

THE BAND BUSTERS

By

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With their eyes looking straight
and fast feet stepping high,
The band marched with pride
as they blew to the sky.

They're the best in the fair
where they win every year,
Our town thinks they're great
and they play loud and clear.

They rehearsed day and night
and were sharp as a tack,
From the sound of the band
they were truly on track.

They knew they were good
as they swaggered with style,
And were sure they would win
which brought on a smile.

The glare from each horn
would blind the large crowd,
From the elbow grease used
you could tell they were proud.

The slides from trombones
whipped out like a snake,
As the flutes tooted on
but with nary a break.

By the way the band marched
with a swing and a sway,
The message they gave
was "Don't get in our way."

But lurking in darkness
to stop the band cold,
Were nasty minds working
who were ever so bold.

Who were these odd people
cruel minds in a whirl?
There was Swifty and Zeek
and Cookie his girl.

Delinquents well known
for their terrible sprees,
With Swifty as leader
they were busy as bees.

They laughed as they huddled
and made plans to destroy,
Each horn in the band
as they would a new toy.

And why did they hate so
with vengeance in mind?
The vandals were jealous
and no way were kind.

They went to the bandroom
with evil intent,
Then climbed through the window
What rage they would vent!

When they saw all the horns
their eyes went ablaze,
With meanness in heart
as if in a craze.

They kicked holes in the drums
and then cracked the bassoons,
Not a horn there was spared
all done by these goons.

“I’ll twist the French horns”
said Zeek with a smirk,
“You break the clarinets”
as his girl went to work.

When they finished the job
they were all slightly sad,
Could it be what they’d done
was incredibly bad?

They snuck out the window
the way they came in,
Like three snakes in the grass
who’d committed a sin.

It was sunny and clear
as the band sauntered in,
To destruction and ruin
with horns crunched like tin.

They stopped in their tracks
disbelief in their eyes,
They were shocked and dismayed
and they uttered loud cries.

“My trombone’s all bent
and the slide is a wreck,
The air can’t go through
and it pokes in my neck.”

“The clarinet’s all shot
and the mouthpiece is stuck,
With the keys all ripped out
if it plays I’m in luck.”

When the leader stepped in
he scanned the whole scene,
His face turned all red
and he let out a scream.

“What outrage is this?”
Mr. Fife yelled with fury,
“The culprits will pay
with a ready-made jury.”

“Who would do such a thing
that would bring so much gloom?
But look! I see something
right here in this room!”

And there on the floor
was a clue all could see,
A red cap they knew
which belonged to a He!

The name of the He
with letters in black,
Was that ruffian called Zeek
who would soon face the rack.

The police were then called
who got Zeek to confess,
They nabbed Swifty and Cookie
which solved the whole mess.

The news hit the town
like the boom of a blast,
The people were mad
and their anger would last.

“But forget the three hoodlums
as they’re locked up in jail,
The horns must be fixed
or the town band will fail.”

Mr. Fife took fast action
when all hope was lost,
Mr. Dent would repair them
for almost no cost.

But time was the problem
with one day to go,
And could the repairman
work fast and not slow?

He began with the saxes
and then the bassoon,
And to his surprise
he’d done them by noon.

He put a new head
on the bass drum with speed,
New pads on the oboe
that’s all it would need.

As he worked through the night
he began to have doubts,
That the job could be finished
no thanks to those louts.

His eyes kept on closing
as he wanted to sleep,
But he thought of the band
and rewards they would reap.

The tuba was left
with minutes to go,
The band was in place
to start the great show.

A yell from the crowd
as they saw Mr. Dent,
With tuba in hand
come running all spent.

The parade then began
with the band at the lead,
Looking polished and spiffy
a grand group indeed.

To the peoples delight
with their stride and swift pace,
The officials agreed
and the band won first place.

But in the last spot
there sweeping the street,
Was a trio well known
making justice so sweet.

The judge had decreed
that the cads who we know,
Should pay for their crimes
because they were low.

To Swifty and Zeek
and Cookie his girl,
He'd given them brooms
to make the dust swirl.

The criminals looked sad
behind horses and bands,
With great heaps to push
they soon had sore hands.

The people just laughed
As the three shuffled by,
They knew they'd been bad
and they let out a cry.

Wearing black and white stripes
like clowns on display,
They found out too late
that crime does not pay.