

**“A man’s reach should exceed his grasp
Or what’s a heaven for?” Browning**

What comfort to know our Committee
Can sit, so it seems, smugly-pretty,
Upraising with sighs
Satirical eyes,
Deploring that it’s such a pity!
They’ve noticed that ‘X’ – and, yes, ‘Y’!-
Have again had the gall to apply
To sing and to play
On a course, at a ‘day’,
“Debasing our standards!”, they cry.
“Why will not these people aspire
To levels decidedly higher?
For – never an asset –
They’re much better tacit
Than giving performance so dire.
Had they worked with assiduous graft
We would not have so scornfully laughed;
But limited creatures
Should get themselves teachers
To help them develop their craft.
‘Consorting with such hoi polloi
Can do nothing less than annoy,
(For we are enlightened,
Our artistry heightened)
What is there in that to enjoy?
How favoured and blessed are we,
Endowed with such skill and esprit,
Whose talents are toned,
And carefully honed!
(You must in all conscience agree.)

With nurtured gifts and judgment we’re imbued,
Secure within our own beatitude,
Which prompts us, like the Stratford Bard, to pen:
‘How blest are we that are not simple men!’”

- from Prescott, with love. (Jill Mitchell)