Quadruple Birthday Limerick

To Jay

A gent from the plains of old Kansas
Came to love his Quixotes and Panzas,
Now writes articles, books,
Tenters hearers on hooks;
Says he: “It’s the height of my fancies.”

He’s a hot-shot who grows ever hotter.
He’s a shaker, a mover, this jotter.
He’s a star, a go-getter,
Rare wine—there’s none better—
’Mong lots of fine scholars he’s lotter.

Who is this fantastic señor,
This hidalgo all persons adore?
Well, with names in the balance,
He’s the Jay of the Allens.
May his fame soar and soar evermore!

On his birthday let’s raise a tall beer,
Or a wine, or a bottle of cheer!
Let us praise him, our champ,
Make our toasts ’til we’re damp,
Then proclaim him our man of the year!

Written by University of Florida French professor Al Smith, sometime in the 1970s.