

VIOLIN FARM

A sycamore tree cannot mimic the lark —
A sycamore's tree's unaccompanied bark
Is silent until the tree's finally felled,
Seasoned and shaped and then lovingly held
Beneath a Korean or Hungarian chin.
For sycamore's what makes a great violin.

A sheep cannot sing — the song of a sheep
Would shatter a goblet or rouse you from sleep.
But the guts of a sheep, when the sheep's passed away
Can be twisted and tightened and tuned to an `A'.
So what started off filling up a sheep's middle
Ends up as strings on the sycamore fiddle.

A horse cannot play you a musical scale
But if you sneak up and you shorten his tail
The hairs, when attached to a suitable rod,
Can play the sheep's guts like the song of a God.
The rest of the horse, if it's under the weather
Is boiled up to glue the whole thing together.

So if you should pass by a meadow or lea
Where a sheep is grazes next to a sycamore tree,
And yonder a horse canters, tail in the air —
You'll know the true meaning beneath what lies there.
You can say to the kids, with a wave of your arm,
"What you see over there is a violin farm".

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