

The Septuagint by Mittany Blodgett

Sing of scholars short and tall

In Alexandria's columned hall

Candlelight that makes you squint

Working on the Septuagint!

We don't know the names of any

Not the one, nor not the many

Septuaginti once meant seventy

Oh would it not be sort of heavenly

To have seen them use their brains

Suff'ring artheritic pains

Scrawling with a squeaky pen

Plucked from some unlettered hen

Sheet by sheet, little by little

Jot by jot, tittle by tittle

Rolling sheets up into rolls

Cramming them into pigeonholes

Stuffing bundles into drums

Don't know their songs, dont know their hums

Scholars bald, and scholars merry

Scholars blithe, with mien airy

Scholars grim, with beard quite hoary

Knowing more than Professor Irwin Corey

Diverse scrolls by little light

(over)

(Hope they got the spelling right!)

Sing of ~~the~~ tiny aches and pains  
 Sinus trouble when ~~it~~ rains  
 Bench that makes the arse grow cold  
 Fingers getting stiff and old  
 Crackling parchment, slopping ink  
(Nuff ter drive a man ter drink!)

On their benches, did they wonder  
 Who would see their slightest blunder?  
 Doing it all on shortened rations  
 For the future generations  
 From the bottle cork let's jerk  
 To Alexandria's toiling clerk  
 Here, we toast thy boring work!

Candlelight that makes you squint  
Working on the Septuagint

[Note: Nittany Budgett is a friend of the distinguished author and humorist, John Bellairs.]

Sent w/ JB's letter of 12/2/81