

Ray Charles, The Modern Student

Will Shakespeare thought that fellows creep
"Unwillingly to school,"
And must to pore o'er knowledge deep
Be driven like a mule.
The classics were the goals pursued
By boys in Willie's day,
The English tongue was far too rude
Save for the common play.
New teachings have sprung up since then,
We've buried all that rot,
We will no longer wield the pen!
We have the Turkey Trot.
We care not what old Tullius raves,
And really must confess:
He should have sunk beneath the waves
Ere Catiline's address.
The greatest Julius when he stood
Most mighty o'er the mass,
With all his tact he never could
Have thrown a forward pass.
At Homer who told tales of Troy
We raise an awful din,
We'd rather hear Sir Eddie Foy
Sing "Ragtime Violin."
Salome too was not the whirl
The Semites used to think,
Why Miss Deslys could make that girl
Sit down and take a drink.
For modes and ways have changed a bit
Since Shakespeare was a boy,
The empty fads have made a hit
And ignorance is joy.