

Music from Hannah

When Hannah comes over to visit our place,
She fetches our old violin from its case
And places it under her chin to be played
With its missing E-string and its horsehair all frayed.

Under Hannah Moore's unafraid, amateur touch,
The violin squeals and scratches so much
That sooner or later some listener will say,
"Oh, Hannah, let's please put the violin away."

Pretty soon she snaps open the old trumpet case,
Tries out the three valves, puts the mouthpiece in place,
And blows such a blast for a trumpeter's call
That the pictures all rattle and sway on the wall.

When Hannah brings over her flute, however,
We can sit here and listen for nearly forever
To her musical phrases both smooth and staccato
Which pleasantly shimmer with a heartfelt vibrato.

She has listened to Mozart from A to Z,
And she loves any Beethoven symphony;
Carmina Burana, the Nutcracker Suite--
The best compositions to her are a treat.

Our piano's been host to her musical fingers
Playing Mozart sonatas with feeling that lingers.
Just give her an instrument, fancy or poor,
And you'll soon hear some music from Hannah Paige Moore.