

An overheard conversation: "What is different about Bourne Street?" "Oh, it's just simple little things, really."

So a song dedicated to:

These simple things

(to the tune of "These foolish things")

Verse:

What is St Mary's now to us?
What's it about? What's all the fuss?
Each smart mozzetta, cope and biretta
(A purple pompom is a plus)
And still some little truths remain:
Don't come here if you like it plain!

Chorus:

1.

The trail of incense in the morning
sunbeams,
That May procession that to us such fun
seems,

The thurible that swings –
These simple things remind us of you;
A golden thread upon an old dalmatic,
And organ pieces that are quite ecstatic,
A gilded angel's wings –
These simple things remind us of you.

High mass – we know – is all we need,
But when high mass is past
We think it's time for a little glass...

The noisy squeak of old Victorian grating,
(But don't fall through it. It's excruciating!)
The joy good company brings,
These simple things remind us of you.

2.

The copes that slip off the officiant's
shoulder,
(And please don't mention lace that's getting
older),
The flowers that Easter brings –
These simple things remind us of you;
The District Line that right beneath us
rumbles,

When albs are worn too long and lead to
stumbles,
The scent of incense clings –
These simple things remind us of you.

And when – we've had – some drinks, (a few)
We see it's half past two: "Just have one
more!"
"Oh I will!" "Please do!"

When preachers visit and are too dogmatic,
While others lead us through ideas Socratic,
The introit bell that dings –
These simple things remind us of you.

3.

The sound of Kyries by Byrd and Lassus,
And Spanish guys who wrote big eight-part
masses,
The way the deacon sings –
These simple things remind us of you;
A mass of Mozart or that one of Haydn's –
The repertoire of our great choir still widens –
The sanct'ry bell that pings –
These simple things remind us of you.

And then it's lunch: the Poule au Pot!
("Oh dear – it's half-past four.
I think I'll rest for an hour or more.")

The service sheets with those occasional
misprints,
"It's time for evensong – please pass the
Disprins,"
The Angelus that rings –
These simple things remind us of you.