The Mathematical Songs of Brian Davey

Contents

Ralph, tell us all that you know

Brian Davey and friends

San Francisco, 1986

1. Now I came to Berke-ley to hear the good word, An ex-ci-ting new theo-ry, or so I had heard. Still Hel-en's con-vinced that it's all quite ab-surd, So Ralph, tell me all that you know.

Chorus Join in the chor-us, sing out the song. It's real-ly quite short, so it won't take so long. Pick up your glass-es, fill them a-gain. Let's drink a toast to that con-gru-ence tame.

This song was a collaboration of the participants of the *Fine Structure Symposium* held at Berkeley, California in June 1986.

2. You must have a secret, please tell me the way
To keep theorems flowing on day after day.
Is it that you're still thinking when we've hit the hay?
So Ralph, tell me all that you know.

3. I started to do an example last night.
My α and β just wouldn't go right.
But with Anchor Steam Beer my lattice got *tight*,
So Ralph, tell me all that you know.

4. Then I found a small *minimal set* over here
And it wasn't *type 1* so I let out a cheer.
But what it all means still isn't quite clear,
So Ralph, tell me all that you know.

5. Consider the fortunate congruence lattice,
With labels of 2 for modular status.
Its secrets will surely never get past us
If Ralph tells us all that he knows.

<div align="right">(George McNulty)</div>

6. The *body* of U disappeared without *trace*.
It's a pitiful *tail*, quite a disgrace.
A contentious algebra, the vacuous case.
So Ralph, tell me all that you know.

7. Avoid some sublattice which should be *forbidden*,
Discard some ideas which were being ridden,
Release the five *types* of algebras hidden,
And Ralph, tell us all that you know.

<div align="right">(Octavio Garcia)</div>

8. Right at the top in a sky cerulean
Dwells *type 3* known as *Boolean*.
We climb to that summit hopefully an'
Trust that Ralph tells us all that he knows.

<div align="right">(Harry Lakser)</div>

9. The night's getting on and this beer's getting stale
So tell me a *minimal algebra* tale,
With a good-looking *body*, the *type* to regale,
And Ralph, tell me all that you know.

<div align="right">(William Rowan)</div>

Oberwolfach

Brian Davey, George McNulty and friends
Oberwolfach, 1988

1. Now George tells us jokes and he talks ra-ther slow And I'm in the front row with no-where to go. So   at the next con-ference I'll show what I know, I'll sit at the back and sleep right through the show.

Chorus O - ber - wolfach,   O - ber-wolfach once more.   Give me a proof and I'll go through the roof At   O - ber-wol-fach once   more.

This song was written during the final evening of a conference on universal algebra and lat-tice theory held at the Mathematisches Forschungsinstitut Oberwolfach in the Black Forest, Germany.

2. There's George from the first verse but then there's one more
And we have to listen when he takes the floor.
But with glueings and pastings, God knows what's in store.
To take it all in makes my poor old head sore.

<div align="right">(Davey)</div>

3. Of algebras partial I'm tiring fast.
My comprehension may simply not last.
Relations and functions are all in the cast.
I wish partial algebras were in the past.

<div align="right">(Albert, Davey)</div>

4. Directoids and joinoids, what are all those things?
I remember when algebra was about rings.
And then there's this Aussie that bloody well sings
And I have to go back when the lecture bell rings.

<div align="right">(Albert)</div>

5. Tame congruence theory and commutators galore,
Where's Ralph McKenzie to tell us some more?
How will we know if there is a flaw
Without Ralph to be here and lay down the law?

<div align="right">(Comer, Davey)</div>

6. We get up at 8 and we read the new signs.
At 2 it is time for a walk in the pines.
At 1 in the morning we sample the wines.
At 8 the next day it's back into the mines.

<div align="right">(Albert)</div>

7. Whatever the concept that Rudolf makes clear
Will be well-connected—there's nothing to fear.
With context selected, the picture's projected,
The lattice gets status, so let out a cheer!

<div align="right">(McNulty)</div>

8. Mein Deutsch ist sehr schlecht und viel Fehler I make.
But etwas das I weiß, Kuchen ist cake.
Mit Kaffee or Tee it's not hard to take
Und nachher I versuch more theorems to make.

<div align="right">(Davey)</div>

9. For every lattice a group should exist.
The proof would be easier if I weren't half pissed.
But just when I feel like I'm getting the gist,
It seems nonetheless that it's all in a twist.

<div align="right">(Albert)</div>

10. Of avoidable words not much I can say.
For my letters, each one, I surely must pay.
It's very unclear what laws they obey,
Though Tardoš may tell me by the end of the day.

<div align="right">(Albert)</div>

11. Now tell me the theorems that once you have seen
Projected upon the overhead screen.
With clones that are maximal, my agony's actual.
But let us now join in our primal scream.

<div align="right">(McNulty)</div>

12. The tenth time we have this fine conference here.
The pauses are longer—year after year.
But Tamás Schmidt was every time here,
So we can just guess how much he drank beer.

<div align="right">(Werner)</div>

13. The problems we hear far too late in the week.
We've only one day their solutions to seek.
Of type 0 algebras give me a peek.
To find a tame congruence seems oh so chic!

<div align="right">(Albert)</div>

14. When Ivo came in he was chasing some clones.
He's done it so long, it's got into his bones.
He's got those at the top but he simply won't stop.
He's aiming to fill more than $\aleph_0$ tomes.

<div align="right">(Davey)</div>

15. From all round the world the participants came.
Each one in the book gladly wrote his/her name.
But the abstract was harder, no one was game
Till P^3 retorted with threats us to maim.

<div align="right">(Albert)</div>

16. Eva, Hilda, and MK at last set the tone
Of beauty and grace—the exception was Stone.
Embedding legalities required dualities
Which Brian and Hilary found on their own.

<div align="right">(Albert, McNulty)</div>

17. A theorem was proved on Friday night,
The 'empty' conjecture was certainly right.
A proof by cases created red faces
And at the end all the provers were tight.

<div align="right">(Albert)</div>

18. P. Pudlak has told us that proofs can be long
Though rewriting rules are ever so strong.
Peano arithmetic can be quite a bag of tricks.
In doubt, just consider the length of this song.

<div align="right">(Albert, McNulty)</div>

19. Who is this guy our speakers missed most,
Saying 'dually, symmetrically' at no extra cost?
Of their hospitality they most like to boast.
Next time Ervin *et al.* will be our hosts.

<div align="right">(Kiss)</div>

20. Now Bill has a zipper that's really a ripper.
Equational lattices make him feel hipper.
But Gabor divulges that Bill's zipper bulges,
So next we expect there will be a Lampe nipper.

<div align="right">(Albert, McNulty)</div>

21. Varieties decidable are really quite $S \otimes A \otimes D$.
Without Ralph and Matt they would drive us quite mad.
Unary, Discriminator, Rings the terminator.
It's all so confusing perhaps we've been had.

<div align="right">(Albert, McNulty)</div>

22. Mike Albert loves monoids. Oh, equations of bliss!
Of Ehrenfeucht's Conjecture, not one case he'd miss.
Each infinite system has some finite list.
But with Susan at home is this lover's tryst.

<div align="right">(Davey, McNulty)</div>

23. Morning is coming and we can still sing.
You *can* lift your glass, but can you still think?
Can all your ideals make just one more ring?
Well, all of our glasses can use one more drink!

<div align="right">(Tůma, McNulty)</div>

Hotel Slavia blues

J. B. Nation and friends

Karlovy Vary, 1988

1. Wait - er, wait-er! Bring me some booze.

Wait-er, wait-er! Bring me some booze. I'm in Kar-

lo - vy Var-y with the Ho-tel Sla-vi-a blues.

This song was written for the *International Symposium on General Algebra* held during July 1988 in Karlovy Vary, Czechoslovakia. Brian was not involved in writing this song. It is included here as it is one that he loves to sing.

2. I was trying to go to the Slavia Café,
I was trying to go to the Slavia Café,
But something went wrong somewhere along the way.

3. I don't know what I'm in, but it's out of Kafka,
I don't know what I'm in, but it's out of Kafka,
And the only cure is a Becherovka.

4. The blackboard's small and the chalk is square.
The blackboard's small and the chalk is square.
The talks run over and I don't care.

5. Waiter, waiter! Where can you be?
Waiter, waiter! Where can you be?
My glass is empty and I've got to pee.

6. There are many things I would like to see,
There are many things I would like to see,
But Karlovy Vary has only quasivariety.

7. Baby, I'll buy the oplatky for you,
Baby, I'll buy the oplatky for you,
If you'll just hold my place in the queue.

8. Karlovy Vary is a swinging town,
Karlovy Vary is a swinging town,
Every night at ten they close it down.

9. Waiter, waiter! Bring me some booze.
Waiter, waiter! Bring me some booze.
I'm in Karlovy Vary with the Hotel Slavia blues.

Lift up your voices for Bernhard!

Brian Davey and friends
Canberra, 1989

Chorus So lift up your voices for Bern - hard.___ He's eight-y and still go-ing strong.___ At an al-ge-bra fair, You'll find him right there At the front where he'll al-ways be - long.___

1. I'll sing you a song a-bout Bern-hard,_ I'm told that it's based on the truth._ If some-times it's stretched And a lit-tle far fetched, Please Bern - hard don't go through the roof.___

The *Third International Conference on the Theory of Groups and Related Topics* was held in Canberra during September 1989 to mark Bernhard Neumann's 80th birthday. This song was published in the *Gazette of the Australian Mathematical Society* **17** (1990), 87–88.

2. Bernhard gets round on a push bike.
He's known for his helmet of blue.
While the light's stuck on red,
He does maths in his head.
'I've got it for primes that aren't 2!'

3. The product that's known as HNN
Was born in a Manchester den.
Said Graham to B,
'Can her, you and me
Construct it by quarter to ten?'
(Jim Weigold)

4. In collegio Sancti Bernardi
The members became very hardy.
Drinking black Nescafé
For three years and a day
With other excesses foolhardy.
(Jim Weigold)

5. Baer once made a group that was Hopf
Till its bottom and top fell right opf.
Said Bernhard, 'Aha!
Now I know I'm a star.
Here's one, straight aus meinen Kopf!'
(Jim Weigold)

6. You'll all have a lighthearted evening
When you visit the house of a Neumann.
We all know a pun
Can be rather fun
And Bernhard's could never annoy man.
(Sheila Williams)

7. When friends learned of Bernhard's new diet
They said it's a touch of the heat.
In the old USA
He just lived on hay
And since then he's eaten no meat.
(Davey, Williams)

8. His CSO playing is mellow
Hanging on by his teeth to last cello.
He never could hide
His fame far and wide.
He's many academies' fellow.
(Davey, Lausch, Ormerod, Williams)

9. We salute a fine octogeranium
Whose fame is enhanced by his cranium.
He keeps in his mind
All that's known to mankind
So your birthday is sure to be known by 'im.
(Πeter Neumann)

10. This man is well known for his drinking
With a preference for excellent wine.
At the end of the night
Serve him coffee that's right.
Twelve spoons and the strength will be fine.

11. Now Bernhard's a seminar sleeper,
Still he hopes that it really won't show.
If the smooth of his head
Turns to wrinkles instead
Then check for the twitch of his mo'.

Bjarni's birthday canon

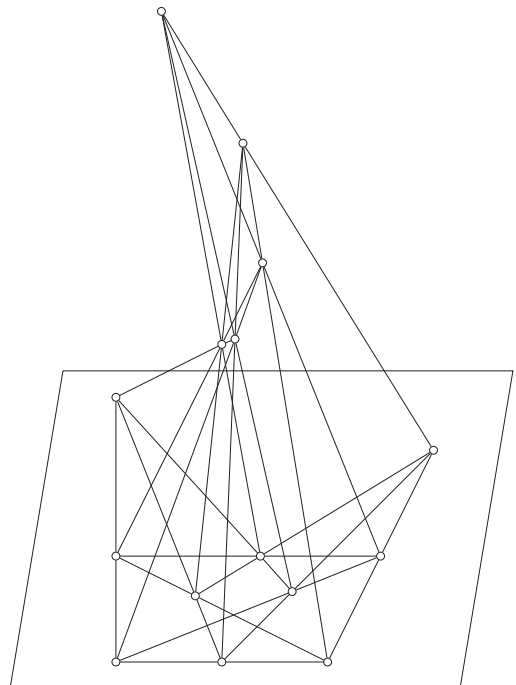Brian Davey and Rudolph Wille
Laugarvatn, 1990
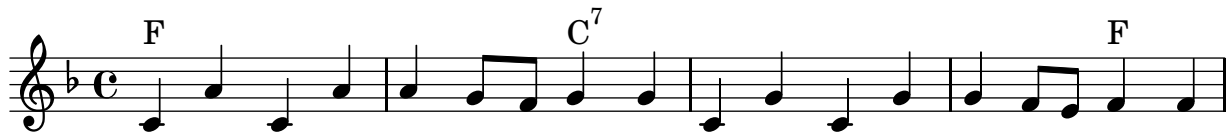
1. Iceland, Iceland, oh, what a pleasure! Iceland, Iceland, you are a treasure!

2. Al-ge-bra, five days of meet-ing, This has been our birth day greet-ing.

3. Bjar-ni, your work hard in summing. Bjar-ni, there is still more coming.

The Jónsson Symposium was held on 2–6 July 1990 in Laugarvatn, Iceland to celebrate the achievements of Bjarni Jónsson on the occasion of his 70th birthday.

Music for *Bjarni's birthday canon* based on a traditional German song.
Music for *Bjarni, give me a theorem* based on *After you're gone*.

Bjarni, give me a theorem

Brian Davey and J. B. Nation
Laugarvatn, 1990

Bb   Bb^maj7   F   F^maj7

1. If I had proved (there's no de-ny-ing) What Bjar-ni proved,
2. Got drunk one night, and I asked you, 'Lat - tice var-ieties,
3. Found a re - sult, you were sur - prised. 'Twas new to you,

D^9   G^9   G^7

I'd not be cry-ing. There'd be joy for this old boy
aren't there just two?' In your nice way, you had to say,
not re - cog-nized. I gave you a seat and showed you the proof.

F   Bb   Bb^maj7
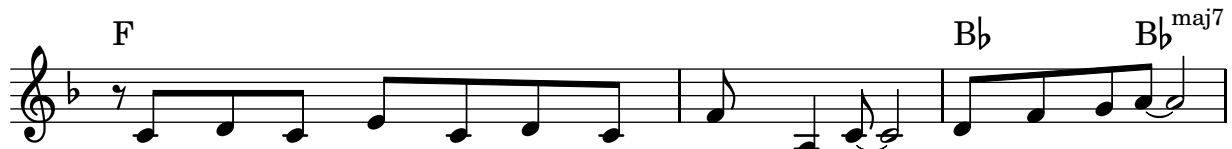
And lots of grants to buy com - pu - ter toys. I've got a wife
'You won't get ten - ure if you think that way!' You took the time
You said, 'It's great!' and went right through the roof. You liked the proof,

Bb^maj7   F   F^maj7   D^9

and kids to feed. You've got re - sults that you don't need.
to set me straight, More than we'll ev-er e - nu - mer-ate.
and so did we. You proved it back in fif - ty three.

Gm D^7 Gm   Gm^9 Gm F   C   Dm   E^7

Chorus Bjar-ni, give me a theo-rem! I've tried all day and cannot get near 'em.

F   C^7   F
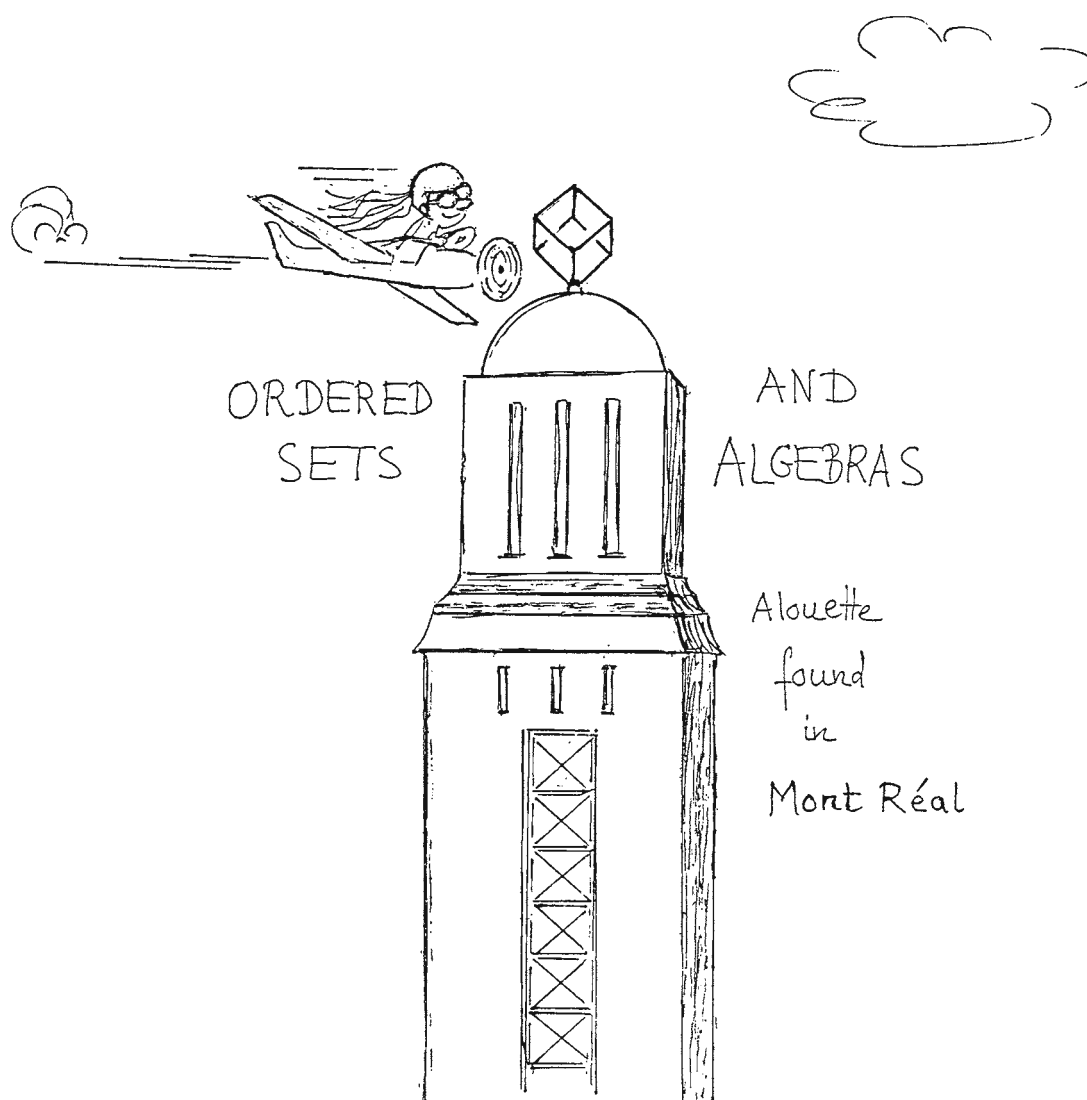
Com-ing from you, ev-en a lem-ma would do.

Now Alouette knows it all

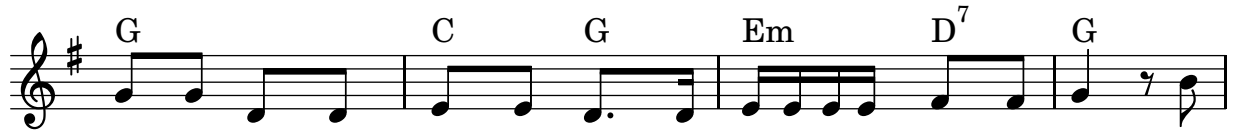Brian Davey and friends
Montréal, 1991

Illustrations by Marcel Erné

In the Summer of 1991, the Department of Mathematics and Statistics at the Université de Montréal hosted the NATO Advanced Study Institute *Algebras and Orders* as its 30th Séminaire de mathématique supérieures (SMS).
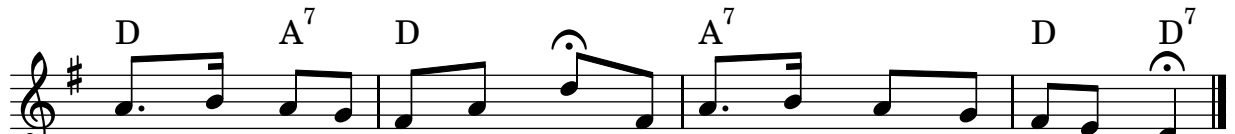
This song was published in *Algebras and Orders* (I. G. Rosenberg and G. Sabidussi, eds), NATO Advanced Study Institute Series C, Vol. 389, Kluwer, 1993, pp. 531–545.
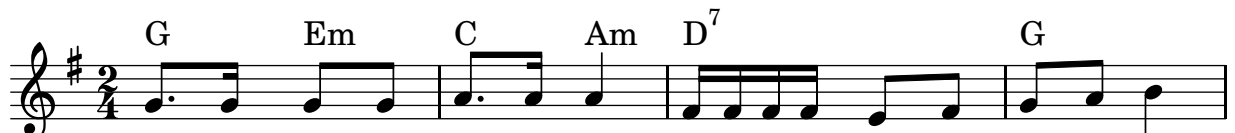
1. From far we came in-to Que-bec. Now Al-ou-et-te knows it all. In-

stead of beer they served us sekt. Now Al-ou-et-te knows it all. Not

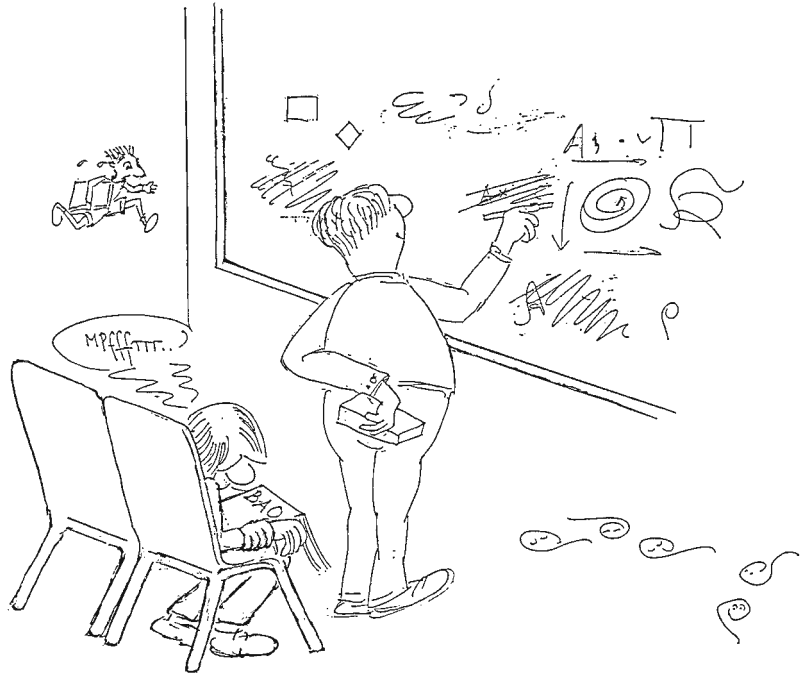cham-pagne for one eve-ning's fling, But one week's beer would be the thing.

Chorus Or-dered sets and al - ge-bras, Al-ou-et-te found in Mont-re - al.

Or-dered sets and al - ge-bras, Now Al-ou-et-te knows it all.

2. Bjarni gave us notes for free
      (Now Alouette knows it all.)
   So he could ramble as he pleased.
      (Now Alouette knows it all.)
   But I forgot my notes today,
   I'll skip this lecture if I may.
                              (Davey)

3. Be sure that you're not running late
   When Bjarni starts to operate.
   The list of errors was quite long.
   We can't include them in this song.
   (Hartung et al.)
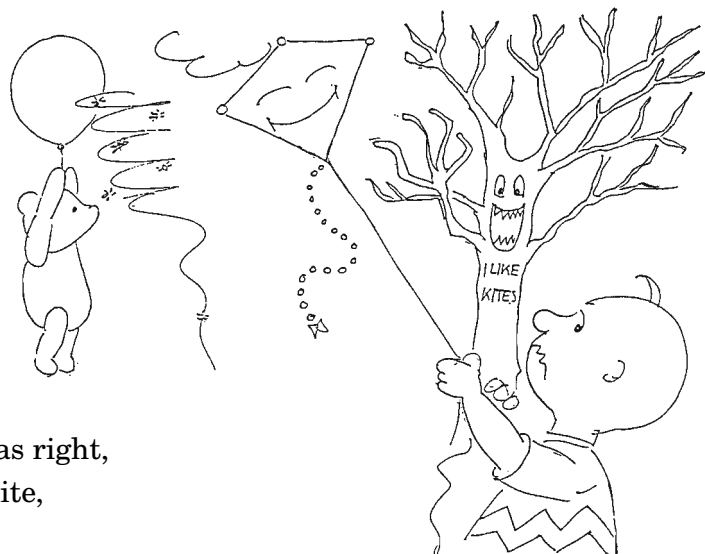
4. Marcel proposed, and that was right,
   A tree should not contain a kite,
   Told us about a sober Pooh,
   And theorems proved by ME and YOU.
                              (Agliano)

5. In Winnipeg he 'dooalized'.
But Brian should have realized,
Despite his willingness to croon,
It's time he sang a different 'toon'.

(Quackenbush)

6. He doesn't tell us how it goes,
And simply says follow your nose.
I finally thought, 'This proof is sane!',
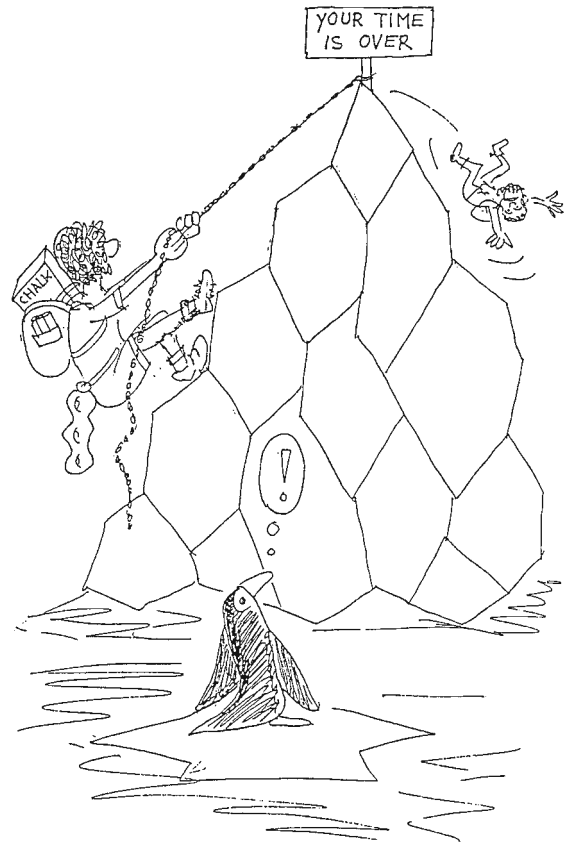Then schizophrenia struck again.

(Tischendorf et al.)
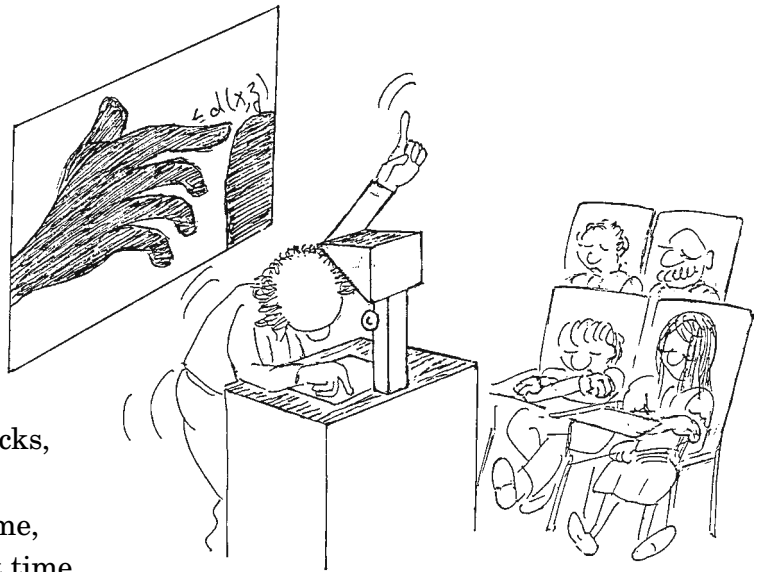
7. Maurice began with metric tricks,
To prove to us his 'idée fixe'.
This verse is very hard to rhyme,
I haven't been there since first time.

(Anon.)

8. But even so I learned so much,
He must possess a magic touch.
You really could not ask for more.
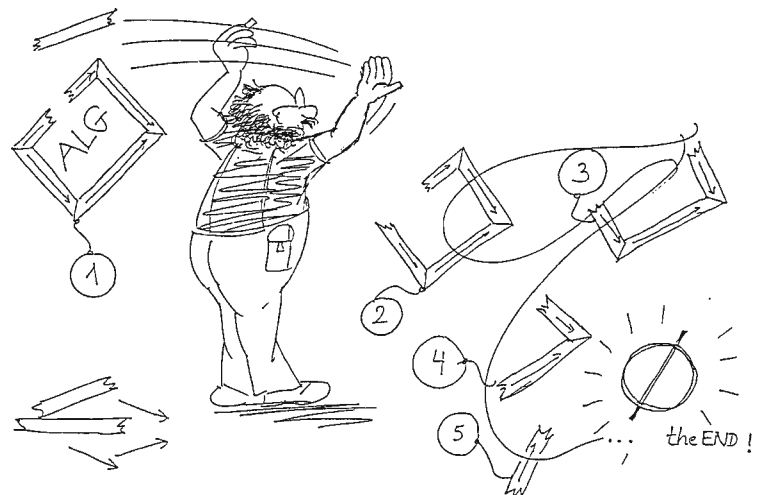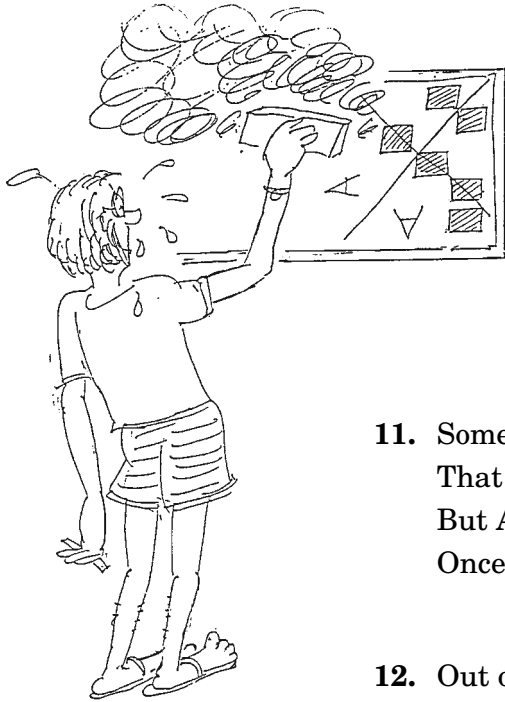His name appears on every door.

(Agliano, Gould)

9. For Ivan chalk is but a tool.
His iceberg pictures are so cool.
His diagrams so steep to climb,
He's dragged us into overtime.

(Davey, Quackenbush, Tischendorf)

10. I found a partial algebra.
With such a thing I won't go far.
Then Peter said unto me, 'Friend!
They get much better in the end.'

(Davey)

11. Some Pixley theorems were so tough
That Ralph could not erase them off.
But Alden showed how nice they are,
Once Pixels are rectangular.

(Erné)

12. Out on an island in the sea,
We've all been taught upon the knee.
It floats in on the morning breeze,
That lattices will never Freese.

(Palfy)

13. Ralph's thongs he's worn some 20 years.
When they are gone he'll be in tears.
A lattice you can get for free.
Could new shoes so expensive be?

(Agliano, Davey)

14. Those abstract clones are Taylor made,
But intuition starts to fade.
How come he's such a Boulder hunk?
He learned it from a Buddhist's Monk.
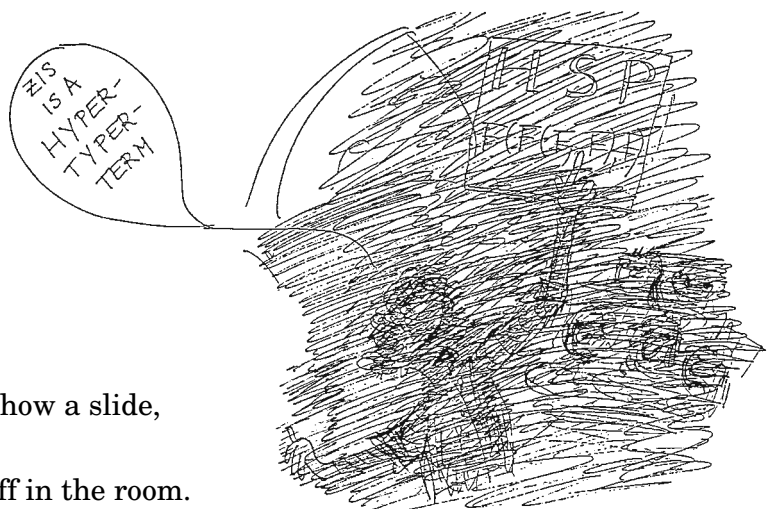
(Davey, Gould, Quackenbush)

15. The atmosphere becomes too tense,
Unless you catch the hyper-sense.
If one more speaker throws a clone,
'Oh! Not again!' you'll hear us moan.

(Burmeister, Davey, Gould, Volkov)

16. When $\mathbb{H}, \mathbb{S}, \mathbb{P}$ is not enough,
We need a $\mathbb{D}$ to make things tough.
And what it means, he'll have to say,
But let's not tell the $\underbrace{S\ P\ D}_{\text{auf Deutsch}}$.

(Taylor)

17. When Dietmar tried to show a slide,
Of $\mathbb{H}, \mathbb{S}, \mathbb{P}$ all organized,
They turned the lights off in the room.
He finished off his talk in gloom.

(Coleman)

18. Zis Schwyperterm ist all you need.
Into zis field I vill you lead.
Und if red devils zere you find,
You zimply need ein hyper-mind.

(Davey, Gould, Hartung, Zickwolff)

19. When Ivo uses only chalk,
He gives a most impressive talk.
But when he reaches for that switch,
The audience begins to twitch.

(Gould)

20. We meet for lectures down below,
To join in song far up we go.
We have a conference for two weeks,
And fool around with lattice freaks.

(Fearnley, Gould)

21. The lecture hall you must confess,
Its colour scheme is such a mess.
And let's tear down that stupid screen.
Best use it for a trampoline.

(Davey, Gould, Hartung)
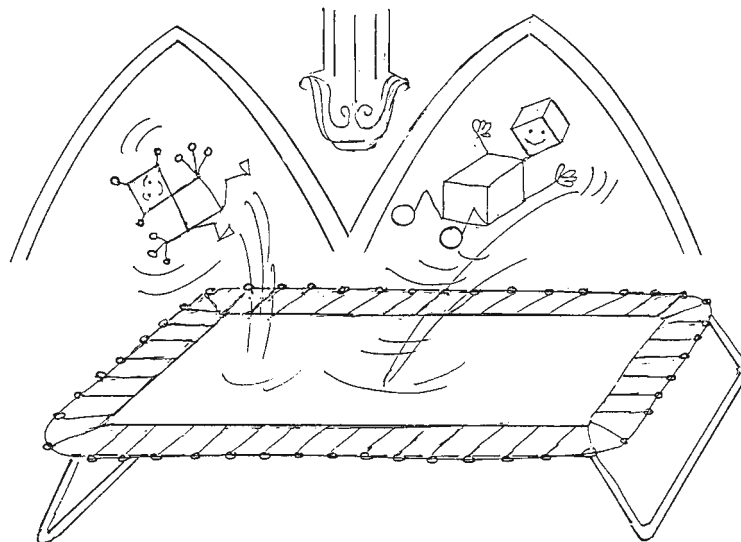
22. For 50 bucks what do we get?
I hardly get my teabag wet.
There's lemonade for you to drink,
But it's all gone within a wink.

(Davey, Gould, Hartung)

23. In this nice town they speak Français.
It's very hard to find your way.
And if we want to get some booze,
We just don't know which words to use.

(Tischendorf)

24. Bob Quackenbush just reads the news,
While Brian sings the lattice blues.
The rest of us just hum along,
And hope to end this silly song.

(Gould)

25. In every verse the truth we bend.
It makes no difference, foe or friend.
So if you find you're in a verse,
Accept your fate, it could be worse.

(Davey)
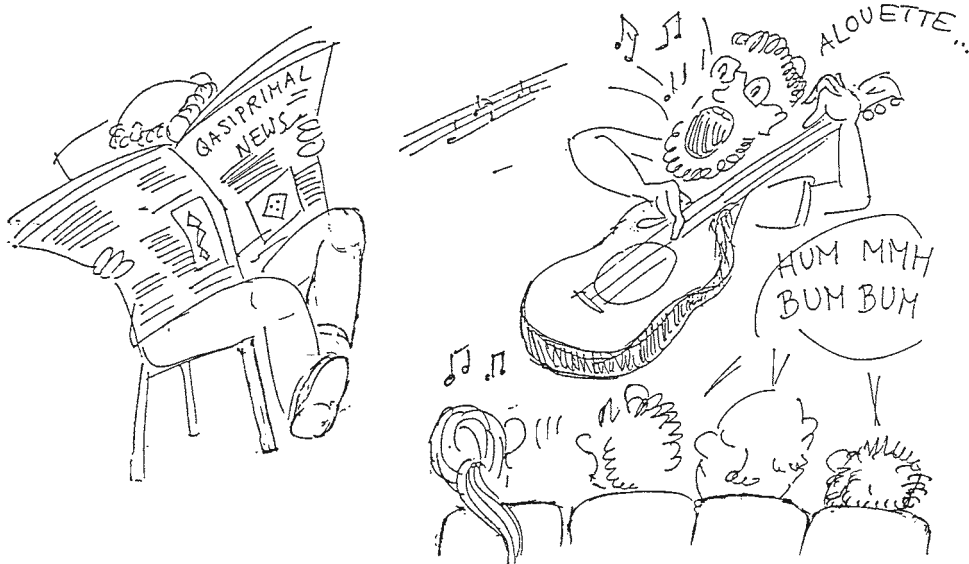
Let's write a song for Alan Day

Brian Davey, Cliff Bergman and friends
Hamilton, 1992

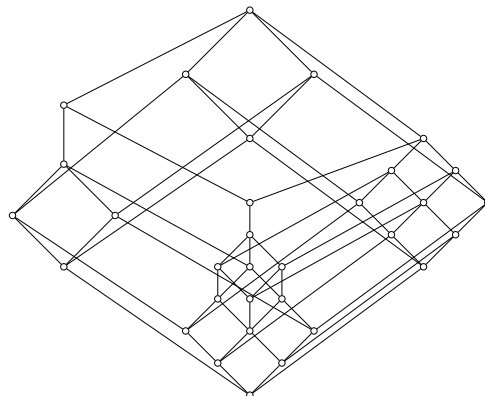**Chorus** Let's write a song for Al-an Day Then sing it loud and clear.— He can't be here to join us___ But let's have one more beer.___

1. Mc-Mas-ter had a meet-ing.___ We came from far and wide.— Now that we've heard the good word,— Go out and prosely - tize.___

The Alan Day Conference was held on 17–21 August 1992 at McMaster University (Hamilton, Ontario) in memory of Alan Day.

Music based on *Goodnight, Irene*.

2. Rush to Burke Science Building,
You'd better not be late.
If some of the talks are awful,
At least the coffee's great.

(Davey)

3. The turn out was stupendous.
Participants galore
Required three parallel sessions.
We've never done that before.

(Bergman)

4. McMaster is so scenic,
We wander through it all.
Absorbed by mathematics,
We cannot find the hall.

(Fearnley)

5. Ralph found a girl in his bed.
I found a man in mine.
What can I do to make it
The other way next time?

(Davey)

6. The beer in town was pricey,
The truth is sad to tell.
But then Lise bought six cases,
Said, 'Alan taught me well'.

(Bergman)

7. Let's all sing for Lise now,
Who brought us such good cheer.
She gave a smile to one and all,
And stocked the fridge with beer.

(Rowan)

8. McNulty posed five problems
Of things we ought to know.
His audience stayed conscious
Because he talks so slow.

(Bergman)

9. McNulty had five problems
But gave us a number greater,
For George has now become
A damned administrator.

(Quackenbush)

10. McKenzie found Morita
For *V* both narrow and wide.
His audience fought bravely.
Alas, their brains were Freyd.

(Bergman)

11. When Alan thought of doubling
For subsets all convex,
It solved a lot of problems
And left us time for sex.

(Bergman)

12. He played the record every Day
Till he had too many spritzer.
And then confessed in every way
His real name was Croy Pitzer.

(Quackenbush, Gould)

13. I wore your H-Bay parka,
You wore my Spooner shirts.
I Freese here in the arctic,
You Day dream of grass skirts.

(McNulty)

14. Mick Adams just can't say my name.
'You're going to get the sack, sir!'
I want to set the record straight,
My name ain't Larry Hakser.

(Davey)

15. This week we learned a lesson
That'll keep us out of trouble.
When you don't know what to do
Bet on the Daily Double.

(Davey)

The autobiography of a pentagenarian

Brian Davey
Melbourne, 1998

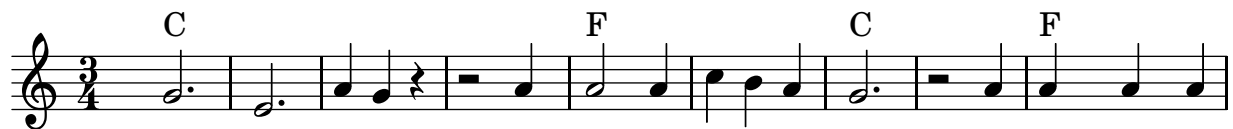**1.** Well, right from my birth some folks thought I looked queer. 'I sup-
pose he's al-right for the time of the year.' But it's fine on the in-side. I'm
hap-py in here. And now that youth's left me I won't shed a tear.

Chorus Turn - ing fifty. Oh! Turning fif-ty is fun. I hope you'll ag-
ree when you look hard at me that turn-ing fif-ty is fun.___

*Music based on *Oberwolfach*.*

2. At four-and-a-half years, I started school young,
   But missed it quite often through weakness of lung.
   From Wagga to Red Hill, my schools were far flung,
   And despite them I found my own song to be sung.

3. Mum did the right thing, I was brought up a mick.
   But try as the nuns might, it just wouldn't stick.
   At 'Prayers Before Meals' I was not very quick,
   And when I turned twenty it all got the flick.

4. I went to uni to do chemistry.
   I'd seen Sumner Miller perform on TV.
   But I found that maths was the right thing for me.
   Still, most of my friends think it's strange as can be.

5. Then I met Helen. My fate was secure.
   With all of my failings she seldom gets sore.
   'He hates phone calls and writing, his memory is poor,
   And after we married turned vego what's more.'

6. After nine years of work on our nuptual fling,
   We thought it was time to have some offspring.
   But with nerves all in tatters, we then knew what matters,
   To sleep through the night was a glorious thing!

7. Years come and years go, now we've got children three,
   And childbirth remains a great wonder to me.
   When I talked of a third, Helen said 'That's absurd!'
   But I got my own way with our family tree.

8. Going part-time was a great thing to do,
   And post midlife crisis I live life anew.
   With coaching and juggling and time at the school,
   I now do my maths in the evening till two.

9. When I came to the Co-op, I knew 'This can't be wrong!'
   My children can come here to find their own song.
   But in my final season, I've found the true reason.
   The kids were just lucky, 'twas for me all along.

10. And now as my fifth and best decade I close
    (Just ignore that the hair on my head thinly grows)
    New pleasure and joy awaits this old boy.
    Ever the optimist, everyone knows.

11. I've lived my life by a plain rule of thumb,
    'When I don't know the words, I still try to hum.'
    I could go on for hours, but this song is sung.
    Though this is the last verse there's lots more to come.

Ralph, tell us all that you know: II

Brian Davey
Budapest, 2001

1. It's fif-teen years la-ter and we're back for more. E-mil, Keith and Ag-nes will lay down the law. But we won't be hap-py un-til we en-sure That Ralph tells us all___ that he knows.___

Chorus Join in the chor-us, sing out the song. It's real-ly quite short, so it won't take so long. Pick up your glass-es, fill them a-gain. Let's drink a toast to that con-gru-ence tame.

This song was written for the last day of the workshop *A Course in Tame Congruence Theory* held on 2–13 July 2001 at the Alfréd Rényi Mathematical Research Institute, Budapest.

2. At the start of the workshop P^3 bid us 'Hi!'
   But we knew he meant business when he took off his tie.
   His minimal algebras will never die
   If Ralph tells us all that he knows.

3. Agnes and Keith say relations are grand.
   Throw away Pol, just keep Clo in your hand.
   Of old and new ideas, a marriage is planned
   So Ralph, tell them all that you know.

4. After two days of study, I think I'm a gun.
   Then I attempt Pawel's Exercise One.
   But the solution is simple, just leave it undone
   Until Ralph tells us all that he knows.

5. Ross has Trade Secrets. He shares one for free:
   '$\langle \alpha, \beta \rangle$-matrices? They grow on trees!'
   Just pray that the algebra's type's less than three
   And that Ralph tells you all that he knows.

6. Wednesday has come with no congruence tame.
   We've only had covers. Says Emil, 'It's a shame!
   But with my great new software you'll all play the game
   Till Ralph tells us all that he knows.'

7. 'Twas Joel's turn to pull something out of the bag.
   He threw us a line, but it caught on a snag.
   His cute little subtraces make our tails wag
   Till Ralph tells us all that he knows.

8. Matt had decided to skip the first week!
   But now his is here and it's his turn to speak.
   His congruence fiddling is looking quite bleak
   So Ralph, tell him all that you know.

9. Now two weeks is up. The last day is here.
   There's much more to do. That much is clear.
   So at the next workshop we'll let out a cheer
   When Ralph tells us all that he knows.

The Mudd Puddle's closed in New Paltz on Tuesday blues

Brian Davey
New Paltz, 2007

It's hard to keep things completely straight before the morning coffee: play this song free and easy, with a swing.
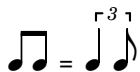
E

1. Been here be - fore, now I'm back again.

2. Wednesday comes round, I hur - ry down Main. Got my
3. It's Tues - day a - gain and I'm feel - in' low. Want my

E **E⁷**

Come to do some math with a New Paltz friend. Need my
Mudd Pud - dle coff - ee, it's eas - in' my pain. But in
three shot lat - te, but where should I go? In this

A

shot of es - press - o___ be - fore the theo - rems will flow._
six days' time, it will be Tues - day once more._
mo - ment of need, could give Star - bucks a try.__

E **B⁷**

_ Don't ya know. Down to the Mudd Pud - dle
_ Makes me sore. I look at the 'Gunks and
_ Ra - ther die! I could go to the bake - ry and

Caf‑e I cruise. There's a sign on the door and I don't
don't like the views. And if you look at me, well you might
wait in their queues. I could drink drip coff‑ee, but I

like the news. I've got the Mudd Pud‑dle's closed in
get a‑bused. I've got the Mudd Pud‑dle's closed in
just re‑fuse. Oh, the

New Paltz on Tues‑day blues.
New Paltz on Tues‑day blues.

Mudd Puddle's closed on Tuesday. Wearin' som‑bre hues day.

Got a ve‑ry short fuse day. Michelle and James are havin' a snooze

day. If they'd o‑pen, I'd pay my dues day. I've got the

Mudd Pud‑dle's closed in New Paltz on Tues‑day blues.

"This song was conceived in mid-May 2007, just after I arrived in New Paltz. By the time the song was written, June had come and the Mudd Puddle was on summer hours—open seven days a week! So, thankfully for me but perhaps not for Michelle and James, the Mudd-Puddle's-closed-in-New-Paltz-on-Tuesday blues lasted only two weeks."

Semigroups, lattices, algebras: The GAIA song

Brian Davey and friends
Melbourne, 2013

This song was written for the conference *General Algebra and its Applications 2013*, which was held on 15–19 July at the Franklin Street campus of La Trobe University in celebration of Brian Davey's 65th birthday and retirement.

Music based on *Lift up your voices for Bernhard!*

2. Marcel says to accept your fate.
For the lecture, you'll just have to wait.
So please eat a scone,
They just go on and on,
The computer's installing updates.

3. There is an old gent from Down Under
Who's known as a passionate wonder.
It's scary to see
What he gets naturally
From two contravariant functors.

<div align="right">(Willard)</div>

4. An aerogramme from Davey to 'Priestly'
Got Brian into the game.
With research on the go,
They wrote ILO.
Too bad he could not spell her name!

5. This speaker came here on the cheap
And you won't see him down at the shops.
With not much to pay,
Just ten dollars a day,
He can still afford plenty of FLOPs.

<div align="right">(Pitkethly)</div>

6. Mixing C-S-P with counting
Is exciting I have to confess.
So I thought he was bluffing
When he said he'd prove nothing.
But at that he had great success!

7. This fellow is certainly smart
And his maths is the state of the art.
So we don't give him flack
When he takes a side track
And never gets back to the start.

8. With bi-ordered sets he's a star.
His idempotents go far.
But he came down under
To free Stevie Wonder
And give us a chocolate bar.

9. For our search for terms to succeed,
   Evolution gives us what we need.
   Our search will be final,
   Our instinct is primal,
   A male and female should breed.

   (Johansen)

10. Mixed C-S-Ps are so scary,
    'Please help us!' the audience begs.
    'If a monster is hairy,
    You'd better be wary,
    And shave it before counting its legs.'

    (Johansen, Pitkethly)

11. A young bloke whom I will not name here
    Made a statement that seemed not quite clear.
    He said, 'Before long
    I'll prove most theorems wrong.
    Just think of absorption and beer.'

    (Kowalski)

12. Drinks coffee and that makes him sleep.
    Drinks beer and his mind takes a leap.
    He tells us that Mal'cev
    Is not such a Mal'cev,
    And his G-to-the-G is quite deep.

13. You should all go for a walk
    Before you go to the pub.
    It was not such a thrill,
    The sightings were nil
    And we all got lost in the scrub.

    (Rentsch)

14. He mixed up his a, b and c
    In his linear covering tree.
    His tools are great fun
    If you don't have type 1,
    And he gave us 'some Lemma' for free.

15. From where partition monoids are best,
    We have the Big East from the West.
    We've always been smitten
    By slides all hand written,
    But today it was all in LaTeX.

    (Rentsch)

16. Consider now if we took
A verbal congruence and look
At all interesting cases;
I'll fill in the spaces
If you go out and purchase my book.

<div align="right">(Rentsch)</div>

17. His first day in town was a thrill,
But that night he was terribly ill.
He could finally walk,
And he gave a great talk,
Although his potence was nil.

18. He gave us a line of best fit.
For a scientist, that would be it.
But in maths we're aloof,
We require a proof.
Till he gets one he simply won't quit.

<div align="right">(Davey, Pitkethly)</div>

19. Last but not least there are three.
George, Misha and Ross it could be.
They think they're immune
From a verse in this tune.
But it's never too late, wait and see.

<div align="right">(Pitkethly)</div>

20. A beautiful talk it is true.
The variable count should be 'few'.
'To the soup, add some spice',
Was his expert advice,
And we finally saw kangaroos.

21. The result in his talk was so sweet
Though he mixed up his join and his meet.
When Ralph said, 'You cheated!'
He quickly retreated.
With a difference term, Park-ing's complete.

22. The last talk of the day was a beaut.
The speaker was ancient but cute.
'Cross your eyes and stare,
You can search anywhere.
But it's hard not complete—Oh, damn, shoot!'

23. At the end of it all comes this song.
We're afraid to complain that it's long.
Although we had warning
That it might get boring,
No one dares to give him the gong.

<div align="right">(Davey, McConnell)</div>

The Mathematical Songs of Brian Davey