

Greek is a language
At least it used to be,
It killed off all the Greeks,
And now it's killing me!

All have died who ever spoke it,
All have died who ever wrote it,
All will die who ever learned it,
Blessed death, they surely earn it!
--by a Student of Dr. Walt Wessel

I Take It you Already Know

I take it you already know,
Of tough and bough and cough and dough?
Others may stumble, but not you,
On hiccough, thorough, slough and through.
Well done - And now you wish, perhaps,
To learn of less familiar traps?

Beware of heard, a dreadful word,
That looks like beard and sounds like bird.
And dead, it's said like bed, not bead,
For goodness sake, don't call it deed!
Watch out for meat and great and threat,
(They rhyme with suite and straight and debt.)
A moth is not a moth in mother.
Nor both in bother, broth in brother.

And here is not a match for there.
Nor dear and fear for bear and pear,
and then there's dose for rose and lose--
Just look them up -- and goose and choose;
And cork and work and card and ward,
And font and front and word and sword;
And do and go, then thwart and cart,
Come, come, I've hardly made a start.

A dreadful language? Why, man alive,
I'd learned to talk it, when I was five;
And yet, to write it, the more I tried;
I hadn't learned it at fifty-five.