

FIPPLE BELLS
BY
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Once a month or so, on sunday afternoon,
We go off to the ARS to play a pretty tune.
It's there we meet our friends,
And have a happy time,
With forty little fipple flutes
a-chirping in a line ---
Now isn't that just fine ---
(Ithink we need some wine!)

Oh ho ho, off we go,
Tooting o'er the land.
God rest you merry, Telemann,
and good old Colin Hand.
Ha ha ha, tra la la,
Clearly let us stress
how much fun it is to be
in the good old ARS!

Our officers are great, and patient as can be.
They never yell or swear
When someone plays off-key.
Judy is a dear, whom all are glad to know,
And jolly old Don Schumaker is there to
take our dough, oh!

We like rock, we play Bach,
And music of all sorts
From Teddy Bars to Ricercars in trios and
in quart-ets.
So, Santa, bring a ^{jolly}~~happy~~ year and every
happiness,
to all our friends and lovers in the good old AR.