

FIPPLE BELLS  
BY  
CHIEF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFEATHER

Once a month or so, on sunday afternoon,  
We go off to the ARS to play a pretty tune.  
It's there we meet our friends,  
And have a happy time,  
With forty little fipple flutes  
a-chirping in a line ---  
Now isn't that just fine ---  
(Ithink we need some wine!)

Oh ho ho, off we go,  
Tooting o'er the land.  
God rest you merry, Telemann,  
and good old Colin Hand.  
Ha ha ha, tra la la,  
Clearly let us stress  
how much fun it is to be  
in the good old ARS!

Our officers are great, and patient as can be.  
They never yell or swear  
When someone plays off-key.  
Judy is a dear, whom all are glad to know,  
And jolly old Don Schumaker is there to  
take our dough, oh!

We like rock, we play Bach,  
And music of all sorts  
From Teddy Bars to Ricercars in trios and  
in quart-ets.  
So, Santa, bring a <sup>jolly</sup>~~happy~~ year and every  
happiness,  
to all our friends and lovers in the good old AR.