

'Twas the Night 'fore the Concert

A festive poem , with apologies to Clarke Moore

'Twas the night 'fore the concert when all through the place
Not a singer was stirring, not even a bass.
The chorus was ready, sitting quiet in their chairs
In hope that their Maestro would shortly be there.

The altos had warmed up, sopranos as well,
The tenors were talking of festive Noel.
The basses all grumpy – the back row was worst,
All dreaming of pints of beer quenching their thirst.

When out in the car park there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my chair to see what was the matter.
Away to the lobby I flew like a flash
Tore open the doors, down steps I did dash.

The moon on the breast of the quiet Woodbridge Road
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear
But our maestro, with music and full of good cheer.

With a little old Vauxhall, so lively and twee
I knew in a moment it must be JB.
More rapid than eagles his singers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name!

Now John Trigg! Now Hilary! Now Jackie and Christine!
On Cowell! On Britten! On Norman and Robin!
To the top of the steps and into the hall,
Now sing away! Sing away! Sing away all!

And then, in a twinkling, his baton he raised,
And loud "Hallelujahs" in heavenly praise
Filled the rafters, the rooftops, every niche in the wall,
As Francis accompanied the choir in the hall.

His eyes – how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
As he muttered and murmured, "You're going much too slow!"

"Just follow my beat and sing not an s
It sounds so awful, a terrible mess!"
But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight,
"That wasn't too bad!" as he put out the light.

Have a very merry Christmas
James