

# The Ballad of White Lion Square

On Saturday we did a gig with Hatfield Welwyn Choir.  
We're part of the Community, our role is to inspire  
The natives of those two great towns, though some come from afar:  
St Albans, Shenley, Borehamwood and even Potters Bar

It's on a Wednesday every week regardless of the weather.  
We meet in Hatfield, warm-up, do our best to sing together.  
To learn our parts, remember words, the music they will loan ya  
From countries where we've never been, and even Macedonia

The only thing you have to choose is: Do you sing soprano?  
Or do you find that rather high? In which case you're an alto.  
I'm sure some ladies are aren't quite sure, observing them's amusing,  
They end up singing with the men, which can be quite confusing!

This story started with the gig, I'm sorry I digress,  
Although *we* were quite organised, arrangements were a mess  
The organisers weren't aware we numbered very many  
The stage was small, the choir quite large, spare space there wasn't any.

For many weeks, rehearsals had prepared us for this day,  
We met next to the library at the YMCA.  
The whole event was hosted by the folks from Jack FM,  
With appearances by Sid and Scrat (we'd never heard of them).

At half past three we made our way, umbrellas at the ready,  
Dodging puddles to the stage, the atmosphere quite heady.  
We crammed onto the tiny stage, beneath the sky of grey,  
David waved his arms around, *that* kept the rain at bay.

Rachel played the keyboard, the conditions weren't ideal,  
We started singing 'Torches', I must say it seemed unreal.  
We sang right through our programme hardly taking time to pause,  
The audience, not massive, gave us some polite applause

The interval was taken, we had tea, an ASDA mince pie;  
A sit down, visit to the loo, and soon we had to try  
To gather our belongings, don our macs, put on our willies.  
When what we really wanted was to flop down by our tellies

This story's nearly over for the ending isn't happy,  
Whilst waiting for our cue we were approached by a young chappy  
Who told us they were running late, alas our next appearance  
Would not take place. 'Oh no' we cried, we'd shown such perseverance.

The moral of this tale, dear friends, I sum it up this way:  
If you are planning holidays, a month, a year, a day  
Don't ask the weatherman to tell you where the rain comes from.  
Just go online to [HatfieldWelwynCommunityChoir.com](http://HatfieldWelwynCommunityChoir.com)

*David Forbes*