

# The Last Toast

H.W. Pracht

For the love that we all bear out brothers,  
This toast I am giving here;

Tonight they are near,  
Our school chums so dear,

And we'll yearn for them each day:  
But the pride of our hearts is our chapter:  
Oh, the days we've spent with her.

Though we roam far away  
Still our hearts will always stay  
With you, dear Theta Chi.