A choral arrangement

They’re sitting in a circle, singing about each other. It all seems a bit childish.

She said, “I will nest in this tree

Dear mother, mother, make my bed!

Wow but his heart was filth!

Oh no! Oh no! cried Henry Knopf

He’s put it to his unruly rosy lips

Shame stod him Judas: ‘Lord, am I that . . . ?

To Coral Castle thou must go

For Skaggs is the Duke of Austria

Oh, fie upon your crimes, your treachery!’ said he

‘Ffor if your doggy be askeable