We’ll Sing

♫ A train in the sidings aches with rust, the motorway makes an emergency stop, a single vapour trail drifts and melts, Wilson has swapped his pipe for a mask.

*Till the world discovers its voice again we’ll sing, we’ll sing.*

The shopping centres are overgrown, it’s always Sunday, except in church, a traffic light runs through its range of moves but nobody stops and nobody goes.

*Till the world discovers its voice again we’ll sing, we’ll sing.*

A downpour drums on the bandstand roof, the west wind strums the trees in the copse, sunlight fingers the cobweb harps, a blackbird stirs and opens its throat.

*Till the world discovers its voice again we’ll sing, we’ll sing. ♫*

Simon Armitage

One of two song lyrics commissioned by Huddersfield Choral Society in response to Covid-19, inspired by members of the Choir and set to music by composers Cheryl Frances-Hoad (*We’ll Sing*) and Daniel Kildane (*The Song Thrush and the Mountain Ash*).