

The Music Society

Our Society is a sober learned lot.

Are we exclusive? Not one jot!

Our themes are taken from every airt

Ranging from Ravel to Avro Pärt,

Quirky quartets, operatic arias –

There ne'er are any lets nor barriers.

Mighty masses, male voice choir,

The trilling tones rise higher and higher.

Wagner, Webern, bits of Bach,

Bar-room ballades for a laugh.

Ranked in rows we silent sit.

Attentive all, as does befit.

Stiffling tickle in the throat.

Striving to catch each nuanced note.

Many members bloom in beard,

But feel no fear – they are not weird!

There's a puckle Peters in our band.

Peter Taylor calls order with clap of hand.

It's he controls the volume of the soon'

"Do you want it up or want it doon?"

Peter Herbert us astounds.

Does his knowledge know no bounds?

Have its limits got no check

Austrian Schubert Czech, by heck!

Lewis from Linns – a hospitable host.

It's there our programme varies most

Nestled in nook of Sheriffmuir
The music flows well past the hour.
Now as new season comes its rounds
With eager ears we await inspiring sounds.

Colin Brownlee

28 August 2013