Who is the man that designs our pumps with judgment, skill, and care?
Who is the man that builds 'em up and keeps them in repair?
Who has to shut them down because the valve seats disappear?
The bearing-wearing, gearing-tearing mechanical engineer.

Who buys the juice for half a cent and wants to charge a dime?
Who, when we've signed the contract, can't deliver half the time?
Who thinks the loss of twenty-six per cent is nothing queer?
The volt-inducing, load-reducing electrical engineer.

Who takes the transit out to find a sewer line to tap?
Who then with care extreme locates the junction on the map?
Who is it goes to dig it up and finds it nowhere near?
The mud-bespattered, torn and tattered civil engineer.

Who thinks without his product we should all be in a lurch?
Who has a heathen idol which he designates research?
Who tints the creeks, perfumes the air, and makes the landscape drear?
The stink-evolving, grease-dissolving chemical engineer.

Who is the man that draws plans for the things that we desire?
From transatlantic liners to a hairpin made of wire,
With "ifs" and "ands," "howe'rs" and "buts" who makes his meaning clear?
The work-disdaining, fee-retaining consulting engineer.

Who builds the road for fifty years that disappears in two,
Then changes his identity, so no one's left to sue?
Who covers all the traveled roads with filthy oily smear?
The bump-providing, rough-on-riding highway engineer.

Who takes the pleasure out of life and makes existence hell?
Who'll fire the comely-looking one because she cannot spell?
Who substitutes a dictaphone for coral tinted ear?
The penny-chasing, dollar-wasting efficiency engineer.

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Courtesy Minnesota Technolog.