

"Binchy and Bergin and Best"

by Flann O'Brien/Myles na gCopaleen/Brian O'Nolan

My song is concernin'
Three sons of great learnin'
Binchy and Bergin and Best.
They worked out that riddle
Old Irish and Middle,
Binchy and Bergin and Best.
They studied far higher
Than ould Kuno Meyer
And fanned up the glimmer
Bequeathed by Zimmer,
Binchy and Bergin and Best.

They rose in their nightshift
To write for the Zeitschrift,
Binchy and Bergin and Best.
They proved they were bosses
At wrastling with glosses,
Binchy and Bergin and Best.
They made good recensions
Of ancient declensions,
And careful redactions
To their three satisfactions,
Binchy and Bergin and Best.

They went for a dander
With Charlie Marstrander,
Binchy and Bergin and Best.

They added their voices
(Though younger) to Zeuss's,
Binchy and Bergin and Best.

Stout chase the three gave
Through the Táin for Queen Maeve

And played "Find the Lady"

With Standish O'Grady,
Binchy and Bergin and Best.

They sang in the choir
Of the Institute (Higher),
Binchy and Bergin and Best.

And when they saw fit
The former two quit,
Binchy and Bergin and Best.

But the third will remain
To try to regain
At whatever cost
Our paradigms lost,
Binchy and Bergin and Best.

So forte con brio
Three cheers for the trio,
Binchy and Bergin and Best.

These friends of Pokorny
Let's toast in Grand Marnier,
Binchy and Bergin and Best.

These justly high-rated,
Advanced, educated,
And far from facetious
Three sons of Melesius,
Binchy and Bergin and Best.