Meade, Glorious Meade

written by Polly Pattison, for Meade Cadot, upon his retirement from the Harris Center
(to the tune of “Food, Glorious Food,” by Lionel Bart)

Meade, glorious Meade,
you’re our favorite naturalist
when we are in need
you tell us what that is.

You know every track and fur
each flower and feather
you are a geologist
you know weather!

You teach us so much
and there’s more tomorrow
specimens we see and touch
you let us all borrow.

There’s always a funny tale
turning into a lesson
you give us all confidence
with your blessing!

People know that you’re cool
this is common knowledge
In boardrooms, with land or in school
you surmount each challenge.

But ‘they’ might not know what it’s like
having you for a mentor
You might now know that we feel
you’re heaven sent! So--

We’re glad you will stay
yes, we are quite grateful
while you are away
please heap up your plateful.

You deserve every happiness
anybody could think through
and when we hold up our glass
it’s you we’ll drink to!

We should end this song
but to you there is no equal
Cheers as you go on
Here’s to a great sequel!

But, so that you don’t forget
and here we’ll be specific
Senior Naturalist Meade Cadot
you’rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrre terrific!