar, Hear the lion Roar.
—*Yell:* Roar, Roar, Hear the lion Roar.
—*Chorus.*

4. We Hail Thee, Holy Goddess

Lyrics by Brother Wesley Ulysses Pearne, ΓΦ '74; Air from George Frederick Root (1820-1895), "There's Music in the Air."⁵

We hail thee, holy Goddess,
Guardian of our student days;
The story of thy praise shall
Mingle with our happiest lays.
Though in sorrow low cast down,
Find we still a friend in thee,
And in joy thou'rt ever true,
Our beloved D K E.

"In fair and stormy weather.
Brothers ever friends at heart,"
Though bound by bonds of love must
From thine altar sadly part.
Sundered far in distant lands,
Mem'ry bears them vision sweet,
And in fancy oft they meet

⁵Lyrics were checked against *Handbook for Pledges* (New York: Delta Kappa Epsilon Council, 1971), *Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity Alumni Directory* (White Plains NY: Bernard C. Harris Publishing Company, 1994), flyleaf, and the ΦΔ Chapter website, <http://www.ΔKE.ca/index2.htm>.

With the loved in D K E.

Sing softly once again
Of the loved ones gone before,
Whom oft we used to meet
In the happy days of yore.
E'en while now we're gathered here,
In the twilight soft and sweet,
Seem their spirits hovering near,
O'er thine altar, D K E.

5. Any Kind a Man

Any kind a man makes Alpha Delta Phi.
Any kind a man makes Psi U—Psi U.
Any kind a makes Zeta Psi,
But those we don't give a thought to—thought to.
Some kind a men make none at all.
That's not the kind for me;
Takes a slick man, a damn fine man
To make jolly old ΔKE.

—Repeat.

6. Marching Song

Of all the starry hosts above
We consecrate to thee,
The one most radiant in light,
Beloved D K E.

Chorus:

For we always seem so jolly oh!
So jolly oh! So jolly oh!
For we always seem so jolly oh!
In jolly D K E.
We dance—we dance, we sing—we sing.
We laugh—ha ha. We laugh—ha ha.
We dance, we sing,
In jolly D K E.
Fla la la. Fla la la. Fla la la. Fla la la.
Fla la la. Fla la la. Fal la la la la la la la la la.
Slap bang, here we are again.

Here we are again. Here we are again.
Slap bang, here we are again.
Hurrah for ΔKE.

And kindly smiling from on high
Our parting it shall see,
And hear us, ere we bid “Goodnight.”
Hurrah for ΔKE.
—*Chorus.*

And when in future years you trot
Your boy upon your knee,
Just teach him that the alphabet
Begins with D K E.
—*Chorus.*

7. **Phi Marching Song**

Hugh A. Bayne Φ '92;⁶ Rearranged by Brother William Gray Harris ΓΦ '02.⁷

A band of brothers in ΔKE,
We march along tonight,
Two by two with arms locked
Firm and tight;
Our leader signals with hat in hand
As we go marching on
Singing Delta Kappa Epsilon.

Chorus:
So merrily sing we all to ΔKE,
The mother of jollity,
Whose children are gay and free.
We'll sing to Phi,
And then we'll sing to
Dear old Delta Kappa Epsilon.

The stars are out, the moon is shining
On our jolly crowd,
As arm in arm
We march and sing aloud,
We'll sing in honor of the tie that
Binds our hearts in one,

⁶ Authorship is unconfirmed. Bayne's name does not appear in the 1918 *General Catalog of Delta Kappa Epsilon*.

⁷ Checked against *Handbook for Pledges* (New York: Delta Kappa Epsilon Council, 1971).

Dear old Delta Kappa Epsilon.
—*Chorus*.

The campus windows are lifted high
 As we go marching by,
Our torches flash
 In ev'ry lady's eye.
Our trembling victims await our call
 As we go marching on,
Singing Delta Kappa Epsilon.
—*Chorus*.

8. O Drink to ΔKE (There is a Name)

Lyrics by Brother Frederick William Taylor, BX '73.

There is a name, a magic name,
 That makes our young heart glow,
And drives the shadows from our lives,
 As sunlight melts the snow;
And if perchance you hear this name,
 Wherever you may be,
Then drink a cup of ruby wine
 To the health of D K E.

Chorus 1:
To the health of D K E,
 Our dear old D K E,
Then drain a cup of ruby wine
 To the health of D K E.

Bright stars may shine upon our path,
 Their radiance most benign,
None more resplendent than thy brow,
 No power to guide like thine.
Forgotten are our sorrows here,
 And cares, corrosive, flee,
When circled in thy strong embrace,
 O beautiful D K E.

Chorus 2:
Then drink to D K E
 Our beautiful D K E.
Then drain a cup of ruby wine
 To the health of D K E.

And when we've left her pleased halls
And meet the world's harsh frown,
O then remember D K E
And drink a bumper down;
Now crown with love her kindly brow,
And long her praises sing,
Bright shine the star of D K E,
Forth her broad ensign fling.

Chorus 3:

Then drink to D K E
Victorious D K E.
Then drain a cup of ruby wine
To the health of D K E.

9. **Oh the Red Hot Spot**

Lyrics by Brother Edward Reuben Foreman, BΦ '92; Air from Charles Edward Carryl (1841-1920), "A Capital Ship."⁸

Oh, the red hot spot to cast your lot is with old D K E;
She puts up joy without alloy at a very moderate fee;
There's nothing loud about her crowd, they're screamers all the sa-a-ame;
They cut the sod, and carry the hod, and build the house of fame.

Chorus:

Then stir the startled air,
Till laughter quivers there.
For we're the boys who deal in joys,
We're monarchs of the li-i-ine.
Tomorrow has no woe, so bid all trouble go,
Content to be in D K E,
Drink deep of youth's mad wine.

I stride the goat we failed to note much fun in D K E;
His bristles rough seemed awful tough, his butt was misery!
But oh how tame that goat became, when in his box-stall ti-i-ied,
We rather guess we'll always bless that mad and mystic ride.
—*Chorus.*

⁸Lyrics checked against the ΦΔ Chapter website, <http://www.ΔKE.ca/index2.htm>. Charles Edward Carryl: "The Walloping Window Blind." "A capital ship for an ocean trip/Was the Walloping Window Blind./No gale that blew dismayed her crew/Or troubled the captain's mind./The man at the wheel was taught to feel/Contempt for the wildest blow./And it often appeared when the weather had cleared/That he'd been in his bunk below."

A man in truth gains endless youth in jolly D K E;
 Though hairs grow white no cruel blight upon the heart can be;
One mother's call holds brothers all, in union of the so-o-oul,
 A peerless band we'll ever stand, on Delta Kappa's scroll.
—*Chorus*.

10. Vive La ΔKE

Lyrics—anonymous; Air— "Vive l'Amour."⁹

Let every good fellow of every degree,
 Vive la ΔKE!
Now drink to the health of ΔKE,
 Vive la ΔKE

Chorus:
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
 Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
Vive l'amour, vive l'amour,
 Vive la ΔKE.

The present and past are full of her fame,
 Vive la ΔKE.
The future shall only emblazon her name.
 Vive la ΔKE!
—*Chorus*.

Like the snow of the mountains, all stainless and pure,
 Vive la ΔKE!
Her name and her glory will ever endure.
 Vive la ΔKE!
—*Chorus*.

Then fill up a bumper for ΔKE,
 Vive la ΔKE!
And drink to her health with three times three,
 Vive la ΔKE!
—*Chorus*.

Vive la ΔKE!

⁹Checked against *Handbook for Pledges* (New York: Delta Kappa Epsilon Council, 1971).

11. Delta Kappa Epsilon

Lyrics by Brother Francis B. Kellogg Φ '83; Air from "The Pilot."¹⁰

O Delta Kappa Epsilon!

To thee our hearts o'erflow,
As held by thy dear, sacred bonds
Our friendships warmer grow;
With songs and mirth the joyous hours we spend,
Within thy sheltering home;
No fears nor anxious cares offend
In Delta Kappa Epsilon.

When from our college port we sail,
With hearts made strong and free,
And bid farewell to dear old Yale,
And our loved D K E;
Though storms may beat about our future course,
And waves of trouble come,
We'll cling to thee, our sure resource,
O Delta Kappa Epsilon.

12. The Darling Maid

In Yankee land there is a maid
Well known to college fame.
She's pretty, plump and comely,
And bears an occult name,
While at her feet do worship
The students gay and free,
For they in truth and constancy
Love pretty D K E.

Chorus:

Me oi! Me oi!
She is our love and joy;
To her we pledge our truest oaths.
Kerothen Ae Philoi.

The bookworms worship at Alpha Delt,¹¹
The dandies at Psi U.
Regular bummers a Delta Phi.

¹⁰Checked against *Handbook for Pledges* (New York: Delta Kappa Epsilon Council, 1971).

¹¹The lyrics for this verse are on the album cover, but they were not recorded in the album.

Deadbeats at Delta U.
But the gayest,"bang up" jolly fellows,
Such as ev'ryone loves to see,
Are the ones who worship with all their hearts,
At the shrine of D K E.
—Chorus.

The noblest men of our century,
Her prosperity love to see,
For they themselves have worshipped
At the shrine of D K E
And when they go into the world,
To battle and to strife,
They always hold their D K E
The idol of their life.
—Chorus.

Lyrics to Other ΔKE Songs

The Circus Band

Music (1894) and lyrics (ca. 1932) by Brother Charles Edward Ives, Φ '98.¹²

All summer long, we boys
Dreame'd 'bout big circus joys!
Down Main Street comes the band, Oh!
"Ain't it a grand and glorious noise!"

Horses are prancing,
Knights advancing—
Helmets gleaming,
Pennants streaming,
Cleopatra's on her throne!
That golden hair is all her own.

Where is the lady all in pink?
Last year she waved to me, I think.
Can she have died? Can that rot!
She is passing but she sees me not.

Where is the clown, that funny gink,
Last year he winked at me I think.
Can he have died? Can that rot!
He's still awinkin' but he sees me not.

Riding down from Bangor on the midnight train,
Rip, slam, bang we go, Sir, right on thro' the rain.
When in after years we take our children on our knee,
We'll teach them that the alphabet begins with D. K. E.

I had a horse we'd called Napoleon,
All on account of his "Bony parts."

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Delta Kappa Epsilon March

Music (1861) by Brother Alfred Humphreys Pease, Λ '59. Score not available.¹³

¹²Charles Ives, *Music for Chorus*, Conducted by Gregg Smith with the Gregg Smith Singers, the Texas Boys Choir, Ithaca College Concert Choir, and the Columbia Chamber Orchestra. Columbia Masterworks —MS6921. James B. Sinclair, *A Descriptive Catalogue of the Music of Charles Ives* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1999).

Hail to Phi

Lyrics by Brother F. Gilbert Hinsdale, Φ '98; music by Brother Charles Edward Ives, Φ '98.¹⁴
Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity show, *Hells Bells*, at the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven CT, 28 May 1897.¹⁵

All of our labors over now,
Times of parting come to all;
Come they must,
Strengthen here the vow,
Phi the brotherhood,
Altar of our faith and trust;
Some of our brothers moving on,
Forth to face the restless world
Life's stern fight,
All their sorrows, cares and troubles gone;
Gone, alas! their days in Phi so bright.

Hail to Phi, its blaze of glory,
Never will grow cold,
Dear to all thy children's hearts,
Ever faithful as of old.
All our days we'll love thee, never fail,
When we feel in after life
Chill fortune round us fold,
Then we'll hasten back to Phi and Yale.
Hail to Phi! Hail to Phi!
Strong the bond. Strong the bond.
Likewise Yale the Alma Mater.

¹³ΔKE6-011, DEPO-F8, *Catalogs of Photography, Documents and Artifacts* (Ithaca NY: The Delta Chi Association, 2004), ΔKE Depository (Collection 37-4-1535), Cornell University Libraries, Division of Rare and Manuscript Collections, Carl A. Kroch Library, Ithaca NY 14853-5302.

¹⁴Vivian Perlis, *Charles Ives Remembered —An Oral History* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1974), ISBN #0-300-01758-8, pp. 22-3. This song was the finale for the program of *Hells Bells*, an 1898 Delta Kappa Epsilon show at Yale.

¹⁵<http://www.charlesives.org/>

I Want to be Married (to a Delta Kappa Epsilon Man)

Lyrics and music by Brother Cole Albert Porter Φ '13.

From *The Pot of Gold*, a fall initiation play in two acts. Book by Brother Almet Francis Jenks, Jr. Φ '14. Staged by Brothers Jenks and Porter. There was one performance on November 26, 1912, at the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity house, Yale University, and one performance on December 4, 1912, at the Hotel Taft, New Haven.¹⁶

Verse:

Now Harry was a Psi U sort of stoic
Who loved a girl as equally azoic.
He penned her panegyrics
And he'd send her pretty lyrics,
All in couplets that were nought if not heroic.

Chorus:

In couplets that were nought,
In couplets that were bought,
In couplets that were nought if not heroic.

Larry:

But tried he all in vain the girl to marry
By sending her this brain confectionary,
For when his talk would tread upon
The day they were to wed upon,
She'd merely close her eyes and mutter "Harry."

Chorus:

She'd merely close her eyes,
She'd merely utter sighs,
She'd merely close her eyes and mutter "Harry."

Refrain, Larry:

I want to be married
To a Delta Kappa Epsilon man.
I never have varied
From the Delta Kappa Epsilon clan.
I've a friend or two in A. D. Phi,
And my mother's second cousin was a Beta Theta Pi,
But I want to be married
To a Delta Kappa, Delta Kappa, Delta Kappa,
Delta Kappa, Delta Kappa Epsilon man.

¹⁶Robert Kimball, ed., *The Complete Lyrics of Cole Porter* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1983), ISBN 0394532147, pp. 16-7. ASU PS3531 .O734125 1983.

Chorus:
For they always are so jolly, oh so jolly,
Oh so jolly.

Larry:
So I want to be married
To a Delta Kappa Epsilon man.

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I O Triumphe

Lyrics— anonymous; Air from "America."¹⁷

Hail to our Brotherhood!
Bright is our Brotherhood
Noble its aim.
Eyes beaming earnestly,
Hearts linked in unity
And immortality guarding its name!

March of ΔKE

Lyrics by Brother David Hayes, Λ '67; Air from "Tramp Tramp Tramp" by George Frederick Root (1820-1895).

Transcribed from the ΦΔ Chapter website.

Brothers ere we part tonight, raise the anthem of delight
In the praise of our beloved ΔKE,
Brighter than the stars above, beams the luster of her love,
And her sons are ever jolly gay and free.

Chorus:
ΔKE is marching onward, up to glory's sacred shrine,
Rend the air with joyous glee, sing of noble ΔKE,
For the diamond and the stars shall ever shine.

Like the joyous birds of spring, all her beauties will we sing,
For the summer of her glory draweth nigh;
Though her path was ever bright, brighter beam those stars tonight,
And her future is emblazoned in the sky.

¹⁷Transcribed from *Handbook for Pledges* (New York: Delta Kappa Epsilon Council, 1971).

Louder yet the joyful lay, hail the bright and glorious day
That hath seen us crowned as victors o'er our foes;
Delta Kappa Epsilon still shall bind our hearts in one,
Till we see our rivals sink in death's last throes.

1875: The Cornell Cheer

Lyrics written in 1875 by Brother John Dewitt Warner '72; music scored in 1889 by Archibald Croswell Weeks '72.¹⁸

'Twas on a sunny summer morn,
By Saratoga's waters born,
That of our rival's hopes the knell
First rang the slogan of Cornell.

Chorus:
Cornell, I yell, yell, yell, Cornell!
The ringing cheers the echoes swell,
Till answer lake and hill and dell--
Cornell, I yell, yell, yell, Cornell!

'Twas on a summer even bright
That Ithaca made day of night,
And from its rock-built home, the bell
Rang welcome back to glad Cornell.

May Neptune smooth the way before,
May Triton tug the bending oar,
And sea-born Venus guide the shell
That bears the fortunes of Cornell.

Mother Phi

Lyrics and music, both lost, by Brother Cole Albert Porter, Φ '13. Book by T. Gaillard Thomas II. From *Cora*. One performance on November 28, 1911 at the Delta Kappa Epsilon house, Yale University. Produced by the Phi Opera Company. Directed by Brothers Peter Cooper Bryce, Φ '13, and T. Gaillard Thomas II, Φ '13.

¹⁸*Songs of Cornell* (Ithaca NY: B. F. Lent, 1906). Paul J. Weaver, ed. *Songs of Cornell* (Ithaca NY: Cornell Alumni Association, 1960): "The words of this song were written just after the famous race in 1875, when thirteen college crews came abreast down Saratoga Lake from Snake Hill, with Cornell in the lead at the finish. The music was composed for the annual dinner of the New York alumni in 1889."

ΔKE Songbooks

1857

Anon., *Songs of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity* (New Haven: J. H. Benham, 1857), 36 p., 19 cm. Yale University Library, SML, Manuscripts and Archives, call number Yeg1 D38 857.

1862

Anon., *Songs of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity Issued at the Nu chapter in the Eighteenth Year of the Fraternity*. (New York: Baker & Godwin, printers, 1862), 1 score (43 p.), 19 cm. Yale University Library, Mudd stacks, call number Lq65 D38p.

1863

Anon., *Songs of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity Issued at the Theta Chi Chapter in the 19th Year of the Fraternity* (Albany: J. Munsell, 1863). 54 p.; 16 cm. Notes: without music; tunes indicated by title. Harvard University, Loeb Music Library 560.8.35.

1867

Anon., *Songs of the Delta Kappa Epsilon* (New Haven, Φ Chapter: Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor, 1867), 60 p. Yale University Library, SML, Manuscripts and Archives, call number Yeg1 D38 867.

1871

Anon., *Delta Kappa Epsilon Song Book Apud Upsilon Editum, Fraternitatis Anno XXVII* (Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co., ca. 1871), 1 score, front. (168 p.), 26 cm. Yale University Library, Mudd stacks, call number LQ65 D38 871. Library of Congress control K84092760, call number M1960 .D35 1871.

Anon., *Delta Kappa Epsilon Song Book Apud Phi Editum, Fraternitatis Anno XXVII* (New Haven: 1871), 318 p. front. 23 cm. University of Michigan, call number LJ 75 .D343 1871.

1894

Anon., *Songs of Delta Kappa Epsilon* (New York: Council of Delta Kappa Epsilon, 1894). 1 score (56 p.); 20 cm. Includes 41 songs, 34 with text only, 7 with text and score. University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, Music Special Collection [non-circulating] M1960.D44 S61894.

1900

Warren, A. G., ed., *One Hundred Songs of Delta Kappa Epsilon* (New York: Council of Delta Kappa Epsilon, 1900), 1 p. l., 110, [2] p. 27 cm. University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, Music Special Collection [non-circulating] M1960.D44 O53.

ca. 1902

Anon., *Songs of ΔKE* (ca. 1902), 24 p., 21 cm. University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign Library, Music Special Collection [non-circulating] M1960.D44 S6 (includes inscription with

the names of Brothers Earle Talbot ΣP '02 and Bayard E. Nourse ΣP '03).¹⁹

1907

Warren, A. G., ed., *One Hundred Songs of Delta Kappa Epsilon*, 2nd ed., (New York: Council of Delta Kappa Epsilon, 1907), 1 score (117 p.), 26 cm. Yale University Library, Mudd stacks, call number LQ65 D38 900B.

1917

Anon., *The Songs of Delta Kappa Epsilon* (New York: Council of Delta Kappa Epsilon, G. Schirmer, ca. 1917), 1 score (182 p.), 28 cm. University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, Music Special Collection [non-circulating] M1960.D44 S61917.

Cf. ΔKE4-066, DEPO-F5, *Catalogs of Photography, Documents and Artifacts* (Ithaca NY: The Delta Chi Association, 2004), ΔKE Depository (Collection 37-4-1535), Cornell University Libraries, Division of Rare and Manuscript Collections, Carl A. Kroch Library, Ithaca NY 14853-5302.

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¹⁹David Butler, UIUC Music Library, 18 November 2005 e-mail to HWF.

Author/Creator

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Deke House (Ithaca N.Y.) --History

Delta Kappa Epsilon --History

Ives, Charles, 1874-1954

Poems

Porter, Cole, 1891-1963

Songs

Taylor, Bayard, 1825-1878

Warner, John DeWitt, 1851-1925

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Three historically significant poems and a selection of popular Delta Kappa Epsilon song lyrics are presented.

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