

SINGING THE OLD HUNDRED.

(Profuse apologies to A. Tennyson.)

Half a bar, half a bar,  
Half a bar onward!  
Into an awful ditch  
Choir and precentor hitch,  
Into a mess of Pitch,  
They led the Old Hundred.  
Trebles to right of them,  
Tenors to left of them,  
Basses in front of them,  
Bellowed and thundered.  
Oh, that precentor's look,  
When the Sopranos took  
Their own time and hook  
From the Old Hundred.

Screeched all the trebles here,  
Boggled the tenors there,  
Raising the parson's hair,  
While his mind wandered.  
Theirs not to reason why  
This psalm was pitched too high,  
Theirs but to gasp and cry  
Out the Old Hundred.  
Trebles to right of them,  
Tenors to left of them,  
Basses in front of them,  
Bellowed and thundered.  
Stormed they with shout and yell,  
Not wise they sang, nor well,  
Drowning the sexton's bell,  
While all the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare,  
Flashed his pitchfork in air,  
Sounding the fresh keys to bear  
Out the Old Hundred.  
Swiftly he turned his back,  
Reached he his hat from rack,  
Then from the screaming pack,  
Himself he sundered.