

Ode to Paul Bell

There wis a young laddie frae Yale,
Wanted from Oklahoma to hail,
He came to the uni,
Wi' his doctoral goony,
And started this marvelous tale.

He looked far and wide,
Took it a' in his stride,
And built up the college full blast.
He stayed sixteen years,
Langer than any his peers,
Till fate wis surprisingly cast.

*Iwill a' be a' right,
At the end o' the night,
He has friends, that's what matters for sure.
They'll be steadfast and frisky,
As lang as there's whisky,
And mem'ries for a' that endure.*

*We'll miss his wee smile,
It wis part o' his style,
But we dinna grudge him his freedom.
We'll thank him fur noo,
But winna git blue,
As long as we still get tae see him!*

JRD