

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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In Vino Veritas

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(Dr. H. J. Taylor)

When Science led me by the hand right up her garden path, Sir,
They tried to make me understand her Physics, Chem and Math, Sir.
It came to naught, and all they taught could not have fallen flatter,
Except for this, which gave me bliss, the liquid state of matter.

cho: And this is plain, as I maintain, since good old Aristotle
The truth has been most clearly seen reflected in a bottle.

What always jars in seminars and causes constant panics,
Is all that talk and blackboard chalk to inculcate mechanics;
I feel I need a glass of mead, as drunk by ancient druids
And so thereby exemplify the properties of fluids.

And still today I find no way to handle apparatus.
For me alone the Great Unknown brings no divine afflatus.
Yet this this I know, when problems show no hope of resolution,
This glass of mine when filled with wine will give the right solution.

In Physics I can only make uneducated guesses,
My wooly pate can't calculate the simplest strains and stresses;
Yet when my head is almost dead with mental acrobatics,
A pint of ale will never fail to teach me hydrostatics.

To learn the rules of molecules confounds my best resources,
For Van der Waals gets me in snarls with his atomic forces.
The parachor, and what it's for, I never dare to mention:
A glass of stout includes me out of studying surface tension.

Both rho and phee are Greek to me, I find them most unruly;
I don't see why they satisfy the equation of Bernoulli.
I can't make sense of turbulence, I merely get to know, Sir,
From half a quart of vintage port the facts of liquid flow, Sir.

In deep research let others lurch and hunt elusive muons.
For QED is not for me, with all its quarks and gluons.
Let others gaze at cosmic rays revealed in sparkling bubbles
A glass of beer will always clear my head, and end my troubles.

Note: a winner in a contest held by New Scientist
tune: Vicar of Bray