

# THE MAD CONDUCTOR

By

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1

**I**t was time to recruit  
school kids for the band,  
And Hugo Von Flugel  
would give them a hand.

He walked in a stoop  
with his stomach quite stout,  
His clothes were unkempt  
and his hair poked straight out.

With his slight German accent  
and a temper to boot,  
With lessons from him  
they would learn how to toot.

All listened in awe  
as he gave them a choice,  
What horns they could play  
in his low raspy voice.

From drums to the trumpets  
and trombones that slide,  
To flutes and clarinets  
they all would be tried.

The students were anxious  
for band to begin,  
They all had new horns  
which were bought by their kin.

There were large ones and small ones  
some gold and some black,  
They were the best brands  
without even a crack.

## **2**

The day had arrived  
when the students would blow,  
They looked at the clock  
as the hands went by slow.

But now it was time  
for band to begin,  
And they ran to the band room  
much faster than wind.

They slammed through the door  
and opened their cases,  
Then took out their horns,  
with smiles on their faces.

They started to blow  
and what a great din,  
Old Hugo got angry  
and soon lost his grin.

“Please stop that wild playing”  
he screamed in dismay,  
“With all those strange sounds  
I’ll soon be quite gray.”

With the band now subdued  
and their eyes glued on him,  
He started to teach them  
with plenty of vim.

He worked with the class  
and taught them to blow,  
The woodwinds were first  
who were in the front row.

The clarinets and flutes,  
then the saxophones next,  
They all sounded like  
they were under a hex.

### 3

Von Flugel got mad  
when they used the wrong fingers,  
His face got all red  
when they hit all those clinkers.

The trumpets, trombones  
and the French horns were tricky,  
To teach all these brasses  
was going to be sticky.

They puckered their lips  
and Von Flugel went crazy,  
“You’re doing it wrong,  
you all are so lazy!”

The tones that came out  
would make a dog howl,  
The director's ears rang  
from sounds that were foul.

Mr. Flugel was flailing  
his hands in the air,  
His nerves got so frayed  
he needed some care.

The drummers had learned  
how to hold their two sticks,  
But the way they were pounding  
gave Hugo the ticks.

The boy who played tuba  
was a sad sight to see,  
With his cheeks puffing out  
brought Von Flugel no glee.

#### 4

He asked them to play  
the one note they'd learned,  
And after they blew  
a vacation he yearned.

He taught three more notes  
which he hoped they might get,  
But after they played them  
he started to sweat.

With his blood pressure up  
and his pulse beating fast,  
He began to start thinking  
this band was his last.

As the weeks turned to months  
and all was still grim,  
The weary Von Flugel  
was in a tailspin.

But his head jerked up straight  
when he heard something right,  
A note from the band  
just like a bright light.

Was it played by the woodwinds  
or one of the brass?  
It came from this group  
which he thought would not pass.

He looked at them all  
with new admiration,  
With hope in his heart  
to end his frustration.

Oh yes there it was  
another nice note,  
A good sound in fact  
and not like a goat.

## 5

He suddenly felt  
like a new man indeed,  
With a mind in despair  
that now had been freed.

You could tell by the eyes  
of the kids in the band,  
Their new way of playing  
was considered quite grand.

Hugo Von Flugel  
pulled out their first tune,  
With five little notes  
they all would play soon.

The leader stood tall  
as he brought his stick down,  
The band began playing  
with a beautiful sound.

The director just beamed  
from what they had done,  
And now that they'd finished  
they found it such fun.

The kids took a break  
still filled with much zest,  
They considered this genius  
the absolute best.

They had a surprise  
for the head of the band,  
They gave him a trophy  
which he held in his hand.

Von Flugel was struck  
by this wonderful gift,  
It was moments like this  
that gave him a lift.

## 6

There were tears in his eyes  
but a smile on his face,  
With decisions to ponder  
which caused him to pace.

The kids were uptight  
would their teacher be staying?  
He'd had a rough year  
and they found themselves praying.

Their director went home  
with much on his mind,  
To answer all questions  
he knew he must find.

When Von Flugel returned  
his eyes were cast down,  
He was up half the night  
from walking the town.

His face was unsmiling  
which worried them all,  
Would he still be their teacher  
when band starts this fall?

He lifted his head  
and had a big smile,  
“I’ve decided to stay  
so I’ll be here awhile.”

The cheers that came forth  
could be heard through the school,  
The kids got so wild  
that they all lost their cool.

Now they were set  
for another great year  
With Von Flugel to lead,  
who they knew had no peer.

The band couldn’t wait  
for the next year to start,  
To see old Van Flugel  
once more fall apart.