

THE CONDUCTOR

The Conductor, tall and kingly comes—

With straight, majestic stride

He bows to greet us—

Turns to face his orchestra with pride.

For he will firmly lead them—

They'll willingly obey

To make a perfect harmony when they begin to play.

The Maestro raises both his arms;

A silence grips us all.

The players sitting tense, alert,

Await the down-beat's fall.

And now that he is ready,

Prepare for lovely song—

The baton starts its downward move

With steady beat and strong.

