Zin! Zin! Zin! A Violin

By L. Moss
With mournful moan and silken tone,
ONE TROMBONE is playing SOLO.
Gliding, sliding, high notes go low,
ONE TROMBONE.
Itself alone comes ONE TROMBONE.
Next, a TRUMPET comes along,
And one is two-o, they’re a duo.
It joins TROMBONE no more alone,
And sings and stings its swinging song.
And one is two-o, they’re a duo.
Fine FRENCH HORN, its valves all oiled,
Golden yellow, joins its fellow,
Bright and brassy, loops all coiled,
TWO, now THREE-O, what a TRIO!

TWO, now THREE-O, what a TRIO!
Golden yellow, joins its fellow,
Bright and brassy, loops all coiled,
Fine FRENCH HORN, its valves all oiled,
Now, a mellow friend, the CELLO
Neck extended, bows a "hello";
End pin set upon the floor,
It makes up a QUARTET – that’s FOUR.
And soaring high and moving in,
With ZIN! ZIN! ZIN! a VIOLIN,
Stroking strings that come alive;
Now QUINTET. Let’s count them: FIVE.
FLUTE, that sends our soul a-shiver,
FLUTE, that slender, silver sliver.
A place among the set it picks
To make a young Sextet – that's six.
With steely keys that softly click,
Its breezy notes so darkly slick,
A sleek, black, woody CLARINET
Is number SEVEN, now SEPTET.
Gleeful, bleating, sobbing, pleading,
Through its throbbing double reeding;
OBOE, please don't hesitate:
Come, make it an OCTET - that's eight.
That lazy clown, the big BASSOON!
He plays low down, we’re laughing soon.
Here Grumpy, get your place in line.
And give us a NONET – that’s NINE.
Behold! A Chamber Group of Ten.
And when it joins the others, then
A Heaven's blend through magic strings,
From which it descends with angel's wings.
The ORCHESTRA comes in the hall. They’re on the stage, we see them all: the CELLO, HARP, and CLARINET, the TRUMPET, whom we’ve also met, the OBOE, FLUTE, and BIG BASSOON, the TROMBONE, FRENCH HORN, and VIOLIN. All poised and ready, now began! All eager to get started soon. They’re on the stage, we see them all: the ORCHESTRA comes in the hall.
It's what we go to concerts for.

It's music that we all adore.

The brasses roar with notes galore.

The strings all soar, the reeds implore,
They may come out and play once more!
If we clap loud and shout, "Encore!"
But when they've bowed and left the floor,
And so, good-bye to our new friends.
The minutes fly, the music ends,
And that would give us great delight!

Before we say a late good night!