

Chorus

Basses tall and beautiful, and Tenors rather small;
Baritones who've gone to seed, -The Choir's got them all.

Verses

The Basses come in early, the Tenors come in late
(*Paul solo*) The Baritones are right on time, (*Andrew solo*) I think you're wrong there, mate.

Tom Treacy is a Compère, who doesn't joke at all.
It's just the way he tells 'em -'cos laughter fills the hall.

Our founder member, Emrys , he dresses nice and neat
He gives a lovely rendering of our friend Piddling Pete.

Wee Bill won't grow any-taller - he's destined to be small
But when he sings the high notes, It seems he's ten feet tall.

Tom Love, he comes from Islip. So what, I hear you say?
He was a male voice stalwart - and still is one today.

Our Barney comes from Ketton - tells jokes to me and you.
Without his cock-a-doodle, whatever would we do?

Len Saunders is now ninety, he's something of a card.
He puts his pen to paper, and is the Choir's Bard.

Our roadie came from Bristol, Dave Hislop is his name.
He gets some stick from Finan - which has enhanced his fame.

John Clarke is specially known as the guardian of Dan Tritt
But when his charge was left behind, we bet he uttered 'shucks'

E-Bob he was a postman and weather was a test.
He likes to start the practice - a little different from the rest

Our Henry is a dentist, the organ he plays with might.
He pulls out stops and molars - Let's hope he gets things right

Big Dick Sharman's a Compère, with skill so very fine.
His jokes are short and pithy, and funny most the time.

Bruce sings of Devon cider, and sings of Devon cream.
He's never consumed either, -'Cos slimming is his theme.

When introduced near Paris, it was as Des et Bill
They sang with vim and vigour, and gave the throng a thrill
(*A good chance for rolling 'Rs'*)

(*Andrew solo*)

"Good morrow to you, magistrate", we say when greeting Paul.
He keeps Committees focussed - on nothing much at all.

(*Paul solo*)

Guess who got caught speeding, by a camera which was hid?
It was our MD Andrew, and cost him sixty quid.

Our Beryl is a trooper, who plays a charming chord.
We hope she'll soon be better, we want her back on board

Final Verse

If you think you've been left out, don't let it leave a scar.
It's not that we don't care, and we do know who you are.

Final Chorus

As our ditty we must end, we'll boost your low esteem.
We really think you're wonderful - a most melodious team!