

Found by Anne Fleming in Michael's papers...

Immoral, impossible, God only knows
How tenors are basses and sop and altos
At service on Sunday are rarely the same
As those who on Friday to choir practice came.

Unready, unable to sight read the notes,
Not counting, nor blending, they tighten their throats.
The descant so piercing is soaring above
The melody only a mother could love.

They have a director but no-one knows why;
No-one in the choir deigns to turn him an eye.
It's clear by his waving he wants them to look,
But each of them stands with their nose in the book.

Despite the offences the music rings out.
The folks in the pews are enraptured, no doubt;
Their faces are blissful, their thoughts are so deep,
But it is no wonder for they are asleep.

--Anonymous

Sung to ST DENIO