

Symphony for Unstrung Tongue



by Sylvia Fine

When to the symphony you go
And they're playing fast but slow
Do you hear the pizzicato sweet and low -- when you go
Or the flugelhorn's up high
Or the fiddles when they cry --- No!
Und why?

Because you don't go!

You see pupils, a symphony is not only music, it also tells a story
which has a beginning, a middle, and an end; except the unfinished
symphony, which as a beginning....We will now take up all the
instruments.....except of course, the piano which is too heavy...
There's the trombone....and the tuba...and the oboe...and the

saxophone, sousaphone
zither and xylophone
clarinet, buglehorn
fiddle and fluglehorn
tenor kazoo and the tympani too
and the

They are all very busy, except the cymbal player, who just stands
in the corner and looks around in disgust....PAHI

This brings us to Symphony # 45 which was written by
great Czechoslovakian composer. Ec.....znic, the 2nd. Und this
work was composed under a slight disadvantage....he had no talent
.....the conductor lifts his baton, and...(Poet and Peasant). This
is just mooooood music. Now comes the first movement. Presto
vivace argumeto molto cantabile molto chocoło molto --- und we have
the first theme, which is introduced naturally, on the first fiddle.
(Pizz.) This represents a young girl, who lives with her wicked

guardian, who is a French Horn (Valse). Now this young girl (Pizz) who is a beautiful young firl (Pizz.) und her vicked guardian (Valse) live all alone on a farm, und all she has for company are a hen (Fig.) a dog (Giaconda) und a nanny-goat (Carmen). At this point along comes a handsome young trumpet und when he clasps his eyes on the little fiddle, his heart goes reep-da-geeba-da-beep which is Czechoslovakian for thumping! Und he gets so excited he has a solo passage -- which brings us to the second movement, where the fiddle is happy (Pizz.), and the trumpet is happy (Wm. Tell), when suddenly outstalks the French Horn (Valse---eh?). The little fiddle was so putrified her bridge fell out, but the trumpet says (Lohengrin). The French Horn is objectionable (Valse---double) but the trumpet blows his top (Wm. Tell -- ah sheddap). I know who you are -- you are not a French Horn at all -- the ta da ta da ta da had me fooled for a while, but the cluc-k- th-ah gave you away. You age a German glockenspiel in diguise beyond a doubt -- wanted by the police for drowning twelve little fiddles out!!

The glockenspiel tries to run up to his flat but the animals are too sharp for him.

Dog -- in the leg
Hen -- in the neck
Trumpet -- in the face
Nanny-goat -- in the other place

The glockenspiel is trapped, his escape they are foiling
And he falls into a kettle drum (Ha Ha) which is boiling (Boing!)
Hooray, the bad old glockenspiel is dead,
Diddle, diddle, diddle, and the merry little fiddle and the
trumpet are wed. (Czardas to end.)