

1-A

From THE KINGSTON CHRONICLES

(Part 1: At The Goldsmith's Feet)

In that Year of 'Twenty-three
I was ten.

But let that be
and me Chronicle will now tell
when we sang the Solonelle
Easter ^{MORN} ~~Day~~, at ^{Solemn} ~~morning~~ Mass.

BREAK HERE

Indant → This was how it came to pass.

BREAK HERE

THE KINGSTON CHRONICLES
(Part 1. At the Goldsmith's Feet)

1-B

INDENT → 'Tween Ash Wednesday-Easter Day
lays me church's ancient way
telling Man the central reason
for its founding.

It's the season
Passiontide; which, Christians hold,
promises a better world
after death, when comes fulfilment
of the erstwhile Gent's Agreement:

that we'll win, howe'er we pained.

Loss of Earth is Paradise gained.

~~BREAK HERE~~
INDENT → 'Tween Ash Wednesday-Easter Day
wear your hairshirt.

Satan's flay?

Miserere of sombre Lent!
Sorrow's time.
~~Time of sorrow.~~ Repine! Repent!

~~BREAK HERE~~
INDENT → For forty days, excluding Sabbaths,
we're all Davids, facing Goliaths
of omissions, and of wrongs done
to the pact with the Holy One.

~~BREAK HERE~~
INDENT → First break in the Dismal Season
is Palm Sunday. (Bodeful reason!)
But, yes! Candles lit again!

Sable cloths away again!
for a day's while. ~~and~~ Joyously

INDENT → sing: RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

~~BREAK HERE~~
INDENT → But a short-lived celebration. ← (full stop)

For the song of approbation

lasts a day.

Then back to sorrow:

Holy Week begins tomorrow.

Holy Week of marked lament.

Cassocks ~~look~~ black; the days of Lent

being a time of sadness rampant,

Hymns are anguished. (We pray cauterant.) *drop down*

And at end, there is "Good Friday."

(Good? That ~~cry-day~~, sigh-day, ~~die-day~~ *die-day* Satan's high-day?)

But I speak of this elsewhere.

Now its Easter!

Banish care!

And with gladness celebrate

this prime feast of priest and laity!

BREAK HERE

~~In that Year of Twenty-Three~~

~~I was ten.~~

~~But let that be
and me Chronicle will now tell~~

~~when we sang the Solonelle~~

~~Easter Day, at morning Mass.~~

BREAK HERE *****

~~This was how it came to pass.~~

BREAK HERE

INDENT

Indent → Been a choirboy for some while;
time came for a change in style,
cassocks going from black to purples;
lighter stuff; no more drab turtles.

Indent → Surplice sleeves were halved away,
being always in the way
at the water-pipe before
service starts.

And no implore
brought escape from Porro's punishment;
~~at once fetched you one month's banishment~~
if, at Mass, you left the Stall.

INDENT, CAPS → ~~WATCH FOR PORRO~~ ^{WATCH FOR PORRO} AS THE SONS OF SAUL! P Stammers a little, bobs in
his walk. ^{he's a}
He's choir secretary, A martinet, P To a ten-year-old, tiger
on stalk!

Hands ^{named} "Porro" Johnson; Short, thickset;
^{to when we} Hands out the shillings when we sing at a wedding:

Oh, Perfect Love ^{drop down} while our thoughts are heading
wealthily eastward to ^{for Commercial} buy our patties.
^{at the} Chinese ^{place} Commercial — ^{costs pretty} double ^{price!} two quatties! —
but ^{double} thrice delicious in crust and meat!

Oh, perfect love at East Queen Street!)

INDENT → That Easter Day was the time chosen
to wear our
for the new robes. And interwoven

with this, was another nice election:
music score. Mr Dignum's
the selection!

Indent → Gounod's Messe Solonelle was the setting
chosen; plus brass, strings, and getting
the great John Lyons to solo the Sanctus,
the Kyrie Eleison, Creed, Benedictus.

But, let's get on as I must
tell [of the time we
sang the Solonelle [on
Easter Day, at the
sacrament
morning]
{ ~~characteristically~~ refuting
The Lenten lament.
at the
way ~~that we~~ we end
of the Lenten lament.

BREAK?

INDENT

And that was the Easter when Mo'dda bought me
 Len, ~~too~~ ^(and Len) high
~~and Len~~ the Scotch Tweed, pants at ~~the~~ knee
 (longs ~~came~~ came later) Shantung silk-shirt,
 Clark Shoes, ~~8-5-5-5-5~~ stockings, ~~black~~ leather girt.

Indict

Nobody prouder as we robed in the Vestry;
 nose-high, you'd think me a judge in consist'ry
 as in the picture we have of St Paul's
 arguing the Doctors inside Senate walls.

BREAK HERE

INDENT

On Easter morning, the sun's shining through
 Saints and Apostles so they all look new
 there, in the arch of the Great East casement,
 stained in grand colours, awaiting the Mass meant
 to honour ~~this~~ this greatest and highest church feast:

INDENT

Raising
~~Resurrection~~ of Jesus, the Christ and High Priest.

BREAK
HERE

FIVE

INDENT
LINE

Last evening, we took down the black Altar Front,
 undraped the Crucifix, Lectern and Font,
 brought out the purple and red cassocks, changing
 mournings,
~~the mournings~~ of Lent, our form of Abstaining.

INDENT

Altar Guild ladies brought in the flowers,
~~rain-damp~~ rain-damp listening from April showers;
 aired the Sacristy, white cloth on ~~the~~ Credence,
 polished Predellas; one ^{hums} ~~in~~ in sequence
 Eucharist ~~hymns~~ hymns as she brushed at the shelf
 in time to ~~the organ~~ organ, and, crossing herself,
 shuffled from Epistle to Gospel and back;

Indent Mr Dignum practising Jesu by Bach.

**BREAK
HERE**

On Holy Saturday we had Preparations:

Indent Pre-Sanctified; ~~the~~ doing the Stations;
collecting me sixpence from Modda and marched
to the Chinese laundry for me Etons, starched
blade-taut by "Willie, late of Hong Kong;"
one for the morning, the other, Evensong.

**BREAK
HERE**

Old Mr Gounod's!

INDENT How we have ~~work~~ worked at ~~the~~ ~~Gounod's~~
Full choir, instruments, ~~all~~ worked all the solos!
Others

~~the~~ rehearsed at the foot of ~~the~~ the Altar ~~the~~ :
move

acolytes and censers ~~the~~ well; no falter;
so there're no

~~the~~ frowns on the Rector ~~the~~ watching!

INDENT We
~~the~~ /choirboys, at the Stall sides batching,

S whisper our jokes at the dumb show; vainer

that we're professionals, familiar with Stainer

and Purcell and Elgar, and not envious

of lace -and-scarletted supercilious

mulatto, *white* ~~brown~~ boys, they the ones chosen

to bob like poppyshows, or to stand frozen

till the time comes for them to take orders:

INDENT "Go for this!"

"Carry this!"

"Straighten the borders

~~the~~ *at* the tail of your cassock whenever you kneel!

See it falls squarely over the heel!"

Poor little bring-come, go-pick-up-that!

Which of them
~~None~~ ever sang a Magnificat!

**BREAK
HERE**

BREAK HERE

INDENT

But ~~now~~, ^{now, its Sunday!} ~~its tomorrow!~~ *****

Easter already!

We take our places, full trained and steady
with months of practise each Thursday night :

INDENT

Crescendo! Diminuendo!

Till it came right.

BREAK HERE

INDENT

Will you be sharing a small boy's moment
as in the Vestry we form for the post-lent
lift of the pall of the Church's Sad Forty?

INDENT

Soon to commence ^{as we make our SORTIE} ~~with the 888888~~ ~~double-line~~ ~~sortie~~
of ~~robed~~ ^{CHOIR} ~~choir~~ boys, behind the Verger
shouldered ^{bring his} ~~black~~ ^{black} ~~gowned~~ ^{comes} ~~liturger~~.
Following him, the Crucifix-bearer.

INDENT

(Hands firm on post! Set transverse squarer!No whispers, you! Eyes straight ahead!Hands clasped in prayer --- like you were dead!)

Then, bearing ~~c~~andlesticks, smaller boys, pacing
the incense-~~aw~~inger.

(Slow! Slow! No racing!)underline

Low-voiced injunctions issuing from
the stern M.C. in his cingulum.

~~as~~ ^{we} ~~we~~ nervously ~~wait~~ ^{we} for the priest's invocation.

Then, ~~into~~ the Nave.CAPSWhat an occasion!BREAK HERE

INDENT

→ A little shivery under cassocks and surplices.

The Etons itch. Shaky-knee novices.

Such ~~clearings~~ ^{clearings} of throats. Palms dried on gowns.

Wondering if we'll be cap'ble of sounds

when the time

when the time comes to open the hymnal
at the place marked for the Processional.

indent) And we hear the church breathing, a kind of soft gale
far down the sea-field. ~~Gobble us if we fail!~~

C A P S
Gobbledus if we fail!

BREAK HERE *****

indent) But Mr Dignum, cool as ^a January ~~breeze~~
on his high stool up in the Sanctuary
calms us with the familiar airs
from well loved scores.

We form in pairs.

BREAK HERE

indent) Softly we sing the Amen sector
to Office Prayers.

Beadle to Rector
^{To Mr Dignum, nods.}
bows. ~~Lifts his Staff to Diggy.~~

to THE CALL! (C470)

his stool
(Diggy can see from ~~in the Stall.~~)

indent) BREAK HERE ~~0000000000~~
He sways and rocks to the keyboard console,
moves his feet, shrugs loose ^{his} organist's cowl---
and the great organ, triumphantly,
in tonal power, exultantly

enters the heart-place of Christendom,

indent) sings: AT THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE COME!

Drop down & capo

BREAK HERE *****

indent) And we step forward suddenly unharried, And we step forward, suddenly unhar-
ried,
the heavy Hymnal now lightly carried,
the glorious outrush of breath, sending forth
the poetry and music for all we're worth.

indent) And ~~we~~ enter the Nave, marching in pairs;
the Easter hymn sing^s away all our fears.

BREAK HERE

Indent) → And, there! *Ahead!*

Straight ahead!

A sun-burst through!

The Great East Window is gold and blue!

Images of saints, apostles, Jesus!

(And small ^{er} cherubs too, ~~the~~ sort of ^{to} tease us!)

Familiar Family, froze in stained glass;

but, ^{come} somehow, alive, ^{to} celebrating ^{the} their Mass!

BREAK HERE

Indent) → I'm aware that me friend, ~~whose name is~~ George Clarke
~~the~~ ^{ing} marches beside me, in a kind of bark
~~is~~ ^{ing} singing the line after Feast we come,
 thus:

"Leaving more and bringing some."

But should "Porro" Johnson, our Secretary,

^{MARCHING} behind, ^{HEAR THAT} heresy,

then me friend, George, will land a suspension:

Indent) → "Forty days, boy, from now to Ascension!"

George is shorter ~~than me~~, somewhat thicker;

~~and~~ wears the baggiest knickerbocker.

Panama born. Boards in Georges Lane

with the Grizzells. Great talker. Vain.

And dances the Charleston like nothing on earth.

B Talks baseball, not cricket. Master of mirth.

We've argued politics from age ^{of} ~~about~~ ~~nine~~ nine:

he for America. Britain is mine.

(But sometimes ~~the~~ floor ^{ed me} observing that
 a black "lootenant" in a U.S. hat
 frequently occurred.

The English, ^{he'd} "wager

never allowed us beyond sergeant-major.²⁰
 However, "I told him, Mister Clarke he'd enjoy,
 if he stayed here."

But America? the States?

dash

-CAPS-
 "Hey, boy!"

underline

We're great friends; march Stall-wards together.

Being the smallest, we fronted the tether.

**BREAK
HERE**

Indent) → I work me toes in me Clark's to see
 pebbles or things that could cause misery
 in the Processions (there are two on High Days)

Indent) → In the march, (as singing) we had our ways
~~WATCH~~ Be sure ~~that~~ are
 we were careful to see bootlaces were tied,
 knee-stockings secured; gravity defied
 by brace-belted trousers; embarrassment lurked
 under those cassocks whenever we kirked;
 for more than one boy has stumbled or fell
 BECAUSE his bootlaces ~~were~~ had not been tied well;
 so, stepped on, one foot was suddenly immovable. full stop

Indent) → The not-knowing rest-of-him went uncontrollable.

BREAK HERE

Indent) → Solemn High Mass to the Messe Solonelle
 is a long haul; three hours, I can tell,
 when you consider Prayers to be chanted,

Indent) → Gospel not said but sung or descanted.
 We must be fit, to handle all this.

All will be any if you should miss

 as in our singing,
 IN making sure
 all came out right; it
 was mature
 but besides really liking
 what we do.

{ Everyone's an actor IN
 that Robed crew }

{ Back of us in the Stalls,
 those ladies were
 not slow to poke ribs,
 if reasons occur; }

{ Employing their FANS, the
 edge of a psalter,
 through the back-RAILS at
 slightest falter. }

{ Being mothers or teachers
 they believe boy-pikenis }

{ are always up to some
 smart CHICANINIES. }

{ MARK you, its tone; but who
 can blame us? [Can fellows sit
 still 'cause a priest who is
 famous [for long-windedness,
 drones on and on [to us, about
 SIN? Each of us is a
 PARAGON [CLEARED of all
 Taint by the Quinchist's end }

When the Last Gospel's read and Satan's PENNED;
 and at High ALTAR the Taibles spoken
 and the CHURCH ROCKS at the INVOKEN.
 We with the Ladies IN the NEXT stall
 would cease to WORRY. NO PERIL AT ALL.

^{caps}
 All will be angry if a note ^{CAPS}~~ONE~~ should miss
 for (now I know) we were proud boy-singers
 and had our code.

Although no bell-ringers
 for honour, craft, or art, no pretence,
 we were somehow aware of excellence.

BREAK
 HERE

INDENT → Thoughts such as these scurry through me head
 as we enter the main aisle.

And up there, ahead
 the flowered Table on which tapers glitter ---

CAPS: INDENT → Lord, make this choirboy never sing sweeter!

BREAK

INDENT → Some povertied mind may not understand
 a small boy's thoughts at a moment so grand.

INDENT [(Our grievous ^{LOSS} to this world's plunder
 comes when we lose our sense of wonder.)

BREAK HERE

INDENT → Stealing quick glances marching the aisle,
 we catch the proud looks cast on our file
 by the fond parents of fellows we know
 whispering to neighbours:

"There goes so-and-so!"

underline

There, Bobby Rhoden's Mum, Foster Lane;
^{LIKE}
 our house, high-stepped, and with a vane
 of jalousies.

~~And~~ Percy Miller's Mum;
 they live on Laws Street; me closest chum.

INDENT → And see the Andersons? Sons Windsor, Marven;
 the last a sprinter, likely eleven

secs for the hundred at our C.L.B. sports

INDENT → (that's Church Lads Brigade. See me other reports).

INDENT → And Frank McLaren; he's Calabar High,

soon to outgrow his ^{FINE} treble; ~~and~~ then, why,

he'll be captured by the Acolyte gang

who like to think they're the whole shebang!

Seeking High Schoolers for their Servers Guild!

2nd indent → "But what do they get? A pikni hybrid!"

Jeers me friend, George.

"A broken-down singer
they'll train to be a candle-stick bringer!"

(But somewhat bitter; for in each, worry stirs
that soon we'll no longer be boy-choristers.

Indent → For, proud ~~and~~ sopranos, some quite angelic,
we know we're doomed.

Ahead, catatonic
close-out of trebles, our voices "cracked";
no longer winging, soon we'll be sacked.

Indent → And yet, we're eager to gain our men's voices
and join the back-stalls in one of the choices,
tenor or baritone; and wear long-pants;
and no suspensions ^{from POARD!} ^{GEORGE RANTS} for ~~filling~~ our wants.

INDENT → ^{BREAK HERE} ~~And~~ Then, in me march, as the thuribler swept
his censer across the northern transept,
I look to me left, me Modda to greet,
and The Aunts, ^{ALL IN SONG} ~~singing~~ at the Goldsmith's feet.

1st indent [(The Goldsmith? Told you elsewhere that its
the John Wolmer bust where me family sits.
Me Aunt Mary Brooks knows Parish Church lore
the oldest sister; and what is more,
was with the Old Church before the 'Quake

Go to P.10
on from
OLD TYPED
text

Page: Aug 20
IN Notebook

served with me Solonelle!" One tenor's notorious
 for being at times a teeny uproarious,
 a bass colleague being the owner
 of an Orange Street tavern, The Sundowner
 with a Nine O'Clock License. Age coming along,
 a tope helps one's resonance before Evensong
 (which ended too late to get the goodwill
 of a Nine O'Clock License.) However, yet still,
 they'd never
~~oooooooooooooooooooo~~ fire one before Eucharist.

Sober, everyone, as a Catechist.

Music at Mass from the great Masters

~~needed clear heads; so they were faster.~~

~~But now, back to Diggy, our Organist~~

~~and now he goes down his private checklist.~~

He had a habit that spoke his love
 for choral music. One such was of
 coaching his choir on
 what one had to do on Thursdays.

to test the texture, our voices' weavings.

He would descend the organ dais

stand in the Chancel, or, at slow pace
 stroll up and down, chatting informally
 on happenings, that time, normally

spoke of; as say, the new motor taxis
 appearing to jeers from the horse-drawn hackneys.

For what could ~~e~~ replace those beautiful horses
 pulling four-wheelers? And, the worse is
 there's some wild talk of a motor-hearse

for funerals; and, unspeakably worse
 to do away with plumes and ~~heavy~~ ^{great} net

flung over flanks; and the coachman's jet-

served with me Solonelle!" One tenor's notorious
for being at times a teeny uproarious,
a bass colleague being the owner

of an Orange Street tavern, The Sundowner
with a Nine O'Clock License. Age coming along,
a tope helps one's resonance before Evensong
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they'd never
~~oooooooooooooooo~~ fire one before Eucharist.

Sober, everyone, as a Catechist.

Music at Mass from the great Masters
needed clear heads; so they were faster.

But now, back to Diggy, our Organist
and how he goes down his private checklist.

He had a habit that spoke his love
for choral music. One such was of
coaching his choir on
~~what the choir should do on~~ Thursday evenings,
to test the texture, our voices' weavings.

He would descend the organ dais
stand in the Chancel, or, at slow pace
stroll up and down, chatting informally
on happenings, that time, normally
spoke of; as say, the new motor taxis
appearing to jeers from the horse-drawn hackneys.

For what could @ replace those beautiful horses
pulling four-wheelers? And, the worse is
there's some wild talk of a motor-hearse
for funerals; and, unspeakably worse
to do away with plumes and ^{great} heavy net
flung over flanks; and the coachman's jet-
black scissors-tail coat, stove-pipe hat,

whip mourning ribboned; and more than that

Whenewasbapt wheretha thedwingvinyer grows
Wherewasbaptkwantherthennotheinglvithyotax grows

Diggy 1

Its part of the splendour to watch Mr Dignum
at the console of his musical kingdom
triple-tiered wonder of delicate power,
before whose voice, full orchestras cower,
held in by this ^{slightly-built} ~~quite light~~ suzerain
(or let ~~me~~ ^{out} fully ~~reign~~ but always on rein).

Brush of his ~~cas~~ cassock on the organ-bench.
Squeak of his shoes on the pedal. The wrench
of console-stops, pulled for the starting.
air-pump,
Knock of the ~~wind-pump~~ ^{WINDPUMP} his roundhead darting
first to his left at the Chamber Group
of strings and winds; and a small swoop
of his ^{round} ~~h~~ head to the Epistle- side
where soloists, guest singers reside.

for
And ~~on~~ High Days of grand festival:
"Rector expects
~~XXXXXX~~ of you celestial
singing," he jokes with his cautious grin,
at Thursday practise, "so, gents, no gin!" ---
to ^a ~~male~~ ^{tenor, FINE BUT} ~~bassists and tenors~~, notorious
for being sometimes a trifle uproarious;
~~one~~ ^{HIS} one of ~~their~~ colleagues being the Owner
of a King Street tavern, the Sundowner,
Nine

with ~~with a~~ ^{with a} ~~Nine~~ ^{Nine} O'Clock license. To come on strong
required a
~~they~~ ^{they} ~~require~~ ^{require} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~tope~~ ^{tope} before Evensong.

(which ended too late to share the goodwill
of colleague-vintner.) Yet, and still,
never would they ^{tope} ~~fire~~ ~~one~~ before Eucharist.

Sober, each then, as a Catechist.

Music for Mass from the Great Masters

asked for clear heads; for Mass, they were fasters.

Its Part of the splendour's to watch Mr Dignum
at the console of his ~~crustate~~ kingdom
wooded wonder of delicate power
brown scowl,
at whose ~~great-bellows~~ orchestras cower,
held in by this slight-built suzerain,
or let fully out, yet always on rein.

D1994-1

The brush of his cassock on the organ bench
squeak of his shoes on the pedals. The wrench
of ivory-headed stops, pulled for starting,
knock of the wind-pump, his round head darting
first to his left at the Chamber Group
of violin, cello, bass; a small swoop
of
shoulder, head, to the Epistle side
~~where tenors, basses (the men) reside.~~

He liked being English; ever see how he walks?

Knees pumping proudly, fingers like stalks

held stiffly out. Small smile he forces;
less

if, by chance, a happening endorses
the tensioned skin he wears buttoned closely
less sudden stress ruptures it forcedly.

One evening at practise, the Sankey singing

of Raglan Phillips' revivalists, ringing

across from the Park, the camp-meeting howling

entered our Bach. Old Diggy, scowling,

asked: "This Phillips, where is he from?"

"He's from Home. England," with teasing aplomb

Mr Smith, first bassist, laughingly offered.

"No! — Yes?" Diggy, shocked, stumblingly proffered.

But we like Mr Dignum. He brings out the best

in his choir-colony; nor mind the rest.

At last rehearsal, with his cautious grin,

he joked: "Now, gents, I'll have no gin

~~with~~

THIS DIGNUM SEQUENCE HAS BEEN TAKEN OUT OF THE SOLO NELLE PIECE TO STAND BY ITSELF

NOTE

It was not only celebrant priest
visiting players nor solo artiste,
me Shantung shirt, me ribbed knee-sock,
the fields of faces tilted to lock
on us singing the Solonelle

UWI Libraries

Part of the splendour's to watch ~~him~~ Mr Dignum
at the console of his crenelate kingdom
wooded wonder of delicate power
brown scowl,
at whose ~~great-belted~~ orchestras cower,
held in by this slight-built suzerain,
or let fully out, yet always on rein.

Dignum

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squeak of his shoes on the pedals. The wrench
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with

THIS DIGNUM SEQUENCE HAS BEEN TAKEN OUT OF THE SOLONELLE PIECE TO STAND BY ITSELF!

NOTE I

Start
Oct 20

In that year/ of 'Twenty-seven,
I turned fourteen. Years which leaven
what me Chronicle now will tell
when we sang the Solonelle
Easter-day at Solemn Mass.

20

This was how it came to pass.

In that year. Of 'twenty-seven.
I turned fourteen. They learn
what our chronicle now will tell.
Time we sang the Solonells.
Easter-day. At solemn Mass.
This was how. It came to pass.

The sopranos, the
great mainstay
of every choir and last ⁱⁿ ~~the~~
~~the~~ choir boys who can be
boys And if

THE KINGSTON CHRONICLES
the-kingston-chronicles

At the Goldsmith's feet

~~In that year of 'Twenty-seven,
fourteen, turned I. Years that leaven
what me Chronicle now will tell:
when we sang the Solonelle,
Easter-day, at Solemn Mass.
This was how it came to pass.~~

I should In that year of 'twenty-seven,
fourteen, turned I. Years *which* that leaven
what me Chronicle now will tell:
when we sang the Solonelle,
Easter-day, at Solemn Mass.
This was how it came to pass.

128
I'd turn fifteen. Years *which* *state* *note* *date*
what me Chronicle

THE KINGSTON CHRONICLES

At The Goldsmith's Feet

In that year of 'Twenty-three
I was ten. But let that be
and me Chronicle now will tell
when we sang the Solonelle
Easter morn at Solemn Mass.

This was how it came to pass.

UWI Libraries

Aug 15 At Aug 15
 Then we stand for the Gospel, facing the Table
 The truth is that we're hardly able
 To follow the words. ^{EACH GIDDING} ~~Thinking~~
 Of the great CREDO, ^{a tiny sinking} ~~immediately~~
 In the bit of me stomach, awaiting the chant
 That will send us into it from the Celebrant.
 Increased and Kissed, the Gospel is read;
 Thanks for the Word duly chanted, or said.
 And the Celebrant returns to the CEN ^{SEE BACK}
 Raises his hands, invites us to enter.
 Priestly Report shows the way we should tread
 At the Altar: ^{ing.} believe in One God.
 And so here we are at the big ol' creed
 I wink at George; we draw a bead
 On the fat score-book, watching the staves
 With an eye cocked ^{to} the head of the nave.
 Then down come the hands of Mr Dignum,
 And down come the chins of the ^{STRINGS} threesome,
 And down comes the bow of the bass player:
 The ^{UNIQUELY ARRANGED} ~~sublimely~~ bars of the PRAYER
 As Charles GOUNOD's ^{VISION} ~~vision~~ heard it
 And furthermore as ^{MR. DIGNUM} ~~Mr. Dignum~~ ^{STIRRED} ~~stirred~~
 And we're off! To the ^{ROUSING} ~~crashing~~ CRASH

AUG. 15 MR DIGNUM
 The crash of his cassock on the ORGAN BENCH.
 The squeak of his shoes on the pedals. ^{THE} WRENCH
 Of the stops as he pulls ^{THEM} ~~them~~ For ~~the~~ STARTING.
 The knock of the wind-pump; ^{HERE, SEE BACK.} his round head darting
 His part of the splendor to watch Mr Dignum
 At the console of his musical ^{delicate} ~~delicate~~ Kingdom
 Triple-tigred wonder of power, ^{VOICE} ~~delicate~~
 Where ^{VOICE} ~~voice~~ full orchestra cover **1-A**
 Held in by this quite small SUZERAIN,
 Or let out full range; but always on REIN. ^{GLANCES RIGHT}
 to take in the choir,
 Fingers PLUCKING ^{at} the massive LYRE,
 Older than a century, ^{plus 200} full of soft CREAMING,
 GROANS, VARNISH SMELL, wheezes, ^{SMALL} SEEKING

BACK OF P. 1
 * FIRST ^{to his left at the Chamber Group.}
 Violins Cello Bass, a small swoop ^{of his head to the}
 The Epistle side; ^{where the enable know, big, permits our grand} special festival
 With guest ringers, strings, ^{"celestial"}
 Toked Mr Dignum, with his cautious grin,
 At practice, Thursday, "so, gents, NO GIN!"
 To ^{the} ~~face~~ of bass and tenors, NOTORIOUS
 For being sometimes a little UPROARIOUS;
 One of their colleagues being ^{the} owner
 Of a ~~the~~ tavern, Orange Street, ^{SUNDOWNER},
 With a NINE O'CLOCK LICENSE, so, coming along,
 They required to tope ^{before} ~~before~~ ^{ENDED} ~~ended~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{STILL} ~~still~~
 Being ^{ENDED} ~~ended~~ ^{and} ~~and ^{STILL} ~~still~~
 Of colleague VINTNER. Yet, ^{FIRE} ~~fire~~
 Never would they ^{one} ~~one~~ before the EUCHARIST.
 SOBER EACH OF THEM, ^{FROM} ~~from~~ AS A CATECHIST.
 The ^{MUSIC FOR THE BASS} ~~music~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ great masters
 REQUIRED clear HEADS. ^{SAKE OF A} ~~SAKE OF A~~ ^{FASTERS.} ~~FASTERS.~~~~

TWO THREE

Been a choirboy. For some while

Time came for a change in style.

Cassocks going from black to purple.

Lighter stuff, ^{NO MORE} shed ~~car~~ ^{drag} turtles.

Surplice sleeves, ^{These} were halved away.

BEING ALWAYS IN THE WAY. ^{before}
~~At the water pipe before~~
~~service starts.~~ ^{for no im-}
~~prore.~~

For, save illness, ^{NO} ~~no~~ ^{from} ~~escape~~ of Porro's punishment.

at once bought you one month's banishment. ^[Swe to catch]

at once

If, during Mass, you left the Stall.

Be Watched ^{for} of Porro, as the sons of Saul!

Here's choir secretary. A martinet.

Stammers a little. Short, thickset.

Hands ^{out} our shilling when we sing at weddings.

Oh, Perfect Love! ^{with} Our thoughts ^{on} the sheddings

of robes, and to wealthily walk for our patties

Chinese Commercial, ^{though double - A patty} ^{costs two quatties.}

but thrice delicious in crust and meat

Perfect love at East Queen Street!

FOUR

So that Easter-Day was the time chosen

to wear ~~our~~ new robes. And interwoven

with this was another nice election:

the music score. Mr Dignum's

====Mr=Dignum's=Solemn=Eucharist's selection.

Gounod's Messe Solonelle was the setting

chosen; plus brass, ~~pians~~, strings, and getting

the great John Lyons to solo the Sanctus

the Kyrie Eleison, Creed, Benedictus.

[At the faucet. Go

BEING ALWAYS IN THE WAY. ^{before}
~~At the water pipe before~~
~~service starts.~~ ^{for no im-}
~~prore.~~

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the great John Lyons to solo the Sanctus

the Kyrie Eleison, Creed, Benedictus.

we must

But let us get on!

Got to ~~and~~ tell.

The time we sang

The Solonelle.

MORAY, at

On Easter day, morning

Sacrament.

at the

the way we end of the

That's how we end the

Cent's lament.

And that was the Easter when Mopdda bought me,
 and ~~Len~~^{too} the Scotch Tweed / pants^{(and low) HIGH} at ~~the~~ knee
 (long ~~ones~~ came later) Shantung silk-shirt,
 CLARK SHOES,
 Calek Shboes, ~~888888~~ stockings, ~~paten~~ leather girt.

Nobody prouder as we robed in the Vestry;
 nose-high, you'd think ~~me~~^{as Mr a} a judge, in ~~consistory~~ consist'ry
 as in the picture we have of St Paul's

arguing the Doctors inside Senate walls.

~~PROUDER~~ ^{PROUDER} ~~even~~ ^{than} Celebrant Rector ^{[in WHITE AND GOLD}
 ***** ^{and his curate-LECTOR.}

On Easter morning, the sun's shining through
 Saints and Apostles so they all look new,
 there, in the arch of the Great East casement,
 stained in grand colours, awaiting the Mass meant
 to honour ~~THIS~~ this greatest and highest church feast:
^{RAISING}
 Re ~~Resurrection~~ of Jesus, the Christ and High Priest.

FIVE ~~THREE~~

Last evening, we took down the black Altar Front,
 undraped the Crucifix, Lectern and Font,
 brought out the purple and red cassocks, changing
 the ~~mounrings~~ ^{mounrings} of Lent, our form of Abstaining.

Altar Guild ladies brought in the flowers
~~still~~ ^{glittering} rain-damp ~~glittering~~ from April showers;
 aired the Sacristy, white cloth on the Credence,
 polished Predellas, one ^{HUMS} ~~humming~~ in sequence

~~and~~ ^{and} Eucharist hymns as she brushed at the shelf
 in time to ~~the~~ organ, and, crossing herself,
 shuffled from Epistle to Gospel and back;

STET

The Rector was white. Always.

~~Page 3 is with original.~~

Not like Jesus and the angels, this was the status.

We knew 'cause the Sunday School cards they gave us
had ~~not~~ ^{had} ~~shots~~ ^{shots} of the ~~heavenly~~ ^{heavenly} ~~saints~~ ^{saints} ~~those~~ ^{those} ~~ones~~ ^{ones} who
had pictures of the heavenly host ~~which~~ ^{which} would save us.

~~And~~ ^{And} ~~all~~ ^{all} their skins white as fish belly-up

And faces ~~as~~ ^{as} pure ~~as~~ ^{as} when they caught Miss Nellie up

riding the bricks. She taught at St Michaels,

and wore long dresses and ~~also~~ ^{also} bifocals.

~~Nobody knew~~ ^{and everybody} ~~heard~~ ^{wondered} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~Caro~~ ^{Caro} ~~told~~ ^{tell}

with Sunday School ~~supe~~ ^{she} ~~had~~ ^{got} on so well,

until the night on McWhinney Street,

in the darkest part, a wall twenty feet
high which makes it a sort of mall

General Penitentiary wall,
flanked by the twenty-feet-high-prison wall

an auto light suddenly swung the ~~bender~~ ^{bend}

and there they were! ~~Clear-caught!~~ ^{Clear-caught!} ~~back~~ ^{back} ~~read~~ ^{read}

And Rae Town wondered: why ~~had~~ ^{had} they not

gone ~~se~~ ^{se} into the gully if they were so hot?

"Instead," Caro said, "to be caught fornicating."

But Modda frowned; ~~and~~ ^{and} said: "Caro say mating."

'Cause the ~~two~~ ^{two} boy-pikni, me and me bredda

stood close, ~~listening~~ ^{listening}, nudging one ~~another~~ ^{another}.

[But back to the Easter of Twenty-three
The Grand Mass of grand memory.

this last

7

Bro.

* * * * *

SIX

Full choir, instruments, ~~all~~ ^{everyone} worked all

Acolytes and censors ^{move} moving well. @@@@@@@@@@ no falter.

putting

IDENTO

that we're professionals, familiar with Stainer

about

mulatto, brown boys, they the ones chosen

till the time comes for them to take orders:

"Carry this!"

at the ~~tail~~ ^{tail} of your cassock whenever you kneel!

5'tet

which as ~~of~~ from them

None ever sang a Magnificat.

But ^{now} ~~now~~ its ^{Sunday} ~~tomorrow~~ *****

Easter already!

We take our places, full trained and steady
with months of practise each Thursday night :

Crescendo! Dimiundodo!

Till it came right.

SEVEN

Will you be sharing a ^{choir boy's} ~~small boy's~~ moment

as in the Vestry we form for the post-lent
lift of the pall of the Church's Sad Forty?

Soon to commence ^{as we make our sortie} with the ~~double-line~~ ~~sortie~~
~~marking in pairs~~
~~of robed choirboys~~, behind the Verger,

shoulder ^{ing his} ~~ing his~~ ~~crowned~~ staff; black-gowned liturger.

Following him, the Crucifix-bearer.

(Hands firm on post! Set transverse squarer!

No whispers, you! Eyes straight ahead!

Hands clasped in prayer --- like you were dead!)

Then, bearing candlesticks, smaller boys, pacing
the incense-^s ~~swinger~~.

(Slow! Slow! No racing!)

Low-voiced injunctions issuing from

the stern M.C. in his cingulum.

^{Normally} ~~as~~ we ~~wait for~~ ~~wait~~ the priest's invocation.

Then, ~~into~~ the Nave.

And the Procession

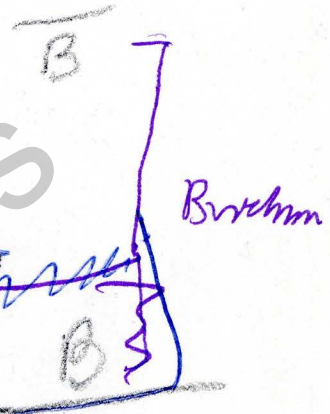
A little shivery under cassocks and surplices.

The Etons itch. Shaky-knee novices.

~~such~~ Clearings of throats. Palms dried on gowns.

Wondering if we'll be cap'ble of sounds

when the time comes to



^{cap} What an occasion!

Bretcher

when the time comes to open the hymnal
at the place marked for the Processional.

And we hear the church breathing, a kind of soft gale
far down the sea-field. ~~Gobble+us+if+we+fail+~~

Gobble~~us~~ if we fail!

But Mr Dignum, cool as ^a January ~~breeze~~
on his high stool up in the Sanctuary
calms us with the familiar airs
from well loved scores.

We form in pairs.

Softly we sing the Amen sector
to Office Prayers.

Beadle to Rector
bows, ~~to Mr Dignum nods,~~
~~lifts his Staff to Diggy.~~

⁹⁶ THE CALL!

his stool
(Diggy can see from ~~the-organ~~ in the Stall.)

~~Now~~ He sways and rocks to the keyboard console,
moves his feet, shrugs loose ~~his~~ organist's cowl---
and the great organ, triumphantly,
in tonal power, exultantly,
enters the heart-place of Christendom

~~and~~ sings: AT THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE COME!

Drop down

And we step forward, suddenly unharried,
the heavy Hymnal now lightly carried;

~~the glorious outrush of breath~~ ^{the glorious outrush of breath} sending forth
the poetry and music for all we're worth.

~~And~~ We enter the Nave, marching in pairs;
the Easter hymn singing away all our fears.

Brochure

And, there!

~~Straight~~ ahead!

A sun-burst through!

The Great East Window is gold and blue!

Images of saints, apostles, Jesus!

(And small ^{ex} cherubs too, ~~to~~ sort of ^{to} tease us!)

Familiar Family, froze in stained glass

but, ^{come} ~~somehow~~, alive, ^{to} ~~to~~ celebrating ^{to} their Mass!

NINE

I'm aware that me friend, ~~whose name is~~ George Clarke

~~and marches~~ ^{and marching} beside me, in a kind of bark

~~is singing~~ ^{sings out} the line after Feast we come,
thus:

thus: "Leaving more and bringing some." ^{help}

But should "Porro" Johnson, our Secretary,

~~in line~~ ^{marching} behind us, ~~get~~ ^{hear that} the heresy,

then me friend, George, will land a suspension:

"Forty days, boy, from now to Ascension!"

George is shorter ~~than~~, somewhat thicker ^{STOCKIER}

~~he~~ wears the baggiest ^{New York of the time} knickerbocker.

Panama born. Boards in Georges Lane

with the Grizzells. Great talker. Vain.

~~he~~ dances the Charleston like nothing on earth.

~~he~~ ^{He's} Baseball, not cricket. ^{Panama} Master of mirth.

^{ob} We've argued politics from age ~~about~~ ^{about} nine:

he for America. Britain is mine.

(But sometimes ~~he~~ ^{ed} floors me ~~by~~ observing that

a black "lootenant" in a U.S. hat

frequently occurred.

^{he'd} ~~never~~ ^{waged}

B

^{never} allowed us ^{beyond} further than sergeant-major. ^{you'll} However, ^{said} though I told him, Mister Clarke ^{you'll} ~~had~~ enjoy if ^{you} ~~be~~ stay ~~en~~ here.

But ^{The States} ~~America?~~

"Hey, boy!" caps undolus

^{we} We're great friends; march Stall-wards together. Being the smallest, we fronted the tether.

TEN

I work me toes in me ^{shoes} ~~clark's~~ to see pebbles or things that could cause misery in the Processions (there are two on High Days).

^{Be sure} In the march, as in singing, we had our ways; ^{are} we ~~were~~ careful to see bootlaces ~~were~~ tied, knee-stockings secured; gravity defied by brace-belt ~~trousers~~; embarrassment lurked under those cassocks whenever we kirked; for more than one boy has stumbled or fell ^{had not been} ~~BECAUSE~~ his bootlaces ~~were~~ ^{were} tied well; so, stepped on, one foot ^{with} suddenly immovable.

The not-knowing rest-of-him went uncontrollable.

^{At silence a - sudden now stands in the vestry Great Bell in the gateway} ~~ceased to chime~~ ^{*****} ~~we rise for prayers~~ ^{starchy in sur-} ~~pleice, high collar, small fears.~~ ^{TAKE IN FOOTNOTE AT BACK.} Solemn High Mass to the Messe Solonelle

is a long haul; three hours, I can tell, when you consider Prayers to be chanted, ^{said} ~~the~~ Gospel, not ~~read~~, but sung or descanted. We must be fit, to handle all this.

~~All will be angry if a note you should miss~~

^{to is about} ~~in a sermon~~ ^{on sin, each of whom is a paragon} ^{cleared of all taint} ^{READ} ^{and Satan is benighted} ^{LAST GOSPEL'S} ^{32-ELUK}

I mark you, its time, but who can blame us? Can a fellow sit still 'cause a priest who is famous [for long-windedness, drowns on and on

^{in our} ~~was~~ in singing, ^{IN} making sure ~~we~~ ^E all came out right; it was mature ~~and~~ ^{really} ~~but~~ ^{craftsmen} ~~the~~ ^{Back of my head} ~~Re talks~~

^{Back of us in} ~~Re stalls~~ ^{Re ladies were} ~~Not slow to poke~~ ^{Re ribs off} ~~if reasons were.~~

^{So felt like} ~~craftsmen~~ ^{Everyone an active in} ~~shoring off~~ ^{that Robe'd crew}

employing their FARS, the edge of a psalter, through the back-RAILS, at slightest FALTER,

Being Mores and teachers, Any believe ~~boy-pileis~~ ^{should be behaved} ^{are always up to some} ^{CHICANINIES} ^{and on}

INDENT

INDENT

BREAK

INDENT

XXXXXX

FOOTNOTE:

Hardly 'tis known that on the Great Bell
there is inscribed the following tell
(ordered in Seventeen-forty Five)
that its use be only for those alive:

"THAT THE GREAT BELL BE NOT TOLLED
AT PERSON'S DEATH." A copyhold
ignored two centuries, till recently.
Present incumbents now decently
still its great tongue in deference
to the odd wish (meaning no offense).

See Back

Cleared of all taint by the Crucifix's end
when the Last Gospel's ~~read~~ ^{read} and Satan's penned
and at High Altar the Triple's spoken
and the church ~~sees~~ ^{marks} at the pow'ful INVOKEN. (N)
We wish the Ladies in the next stall
would cease to worry. No peril at all.

a poke in the Rib

All will be angry if a note ^{one} you should miss
for (now I know) we were proud boy-singers
and had our code.

Although no bell-ringers
for honour, craft, or art; no pretence,
we were somehow aware of excellence.

Thoughts such as these scurry through me head
as we enter the main aisle.

And up there, ahead
the flowered Table on which tapers glitter ---

Pick up line

Brother

APS: Lord, make this choirboy never sing sweeter!

Eleven

Some povertied mind may not understand
a small boy's thoughts at a moment so grand.

(Our grievous ^{loss} to this world's plunder
comes when we lose our sense of wonder.)

Stealing quick glances marching the aisle,
we catch the proud looks cast on our file
by the fond parents of fellows we know
whispering to neighbours:

"There goes so-and-so!"

underline

There's Bobby Rhoden's Mum, ^{like} from Foster Lane,
our house, high-stepped, and with a vane
of jealousies.

~~And~~ Percy Miller's Mum;

they live on Laws Street; me closest chum.
And see the Andersons? Sons Windsor, Marven;
the last a sprinter, likely eleven

Orley
20

B

Bm.

THIS FOLLOWS "the memorial to John
Wolmer where me family sit." *bottom*

Me Aunt Mary Brooks, knows Parish Church lore
is being the eldest sister, and what more

worshipped in the old church before the 'Quake'

and, in Eleven, at the New Church stake

won my FAMILY seat at the Goldsmith's feet
one Saturday morning when the pews were mete.

And Aunt Audrey Clarke, other of the sisters,
unhappily wed, but a courage that glisters
in the darker hours with a wry quip,
rolls her eyes in wonder at her lucky kinship.

[When all attended at old CONVICTIONUM
to DRAW for ^{pews} seats in the New SANCTUARIUM
which took the place of the ~~old~~ - old P.C.
after Port Royal sank in the sea,
that Saturday won our Family SEAT, ~~in~~
when the ~~seats~~ were ~~at~~ the Goldsmith's feet
(LOTS) (EAST)

And Aunt Caro winks but I keep a straight face
for modda is strict about falling from grace
in me robes when I help lead the Celebrant
to the High altar with me gift of descendant

10

secs for the hundred at our C.L.B. sports

(that's Church Lads Brigade. See me other reports).

And Frank McLaren; he's Calabar High,

soon to outgrow his treble; and then, why,

he'll be captured by the Acolyte gang!

Who like to think they're the whole shebang,

seeking High Schoolers for their Servers Guild:

"But what do they get? A pikni hybrid!"

Jeers me friend, George.

"A broken-down singer

they'll train to be a candle-stick bringer!"

(But somewhat bitter; for in each, worry stirs

that soon we'll no longer be boy-choristers.

For, proud ~~by~~ sopranos, some quite angelic,

we know we're doomed.

Ahead, catatonic

close-out of trebles, our voices "cracked";

no longer winging, soon we'll be sacked.

And yet, we're eager to gain our men's voices

and join the back-stalls in one of the choices,

tenor or baritone; and wear long-pants;

and no suspensions ^{from Porro! "George RANTS,} ~~for filling our wants.~~

^{TWELVE} And then, in me march, as the thuribler swept

his censer across the northern transept,

I look to me left, me Modda to greet,

and ^{all in song} The Aunts, ~~singing~~ at the Goldsmith's feet.

(The Goldsmith? Told you elsewhere that its

the John Wolmer bust where me family sits.

Me Aunt Mary Brooks knows Parish Church lore;

the oldest sister; and what is more,

was with the Old Church before the 'Quake ~~***~~

~~***~~
Nineteen-ought-seven at
the New Church Stake

Take up root at
P.10 from already
typed, in Folder
under clip.

Aug 20

N'DENT

He liked being English; ^{ever} see how he walks?

~~add to P.O. S.P.P.~~

Knees pumping proudly. Fingers like stalks

held stiffly out. ^a The small smile he forces

^{that is} ~~it should~~ by chance a happening endorses

the tensioned skin ^{he wears} ~~all over~~ buttoned closely

^{strenuous} ~~the~~ sudden stress, ^{d it} ~~rupture~~ ^{at} ~~enforcedly~~.

One evening at practise, the Sankey singing

of Raglan Philips' revivalists, ringing

across from the Park, the camp-meeting howling

entered our Bach. Mr Dignum, scowling,

asked: "This Philips, where is he from?" ["He's from Home, England,"

^{"England! From Home!"} "He's ~~from Home!~~ ~~from~~ English?" With teasing aplomb,

Mr Smith, ^{ist} ~~our~~ first bassman, laughingly offered.

"No! — Yes?" Diggy, in shock, stumbingly proffered.

But we like ^{Diggy} ~~him~~. He brings out the best in his choir. ~~He is the most important person in the choir.~~ ~~SO NEVER MIND THE REST.~~

IN HIS CHOIR-COLONY. NEVER MIND THE REST.

at 11

WAR without
end Amer

at 11

* * first to his left at the Chamber Group
of violin, cello, bass; a small swoop
of his head to the Epistle side
where the tenors, basses, (the men) reside.

TAKE IN 000

AT OUR LAST REHEARSAL WITH HIS CAUTIOUS GRIN [HE JOKED:
[WITH THE SOLDIER! IN TWO TENORS ARE NOTORIALLY

REMEMBER g'll have
men, gents, no gin

for being sometimes a teeny ~~bit~~ uproarious;
one of their colleagues being the owner
of a very nice tavern called The Sundowner,
with a Nine O'Clock License; so, aging along,
[a tope] Evensong
which ended too late to share the goodwill
of a Nine O'clock License. However, yet still
never would they fire one before Eucharist.
Sober each and all, as a CATECHIST.

Music for the Mass, from the great Masters,

ASKED ~~spoke for~~ clear heads, So at mass, they were faster.

But back to the Dissonance, our organist [and how he runs down, checking his list

TAKE IN: B B B B

At 11 BBBB

WEEK 50 • 344-21

for what could replace those beautiful horses
pulling ~~some~~ shiny four-wheelers? ~~AND THE HORSE IS~~
wild talk of a coming motor-hearse
for funerals and unspeakably worse,
paying ~~down~~ away with the plumes and heavy net
flung across the flanks and the coachman's jet
black ~~scissors-tail~~ coat, ~~stove-pipe~~ whip
with mourning-ribbons ~~from~~ butt to leather tip.
And around the casket, sprigs of paper-flowers
set in pewter vases: these funereal banners
tell the length of life, being colour-gauged:
white for young, then purple, black for very aged. ~~XX~~
Then he'd turn a line home ~~with~~ ^{which and out}

~~of~~ ~~between~~ ~~beginns~~ "That is your note,"
the VP would go. He is along
The tempo and sing like the other
for concentration. I'm turning so fast

NOVEMBER					DECEMBER					
M	3	10	17	24	M	1	8	15	22	29
T	4	11	18	25	T	2	9	16	23	30
W	5	12	19	26	W	3	10	17	24	31
T	6	13	20	27	T	4	11	18	25	
F	7	14	21	28	F	5	12	19	26	
S	1	8	15	22	S	6	13	20	27	
S	2	9	16	23	S	7	14	21	28	

✱ ✱ at P11 BB13B

He hums a line, ^(head roofward) (arms high and out)

of a beloved hymn: "That is your note ..."
he sings

~~head=s~~ and off we go, ^{STUMPS} he going along,
beating the tempo as he sings the song.

Eyes closed, he concentrates, listening as we
sing the whole length of it gloriously:

for this is purest voice, unaccompanied, ~~timbre=and=cadence=our~~
timbre and cadence ours; found, as we did,

each to each closer drawn on that good road,
in that good moment when hearts and gifts showed

for, as we
what's meant by harmony; built,
such strength and freedom ^{came, showed,} such warmth and lilt.

Being a Feast-day, a Possession of ^{HOLINESS} ~~the Church~~ ^{"B-Copy"}
from altar through arches ^{swearing} that no less ^{"B-Copy-1"}
than all the worshippers, clergy and laity, ^{are offering this Mass}
of praise to the Deity. ^{We} ~~go~~ ^{GOING} carrying banners from the ^{CHURCH'S} ~~ancillaries~~
Sunday-school, mothers' Union, other ancillaries [the banner of St Thomas, our
saintly patron] And others as now, I'm
Not too clear on. [Singing "Hail Festal" for the
REMOVAL ~~of the~~ ^{CHORUSING TO} CANTOR
IN VERSE AN ADDITIONAL B-Copy-2

"B-Copy-2" - follows on B-Copy-1

Place this in
Note Book

No women-singers joined in these marches;
they wait in the Stalls under the arches
until we ~~we~~ finished our stalking
to beat the Devil. You see, in our walking
our long lines long-cassocked men and boys,
banners and crosses, candles, small noise
of censer's clink, go through ways unfamiliar
because on ~~ZZZZZ~~ High Days, our walk is a sealer
sealing Old Satan. So, march a route
forming a Sign of the Cross; sure scoot
to any Demons who may have crept in
before we massed to skedaddle sin.

Led by the Cantor, we all must wait
till he has sung his bars (sixteen or eight)
before we respond; and always the same,
being a chorus, you could not blame
our minds from wandering. So, I recall
thinking, quite often, how sad the stall
must to a lady, white-frocked and hatted,
midst empty benches. They would have chatted;
but now they're exposed to congregant,
we being not there to shield them, they cant.

Poor choir-ladies. However, now back
to Easter-Mass as Old Nick, we stack.
All return to the Altar (we to the Stalls
to the business at hand: ringing these walls!).

*** Take in attachment

Goodbye

our BEHIND DYOJENA

the Feast-hymn

"B-COPY"

KEY BOARD ED

B Read 2

BREAK

Take 1~~st~~
attached

And so, we commenced the Solonelle
Singing the Marine Hymn. Well

1982

DECEMBER

TUESDAY

Week 51: 348 - 17

P. 12 ^{old} Typed 14

on

Smugly the Kyrie which, truth to tell
 is a ~~kind of~~ ^{long} plaintive ~~call~~ ^{and well}
 and ~~it~~ ^{is} beauty-in-grief. ~~Now~~ ^{as we end}
^{we know} ~~we're~~ ^{know} ~~our~~ ^{our} NERVOUS. Our fingers band
 LEAVES of the score-book, there is a clearing
 of adults' throats; shows too they're ~~ex~~ ^{ex} ~~ing~~
~~that~~ ^{that} ~~now~~ ^{now} ~~we~~ ^{we} approach the mighty CREDO.
 Could be they too feel the own-tremor?

(12)

Anglicans; when ~~the~~ Henry the Third
 probably the English, ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~breaking~~ ^{breaking} ~~from~~ ^{from} Rome
 dumped all their Latin but provided the ~~regue~~ ^{regue}
 with some ~~ant~~ ^{ant} ~~centricity~~ ^{centricity} to the ~~tradition~~ ^{tradition}
 of ~~the~~ ^{the} Henry the Third ~~old~~ ^{old} ~~king~~ ^{king} that
 back long ago ~~from~~ ^{from} Rome,
~~back~~ ^{back} ~~from~~ ^{from} Rome broke free,
 dumped all their Latin but as a last flick,
 of defiance at the old pope kept this bit of Greek
 steeped ^{ing} ~~at~~ ^{at} the pope ~~kept~~
 defying the Pope kept this bit of Greek

Anglicans

(P. 12)

PROBLY the ~~the~~ when Henry the THREE
 back, long ago, from Rome, broke free,
 dumped all their Latin, ~~as~~ ^{as} a last FLICK
 of defiance ^{ing} ~~at~~ ^{at} the Pope, kept this bit of Greek.

we be as
 Will be as BOBAY walking
 in the Recessional? KN
 did a big job, indeed,
 this morning singing
 Get that proud look
 CARO'S ~~the~~ TURN-and-ROLL
 There, when you passed
 Or in your FRIENDS' d

10
12
10
THUS we began the Solonelle, ~~***~~
singing the Kyrie ~~Elison~~ ^{which truth to tell} ~~hell~~.
The Kyrie (2 weeks)
Sang in ~~Latin~~, as it is written;

~~Office~~ ~~Heaven~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~figura~~
of homely ring
and daughter, let us sing!

a stranger might think we had been smitten
IN Mass-SETTINGS ~~FOR~~ ~~SEVERAL~~
but the ~~modern~~ ~~Catholic~~ Mass, for some cause,

whatever the liturgy, almost as laws
THEY WRITE
sing the suppliant Lord, Have Mercy

THUS ~~way~~. Sometimes sparks ^{ing} controversy.

[We use Latin titles, ~~which~~ ^{the words} ~~are~~ ^{sung}
in English [same for the Kyrie
which most scores distinguish

However that be, the Gounod Kyrie
has its own ^{eclectic beauty} ~~beauty~~ though ~~rather~~ ^{serious};
is a long, plaintive call, somewhat eerie;
has its own quiet beauty, though;
and I think he did less with this opening piece
marked his fine work.
than the rest of the Mass. But, as we cease,

Kyrie
Gloria

within ourselves each choirboy girds
in his own way. The Comfortable Words
(which the Celebrant chants) is ^{off} ~~still~~ a long way

but I find meself ^{saying} ~~humming~~ them as I lay
the thick score-book on the psalter-shelf,

opened at the ^{place} ~~Credo~~, humming to meself
cat-nervous as ^{me eyes} ~~I~~ contemplate

that glorious Credo. ^{How} ~~Will~~ we rate
the ~~twice-weekly~~ ^{twice-a-week} practise, The perfection-search?

The sprinting from Fleet Street to Parish Church?

Thursday after Thursday,
the song in me head,
singing it, ~~whistling~~ it,
through ~~as down~~ ^{as down} ~~Barry Street~~
me ~~the~~ Boogie boots
fled? ~~***~~ ~~***~~ ~~***~~

Now we're off our knees. The Epistle is read
by one of the deacons;

by a Curate; the Gradual is led, ^{the casts} ~~the casts~~
that glowing ~~hymn~~ ^{hymn} ~~from Easter~~ ^{hail them} ~~advent~~
hymn ~~by which we hail them~~
Light's abode, celestial Salem.

Stand for the Gospel, ^{TURN, FACE} ~~from~~ the Table;
the truth is that we ^{are} ~~are~~ hardly able

to follow the words; each one is thinking
of the great Credo, a tiny SINKING

~~The small~~ ^{of me} ~~in the~~ ^{part} of ~~me~~ ^{stomach}, awaiting the chant to send us off, from the Celebrant.

Incensed and kissed, the Gospel is read.
Thanks for the Word, duly chanted (or said).
And the Celebrant ^{returns} makes his way ~~back~~ to the Centre,
raises his hands, invites us to enter.

~~And~~ ^{affirming} ~~the way we~~ ^{have} trod:
he sings ^{aloud} at the Altar: "I believe in One God!" ^{drop and}
^{in caps}

And, so, here we are, at the Nicene Creed.

I wink at George ^{Clark}. We draw a bead
on the fat score-book, watching the stave
with ^{an} eye cocked ^{to} the ^{head} of the nave
to see who ^{are} watching the proud boy-singers
about to prove we are ^{proper} ~~poor~~ humdingers.

fiddle acquisition
violin consortium
hand-frasers
head-frasers

Then, down come the hands of ^{organist} ~~Wister~~ Dignum,
and down come the hands of the ^{string} ~~string~~ threesome,
and out goes the elbows ^{spring} ~~spring~~ bassists
and down comes the bow of the bass player
and forth ^{RUSH THE} ~~the~~ of the ^{choralists} ~~choralists~~
in the marvellous opening bars of the Prayer

club-bringers
stave-bringers
proper intonation
recognition

as the ^{grand} ~~fine~~ mind of Charles Gounod heard it,
and further ^{our} ~~as~~ ^{MR Dignum} stirred it --
and ^{WHAM! WE HIT} ~~the~~ ^{SONANT} crash
which opens ^{at} the Credo that ^{stunning} ~~tremendous~~ slash
of full-throated voices in high octave

across the soaring architrave
^{of strings and organ,}
as organ and strings, fortissimo

STUNNING SLASH

14
lauding forth with ~~ed~~ Charlie Gounod,

as, sheerly exulting

(for this we'd sought),

we ~~the~~ struck;
the ~~the~~ ~~the~~

I BELIEVE!

on towering note,

IN ONE GOD!

and, unbelievable,

topping the heights we'd thought unassailable.

FATHER ALMIGHTY!

Now in full stride.

MAKER OF HEAVEN!

~~He's here!~~ ^{up! up! we ride} At our side!

AND OF THE EARTH!

Now ~~Hard~~-edged tenors

are climbing and eyeing the bass-defenders

of ^{all} the clefs ~~which~~ are the plinths we stand on

to build the harmony. And now they land on: ~~and~~

ALL THINGS VISIBLE!

~~Thus~~ ~~And~~ the first of the four
homages to Trinity, Church.

And now, o'er

organ, trumpet and other machines,

"all things visible and the unseens,"

(some will be praying) Creator, assume!

We are the warp, weft, You ~~are~~ the Loom!

ooo

And the great music surges in the wood

LAUDING FORTH ^{Charlie}
toweringly lauds with Mister Gounod ^{for this we'd sought}
and sheerly exulting inside ourselves, ^{Drop}
we hit I Believe! ^{note} with precise helms. ^{Drop twice}

Father Almighty! now in full stride. ^{Drop}
Maker of Heaven ^{with no ride} and earth! ^{Drop}
Heaven and earth! ^{Now God, be our guide. it's}

Assume, now, over organ and other machines, ^{Drop}

Over "all things visible and the unseens" ^{Drop}

And the great music surges in the wood
beneath me forearm, where there is stood ^{Drop}
on the stall's lectern, like blades of grass,
the notes in the thick score-book of the Mass.

Oh, flush with triumph, proud as can be,
in high-shouldered surplice, dying to see
(but carefully) now and then glanced
down at the congregants, ^{Drop}

Do their eyes saying thanks for the soaring joys
we bring them, gifted pikni-choirboys?

The great church is filled. And the sounds outside ^{Drop}
of trams, buggies, candy-vendors, ^{cyclists} astride

their Phillips and Humbers, Ridges and Raleighs,
ring their bells soundlessly ^{by} Gounod's sallies.

But you think you've heard all the marvels yet? ^{Drop}

(inside me head) Wait till we get ^{Drop}

to the Incarnatus! So, now, we wind down. ^{Drop}

The Who for us men is tenderly down;

we kneel for it. And now ^{quiet} the strings; ^{Drop}

and the soft-stop of the organ brings

the beauty and certainty; ^{the} axiom

on which is structured all Christendom;

[In The God!

and ^{it's} unbelievable

topping the ^{first} night
we'd ^{Drop}

15
000

Sub-head
[INCARNATUS]

15

12

And was Incarnate! Candles, tall-burning; ~~drop~~
smoke from the incense, ~~low~~ rising and turning
past the bowed heads of those adoring
the Mystery, ^{God} ~~to~~ ^{us} ~~to~~ adjourning
through the suffering of his Son,
Whom, says the Creed, with Him, art One.

Coming to earth, in flesh, as we,
and yet, not so, for eternally

He was and is God. ^{Cand} What's more, ^{drop one line down}

Making us equal to ^{Whom} ~~him~~ we adore.

First, ⁰⁰⁰ the strong basses, now strangely gentle,

Mr Smith, ^{Mr. Brown}; in testamental
statement; ^{and second}, the high tenors harking,

^{third} ~~the~~ ^{so} contraltos calmly walking

(led by Miss Myers, me Sixth Book teacher;
a voice-
such/texture, ~~once~~ "Nobody can reach her."

I overheard Mister Dignum ^{one} ~~ones~~, telling
^{a Father} Bennett-Haines [you read his befelling].

steadily ^{ing} ~~of~~ ^{RETURNING} ~~back~~ ^{WINGING}
fifthly, ^{we} ~~the~~ ^{CHARACTERIST} ~~boys~~ ^{A SINGING}

And, ^{specialness} which ^{had}
that ~~specialness~~ since ~~the~~ Middle Ages,

^{been a} ~~a~~ church ~~mark~~, decreed by the sages,
^{for} ~~the~~ ^{to} "Diggy" we

Five colonies, ~~the~~ ^{cede}.

~~the~~ ^{Sirrogates} singing the great Nicene Creed.

So, ^{full} ~~hear~~ the great basses now strangely gentle.
^{on bent} ~~Incarnatus!~~ ~~the~~ knees in the temple. ^{drop}

All of ^{us} ~~the~~ humble before the story
of how the Son gave up His glory
to become Man. The faces glistening

BREAK
[There are five
colonies in Diggy's
REALM [FIVE
STREAMS of SIN-
gero, WITH HIM
AT THE HELM.]

Of Olga Myers and the
great role she
took, ^{if} you'll have read
much about in this, ~~the~~
book.)

Ang 15
46 move in copy-book.

But do I? ~~any~~

~~16~~ 16

~~Older~~ now, ^{my} me ambulant wishes
some days opt for the loaves and fishes
in a lonely place.

^{I'm} Yet, ^a ~~other~~ day
to empty promises, ~~am just~~ clay ---
all these things will I give thee
if thou wilt fall and worship me!

DECEMBER

1982

11

10-7

P. 16

SATURDAY

Week 50: 345 - 20

To me, since those days, ^{ITS} ~~only~~ here
 can I truly lose me, fear
 that religion's a waste of time
 if it does not pantomime.

less, of course, an anchorite
 CASED IN YOUR OWN SKIN drawn tight,
 THUS, an incense-boat, full swing;
 HANDCLAPS of those pentecosting;
 water-dipping Baptist preachers;
 garlanding of certain creatures
 (as do Hindus); ritual washing
 ere to Mecca, earthward BASHING, ~~all~~
 all of these do have their say
 in the choice of how men pray.

Me mind RUNS, as I write this
 on Aunt Adrie (you IN BLISS).

NOVEMBER

Q 16

OCTOBER

Me Aunt Adra ^{is} a BORN VISITOR;
KNOWS city churches; an INQUISITOR
into the Baptists, Seventh-Day, Wesley,
visited Catholics, CONVERSED ~~ALL~~ DAZELY
WITH Bible-eating SEVEN KEYS MEN;
even to a poco ~~more~~ YARD NOW and then.

KNOWING me LIKING for taking far TRAVELS
She always takes me to ~~the~~ ^{distant} these REVELS.

To ^{the} HOLY Rollers, a dwelling-house church,
holding her hand as we prance and lurch,
And watched her face as it livers and laughs

TER tells ~~me~~ The sisters of the ^{ROLLERS} she CRAFT
~~the~~ ^{FACE} dancing bones moving high;
long-fingered hands help her hearers DESPY.

~~At the~~ ~~constant~~ ~~Chagley~~ Chagley Park Road
CROSS ROADS, HALF-WAY TREE
Long mountain, Pound Road, far places she KNOWED.

aa

in candlelight. Bowed heads, listening,
of worshippers.

And I am thanking
there are no trams ^{WITH} iron wheels clanking.
Only the rubbers of hackneys hauling.
And soft-falling hooves.

And a distant calling
of a ship's ^{SUMMONS TO} ~~speeding~~ a pilot tardy.

And a wind's murmur as it tugs at the hardy
branches of guinep in the graveyard. And ^{And}
the small lift of the Celebrant's hand
crossing himself. (As now, we ~~do~~ too ^{And}
at altar, ~~and~~ stall, in every pew.

For, in all the Mass, ^{'tis} here ~~that~~ that, we,
at the foot of the Cross, ^{NOW TRULY} ~~in truth~~, see.

Satan ^{(THOUGH Good} seems ~~not~~ how you seek.

^{[to} trades with ~~the~~ ^{strong} and plunders ~~the weak~~ weak.
~~But~~ ^{either way} ~~and~~ ^{either way}, you stand to lose.

Fact, its fixed. You cannot choose.

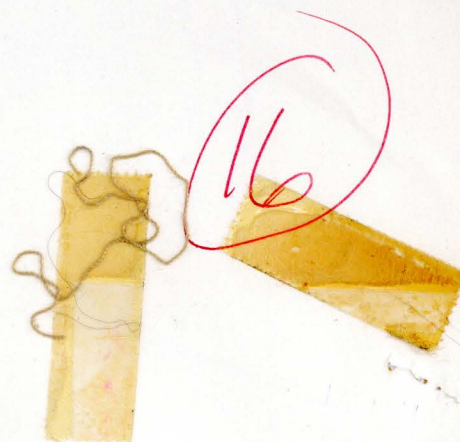
The internalities of the Mass
causes change to come to pass
inside yourself; support eschewals
of the outside.

Hence the ~~rituals~~ rituals: ^{and}
music, candles, incense, ~~the~~ Word,
helps the inner voice be heard
~~clearly~~ insulated in the soul.
Noble purpose. Blessed role.

Being of age ~~now~~, ^{NOW} know for sure
what ^{things} ~~is~~ fleeting; what endure. ****

SO WE flowed into the pre-coda portion
about the Spirit;

the music an ocean
encompassing us; in which, joyously
proud of our craft, we are wondrously
certain ^{and} strong. (The great harmonies ^{and}
roll from among us, the Five Colonies



{me Aunt Adri, a ~~born~~ visitor

TAKE IN NEW PIECE
re Baptists etc

PRE CODA

I feel not at all. ~~WE~~ DO NOT PRESUME

(P. 17)

says that humbling prayer; Not in a gloom
but ^{ON} downright declaring we know our limits.

We boast ^{we are} freeborn, but, in His sight, manumits.

(B)

of Song People ^{to} Mr Dignum, gather,
for Mr Gounod's song.

Now the Father,
Son, Spirit sung, we go to the Coda
confirming Sacraments; being the ode a
Council at Nicene, year 325,
wrote ~~i~~ as its credo in ~~h~~ God Alive..

SANCTUS

As the first soft notes of the Sanctus steal
out in a murmur

HOLY, HOLY,

kneel

at the sopranos' lyric invitation,

^{the} ~~and~~ surging passages of affirmation,
in ~~xxxx~~ Angels' Story,

^{all} ~~so~~, richly met, ^A they ~~link~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~the~~ ~~report~~ in
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ crescendo to GLORY! GLORY!

The royal words! Each inwardly glowing.

All of a certainty, All of a flowing. ***

BENEDICTUS

And so, ^{its} ~~it~~ over. Soft clearings of throats.
We ~~settle~~ back. Me mind plucks at ~~the~~ notes.

For the Benedictus (Blessed is He)

always come out, to me, awkwardly

after the strong ^{Sanctus,} ~~syntaxed~~ Sanctus.

Sadly but true; searching, ~~right~~ ~~or~~ none among
You know what is true? Mr Dignum and us

~~IF AYE, WE HAVE~~ ~~scanned a score~~
~~seldom have found a setting~~ to rouse

most choir singers. (One sort of ploughs ~~drop~~

through to Hosanna! and even here

~~NO RAISING ROOFS~~. No mighty cheer.

Yet, ^{this} ~~as the~~ last song to the Humble Access,

should ^{it} ~~we~~ be lively? Heel-kicking? ~~XXXXXXXX~~ Rack-less?

stat (11)

And listening to the Messe
Solonelle
to the special gifts which
only dwell
in hearts and minds of a
gifted few,
all other hearts so lifted,
knew
our deep-felt joy, indeed the
rightness
that here, indeed, were Im-
age and Likeness.
After all these years, yet,
Gounod, remembered
in the Sanctus, returns un-
encumbered
in its haunting adoration.
Still, a continuing
oblation.

I feel not at all. We do not
presume { says that
humbling prayer, not
in a
not gloom; but
Ebut a damn right de-
claration, ~~we~~ ~~KNOWING~~
limits, [we ~~are~~ ~~be~~ ~~think~~ we
in His sight
but ~~not~~ ~~manly~~ MANUMITS.

INTO THE CANON ~~the~~ ^{NOW we} internalize
the awesome ^{privilege} ~~presumption~~ we exercise

^{When we} intake an ~~an~~ ^S Omnicient God!
^{Receiving} ~~His~~ Body ~~and~~ ^{Accepting His} Blood! ~~Starch~~ and ~~Root~~!

[A Small Story]

How quiet we were in ~~the~~ ~~Humb~~ Humble Access!

In ~~the~~ Consecration! We were distractless.

Though young, we knew the awesome import
of Bread ^{become} ~~of~~ Host^t; and tried to comport.

And when the Moment was marked by the bell,
with Celebrant we prayed truly and well.

Yet,

as a Chronicler trying to tell
all that I may, you must hear this as well.

A nice little trick long ago was thought up
by ~~ancient~~ ^a Rector^h so the Ringer was brought up
to the ~~moment~~ ^{beat}, ~~when~~ ^{the} Elevation of ~~the~~ Host:

^{When} the bell in the graveyard ~~would be~~ ^{was} struck. But lost
to sight or sound of the ~~service~~ ^{the}, the Ringer
is ^{quite} unaware of the moment the Singer
reaches the Consecration. So ^{was} ~~devised~~ ^h

the X little game where a Server apprised
the Ringer by shaking a six-foot ~~wind~~ ^{aperture} CASEMENT

~~and~~ ^{once} ~~and~~ ^{wake} an Imp ~~and~~ ^{the Puck} to the Server's debasement. ^{and}
For it ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~duly~~ ^{duly} attracted one of our fellows.

Never found ~~at~~ ^{at} which. [But, one morning, huge bellows ^{and}
from the great bell shattered the singing
of Stainer's Agnus, so gentle; bringing
forests of heads to the graveyard ^{swinging} ~~turning~~
to see through the walls at this heret ^{trical} ~~burning~~ ^{singing}

I think the great prayer of the Gucharist
the "broken-and-contrite" as is list
is that HEART-CRY: WE DO NOT PRESUME!
~~As~~ ^{as} we ask access to the Upper Room

I We do not presume, O Lord, to attend
T at Your guest feast, or to our knees
A send
L together the crumbs from under Your
I Table
C being unworthy. Yet You are
S able...

In a small way, I think
back now
that though we were young, we
knew somehow.

19

quite horrified at the uproar, ~~the~~ clapper on bow
during the Lamb of God adagio.

Poor Ringer. He had indeed received
the signal but ~~was~~ ^{had been} hoodwinked, deceived,
not noticing that the shaken window
was not the usual ~~one~~. Such sin, though,
was thenceforth denied. A designated
and guarded casement was henceforth slated.

I have not used
this; don't think it necessary.

Take in from
p. 20

How quiet we are!

Today, I perceive
that each of our small souls did somehow receive
an understanding of being witnesses
to humanity's reach for the sacred mysteries.
And ~~when~~ ^{at the} Elevation, ~~the~~ ^{when} the great bell rings
and the Celebrant, in the Ecstasy, sings
the words of consecration as he raised the Host ---
Lord, we ~~were~~ ^{were} holy!

Come, Holy Ghost!

And so we continued, through the Partaking
when we, our Bach's Jesu Joy undertaking
had Mr Dignum's right-handed phrasing, and the sopranos hardly raising
above a whisper, nobody could
think we ~~ever~~ ^{had} been less than good.

(Of course, by the time the Last Gospel ended
AND WE had duly genuflected

we were ready once more for ~~the~~ ^{essential} continuity

quite forgetting
whom we'd been

CHINNING

(L) (E)

The Agnus Dei (Oh Lamb of God,
David asks comfort of Staff and bell)

* fills our small chests as melodious chanting
* rise to the vault of the ^{CHANCEL;} ~~chanting~~ Haunting
* all our small ^{THOUGHTS} ~~chords~~ the Church's children.
Aged now, the wonder with which we were filled then
still has a quality to make us free
of POORLY minds, without imagery.

Let come by the time the last Gospel ended And we had duly genuflected
We ~~are~~ ^{re} ready ~~once more~~ for another sinning [Dive forgetting with whom we had been chinning.

SCENTS
fragrance
Take in on Pig
small of incense
tantalizingly
exciting

111
376

he

Pa-

The Sacred Host.

Here now is Being.

1

~~Handwritten signature~~

TAKE IN AT P21

h

but

with which we were Affected
 still has the quality
 to make us free
 (with feelings)
 with which we were Affected
 still has the quality
 to make us free
 (with feelings)
 with which we were Affected
 still has the quality
 to make us free
 (with feelings)

[illegible]

Small pic of Paroch Church.

Have Printer BREAK WITH A ~~Paroch~~ candle

OX-blood shoes

Between Ash Wednesday and Easter-day

FOR FACEY'S Portfolio

1

The P.101 Boat
30' long
3' beam

LAYS ~~the~~ the church's ancient way of telling Man the central reason for its founding. ^{His} ~~was~~ the season

Passiontide; which, Christians hold, ~~is~~ ^{us} ~~hope for~~ a better world

after death; when comes fulfilment of the 2nd while.

~~World without end~~ Gents' Agreement:

WICK KENSINGTON

that we'll win, however we pained.

~~of the 2nd while. ~~World without end~~ Gents' Agreement: ~~the 2nd while. ~~World without end~~ Gents' Agreement: ~~the 2nd while. ~~World without end~~ Gents' Agreement:~~~~~~

~~that we'll win, however we pained.~~

That ~~the~~ Earth-loss is Paradise ~~regained~~.

Between Ash Wednesday and Easter-day,

put on wear your hairshirt; Satan's flay: ^{on}

is the Miserere of long Lent.

a Sombre ^{time} ~~Rebive~~ Repent.

for Forty days (excluding Sabbaths)

^{all} we are Davids facing ~~our~~ Goliaths

of omissions and wrongs done ^{off of}

[The Pact Baptismal with the One.]

~~the~~ ^{our} ~~contact with the One.~~

~~to the~~ ^{the} ~~contact with the One,~~

First break in this dismal season

is Palm Sunday ⁱⁿ Sober reason?

Yet ^{the} ~~the~~ candles are lit again;

~~the~~ Sable cloths ~~lain~~ away again

for awhile. ^{And} ~~the~~ joyously;

sing: Ride on! In majesty!

This is an EXCERPT from my 3-volumed

The Kingdom Chronicles from the first section titled Eastin

which deals up to 18 yrs old.

TITLE: WAKE THE TOWN AND TELL THE PEOPLE

But a short-lived celebration.

Between Ash Wednesday and Easter Day
 is the church's ancient way
 of telling Man the central reason
 for its ~~foundings~~ ^{its} ~~foundations~~---it is the season
 of Passiontide; in which Christians hold
 is our
~~the race's~~ hope for a vbetter world
 after death; when comes fulfilment;
 world without end. The Gent's Agreement:
 of Real Presence, whatever we do,
 if, at each Fall, ~~we~~ seek ~~to~~ renew.

Twixt

From Ash Wednesday/~~to~~ Easter Day
 wear your hairshirt; Satan's flay:
 comes-the-scouring-forty week-days;
 miserere
~~Miserere~~ of long Lent

during which we should repent.
 Forty days (excluding Sabbaths).
 Davids facing our Goliaths
 of omissions and wrongs done
 to our ~~the~~ compact with the One.

First break in this ~~season~~ dismal season
 is Palm Sunday; ~~a short festival~~ ^{sober reason---} ---

But the candles are lit again!

And the sable cloths are lain
For awhile. And,
 from the Altar. Joyously:
Ride on! Ride on in majesty!

But a short-lived celebration

USE THIS

I had been a choirboy for some while

when the time came for a change in the style of ~~the long~~ ^{our} cassocks from black to purples;

lighter materials, ^{stuff} instead of your turtles;

^{Surplice - sleeves} ~~in sable~~ ^{being} ~~surplice sleeves~~ ^{HALVED} cut away

up to the elbows; ~~used to~~ ^(got in the way) at the water pipe,

when we drank from the pipe before the procession

of clergy, ~~and~~ choir; for no intercession, [(save illness) TAMED ^{MR} ~~Porro~~]

~~(some)~~ ^{save from} Johnson's attention, ~~it~~

~~and~~ ^{nonpareil} ~~surplice~~ ^{which at once} ~~surplice~~ ^{bought} a fortnight's suspension

~~if~~ ^{if} during the service you went from the stall.

Shot Easter-day was the ~~chosen~~ ^{chosen} ~~time~~ ^{time}

to wear ~~the~~ ^{new} robes. ~~And~~ ^{and} ~~interwoven~~ ^{interwoven} with those ~~white~~ ^{was} ~~the~~ ^{another} ~~election~~ ^{election} of Mr Dignum's Solemn

that ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~special~~ ^{special} (think 'twas 'twenty-four);

~~plus~~ ^{plus} ~~guest soloists~~ ^{guest soloists}, brass, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~strings~~ ^{strings}, and ~~getting~~ ^{getting}

the great John Lyons to solo the Sanctus,

KYRIE ~~eleven~~ ^{eleven} ELEISON, CREED,

And that was the Easter when Modda bought me

and Len, the ~~Scotch tweed~~ ^(PANTS AT THE KNEE) ~~ones~~ ^{ones} came

long ~~ones~~ ^{ones} later), ~~Shantung silk shirt~~ ^{Shantung silk shirt},

Clark shoes, ribbed ~~ones~~ ^{ones} socks, ~~leather~~ ^{leather} ~~girt~~ ^{girt}.

Nobody provider, Not even the Rector, as we robed in the vestry,

~~was~~ ^{was} ~~broader~~ ^{broader} than me; ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ the vestry.

Now up, you'd think me a judge in Consistory [as in the picture

of St Paul's] arguing the doctors in ~~the~~ ^{the} senate walls.

Our Rectors were ~~white~~ ^{white} (to remind us

that with the angels and Jesus they were in status?

Why so? Cause the

Below, is for the full book

CRUST and meat; [Oh perfect love of East Street! BREAK 0 0 0]

lasts a day. Then back to sorrow.

Holy Week begins tomorrow.

Holy Week of marked lament.

Cassocks black. The days of Lent

being a time of sadness rampant;

hymns are anguished. Praying cauterant.

And, at end, there is Good Friday.

(Good? That weep-away? Satan's high-day?)

But I speak of this elsewhere.

Now, its Easter! Banish care

and with gladness celebrate

this prime feast of priest and laic.

Be a nonpareil who's right to be

being,
of mortal,
device,
creation, device,

CAPTURED HE'LL BE BY THE ACOLYTE GANG!

Who seem to think they're the whole shebang
seeking High Schoolers for their Guild ...

"But what do they get? A pikni-hybrid!"

And so they get a pikni-hybrid!

UWI Libraries

THAT WITH ANGELS AND JESUS THEY WERE IN STATUS

We knew ^{the} ~~cause~~ ^{white pants who could} the Sunday School cards they gave us had pictures of ~~the~~ ^{pure} heavenly host which would save us.

All their skins ~~white~~ ^{bare} as fish, belly-up, and faced ~~pure~~ ^{pure} as when they caught Miss Nellie up

"riding the bricks;" She taught at St Michaels,

and wore long dresses and ~~were too~~ ^{also} bifocals.

Nobody knew ~~(heard Aunt Caro tell)~~ ^{why she got on so well}

~~any~~ ^{PR} with Sunday School supe, ~~[heard Caro tell]~~

until the night on McWhinney Street,

in the dark ~~part~~ ^{of} part, a wall twenty feet

high, which makes it a ~~small~~ ^{LONG} mall General Penitentiary wall, flanked by the

an auto light suddenly swung ~~(the bend)~~ ^{Clear-caught!} and there they were! ~~love-denned!~~

And Rae Town wondered: why had they not gone ~~down~~ ^{THE} ~~into~~ ^{THE} the gulley ~~they~~ ^{THE} were so hot?

"Instead," Caro said, "to be caught fornicating."

But Modda frowned and said: "Caro, say mating."

'Cause ~~the~~ ^{wide-eyed boys,} two ~~boys,~~ ^{len, stood} me and ~~modda~~ ^{hard as we could -)} stood close, listening, ~~nudging one another.~~

But I'm telling you of ~~me~~ ^{Twenty-three} Shantung ~~elder~~ ^{cassock} ~~What's gone before is just the yeaster.~~ ^{surplie. Boy, were}

So, now, ~~it's~~ ^{EASTER} bright morning; Sun shining through the ~~Saints~~ ^{Saints} and ~~apostles~~ ^{apostles} so they all look new, there, in the arch of the ~~Great East~~ ^{Great East} Casement, stained in grand colours, awaiting the Mass, meant to honour the greatest and highest church feast:

~~New robes and new clothes.~~ ^{cassock, surplie. Boy, were}
~~What with~~ ^{me NEW-BRAND Mass to be}
~~SUNG~~ ^{SUNG} [New Scotch Tweed
suit and ~~the~~ shirt
of Shantung.]

5
New
2nd reading

START HERE FOR Cleaner Excerpt

~~while~~ Mr Dignum played Jesu by Bach.

and Purcell and Elgar and not envious

Use
"Formerly Ring"
to say will use
this for office
Hyman

BREAK →

White ~~20~~ 21

Man's wish for peace comes to be
gratified ~~in fact~~
since Babak's lover
~~must be~~ ~~gratified~~
requires to be
justified.

of the lace^d and scarlet^{red} supercilious
mulatto^{and} brown boys^{they}; ~~the~~ the ones chosen
to bob like poppyshows, or to stand frozen
till the time comes for them to take ~~their~~ orders:
Go for this! Carry this! Straighten the borders
at the tail of your cassock whenever you kneel
~~See~~ it falls squarely over the heel!"

But now, its tomorrow! Easter^{Bob} already!
We ~~each~~ take our places, ^{fully} trained, ~~fully~~ steady
after months of practise each Thursday night:
Crescendo! Diminuendo! Till ~~it came out~~ right!

~~Will~~ you share a small boy's moment?

As in ~~the~~ the vestry, as we form for the post-Lent
lifting of the pall of the Church's Sad Forty

Soon to commence with the silent sortie
of robed choirboys behind the Verger

with his crowned staff, black-gowned liturger.

^{In Back} ~~the~~ ^{OF HIM} ~~the~~ the crucifix-bearer!

Hands firm on the post! Set the transverse squarer!

No whispers, you! Eyes straight ahead!

Hands clasped in prayer — ^{LIKE} as if you ^{were} dead!

Then, smaller boys with the candlesticks, pacing
the incense swinger: ^{Slow! Slow!} Keep the order! No racing!

Low-voiced injunctions issuing from
the stern M.C. in ^{the} ~~the~~ cingulum

as we nervously wait for the priest's invocation
to send us into the nave, and procession.)

A little shivery under cassocks and surplices;

such Eton-collars itching; ~~at~~ ^{SHAKY} knee novices; clearings of throats; palms dried on gowns; wondering whether we'll be capable of sounds

when the time comes to open the Hymnal

CLOSE UP at the place marked for the Processional.

And we hear the church breathing, a kind of soft gale

far down the sea-field. ^{NO} Gobble ^{AS} if we fail!

BREAK ^{A mountain in January} But Mister Dignum, ^{COOL AS} ^{JANUARY} ^{CALMS US WAITING TO ENTER} ^{CALMING US WITH} ^{ON HIS HIGH SHOE UP IN} ^{THE VOLUNTARY} ^{familiar AIR [from} ^{WELL-LOVED} ^{SCORES. (We form in pairs.)} ^{drop}

BREAK ^{Softly we sing} ^(O O O) In the vestry, we ^{and} the Amen sector!

to ^{OFFICE-PRAYERS.} ^{BEAR} ^{TO} ^{the Rector}

^{BOWS} and lifts his staff to Mister Dignum. The call!

^{Biggy can} ^{from} ^{the organ} ^{see} ^{the vestry} ^{from his bench} in the stall;

And he sways and rocks to the keyboard console,

Moves his feet, shrugs ^{LOOSE} ^{The} organist's cowl

and ^{with great SONORITY} the great organ, ^{triumphantly} ^{IN TONAL} ^{power}

^{enters} ^{sonorously} ^{the heart place of} ^{christendom;}

ENTERS ^{the heart place of} ^{christendom;}

SINGS: At The Lamb's High Feast We Come! ^{caps}

BREAK And we step forward, suddenly unharried;

the heavy hymnal, ^{now} lightly carried

The glorious outrush of breath sending forth

the poetry and music for all we're worth. ^{And we enter the NAVE marching in} ^{PAIRS} ^{The Easter Hymn} ^{sings} ^{away} ^{all} ^{our} ^{hears.}

BREAK And, there! Straight ahead! A sunburst through ^{2 drops}

the Great East Window is gold and blue!

The images of saints, apostles, Jesus!

And small cherubs too, to sort of tease us!

Familiar Family, ^{FROZEN} ^{still} in their stained glass

but, somehow, ^{alive} ^{celebrating} ^{their} ^{Mass.}

~~(Yet~~ ^{all the same} ah, ^{that me friend} well, I'm aware ~~of my friends~~, George Clark
who marches beside me, in a kind of bark

is singing the line after Feast we come:

^{Thus:}
"Leaving more and bringing some."

But should "Porro" Johnson, our Secretary,
marching behind us, ^{over} ~~hear~~ ^{the} ~~his~~ heeey,
then poor George will collect a suspension:

"Forty days, boy, from now to Ascension!"

Goerge is shorter than me, ~~but~~ somewhat thicker
and wears the ^{baggiest} ~~biggest~~ tweed knickerbocker.

Came from Panama. Boards in Georges Lane
with the Grizzells. ^{family.} Great talker, vain,
and dances the Charleston like nothing on earth.
Talks baseball, not cricket. A master of mirth.
We argued politics from age about ten.

He for America, me for Britain,
but easily floored me by pointing out, that,
a black "lootenant" in ~~a~~ U.S. army hat
frequently occurred; ^{but} the English never
took us further than sergeant-major.

Though I pointed out, "Mister" Clark, he'd enjoy
if he lived here. In America? "Hey, boy!"
We're great friends, ^{go STALL-WARDS} ~~march to stalls~~ together;
being the smallest, we fronted the tether.)

FOR
BOOK

Take IN at
back

(Take in over)

I work me toes in me Clark's to see
pebbles & things that would cause misery
in the processions (there are two on high days).
In march, as in singing, we had our ways.
We were careful to see boot-laces were tied
Knee stockings secured; gravity defied
in braud-belted trousers & embarrassment lurked
under those cassocks whenever we KIRKED.
More than one boy has stumbled or fell
because his bootlaces were not bowed well
and stepped on, one foot suddenly immovable,
the not-knowing rest-of-him went uncontrollable.

Now, Solemn High Mass to the Messe Solenelle
is a long haul, three hours, I can tell,
when you consider prayers to be ^{chant} ~~intended~~,
even the Gospel (on the Tomb) ^{is descanted} ~~to be intended~~.

We must be fit to handle all this;
[you will be angry] ~~if a note you miss~~ if a note you miss;

For ~~we~~ (now I know) we were proud boy-singers
and had our code. And ~~at~~ though no bell-ringers
for honour, ~~we~~ craft, or art, no pretence,
we were ~~somehow~~ aware of excellence.

Thoughts such as these scurry through me head
as we process to the main aisle. Ahead
is the flowered ~~Great~~ Table, ^{on which} ~~on which~~ tapers glitter —
^{catch} Lord, make this choirboy never sing sweeter!

Some povertied mind may not understand
~~Some povertied mind may not understand~~
a small boy's thoughts at a moment so grand.
(Our ~~most~~ grievous loss to this world's plunder
^{comes when we lose} ~~is to have lost~~ our sense of wonder.)

Stealing quick glances, marching the aisle,
to catch the proud looks cast on our file
by the fond parents of fellows we know;
whispering to neighbours: "There goes so-and-so!"
Bobby Rhoden's mum from Foster Lane,
high-stepped as ours and with a vane
of jealousies. ^{Drop} ~~Percy Miller's "Mum":~~
~~they live on Laws Street, me closest chum.~~
they live on Laws Street, me closest chum. ^{go to P. J.}

And see the Andersons? Sons Windsor, ~~and~~ Marven;

the last a ~~great~~ sprinter, likely eleven
for the hundred yards ~~dash~~ at our CLB sports
(~~the~~ Church Lads Brigade, ~~see~~ me other reports).

And Frank McLaren's ~~voice~~; he's at Calabar High, soon to
soon to outgrow his treble, and ~~soon~~, then, ~~why~~,
he'll be captured by the acolyte gang!

Who think they are the whole shebang;
seeking high schoolers for their Servers' Guild:

"But what do they get? A pikni hybrid!"

~~TEERS~~ ~~rages~~ George Clark, "A broken-down singer
they'll train to become a candlestick-bringer!"

(But somewhat bitter; for, in each, worry stirs
that soon ~~we'll~~ no longer ~~be~~ be boy-choristers.

For, proud ~~sopranos~~, some ~~quite~~ angelic,
we know ~~we're~~ doomed. Ahead, catatonic,
close-out of trebles, our voices "cracked",

No longer winging, soon we'll be sacked!

~~Yet, still,~~ ~~we're eager~~ ~~gain our men's~~
Though ~~we~~ ~~want~~ forward to ~~building~~ voices

and join the back stalls in ~~either~~ choices,

~~tenor or baritone and wear long pants,~~
~~and no suspensions for filling our wants.)~~

~~Now,~~ ~~and~~ then, at the head, as the thuribler swept

his censer across the northern transept,

I look to me left, me Modda to greet,

~~and~~ the Aunts, ~~and~~ singing at the Goldsmith's feet.

(The Goldsmith? ~~As I told~~ you elsewhere, ~~that~~,
~~MARKER~~

the ~~memorial~~ to John Wolmer where me family sits.) ~~XXXXX~~ TAKE
IN

And Aunt Caro winks, but I keep me straight face,

for Modda is strict about falling from grace

~~when~~, ~~rebed~~, I help lead the Celebrant

to the High Altar with me gift of ~~xxxxx~~ descant. ~~Go to 9~~

ENVOI (21)

On AFTERPART: Today I'm as thrilled
with the new music that's ^{MOSTLY} BILLED
as ^{the} "Folk Masses" whose powerful RHYTHM
of Reggae, MENTO, without SOLECISM
takes OUR OWN WAYS, OUR MOUNTAINS and VALLEYS,
OUR JOYS and TRIALS, OUR SOBERS and SALLIES
INTO the WORSHIP; and thus draws us ^{NEARER}
through our own psyche, to ~~TRINE and CLOS~~
SEE, WE THINK, CLEARER.

(21)

^{Brought}
[SUCH AS ~~BRING~~ ^{THEY} ~~that brought~~ to the ~~DATA~~ pivot-windows, the heads
of the Park-men, hard-arguing ~~REDS~~ MISLEDS
(Micky says) ~~and~~ come from under the trees,
from sparkling fountain, the hum of bees,
from green slab-benches in the cool shade
of banyan, fustic, tamarind, laid
along the paths, with small domed pavilions
of scrolled ironwork; and ~~like~~ ^{LIKE} postillions
around the basin, on thin metal chains, [SWING
iron drinking-cups; and from the mains
^sweet Hope River water ~~these~~ pagodas provide.

[BUT ALL]

CLOSE UP

THESE

All these they leave to stand outside
at ~~Salem~~ Mass, to hear ^{us} ~~and~~ famed ~~creatures~~
and Evensong when we have ~~and~~ preachers
as P.W. Gibson, or Ethelred Brown,
or Bishop deCarteret, or other renown.

small

IF
THERE'RE
GUEST
PREACHERS

F

21

We all feel the drain.

~~The work was hard,~~ ~~and~~ ~~the weather was bad,~~ ~~and~~ ~~my skills,~~

we trained, and worked, and gained prond skills ***

[CODA]

...0...
only celebrant

It was not, I now know, a priest,
visiting players nor solo artiste,
Shantung silk shirt, ribbed knee-sock,
fields of faces tilted to look
on us choirboys singing the Solonelle,
soaring and turning on the immortelle ---
none of these were central that Easter Day.
It was old Diggs at the triple-tiered bay.

Mister

From pole to pole P20
etc
Take in from
P20

The Eto me, what was central
that Easter Day

Hour after hour, he had honed the score,
beating out time on the pedal floor,
carefully taking us, line on line,
howling at faulty, lauding fine;
walking slowly the unending aisle
to the Great West Door, listen awhile,
plod back slowly out of the dark, and
~~oooooooooooooooooooo~~
growing ever taller in the words, and he stop and hark; and
putting hand to ear, cry: "No, no, no!
Sing it 'Ho-o-ly...' Make it flow!"
Stopping athwart Sailor Benbow's tomb,
he'd te semaphore to us the illume
he'd have us fetch to our poorly seen
reading of the Musician's paen.

That great Easter of ~~Nineteen~~ ^{March} Twenty-three
When Diggy did the Solonelle with me.

Between Ash Wednesday ^{and} Easter-day

is the church's ancient way

of telling ^{to} Man the central reason

for its founding. ^{It} is the season,

of Paschentide; which, Christians hold,

^{promised} ~~to us~~ ^{of} ~~hope~~ ^{for} a better world

after death when comes fulfilment:

~~World-without-end~~ ^{of the earth} Gents' Agreement

of Real Presence, ⁱⁿ whatever we do,

if, each Fall, we seek ^{RE-SEEK} renew.

*That we'll win, however we
pained [from Paradise lost, to it
regained.*

*Paradise
regained.*

'Twixt Ash Wednesday ^{and} Easter-day,

wear your hairshirt! ^{Satan's} flay!

Miserere of long Lent.

^{TIME} ~~staying~~ ^{of REPINE,}
Sombre shoving to repent.

Forty days (excluding Sabbaths)

Dauids facing ^{our} Goliaths

of omissions and wrongs done

^{our} ^{of} ^{FONTIN 9} ^{our} compact with the One.

The First break in this dismal season,

^{comes on} is Palm Sunday. ^{FOR a} ^{living} Sober reason.

But the candles are lit again!

And the sable cloths are lain ^{away} again

for awhile. And, joyously,

we sing: Ride on! In majesty!

But, ^{yet} ^{it's} ^{but} a short-lived celebration.

For ^{our great hymns} the song of approbation

lasts ^{but} a day. Then, back to sorrow.

Holy Week ^{commences} begins tomorrow.

Then Daily masses of lament.

Robed in cassocks only. Lent being a time of sadness rampant.

Hymns are anguished prayers cauterant.

And, in end, there comes Good Friday.

Good? That should be: "Here comes glum-day!"

But we talk of this elsewhere.

Now, it's Easter! Banish care!

And with me come celebrate this prime feast of priest and laity.

In particular of Twenty-three
the year I'm ten. But let that be
so me Chronicle proceeds to tell
of when we sang the Solovelle
Easter-day at the morning Mass.
This was how it came to pass.

But let's go on as I tell
of the time we sang the Palm
Easter Day at the morning
sacrament.
Here is how it came to pass.
the way we end the
lenten lament.

Use the other
P. 3

3

I had been a choirboy for some while

when time came for a change in the style

of ~~our~~ ^{the long} robes; cassocks from black to purples;

lighter materials, instead of your turtles

in sable; ~~wool~~ ^{sleeves of} surplice ~~skewers~~ ^{HALVED} cut away

up to the elbows; used to get in the way ~~of the water pipe, which was drawn from the pipe of the~~ ^{at the water pipe, before the procession}

when we drank from the pipe before the procession ~~it was~~ - drop

of clergy and choir. For no intercession

~~but some~~ ^{turn} ~~(save illness)~~ ^{FORWARD} ~~could~~ ^{TAMES} Mr Johnston's attention. ~~He at once stung you~~

and right away, a fortnight's suspension) ~~left~~

if, during the service you the stall.

Easter-day was the day ^{by the Rector} chosen ~~for each~~

to dress in new robes. But, ^{for reasons} even more,

that Easter was special, (think 'twas 'Twenty-four);

^{For} Gounod's Messe Solonelle ^{who} for the setting,

^{for the mass} guest soloists, ^{with} brasses, strings, and ~~also~~ getting drop

the great John Lyons to solo the Sanctus,

Creed, the Kyrie and Benedictus.

^{The} And also the Easter when Modda bought me

The grey Scotch Tweed (not yet past me knee;

long pants was later) and Shantung silk shirt,

Clark shoes, ribbed ~~knee~~ ^a socks, real leather ~~for~~ girt.

Not even the Rector, as we robed in the vestry,

Was prouder than me; itchy-necked in me bravery.

^{The} Our Rectors ^{was white. Always. Likely} were always white, ^{to tell us,} (to remind us
with the angels and Jesus, ^{this was the} they were in status?

Use the
other P. 3

3

4

to each boy when we (so willing!)

ing: Oh, ^{ITALS}Perfect Love at spousals.
[^{INTENT}(Shillings prove to be arousals
greater even than Sen-Sen
for the voice. We truly wren.)

(Shillings prove to be arousals
greater even than Sen-Sen
for the voice. We truly wren.)

Afterwards, we all go east;

a Commercial Patty-feast

(much
at the Chinese place ~~at the~~ meat!)

^{ITALS}Perfect love at East Queen Street!

⊙

But to get on
~~But to get on~~ I must tell

~~of~~ when we sang the Solonelle

~~of~~ Easter-morn at Sacrament;

marks

~~marking~~ the end of ~~mark~~ Lent's lament

EASTER - DAY

OLD ENGLISH

Easter-day was the time chosen
for new robes. And interwoven
with new clothes, the nice election
for music-score; "Diggy's" selection.

^{INTENT}→ St Cecilia's was the setting;
strings and brass; and also getting

Resurrection of Jesus the Christ, High Priest.

Last evening, we took down the black altar-front,
undraped the crucifix, lectern and font,
brought out the purple and red cassocks, changing
the mournings of Lent: our form of Abstaining.

Ladies of the Altar Guild ^{Radios} brought in the flowers
still rain-damp ^{and SKINNY} glittering from April showers;
aired the Sacristy, ~~put~~ white cloth on Credence,
polished Predellas, one humming in sequence
soft Eucharist hymns as she ^{BRushed} rubbed at the shelf
in time to the organ, and, crossing herself,
shuffled from Epistle to Gospel and back;
while Mr Dignum played ^{practising} Jesu by Bach.

Last evening, Holy Saturday, was all preparations:

Pre-Sanctified Mass, doing the Stations,
collecting me sixpence from Modda ^{and marched} to attend
^{to} the Chinaman's laundry for me Etons, stiffened
blade-taut ^{test by} as watch-springs at "Willie, late of Hong Kong;"

one for the morning and the other, Evensong.

^{How} We've been through the ^{worked at} setting of ^{score} the Charles Gounod's!

Full choir and instruments, ^{at} all the solos

^{While} worked ^{our} rehearsals at the foot of the Altar,

acolytes and censers moving well, no falter
to put ^{tiny} frowns on the ^{our Rector} Celebrant, watching from the

^{And} while we, choirboys, at the stall sides batching,
whisper our jokes at the dumb show; vainer
that we are professionals, familiar with Stainer
and Purcell and Elgar and not envious

Scarlet and
of ~~the~~ face and ~~scarlet~~ on supercilious
mulatto or brown boys, ^{they} ~~are~~ the ones chosen
to bob like poppyshows, or to stand frozen
till the time comes for them to take ~~their~~ orders:
"Go for this! Carry this! Straighten the borders
at the tail of your cassock; whenever you kneel
^{See} that it falls squarely over the heel!"

Break o O o

But now ^{it} its tomorrow! Easter-~~day~~ already!
We each take our places, trained full, and steady
after months of practise each Thursday night:
Crescendo! Diminuendo! till ^{it} ~~we~~ had ^{come} ~~it~~ right!

o O o

May I
Can I ask you to share a small boy's moment

as in line, in the Vestry, ~~as~~ we form for the post-Lent
lifting ~~the~~ the pall of the Church's Sad Forty?

Soon to ^{begin} ~~begin~~ with the silent sortie
of robed choirboys behind the Verger

with his crowned staff, black-gowned liturger
who, ^{is followed by} ~~in turn,~~ gives over to the crucifix-bearer:

Hands ~~on~~ on the post! Set ~~the~~ transverse squarer!

No whispers, you! Eyes straight ahead!

Hands clasped in prayer — ^{like you were} ~~as if you're~~ dead!

Then, smaller boys, with the candlesticks, pacing
the incense swinger: ^{IN} ~~Keep the~~ order! No racing!

(Low-voiced injunctions issuing from
the stern M.C. in ^{black} ~~purple~~ cingulum)

as we nervously wait for the priest's invocation,
^{then to enter} ~~to send us into~~ the nave, and ^{the} procession.

66

7

A little shivery under cassocks and surplices;
Eton-collars itching at ^{poor} knocky-kneed novices;
clearing of throats; palms dried on gowns;
wondering whether we'll be capable of sounds
when the time comes to open the Hymnal
at the place marked for the Processional.

And we hear the church breathing, a kind of soft gale
far down the sea-field. Gobble us if we fail! *drop*

But Mister Dignum ^{, cool as January,} plays his voluntary,

^{calms us waiting to enter} waiting the signal we've entered the Sanctuary ^{in Canterbury} playing ^{the} voluntaries of

^{and} ^{and} ^{safely we sing} ^{to the pre-march busker.} In the vestry, we ^{and} the Amens sector ^{well loved scores. (Boys}

The Beadle bows to Bathurst-Hall, the Rector,

^{then} ^{and} lifts his staff to Mister Dignum. The call! *drop* ^{form in pairs}

(He can see the vestry-door from his bench in the stall.)

And he sways and rocks to the keyboard console,

Moves his feet, shrugs ^{his} ^{loose} his organist's cowl —

^{DEER} and CRASH! the great organ breaks triumphantly,

^{OF} ^{THE GREAT TONAL POWER} into the Easter Song, exultantly

^{heart place} enters the canon of Christendom!

^{Cath} ^{SINGING SINGS} At The Lamb's High Feast We Come!

And we step forward, Suddenly unharried;

heavy hymnal, psalters, now lightly carried,

^{On} ^{each} the glorious outrush of breath, sending forth

the poetry and music for all we're worth.

And, there! Straight ahead! A sunburst through

the Great East Window is gold and blue.

The images of saints, apostles, Jesus,

(and small cherubs too, to sort of tease us)

familiar Family, ^{so} still in ^{yet} ^{but} their stained glass

^{to} ^h ^{to} ^h somehow, alive, celebrating their Mass!

= go to 7
drop music

BREAK

~~(X) [redacted]~~, ^{B. Racket spurs} I'm aware of ^{me friend} George Clark,
who marches beside me, in a kind of bark
is singing the line after Feast we come:

^{Thus} "Leaving more and bringing some."

But should "Porro" Johnson, our Secretary,
marching behind us, hear ^{the} ~~his~~ heresy,
then poor George will ^{the} ~~cost~~ ^{the} a suspension:

"Forty days, boy, from now to Ascension!"

Goerge is shorter than me, somewhat thicker
and wears the ^{baggiest American} ~~fastest~~ tweed knickerbocker.

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He for America, me for Britain,
But easily floored me by ^{observing} ~~pointing out~~, that,
a black "lootenant" in ^a U.S. ~~army~~ hat
frequently occurred; the English never ^{sup}
took us further than sergeant-major.

Though I ^{told him, that,} ~~repeated~~ Mister Clark, he'd enjoy
if he lived here. In America? "Hey, boy!" ^{a drop}

We're great friends, march ^{STALL-wards} ~~together~~ together;
being the smallest, we fronted the tether.)

TAKE IN AT BACK

Take in At Front

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pebbles or things that could cause misery
in the processions (there are two on high dapp).

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We were careful to see bootlaces were tied;
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by brace-belted trousers; — embarrassment lurked
under those cassocks whenever we KIRKED.

More than one boy has stumbled or fell
because ~~his~~ ^{HIS} ~~bootlaces~~ ^{BOOTLACES} were not BOWED well;

and stepped on, one foot ~~was~~ suddenly immovable, ~~if~~
the NOT-KNOWING, REST-OF-HIM went UNCONTROLLABLE.

Drop
Now, Solemn High Mass to the Messe Solennelle
is a long haul, three hours, I can tell,
when you consider prayers to be litanied,
even the Gospel (on the Tomb) to be chanted.
*W*e must be fit to handle all this
for woe to you, if a note you miss;
for (now I know) we were proud boy-singers
and had our code. And although no bell-ringers
for honour, or craft, or art, ^{OR} ~~or~~ pretence,
we were, somehow, aware of excellence.

Thoughts such as these scurry through me head
as we process to the main aisle. ^{and} Ahead
is the flowered ~~Great~~ Table, on which tapers glitter —
Lord, make this choirboy never sing sweeter!

Drop
~~Somepovertied mind may not understand~~
~~is there some poor person who will not understand~~
at a ^{TIME} ~~moment~~ so grand;
a small boy's thoughts, — an ~~occasion~~ ^{occasion} so grand?

(Our ~~most~~ grievous loss to this world's plunder
comes when we lose to have lost
is ~~to have lost~~ our sense of wonder.)

Stealing quick glances, marching the aisle,
to catch the proud looks cast on our file
by the fond parents of fellows we know;
whispering to neighbours: "There goes so-and-so!"
Bobby Rhoden's mum from Foster Lane,
high-stepped as ours, and with a vane
of jealousies. Percy Miller's "Mum";
they live on Laws Street, me closest chum.
And see the Andersons? Sons Windsor and Marven;

Cliff Tyrell
"Jump, George, Jump"
Belham & Lawthe
Harris

THIS FOLLOWS "the memorial to John
Holmer where me family sit." *Five from bottom*
Me Aunt Mary Brooks, knows Parish Church lore
being the eldest sister, and what's more
worshipped in the old church before the 'Quake;
and, in 'Eleven, at the New Church stake
won her family seat at the Goldsmith's feet
that ~~the~~ Saturday ~~morning~~ *METE* when the pews were mete.
And Aunt Audrey Clarke, other of the sisters,
unhappily wed, but a courage that glisters
in the darker hours with a wry quip,
roll's her eyes in wonder at her lucky kinship.

Singing
~~every~~ "Hail, Festal" for the Procession,
choosing to ~~the~~ ~~CANTOR'S~~ ~~Chorus~~
Cantor and choro a CANTOR'S ~~lead~~ ~~in procession~~
in ~~multiphonal~~ ~~responses~~
in the ~~constant~~ ~~ritual~~
For Office Hymns

When all attended at
old Communion to draw presents in the new San-
ctuary ~~to draw~~ taking the place of the old P.C.
After our Royal work in the day

He liked being English; see how he walks!
Knees pumping proudly. Fingers like stalks
held stiffly out. The small smile he forces
if should by chance a happening endorses
the tensioned skin all wore buttoned closely,
less sudden stress it ruptured ^{it} ~~as~~ forcedly.
One evening at practise, the Sankey singing
of Raglan Philips' revivalists ringing
across from the Park, the camp-meeting howling
entered our Bach. Mr Dignum, scowling,
asked: This Philips, where is he from?"
"He's from Home! ^{England!} ~~He's English!~~" with teasing aplomb,
Mr Smith, our first bassman laughingly offered.
"No! — Yes?" Diggy, in shock, stumblingly proffered.

*But we like Old Diggy; he brings out the best
in his choir-colony. Never mind the rest.*

*the next copy
next
page*

B-copy

*add to
P. 19 Supp.*

(at 11)

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First to his left at the Chamber Group
of violin, cello, bass; a small swoop
of his head to the Epistle side
where the tenors, basses, the men reside.
"Remember, gents, its our grand festival
with guest singers, strings, ~~brass~~ — celestial!"
joked Mr Dignum, with his cautious grin,
at our last rehearsal, "so, then, gents, no gin!"
One or two basses and tenors ~~are~~ notorious
for being sometimes a teeny bit uproarious;
~~one of their colleagues being the owner~~
of a very nice tavern called The Sundowner,
with a Nine O'Clock License; so, aging along,
resonance is helped by a ~~tope~~ 'fore Evensong;
which ended too late to share the goodwill
of a colleague vintner. ~~But, yet still~~
never ~~would~~ they fire one before Eucharist.
Sober, ~~every~~ ^{each} one, as a First Catechist.
Music for the Mass, from the great Masters,
required clear heads. ~~For pride, they were~~ ^{So make them} faster.

A-Copy

at 11

Go to B-Copy

11 supp.

For Introit, ~~wezzang~~ that hymn of homely ring

Oh, Sons and daughters let us sing,

and then we sat, settling inside the stalls,

loosening Etons, loosening the falls

of the hot cassocks, to our knees for cooling

(an eye on Porro Johnson as we broke his ruling);

Swapping Sen-Sen and mint-sticks for clearing

throats. Marking hymn ~~places~~, responses, bearing

in mind, ~~that~~ the Mass requires the condition

of being ready. Must give it attention.

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Use the NEXT copy
NEXT PAGE

"Three-feet tall, leading God's go-between
up to the Altar!" Me Aunt Caro, with a grin.
(Me Aunt Caro. ~~Wrote about her~~ She's in NEW DAY,
me very first novel, from girl-child to gray.
There never was anyone quite like she.
Quite spoilt her two nephews, Len and me.)

But here we are now, at last, at the Altar;
have done ~~the~~ Our Father, and Collect, from Psalter;
and now ~~we~~ await Mr Dignum for the Kyrie
to set us on this journey of discovery.

Its part of the splendour to watch Mr Dignum
at the console of his musical kingdom:
Triple-tiered wonder of delicacy and power,
at whose great bellow, orchestras cower;
held in by its ^{short} slight suzerain,
or let full range, yet always on rein:
The brush of his cassock on the organ bench,
The squeak of his shoes on the pedals; Wrench
of the stops as he pulls them for starting;
Knock of the wind-pump, his round head darting
a glance right and left to take in the choir,
fingers plucking at the massive lyre, older than a c
older than a century, full of soft creakings,
groans, varnish smells, wheezings, small seekings.

And so, we ^{kefan} commenced the Solonelle

And marching the aide on the
brown, ribbed matting, ~~covering~~ ^{which}
the floor, through the soft SLAT-
TING [of me feet, feel, the knob
and dimples [of history in stone;
the elaborate unsimples, [unlike
virtues of imperial Rogues, [who
built their Empire by cunning
colloques [with some of our own,
greedy for wealth, [whether
African, Indian, China, the
stealth [STOLE the marauders
into great plunder [in
BODIES, RESOURCES, and
broke asunder [CULTURE
MORE ANCIENT than their
OWN [which for a brief day
blinked, and were blown.
[Beneath ~~neath~~ lay many A
LONG ago [TITLED RASCAL, AD-
MIRAL BENBOW [is the most
famed and Rightly; HE
[WAS A BRAVE SAILOR. I STEP
LIGHTLY.

XXXXXX

Ad B Copy

Stal

Stal

off

place,
e ~~Credg~~
me eyes

templat
1500 1700

that glowing

the lovely

~~40~~

12

1) Tuesday
 { ~~Tuesday~~ and Thurs-
 day, the song in me
 head as though Barry
 Street me Booga-boots
 fled.

49 organ and strings, fortissimo

lauding forth with ol' Charlie Gounod,
~~sheerly~~ sheerly exulting,
for this we'd sought,

we hit:

I BELIEVE!

on towering note

IN ONE GOD!

and, unbelievable

topping the heights we'd thought unassailable.

FATHER ALMIGHTY!

Now in full stride.

MAKER OF HEAVEN!

He's here! At our side!

AND OF THE EARTH!

Hard-edged tenors

climbing and eyeing the bass-defenders

of the clefs ~~which~~ are the plinths we stand on

to build the harmony. And now they land on

ALL THINGS VISIBLE!

And the first of the four
homages to Trinity, Church.

And now, o'er
organ trumpet and other machines,

"all things visible and the unseens,"

(some will be praying) Creator, assume!

We are the warp, weft, You are the Loom!

ooo

And the great music surges in the wood

CLAUDING
FOUR

(12) Charlie

(12)

toweringly ~~leads~~ with ~~Mr. Gounod~~

And sheerly exulting inside ourselves,

we hit ~~I Believe!~~ ^{cap} ~~with precise help.~~ ^{cap} ~~personal powerful up to~~

Drop twice

Father Almighty! ~~Now almost~~ ^{cap} ~~full stride~~ ^{cap}

Heaven and earth! ~~Let it ride~~ ^{cap} ~~God be our guide~~

by some
for miracle! our human voices
have taken on

Assured, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~organ~~ ^{trumpet} and other machines

"all things visible and the unseens"

And the great music surges in the wood

beneath me forearm, where there is stood

on the stall's lectern, like blades of grass,

the notes in the thick score-book of the Mass.

Oh, flush with triumph, proud as can be,

in high-shouldered surplice, dying to see

(but carefully); so, now and then, glanced

down at the congregants; ~~are~~ ^{are} they entranced?

Do
see their eyes saying thanks for the soaring joys

we bring them, ^{we} gifted pikni-choirboys?

the great church, ~~is filled~~ ^{are} And the sounds outside

of trams, buggies, candy-vendors, ~~are~~ ^{are} astride

bell-tinkling ~~the~~ ^{are} Phillips and Humbers, Ridges and Raleighs,

ring their bells soundlessly ~~by~~ ^{by} Old Gounod's sallies.

But you think you've heard all the marvels yet? —

(inside me head) wait till we get

to the Incarnatus! So, now, we wind down.

The Who for us men is tenderly ~~Sown~~ ^{Sown};

we kneel for it ~~now~~ ^{And quiet} the strings

and the soft-stop of the organ, brings

the beauty and certainty; axiom

on which is structured all Christendom:

And as we ^{ENTER} ~~go~~ INCARNATUS
me wayward eye find, as always must,
the tilted head of the tenor Mr. Scott
his nose pointing upwards to where ^{we've} got
the ~~old~~ ^{old} flag off the W.I.R.;
his throat pulsating like a Hocked GARY
and I miss a note, for I always hope
one day that voice will upward GROPE
and SHAKE THOSE PENDANTS IN A WAR DANCE
alive ^{as} on the fields of Egypt and FRANCE.
and people will say it's a miracle ^{caused by our singing}
caused by our singing ^{LYRICAL}
Rudolph ^{violin} ^{LOUIS B. NINKLER} MUSIC
"CHRISTMAS CAKE" ^{ASTLEY CLARK} STOPS
a Xmas MORNING ^{MADOLLOUS XMAS EVE}

Sub-head

INCARNATUS.

Cup And was Incarnate! Candles tall-burning, ^{drop}
smoke from the incense rising and turning
past the bowed heads of those adoring
the Mystery, God to Man, adjuring
through the suffering of his Son,
Whom, says the Creed, with Him, art One.
Coming to earth, in flesh, as we,
and yet, not so, for eternally
He was and is God. ^{Find} What's more, ^{drop}
making us equal to ^{Whom} we adore.

15

at Aug 15
4B

B REAR

First, the strong basses, now strangely gentle,
Mr Brown,
Mr Smith, ~~the~~ ^{rest} in testamental
statement; ~~the high tenors~~ ^{and} the high tenors
hailing and harking;

^{Third} then the contraltos ^{so} calmly walking

(led by Miss Myers, me Sixth Book teacher)

"Such a voice-structure. ^{None} Nobody can reach her!",
once

I/overheard Mister Dignum ^{Fair} telling
curate Bennett-Haines [you read his befelling]

coming back ^{winging}
steadying sopranos ^{returning} from ^{soaring}

fifthly, ^{we} ^{pikni-boys} ^{singing}
And, choirboys, staunchly ensuring
which has

that specialness since Middle Ages

been a church-mark, decreed by the sages.

^{for} ^{reason} ^{to} ^{the} ^{admirable} "Diary" we
Five colonies; of Mister Dignum's cede.

Surrogates singing the great Nicene Creed.

Of Olga Myers and the
great role she took,
you'll have read much
about in this book.

Part in
celebrant

Handling the Elements with
adoring skill
Eaten and chalice, spiri-
tual fill.

Put it in

^{Powerful} ^{Full}
So Hear the ~~best~~ ^{best} basses now strangely gentle.

Incarnatus! ^{as bent} ^{knelt} knees in the temple, ^{drop}

All of us, humble before the story
of how the Son gave up His glory
to become Man. The faces glistening

Aug 15, 4-6

But do 9? Times

~~Older~~ now, me ambulant wishes
some days opt for the loaves and fishes
in a lonely place.

Yet, other day
to empty promises, am just clay ---
all these things will I give thee
if thou wilt fall and worship me!

P 16 in typed clunk sector

S	5	12	19	26
S	4	11	18	25
F	3	10	17	24
T	2	9	16	23
W	1	8	15	22
T	7	14	21	28
M	6	13	20	27
M	3	10	17	24

S	5	12	19	26
S	4	11	18	25
F	3	10	17	24
T	2	9	16	23
W	1	8	15	22
T	7	14	21	28
M	6	13	20	27
M	3	10	17	24

16

Be ~~born~~ ^{BORN} ~~into~~ ^{into} a visitor (knows ~~the~~ city churches ~~on~~ an
inquisitor ~~into~~ ^{into} the ~~city~~ ^{city} ~~churches~~ ^{churches} ~~on~~ ^{on} an
has taken me ~~into~~ ^{into} the ~~city~~ ^{city} ~~churches~~ ^{churches} ~~on~~ ^{on} an
converted ~~ed~~ ^{ed} ~~with~~ ^{with} bible-eating Seven-Keys men
Seven to be a ~~place~~ ^{place} ~~yard~~ ^{yard} ~~now~~ ^{now} and then. [~~knowing~~ ^{knowing} me
liking for far ~~travels~~ ^{travels} ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~has~~ ^{has} ~~taken~~ ^{taken} ~~me~~ ^{me} ~~to~~ ^{to} the ~~city~~ ^{city} ~~churches~~ ^{churches} ~~on~~ ^{on} an
of Holy Rollers in a ~~house~~ ^{house} ~~dwelling~~ ^{dwelling} - House Church
holding ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~hand~~ ^{hand} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~go~~ ^{go} ~~prance~~ ^{prance} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~laugh~~ ^{laugh}
and watched her face as it ~~lived~~ ^{lived} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~laughed~~ ^{laughed} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~laughed~~ ^{laughed}
the ~~way~~ ^{way} ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~city~~ ^{city} ~~churches~~ ^{churches} ~~on~~ ^{on} an
telling the ~~story~~ ^{story} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~city~~ ^{city} ~~churches~~ ^{churches} ~~on~~ ^{on} an
The Rollers ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~cheek~~ ^{cheek} ~~bones~~ ^{bones} ~~high~~ ^{high} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~showing~~ ^{showing} ~~dancing~~ ^{dancing}
long-fingered hands ~~help~~ ^{help} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~hears~~ ^{hears} ~~dearly~~ ^{dearly}

The ~~children~~ ^{children} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~old~~ ^{old} ~~house~~ ^{house} ~~Reid~~ ^{Reid} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~city~~ ^{city} ~~churches~~ ^{churches} ~~on~~ ^{on} an
for ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~come~~ ^{come} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~city~~ ^{city} ~~churches~~ ^{churches} ~~on~~ ^{on} an
their ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~father~~ ^{father} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~city~~ ^{city} ~~churches~~ ^{churches} ~~on~~ ^{on} an
was ~~born~~ ^{born} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~August~~ ^{August} ~~10,~~ ^{10,} ~~1980.~~ ^{1980.} ~~Now~~ ^{Now} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~city~~ ^{city} ~~churches~~ ^{churches} ~~on~~ ^{on} an

in candlelight. Bowed heads, listening,
of worshippers.

And I am thanking
there are no trams ^{WITH} iron wheels clanking.
Only the rubbers of hackneys hauling.
And soft-falling hooves.

And a distant calling
of a ship's needing a pilot tardy.
And a wind's murmur as it tugs at the hardy
branches of guinep in the graveyard. And
the small lift of the Celebrant's hand
crossing himself As now we do too
at altar and stall, in every pew.
For, in all the Mass, here 'tis that we
at the foot of the Cross, in truth, see.

*

Satan, seems not how you / sedk,
trades with ~~the~~ strong and plunders ~~the weak~~ weak.
Either way, you stand to lose.
Fact, its fixed. You cannot choose.
The internalities of the Mass
causes change to come to pass
inside yourself; support eschewals
of the outside.

Hence the ~~xx~~ rituals:
music, candles, incense, The Word,
helps the inner voice be heard
~~the soul~~ insulated in the soul
Noble purpose. Blessed role

Of age now, I know for sure
what ~~is~~ ^{are} fleeting; what endure. ***

SO WE flowed into the pre-coda portion
about the Spirit;

the music an ocean
encompassing us; in which, joyously
proud of our craft, we are wondrously
certain and strong. The great harmonies
roll from among us, the Five Colonies

of Song People Mr Dignum gather
for Mr Gounod's song.

Now the Father,
Son, Spirit sung, we go to the Coda
confirming Sacraments; being the ode a
Council at Nicene, year 325
wrote i as its credo in a God Alive..

SANCTUS

As the first soft notes of the Sanctus steal
out in a murmur

~~HOLY, HOLY,~~ Ho-o-ly,

~~kneel~~

at the sopranos' lyric invitation

^{SONG}
and the surging passages of affirmation;
in ~~TAKE~~ Angels' Story,
so, richly met, they link ~~NIGHT, MARCH, AND SILENCE~~
they mount in
~~SILENTLY~~, crescendo to GLORY! GLORY!

the royal words, each inwardly glowing,

all of a certainty, all of a flowing. ***

BENEDICTUS

And so, ~~its~~ over. Soft clearings of throats.
We settle back. Me mind plucks at the notes.

For the Benedictus, (Blessed is He)

always come out, to me, awkwardly

after the strongly syntaxed Sanctus.

You know what is true? Mr Dignum and us

seldom have found a setting to rouse

most choir singers. One sort of ploughs

through to Hosanna! and even here

NO RAISING ROOFS. No mighty cheer.

Yet as the last song to the Humble Access

Should we be lively? Heel-kicking? ~~Wackless~~ Rack-less?

* * *

And listening to the Messe
Solonelle
to the special gifts which
only dwell
in hearts and minds of a
gifted few
all other hearts so lifted,
knew
our deep-felt joy, indeed the
rightness
that here, indeed, were Im-
age and Likeness.
After all these years, yet,
Gounod, remembered
in the Sanctus, returns un-
encumbered
in its haunting adoration.
Still, a continuing
oblation.

19

^{all} quite horrified at ^{this} ~~the spread of~~ clapper on bow during the Lamb of God adagio.

Poor Ringer. He had indeed received the signal, but was hoodwinked, deceived; not noticing that the shaken ^{ROW}~~random~~ was not the usual one. Such sin, ^{NING,} though ^{has been circumvented.} was thenceforth denied. A designated, ^{aperture} and guarded ^{casement} was henceforth slated.

How quiet we are!°

Today, I perceive

that each of our small souls did somehow receive
the knowledge that we were
an understanding of being witnesses
to ~~humanity's~~ ^{MANKIND'S} reach for the ~~inner~~ mysteries.
And when, ^{when} the great bell rang
and the Celebrant, in the Ecstasy, sang
the words of consecration as he raised the Host ---
Lord, we were holy!

Come, Holy Ghost!

And so we continued, through the Partaking
when we, ^{MR} ~~our~~ Bach's Jesu Joy undertaking,
^{WITH} ~~had~~ Mr Dignum's right-handed phrasing ^{and} the sopranos ^{were} hardly raising
^{Soprano}
above a whisper, nobody could
^{had}
think we ~~could~~ ever been less than good.

(Of course, by the time the Last Gospel ended
and we had duly genuflected
~~we were ready once more~~ ^{essential}
~~we were ready once more~~ ^{SINNING}
~~for the continuity~~
~~having forgotten with whom we'd been chinning~~

which ~~strongly~~ tell The TENACITY,
of our ~~small~~ world's ~~running~~ iniquity,
even in young, of our mendacity.)

Fraternity
(mendacity.)

e

20

old
world
bold
old
old
polled
molded
old
told

of LILLIE and wine
The smell of incense, ~~bars~~, ~~excellent~~,
~~ambient good for who~~ ~~ambient good for who~~

of, over in the
young, mendacity.

~~ambient good for who~~ ~~ambient good for who~~ ~~ambient good for who~~

Soft clicks as Celebrant and Deacons prepare

AMBIENT Good for
THOSE WHO
WOULD DINE.

in Cup and Platen the sacred fare
as under his breath he recites the rite
by which we ~~dine~~ ^{feast}:

offspring
birds rise and bring
cups

"Who, in that same night ..."

the deeper hus^h, the quiet breathing.
The Bread and Wine, symbols exceeding
the world of things.

The Sacred Host.

IF I BE LIFTED, I SAVE THE LOST!

"Took Bread, took Wine." Here now is Being.

The Sacring Bell rings with all of us kneeling.

From pole to pole, ^{ELSEWHERE} ~~somewhere~~ ^{IN} ~~all over~~ the world,
in all tongues and climes, somewhere's unfurled
these
unique emblems, of a strange religion
where men eat their God at His invitation

Bach is providing the Eucharist hymning:
...desiring; ~~his~~ ^{HIS} GENIUS WINNING
Jesu, joy of man's desiring

that richest weave of voices and instruments
sharing the score, yet, ^{a LUCULENT} each its accoutrements
statement as dignified
as Mr. Dignum (and violins only)
yet
accompany us; each strangely lonely
in this poignant air, this masterpiece

that brought to the tall pivot-windows, the heads
of the Park-men; hard-arguing Reds
(Micky says) who came from under the trees,
from sparkling fountain, the hum of bees,
from green slab-benches in the cool shade
of ~~bragan~~ ^{and} fustic ^{and} tamarind, laid
along the paths, with small domed pavilions
of scrolled ironwork; and ~~the~~ ^{like} postillions
around the basin, on thin metal chains,
iron drinking-cups; and from the mains
sweet Hope River water ~~bachppagdda~~ provided

All these they leave to stand outside
at Solemn Mass, to hear us, famed features, ~~the~~
and Evensong ^{TO HEAR SUCH} ~~when we have~~ famed preachers
as P.W. Gibson, or Ethelred Brown,
or Bishop deCarteret, or other renown. *****

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^(Bach)
among the many gave
prolific genius, without cease.

And now, it is over. The Last Gospel read.
The Chalice wiped; linen covers the Bread.
We sing the Gloria Excelsis refrain
and walk the Recessional.

We all feel the strain.

But are quietly exulting that by our wills ^{those}
^{trained,} ~~we worked hard,~~ and ~~practiced,~~ ^{WORKED, and we GAINED} and ~~care of our skills~~ ^{found} ***

...0...

[But ^{he} it was not, I now know, a priest,
visiting players nor solo artiste,
Shantung silk shirt, ^{ribbed} knee-sock,
^{ne} fields of faces tilted to lock
on us choirboys singing the Solonelle,
^{il} soaring and turning on ~~that~~ ^{the} immortelle ---
[none of these weren't central that Easter Day.
It was ol' Diggy at the triple-tiered bay.

Hour after hour, he had honed the score,
beating out time on the pedal floor,
carefully taking us, line on line,
howling at faulty, lauding fine;
walking slowly the unending aisle
to the Great West Door, listen awhile,
plod back slowly out of the dark, and
~~growing ever taller in the walk,~~ ^{stop and} ~~and,~~ ^{mark, and}
^{but} hand at ear, crying: "No, no, no!
Sing it 'Ho-o-ly...' Make it flow!"
Stopping athwart Sailor Benbow's tomb,
^{he'd} ~~he~~ ^{he'd} semaphored to us the illume
^{he'd} ~~he~~ would fetch to our poorly seen
reading of the Musician's paen.

[Please ^{greet that} ~~that~~ ^{great} Easter of ~~Nineteen~~ ^{Twenty-three}
When Diggy did the Solonelle with me.

*** On afterpart: Today I'm as thrilled
with the new music that's mostly billed
as the "Folk Mass" whose powerful Rhythm
of reggae, mento, without solicism
takes on our ways, our mountains and valleys,
our joys, our trials, our Sobers, our SALLIES

into the worship; and thus draws us ^{NEARER}
through our own psyche, to see, we think, clearer

21

Five colonies. To Diggy they cede.

Surrogates singing the great Nicene Creed.

--- B R E A K ---

centre, caps
ME THOUGHTS

The voices roll, the faces glistening
in candlelight. Bowed heads, listening,
congregant,
of ~~the~~ And I am thanking
there are no trams with iron wheels clanking.

Only the rubbers of hackneys hauling;
~~the~~ soft-falling hooves. A ~~the~~ distant calling
of a ship ~~the~~ summoning a pilot tardy.
And a wind's murmur, ~~tugging~~ ^{tugs} at the hardy
branches of guinep in ~~the~~ graveyard. And,
the small lift of the Celebrant's hand
crossing himself. As now we do too
at Altar, Stalls, in every pew.

For in ~~the~~ the Mass, it is here that we,
at the foot of the Cross, now truly see.

---B REAK---

Satan seems, though ~~the~~ ^{the} good you seek,
to trade with strong and plunder weak.
Either way you stand to lose.

[ME THOUGHTS]

caps
Centre

Seems its fixed. You cannot choose.

Internalities of the Mass
causes change to come to pass
inside ~~the~~ self; supports eschewals
of the outside. Hence, the rituals:

music, candles, incense, Word
helps the Inner Voice beheard,
insulated in the soul;
noble purpose, blessed role.

23

indent → To
 me, since those days, its here
 firmly have no
 that I ~~_____~~ A fear
 that religion's a waste of time
 if it does not pantomime.

indent → ('Less you are an ancho^Rite **ANCHORITE**
 cased in your own skin, drawn tight.)
 the sacring at the Hosting;
 Thus, ~~_____~~

hand-claps of the Pentecosting;
 water-dipping Baptist preachers;
 garlanding of certain creatures
 (as do Hindus); ritual washing,
 then to Mecca, downward bashing;

indent → all of these do have their say
 in the choice of how men pray.

— BREAK —
 Me mind runs, now, as I write this
 high
 to Aunt Adrie (gone to ~~_____~~ bliss!).

indent → Me Aunt Adrie, ~~_____~~ a born Visitor.

Knew city-churches? An inquisitor
 into the Baptists, Seventh-Day, Wesley,
 visited Catholics, conversed (dazely)
 with Bible-eating Seven-Keys men;
 even to a poco-yard ~~_____~~ now-and-then.

Knowing me liking for ~~_____~~ far travels,
~~_____~~ took me to those distant revels:

indent → Cross Roads, Half-Way-Tree, ^{FOUR} ~~_____~~ Roads, **Four Roads**

Long Mountain ~~_____~~ Road; far-off ~~_____~~ abodes **abodes**

OF
 Holy Rollers (a dwelling-house church),
 holding her hand as we prance and lurch;
 watching her face ~~_____~~ WHEN it livens and laughs,

as, later, tells how the Rollers, she crafts

~~Jewish shofar, Animists~~
~~hand - Praise to the~~
~~leaving God through~~
~~the eating of~~
~~creatures~~
~~ANIMISTS~~
~~leaving through~~
~~creatures lists~~

267
30

Indent [this horse-feathers of a strange religion
where men eat their God ^{at} ~~His~~ invitation!"

(By this ~~you note,~~ Last Gospel ended,
and we have duly genuflected,
^{NOW} we're ready ~~for~~ essential sinning.
Satan, ~~unsleeping,~~ has ways of winning.)

Indent → ----- B R E A K -----
Subdued, we stand in the Vestry.
~~The double~~ The double
amen is sung (to keep us from trouble,
rest of the week). Rector ~~says:~~ "Men,"
removing his alb, ^{must} "I confess when
I learnt you'd do this difficult setting,
I thought, 'Oh, dear! Into what ^{are} they getting?'
But now, I say, never have I been
so thrilled when working me old routine."
He gets a ~~nice~~ nice laugh; loud from us boys.
(He called us ~~Men!~~) Clucks
He wipes his broad face. A stout white-man;
Trelawny-~~born,~~ born, we understand.

Indent ["I'll thank the ladies up in the Stall,
and Mister Dignum. Good Easter to all!"

----- B R E A K ----- *The*
shed
Tiredly we ~~our~~ our robes. ~~Gounod~~
still echoes in/ ~~me~~ head; ~~will,~~ I know
be with us all ~~day.~~ And all was well
that ~~Easter~~ Easter ~~we~~ we sang the Solonelle.

END

THE KINGSTON CHRONICLES

At the Goldsmith's feet

In that year of 'Twenty-seven,
I turned fourteen. Years which leaven
what me Chronicle now will tell
when we sang the Solonelle
Easter-day at Solemn Mass.

&

This was how it came to pass.

'Twixt Ash Wednesday-Easter Day
 lays me Church's ancient way
 telling Man the central reason
 for its founding. Its the season
 passiontide; which Christians hold
 promises a better world
 after death when comes fulfilment
 of the former Gent's Agreement:

that we'll win, howe'er we pained;
 loss of earth is par'dise gained.

'Tween Ash Wednesday-Easter Day,
 wear your hairshirt. Satan's flay?
 Miserere! Sombre Lent!
 Sorrow-time! Repine! Repent!

Forty days, excluding Sabbaths,
 we are Davids. Face Goliaths
 of omissions and wrongs done
 compact with the Holy One.

First break in this dismal season
 is Palm Sunday (Bodeful reason!)
 Yet — yes! Candles lit again!
 Sable cloths away again
 for a day's while! Joyously
 sing: RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

But a short-lived celebration.
 For the song of approbation

lasts a day. Then, back to sorrow!

Holy Week begins tomorrow.

Holy Week of marked lament.

Cassocks black. The days of Lent

being a time of sadness rampant;

hymns are anguished. We pray cauterant.

And at end, there is Good Friday.

weep-day? Satan's high-day?)
(Good? That ~~_____~~)

But I speak of this elsewhere.

Now its Easter! Banish care!

And with gladness celebrate

this prime feast of priest and laity.

Been a choirboy ^{some} a good while,

time came for a change in style:

cassocks going from black to purples,

brighter stuff, no more drab turtles.

Surplice sleeves were halved away.

Always ~~_____~~ these got in the way

at ~~_____~~ the faucets. Went before

Mass ~~_____~~ began. For ~~_____~~ no ~~_____~~ implore

Mass ~~_____~~ began. For ~~_____~~ no ~~_____~~ implore
shook ~~_____~~ you loose of "Porro's" punishment

("You there, boy! Take one month's ^{ba} punishment!")

if, in ~~_____~~ Mass, you left the Stall.

(Watch for Porro as the Sons of Saul!)

Stammers ~~_____~~ a little; bobs in his walk;

To the ~~_____~~ boys, ^{he's} tiger-on-a-stalk.

Choir ~~_____~~ secret'ry. Young martine t.

Named ~~_____~~ C. Johnson. Short, thickset.

Nicest ~~_____~~ duty? ^{Hands} ~~_____~~ the shilling

to each boy when we (so willing!)

sing: Oh, Perfect Love at spousals.
(Shillings prove to be arousals
greater even than Sen-Sen
for the voice. We truly wren.)
Afterwards, we all go east;

a Commercial Patty-feast
(much
at the Chinese place @@@@@@ meat!).

Perfect love at East Queen Street!

But let's get on. I must tell
~~But=let=us=be=on=as=I=must=tell~~

@@ when we sang the Solonelle

~~marks~~ Easter-morn at Sacrament;
marking the end of ~~XXXX~~ Lent's lament.

Easter

EASTER-DAY (old English)

That Easter-day was the time chosen
for the new robes. And interwoven
with the new clothes, the nice election
for music-score; "Diggy's" selection.
St Cecilia was the setting;
strings and brass, and also getting

things showal
PORRO's show? Two Bob!

spreadings
wealthy
arousals
to be
(shillings prove are the great arousals
greater even than Sen-Sen
for the voice. We truly
steadily
really
when

~~That Easter day~~ ^{day} was the time chosen
for the new robes. And interwoven

with the new clothes, the nice election
for music-score; "Diggy's" selection.

St ~~Cecilia's~~ Cecilia's Mass was the setting;
~~strings and brass; and also getting~~
the great John Lyons to solo the Sanctus;
Kyrie Eleison and Benedictus.

And that was the Easter ~~Modda~~ Modda bought me
and Len, the Scotch Tweed, cut at the knee
(long ones came later) Shantung shirt,
Clark shoes, ^{silk socks} ~~as me~~, real leather girt.
None ~~as me~~ proud ^{as me} robing in the Vestry,
nose-high ^{as} a judge in consist'ry
as ~~in~~ in the picture ^{we have} of St Paul's
argue ~~of~~ of lawyers ^{at} the Senate walls.
Prouder than even Celebrant-Rector
in white-&-gold; or his Curate-Lector.

(Must ~~tell~~ tell: Our Rectors were always white.

Chosen, perhaps, as a way to invite
us to recall the heavenly status
shown on the Sunday-school cards they gave us
picturing the saintly hosts; and all
looked like our Rectors, I now recall.)

But ~~back~~ back to that Easter, ~~our~~ our contrive
to do the Gounod. It all comes alive.

Holy Saturday

Last evening, we took down the black Altar Front,
undraped the Crucifix, Lectern and Font,
brought out purple and red robes, changing
mournings of Lent; our form of Abstaining.
Altar Guild ladies ^{fetches} ~~fetches~~ in the flowers,
rain-dampened, glistening from April showers;

5
aired the Sacristy, white cloth on Credence,
polished Predellas; one hums in sequence
Eucharist hymns as she brushed at the shelf
organ,
in time to ~~the organ~~ and, crossing herself,
shuffled, Epistle to Gospel, and back;

BREAK → Mr Dignum practising Jesu by Bach.

B R E A K - [Holy Saturday]
On Holy Saturday, we had Preparations:

Pre-Sanctified Mass; ^{DOING} doing the Stations;
collecting me sixpence from Mudda and marched
to ^{the} Chinese laundry for me Etons, starched
blade-taut by "Willie, late of Hong Kong;"
(one for the morning, other, Evensong).

BREAK → - B R E A K -

How we have worked at old Mister Gounod's!
Full choir, instruments, ^{all} worked the solos.
Others rehearsed at the foot of the Altar:
acolytes, censers move well, no falter
putting dark frowns on the Rector, watching.

We choirboys, at the Stall sides, batching,
whisper our jokes at the dumb show; vainer
that we're ^{SINGERS} ~~professionals~~, familiar with Stainer
and Purcell and Elgar and not envious
of lace-and-scarletted supercilious
mulatto, white boys, they the ones chosen
to bob like poppyshows, or to stand frozen
till the time comes for them to take orders:

"Go for this!" "Take this!" "Straighten the borders

■ at cassock-tails whenever you kneel!

See it falls squarely over the heel!"

2nd act
Cups [Poor little bring-come, go-pick-up-that!

Which of them ever sang a Magnificat?

■

—BREAK—

[Easter-day]

But now, it's Sunday! Easter already!

We take our places, full trained and steady

from months of practise each Thursday night:

Diminuendo!

Crescendo! ~~00000000~~ Till it came right.

-B R E A K-

Will you be sharing ^{with me a choirboy's} a small boy's moment

as in ^{the} Vestry we form for the post-~~100~~ Lent

lift of the pall of the church's Sad Forty?

About

~~2000~~ to commence with ^{our double-file} the first sortie

^{into the church sanctuary behind back of} of choirboys marching behind the Verger

^{with} who shoulders his Staff, black-gowned liturger,

^{AND TOO} And, follow him, the ^{acolyte, CACED CROSS} crucifix-bearer.

^{CRASH} (Hands firm on post! Set transverse squarer!

No whisperings, you! Eyes straight ahead!

Hands clasped in prayer — like you were dead!)

And, bearing candlesticks, smaller boys, pacing

the incense-bowl. (Slow! Slow! No racing!)

Low-voiced injunctions issuing from

the stern M.C. in his cingulum.

BREAK Nervously we wait the priest's invocation,

^{when} we'll step ^{OUT ~~to start~~} to the ~~Navis~~ for the oblation.

A little shivery under cassocks and surplices.

Our Etons itch. Poor shaky-knee novices.

Clearings of throats. Palms dried on gowns.

Wond'ring if we'll be ~~00000~~ cap'ble of sounds

when the time comes to open the hymnal

at the ^{page} ~~place~~ marked for the Processional —

and ~~we~~ the church breathes, a kind of soft gale
far down the sea-field. Gobble us if we fail!

(Poor little bring some go pick up that
 But Mr Dignum cool as a January,
 on organ stool high in the Sanctuary,
 calms us with ^{the} familiar airs
 from well loved scores. We form in pairs.
 A silence stands now in the Vestry.
 The Great ^{Bell} ceases now its chesty

FOOTNOTE IN ITALICS:

*Hardly 'tis known that on the Great Bell
 there is inscribed the following tell
 (engraved in Seventeen-forty-five)
 that it be used just for those alive:
 "THAT THE GREAT BELL BE NOT TOLLED
 AT PERSONS DEATH." A copyhold
 ignored ~~for~~ two centuries till recently.
 Present incumbents now decently
 still its great tongue in deference
 to the odd wish (meaning no offense).

^{lower} bellow. We bow ^{down} our heads for prayers,
 starchily confined in ~~our~~ collars, small fears.
 Softly, we sing the Amen sector
 to invocations. Beadle to Rector
 bows; Diggy=sees=from=his stool he organist waves, he's tall;
 Diggy sees him from his stool in the Stall
 and sways and rocks at the high console, ;
 shrugs shoulder-loose ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~high~~ ~~console~~ ~~;~~
 and the great organ triumphantly
 with tonal power, exultantly
 lifts its voice in the exordium
 sings: AT THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE COME!

exordium

And we go out, suddenly unharried;
 heavy hymnals now lightly carried;
 glorious outrush of breath sends forth
 the poetry and music for all we're worth.
 We enter the nave marching in pairs.
 The Easter hymn sings away our fears.

And there, ahead, a sun bursts through!
 The Great East Window is gold and blue!
 Figures of saints, apostles, Jesus!
 Small cherubs too, ~~these~~ these always please us.
 Familiar Family, froze in stained glass

Bicycle rides
called
the
dashing
the!

in the processions (two on High Days).

Marching or singing we had our ways;
passed down the lore ~~so's~~ so's to make sure
all was in order. It was mature;
but besides ^{liking} ~~really~~ what we do,
each was an actor in that robed crew.
And, in the back-stalls, choir-ladies were
not slow to poke ribs, ^{SHOULD CAUSE} ~~to~~ occur;
employing fans, the edge of a psalter
through the back-rails, at slightest falter.

~~Everywhere, every where, every where~~
~~Everywhere, every where, every where~~
~~Everywhere, every where, every where~~
~~Everywhere, every where, every where~~
~~Everywhere, every where, every where~~
~~Everywhere, every where, every where~~

Mothers and teachers, they think boy-piknies
are always up to smart chicaninies.
Mark you, its true; but who can blame us?
Can ^{we} ~~the~~ sit still ^{when} ~~there~~ a priest, ~~who's~~ famous
for being long-winded, drones on and on
of sin, when for us, the battle's been won?

~~Everywhere, every where, every where~~
We'RE free of taint by Eucharist's end!

When the Last Gospel's read, and Satan's penned!
And at High Altar, ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{is} ~~spoken~~ Triple Blessing's spoken
and the church ^{rocks} at the pow'ful invoken!

We wish the Ladies in the back-stall
would cease their worry; no peril at all!

- B R E A K -

~~the~~ ^{the} march, ^{as} have
In ~~the~~ in singing, we ~~the~~ our ways
securing such errors as ~~likely~~ likely to faze:

~~to see our door-lanes are tied,~~
~~stockings banded, gravity defied,~~

be
@@ sure to see bootlaces are tied;
knee-stockings banded; gravity defied
by brace-belted trousers; embarrassment lurked
under those cassocks whenever we kirked.
For more than one boy has stumbled or fell
because his bootlaces had not been tied well,
and, stepped on, one foot, suddenly immovable,
the not-knowing rest-of-him went uncontrollable.

- B R E A K -

A silence a-sudden now stands in the Vestry.
Great Bell*

XXXX in the graveyard ceases its chesty

XX PLACE
THIS AT P.7

FOOTNOTE (in italics)

Hardly 'tis known that on the Great Bell
there is inscribed the following tell
(engraved ~~ordered~~ in Seventeen-Forty-five)
that use of it's only for those alive:
"THAT THE GREAT BELL BE NOT TOLLED
AT PERSON'S DEATH." A copyhold
ignored for two centuries, till recently.
Present incumbents now decently
still its great tongue in deference
to the odd wish (meaning no offense).

~~bow our heads now~~
bellow; we go to our feet for prayers,
starchy in surplice, high collar, small fears.

- B R E A K -

~~Missa~~

Solemn High Mass to the Messe Solonelle
is a long haul; three hours to @@@@tell
when you consider prayers to be chanted,
Gospel, not said, but sung, or descanted —
we must be fit to handle all this;
friends will be angry, if, a note, one should miss
for (now I know) we were proud boy-singers
and had ~~x~~ our code. Although no bell-ringers
for honour of craft, or art, no pretence,
we were somehow aware of excellence.

[(not to forget that poke
from the fans
[or psalters of stern
lady-Anglicans)

-- B R E A K --

Thoughts such as these scurry through me head
as we step to the aisle — and ~~up~~^{up} there, ahead,
the flowered Table and the candles' glitter!

LORD, MAKE THIS CHOIRBOY NEVER SING SWEETER!

-- B R E A K --

Some povertied mind may not understand

~~a~~^{the way a} small boy's thoughts, at a moment so grand;

(~~our~~^a grievous loss to this world's plunder

is when we lose our sense of wonder.)

but to the lucky who have ~~not~~^{'VE been so} (Oh, tragick)
lost the ~~gift~~^{key} to the Kingdom of Magic,
~~oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo~~

please join our ranks; with us, side-and-side,
march to that ~~great~~ song of ~~sweet~~ Eastertide.

--B R E A K --

Stealing quick glances, ~~as~~^{fond} we march the aisle
catching the ~~oooo~~ looks cast on our file

by the proud parents of fellows we know,

whispering to neighbours: "There ~~is~~^{goes} so-and-so!"

There, Bobby Rhoden's mum, from Foster Lane;

~~like~~^{as} our house, high-stepped, and with a vane

of jealousies. Percy Miller's mum:

they live on Laws Street; me closest chum.

The Andersons: sons Windsor and Mervin,

the last a sprinter, a likely eleven

secs. for the hundred at C.L.B. sports

(Church Lads Brigade. See me other reports.)

And Frank McLaren, he's Calabar High,

soon to ~~ooo~~ outgrow his voice, and, then, why,

~~captured he'll be~~
~~oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo~~ by the Acolyte gang
CAPTURED HE'LL BE BY THE Acolyte gang!

MERVIN

CAPTURED HE'LL BE BY THE ACOLYTE GANG!

Who seem to think they're the whole shebang,
seeking High Schoolers for their Guild.

"But what do they get? A pikni hybrid!"
jeers me friend, ~~George~~ ^{Mark}; "a broken-down singer
they'll train to be a candle-stick bringer!"

■ But somewhat bitter; for, in each, worry stirs
that soon we'll no longer be boy-choristers.

For, proud sopranos, some quite angelic,

we know we're doomed. Ahead, catatonic

close-out of trebles, our voices "cracked";

no longer winging, soon we'll be sacked.

And, yet, we're eager to gain our men's voices

and join the back-stalls in one of the choices,

tenor or baritone, and wear long-pants:

"And no suspensions from Porro!" ~~George~~ ^{Mark} rants.

-- B R E A K --

Then, in the march as the thuribler swept

his censer crossing the northern transept,

I look to the left, me Mudda to greet,

and the Aunts, all in song at the Goldsmith's feet.

(The Goldsmith? I've told you elsewhere that its
the John Wolmer bust where me family sits.

Me Aunt Mary Brooks knows Parish Church lore,

the oldest sister, and, what's more

was with the Old Church before the 'Quake,

Nineteen-ought-seven, at the New-Church stake,

when all attended at old Conversori~~um~~

to draw for pews in the new sanctuary

which took the place of ~~the~~ the wrecked P.C.,

built when Port Roval sank in the sea.

and that Sat'day won our Family Seat,
when the lots were cast, at the Goldsmith's feet.)

So now, in me march, a quick look to see
if this piki^N making a proud family.

~~Me~~ me eyes catch Aunt Audrey's, third of the sisters,
unhappily wed, but a courage that glisters
in darkest hour with a wry quip;
now rolls her eyes at her lucky kinship.

[Me Aunt Caro winks but I keep a straight face;
for Mudda is strict about falling from grace
when in ^{me} robes, ~~me~~ lead the Celebrant
to the High Altar/^{with me} gift of descant;
and almost, ^{from Caro's} comes over the pews
to me ear, and almost me grace did lose:

"Three-feet tall, leading God's go-between
up to the Altar!" said me Aunt Caro's grin.

Me Aunt Caro. Wrote of her in NEW DAY,
me very first novel, from girl-child to gray.
There never was anyone quite like she.
Quite spoilt her nephews, Len and me.

-- B R E A K --

Marching the aisle on the brown-ribbed matting
covering the floor, through the soft slatting
of me feet, feel the knobs and ^{STRANGE} dimples
of history in ^{tomb} stones; the quaint unsimples,
unlikely virtues, of imperial rogues
who built the Empire by cunning colloques *

x (this came of arguing long with ^{George; John;} ~~me~~ ^{at Edridge} ~~me~~ ^{both} ~~me~~ ^{like to con} ~~me~~ ^{among} ~~me~~ ^{the books of the Institute's;} ~~me~~ ^{taught us} ~~me~~ ^{MUCH CONCERNING} roots)

Feet under
it dies

~~me~~ ~~me~~ ~~me~~

with some of our own; greedy for wealth;
 in Africa, India, China; the stealth
 stole the marauders into great plunder
 of bodies, ^{RICHES} ~~resources~~ and ~~plunged~~ asunder
 cultures more ancient than ever their own.
 Cultures, ^{vanished} ~~not~~; but ^{near enough} ~~almost~~ gone.
 Beneath me feet lay ^{the} ~~many~~ long ago
 English wardogs; Admiral, Benbow,
 is the most famed and/rightly; ~~he~~
 he was ~~man~~; ^{I think,}
 a brave ~~robust~~ I step lightly.

REAK HERE ---

But here we are now, at last at the Altar.

~~Our Father~~ & Collect said from the Psalter.
 Our Father

And ~~we~~ we wait the start of the Kyrie
 commencing ~~the~~

~~the~~ the Mass of St Cecilia;

But being

~~being~~ a Feast-day there's a Procession,

~~through~~ through all the aisles, of ^{manifestation} ~~the~~

to ^{show} ~~show~~ the world that clergy and laity

offer this Mass in praise of the Deity.
 go, ~~bearing~~ bearing

We ~~banners~~ banners from the ~~auxillaries~~ auxillaries

Dorcas, Mothers' Union, other ancillaries;

banner of St Thomas our saintly patron,

and others / as now / I'm not too clear on,

singing Hail, Festal! for the ~~ceremonial~~, epiphanal,

chorus and Cantor in verse antiphonal.

criteria=st=eeiia

centre, capo

THE PROCESSION

No women-singers joined in these marches;
 they wait in the Stalls under the arches
 until we ^{men have} ~~we~~ finished our stalking
 to beat the Devil. You see, in our walking,
 our long lines, ^{long-cassocked} men and boys,
 banners and crosses, candles, small noise
 of censer's clink, ^{go} ~~through~~ ways unfamiliar
 because on ~~these~~ High Days, our walk ^{is} ~~s~~ a sealer
 sealing Old Satan. So, march a route
 forming a Sign of the Cross; sure scoot
 to any Demons who may have crept in
 before we massed to skedaddle sin.

BREAK

Led by the Cantor, we all must wait
^{while} ~~till~~ he ^{sings} ~~has sung~~ his bars (sixteen or eight)
 before we respond; and always the same,
 being a chorus, you could not blame
 our minds from wandering. So, I recall
 thinking, quite often, how sad the stall
 must to a lady, white-frocked and hatted,
 midst empty benches. They would have chatted;
 but now they're exposed to congregant,
^{as we're} ~~we being~~ not there to shield them, they cant.

Poor choir-ladies. However, now back
 to Easter-Mass, ^{giving} ~~as~~ Old Nick, ^{some flack.} ~~we stack.~~
^{Return March back} ~~we~~ ^{boys} ~~return~~ to the Altar (we ^{to} ~~we~~ to the Stalls
 to the business at hand: ^{to} ~~ringing~~ these walls!).

--- B R E A K ---

(Centre, capo)

THE KYRIE

now come for
The time has ^{the} Solonelle.
We sing

~~the~~ the Kyrie, which, truth to tell
is a long, plaintive call; and, well,
is beauty-in-grief. Now, as we end,
we know we're nervous; our fingers bend
leaves in the score-book; there is a clearing
of adult throats, show too they're caring
now that we near the mighty Credo —
they be feeling too —
could ~~the~~ tremolo?

We sing the Kyrie in Greek, as it's written.

(A stranger might think we had been smitten,
but in Mass-settings, for unknown cause,
whatever the liturgy, almost as laws,
they write the suppliant LORD, HAVE MERCY,
~~the~~ Sometimes
in Greek. it sparks controversy.)

We use Latin titles; words sung in English,
save for the Kyrie ~~the~~ most scores ~~the~~ distinguish.

(Prob'ly the Anglicans, when Henry the Three,
back long ago, from Rome, broke free,
dumped all their Latin, as a last flick,
defying the Pope, kept this bit of Greek.)

However that be, the Kyrie Gounod
^{beauty,} peculiar ^{though;}
has its own ~~beauty, peculiar though;~~

^{but} ~~the~~ I think ^{that} with this opening piece,

^{he} marked his fine work. Now, as we cease,

within himself, each choirboy girds

in his own way. The COMFORTABLE WORDS

(which the Celebrant chants) is off a long way,

but I find meself saying them as I lay

the thick score-book ^{on} the psalter-shelf

opened at ^{That} The Place, humming to meself,
 cat-nervous as me eyes contemplate
 that glorious CRED0. How will we rate
 the twice-a-week practise, perfection-search?
 Fleet Street
 The sprinting from ~~00000000~~ to Parish Church,
 Thursday after ~~00~~ Thursday, the song in me head
 as along Tower Street, me booga-boots fled?

Will we be as boasie walking back
 in the ^{RECESSIONAL,} ~~00000000~~ knowing each man-Jack
 didhis ^{KNOWING} ~~00~~ job, ^{and} ~~000000~~, did it well
 this morning, singing the Solonelle?

Get that proud look in me family's eyes?

(~~the~~ Shiny black ones which Caro lets flies
 upwards, whenever I win ~~00~~ a school test,
 or don me Scotch tweed, of three-piece with vest.)

Dont know. Just wait. ~~and~~ Harrumph throats clear.

Suck on a Sen-Sen. The knowing is near.

--B R E A K --

THE EPISTLE

We're off our knees now. The Epistle is read

by one of the Deacons; the GRADUAL is led,

that glowing hymn with which we hail them.

^{in:} ~~its~~ LIGHTS ABODE, CELESTIAL SALEM.

THE GOSPEL

Stand for the ~~GOSPEL~~. Turn, face the ~~TABLE~~;

truth is that we're hardly able

to follow the Word; each one is thinking

of the ol' CRED0, a tiny sinking

in smalls of stomachs, awaiting the chant

to send us off, from the Celebrant.

Incensed and kissed, the GOSPEL is read.

Thanks for the Word duly chanted (or said).

And the Celebrant returns to the centre,

centre, caps

THE EPISTLE

centre, caps

THE GOSPEL

we kneel for it. And, quiet, the strings
~~the strings~~ soft-pedalled,
 and, ~~the strings~~ the organ brings
 the beauty, certainty; the axiom
 on which is structured all Christendom:

AND WAS INCARNATE!

Candles, tall-burning;
 smoke from the incense rising and turning
 past the bowed heads of those adoring
 of
 the Mystery: / God ~~God~~ adjuring
 through the suffering of His Son,
 Whom, says the Creed, with Him, art One.
 Coming to earth, in flesh, as we,
 and yet, not so, for eternally
 He was and is God. And what's more,
 making us equal to Whom we adore!

--- B R E A K ---

centre, caps
THE SINGERS

There are five colonies in Diggy's realm.

Five streams of singers with him at the helm:
 First ~~are the~~ strong basses, ~~now~~ strangely gentle,
~~messrs~~ a
~~Mr~~ Smith, ~~Mr~~ Brown, in testamental
 lieder; and second: ~~God~~ high tenors harking;
 thirdly: contraltos, so calmly walking
 led by Miss Myers, me Sixth Book teacher,
 such timbre, texture, none can reach her

X of Olga Myers and the great role she took

you'll have read much about in this book);

fourth: the sopranos, up there and winging; ~~the great mainstay~~
~~of every choir; and lastly, long in the LAY~~
 and, lastly, we, boy-chorusers singing
~~the singing boys whom CHILDREN WHOM since Middle Ages~~
 that specialness which ~~the~~ since Middle Ages
 been a church-mark decreed by the Sages.

Five Colonies; ~~the~~ to Diggy, they cede.

Indent → Surrogates singing the great Nicene Creed.

--- B R E A K ---

centre, caps
ME THOUGHTS

ndent → The voices roll, the faces glistening
in candlelight. Bowed heads, listening,
congregant.
of ~~noisier~~ And I am thanking
there are no trams with iron wheels clanking.
Only the rubbers of hackneys hauling,
and soft-falling hooves. ~~A~~ And a distant calling
of a ship ~~sum~~ summoning a pilot tardy.
And a wind's murmur, ^{tugs} ~~tugging~~ at the hardy
branches of guinep in ~~the~~ graveyard. And,
the small lift of the Celebrant's hand
crossing himself; As now we ~~do~~ too
at Altar, Stalls, in every pew.

For in ~~the~~ the Mass, it is here that we,
at the foot of the Cross, now truly see.

--B REAK

← TAKE IN 21-AB

Satan seems, though ^{the} good you seek,
to trade with strong and plunder weak.
Either way you stand to lose.

ME THOUGHTS

centre,
caps

Seems its fixed. You cannot choose.

~~The~~ Internalities of the Mass
causes change to come to pass
inside ~~yourself~~; supports eschewals
of the outside. Hence, the rituals:

music, candles, incense, Word
helps the Inner Voice beheard,
insulated in the soul;
noble purpose, blessed role

~~Lettering to The Santa Maria Mission, Madrid, Can. Edmundo de Navarrete, dated under the year 1768.~~

^{telling} later ^{SHADY} tells how the Rollers she crafts,
 to The Sisters, ^{dancing on her cheeks} Mary, Mudda, ~~and~~ Caro,
 laughter-doubled under the yard-mahoe,
~~her dancing~~ face-bones ^{heaping to her} dancing high;
 long-fingered hands ^{helping to her} hearers descry.

--- B R E A K ---

~~Being of age now~~ ^{Think} I know for sure
 what ^{are} things fleeting; what endure.
~~But~~ ^{Yes?} ^{Then, why do} ambulant wishes

some days opt for the loaves-and-fishes
 in ~~lonely~~ place; yet, on a day,
 I am to empty promises, clay —

(All these things will I give ~~thee~~ thee
 if thou'lt fall and worship me!)

THE CODA

So we flowed now into the portion
 concerning Spirit, ^{TURNING: turned} the musc an ocean
^{WRAPS US ABOUT;} encompasses us; and, joyously
 proud of our craft, ~~we~~ are wondrously
 certain and strong. The great harmonies
 roll free among us: ^{Diaggy} The Five Colonies
 of Song People to Mr Dignum ^{Charles} gahter
 for ~~Mr~~ Gounod's ^{HAPPY SONG-} song. Now the ~~XXXXXX~~ FATHER,
 SON, SPIRIT sung, we go to the Coda
 confirming Sacraments; being the ode a
~~Council~~ ^{School} of Nicene ^{School} Year Three-twenty-five,
 wrote as its Credo in God Alive ...

SANCTUS

As the first notes of the Sanctus ~~steal~~ steal
 out in a murmur: (HOLY! HOLY!) Kneel
 at the ~~so~~ sopranos' lyric invitation,
 the surging passages of affirmation,
 so richly met in the Angels' Story;
 all in crescendo to GLORY! GLORY!

The royal words, each inwardly glowing,
 all of a certainty, all of a flowing.

And listening to the Messe Solonelle,
 to special gifts which only dwell
 in hearts and minds of a gifted few,
 all other hearts/^{so} lifted, knew
 a deep-felt joy; indeed, the rightness
 that here, indeed, were Image, Likeness.

^tAfter long years, yet, Gounod, ~~am~~ remembered
 in the Sanctus, returns unencumbered
 in its haunting adoration,
 a continuing oblation.

BENEDICTUS

The Sanctus is
~~And so it is~~ over. Soft clearings of throats.

We settle back. My mind plucks at notes;
 for the Benedictus (Blessed is he)
 always, to me, comes out awkwardly
 syntactic strength of the
 after the ~~Sanctus~~ Sanctus,
 there was
 and, I recall, ~~there was~~ none among us
 in ~~it~~ it,
 in ~~scan of~~ scan of ~~found scores~~ found scores to rouse
 most choir singers. One sort of ploughs
 through to Hosanna! and, even here
 familiar ~~the known settings~~ (in ~~the~~ settings ~~no mighty~~) no mighty cheer.

Yet this song, last to the Humble Access^h
should it be lively? Meel-kicking? rack-less?

~~no.~~ I feel
~~I feel~~ not-at-all. We do not presume,
~~the~~ set that humbling prayer says; not in a gloom
but forthright declaring we know our limits.

(Boast ~~we're freeborn? In Him we're manumits!~~). Freiborn ~~self-slaves,~~
only ~~He~~ manumits

[CANON]

Into the Canon. Now, ~~we~~ internalize
the awesome privilege we exercise
when we intake an Omnscent God
receiving His Body; accepting His Blood.

I think the great prayer of Eucharist,
the "broken-and-contrite" as it is list,
is ~~that~~ the heart-cry: WE DO NOT PRESUME!
asking for
access to Upper Room:

I
T
A
L
I
S
[We do not presume, O Lord, to attend
Your
at ~~xx~~ great feast, or, to ~~our~~ knees, bend
to gather the crumbs from under Your table,
being unworthy. Yet, You are able

In a small way, I think back now,
though we were young, ~~that~~ we knew, somehow.

BREAK
How quiet we were in Humble Access!

In Consecration, we were distractless.

Though young, we knew the ~~awesome~~ sob'ring import
of Bread ~~into Ghost~~ become God; and tried to comport.

And when the moment was marked by the bell,
we prayed with the Celebrant, truly and well.
~~with the Celebrant, we prayed, truly, well.~~

A SMALL STORY

Yet, as a Chronicler trying to tell
all that I may, please hear this as well.

A ~~nice~~ little trick ~~was~~ long ago thought up

by someone so the Ringer was brought up
 to knowing the moment they ^{raised} the Host
 Great Bell should be tolled;
 when the ~~the Ringer was brought up~~ but lost
 to sight and sound of the ^{Mass} the Ringer
 is ~~is~~ unaware of the moment the Singer
 is ~~is~~ Consecrating. So was devised
 the little game where a Server apprised
 the Ringer by ^{shaking} a six-foot aperture;
 in our Stalls, shook astir
 and laid his hand on one of our fellows

bellow on bellows
 from the Great Bell shattered the singing
 of Stainer's Agnus (so gentle) bringing
 forests of heads to the graveyard swinging
 to see through the walls at the heretic ringing.

Never was like such clapper on bow
 during the Lamb of God adagio.

Poor Ringer. He had indeed received
 the signal but had been hoodwinked, deceived,
 not noticing that the ~~the Ringer~~ window shaken
 was not the usual. But steps were taken
 to spoil a repeat. A designated
 (and guarded) casement was henceforth slated.

-----B R E A K-----

caps
 [THE CONSECRATION]

The scents of blooms and incense exciting
 beauty and hope that is Easter's inditing.
 Soft clicks at Altar as they prepare
 in Cup and Platen the sacred fare.

Celebrant under his breath, the rite,
 recites, to dine: "Who in that night ..."

The deep'ning hush, the quiet breathing.
 Uncovers Bread, Wine, ~~the Ringer~~ ^{things} exceeding
 the world of things. He lifts the Host

(If I be lifted, I save the lost!)

"Took Bread, took Wine ..." He shows the Being.
 Sacring Bell rings. God sees us kneeling.

27

by someone so the Ringer was brought up
 to knowing the moment they raised the Host
 Great Bell should be tolled; but lost
 to sight and sound of the Mass, the Ringer
 is unaware of the moment the Singer
 is Consecrating. So was devised
 the little game where a Server apprised
 the Ringer by shaking a six-foot aperture
 and the Imp that sat in our Stalls shook astir
 and laid his hand on one of our fellows.

INDENT

One day, the Imp in our Stalls shook astir

Send ^{one had day} and ^{there came}
 Horrors! One morning a bellow on bellows
 as the Great Bell shattered the singing
 of Stainer's Agnus (so gentle); bringing
 forests of heads to the graveyard swinging
 to see through the walls at the heretic ringing.

Never was like such clapper on bow
 during the Lamb of God adagio.

Poor Ringer. He had indeed received
 the signal but ^{was} had been hoodwinked, deceived;
 not noticing that the window shaken
 was not the usual. ^{so} But steps were taken
 to ^{TIGHTEN the drill.} repeat. A designated

and guarded casement was henceforth slated.

-----B R E A K -----

[THE CONSECRATION] [REASON 22]

The scents of blooms and incense exciting
 beauty and hope that is Easter's inditing.
 Soft clinks at Altar as they prepare
 in Cup and Platen the sacred fare.

Celebrant under his breath, the rite,
 recites, to dine: "Who in that night ..."

The deep'ning hush, the quiet breathing.
 Uncovers Bread, Wine, ^{things} exceeding
 the world of things. He lifts the Host

indent caps) → (If I be lifted, I save the lost!)

"Took Bread, took Wine ..." He shows the Being.

indent) → Sacring Bell rings. God sees us kneeling.

-- B R E A K --

How quiet we are! Today, I perceive
that our young souls did somehow receive
knowledge that we were witnesses
to man's weak search for the Mysteries.

For at Elevation when the bell rings
and Celebrant, in the Ecstasy, sings
the Consecration and raises the Host,

Lord, we were holy! Come, Holy Ghost!

AGNUS DEI

In Agnus Dei (Oh, Lamb of God;
asking the comfort of staff & rod)
is Gounod's
in-Gounod's truly melodious chanting;
which,
an air, these years, is still haunting
as when we were the Church's children.
Aged now, the beauty with which each was filled then
still has a quality^y that makes us free
of poorly minds; without imagery.

COMMUNION

Bach provides the Communion's lyring:
JESU, JOY OF MAN'S DESIRING
of voice and instruments, that richest weave
did ever men of great gifts conceive
in hymnody; as, violins, only
accompany us. So strange and lonely
this poignant air; this masterpiece.
Prolific genius. He gave without cease.

THE LAST GOSPEL

And now it is over. The Last Gospel read.
The Chalice wiped. Cloth covers the Bread.
We sing the GLORIA EXCELSIS refrain.
Walk the Recessional, all feeling the drain
but

How quiet we are! Today, I perceive

each of our small souls did somehow receive
witnesses

to ~~reach~~ reach for the Mysteries.

For, ~~at~~ at the Elevation ~~when~~ ^{and} the great bell rings
and ~~the~~ Celebrant, in the Ecstasy, sings
the ~~the~~ consecration, as he raises the Host
Lord, we were holy! ~~the~~ Come, Holy Ghost!

[AGNUS DEI]

The Agnus Dei (Oh, Lamb of God):

David asks comfort of staff and rod)
in Gounod's truly melodious chanting;
~~which is~~ which is, ~~the~~
an air ^{all} these years, ~~the~~ still haunting
when we were church's children.
as ~~did~~ did, ~~the~~ the ~~the~~

awe by ~~the~~ which we were filled then
still has a quality that makes us free
those
of poorly minds; without imagery.

[COMMUNION]

provides
Bach, ~~the~~ the Communion's lyring:

JESU, JOY OF MAN'S DESIRING;
of voice and instruments, that richest weave
~~the~~ did ever ~~gave~~ men ~~conceive~~ of great gifts conceive
in ~~the~~ hymnody; as violins only,
accompany us; yet, ~~and~~ ^{strange} ~~and~~ lonely,
in ~~the~~ poignant air; this masterpiece.
Prolific genius; gave without cease.

THE LAST GOSPEL

And now, it is over; the Last Gospel read;
the Chalice wiped; cloth covers the Bread.
We sing the GLORIA EXCELSIS refrain
and walk the Recessional. And all feel the drain
but quietly exulting that by our wills,

but quietly exulting that by our ~~wills~~ wills

29

we trained and worked and gained proud skills.

~~And still~~ ^{In the} there is
■ ~~Recessional~~, ~~done in silence~~, no song.

~~Lines~~ of men and boys
Two lines of ~~us walking back along~~ walk ~~along~~ along

the watching aisles. ^{Too drained} ~~Try not~~ to look boaside

while Mr Dignum plays us a mostly

triumphant march. He ^{is} too ~~is~~ proud of us.

Uses ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~high~~ ^{high} stops; ^{tells it} ~~to speak~~ aloud to us.

^I shoot a ~~glance~~ glance to the Goldsmith's feet
at ~~the~~ ^{-pew.}

~~me~~ family. The Aunts eyes meet

mine in round O's. But Caro mouths

one of her famous suck-teeth kirrouts!

Lord, we're weary! But how good it feels!

Every round O, ~~each~~ ^{each} smile reveals
that what ~~we've done~~, ~~very~~ we did/ ~~well~~ well.

Indat capo Boy, did we sing that ol' Solonelle!

A sideways glance at ~~George~~ ^{George} ~~gives~~ ^{he} gives a wink.

Soon as we hit the churchyard, I think

"To
I'll just observe: ~~the~~ the British Empire

belong us Anglicans; ~~just~~ just on hire .

Gives you a ~~chance~~ the chance to be us for a day.

Seven-Keys, Holy-Roll, ~~the~~ ^{is} the Yanks way."

Maybe his wise eyes will sneer at me,

saying in American: "Gee, tee-hee,"

haul in his line, change bait and choosing

a new drop (done whenever he's losing ;
he's good) and, close-watch for me discerning,
hand me a thought from his great learning:

~~From pole-to-pole, somewhere in the world,~~

"From pole-to-pole, somewhere in the world,

in, all the tongues,
~~all tongues and~~ at us natives is hurled

27 (30)
this horse-feathers of a strange religion
where men eat ~~their~~ God ~~at his~~ invitation!"

(By this ~~you~~ you note, ~~the~~ Last Gospel ~~is~~ ended,
and we have duly ~~genuflected~~,
we're ready ^{Now} ~~once more~~ for essential sinning.
Satan, ^{unsleeping} ~~sometimes~~ has ~~this~~ ways of winning.)

----- B R E A K -----
~~Subdued, we stand~~
Thus ~~can~~ me thoughts in the Vestry. The double
amen is sung (to keep us from trouble,
rest of the week). Rector ^{says! "Men,"} ~~must~~ ^{men} removing his alb, "I/confess when
I learnt you'd do this difficult setting,
I thought, 'Oh, dear! Into what/ ^{are} ~~are~~ they getting?'
But now, I say, never have I been
so thrilled when working me old routine!"
He gets a ~~very~~ nice laugh; loud from us boys.
(He called us ^{clucks} ~~men~~!) ~~clucks~~ at our noise.
He wipes his broad face. A stout white-man;
Trelawny-parish born, we understand.

"I'll thank the ladies up in the Stall,
and Mister Dignum. Good Easter to all!"

----- B R E A K -----
shed The ~~shed~~
Tiredly we ~~take off~~ our robes. /Gounod
~~me~~ will,
still echoes in/ ~~my~~ head; ~~for~~ I know
be with us all ~~the~~ day.
~~that~~ And all was well
that ~~the~~ Easter ~~we~~ we sang the Solonelle.

END

THE KINGSTON CHRONICLES 12

At the Goldsmith's feet 12

In that year of 'Twenty-seven,
I turned fourteen. Years which leaven
what me Chronicle now will tell
when we sang the Solonelle

INDENT → Easter-day at Solemn Mass.

BREAK

This was how it came to pass.

BREAK

'Twixt Ash Wednesday-Easter Day
lays me Church's ancient way
telling Man the central reason
for its founding. Its the season
passiontide; which Christians hold
promises a better world
after death when comes fulfilment
of the former Ge nt's Agreement:

INDENT [that we'll win, howe'er we pained;
loss of earth is par'dise gained.

BREAK

'Tween Ash Wednesday-Easter Day,
wear your hairshirt. Satan's flay?
Miserere! Sombre Lent!
Sorrow-time! Repine! Repent!

BREAK

INDENT → Forty days, excluding Sabbaths,
we are Davids... Face Goliaths
of omissions and wrongs done
compact with the Holy One.

BREAK

INDENT → First break in this dismal season
is Palm Sunday (Bodeful reason!)
Yet — yes! Candles lit again!
Sable cloths away again
for a day's while! Joyously
sing: ^{CAPS} RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

INDENT → But a short-lived celebration.
For the song of approbation

lasts a day. Then, back to sorrow!

INDENT → Holy Week begins tomorrow.

BREAK

Holy Week of marked lament.

Cassocks black. The days of Lent

being a time of sadness rampant;

hymns are anguished. We pray cauterant.

And at end, there is Good Friday. (ITAL)
weep-day? Satan's high-day?)

INDENT → (Good? That)

But I speak of this elsewhere.

ITALIC → Now its Easter! Banish care!

INDENT { And with gladness celebrate
this prime feast of priest and laity.

BREAK

Been a choirboy ^{some} a good while;

time came for a change in style:

cassocks going from black to purples,

brighter stuff, no more drab turtles.

Surplice sleeves were halved away.

Always ~~these~~ these got in the way

at the faucets. Went before

Mass began. For no ~~one~~ implore

shook ~~you~~ you loose of "Porro's" punishment

INDENT → ("You there, boy! Take one month's ^{ba} punishment!")

if, in ~~Mass~~ Mass, you left the Stall.)

ITALIC & INDENT → (Watch for Porro as the Sons of Saul!)

Stammers ~~a~~ a little; bobs in his walk;

To the ~~boys~~ boys, ^{he's} tiger-on-a-stalk.

Choir ~~secret~~ secret'ry. Young martine t.

Named ~~C.~~ C. Johnson. Short, thickset.

^{Only} Nicest ~~duty~~ ^{where} duty? ~~the~~ the shilling

That Easter-day was the time chosen
for the new robes. And interwoven
with the new clothes, the nice election
for music score: "Diggy's" selection.

St. Cecilia's Mass was the setting;
strings and brass; and also getting
the great John Lyons to solo the Sanctus;
Kyrie Eleison and Benedictus.

And that was the Easter Modda bought me
and Len, the Scotch Tweed, cut at the knee
(long ones ^{were} came later) Shantung shirt,
Clark shoes, ^{silk socks}, real leather girt.
None ^{as me} proud ^{robed} in the Vestry,
nose-high, ^{me} as a judge in consist'ry
as ^{we have} in the picture of St Paul's
argue of lawyers ^{at} the Senate walls.
Prouder than even Celebrant-Rector
in white-&-gold; or his Curate-Lector.

(Must tell: Our Rectors were always white.
Chosen, perhaps, as a way to invite
us to recall the heavenly status
shown on the Sunday-school cards they gave us
picturing the saintly hosts; and all
looked like our Rectors, I now recall.)

But ~~back~~ back to that Easter, ~~our~~ our contrive
to do the Gounod. It all comes alive.

Last evening, we took down the black Altar Front,
undraped the Crucifix, Lectern and Font,
brought out purple and red robes, changing
mournings of Lent; our form of Abstaining.
Altar Guild ladies, ^{fetches} in the flowers,
rain-dampened, glistening from April showers;

aired the Sacristy, white cloth on Credence,
polished Predellas; one hums in sequence
Eucharist. hymns as she brushed at the shelf
organ,
in time to [^] and, crossing herself,
shuffled, Epistle to Gospel, and back;

Mr Dignum practising ^{ITAL.} Jesu by Bach.

B R E A K - B R E A K
On Holy Saturday, we had Preparations:

Pre-Sanctified Mass; ^{doing} the Stations;
collecting me sixpence from Mudda and marched
to Chinese laundry for me Etons, starched
blade-taut by "Willie, late of Hong Kong;"
(one for the morning, other, Evensong).

- B R E A K -

How we have worked at old Mister Gounod's!
Full choir, instruments, worked ^{all} the solos.
Others rehearsed at the foot of the Altar:
acolytes, censers move well, no falter
putting dark frowns on the Rector, watching.

INDENT → We choirboys, at the Stall sides, batching,

whisper our jokes at the dumb show; vainer
that we're ^{SINGERS} ^{ITALIC} familiar with Stainer

and Purcell, ^{all} Elgar and not envious

^{better than} ~~lace-sewn~~ ~~those~~ ~~be-hatted~~
~~or-lace-and-scarlet~~ ~~supercilious~~
~~acolytes~~

~~mulatto, white boys, they the ones chosen~~

to bob like poppyshows, or to stand frozen

till the time comes for them to take orders:

^{That!...}
"Go for this!" / "Take this!" / "Straighten the borders

at cassock-tails whenever you kneel!

See it falls squarely over the heel!"

of higher stuff than
those poor snots,
mainly those fair-skinned
white boys, for ~~some~~
acolytes chosen,

^{stranger}
^{snobs}
of higher stuff
than those snotty poor
snots, ^{mainly} ^{fair-skinned} ^{white boys}
for acolytes chosen,
or bobbing like
poppyshows or
stand ^{stiff} ^{stiff} ^{dumb-bells}

INDENT
and
ITALICS

Poor little bring-come, go-pick-up-that!

Which of them ever sang a Magnificat?

BREAK

But now, it's Sunday! Easter already!

We take our places, full trained and steady

from months of practise each Thursday night:

Crescendo! Diminuendo! Till it came right.

-B R E A K-

share with me ~~the choirboy's moment~~ a choirboy's moment
Will you ~~be sharing a small boy's moment~~

as in Vestry we form for the post-Lent

lift of the pall of the church's Sad Forty?
~~about~~

to commence ~~the double-file sortie~~ into the church-main behind the Verger

with shouldered staff,
~~black-gowned liturger,~~

and too an acolyte, placed cross-bearer.

(Hands firm on post! Set transverse squarer!)

No whisperings, you! Eyes straight ahead!

Hands clasped in prayer — like you were dead!)

And, bearing candlesticks, smaller boys, pacing
the incense-bowl. (Slow! Slow! No racing!)

Low-voiced injunctions issuing from

the stern M.C. in his cingulum.

BREAK
Nervously we wait the priest's invocation,

when we'll step out to start the oblation.

A little shivery under cassocks and surplices.

Our Etons itch. Poor shaky-knee novices.

Clearings of throats. Palms dried on gowns.

Wond'ring if we'll be ~~capable~~ cap'ble of sounds

when the time comes to open the hymnal
page

at the ~~marked~~ marked for the Processional —

and ~~the~~ the church breathes, a kind of soft gale

down the sea-field. GODDIE US IT WE TALL!

B R E A K

But Mr Dignum cool as a January,
on organ stool high in the Sanctuary,
calms us with ^{the} familiar airs
from well loved scores. We form in pairs.
A silence stands now in the Vestry.
The Great ^{Bell} ~~bell~~ ceases now its chesty

FOOTNOTE IN ITALICS:

*Hardly 'tis known that on the Great Bell
there is inscribed the following tell
(engraved in Seventeen-forty-five)
that it be used just for those alive:
"THAT THE GREAT BELL BE NOT TOLLED
AT PERSONS DEATH." A copyhold
ignored ~~two~~ centuries till recently.
Present incumbents now decently
still its great tongue in deference
to the odd wish (meaning no offense).

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two 2

lower ~~bell~~ bellow. We ^{lower} our heads for prayers,
starchly confined in ~~bell~~ collars. ^{small} Small fears.
Softly, we sing the Amen sector
to invocations. Beadle to Rector
bows; ~~the organist waves, he's tall;~~ to the organist waves, he's tall;
Diggy sees him from his stool in the Stall
and sways and rocks at the high console,
shrugs shoulder-loose his organist's cowl;
and the great organ triumphantly,
with tonal power, exultantly
lifts its voice in the exordium
sings: AT THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE COME!

exordium

B R E A K

And we go out, suddenly unharried;
heavy hymnals now lightly carried;
glorious outrush of breath sends forth
the poetry and music for all we're worth.
We enter the nave marching in pairs.
The Easter hymn sings away our fears.

B R E A K

And there, ahead, a sun bursts through!
The Great East Window is gold and blue!
Figures of saints, apostles, ^{ITALICS} Jesus!
Small cherubs too, ~~these~~ these always please us.
Familiar Family, froze in stained glass

now come alive to celebrate their Mass!

- B R E A K -

GEORE MARK,

I am aware that me friend, ~~thin~~
marching beside me, in a ~~kind of~~ ^{thin} bark
sings out the line after feast we come, *12/21/21*
thus: leaving more and bringing some.
Should "Porro" Johnson, our secret'ry,
marching behind, hear that heresy,
~~then~~
then me friend George will land a suspension:

INDENT → "Forty days, boy, from now to Ascension!"
 is short, ~~the~~, a dry-eyed mocker,
 George ~~was~~

wears the baggiest ~~knickerbocker~~ knickerbocker
from the U.S. Of Panama birth;
dances the Charleston like nothing on earth;
boards with the ~~SCOTTYS~~ ~~CHANCERY~~ in ~~CHANCERY~~ Lane.
No cricket; baseball. Good talker. Vain.
Praises America
~~WELL~~ (mum's at the Canal);
me, for the Empire; each regional;
being the children of our time,
not bothered much by reason or rhyme.

(Sometimes he floored me, observing that

a black "lootenant" in U.S. hat
often occurred. "The English," he'd wager
"never allow you beyond sergeant-major."

Conceded. ^{Dist?} However, Mister ~~_____~~ you'll enjoy

if you stay here. But the States? 'Hey, ~~boy!~~ boy!'"

We're great friends. March
Great friends. ~~the march~~ Stall-wards together.

~~Porro had chose us to front the tether.~~
Being the smallest, we fronted the tether.

-- ~~SECRET~~ BREAK ---

I work me toes in me shoes to see
pebbles or things that could cause misery

10 ~~9~~
10

Bicycle ride
called
for
Catholics
there

in the processions (two on High Days).

INDENT → Marching or singing we had our ways;
passed down the lore ~~so's~~ so's to make sure
all was in order. It was mature;
but besides liking really what we do,
each was an actor in that robed crew.
And, in the back-stalls, choir-ladies were
not slow to poke ribs, ~~should cause~~ should cause occur;
employing fans, the edge of a psalter

through the back-rails, at slightest falter.

Mothers and teachers, they think boy-piknies
are always up to smart chicaninies.

Mark you, its true; but who can blame us?

Can we sit still when a priest, ~~is~~ famous
for being long-winded, drones on and on

of sin, when for us, the battle's been won?

~~we're~~ We're
free of taint by Eucharist's end!

When the Last Gospel's read, and Satan's penned!

And at High Altar, the ~~spoken~~ Triple is spoken
and the church rocks at the pow'ful invoken!

INDENT [We wish the Ladies in the back-stall
would cease their worry... ; no peril at all!

- B R E A K -

~~the~~ the march, as have
In ~~in~~ in singing, we ~~our~~ our ways
securing such errors as ~~likely~~ likely to faze:

41 ~~10~~
11
be
sure to see bootlaces are tied;
knee-stockings banded; gravity defied
by brace-belted trousers; embarrassment lurked
under those cassocks whenever we kirked.
For more than one boy has stumbled or fell
because his bootlaces had not been tied well,
and, stepped on, one foot, suddenly immovable,
the not-knowing rest-of-him went uncontrollable.

- B R E A K -

~~A silence a sudden now stands in the Vestry.~~
~~Great Bell*~~
~~in the graveyard ceases its chesty~~

FOOTNOTE (in *italics*)

Hardly 'tis known that on the Great Bell
there is inscribed the following tell
(engraved ~~ordered~~ in Seventeen-Forty-five)
that use of it's only for those alive:
"THAT THE GREAT BELL BE NOT TOLLED
AT PERSON'S DEATH." A copyhold
ignored for two centuries, till recently.
Present incumbents now decently
still its great tongue in deference
to the odd wish (meaning no offense).

~~bellow; we go to our feet for prayers,~~
~~starchy in surplice, high collar, small fears.~~

- B R E A K -

~~Mass~~
Solemn High Mass to the Messe Solonelle
is a long haul; three hours to ~~tell~~
when you consider prayers to be chanted,
Gospel, not said, but sung, or descanted —
we must be fit to handle all this;

friends will be angry, if, a note, one should miss
for (now I know) we were proud boy-singers
and had ~~our~~ code. Although no bell-ringers
for honour of craft, or art, no pretence,

a
[(not to forget ~~that~~ poke
from the fans
[or psalters of stern
lady-Anglicans)

-- B R E A K --

--B R E A K --

by the Acolyte gang

CAPS
CAPTURED HE'LL BE BY THE ACOLYTE GANG!

12
13
[INDENT] Who seem to think they're the whole shebang,
seeking High Schoolers for their Guild.

[INDENT] "But what do they get? A pikni hybrid!"
[STET] jeers me friend, George; "a broken-down singer
they'll train to be a candle-stick bringer!"
■ But somewhat bitter; for, [STET] worry stirs
that soon we'll no longer be boy-choristers.
For, proud sopranos, some quite angelic,
we know we're doomed. Ahead, catatonic
close-out of trebles, our voices "cracked";
no longer winging, soon we'll be sacked.
And, yet, we're eager to gain our men's voices
and join the back-stalls in one of the choices,
tenor or baritone, and wear long-pants:
"And no suspensions from Porro!" George rants.

-- B R E A K --

[INDENT] Then, in the march as the thuribler swept
his censer crossing the northern transept,
I look to the left, me Mudda to greet,
and the Aunts, all in song at the Goldsmith's feet.

[INDENT] (The Goldsmith? I've told you elsewhere that its
the John Wolmer bust where me family sits.
Me Aunt Mary Brooks knows Parish Church lore,
the oldest sister, and, what's more
was with the Old Church before the 'Quake,
Nineteen-~~eight~~-seven, ^{and} at the New-Church stake,
when all attended at old Conversori~~um~~
to draw for pews in the new sanctuary

which took the place of ~~the~~ the wrecked P.C.,
built when Port Royal sank in the sea;

14

indent [and that Sat'day won our Family Seat,
when the lots were cast, at the Goldsmith's feet.)

So now, in me march, a quick look to see
if this piki^N making a proud family.

~~Me~~ ^M eyes catch Aunt Audrey's, third of the sisters,
unhappily wed, but a courage that glisters
in darkest hour with a wry quip;
now rolls her eyes at her lucky kinship.

Me Aunt Caro winks but I keep a straight face;
for Mudda is strict about falling from grace
when in ^{me} robes, ~~I~~ lead the Celebrant
to the High Altar/^{with me} gift of descant;
and almost, ^{from Caro,} comes over the pews
to me ear, and almost me grace did lose:

INDENT Italics ["Three-feet tall, leading God's go-between
up to the Altar!" said me Aunt Caro's grin.

Me Aunt Caro. Wrote of her in NEW DAY,
me very first novel, from girl-child to gray.
There never was anyone quite like she.
Quite spoilt her nephews, Len and me.

— -- B R E A K — --

INDENT → Marching the aisle on the brown-ribbed matting
covering the floor, through the soft slatting
of me feet, feel the knobs and ^{STRANGE} dimples
of history in ^{tomb} stone; the quaint unsimples,
unlikely virtues, of imperial rogues
who built the Empire by cunning colloques *

* (this came of arguing long with ^{GEORGE} ~~me~~
^{at large} both of us readers, both ~~me~~ ^{at large}
among the books of the Institute's;
taught us ^{MUCH, CONCERNING} roots)

*FOOTNOTE
ITALICS
single space*

with some of our own; greedy for wealth;
in Africa, India, China; the stealth
stole the marauders into great plunder
of bodies, ^{RICHES} ~~plunder~~ and ~~plunder~~ asunder

15

cultures more ancient than ever their own.

Cultures not ~~there~~ but ~~there~~ almost gone.

Beneath me feet lay ~~the~~ long ago

English wardogs; /Admiral, Benbow.

is the most famed and/rightly; ~~the~~

he was a man;

a brave ~~character~~ I step lightly.

BREAK HERE ---

IDENT → But here we are now, at last at the Altar.

~~REDACTED~~

& Collect said from the Psalter.

Our Father ~~_____~~

And we wait the start of the Kyrie
commencing

~~the Mass of St Cecilia.~~

But being ~~being~~ a Feast-day there's a Procession.

through all the aisles, of ^{manifestation} ~~the~~

to ~~show~~ ^{show} the world that clergy and laity

offer this Mass in praise of the Deity.

go , ~~██████████~~ bearing

We ~~received~~ banners from the ~~auxillaries~~ auxiliaries.

Dorcas, Mothers' Union, other ancillaries;

banner of St Thomas our saintly patron.

and others, as now I'm not too clear on,

singing Hail, Festal! for the ~~celebration~~ epiphanal,

chorus and Cantor in verse antiphonal.



16

No women-singers joined in these marches;
they wait in the Stalls under the arches
until we ^{men have} finished our stalking
to beat the Devil. You see, in our walking,
our long lines ^{long-cassocked} men and boys,
banners and crosses, candles, small noise
of censer's clink ^{go} ways unfamiliar
because on ~~these~~ High Days, our walk's ~~a~~ a sealer
sealing Old Satan. So, march a route
forming a ^{ITALICS} Sign of the Cross; sure scoot
to any Demons who may have crept in
before we massed to skedaddle sin.

means "a dash"

^{INDENT} → ^{BREAK} Led by the Cantor, we all must wait
while ^{sings} he ~~bars~~ bars (sixteen or eight)
before we respond; and always the same,
being a chorus, you could not blame
our minds from wandering. So, I recall
thinking, quite often, how sad the stall
must to a lady, white-frocked and hatted,
midst empty benches. They would have chatted;
but now they're exposed ^{for we're not there} to congregant, ^{in the front benches to shield them}
^{as we're} ~~not there~~ not there to shield them, they cant.

^{INDENT} → Poor choir-ladies. However, now back
to Easter-Mass, ^{giving} Old Nick ^{some flack} ~~back~~
^{Return} ~~to the Altar~~ to the Altar (^{boys} to the Stalls
to the business at hand: ^{to} ring ~~these~~ these walls!).

[THE KYRIE]

--- BREAK ---

16

Center up
The Kyrie

17

now come for
The time has the Solonelle.

We sing
the Kyrie, which, truth to tell

is a long, plaintive call; and, well,

is beauty-in-grief. Now, as we end,

we know we're nervous; our fingers bend

leaves in the score-book; there is a clearing

of adult throats, show too they're caring

now that we near the mighty Credo —

they be feeling too —
could ~~_____~~ tremolo?

dash

We sing the Kyrie in Greek, as its written.

(A stranger might think we had been smitten,

but in Mass-settings, for unknown cause,

whatever the liturgy, almost as laws,

they write the suppliant LORD, HAVE MERCY,

~~_____~~ Sometimes
in Greek. it sparks controversy.)

We use Latin titles; words sung in English

save for the Kyrie most scores distinguish.

(Prob'ly the Anglicans, when Henry the Three,

back long ago, from Rome, broke free,

dumped all their Latin; as a last flick,

defying the Pope, kept this bit of Greek.)

However that be, the Kyrie Gounod

beauty, peculiar though;
has its own ~~_____~~

but that
I think with this opening piece,

he marked his fine work. Now, as we cease,

within himself, each choirboy girds

in his own way. The COMFORTABLE WORDS

(which the Celebrant chants) is off a long way,

but I find meself saying them as I lay

on
the thick score-book the psalter-shelf

opened at ThePlace, humming to meself,
cat-nervous as me eyes contemplate
that glorious CREDO. How will we rate
the twice-a-week practise, perfection-search?
The sprinting from ~~██████████~~ Fleet Street
to Parish Church,
Thursday after Thursday, the song in me head
as along Tower Street, me booga-boots fled?

Will we be as boasie walking back
in the RECESSIONAL, ~~██████████~~
each man-Jack
knowing ~~██████████~~ inq he did his job and
~~██████████~~ did it well
this morning, singing the Solonelle?

Get that proud look in me family's eyes?

Shiny black ones which Caro lets flies
upwards, whenever I win a school test,
or don me Scotch tweed, three-piece with vest.)

Dont know. Just wait. Harrumph throats clear.

Suck on a Sen-Sen. The knowing is near.

--B R E A K --

THE EPISTLE

We're off our knees now. The Epistle is read
by one of the Deacons; the GRADUAL is led,

that glowing hymn with which we hail them

LIGHTS ABODE, CELESTIAL SALEM.

THE GOSPEL

Stand for the GOSPEL. Turn, face the TABLE;

truth is that we're hardly able
to follow the Word; each one is thinking
of the ol' CREDO, a tiny sinking
in smalls of stomachs, awaiting the chant
to send us off, from the Celebrant.

Incensed and kissed, the GOSPEL is read.

Thanks for the Word duly chanted (or said).

And the Celebrant returns to the centre,

And, to affirm the way we ~~have~~ have trod,

he sings ~~and~~ at the Altar: "I BELIEVE IN ONE GOD!"

--- B R E A K ---

[THE CREED]

THE CREED

And so, here we are at the NICENE CREED.

Mark.

I wink at George. [REDACTED] We draw a bead

on the fat score-book, watching the stave

with an eye cocked to the head of the Nave

to see who ~~we~~ watch ~~the~~ the proud boy-singers
about to prove ~~they~~ ^{we} ^{real} are roof-ringers.

Then, down, drop the hands of Organist Dignum,
string acquisitum.

up come the bows of the ~~two~~ two bassists,
out goes the elbows of the ~~two~~ two

forth rush the voices of/choralists,

as the grand mind of Charles Gounod heard it;

and [REDACTED] as me own Mister Dignum stirred it;

WHAM! we hit

and — ~~741-0023-0~~ the sonant crash

which opens the CRED0; that stunning slash

of full-throat voices at high octave

soaring across the high architrave

of strings and organ, fortissimo;

lauding, lauds with Charlie Gounod

And, sheerly exulting, ^{just} as he wrote,

we struck: I BELIEVE! on towering note ...

IN ONE GOD! — and, ~~the~~ unbelievable

topped the heights thought [REDACTED] the unassailable

with: FATHER ALMIGHTY! and in full stride:

MAKER OF HEAVEN! up! up! we ride;

AND OF EARTH! now, hard-edged tenors

climb as they eye the ~~base~~ bass-defenders

of the ~~score's~~ clefs, the plinths we stand on
to build our harmonies. And now we land on ~~the~~

ALL THINGS VISIBLE ; ~~the~~ first of the four
homages to Trinity, Church. ~~Now~~ Now, o'er

organ, trumpets ^{and} other machines
(all those ^{things} visible and the unseens)

some will be praying, Creator, assume!

We are the warp, weft, You are the Loom!

20

Insert (Not in ~~the~~ words, though, but in the heart.
Grown, I've asked. They tell me part
of the true artist is common at prayer;
though often unrecognized by the Wayer.)

P. 19

na → And the great music surges in the wood
beneath me forearm; where there is stood
on ~~the~~ Stall's lectern, like blades of grass,
the notes in the thick score-book of the Mass.

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

-- B R E A K --

Indat Oh, flushed with triumph! Proud as can be!
~~the~~ S Surplice high-shouldered! Dying to see ;
(but/carefully), I now and then glance
down at the congregants. Do we entrance?

Indat Do their eyes thank for the soaring joys
we bring them, we gifted ~~the~~ choirboys?

-- B R E A K --

Indat → The great church is filled. Sounds outside;
trams, candy-vendors, cyclists astride
bell-tinkling Humbers, Rudges and Raleighs,
are rendered soundless by Gounod's sallies.

Indat But think you've heard all the marvels yet?
(inside me head) Wait till we get
to the INCARNATUS. We're winding down.

The WHO FOR US MEN is tenderly down:

we kneel for it. And, quiet, the strings
 and, ~~soft-pedalled,~~ the organ brings
 the beauty, certainty; the axiom
 on which is structured all Christendom:

AND WAS INCARNATE!

Candles, tall-burning;

smoke from the incense rising and turning
 past the bowed heads of those adoring
 of
 the Mystery:/God ~~adjoining~~ adjuring
 through the suffering of His Son,
 Whom, says the Creed, with Him, art One.
 Coming to earth, in flesh, as we,
 and yet, not so, for eternally
 He was and is God. And what's more,
 making us equal to Whom we adore!

--- B R E A K ---

(centre, caps)

[THE SINGERS]

There are five colonies in Diggy's realm.

Five streams of singers with him at the helm,
 First ~~are the~~ basses, now strangely gentle,
 Mr. Smith, ~~a~~ Brown, in testamental

lieder; and second: high tenors harking;

thirdly: contraltos, so calmly walking

(led by Miss Myers, me Sixth Book teacher,
 such timbre, texture, none can reach her;

of Olga Myers and the great role she took

you'll have read much about in this book);
 the first mainstay

fourth: the sopranos, ~~the great mainstay,~~
 of every choir. And last in the lay
 the singing children whom since Middle Ages
~~and approved voices which~~

been a church-mark decreed by the Sages.

Five Colonies; to Diggy, they cede.

24-B

later telling
how the Rollers she crafts,
Mary, Mudda, Carol,
to The Sisters,
laughter-doubled under the shady mahoe,
face-bones dancing on her cheeks high
long-fingered hands to her hearers descry.

--- B R E A K ---

24
HEARERS

Being of age, now I know for sure
what things fleeting; what will endure.
But — yes? Then, why do me
some days opt for the loaves-and-fishes
in a lonely place? Yet, on a day,
I am to empty promises, clay —
(All these things will I give thee
if thou'lt fall and worship me!)

THE CODA

So we flowed now into the portion
Spirit-turned; the music wraps us about;
and, joyously
proud of our craft, are wondrously
certain and strong. The great harmonies
roll free among us: the Five Colonies
of Song People to Diggy gather
for Gounod's song. Now the FATHER,
SON, SPIRIT sung, we go to the Coda
confirming Sacraments; being the ode a
Nicene School, Year Three-twenty-five,
wrote as its Credo in God Alive ...

the music an ocean

SANCTUS

Indent → As the first notes of the Sanctus ~~still~~ steal
 out in a murmur (HOLY! HOLY!) kneel
 at the sopranos' lyric invitation,
 the surging passages of affirmation,
 so richly met in the Angels' Story;
 all in crescendo to GLORY! GLORY!

Indent [The royal words, each inwardly glowing,
 all of a certainty, all of a flowing.

And listening to the Messe Solonelle,
 to special gifts which only dwell
 in hearts and minds of a gifted few,
 all other hearts ^{so} lifted, knew
 a deep-felt joy; indeed, the rightness
 that here, indeed, were Image, Likeness.

Indent [After long years, yet, Gounod, ~~we~~ remembered
 in the Sanctus, returns unencumbered
 ← in its haunting adoration,
 a continuing oblation.

BENEDICTUS

Indent → Sanctus is
~~And so, yes, over.~~ Soft clearings of throats.

We settle back. Me mind plucks at notes;
 for the Benedictus (Blessed is he)

always, to me, comes out awkwardly
 syntactic strength of the
 after the ~~Sanctus~~ Sanctus;

and, I recall, ~~there was~~ ^{few} ~~none~~ among us
 it,

in scan of ~~Sanctus~~, found scores to rouse
 most choir singers. One sort of ploughs

through to Hosanna! and, even here

settling
 in the scores can only be
 There must be few who find

(in me known settings) no mighty cheer.

Yet this song, last to the Humble Access:
should it be lively? ^hfeeling-kicking? rack-less?

Indent → I feel not at all. We do not presume.

that humbling ~~prayer~~ prayer says; not in a gloom
forthright declare
but ~~downright~~ ^hdeclaring we know our limits.
(Free-born self-slaves. Only He manumits.)
~~(Boast -- we're freeborn? In Him we're manumits!)~~

[CANON] *caps Centre*

Indent → Into the Canon. Now, we internalize
the awesome privilege we exercise
when we intake an Omnscent God
receiving ~~His~~ ⁱBody; accepting ~~His~~ Blood.

Indent → I think the great prayer of Eucharist,
the "broken-and-contrite" as it is list,
is that heart-cry: WE DO NOT PRESUME!
asking for
~~access to~~ access to ~~the~~ Upper Room:

Indent
ITALICS [We do not presume, O Lord, to attend
Your
at ~~the~~ great feast, or, to our knees bend
to gather the crumbs from under Your table
being unworthy. Yet, You are able

In a small way, I think back now,
though we were young, that we knew, somehow.

How quiet we were in Humble Access!

INDENT In Consecration, we were distractless.

Though young, we knew the ~~awesome~~ ^{SOBERING} import
become God;
of Bread, ~~into Christ~~ and tried to comport.

And when the moment was marked by the bell,
we prayed with the Celebrant, truly and well.
~~with the Celebrant, truly and well.~~

[A SMALL STORY] *caps centre*

Yet, as a Chronicler trying to tell

all that I may, please hear this as well.

Indent → A ~~nice~~ nice little trick ~~was~~ long ago thought up

we trained and worked and gained proud skills.

~~Recessional's~~ done ^{in silence; no song.} ~~in silence.~~ without song

~~Fired; we take off our~~

^{at all times} From pole to pole ^{staggered over} somewhere in the world
all hours and tongues, somewhere's unfurled
this day, ^{Amor} emblems of a strange religion
where ^{group} men eat their God at His invitation.

Two
~~Long~~ lines of us walking back, along
the watching aisles. Try not to look ~~boastie~~
while ^{Mr Dignum} ~~Mr Dignum Diggly~~ plays us a mostly
~~paces us to the Vestry; conquering heroes~~
triumphant march. He too is proud of us
Uses ^{the big stops} ~~the big stops~~ ^{to speak} ~~it~~ aloud to us.

Quick glance across at the Goldsmith's feet
to see me family. ~~At~~ The Aunts' ~~eyes meet~~
mine in round O's. ~~But Caro mouths~~
one ~~one~~ of her famous suck-teeth kirrouts!
Lord, we're weary! But how good it feels!

Every round O, every smile reveals,
that what we did up there, we did it well!

~~Boy, did we sing~~ ^{that} ~~ol' Solonelle!~~

I ~~look at George~~ ^{glance sideways at George}
A sideways glance at George; ~~we exchange winks~~ ^{he gives a wink}
~~Soon as we hit the~~ ^{church} yard, I will, I think

29
I'll just observe that the British Empire
was the sole owner; ~~Had singly~~ ^{the legal} sire
of what had just made him ^{main} ~~chief~~ ^{to be us,} ~~prune~~ for a day
Seven-Keys, Holy-Rolling, was the American way.

Maybe, his wise eyes will sneer at me
and he'll say (in American) "Tee hee,"
haul in his line, change bait and choosing
a new drop (does it whenever ~~00~~ he's losing)
and hand me a thought ^{out of} from his great learning
(he's good), ~~and~~ ⁱⁿ close watch for me discerning:

"From pole to pole, somewhere ~~over~~ ^{elsewhere, in} the world
all tongues and climes, at ~~peer~~ ^{us natives} man is hurled
this horse-feathers of a strange religion:

where men eat their God at His invitation!"
--B R E A K --

Thus run me thoughts in the Vestry. The double
amen is sung (to keep us from trouble ~~00~~
rest of the week). Rector says: "Gentlemen,"
removing his ~~00~~ ^{alb} chasuble, "I confess when
I learnt you'd do this difficult setting,
I said, 'Oh, dear, into what are they getting?'

But now I say, ~~0~~ never have I been
so thrilled when working me old routine. ⁾⁾
He gets a nice laugh; quite loud from us boys
whom he's ^{men} called "Gentlemen" Chuckles at our noise.
He wipes his broad face; a ~~red-skin~~ ^{17164 - BR 211} man
St Elizabeth-born, we understand.

"I will thank the ladies up in the stall
and Mr Dignum. Good Easter to all!"

--- B R E A K ---

Tiredly, we take off our robes. Gounod
still thinly echoes far down; we know
he'll be with us all ~~this~~ day. All was well;
that Easter we sang the Solonelle.

No matter. This I know very well
not.
He might ~~000~~. But yet, I know him. ~~well~~ Ah, well,
I know he's proud to have done the Solonelle. ^{But coming is,}
(Why this? By the time Last Gospel's ended
and we have duly genuflected,
we're ready once more for essential sinning.
Satan, sometimes, has this way of winning.)
^{requires a little}

— 30 —

29
but quietly exulting that by our ~~will~~s wills
we trained and worked and gained proud skills.
It's a ~~still~~ walk. There is ~~no~~ no song.

Two lines of ~~men and boys~~ of men and boys
walk ~~along~~ along
the watching aisles. Try not to look boastie
while Mr Dignum plays us a mostly
triumphant march. He too is proud of us.
Uses ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~high~~ stops to speak aloud to us.

Indent → Shoot a ~~glance~~ glance to the Goldsmith's feet
at ~~me~~ ^{-pew.}
~~me~~ family. The Aunts eyes meet
mine in round O's. But Caro mouths
one of her famous suck-teeth kirrouts!

Indent → Lord, we're weary! But how good it feels!
Each
Every round O, ~~smile~~ smile reveals
that what ~~we've~~ ^{we've} done, ~~we~~ ^{very} did/ ~~well~~ well.

Indent and BRACKET (Boy, did we sing that ol' Solonelle!)
A sideways glance at ~~George; he~~ ^{George; he} gives a wink.
Soon as we hit the churchyard, I think
I'll just observe: ^{"To} the British Empire
belong us Anglicans; ~~you're~~ ^{you're} just on hire.
Gives you a ~~chance~~ ^{is} the chance to be us for a day.

Indent → Seven-Keys, Holy-Roll, ~~the~~ ^{is} the Yanks way."
Maybe his wise eyes will sneer at me;
say ~~in~~, in American: "Gee, tee-hee,"
haul in his line, change bait and choosing

hands
a new drop (done whenever he's losing ;
he's good) and, close-watch for me discerning,
hands me a thought from his great learning:

Indent → "From pole-to-pole, somewhere in the world,
in all the tongues ~~at~~ ^{at} us natives is hurled

Stall
Oct 20

Came that good year, 'Twenty-seven.

Turning fourteen.

Years which leaven

what me Chronicle now will tell.

When

we sang the Solonelle

Easter-Day.

At Solemn Mass.

This was how it came to pass.

CHANGE TO PURPLE

Been a choirboy some while.

Time came for a change in style.

Cassocks go from black to purples.

Lighter stuff.

No more drab turtles.

Surplice sleeves were halved away.

These were always in the way

at the faucets.

Go before

service starts. For no implore

set you free of "Porro's" punishment.

Fetch'd you quickly one month's banishment

if, in Mass, you left the Stall,

any cause, save death withal.

"PORRO"

Watch for "Porro". Bobs in his walk.

To Stall-boys, it's a tiger's stalk.

He's choir-secretary.

Martinet.

Named "Porro" Johnson.

Short.

Thickset.

Hands out the shillings for our singing
at a nuptial (ended, bringing
faces turned (enthusiasts!) east,
eager for the fippenny feast
of three-cornered Chinese patties,
double-costed, each, two-quatties;
doubly-good, though, crust and meat.
Joy at East and East Queen Street!
Famous, once, this patty-place.
Gone, now. Past. Such is the case.

But to get on.

I must tell

when we sang the Solonelle

Easter morn.

At Sacrament

at
at the end of Lent's lament.

GOUNOD

That year's Easter, then, was chosen
for new robes.

And interwoven

was another nice election:

Mr Dignum's Mass selection.

Gounod's Solonelle the setting;
brass and strings; ~~also~~ also getting
great John Lyons in the Sanctus,
Kyrie Eleison, Benedictus.



~~Nobody proud in the Vestry,
Princely==primate==at== to soon, now, blestly
New suit, new robes; death==not==may==be
march through the eye-ed aisles up to the Stalls
HOMAGE THE Chancel, and, sing down these walls.~~

New suit, new robes; to soon now, blestly
thousands eyes;
march through the eye-ed-aisles; ~~sw~~ to the Stalls,
homage the ^{Altar} ~~Chancel~~ and sing down these walls.
Proud, maybe, as the Celebrant-Rector
in white-&-gold cape (being Director).

Fortellings

that like the Angels, this was the status?
~~We knew.~~

SUG. For the Sunday School cards they gave us
 had shots of Heavenly Ones who would save us.
 And all had skins white as fish belly+up;
 innocent faces as ~~that~~ on Miss Nellie, up
 "riding the bricks", when the ~~lamps~~ ^{lamps} ~~lit~~ ^{lit} shone on
 she and the Sunday School head, ~~at~~ ^{at} Briton

used
otherwise.
See Brief-case

white as a cloud caught

named Mr Conk.

She taught at St Michaels,

and wore long dresses, also bifocals.

And everyone wondered (I heard Caro tell)

how with the school head she got on so well —

until the night on McWhinney Street,

in the dark part, a wall twenty feet

high, which makes it a sort of mall,

flanked by the General Penitentiary wall,

an auto light ^{smartly} suddenly swung the bend

and, there they were, clear-caught! Unfend!

And Rae Town wondered: Why had they not
gone into the gully when they were hot?

"Instead," Caro said, "to be caught fornicating."

But Mudda frowned. Said: "Caro, say mating."

Cause the boy-piknies, me and me brudda
stood by, nudging at one anudda.

Used

Otherwiser.

See

~~GPA~~

brief case

But back to that Easter, when all o' we
sang ^{that} ~~song~~ the Gounod of grand memory.

PREPARATIONS

On Easter morning, the sun's shining through
saints and apostles so they all look new,
there, in the arch of the Great East casement,
stained in grand colours, waiting the Mass meant
to honour this great and highest church feast:

raising of Jesus, the Christ and High Priest.
Last evening, we took down the black altar-front,
undraped the Crucifix, Lectern and Font,
brought out the purple and red cassocks, changing
mournings of Lent, our form of Abstaining.

Altar Guild ladies brought in the flowers,
 rain-dam-, glistening from April showers;
 aired the sacristy, white cloth on credence,
 polished predellas, one hums in sequence
 Eucharist hymns as she brushed at the shelf
 and,
 in time to organ; / crossing herself,

crossed from Epistle to Gospel and back, ^P rubbed at the Paschal and at
 we had the stack

Holy Saturday [^] preparations: ^P of brass candlesticks, at
 Pre-Sanctified; doing the stations; ^P and other sacred machinery
 Altar railing entailing.

collecting me sixpence from Mudda and marched
 to Chinese laundry for me Etons, starched
 blade-taut by "Willie, late of Hong Kong."
 (One for the morning, other, Evensong.)

How we have worked at old Mr Gounod's!

Full choir, instruments, worked all the solos.

Others rehearsed at the foot of the Altar:

acolytes, censers move well. No falter.

So ^{put} [^] no frowns on the Rector, watching.

But, choirboys at the Stall sides, batching,

whisper our jokes at the dumb show; vainer

that we're professionals! familiar with Stainer

and Purcell; Elgar; not at all bilious

about lace-&-scarletted supercilious

mulatto boys — they the ones chosen

to poppyshow-bob, or to stand frozen

till the time comes for them to take orders:

"Go fetch this, this, straighten the borders

of cassock-tails whenever you kneel!

See it falls squarely over the heel!"

Poor little bring-come, go-pick-up-that,
 which of them ever sang a Magnificat?
 But now, its Sunday!
 Easter already!

We take our place, full-trained and steady
 with months of practice each Thursday night:
 Crescendo! Dimi! Till it came right.

Come share with me what is a boy's moment
 as in the Vestry we form for the post-Lent
 lift of the pall of the church's Sad Forty
 now to commence with our double-file sortie
 into the church behind the Verger
 carrying his staff, the black-gowned liturger.
 Nervous, we wait the priest's invocation
~~when we'll~~ when we'll march to begin the oblation.

A little shivery under cassocks and surplices.
 Our Etons itch. Poor shaky-kneed novices.
 Clearings of throats.
 Palms dried on gowns.

Dont know that we'll be cap'ble of sounds
 when the time comes to open the hymnal
 at the page marked for the Processional.
 We hear the church breathe, a kind of soft gale
 down the sea-field.

Gobble us if we ~~xx~~ fail!

But, Mr Dignum, cool as a January
 on organ stool high in the Sanctuary
 calms us with the familiar airs
 from well loved scores.

We form in pairs.

A silence enters now, in the Vestry.
 The Great Bell ends a sudden its chesty
 bellow. We bow our heads for paayers,
 & starchly confined in collars and fears.
 So<ftly we sing the Amen sector
 to invocations. Beadle to Rector
 bows; to the organist; he's tall.
 Diggy sees him from his stool in the Stall
 and sways and rocks at the high cnsole,
 shrugs shoulder-loose his organist's cowl
 and the great organ, triumphantly,
 with tonal power, exultantly
 lifts its great voice in exordium,
 sings: AT THE ~~LAMB'S~~ LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE COME!

And we go out. Suddenly unharried.
 Heavy hymnals now lightly carried.
 A glorious outrush of breath sends forth
 the poetry and music for all we're worth
 and enter the nave, marching in pairs.
 The Easter hymn sings away our fears.

I'm aware that me friend, John Mark
 marching beside me, in a thin bark
 sings out the line after ~~xxxx~~ FEAST WE COME
 thus: leaving more and bringing some.
 Should "Porro" Johnson, &&& our secret'ry,
 marching behind, hear that heresy, &
 then me friend, John, will land a suspension&:
 "Forty days, boy, from now to Ascension!"

Good friends. We march Stall-ward together
chosen this great day to lead the tether.

I work me toes in me shoes to see
pebbles or things that could cause misery
in the Procession (two on High Days).

Marching or singing, we had sound ways.

Be sure to see bootlaces are tied.
Stockings secured. Gravity defied
by braced-belted trousers. Embarrassment lurked
under those cassocks whenever we kirked.
For more than one boy has stumbled or fell
because his bootlaces had not been tied well;
so, stepped on, one foot, suddenly immovable,
the not-knowing, rest-of-him went uncontrollable.
Likewise in singing, we all made sure,
all came ~~not~~ out right. It was mature.
But besides really liking what we do,
each was an actor in that robed crew.

Watch it, though. Back of us, choir-ladies were
not ~~not~~ slow to poke ribs should cause occur,
employing fans, the edge of a psalter
through the seat-rails, at slightest falter.
Mothers and teachers, they think boy-piknies
are always up to smart chicaninies.

Mark you, its true, but who can blame us?
Can we sit still when a priest, famous
for being long-winded drones on and on,
on sin, when for us, the battle's been won?

We're free of taint by Eucharist's end!
When Last Gospel's read and Satan's penned!
And at High Altar, the Triple's spoken
and the church rocks at the pow'ful invoken!

We wish the ladies in the back stall
would cease their worry; no peril at all!

Solemn High Mass to the Messe Solonelle
is a long haul. plus two hours. Well,
Well,

when you consider prayers to ^{be} ~~be~~ chanted,
Gospel, not said but sung, or descanted,
we must be fit to handle all this,
enunciation, notes, nothing amiss

(not to forget a poke from the fans
quick
in the/hands of lady Anglicans).

But (now I know) we were proud boy-singers
and had our code.

Although no bell-ringers
of
for honour~~ed~~ craft, or art, no pretence
we were somehow aware of excellence.

Thoughts such as these scurry through me head
as we step to the aisle; and
there, up ahead,
the flowered Table! The candles' glitter!

Extract from
THE KINGSTON CHRONICLES

At the Goldsmith's feet

VIC REID

In that year of 'Twenty-seven,
~~I turned~~ ^{turning} fourteen. Years which leaven
what me Chronicle now will tell
when we sang the Solonelle
Easter-day at Solemn Mass.

This was how it came to pass.

GLENER

At Gleaner,
check page 12, 23
13, 6
9

J.C. Grant
Ask for start
top page 1

Mr Allen
Hima Brown

LINE-BIOGRAPHY

Ch. Tan Phyt 10

6

2

'Twixt Ash Wednesday-Easter Day
lays me Church's ancient way
telling Man the central reason
for its founding: ^{Easter} ~~its~~ season,

passiontide; which Christians hold
promises a better world
after death when comes fulfilment
of the former Gent's Agreement:

that we'll win, howe'er we pained;
loss of earth is par'dise gained.

M

'Twixt Ash Wednesday-Easter Day,
wear your hairshirt. Satan's flay?
Miserere! Sombre Lent!
Sorrow-time! Repine! Repent!

Forty days, excluding Sabbaths,
we are Davids. Face Goliaths
of omissions and wrongs done
compact with the Holy One.

4

[Palm Sunday]

First break in this dismal season
is Palm Sunday (Bodeful reason!)
Yet — yes! Candles lit again!
Sable cloths away again
for a day's while! Joyously
sing: RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

But a short-lived celebration.
For the song of approbation

26

lasts a day. Then back to sorrow.

Holy Week begins tomorrow.



Holy Week of marked lament.
Cassocks black. The days of Lent
being a time of sadness rampant;
hymns are anguished. Prayers cauterant.

And at end, there is Good Friday.

(Good? That weep-away? Satan's high-day?)

But I speak of this elsewhere.

Now its Easter! Banish care!

And with gladness celebrate
this prime feast of priest and laity.

"Porro" Johnson

STET

Been a choirboy some good while.
Time came for a change in style:
cassocks going from black to purples,
brighter stuff, no more drab turtles.

Stet

4

Surplice sleeves were halved away.
Always these got in the way
at the faucets. (Go before
Mass begins! For no implore
shook you loose of "Porro's" punishment:

13

"You there, boy! Take one month's banishment!"
if, in Mass, you left the Stall.)

Watch for "Porro" as the Sons of Saul!

Stammers a little; bobs in his walk;
to the boys he's a tiger-on-a-stalk.
Choir secret'ry. Young martinet.
Named C. Johnson. Short, thickset.
Welcome when he hands the shilling



29

to each boy when we (so willing!)

sing: Oh, Perfect Love at spousals.

(Shillings prove to be arousals

greater even than Sen-Sen

for the voice. We truly wren.)

Afterwards, we all go east;

a Commercial-patty feast

at the Chinese place. Much meat!

PERFECT LOVE at East Queen Street!

^{and} But to get on. I must tell

when we sang the Solonelle

Easter-morn at Sacrament.

Marks the end of Lent's lament.

EASTER-DAY

Easter was the time then chosen
for new robes. And interwoven
with new clothes, the nice election:
Mr Dignum's score-selection.

St Cecilia's, was the setting;
strings and brass, and also getting
great John Lyons for the Sanctus,
Kyrie Eleison, Benedictus.

~~Shantung shirt~~

And that ^{STET} ~~was the~~ Easter Mudda bought me

full suit

and ~~Lent~~ the Scotch Tweed cut at the knee
(long ones ~~were~~ ^{were} later), Shantung shirt,
Clark's shoes, silk socks, real leather-girt.

None proud as me, robed in the Vestry.
None-high as me, a judge in consist'ry;
as in the picture we have of St Paul's
arguing lawyers at the Senate walls.
Prouder than even me Celebrant-Rector
in white & gold; or his curate-lector.

(Must tell: our Rectors were always white.
Chosen, perhaps, as a way to invite
us to recall the heavenly status
shown on the Sunday cards they gave us
picturing the saintly hosts; and all
looked our Rectors, I now recall.)

14

But back to that Easter and our contrive
to do the Gounod. It all comes alive.

[The Preparations]

Last evening we took down the black Altar Front,
undraped the Crucifix, Lectern and Font;
brought out purple and red robes, changing
mournings of Lent (our form of Abstaining).
Altar Guild ladies fetched in the flowers,
rain-dampened, glistening from April showers;
aired the Sacristy, white cloth on Credence,
polished Predellas; one hums in sequence
Eucharist hymns as she brushed at the shelf
in time to organ, and, crossing herself,

27

54

shuffled, Epistle to Gospel and back;

Mr Dignum practising JESU by Bach.

["Willie of Hong Kong"]

On Holy Saturday we had Preparations:

Pre-Sanctified Mass; doing the Stations;
collecting me sixpence from Mudda and marched
to the Chinese laundry for me Etons, starched
blade-taut by "Willie, late of Hong Kong;"
(one for the morning, other Evensong).

How we have worked at old Mr Gounod's!

Full choir, instruments, worked all the solos.
Meanwhile rehearsed at the foot of the Altar
acolytes, censers; move well, no falter
putting bad frowns on the Rector, watching.

But ~~we~~ choirboys at the Stall sides batching,
whisper our jokes at the dumb show; vainer
that we are singers, familiar with Stainer,
and Purcell, Elgar, and therefore clearly
of higher stuff than any who merely,

~~those fair-skinned, boy-acolytes, were chosen~~
to bob like poppyshows or to stand frozen

are ~~until~~ poked wakeful at Celebrant's order:

"Go fetch that!... this!... straighten the border
at cassock-tail whenever you kneel"

(For it should fall squarely over the heel.)

Poor little bring-come, go-pick-up-that!

Which of them ever sang a Magnificat?

But, now, its Sunday! Easter already!

27

We take our places, full-trained and steady
 from months of practise each Thursday night
Créscendo! Diminuendo! Till it came right.

[The Vestry]

Come share with me what is a ^{boy's} child's moment
 as in the Vestry we form for the post-Lent
 lift of the pall of the church's Sad Forty
 now to commence with our double-file sortie
 into the church, behind the Verger
 carrying his staff, black-gowned liturger.

And bearing candlesticks, smaller boys pacing
 the incense-bowl (Slow! Slow! No racing!)
 Low-voiced injunctions issuing from
 the stern M.C. in his cingulum.

Nervously, we wait the priest's invocation
 when we'll step out to begin the oblation.

A little shivery under cassocks and surplices.
 Our Etons itch. Poor shaky-knees novices.
 Clearings of throats. Palms dried on gowns.
 Dont know that we'll be cap'ble of sounds
 when the time comes to open the hymnal
 at the page marked for the Processional.
 And we hear the church breathe, a kind of soft gale
 down the sea-field. Gobble us if we fail!

But Mr Diggy, cool as a January,
 on organ stool high in the Sanctuary,
 calms us with the familiar airs
 from well-loved scores. We form in pairs.

{Collars and fear} [And the great organ]

8.

A silence enters now in the Vestry.
The Great Bell ends a sudden its chesty
bellow. We ^{bow} ~~lower~~ our heads for prayers,
starchly confined in collars ^{and} ~~small~~ fears.
Softly we sing the Amen sector
to invocations. Beadle, to Rector,
bows; to the organist, waves; he's tall;
Diggy sees him from his stool in the Stall
and sways and rocks at the high console,
shrugs shoulder-loose his organist's cowl,
and the great organ, triumphantly,
with tonal power, exultantly
lifts its great voice in ~~the~~ exordium,
sings: AT THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE COME!

And we go out. Suddenly, unharried.
Heavy hymnals, now ~~now~~ lightly carried.
A glorious outrush of breath sends forth
the poetry and music for all we're worth
and enter the nave, marching in pairs.
The Easter hymn sings away our fears.

And, there, ahead, a sun bursts through!
The Great East Window is gold and blue!
Figures of saints, apostles, JESUS!
small cherubs too; all tension flees us.
Familiar Family froze in stained glass
now come alive, with us to make Mass!

6

26

Chancery Lane

"Porro" Johnson

I'm aware that me friend, ^{JOHN}George Mark ~~CLARK~~ MARK.
 marching beside, in a thin bark
 sings out the line after feast we come,
 thus: leaving more and bringing some.

Should "Porro" Johnson, our secret'ry,
 marching behind, hear that heresy,

then me friend ^{John}George will land a suspension:

"Forty days, boy, from now to Ascension!"

George is a sawn-off, dry-eyed mocker.

Wears the baggiest knickerbocker

from the U.S. Of Panama birth.

Dances the Charleston like nothing on earth.

Boards with the Scottys in Chancery Lane.

No cricket; baseball. Good talker. Vain.

Praises America (mum's at the Canal).

Me? For the Empire. Both regional,

being the children of our time;

not bothered much by reason or rhyme.

(Sometimes he floored me, observing that

a black "lootenant" in U.S. hat

often occurred. "The English," he'd wager

"will never allow you beyond sergeant-major."

Conceded. "But, Mister, ^{is what} ~~you'll~~ enjoy

if you stay here. But the States? 'Hey, boy!'"

We're great friends. March Stall-ward together.

Porro chose us to front the boys-tether.

"Each was an actor"

I work me toes in me shoes to see
 pebbles or things that could cause misery

New

Check Ben Allen

18

28

in the procession (two on High Days).

Marching or singing, ~~the~~ ^{EVERY SOUND} boys had ~~our~~ ^{ways}.

we

passed down the lore, so we made sure

all was in order. It was mature.

But besides liking in truth what we do,

each was an actor in that robed crew.

And we performed from the heart all the way;

that is, in rituals and songs. Sermons? Hey!

Still, ~~But~~ in the back-stalls, choir-ladies were

not slow to poke ribs, should cause occur,

employing fans, the edge of a psalter

through the seat-rails at slightest falter.

Mothers and teachers, they think boy-piknies

are always up to smart chicaninies.

Mark you, its true; but who can blame us.

Can we sit still, when a priest, famous

for being long-winded drones on and on,

on sin, when for us, the battle's been won?

We're free of taint by Eucharist's end!

When the Last Gospel ~~is~~ read and Satan ~~is~~ penned!

And at High Altar, the Triple's spoken

and the church rocks, at the pow'ful invoken!

We wish the ladies in the back-stall

would cease their worry; no peril at all.

Out!!

So, In march, as in singing, we have our ways
securing such errors as likely to faze:

Be sure to see bootlaces are tied;

knee-stockings banded; gravity defied

by brace-belted trousers; embarrassment lurked

29.

11
under those cassocks whenever we kirked.
For more than one boy has stumbled or fell
because his bootlaces had not been tied well;
and, stepped on, one foot, suddenly immovable,
the unknowing rest-of-him went uncontrollable.

[THE PROCESSIONS]

Solemn High Mass to the Messe Solonelle
is a long haul. Plus two hours? Well,
when you consider prayers to be chanted;
Gospel, not said, but sung, or descanted —
we must be fit to handle all this.
Friends will be angry if one note you miss
(not to forget a poke from the fans
of watchfully stern lady-Anglicans)
for (now I know) we were proud boy-singers
and had our code. Although no bell-ringers
for honour of craft, or art, no pretence.
we were somehow aware of excellence.

Thoughts such as these scurry through me head
as we step to the aisle; and, there, up ahead.
the flowered Table! The candles' glitter!

LORD, MAKE THIS CHOIRBOY NEVER SING SWEETER!

Some povertied mind may not understand
the way a boy's thoughts, at a ^{time} ~~moment~~ so grand.

A grievous loss to this world's plunder

is that we lose our sense of wonder;
 but, to the lucky who've not been so tragic
 as lose the key to the Kingdom of Magic,
 please join our ranks. With us, side-and-side
 march now to this song of Eastertide.

① "There goes so-and-so!"

Stealing quick glances, we march the aisle
 catching the fond looks cast on our file
 by the proud parents of fellows we know,
 whispering to neighbours: "There goes so-and-so!"
 There, Bobby Rhoden's mum, Foster Lane,
 high-stepped as our house and with a vane
 of jealousies; ① Percy Miller's mum's
 house is ← they live on Laws Street; me closest chums.

NEW

The Andersons: sons Windsor, Mervin,
 the last a sprinter, likely eleven
 secs for the Hundred at C.L.B. Sports ①

(Church Lads Brigade. See me other reports.)

And Frank McLaren; he's Calabar High,
 soon to outgrow his voice, and then, why,

19

CAPTURED HE'LL BE BY THE ACOLYTE GANG!

Who seem to think they're the whole shebang
seeking high schoolers for their Guild.

"But what do they get? A pikni-hybrid!"
jeers me friend, ^{John} George. "A broken-down singer
they'll train to be a candle-stick bringer!"

4

But somewhat bitter; for worry stirs
that soon we'll no longer be boy-choristers.
For, proud sopranos, some quite angelic,
we know we're doomed. Ahead, catatonic
close-out of trebles, our voices "cracked";
no longer winging, soon we'll be sacked.

And yet, we're eager to gain our men's voices
and join the back-stalls in one of the choices,
tenor or baritone, and wear long-pants:

"And no suspensions from Porro!" ^{John} George rants.

The Goldsmith's Feet

Then, in the march, as the thuribler swept
his censer crossing the northern transept,
I look to the left, me Mudda to greet,
and the Aunts, in song at the Goldsmith's feet.

(The Goldsmith? I've told you elsewhere that its
the John Wolmer bust where me family sits.

Me Aunt Mary Brooks knows Parish Church lore,
the oldest sister; and, what's more,

was with the Old Church before the 'Quake,
Nineteen-seven; ^{and} ~~and~~ at the New-Church stake

when all attended at Old Conversorium

to draw for pews in the new sanctuary

which took the place of the wrecked P.C.,

built when Port Royal sank in the sea.

Neo

30

And that Sat'day won our Family Seat

[lots were cast] at the Goldsmith's feet.)

So, now, in me march, quick look to see
that this pikni makes a proud family.

Me eyes catch Adrie's, third of ^{four} ~~the~~ sisters;
unhappily wed but a courage that glisters
in darkest hour with a wry quip;
now rolls her eyes at her lucky kinship.

Note



Me Aunt Caro winks, but I keep a straight face,
for Mudda's strict about falling from grace,
when, in me robes, lead the Celebrant
to the High Altar with me gift of descant.

"Three-feet tall, leading God's go-between
up to the Altar!" said Aunt Caro's grin.

Me Aunt Caro. Wrote of her in NEW DAY,
me first novel, from her childhood to gray.
There never was anyone ^{quite} like she.

Quite spoilt her nephews, Len and me.

{ "Imperial Rogues" }

Marching the aisle on the brown-ribbed matting
covering the floor, through the soft slatting
of me feet, feel the knobs and strange dimples
of tombstone history; the quaint unsimples,
unlikely virtues of Imperial rogues
who built the Empire by cunning colloques.

(this came of arguing long with George,
both of us readers, both at large
among the books of the Institute's;
taught us much, concerning roots)

italics

(28)

4

with some of our own, greedy for wealth;
in Africa, India, China; the stealth
stole the marauders into great plunder
of bodies, gold; and plunged asunder
cultures more ancient than ever their own.
Cultures, not vanished, but near enough gone.

Beneath me feet lay the long ago
English wardogs; the Admiral Benbow
is the most famed, and, I think, rightly.

He was a brave man. I step lightly.

But here we are now, at last at the Altar.
Our Father, ~~X~~ Collect, said from the psalter.
Open me score-book at the Kyrie
which opens the Mass of St Cecilia.

But being a Feast-day, there is a Walk
of Witnesses, Old Satan to stalk
around all the pillars and under the arches
so he will see that God's army marches.

Saintly Patron

We go bearing banners from the auxilliarities:
Dorcas, Mothers' Union, other ancilliarities;
banner of St Thomas our saintly patron
and others as now I'm not too clear on,
singing, Hail, Festal! for the epiphanal;
chorus and Cantor, in verse antiphonal.

6

← Note

18 10

(24)

No women-singers joined in these marches.
 Wait in the choirstalls under the arches
 until we men have finished our stalking
 to beat the Devil. You see, in walking,
 our long lines, cassocked men and boys,
 banners and crosses, candles, small noise
 of censer's clink, go ways unfamiliar
 because on Feast Days, our walk's a sealer
 sealing Ol' Satan. So, march a route
 forming a Sign of the Cross; sure scoot
 to any Demons who may have crept in
 before we Massed to skedaddle sin.

Led by the Cantor, we all must wait
 while he sings bars (sixteen or eight)
 before we respond; and always the same,
 being a chorus, you could not blame
 our minds from wandering. So I recall
 thinking, quite often, how sad the Stall
 must to a lady, white-frocked and hatted
 midst empty benches. They would have chatted
 but now are exposed, for we're not there
 in the front benches to shield them from stare.

Poor choir-ladies. However, now, back
 to Easter Mass, putting Ol' Nick in 'stack.

We homage the Altar, and into the Stalls
 for the business at hand: to ring these walls!

The time has now come for the Solonelle.
We sing the Kyrie, which, truth to tell
is a long, plaintive call, and, I think, well
is beauty-in-grief. Now, as we end
we know we're nervous; our fingers bend
the score-book pages; there is a clearing
of adult throats; show too they're caring
now that we near the mighty Credo.

Can they be feeling, too — tremolo?

We use Latin titles, words sung in English;
save for the Kyrie, most scores distinguish.

(Prob'ly the Anglicans, when Henry Three
back long ago from Rome broke free,
dumped all their Latin and as a last flick,
defying the Pope, kept this bit of Greek.)

However that be, the Kyrie Gounod

has its own beauty, peculiar though;

but I think that with this opening piece
he marked his fine work. Now as we cease,

within himself, each choirboy girds

in his own way. The Comfortable Words

(which the Celebrant chants) is off a long way;

but I find meself saying them as I lay

the thick score-book on the psalter-shelf

24

opened at The Place, humming to meself;
 cat-nervous as me eyes contemplate
 that glorious CREDO. How will we rate?
 the twee-a-week practise, perfection-search?
 The sprinting from Fleet Street to Parish Church,
 Thursday, on-Thursday, the song in me head
 as along Tower Street me booga-boots fled?
 Will we be as boasie walking back
 in the Recessional? Each man-Jack
 knowing he did his job and did it well
 this morning, singing the Solonelle?
 Get that proud look in me family's eyes?
 (The shiny black one which Caro lets flies
 upwards, whenever I win a school test,
 or don me Scotch Tweed, three-piece with vest.)
 Dont know. Just wait. Harrumph throats clear.
 Suck on a Sen-Sen. The knowing is near.

[THE EPISTLE]

We're off our knees. The Epistle is read
 by one of the Deacons; the Gradual is led:

that glowing hymn with which we hail them
 in LIGHTS ABODE, CELESTIAL SALEM.

[THE GOSPEL]

Stand
 for the Gospel, turn, face the Table.
 Truth is, that, we're hardly able
 to follow the Word; each one is thinking
 of the ol' Credo, a tiny sinking
 in pits of stomach, awaiting the chant
 to send us off, from the Celebrant.

Incensed and kissed, the Gospel is read.

28

Thanks for the Word duly chanted(or said.)
 And the Celebrant returns to the Centre,
 raises his hands, invites us to enter.
 And, to affirm the way we must trod,
 he sings at the Altar: "I BELIEVE IN ONE GOD!"

[CREDO]

And, so, here we are at the Nicene Creed.
 I wink at George Mark. We draw a bead
 on the fat score-book, watching the stave
 with an eye cocked to the head of the nave
 to see who watch the proud boy-singers about
 about to prove we are true roof-ringers.

Then, down drop the hands of Organist Dignum;
up come the bows of the string acquisitum;
out go the elbows of double-bassists;
forth rush the voices of the fine chor'lists,
 as the grand mind of Charlie Gounod heard it,
 and as me own Mister Dignum stirred it.

And — WHAM! We hit the sonant crash
 which opens the Credo; that stunning slash
 of full-throated song at high octave
 soaring across the high architrave
 of strings and organ, fortissimo,
 lauding belief with Charlie Gounod.
 And, sheerly exulting, just as he wrote,
 we struck: I BELIEVE! On towering note ...
 IN ONE GOD! And, unbelievable,
 topped the heights thought unassailable,
 with: FATHER ALMIGHTY! And in full stride:
 MAKER OF HEAVEN! the torrents ride —

AND OF EARTH! Now the hard-edged tenors
climb as they eye the bass-defenders

20

of the score's clefs, the plinths we stand on
to build ^{the} ~~our~~ harmonies, ^{That} ~~And~~ we land on ~~ooo~~

ALL THINGS VISIBLE!; this first of the four
homages to Trinity, Church. And now o'er
the organ, trumpets and other machines

(all the things visibles and the unseens),
some will be thinking, Creator, assume!

We are the warp, weft. You are the Loom!

(Not in words, though, but in the heart.

Aged, I've asked. They tell me part
of the true worker is common at prayer,
though often unrecognized by the Wayer.)

10

["Do we entrance?"]

And the great music surge in the wood
beneath me fore~~arm~~, where there is stood
on the Stall's lectern, like blades of grass,
the notes in the thick score-book of the Mass.

Oh, flushed with triumph! Proud as can be!
Surplice high-shouldered! Dying to see
(but carefully) I now and then glance
down at the congregants. Do we entrance?
Do their eyes thank for the soaring joys
we bring them, we gifted choirboys?

The great church is filled. Sounds outside:
trams, candy-vendors, cyclists astride
bell-tinkling Humbers, Rudges and Raleighs
are rendered soundless by Charlie's sallies.

But think you've heard all the marvels yet?
(Inside me head) wait till we get

30

to the Incarnatus. We're winding down:
 the WHO FOR US MEN is tenderly sown.
 We kneel for it. And, quiet, the strings
 and the soft-pedalled organ brings
~~the beauty, certainty, the axiom~~
~~on which is structured all Christendom:~~

AND WAS INCARNATE!

Candles, tall-burning.

Smoke from the incense rising and turning
 past the bowed heads of those adoring
 the Mystery of God adjuring
 through the suffering of His Son.
 Whom, says the Creed, with Him, art One
~~Coming to earth in flesh as we~~
~~and yet not so; for eternally~~
~~He was and is God. And, what's more,~~
~~making us equal with Whom we adore.~~

THE SINGERS

There are five colonies in Diggy's realm.
 Five streams of singers and he at the helm.
 First are the basses: now strangely gentle,
 Messrs Smith, Brown in testamental
lieder. And second: high tenors harking.
 Thirdly: contraltos so calmly walking
 (led by Miss Myers, the Sixth Book teacher,
 such timbre texture, none can reach her
 of Olga Myers and the great role she took
 you'll have read much about in this book).
 Fourth! the sopranos, the first mainstay
 of every choir. And last in the lay,
 boy-singers, whom, since Middle Ages,

Put in
 (3)

30

THE L... EUGENE
NIGHT, CANON, CELEBRANT

FLASHING moving
to travel called
"operation moves!"

THE KINGSTON CHRONICLES

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BAD POET

By
(But a good writer!)

THE KINGSTON CHRONICLES

EASTON

Naturally
since
more
married
a black
woman

with photographs

IF IN TWO VOLUMES, THE FIRST VOL IS:-

"INSOFAR". THE SECOND IS:-

"WELL, THEN..."

in candlelight. Bowed heads, listening,
of worshippers. And I am thanking
there are no trams, iron wheels clanking;
only the rubbers of hackneys hauling,
and ^{rubber-shod} ~~soft-falling~~ hooves. And a distant calling
of a ship in the harbour for a pilot tardy.
A murmur of wind as it tugs at the hardy
branch of a guinep in the graveyard. And
the small lift of the Celebrant's hand
crossing himself; as we all do too,
at altar and stall, in every pew.
And in all the Mass, it is here that we
at the foot of the Cross, in truth, truly see.

.
And so now we go into the pre-coda portion
concerning the Spirit; the music, an ocean
encompassing us, in which, joyously
proud of our craft, we go wondrously
certain and strong, the great harmonies
going out from us, the Five Colonies,
song-people whom Mr Dignum did gather
to sing Gounod's songs. And so the Father,
Son and Spirit sung, its to the coda

in candlelight. Bowed heads, listening,
of worshippers. And I am thanking
there are no trams, iron wheels clanking;
only the rubbers of hackneys hauling,
rubber-shod
and soft-falling hooves. And a distant calling
of a ship in the harbour for a pilot tardy.
A murmur of wind as it tugs at the hardy
branch of a guinea in the graveyard. And
the small lift of the Celebrant's hand
crossing himself; & we all do too,
at altar and stall, in every pew.
And in all the Mass, it is here that we
at the foot of the Cross, in truth, truly see.

And so now we go into the pre-coda portion
concerning the Spirit; the music, an ocean
encompassing us, in which, joyously
proud of our craft, we go wondrously
certain and strong, the great harmonies
going out from us, the Five Colonies,
song-people whom Mr Dignum did gather
to sing Gounod's songs. And so the Father,
Son and Spirit sung, its to the coda

Five colonies. To Diggy they cede.
 Surrogates singing the Nicene Creed.

The voices roll, the faces glistening
 in candlelight. Bowed heads listening
 of congregants. And I am thanking
 there are no trams with iron wheels clanking.

Only the rubbers of hackneys hauling;
 soft-falling hooves. A distant calling
 of a ship summoning a pilot tardy.
 And a wind's murmur, tugs at the hardy
 branches of guinep in graveyard.

And,
 the small lift of the Celebrant's hand
 crossing himself. As we do too
 at Altar, Stalls, in every pew.

For in the Mass, it is here that we
 at the Foot of the Cross ^{believe we see.} ~~do truly see.~~

Knee Jumps

Satan seems, though good you seek,
 to trade with strong and plunder weak.
 Either way, you stand to lose.
 Seems its fixed. You cannot choose.

Internalities of the Mass
 causes change to come to pass
 inside self; support eschewals
 of the outer. Hence the rituals:
 music, candles, incense, Word,
 helps the Inner Voice be heard
 insulated in the soul.

Noble purpose. Blessed role.

12

Ever since those days, its here
 that I firmly have no fear
 Rat ~~worship~~ ^{very} ~~faces a hard~~
 that religion's a waste of time
~~worshippers do~~
 if it ~~does~~ not pantomime

NEW

(unless you are an anchorite

cased in your own skin drawn tight).

Thus the Sacring Bell at Hosting;
 hand-claps of the Pentecosting;
 water-dipping Baptist preachers;
 garlanding of certain creatures
 (as do Hindus); ritual washing,
 then to Mecca downward bashing;
 Jewish shofar; animists
 leafing through Creation's lists —

all of these do have their say
 in the choice of how men pray.

Me mind runs now, as I write this,
 to Aunt Adrie (gone to high bliss).

Me Aunt Adrie, born a Visitor.
 Knew city churches? An inquisitor
 into the Baptists, Seventh-Day, Wesley,
 visited Catholics, conversed (dazely)
 with Bible-eating Seven Keys men;
 even to a poco-yard now and then.

Knowing me liking for far travels,
 took me to those distant revels:

Cross Roads, Half Way Tree, Four Roads,
 Long Mountain Road; the far abodes
 of Holy Rollers (a dwelling-house church),
 holding her hand as we prance and lurch,
 watching her face when it livens and laughs.

15
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lster, telling how the Rollers she crafts,
to The Sisters, Mary, Mudda, Caro,
laughter-doubled under the shady mahoe,
face-bones dancing on her cheeks high,
long-fingered hands to her hearers descry.

5

to here, ~~1841~~ 162

THE CODA

So we flowed ~~now~~ into the portion
Spirit-turned; ~~and~~ ^{SONG} the music ⁿ an ocean,
~~wraps~~ ^{carries} us about; and joyously

proud of ~~our~~ craft, are wondrously
~~certain~~ ^{strong} and ~~strong~~ ^{sure}. The great harmonies
roll free among ~~us~~ ^{the} Five Colonies.

Of Song People to Diggy gather
for Gounod's song. Now, the FATHER,
SON, SPIRIT sung, we go to the Coda
confirming Sacraments; being the ode a
Nicene School, Year Three-twenty-five
wrote as its Credo in God Alive.

SANCTUS

As the first notes of the Sanctus steal
out in a murmur (HOLY! HOLY!), kneel
at the sopranos' lyric invitation,
the surging passages of affirmation:
~~so richly met in the Angels' Story:~~
~~all in crescendo to Glory! Glory!~~

2

The royal words, each inwardly glowing;
all of a certainty, all of a flowing.
After long years, Gounod, remembered

Put in
SONG

26

is in the heart-cry: WE DO NOT PRESUME....!

asking for access to Upper Room.

We do not presume, O Lord, to attend
at Your great feast, or our knees bend
to gather the crumbs from under Your table,
being unworthy. Yet, You are able ...

In a small way (I think back now)

though we were young, we knew somehow.

How quiet we were in Humble Access!

In Consecration, we were distractless.

Somehow we knew the sobering import
of Bread being God; and tried to comport.

And when the moment was marked by the bell,
we prayed with the Celebrant truly and well.

[A SMALL STORY]

Yet, as a Chronicler trying to tell
all that I may, please hear this as well.

A nice little trick long ago was thought up

by someone so the Ringer was brought up
to knowing the moment they raised the Host
then the Great Bell was tolled. But lost
to sight and sound of the Mass, the Ringer
is unaware of the moment the Singer
is Consecrating. So was devised
the little game where a Server apprised
the Ringer by shaking a six-foot aperture.

Indept → One day the Imp in our Stalls shook astir
and laid his hands on one of our fellows.

Indent → And, horror! There came bellow on bellows
as the Great Bell shattered the singing
of Stainer's Agnus (so gentle!); bringing
forests of heads to the graveyard swinging
to see through the walls at the heretic ringing.

Indent { Never was like such clapper on bow
during the Lamb of God adagio.

---B R E A K---

Poor Ringer! He had indeed received
the signal but was hoodwinked, deceived;
not noticing that the window shaken
was not the usual. Steps were then taken
to tighten the drill. A designated
(and guarded) casement was thenceforth slated:

THE CONSECRATION

Indept → The scents of blooms and incense excites
these are
beauty and hope; ~~these are~~ Easter's indites.
Soft clicks at Altar as they prepare

M. 1000-2-1000-1

in the Sanctus, returns unencumbered
in its haunting adoration,
a continuing oblation.

BENEDICTUS

Sanctus is over. Soft clearings of throats.
We settle back. My mind plucks at notes
for the Benedictus (Blessed is He)
always to me comes out awkwardly
after the syntactic strength of the Sanctus;
and I recall in the settings among us
must have been few with scores to rouse;
in the texts we had, one sort of ploughs
through to Hosanna! and even here
(in my known texts) no mighty cheer.

But in this last song to the Humble Access
should it be lively? heel-kicking? rack-less?
Indeed, I think not. We do not presume,
that humbling prayer says; not in a gloom,
but forthright declare we know our limits.

(Free-born? Self-slaves! Only He manumits!)

CANON

Into the Canon, we internalize
the awesome privilege we exercise
when we intake an Omniscient God,
receiving Body, accepting Blood.

I think the great prayer in Eucharist,
the "broken-and-contrite" as it is list,

in Cup and Platen the sacred fare.

1st dent) → Celebrant, under his breath, the rite
recites to dine: "Who in that night ..."

1st dent) [The deep'ning hush, the quiet breathing.
Uncovers Bread, Wine; things exceeding
the world of things. He lifts the Host.

1st dent) → (IF I BE LIFTED, I SAVE THE LOST!)

"Took Bread, took Wine ..." He shows the Being.

2nd dent) → Sacring Bell rings. God sees us kneeling.

UWI Libraries

9

Indent →

How quiet we are! Today, I perceive
that our young souls did somehow receive
knowledge that we were witnesses
to man's weak search for the Mysteries.

Indent →

For at Elevation when the bell rings
and Celebrant, in the Ecstasy, sings
the Consecration and raises the Host,

Indent - Italic →

Lord, we were holy! Come, Holy Ghost!

{ AGNUS DEI }

Indent →

In Agnus Dei (Oh, Lamb of God;
asking the comfort of staff & rod)
is Gounod's
~~intricately~~ truly melodious chanting;
which,
an air, ~~these~~ these years, is still haunting
as when we were the Church's children.

Aged now, the beauty which each filled then
still has a quality that makes us free
of poorly minds; without imagery.

{ COMMUNION }

Indent → Bach provides the Communion's lyring:

Indent CAPS JESU, JOY OF MAN'S DESIRING
of men and device, that richest weave
those
did ever of great gifts conceive,

in hymnody; as, violins, only,
accompany us. So strange and lonely
this poignant air; this masterpiece.
Prolific genius. He gave without cease.

4

{ THE LAST GOSPEL }

Indent →

And now it is over. The Last Gospel read.
The Chalice wiped. Cloth covers the Bread.
We sing the GLORIA EXCELSIS refrain.
Walk the Recessional, all feeling the drain

Flush ←

28

30

but quietly exulting ~~exulting~~ that by our wills
we trained and worked and gained proud skills.

It is a still walk. There is no song.
Two lines of men and boys walk along
the watching aisles. Try not to look boassie
while Mr Dignum plays us a mostly
triumphant march. He too is proud of us.
(Uses high keys to speak aloud to us.)

6

I shoot a glance to the Goldsmith's feet,
at me family-pew. The Aunts' eyes meet
mine in round O's. But Caro mouths
one of her famous suck-teeth kirrouts!

{ "Lord, we're weary!" }

Lord, we are weary! But how good it feels!
Every round O, each smile reveals
that what we've done, we did very well.

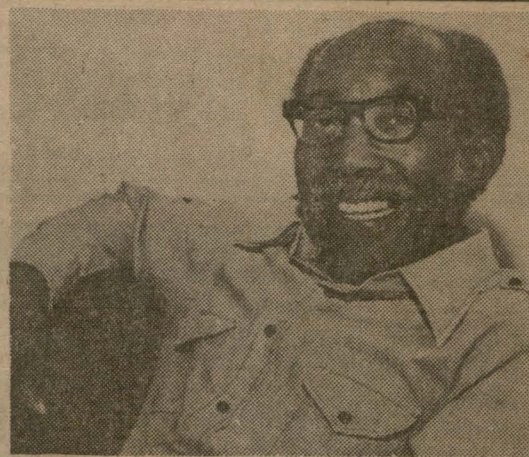
(BOY, DID WE SING THAT OL' SOLONELLE!)

A sideways glance; George gives me a wink.
Soon as we hit the churchyard, I think
I'll just observe: "To the British Empire
belong us Anglicans. You're here on hire.
Gives you a chance to be us for a day.

14

Seven-Keys, Holy-Roll is the Yanks' way."
Maybe his wise eyes will sneer at me;
say (in American): "Ge-tee-hee,"
haul in his line, change bait, and choosing
a new drop (done whenever he's losing,
he's very good) and, disconcerting,
hand me a thought from his great learning:
"From pole to pole, somewhere in the world,
in all the tongues, at us natives is hurled

31



● This is an abridged extract from Vic Reid's forthcoming line-biography: **THE KINGSTON CHRONICLES** **'At the Goldsmith's Feet'**

In that year of 'Twenty-seven,
turning fourteen. Years which leaven
what me chronicle now will tell
when we sang the Solonelle
Easter-day at Solemn Mass.

This was how it came to pass.
"Twixt Ash Wednesday-Easter Day
lays me Church's ancient way
telling Man the central reason
for its founding; Easter season.
"Twixt Ash Wednesday-Easter Day,
wear your hair-shirt. Satan's flay?
Miserere! Sombre Lent!
Sorrow-time! Repine! Repent!

PALM SUNDAY

First break in this dismal season
in Palm Sunday (Bodeful reason!)
Yet — yes! Candles lit again!
Sable cloths away again
for a day's while! Joyously
sing: RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!
But a short-lived celebration.
For the song of approbation
lasts a day. Then back to sorrow
Holy Week begins tomorrow
Holy Week of marked lament.
Cassocks black. The days of Lent
being a time of sadness rampant;
hymns are anguished. Prayers cauterant.
But I speak of this elsewhere.
Now its Easter! Banish care!
And with gladness celebrate
this prime feast of priest and laity.
Been a choirboy some good while.
Time came for a change in style:
cassocks going from black to purples,
brighter stuff, no more drab turtles.
Easter was the time then chosen
for new robes.

And interwoven
with new clothes, the nice election:
Mr. Dignum's score-selection.
St. Cecelia's, was the setting;
strings and brass, and also getting
great John Lyons for the Sanctus,
Kyrie Eleison, Benedictus.

And that was the Easter Mudda bought me
Scotch Tweed full suit cut at the knee
(long ones were later), Shantung shirt,
Clark's shoes, silk socks, real leather-girt.

THE PREPARATIONS

Last evening we took down the black Altar Front,
undraped the Crucifix, Lectern and Font;
brought out purple and red robes, changing
mourning of Lent (our form of abstaining).
Altar Guild ladies fetched in the flowers,
rain-dampened, glistening from April showers;
aired the Sacristy, white cloth on Credence,
polished Predellas; one hums in sequence
Eucharist hymns as she brushed at the shelf
in time to organ, and, crossing herself,
shuffled, Epistle to Gospel and back:
Mr. Dignum practising JESU by Bach.

"Willie of Hong Kong"

On Holy Saturday we had Preparations:
Pre-Sanctified Mass; doing the Stations;
collecting me sixpence from Mudda and marched
to the Chinese laundry for me Etons, starched
blade-taut by "Willie, late of Hong Kong,"
(one for the morning, other Evensong).
How we have worked at old Mr. Gounod's!
Full choir, instruments, worked all the solos.
Meanwhile rehearsed at the foot of the Altar
acolytes, censers; move well, no falter
putting bad frowns on the Rector, watching.
But choirboys at the Stall sides batching,
whisper our jokes at the dumb show; vainer
that we are singers, familiar with Stainer,
and Purcell, Elgar, and therefore clearly
of higher stuff than any who merely
are poked wakeful at Celebrant's order:
"Go fetch that... this... straighten the border
at cassock-tail whenever you kneel!"
(For it should fall squarely over the heel).
Poor little bring-come, go-pick-up-that!
Which of them ever sang a Magnificat?

The Vestry

Come share with me what is a boy's moment
as in the Vestry we form for the post-Lent
lift of the pall of the church's Sad Forty
now to commence with our double-file sortie
into the church, behind the Verger
carrying his staff, black-gowned liturger.
Nervously, we wait the priest's invocation
when we'll march to begin the oblation.
A little shivery under cassocks and surplices.
Our Etons itch. Poor shaky-knees novices.
Clearings of throats. Palms dried on gowns.
Don't know that we'll be cap'ble of sounds
when the time comes to open the hymnal
at the page marked for the Processional.
And we hear the church breathe, a kind of soft gale
down the sea-field. Gobble us if we fail!
But Mr. Diggy, cool as a January
on organ stool high in the Sanctuary
calms us with the familiar airs
from well-loved scores. We form in pairs.

Collars and Fears

A silence enters now in the Vestry.
The Great Bell ends a sudden its chesty
bellow. We bow our heads for prayers,
starchly confined in collars and fears.
Softly we sing the Amen sector
to invocations. Beadle, to Rector,
bows; to the organist waves; he's tall,
Diggy sees him from his stool in the Stall
and sways and rocks at the high console,
shrugs shoulder-loose his organist's cowl,
and the great organ, triumphantly,
with tonal power, exultantly
lifts its great voice in exordium,
sings: AT THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE COME!
And we go out. Suddenly, unharried.
Heavy hymnals, now lightly carried.
A glorious outburst of breath sends forth
the poetry and music for all we're worth
and enter the nave, marching in pairs.
The Easter hymn sings away our fears.

"Porro Johnson"

I'm aware that me friend, John Mark
marching beside, in a thin bark
sings out the line after feast we come,
thus: leaving more and bringing some.
Should "Porro" Johnson, our secret'ry,
marching behind, hear that heresy,
then me friend John will land a suspension:
"Forty days, boy, from now to Ascension!"
I work me toes in me shoes to see
pebbles or things that could cause misery
in the procession (two on High Days).

Marching or singing, boys had sound ways.
Still, in the back-stalls, choir-ladies were
not slow to poke ribs, should cause occur,
employing fans, the edge of a psalter
through the seat-rails at slightest falter.
Mothers and teachers, they think boy-piknies
are always up to smart chicaninies.
Mark you, its true; but who can blame us.
Can we still, when a priest, famous
for being long-winded drones on and on,
on sin, when for us, the battle's been won?
We're free of taint by Eucharist's end!
Last Gospel read and Satan penned!
And at High Altar, the Triple's spoken
and the church rocks, at the pow'ful invoken!
We wish the ladies in the back-stall
would cease their worry; no peril at all.

THE PROCESSIONS

Solemn High Mass to the Messe Solonelle
is a long haul. Plus two hours? Well,
when you consider prayers to be chanted;
Gospel, not said, but sung, or descanted -
we must be fit to handle all this.
Friends will be angry if one note you miss
(not to forget a poke from the fans
of watchfully stern lady-Anglicans)
for (now I know) we were proud boy-singers
and had our code. Although no bell-ringers
for honour of craft, or art, no pretence,
we were somehow aware of excellence.
Thoughts such as these scurry through me head
as we step to the aisle; and, there, up ahead,
the flowered Table! The candles' glitter!
LORD, MAKE THIS CHOIRBOY NEVER SING SWEETER!
Some povertied mind may not understand
the way a boy's thoughts, at a time so grand.
A grievous loss to this world's plunder
is that we lose our sense of wonder;
but, to the lucky who've not been so tragic
as lose the key to the Kingdom of Magic,
please join our ranks. With us, side-and-side
march now to this song of Eastertide.

"There goes so-and-so!"

Stealing quick glances, we march the aisle
catching the fond looks cast on our file
by the proud parents of fellows we know,
whispering to neighbours: "There goes so-and-so!"
There, Bobby Rhoden's mum, Foster Lane,
high-stepped as our house and with a vane
of jealousies; Percy Miller's mum's
house is on Laws Street; me closest chums.
And Frank McLaren; he's Calabar High,
soon to outgrow his voice, and then, why,
CAPTURED HE'LL BE BY THE ACOLYTE GANG!
Who seem to think they're the whole shebang.
But somewhat bitter; for worry stirs
that soon we'll no longer be boy-chorister.
For, proud sopranos, some quite angelic,
we know we're doomed. Ahead, catatonic
close-out of trebles, our voices "cracked";
no longer winging, soon we'll be sacked.
And yet, we're eager to gain our men's voices
and join the back-stalls in one of the choices,
tenor or baritone, and wear long-pants:
"And no suspensions from Porro!" John rants.

The Goldsmith's Feet

Then, in the march, as the thuribler swept
his censer crossing the northern transept,
I look to the left, me Mudda to greet,
and the Aunts, in song at the Goldsmith's feet.
(The Goldsmith? I've told you elsewhere that its
the John Wolmer bust where me family sits.
Me Aunt Mary Brooks knows Parish Church lore,
the oldest sister, and, what's more,
was with the Old Church before the 'Quake,
Nineteen-seven; and, at New-Church stake
when all attended at Old Conversorium
to draw for pews in the new sanctuary
which took the place of the wrecked P.C.,
built when Port Royal sank in the sea.
And that Sat'day won our Family Seat
(lots were cast) at the Goldsmith's feet).
So, now, in me march, quick look to see
that this pikni makes a proud family.
Me eyes catch Adrie's, third of four sisters;
unhappily wed but a courage that glisters
in darkest hour with a wry quip;
now rolls her eyes at her lucky kinship.
Me Aunt Caro winks, but I keep a straight face,
for Mudda's strict about falling from grace,
when, in me robes, lead the Celebrant
to the High Altar with me gift of descendant.
"Three-feet tall, leading God's go-between
up to the Altar!" said Aunt Caro's grin.
Me. Aunt Caro. Wrote of her in NEW DAY,
me first novel, from her childhood to gray.
There never was anyone quite like she.
Quite spoil her nephews, Len and me.

"IMPERIAL ROGUES"

Marching the aisle on the brown-ribbed matting
covering the floor, through the soft slatting
of me feet, feel the knobs and strange dimples
of tombstone history; the quaint unsmiles,
unlikely virtues of Imperial rogues
who built the Empire by cunning colloques.
Beneath me feet lay the long ago
English wardogs; the Admiral Benbow
is the most famed, and, I think, rightly.
He was a brave man. I step lightly.
But here we are now, at last at the Altar.
Our Father, Collect, said from the psalter.
Open me score-book at the Kyrie
which opens the Mass of St. Cecelia.

SAINTLY PATRON

We homage the Altar, and into the Stalls
for the business at hand: to ring these walls!

KYRIE ELEISON

The time has now come for the Solonelle.
We sing the Kyrie, which, truth to tell
is a long, plaintive call, and, I think, well
is beauty-in-grief. Now as we end
we know we're nervous; our fingers bend
the score-book pages; there is a clearing
of adult throats; show too they're caring
now that we near the mighty Credo.
Can they be feeling, too — tremolo?
However that be, the Kyrie Gounod
has its own beauty, peculiar though;
I think that with this opening piece
he marked his fine work. Now as we cease,
within himself, each choirboy girls
in his own way. The Comfortable Words
(which the Celebrant chants) is off a long way;
but I find myself saying them as I lay
the thick score-book on the psalter-shelf
opened at The Place, humming to meself;
cat-nervous as me eyes contemplate

that glorious CREDO. How will we rate?
the twice-a-week practise, perfection-search?
The sprinting from Fleet Street to Parish Church,
Thursday-on-Thursday, the song in me head
as along Tower Street me booga-boots fled?
Will we be as boasic walking back
in the Recessional? Each man-Jack
knowing he did his job and did it well
this morning, singing the Solonelle?
Get that proud look in me family's eyes?
(The shiny black one which Caro lets flies
upwards, whenever I win a school test,
or don me Scotch Tweed, three-piece with vest.)
Don't know. Just wait. Harrumph throats clear.
Suck on a Sen-Sen. The knowing is near.

THE EPISTLE

We're off our knees. The Epistle is read
by one of the Deacons; the Gradual is led:
that glowing hymn with which we hail them
in LIGHTS ABODE, CELESTIAL SALEM.

THE GOSPEL

Incensed and kissed, the Gospel is read.
Thanks for the Word duly chanted (or said.)
And the Celebrant returns to the Centre,
raises his hands, invites us to enter.
And, to affirm the way we must trod,
he sings at the Altar: "I BELIEVE IN ONE GOD!"

CREDO

Then, down drop the hands of Organist Dignum;
up come the bows of the string acquitum;
out go the elbows of double-bassists;
forth rush the voices of the fine chor'lists,
as the grand mind of Charlie Gounod heard it,
and as me own Mister Dignum stirred it.
And — WHAM! We hit the sonant crash
which opens the Credo; that stunning slash
of full-throated song at high octave
soaring across the high architrave
of strings and organ, fortissimo
lauding belief with Charlie Gounod.
And, sheerly exulting, just as he wrote,
we struck: I BELIEVE! On towering note ...
IN ONE GOD! And, unbelievable,
topped the heights thought unassailable,
with: FATHER ALMIGHTY! And in full stride:
MAKER OF HEAVEN! the torrents ride —
AND OF EARTH! Now the hard-edged tenors
climb as they eye the bass-defenders
of the score's clefs, the plinths we stand on
to build the harmonies that we land on ...

"DO WE ENTRANCE?"

And the great music surge in the wood
beneath me forearm, where there is stood
on the Stall's lectern, like blades of grass,
the notes in the thick score-book of the Mass.
Oh, flushed with triumph! Proud as can be!
Surplice high-shouldered! Dying to see
(but carefully) I now and then glance
down at the congregants. Do we entrance?
Do their eyes thank for the soaring joys
we bring them, we gifted choirboys?
The great church is filled. Sounds outside:
trams, candy-vendors, cyclists astride
bell-tinkling Humbers, Ridges and Raleighs
are rendered soundless by Charlie's sallies.
But think you've heard all the marvels yet?
(Inside me head) wait till we get
to the Incarnatus. We're winding down:
the WHO FOR US MEN is tenderly sown.
We kneel for it. And, quiet, the strings
and the soft-pedalled organ brings
AND WAS INCARNATE!
Candles, tall-burning.
Smoke from the incense rising and turning
past the bowed heads of those adoring
the Mystery of God adorning
through the suffering of His Son.
Whom, says the Creed, with Him, art One.

THE SINGERS

There are five colonies in Diggy's realm.
Five streams of singers and he at the helm.
First are the basses: now strangely gentle,
Messrs Smith, Brown in testamental
lieder. And second: high tenors harking.
Thirdly: contraltos so calmly walking
(led by Miss Myers, me Sixth Book teacher,
such timbre texture, none can reach her;
of Olga Myers and the great role she took
you'll have read much about in this book).
Fourth: the sopranos, the first mainstay
of every choir. And last in the lay,
boy-singers, whom, since Middle Ages,
been a church-mark, decreed by the Sages.
Five colonies. To Diggy they cede.
Surrogates singing the Nicene Creed.
The voices roll, the faces glistening
in candlelight. Bowed heads listening
of congregants. And I am thanking
there are no trams with iron wheels clanking.
Only the rubbers of hackneys hauling;
soft-falling hooves. A distant calling
of a ship summoning a pilot tardy.
And a wind's murmur, tugs at the hardy
branches of guinep in graveyard. And
the small lift of the Celebrant's hand
crossing himself. As we do too
at Altar, Stalls, in every pew.
For in the Mass, it is here that we
at the Foot of the Cross, believe we see.
Ever since those days, its here
that I firmly have no fear
worship faces a very hard time
if it does not pantomime
(less you are an anchorite
cased in your own skin drawn tight).
Thus the Sacring Bell at Hosting;
hand-claps of the Pentecosting;
water-dipping Baptist preachers;
garlanding of certain creatures
(as do Hindus); ritual washing,
then to Mecca downward bashing;
Jewish shofar; animists
leafing through Creation's lists —
all of these do have their say
in the choice of how men pray.

THE CODA

So we flowed into the portion
Spirit-turned; the song an ocean,
carries us and joyously
proud of craft, are wondrously
strong and sure. The great harmonies
roll free among the Five Colonies.

SANCTUS

As the first notes of the Sanctus steal
out in a murmur (HOLY! HOLY!), kneel
at the sopranos' lyric invitation,
the surging passages of affirmation.

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