

## 14. OH BROTHERS!

### - A SAGA OF THE PEN AND PALETTE (1970)

Words by Bro. Stephen Dracup, Setting by Bro. Arthur Milner

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O listen to me, all my brethren  
And I will retail unto you the saga of our people:  
For strange and wondrous tales may be woven around them  
Which I would now set down for all posterity.

First among us must be named our President,  
O worthy Robert of the House of Clayton.  
Strange is it that his gilded youth should be passed among Oxon

Whilst in his later days he hath become a leader of asses.  
Himself an officer to the blessed Trinity  
Whose house shall dwell on the banks of the Tyne forever.  
By his courtly turn of phrase shall we know him  
Elegant even in his briefs.  
May he therefore be granted to rule over us in perpetuity,  
Ever solicitous of our desires and careful of our standing.

Loud let the trumpets bray in praise of Murray Brooks,  
Venerated member of our club and performer extraordinary,  
Much given to the study of the written word,  
In his library there is no place like Holmes.  
Perennial keeper of the luncheon record,  
His tally of blacks doth exceed even that of Arthur Milner.  
In his honour hath the club endowed a chair,  
Wherein may he long remain enthroned to our greater glory.  
Although, perhaps, no longer rising early in the morning,  
He has the gratifying feeling that his duty to us has been done.

Then let us speak of one much renowned,

Once a Commons member though uncommon man.  
Long years did he labour in the citadels of the mighty,  
Never conservative of expression but liberal of his views.  
In the pursuit of lawful occasions, always entered he his courts with  
praise  
Tempering the rapier thrust with the smooth balm of discretion,  
Ever mindful of the judgement which might fall upon him.  
Great service hath he rendered at the temple of St. James  
Where, when the victory is won, the cup runneth over.  
Surely the Gallowgate end will support him all the days of his life  
Until he wins the ultimate promotion and achieves his final goal.

O come ye and praise Ian Swanson,  
Stout Comptroller of the Cellar and acknowledge leader of the bar  
Ever willing to give service to his brethren in double measure,  
He is content that others should merely stand a round.  
Always concerned with our financial stability he proclaims with  
much spirit that our assets must be liquid.  
Should we be found to 'ale', and the position be 'Graves',  
He will always provide a draught whether mild or bitter to keep us  
out of hock.  
Intrepid follower of country pursuits,  
Many a time and oft doth he make sport with game birds.  
Long may he be preserved (which is not to say pickled)  
To guide our vessels through every change of course  
Until at last we come safe to port.

And there is one among us who shall be named Scribe:  
Harold, whose hands are ever moving and whose minutes shall be  
always hours.  
Strange, though normally direct in all his dealings,  
Always doth he approach the members in circular fashion.  
Given to ponder frequently upon the Abstract,  
In the pursuit of justice he leaveth no stone unturned.  
Yea, even when supper is served upon the table  
He must needs make a declaration.

In his leisure hours he oft-times moves upon the waters  
All Sail to thee, Blyth spirit!

Then let us extol Armstrong Davison  
Man of talent and ebullient wit.  
Year in, he performeth mightily in divers parts,  
In the theatre doth decalim "To sleep, perchance to dream".  
Unlike poor Mary, he putteth not in one basket.  
Witness his bedtime Odyssey  
The History of Aneasthesia  
Or, as it is subtitled "Soft piping times of Peace".

Glory be to our Founders  
Who hath made us Companions of the Pen and Palette  
As it was in the beginning,  
So may the club remain a place of fellowship for ever.

S.D.

