Song of uniben rider

Dragging along in cranky old truck,
There me eye see a shaky old man,
Tugging along with shaky old gal.
Yo, ho ho
Ya, ha ha
Yo ho ho, ya.
Then I push up, my cranky old van.
And I push down my balmy red cap.
Let out a "bammy" wild laugh.
Yo, ho ho.
Ya, ha ha. Yo, ho ho, ya.
No be an old man, nor any old gal.
Na yellow palm frond in Uniben gate,
Stepping and walking and swinging her waist.
Yo, ho ho.
Ya, ha ha.
Yo, ho ho, ya.
Then beside her be her spirit escort,
Dashing and bouncing and dancing along.
So I jam break of my cranky old bus.
Yo, ho ho.
Ya, ha ha.
Yo, ho ho, ya.
Where you from come, me ask them both then.
Whiter than tapper in Windy harmattan
"We are from Deeside in far away Wales."
Yo, ho ho.
Ya, ha ha.
Yo, ho ho, ya.
Wetin be "Welish' to struggling rider
Riding along with noisy pickins
From Ekchuan to Ugbowo in busy old van?
Yo, ho ho.
Ya, ha ha.
Yo, ho ho, ya.
"Wales is that land in far away place,
Of him that gave life to this Uniben,
Ekehuan-Ugbowo some years ago.
Yo, ho ho.
Ya, ha ha.
Yo, ho ho, ya.

Di students scamper out of me van.
Up in the air go di Welsh builder
Of Ekehuan-Ugbowo in years gone by
Yo, ho ho.
Ya, ha ha.
Yo, ho ho, ya.

Riding the shoulder of Uniben pickins!
Yo, ho ho.
Ya, ha ha.
Yo, ho ho, ya.

(Inspired by grand professor, a Briton, who piloted the Institute that mothered Uniben)