



Keep Nerdlandia Weir'd

Away in a Pointer (C)

(to [Away in a Manger](#))

Away in a pointer, the bits in a row.
A little dereference to see where they go.
I look down upon thee, and what do I
see? A segfault and core dump, right
there just for me.

I saw thy init there, a reaping away
My process, from its address space, so
sorry to say. I thought I had saved thee,
from void pointers all, But maybe I
missed one, and doomed you to fall.

Be near me, debugger, I ask thee to stay
Close by my terminal, and help me, I
pray; To find all the bugs and the void
pointers too, And if my kernel oopses,
help me reboot for you.

Joy to the Wall (Perl)

(to Joy to the World)

Joy to the Wall, the Perl is come!
Let awk receive her King;
Let every grep prepare him room,
And bash and sed shall sing,
And bash and sed shall sing,
And bash, and bash, and sed shall
sing.

Joy to the keyboard, we'll use it
all!

Let men, shift keys, employ;
Implicit variables, and globals
never fall.

Repeat the line noise now,
Repeat the line noise now,
Repeat, repeat, the line noise
now.

Perl rules the world with truth
and ASCII,
And makes the doctors prove
The glories of carpal tunnel
hands,

And we do it more than one way,
And we do it more than one way,
And we do it, and we do it, more
than one way.

Hark! The Herald Coders Sing (Haskell)

(to [Hark! The Herald Angels Sing](#))

Hark! The herald coders sing,
"Map and fold, recursive King;
Recursion and patterns wild,
Pure and IO — they're reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye functions rise,
Join the typeclasses of the types,
With recursion, do proclaim,
"Laziness is born in this domain."

Refrain

Hark! The herald coders sing,
"Map and fold, recursive king!"
Monads, by highest Heav'n adored;
Monads, their depths still unexplored;
Late in time, behold they're good,
Never once were understood.
Veiled in functions, the Monads stay,
Used for IO, and more, each day,
With excitement, Monads say,
"Arrows are stranger, so with us stay."

(Refrain)

Hail the glorious compiler of Glasgow!
Hail the threaded run-time system!
Join the beautiful Cabal of
Hackage, Upload there thy per-
fect package. We know best,
what we will Handle,
You're safe with us: no pointers,
no vandals.

Born to make your exceptions
throw, Unless you unsafe
PerformIO.

(Refrain)

Guido We Have Heard on High (Python)

(to [Angels We Have Heard on High](#))

Guido we have hard on high
Sweetly indenting o're the code,
And the functions in reply
Their exceptions sweetly flowed.

Refrain

Indent..... in your whitespace careful!
Indent..... in your whitespace careful!

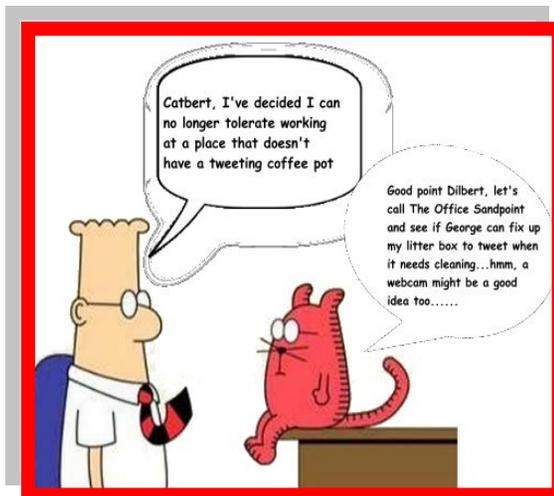
Spaces, why this jubilee?
Why semicolons have you so wronged?
What backslashes must we use
If we want our lines so long?

(Refrain)

Come to Guido here to see
"One Right Way" is good, of course.
There's no need for Perl, you know,
We have to be more verbose.

(Refrain)

Now the PEP will show the way
To the future, we shall see.
Banish lambda and the rest
Of the things we liked the best.



A Programmer's Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas,
and all through the shop,
The computers were whirring;
they never do stop. The power
was on and the temperature right,
In hopes that the input would
feed back that night.

The system was ready, the pro-
gram was coded, And memory
drums had been carefully loaded;
While adding a Christmasy glow to
the scene, The lights on the con-
sole, flashed red, white and green.

When out in the hall there arose
such a clatter, The programmer
ran to see what was the matter.
Away to the hallway he flew like a
flash, Forgetting his key in his
curious dash.

He stood in the hallway and
looked all about,
When the door slammed behind
him, and he was locked out.

Then, in the computer room what
should appear, But a miniature
sleigh and eight tiny reindeer;
And a little old man, who with
scarcely a pause, Chuckled: 'My
name is Santa...the last name is
Claus.'

The computer was startled, con-
fused by the name, Then it
buzzed as it heard the old fellow
exclaim: 'This is Dasher and
Dancer and Prancer and Vixen,
And Comet and Cupid and Donner
and Blitzen.'

With all these odd names it was
puzzled anew, it hummed and it
clanked, and a main circuit blew.

It searched in its memory core, trying
to 'think'; Then the multi-line printer
went out on the blink.

Unable to do its electronic job,
It said in a voice that was almost a sob:
'Your eyes - how they twinkle - your
dimples so merry,
Your cheeks so like roses, your nose
like a cherry, Your smile - all these
things, I've been programmed to know,
And at data-recall, I am more than so-
so; But your name and your address
(computers can't lie), .
Are things that I just cannot identify.

You've a jolly old face and a little round
belly, That shakes when you laugh like
a bowl full of jelly; My scanners can
see you, but still I insist, Since you're
not in my program, you cannot exist!'

Old Santa just chuckled a merry 'ho,
ho', And sat down to type out a quick
word or so. The keyboard clack-
clattered, its sound sharp and clean, As
Santa fed this 'data' to the machine:

'Kids everywhere know me; I come eve-
ry year; The presents I bring add to
everyone's cheer; But you won't get
anything - that's plain to see;
Too bad your programmers forgot
about me.'

Then he faced the machine and said
with a shrug, "Merry Christmas to All,"
as he pulled out its plug.

