

## WHEN IN OUR MUSIC

**W**hen in our music Victor's petrified  
And modulation leaves  
no room for pride  
It smells as though our Chancel died

*How we gonna be true to you?*

How often making music, we have found  
A new distortion in the world of sound  
And Nancy's hiding in the Lost & Found

*What're we gonna do to you?*

How oft the choir, in liturgy and song  
Contrives to get the vowels wrong  
Except the Amen, named for Long

*Huey...*

## ORGAN HAS BROKEN

**O**rgan has broken  
It went without warning  
Victor has spoken  
Spreading the word.

Nancy is fuming,  
Piano needs tuning,  
Will we be singing?  
Fiona's disturbed,

Be a good fella  
This is an omen  
Sing a capella  
Do it with class

Joe gives the sermon  
Sing a Long Amen  
Victor needs bourbon,  
This too shall pass.

## A PLACE IN THE CHOIR

**A**ll God's critters  
got a place in the choir  
*Some sing low, some sing higher  
Some sing out loud in the shower  
And some just clap their hands, or paws  
Or anything they've got now.*

Listen to the Bass,  
They're the guys on the bottom  
Where Allan croaks  
And Dwight don't bother us  
Jack just groans with a big t'doo  
And Roger just goes "oooh".

*Refrain*

The Altos like to fill in the middle  
While the tenors hum and Peggy fiddles  
Michael brays and Albert neighs  
While Stu and Tim just howl.

*Refrain*

Listen to the top where Sopranos sing  
All the melodies with the high notes  
ringing  
Debby floats over everything  
While Laura starts to sneeze

*Refrain*

Thursday eve and Sunday morn  
Victor's baton gets might worn  
And Nancy's keys get plenty warm  
While the congregation's pleased.