

The Concert¹
The Sentimental Bloke visits Wesley of Warragul

‘Sundy afternoon,’ they sez, ‘doo come along;
You’ll luv it sure; ya can’t go wrong.’
So up we goes, me girl, Doreen, me peach –
Twen’y bucks per each! –
An’ takes a seat beside this grey-beard flash ol’ guy;
’e looks me up an’ down and rolls ’is eye.

‘How ya doin’, mate,’ ’e sez, an’ ‘How’d ya be?’
Sez I right back; he wasn’t gonna get on top o’ me!
But in a while ’e turns and gives a stupid grin –
Fair takes me in! –
An’ sez, ‘The old bloke on the ivories – ’e’s real top notch;
I seen ’im once before, an’ ’e’s the one ta watch.’

’is day job’s at the uni, top man an’ all, ya know;
’is mate’s a quack, they say; they’re quite the show.
The other one – the sheila jane – she’s real ’igh-bred’ –
I shook me ’ead –
Ya’d blimey reckon after all they’s flamin’ did,
They wouldn’t need this job, just t’ earn another quid!

Then all goes quiet like; this geezer walks right on;
’e sez we’re welcome all – an’ where ta find the john.
’e opens up the door, an’, blow me, in there walks –
Our eyes on stalks –
Three dudes, there was, all dressed in black from bleedin’ ’ead ta toe –
They stands an’ grins like Chesher cats, for ’ow long I dunno.

Just standin’ there they woz, and nods their scone;
We clapped just like the footy when the ’awks run on.
The doc – the young cove – gives a bow, an’ moseys to ’is chair,
Like ’e don’t care,
The sheila, like ’im ’s up the front; - she seats ’erself with care;
The pianner bloke’s behind ’em, which I think is ’ardly fair.

There’s a breathless ’ush comes over us, as all the classics say,
Then the old cove ’its the keys - Gor blimey, what a spray!
The fiddle starts in next; ’e scrapes ’is bow –
Quick, like, then slow –
’e musta twigged some’ow wot the pianner cove would do;
The chello dame; she didn’t look - just bleedin’ ’opped in, too.

I never ’eard such stuff, for this weren’t no second best;
I tell ya straight ’n all, it soothed me savage breast.
Doreen woz dinkum ’appy, but it left me feelin’ sad –
Yet kinda glad –
Like it made me feel all better than I think I really am –
Like caviar an’ oysters – an’ I’m just bread an’ jam.

The first lot finished; an’ we banged our ’ands a treat,
Me mate next door, the chump, fair jumpin’ in ’is seat.
Doreen – ’er eyes woz laughin’; ar, she did look super grand;
I squeezed ’er ’and.
‘The fiddler cove,’ she sez to me, ‘ain’t ’e a dainty bit’;
‘Ya reckon so?’ I sez to ’er, an’ I un’itch me mitt.

¹The program comprised Haydn’s *Trio in G, Hob.XV:25*, Beethoven’s “Ghost” *Trio in D major, Op.70 No.1* and Brahms’ *Piano Quartet in G minor, Op.25*, performed by the Baw Baw Trio with violist Lawrence Jacks on October 25th, 2015.

Me mate next door leans over, all proper like an' prim,
 'Good show?' 'O, very nice,' I chuck it back at 'im.
 I took a butcher's 'ook at all the duds and fancy gear -
 No 'ayseeds 'ere -
 The young cove on the fiddle gets up; sez 'e, 'There's more',
 An' strike me pink, ya oughta know, it's better than before!

 'Bate-oven', they sez; I know I'd somewhere 'eard the name.
 At any rate, I'd say he knows the blinkin' game.
 I thort I'd 'ire him for me birthday show,
 If I'd the dough.
 But me cobber mate beside me sez 'e's long gone underground -
 'A bleedin' shame,' I sez; 'we need more of 'im around.'

 We 'as 'alf time, - the intervull, accordin' to me cobber
 An' I take another gander at the dudes in all their clobber.
 I wouldn't giv meself a buckleys ta last in all that mob;
 I ain't no nob.
 Then I seen old Froggy Phillips I once worked with down the Bay;
 But I think 'e couldna seen me, 'cos he looked the other way.

 Me girl is on me arm, an' I'm feelin' bleedin' grouse;
 I coulda fought a dozen coves; I'da taken on the 'ouse!
 But there's no fightin' 'ere, a' course, with all these dames an' gents -
 'Twould make no sense;
 It's the fine arts crowd I'm in with, and I 'olds me 'ead up 'igh;
 I'm soakin' up the colture, thinkin' I might give these arts a try.

 It's on agen. 'It's Brarms, ya know.' It's the know-all nong next door,
 Stone the crows, the mug galah; I coulda cracked 'im on the jaw.
 'Oose Brarms?' me darlin' girl, she whispers low and sweet -
 She 'ad me beat -
 But the ol' pianner feller upped and giv us all the guff
 'bout allegro and non troppo an' such 'igh-falutin' stuff.

 They'd brought another geezer; it was complicated stuff;
 They musta knew what's comin', an' three wouldn't be enough.
 The four of 'em was racin', seein' 'oo could do it best -
 An' blow the rest! -
 The ol' bloke's lookin' daggers at the other three combined;
 'e seemed ta think they's tryin' ta leave 'im fair be'ind.

 An' now it's gettin' quicker the further on it goes;
 Doreen is all excited an' is tappin' with 'er toes.
 An' grabs me arm an' 'ugs it like she doesn't know I'm there;
 I walks on air;
 Then suddenly it's over an' we're standin' up ta cheer;
 I'm shoutin' 'Bravo!, Oncore!', though they didn't seem to 'ear.

 The mob starts driftin' 'omeward, an' we're standin' there alone,
 When the cove wot sat beside me comes up to chew the bone.
 He sez to me, all awkward like, 'Don't get me wrong, ol' chap' -
 The bleedin' sap -
 'Would you join me for a coffee?' an' this dam' near knocked me out,
 So I grins at 'im and shakes 'is 'and, an' sez to 'im, 'My shout!'