Brass bands.

Brass bands, like Frank Sinatra, “songs from the shows”, rap, and Marjory Kennedy-Fraser, are musical manifestations that I’ve never managed to listen to with any degree of enjoyment.

O aw the hideous hellish soonds
Ye could encounter daein the roonds
Within auld Scotland’s far-flung boonds,
There’s nane tae hand
Shakes equilibrium tae the foonds
Like a brass band!

Aye, further, ye wuid be hard-pitten
While rangin ower the rest o Britain
Tae find a racket mair heid-splittin
Tae set ye sweirin,
Or a cacophony less fittin
For human hearin.

Hark tae the terrible trumpet’s peal!
Its blast wuid make yer bluid congeal,
An caw ye off yer even keel
Tae stott an stagger.
It stabs the brain like shards o steel,
Or rid-hot dagger.

Ah, freends, I coonsel ye beware
The torturin trombone’s balefu blare!
Cats’ concerts ye could suiner bear,
Or howlin dugs!
’Twuid fell ye whimperin tae the flair,
Hands clapped ower lugs.

But when ye hear the tuba startin,
That’s yer cue tae be departin.
Its graceless gruntin wuid dishearten
Each hearer present.
An elephant in a tunnel fartin
Wuid soond mair pleasant!

Ye pipers, blaw wi pooerfu puff!
Box-players, up an strut yer stuff!
A fiddler, even, we’ll no rebuff:
Yer future’s rosy.
Compared wi aw thon brass band guff,
Ye’re virtuosi!