

The Day We Sang at t'Albert Hall

Voice of albert and the lion

We'll remember with fond mem'ry
That wet day in two thousand six
When we boarded bus that morning
October twenty first at half past six
We had toiled at weekly practice
Seems for far too long a time
We had learnt them Howell's phonetics
So we could sing the welsh in rhyme
Pantfedwen; nearly beat us
Till we roared that last Amen
And we followed Andrew's teaching
While Beryl thumped them keys again
Was it worth it, really worth it?
Was it worth the work and strife?
I should say so, surely say so
For when great occasion came
Nine hundred voices at full throttle
Nearly lifted roof to sky
Choirs from the all over world, Australia too
Came to blend with Corby's crew
Held that audience in hushed thrall
Oh what rapture!
Oh what joy!
There we were at last performing
Organ blasting, Welsh Guards flauting
Haydn James in front conducting
Wondrous music in the making
Yes we'll remember with fond memory
The day we sang at t'Albert Hall