

## 12a - Our Song

### Our Song

All is calm  
All is soft  
But then she lifts her bow  
The greatest of string  
Begins to sing  
And tune from high to low

Here he renders  
All us silent  
With his baton raised on high  
A strike so precise  
It would entice  
A child's mind in the sky

Behind me  
A sound so whole  
Mallets of wide and thin  
The latter now  
Beats down so loud  
And now new notes begin

Beside me  
He plays so deep  
A pitch one's voice may never reach  
But notes below bass  
Would save our pace  
And make our sound complete

Then to the right  
A higher voice  
Plays of arrogant tone and skill  
His masterful fanfare  
Says no one may dare  
Stand against his powerful will

Now two rows forward  
The highest among us  
Her runs as shrill as an eagle's call  
Its talon cuts through  
So high, how it flew  
Sparking light into one and all

At last it is time  
I unleash my fury  
Marcatos, glissandos I've practiced so long  
My solo is grand  
But we are the band  
'Tis not mine, but all of our song