

## Ode to A. A.

On this day seven score  
ago and then ten more  
was born one great A.A.  
What a man he'd BB!  
A.A., do you CC  
Just how han-D dan-D  
the world thinks your chains B.  
Here's to this day, A.A.!  
Yes, to your day, A.A.!

We thirty gather in your name  
to celebrate your late great fame.  
A few more wanted to attend,  
some old family and old friends:  
    a P. A. Nekrasov,  
    one Sir A.A. Chuprov,  
    and a little a.a.  
We allowed two—a pen pal and a son,  
And, on account of diff'rences, barred one.  
So whadda say, A.A.?  
Is this party gay gay?

By the way,  
our KUBU stitched you some shoe shoes.  
So, A.A., you've no excuse-cuse.  
To excuse yourself our invite  
well, that just wouldn't be quite right.  
So whadda say, A.A.?  
Join us, you just may may?

Perfect, it's settled.  
Now friends one and all,  
Please raise your Smirnov  
If you love Markov—  
And sing: yey hey A.A.,  
    yey hey A.A.  
Now roar: long live A.A.!  
    hooray, hooray,  
    for dear A.A.  
Then shout: ICT NAT URN WHEY\*  
    do da dooday,  
    hip hip hooray,  
    for our A.A.

\* text generated by a Markov chain.