

A Musical Celebration of the Life of Kath Scott

Sunday 23rd March, Plumley Village Hall

Poems read as introductions to each act

Knutsford Star Choir

CHORISTERS' CONFESSION

Almighty and most merciful Choirmaster,
We have erred and strayed from thy beat like lost sheep.
We have followed too much the intonation and tempi of our own hearts.
We have offended against thy dynamic markings,
We have left unsung the notes we ought to have sung,
And we have sung the notes we ought not to have sung,
And there is no breath in us.
But thou, O Choirmaster, have mercy on us, miserable singers,
Succour the chorally challenged,
Restore them that need extra note bashing,
Spare thou them without pencils.
Pardon our mistakes,
And have faith that we will follow thy directions,
And sing together in perfect harmony.
Amen.

Steph and Nick Montague

THE FLUTE POEM by Alison Grant-Preville

The quiet flute
melody
ribboning through the
murk that surrounds
my heart
sings its way in,
all the way in
to the centre
where it belongs
where it weaves its way
like a water snake
amongst the tangled reeds
of my worries
and barriers
gently pulling them
from their roots
and tying them into
beautiful bundles
each with an ethereal
flute-song bow
burden-bundles
song-swept away
unravelling
one by one
lifted by the
floating echo

a life song
rests
in my core.

Roger's Codgers

I WANNA BE A ROCKSTAR

I wanna be a rock star.
Who cares if I can't sing.
It isn't what you sound like.
It's the image that's the thing.

I can do the twitch like Jagger.
Nah - he's just an aging rocker.
I can't do Robbie Williams but
I can do Jarvis Cocker.
I wanna be a rock star.
I know at least five chords.
I'm sure that's all that's needed
For playing 'My Sweet Lord'.
I don't like rap, I think it's...
But I quite like Ali G.
Do you fink da 'at an' shell sui'
Woul' look wicked, man, on me?
I wanna be a rock star
And strut my stuff on telly.
Have spiky orange hair and get
A ring stuck through my belly.
If I could get myself onto
That show on ITV
I'm sure if I look weird enough
Then folks would vote for me.
The trouble is they're only kids.
If I did that I'll bet
The public would just laugh at me.
'Nul Point', that's what I'd get.
I'll stick to being a poet
And doing gigs in Berkshire.
Or maybe be an author
Like my hero, Jeffery Archer.

Mary Smith

UNTIL I SAW YOUR FOOT by Heather Wastie

Until I saw your foot
I thought this music was in four,
Until I saw your foot.
But now I think it must be three,
Or maybe five, I can't quite see.
Or six? Or maybe not.
I thought this piece was rather slow,
Until I saw your foot.
But now I think it's double speed –
Sometimes it's very fast indeed.
And other times it's not.
I thought conductors gave the beat,
Until I saw your foot.
But now I think it rather neat,
To look at all the tapping feet,
And choose the speed that I prefer,
And play along with him – or her.
I find it helps a lot.
I thought my timing was all wrong,
Until I saw your foot.
Conductors beat both east and west,
But we don't play with all the rest:
We've found a tempo of our own,
And bar by bar, our love has grown.
O I was feeling so alone,
Until I saw your foot

Knutsford u3a Singing Group

THE MUSICAL DIRECTOR

The Musical Director faces quite a simple task:
To get a choir to sing – that surely isn't much to ask!
In rehearsals all he has to do is walk around and shout,
And in concerts merely stand in front and wave his arms about.
Despite these perks the fellow can get noticeably stropky,
Just because he spots the odd face buried in a copy.
The poor old chap shows all the signs of clinical depression.
He bellows, "Never mind the notes! Please give me some expression!"
So we singers try to help him – give him everything we've got –
Which, admittedly, it must be said, is, frankly, not a lot.
We take a breath and hope the sound that issues from our throat
Is something fairly well in time, and somewhere near the note.
But, by the concert, everything's been carefully refined,
Each subtlety of emphasis been duly underlined.
We build up the crescendo to that wondrous final chord
Whose magical precision makes the audience applaud,
And we all get there together, though God knows how we do –
Sopranos, altos, tenors – and the basses get there too –
Just half a bar behind.