

The Classical Student

There was a man from Manhattan
Who learned Greek on the Island of Staten
He learned Alpha's and Rho's
Why, God only knows!
'Cause now he talks only in Latin

To Bill H

There once was a poet named Bill
who journeyed to Greece for a hill.
The Acropolis he found.
Is much more than a mound
And the Mussakas are making him ill.

The Delphi Mason

He cut letters in stone any place,
But was run out of town in disgrace
He was good with a hammer,
Started to stammer,
It was getting too hard to erase.

Gwen Again

There once was a girl named Gwen
Who leads us on tours now and then
She treats us with care,
And warns us beware.
Of good-looking dancing Greek men

More Metric Mania

There once was a tailor from Crete
Who measured in inches and feet
He traveled to Greece,
To find inner peace,
And now he thinks metric is neat

Lets Czech Out Prague's Beer!

It's Pilsner or Bud or any old brew.
It comes in all flavors and many-a hew
It's cheaper than water and better for you!

Czech History Lesson

The Wenceslas brothers were quite a pair
One was a saint, the other a bear.
The bad one murdered the one that was good.
So much for the meaning of brotherhood

On the Street with Otto

Across the street, around the block,
They herd us along just like a flock.
We do the distance, whatever it takes.
Just point the direction, for goodness sakes.
One thing about Prague, that I think is neater,
Is that everywhere else is just 300 meter.