

## The instrumental session.

There is nothing more calculated to enrage some folkies than uttering a word of criticism of that hallowed institution, the instrumental session.

Instruments o music blendin,  
Notes o ecstasy ascendin,  
By nae jarrin discord blighted,  
Aw in harmony united.

Instruments thegither jinin,  
Strands o music tichtly twinin,  
Tunes o glory rich an roosin  
In yin gledsome chorus fusin.

Bold guitar chords underlyin,  
Flutes an fiddles fiercely cryin;  
Pipers blaw their works o wonder,  
Driven by the bodhran's thunder.

Ah, the effort great an gallant!  
Ah, sic fine creative talent!  
Storms o music lood resoundin,  
Aw the boys puffin an poundin!

Against the tide o noise defenceless,  
Juist ten meenits bored me senseless,  
And I'm no ashamed tae say it,  
I walked oot an left them tae it!