

The church so brightly lighted  
 Made quite a festive scene,  
 All the seats were occupied,  
 Excitement was quite keen.  
 First came an opening chorus,  
 Then a grand solo;  
 Afterwards two ladies sang  
 That duet "Be My Beau."

Next that brilliant medley:  
 "I'm but a Village Lass,"  
 Josiah gave the signal,  
 That chorus rose up "en masse,"  
 Bassos in sonorous tones,  
 Tenors clear and true,  
 Altos and sopranos,  
 A stringed orchestra, too.

The audience were enraptured,  
 And listened with delight,  
 When, without a moment's warning,  
 Some one turned off the light.  
 Now, surely, here was trouble.  
 Who had the mean trick planned?  
 That choir could not now discern  
 Their leader's guiding hand.

That pretty, bright selection  
 In vain they tried to rend,  
 But, without lights and leader,  
 It soon came to an end.  
 The chairman made apologies,  
 'Twas all that he could do,  
 The troubles of that vilage church  
 Would ne'er seem to be through.