

MY ZERMAT ABODE

O give me home,
With a roof made of stone
Where the mice and marmots do play.

It's close to the hill,
Where water does spill.
And the trains go by there all day.

If I had a home
Where they let tourists roam,
And blew horns in the street all night.

I'd pack up and go,
Where they didn't have snow,
But I'd miss such a beautiful Sight!

A SOUVENIR

Maybe it's green.
Maybe it's puse.
You get it home.
It has no use!

It might be expensive,
Maybe it's cheap,
Whatever you bought,
It's yours to keep.

One for daughter,
One for son,
One for the grandkids,
One by one.

Whether you wear it,
Or hang on a wall,
Once you've seen one,
You've seen them all!!

APULIA ITALY 2006

There once was a Phi Mu from Bari,
Who desperately wanted to marry.
She looked all around, and finally found
An olive-oil tycoon named Harry.

There was someone on our trip,
Who was special, always there.
She had no seat upon the bus.
Yet we treated her with care.
She was always at our table,
No matter when we ate.
She was the "extra virgin"
That added flavor to our plate!

Our Italy guide is called Lucia,
She shows us all we should see-a.
You have to know, "andiamo" means go.
Her Mama's a well known Mia.
There was a young Phi Mu named Betty
Who met an Italian she couldn't forgetti.
She married the fellow from Alberobello
And fed all her kids on spaghetti

If I had my life to live over, I might pilot my way to the moon.
If I had my life to live over, I might sing like Crosby and croon.
If I had my life to live over, I might compose a Broadway tune
But, if I had my life to live over. I'd live over the corner saloon.