Dedicated to The New York Mycological Society

HYMN TO MYCOLOGY

Maestoso  mf

Where root and stump lie mould’ring ’neath lead-en dripp-ing
dolce

skies, There, there shall we fore-gath-er as un-whole-some va-pors

rise. Deep, deep in the murk-y sha-dow, there where the slime mold

creeps, with joy the stout my-co-logist his pal-lid har-vest reaps

No cloud of nox-i-ous in-sects, no land-lord’s squa-mose heart can

stay our de-di-ca-tion to the my-co-logic art; as

poco a poco cres.

tramp-ing on in-to the gloom right lust-i-ly we raise from
ev'ry loyal gullet an anthem in thy praise: Myco-lo-gy! Pri-a-pic muse! Great God-dess of decay! Beneath thy broad Pi-le-us we shun the light of day with saprophy-tie garlands still let our works be bless'd 'till thy great whistle calls us home to thy gla-brous breast. My-co-lo-gy, My-co-lo-gy. Pri-a-pic Muse, My-co-lo-gy. My-co-lo-gy, great god-dess of decay!
Little russulas on the hillside,
Little russulas made of bricky-bracky!
Little russulas on the hillside,
Little russulas all the same.

There's a green one and a pink one
And a red one and a purple one,
And they're all made out of bricky-bracky
and they all key out the same.

And the people who look for them
All went to the university,
Where they learnt all about russulas
That all key out the same,

And there's doctors and lawyers,
And a few learned mycologists,
And they all look for mushrooms
That all key out the same.

Little russulas on the hillside,
Little russulas made of bricky-bracky!
Little russulas on the hillside,
Little russulas all the same.

There's a green one and a pink one
And a red one and a purple one,
And they're all made out of bricky-bracky
and they all key out the same.