# The Decorations

A Christmas Entertainment for Narrator and Brass Quintet

Words - Alan Titchmarsh Music - Edward Watson

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Brass 5te & Narrator
Words - Alan Titchmarsh (after E. V. Lucas)
Music - Edward Watson

### **Performance Notes**

The Decorations may be performed with one narrator or several.

Percussion (1 player) is optional throughout.

Perc. list.

triangle, glock, ratchet, maracass, woodblocks, whip, marktree, snare drum, sus.cym.

Other works available for Brass Quintet by Edward Watson

Hellenic Suite (Greek Dances)
Suite D'Espana (Spanish Dances)
Sweet Swan of Avon (music from Shakespearean England)
An English Village Suite
Ronde (Susato arr.Watson)

The Decorations was written for and first performed by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra.

Also arranged for Brass Band (recorded on CD by *Chandos* with the Yorkshire Building Society Brass Band)

Further details from: Hummingbird Music (01789 721197) COPYRIGHT - Edward Watson 1996

# THE DECORATIONS Narrator & Score

Words by Alan Titchmarsh (after E.V. Lucas) Music by Edward Watson

### Narrator

Christmas has arrived once again at the Church of St. Michael and All Angels. The Reverend Lawrence Lidbetter in anticipation of the problems arising out of the church decorations has left for Australia to visit friends.

A letter of explanation has been left for his long suffering curate, the Reverend Arthur Starling. (MUSIC No.1)



#### (1. Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter to Curate Rev. Arthur Starling)

#### My Dear Starling,

I am sorry to be running away at this busy season but my departure for Australia is quite imperative. The Reverend Doctor Flint should be with you on Christmas Eve, but if you could take charge of the Christmas decorations which, by then, should be adorning "the altar, font and arch and pew" (ha-ha, Betjeman) I should be most grateful. The ladies of the congregation usually sort it out amongst themselves, but a little diplomacy is sometimes needed. I'm sure you will cope. Sincerely,

Lawrence Lidbetter. (MUSIC No.2)



#### (2. Mrs. Clibborn to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter)

#### My Dear Mr. Lidbetter,

I'm so sorry you couldn't be here to oversee the decorating of the church. I think we've got it sorted out now, but one or two of the ladies are so lacking in daring when it comes to colour schemes that I thought I'd take things in hand. You see, with the organist having flame-coloured hair it does rather limit the range of chrysanthemums one can use, but I have got over the problem, by going big on greenery. So much so that we've managed to obliterate him altogether in a cascade of dark green ivy. My Niagara Mrs Johnson calls it. I hope you'll like it. As ever,

Sybil Clibborn (MUSIC No.3)



#### (3. Miss Lockie to Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter)

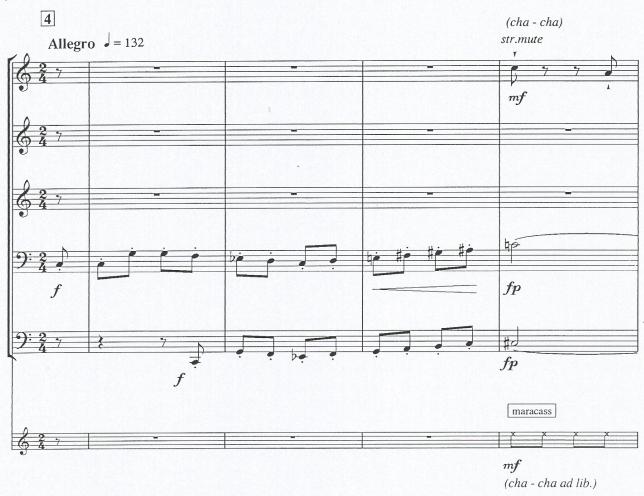
Dear Rector,

It's a great shame you're not here to witness the scenes of desecration that are going on in the kirk. I really can see no reason why we need to go to all this trouble of parading pagan fertility rites in front of the congregation. In my father's day, it was all you could do to get him to light another candle. And now we have sconces in every nook and cranny, decorated with holly, ivy and sequinned ribbon. I was also under the impression that I was to take charge of the Macallister Memorial window. Yet when I arrived this morning with my Christingle orange it was already covered in a welter of cotton wool.

If anyone asks, I am in bed with 'flu.

Yours faithfully,

Moira Lockie (Miss) (MUSIC No 4)





(8. Mrs. Hobbs, the char, to Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter)

Respected Sir,

I'm writing to you because Mr 'Obbs and me despair of gettin' any justice from the so-called ladies who 'ave been turning the church of St. Michael and All Angels into Kew Gardens. Sweepin' up 'olly I don't mind. I always 'old that I draw the line. It's alright for that Mrs. Millstone sprinklin' her flour around to make it look like hoar frost, but when Mrs. Clibborn started waterin', it turned to the place into a bakery. I draw the line at sweeping up dough, and 'Obbs said I ought to make my position clear. I mean, just where do I stand?

Martha 'Obbs (MUSIC No. 9)

Your 'umble servant,





(9. Mr. Lulham, organist, to Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter)

Dear Rector,

I'm sorry. I just can't play me organ under these conditions. First, me swell to great is enveloped in ivy, and then poinsettias spring out of my pipes. I can't see me bellows for crimson tulle, and with my colouring it's just not on. I've got chrysanthemums tumbling over me trombone stops and you know I'm a martyr to hay fever. Quite frankly I wouldn't be surprised to see a tribe of pygmies emerging from the organ loft, there's so much vegetation about. Anyway, if someone doesn't tackle it with a machete before Christmas Eve I take no responsibility for the choir and organ being out of time.

If you want me I'll be at the chemist. I've got one of my heads coming on.

Yours sincerely,

Lionel Lulham (MUSIC No.10)



(10. Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter to Mrs. Lidbetter)

My Dear Wife,

It seems we have a little trouble with the church decorations. Please pass on the following instructions: A hole is to be hacked in the greenery at the back of the organ, and Miss Lockie's Christingle is to be given to Mr. Lulham whom, I gather, is rather partial to a satsuma. Pull the plug on the bells that play 'Silent Night', and suggest to Miss Graves that her midnight silk would look suitably funereal if she moved it to the tomb of the unknown warrior. Send a bottle of Scotch to the head of the Wrens, and inform Mrs. Hobbs that she is to have a Christmas bonus. As far as the scene from 'Eldorado' is concerned, I distinctly remember asking Mrs. Millstone for a scene from 'Neighbours', much more fitting, bearing in mind my location.

Seasons greetings to you all from sunny climes.

Lawrence Lidbetter (MUSIC NO.11)

