

# "ZETACHI."



"I SUPPOSE I CAN NOW  
ADDRESS YOU ALL AS 'BRETHREN' "



M. H. V. DEL.

*Which, What, Why.*

What means this large mysterious crowd—  
These whispers quick and low,  
As o'er the campus like a cloud  
Those hurrying students go?

Why do they gather at that hall  
And wink at one another?  
Who is that fellow, large and tall,  
Whom they all salute as brother?

Why do they bind his eyes so tight  
And march around and groan?  
Why do they all disrobe him quite  
With many a shuddering moan?

Why do they pour that mixture on  
And paint him black and red?  
O, why do they insist upon  
That green paint for his head?

Why do they bounce him in a sheet  
And drop him on the floor?  
Why does he sing so wondrous sweet  
The same thing o'er and o'er?

Why do they o'er his shuddering form  
Pour mixtures strange—but holy?  
And scrub him with the sacred broom  
To music melancholy?

Why do they rush with sudden yell  
And leave him there alone?  
Where is the "brother" who can tell  
The thoughts of H—rst—n.