

The Professor of Bray

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(M. Hammerton)

Whrn in my jolly post-grad days
My work went all to pieces,
I took some other chap's results
And so wrote up my thesis.
 But this is law, I will uphold
 And none may interfere, sir,
 That whatsoe'er the facts may be
 I'll further my career, sir.

When my PhD was safe in hand
Success became my passion,
So I slipped off to the USA
To learn the latest fashion.

This golden rule, I swiftly learnt,
And made my faithful practice
Tell people what they want to hear
To Hell with what the fact is.

So in each Sunday supplement
I called their wishes Knowledge
And soon contrived to get myself
A fellow of a college.

A paperback I next supplied
With trendy stuff unstinted;
And subtly slipped the contrary
In footnotes finely printed.

My due reward in time arrived
So I'm the proud possessor
Of a chair, distinguished and renowned
And the title of "professor."

No thought of truth or facts shall e'er
Constrain me or condition
The books and papers that I write
To further my ambition.