

There's something about a 'varsity man....

[Illustrated poem published 1963 in the University of Hull Student's Union Rag Magazine.]

We rise each morn
And greet the dawn
Really remarkably bright.
Unless, of course,
We have to curse
What we drank the previous night.

Washed and refreshed
And impeccably dressed,
To the 'Varsity we depart
In comfort's excess
On the E.Y.M.S.*
Like so many sheep in a cart

And when we arrive
On our studies we thrive;
Statistics, Swedish and Bot.
'Cept when we're away,
Drinking coffee all day,
And bemoaning our fate and out lot.

At the end of the day,
Having worked, we play;
And enter the social whirl
Of discussions and tea,
Spiffing trips to the sea.
Well, that's what we tell the girl.

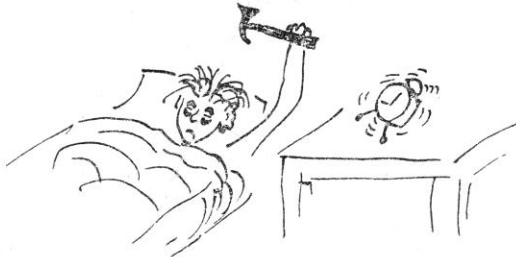
Each day like this
Means that life is bliss
Through our long 'Varsity career.
'Til that glorious day
When the organ they play,
And give us diplomas and cheer.

Then it's out of these halls,
Leaving their shelt'ring walls,
Men of intellect, knowledge; but yet meek.
For our jubilations
About qualifications
Are not shared by the world at our feet.

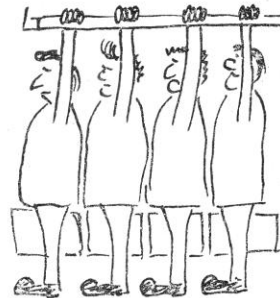
With apologies to John Betjeman for swiping the title line.

*E.Y.M.S. = East Yorkshire Motor Services which ran the bus services from halls of residence in Cottingham to the University campus.

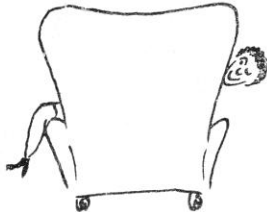
There's something about a Varsity man. *
by Diem.



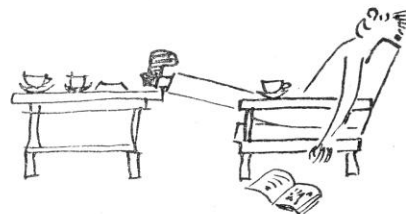
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