Not a Stray Feather

Good evening everyone

Good evening dear friends of the flock
He sets down his very old book
He straightens his finest wool vest
Argyle has to look his very best

Good evening to all of my peers
He bows with a distinguished air
A gentleman through all of the years
With not a stray feather or hair

He reads about logic and art
With knowledge that sets him apart
The others just play in the sun
But Argyle finds learning more fun

Good evening to all of my peers
He bows with a distinguished air
A gentleman through all of the years
With not a stray feather or hair

So close up the books for the night
We dim all the grand library light
A gentleman bids you adieu
Good evening to each one of you