

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Ancient Greeks

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(Mark Graham)

How listen a while and I'll sing you some phrases,
Recall faded glories and honor the dead;
And I hope that a smile will crack all of your faces,
And care and all worry escape from your head,
I'll sing of some lads of exceptional quality,
All of them geniuses, truly unique;
And a gambler who'd bet the last bill in his wallet
Would wager I sing of the classical Greek,

For philosophy mighty and pure cogitation
There's none to compare to the classical Greek;
If thinking were drinking and jollification,
An ocean of booze would have lasted a reek,
Democrates, Plato, and good old Pythagoras,
Socrates, Zeno, Protagoras too;
Don't forget Aristotle, his blood should be bottled,
There played with the whole philosophical crew.

Now Homer composed a poetical potion
Of versification, the best in the world;
He juxtaposed Greeks and athletic Trojans,
And to the equation he added a girl.
He called it the Iliad, rhyming until he had
Filled up his brain and a ten-gallon hat;
When he started the Odyssey, friends said "My God is he
Going to remember a mouthful like that?"

Now, Hippocrates, surely the first of physicians,
Gave medical science a shot in the arm:
"A doctor," he said, "must obey one condition:
Whatever you do, don't you do any harm."
His mother was pleased with his fine occupation,
His fortune applauded by folks far and near;
But he secretly grieved that his earthly duration
Preceded the golf club by two thousand years.

So three cheers for this classical civilization,
May songs in their honor forever be sung;
May each singer be granted a standing ovation
And glorification from each leather lung.
An age of pure gold, reflected in brilliance,

But soon, we are told, the whole joint rent to pot;
For though genius infected these Greeks by the millions,
Not one MBA graced the whole sorry lot.

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