"I Was Born About Ten Thousand Years Ago"

Western Michigan University
I was born about ten thousand years ago,
And there's nothing in this world that I don't know;
I saw Peter, Paul, and Moses,
Playing ring-around-the-roses
And I'll lick the guy who says it isn't so.

I saw Satan when he looked the garden o'er,
Saw Eve and Adam driven from the door,
And behind the bushes peeping
Saw the apple they was eating,
And I'll swear that I'm the guy who ate the core.

I saw Jonah when he slipped inside the whale,
And thought he'd never live to tell the tale.
But old Jonah'd eaten garlic
So he gave the whale a colic,
So he coughed him up and let him out of jail.

I taught Sampson how to use his mighty hand;
I first showed Columbus this great happy land;
And for Pharoah's little kiddies
I built all the pyramids
And to Sahara carried all the sand.

I taught Solomon his little ABC's;
The man who first dared eat limburger cheese;
And while sailing down the bay
With Methuselah one day,
I helped him trim his whiskers to the breeze.

Queen Elizabeth fell dead in love with me.
We were married in Milwaukee secretly,
But I turned around and shook her
Just to go with General Hooker
And fight mosquitoes down in Tennessee.

I saw Sampson when he laid the village cold,
Saw Daniel tame the lions in the hold,
And helped build the tower of Babel
Up as high as we were able,
And there's lots of newer things I haven't told.

When they started up Field Service I was there,
Kept the books, answered the calls from everywhere.
Though our office staff has grown
I am proud to have it known
They expect to hire three guys to fill my chair.
I took notes for Doctor Waldo and for Paul;
And the secrets of this school,—I’ve heard ’em all.
If there’s a skeleton somewhere
I know how each bone got there,
But beyond my pleasant smile no word shall fall.

Western est omnis divis(a) in partes duas
Diutissime studentès docuí
Si tam ignorantès estis
Et non scitis quae cantès
Nolite me culpære, nam laboraví

When they asked me if I’d teach I said, “Why, sure,”
“I will shape the growing mind through language pure.”
So they call the course “Kid Lit.”
And I’m really fond of it,
But I can’t resist the urge to take a tour.

I am quite a handyman to have around,
I have taught, administered, counselled, I’ll be bound.
When they start to call you ‘Dean’*
It is time to flee the scene,
So I’m taking off without another sound.

Thirty years I’ve always had the money there,
And a car to go to hell or anywhere.
Now the thing that’s buggin’ me
Is the budget ’73,
So I think I’ll pack my bag and take the air.

Though I’ve tried to take it easy and not care,
Some things you have to recognize, are there.
When you listen by the hour
You can tell when something’s sour
And the pain’s becoming just too much to bear.

Although it hasn’t been an easy path,
I have kept the standards high in junior math.
But if this present generation
Is supposed to save the nation,
Let me out—I think we’re due to take a bath.

The heroes of this school I’ve writ about
While the student body raised its thunderous shout;
But the writing is a chore
If your finger tips are sore
So I guess I’ll call it thirty and get out.