

A Carol for Church Musicians
tune: Irby (Once In Royal David's City)

by Marcia Van Oyen

Once in north suburban Chicago, stood some churches grand and fair,
Where musicians diligently labored, leading all in worship there.
Playing hymns, directing choirs, to praise God did they aspire.

Through the Advent carols and lessons, to their duties, they adhered.
Onward to the Sunday School pageant, carol sing: they persevered.
Their parish'ners gently guiding, to the day of Christmas tidings.

In the pattern of December, day by day, the challenges grew,
patience tested, psyches wilting, tears and smiles they daily knew.
Though they labored ever harder, trials came, like these, for starters:

Tantrums thrown by prima donnas, harpsichord way out of tune,
tenor ill with laryngitis, orchestra who played too soon,
congregation chatting loudly, zealous parents clapping proudly

All of this, with great forebearance, these musicians did endure,
through each new success and mishap, with their choirs amateur,
all to fete the Incarnation, yet they longed for a vacation.

And their eyes at last did see it, long December past had sped,
Though the month had seemed so endless, now was all accomplished,
And received with great éclat, SOLI DEO GLORIA!

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