

But on this memorable day  
They pulled their little string,  
And left their placard standing there,  
Over the arc light's shimmering glare,  
And the crowd, they somehow seemed to care,  
And howled like anything.

But when their howl it floated down  
The elevator shaft  
It came to the ears of our friends, the Deans,  
With whom this epic, I think, begins,  
And caused them anything but grins.  
In fact, it drove them daft.

So to the Gym they came amain  
Fair dancing in their shoes,  
And when they came upon the scene, a  
Youth was hanging o'er th' arena  
In a pose calculated to suit a Dean, a  
Wise Prof to amuse.

It was not their intention, though,  
To join the giddy fray.  
But if they'd waited till things had lulled  
For their orders to cease, the noise annulled,  
They wouldn't have had their whiskers pulled  
Before they went away.

\* \* \* \*

The flowers that bloom in the spring  
Had nothing to do with the case.  
So that's what I mean when I say or I sing—  
Oh, bother the flowers that bloom in the spring,  
For the flowers that bloom in the beautiful spring  
Had nothing to do with the case.