

In all the depths of love and war,
The sound of music we need much more;
To dwell and hear and fill the soul,
And enter the ear and soothe so well.

Music to my soul you say,
Is worth the earth to pay all day;
To play and listen to pacify the heart,
And enliven and richen, so cleverly smart.

These notes of croquets and quavers and sharps,
Flats and basses, with woodwinds, not harps;
Strum melodiously in orchestral parts,
To make the flavour, as music so starts.

Well now I put a pen to paper to write,
These lines of lyrics to sound so right;
The voices are added to the sound of it all,
Like the Bible Psalm,s by bells to the ball.

Music to my soul well I cannot tell,
How all those people could stay in hell;
For heaven is lifted up, by the sweetest singer,
By all the joy a boy will bring her.

Well now all the money goes to concerts and things,
Where the opera is played, that tranquillity brings;
And the peace and happiness and love of it all,
Is entertainment and passion and music to my soul.

Signed,
The Entrepreneur

