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**Remarks to the Yale Law School 2010 Commencement
Exercises Upon the Occasion of My Retirement
May 24, 2010
By Peter Schuck
Simeon E. Baldwin Professor Emeritus of Law
and Professor (Adjunct) of Law**

*(This is a longer, unexpurgated version of the remarks
delivered by Professor Schuck)*

What has Yale Law meant to me?
At first not much, I foolishly
Rejected it for Harvard Law
Yale, I felt, had one main flaw
My college years at fair Cornell
Made me abjure small town hell
In '79, I made amends
And joined a feast that never ends
Intellectual repartee
Students ripening day by day
Deans and staff that e'er say "yes"
Book collections Holmes would bless
Ideals soaring ever higher
Excellence the sole desire
Thirst for knowledge is what drives
Our scholarship, indeed our lives
Justice is Yale's noblest prey
We sternly stalk it every day
Much of it eludes our ken

But we search where'er we can
Some in markets, some in state,
Some in treaties – strait's that gate
Some stress law, some its constraints
Some look to culture, some to saints
Logomachy at Yale ne'er ceases
New facts, old norms are the greases
Provocative – it's always that
At times, some even bell a cat
We take ourselves so seriously
We oft behave imperiously
But stubborn truth mocks our pretense
Our theories humbled by events.
Owen Fiss, 60s "repawter,"
May learn that robes don't walk on water
Judith, civ pro dynamo,
May find some process moves too slow
Our mystery writer, glamorous Jed
May decode Freud's disciples' dread
Ian, dean of default rules
May find some fall between two stools
Roberta, queen of corporations,
May bless efficient deprivations
Property maven Robert E.
May find a market that's not free
Bill E., whom this Court gives a fright
May find Nino occasionally right

Alan Schwartz, scourge of the left
May find Obama has some heft
Jules, defining justice corrective
May from Ron learn it's defective
Studying blacks on Martha's Vineyard,
Brooks may find they tilt to windward
Rose (and Rick) span time and spatial
Finding deeds with covenants racial
Chua, seer of worlds on fire
May find that even haters tire
Clinicians serving clients poor
May find court victories insecure
Donohue, econohead
May find most data's best unread
Dan Esty green as green can be
May soil his suit while hugging tree
Henry's organizational forms
May bend to more informal norms
Rob and Noah, bards of brief
May find redlines bring students' grief
Culturally cognitive Dan Kahan
May find he's helpless without Don
The other Kahn, with one less "a"
May find philosophy's lost its way
Deputy Dawg, the patient Tracey
May wish she'd left the job to Macey
Tony Kronman, most abstruse

May one day commit Greek abuse
Paul Gewirtz, Hu's heart to win
May have to learn some Mandarin
Jerry, friend of welfare state
May find its taxes ne'er abate
John Langbein, whose muse is Clio
May leave her for ERISA, Keogh
Jack B., our shining armored Knight
May find his blog tilt to the right
Susan Ackerman nee Rose
May find corruption never slows
Comparativists Jim, Damaska
May discern links 'twixt Spain, Nebraska
Bruce, Akhil, two Sterling guys
Their claims so strong may yet revise
George still thinks that L and E
Drives torts, insurance, warranty
Will we see the end of Days?
No, thank goodness, here he stays
Ageless John, nonprofit guru
Your 501(c)(3) will do
A Ripley's entry for our Stone Sweet-y
Who's memorized each EU treaty
Then there's Harold Hongju Koh
Whose jus cogens is realists' foe
Erstwhile Acting Dean Kate Stith
One "out whom we could not do with"

Guido, Duce's best export
Here reshaped the law of tort
Students love Steve Duke because
He'd repeal even hard drug laws
Reva, history's feminist
19th Amendment gave novel twist
Robert threw Yale Law a bone
Bestowing a new Postal zone
John Fabian Witt, apt eponym
Yale's tort law future rides on him
Robert Gordon lives in dread
Of finding books he hasn't read
Let's not forget the Harvard twins
Jolls and Gerken, paladins
Workplace bias irks Christine
Our law-and-economics queen
Democracy's in Heather's sights
With indices on voting rights
Lea Brilmayer's placed her bet
As Eritrea's Lafayette
Stephen Carter, you've got mail
You're surely somewhere, just not at Yale
Anglophilic Markovits
Subtle brain that never quits
Our newbies – Nick, Yair, and Claire
May find that here, there's no there there
Friends, I could go on all day

Revealing colleagues' feet of clay
Just one more – and then I'll stop
My own clay goes from feet to top
Some days when I am out of sorts
I fantasize intentional torts
Now, Yale Law class of two-aught-ten
Wondrous women, mighty men
Go ye forth to live full lives
Not just things on which fame thrives
Lawyers, yes, but also souls
Distill the essence of your roles
Do what counts, the rest is dross
Know the lines you must not cross
Keep on learning, always doubt,
Your teachers' claims feel free to flout
Values are the easy part
We cherish them with mind and heart
The facts of things the harder prong
Too oft assumed, too oft proved wrong
Remember why you came to Yale
But change your minds when theories fail
We hope we've given you the tools
To disembark from ships of fools
Ne'er forget the luckless ones
Against whom history's strong tide runs
There but for God's grace go we
Our DNA we got for free

Most lavished love we did not earn
So we must love the world in turn
Thanks for opportunity
To lecture you with rhymes from me
Yale Law profs e'er pontificate
Now sermon ends – let's celebrate!
Congratulations, class of 2010