

THE ORGANIST

I wonder how the organist
can do so many things;
He's getting ready long before
the choir stands up and sings;
He's pressing buttons, pushing stops,
he's pulling here and there,
And testing all the working parts
while listening to the prayer.

He plays it with his fingers and
he plays it with his toes,
And if he really wanted to
he'd play it with his nose;
He's sliding up and down the bench,
he's working with his knees;
He's dancing round with both his feet
as lively as you please.

I always like to take a seat
where I can see him go;
He's better than a sermon, and
he does me good, I know;
I like the life and movement and
I like to hear him play;
He is the most exciting thing
in town on Sabbath day.

George W. Stevens