

Trip to Cartmel

Sue Bargh



Sunday morning, rising early, on this highway we all journey
down the street for old friends to greet we're gathering together
Fiddles, whistles, pipes and strings with ten guitars and big bass drum ringing
one for all in the old school hall a choir of voices singing

Start on cue in D scale major, four four time and semi quaver
keep the beat and tap the feet in musical behavior
Horse hair bows and rosin flows, tap silver spoons on knees and toes
hear cellos, bellows, mandolins melodious crescendo

