

## **The Rubbish Carol**

Sing to the tune of: The Boar's Head Carol

The rubbish is, I understand,  
Best sent off to rubbish land.  
Here is why that's what I think:  
If left around, it starts to stink.

Gaudeamus igitur!  
Veritas non sequitur!

Some scraps of food, much to our sorrow,  
Cannot be eaten on the morrow.  
So let us praise the noble champs  
Who use the scraps to light our lamps.\*

Gaudeamus igitur!  
Veritas non sequitur!

For bottles, boxes, tins and jars,  
Our aspirations reach the stars.  
We hope that they reborn will be  
And save a beach, or else a tree.

Gaudeamus igitur!  
Veritas non sequitur!

And last, we have some other stuff  
With no good use, it's really tough.  
Nonetheless, let us make haste  
To dump it in the "household waste".

Gaudeamus igitur!  
Veritas non sequitur!

Janet B. Pierrehumbert

\*In Oxford, food waste is sent to an anaerobic digestion plant, where it is used to make electricity and fertilizer. More cities should do this.