

Dedicated to The New York Mycological Society

HYMN TO MYCOLOGY

Lyrics
W. Multer
Music
Hugh Aitken

Maestoso

mf



Where root and stump lie mould-'ring 'neath lead-en drip-ping



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-lo-gist his pal-lid har-vest reaps No



cloud of nox-ious in-sects, no land-lord's squa-mose heart can



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



tramp-ing on in-to the gloom— right lust-i-ly we raise— from

30 *f* **allargando**

ev - 'ry loy - al gul - let an an - them in thy

33 **a tempo**

praise: My - co - lo-gy! — Pri - a - pic muse! — Great — God - dess of de -

37 *meno f* *dolce*

cay! Be - neath thy broad Pi - le - us we — shun the light of

41 *f*

day with sa - pro - phy — tie — gar - lands still let our works be

45

bless'd 'till thy great whis-tle calls us home to thy gla - brous

49 *p*

breast. My - co - lo-gy, My - co - lo-gy. Pri - a - pic

53 *cresc.* *ff* **allargando**

Muse, My - co - lo-gy, My - co - lo-gy, great — god - dess of de - cay! —

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

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