

# THE RHO OWL SONG (Psi Upsilon)

Air: "Colored Four Hundred"

♩. = 72



There is a le- gend quaint and Greek a - bout an an-cient owl, Who dwelt in great ex-  
The an-cient owl blinked both his eyes and mar-velled at the roar, In loud pro - test a  
Un - to the rab- ble thus the owl: "A - way! Let him ap - pear! When Vir-tue claims her



clu-sive-ness, a most re-spect- ed fowl; Be lov - ed he of li - on bold, who,  
pack of curs were snarl-ing at his door; "An up-start li - on comes this way!" the  
just re-ward, 'tis En - vy seeks to jeer: To thee, wise beast of ram-pant mien, the



ram-pant, rose one morn, A - wak-ning con-ster-na-tion in the land where he was born.  
en-vi-ous jack- als cried. "Pray bar from out thy por-tals fair this trai - tor dou-ble- dyed!  
mys-tic badge I bring. Ac - cept, for thy great loy-al-ty, the shel-ter of my wing!"

## Semi-Chorus



Tu - whit, tu - whoo! O an-cient owl of fair Psi U., Thy jew - el



bright The ram-pant li - on wears to-night, And true to thee Will ev - er

## Chorus



be, Owl of old Psi U. O love - ly owl! Con-ser-va-tive



fowl! In his joy and ex - ul - ta - tion Doth the ram-pant li - on howl! Tu-whit, tu -



who! Psi U., Psi U! O, tu-whit, tu-who! Psi U., Psi U, for - ev - er!