

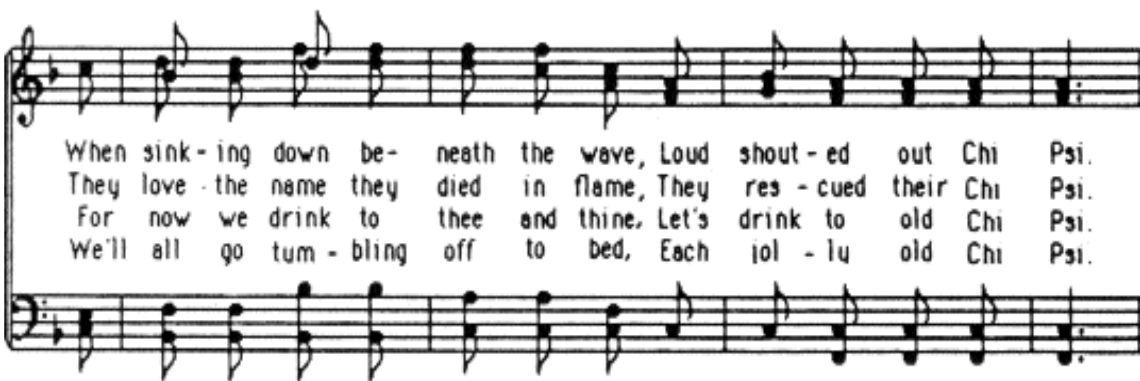
Philip Spencer

Words by
W. H. Ross Jr., Pi 1871

Melody II Tenor

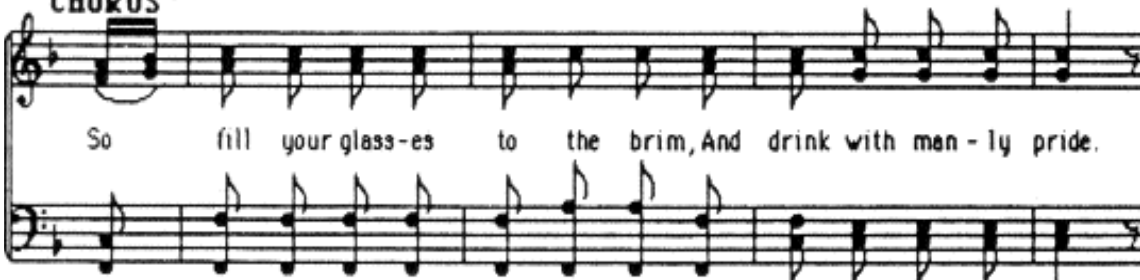


1 Oh,— here's to Phil - ip Spen - cer,— Who when a - bout to die,
2 Oh,— here's to those of great - er fame, Mar - tyrs of Al - pha Psi.
3 Fill— ev' ry beak - er up, my boys, with ro - sy wine filled high,
4. And— when our feast is end - ed,— And stars are in the sky,

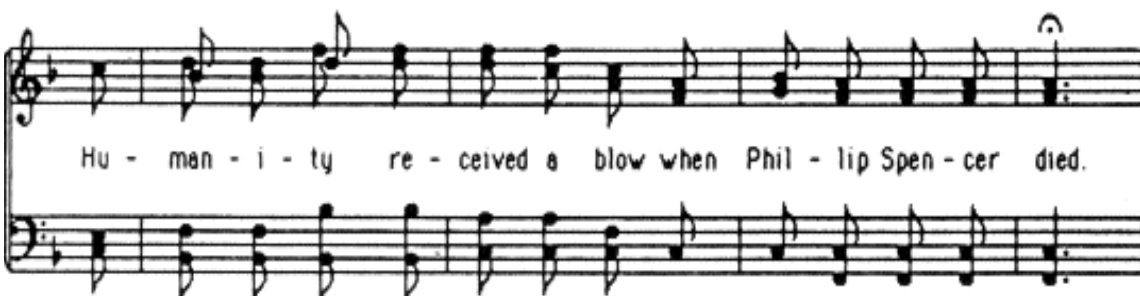


When sink - ing down be - neath the wave, Loud shout - ed out Chi Psi.
They love - the name they died in flame, They res - cued their Chi Psi.
For now we drink to thee and thine, Let's drink to old Chi Psi.
We'll all go tum - bling off to bed, Each iol - lu old Chi Psi.

CHORUS



So fill your glass - es to the brim, And drink with man - ly pride.



Hu - man - i - ty re - ceived a blow when Phil - ip Spen - cer died.