

My Wandering Mind

Sung to the tune of Private Willis's song in Iolanthe Act II

When all week long the peeps attend
The endless round of peeb monotony,
Their minds and brains at times will tend
To wander; that is, if they've got any.

So while the Man of God held forth,
Exhorting, warning and admonishing,
I thought of life and death and birth,
And timeless truths that are astonishing.

I thought how good and wise and right, fal lal la! fal lal la!
Of Providence to plan so well, fal lal la! la!
That every child who's born tonight,
Is either bound for Heaven or Hell;
He's either a little Taylorite
Or else a little Infidel!
Fal, lal, la! fal lal la!
He's either a little Taylorite,
Or else a little Infidel!
Fal, lal, la!

When peeps have something to decide,
If they've a brain and cerebellum too,
They've got to leave that brain aside,
And do just as their leaders tell 'em to.

But then, the prospect of a lot
Of bright EBs in close proximity,
All thinking for themselves, is what
No MOG can face with equanimity.

So let's rejoice that he's so right, fal lal la! fal lal la!
And Providence has planned so well, fal la la! la!
That every child who's born tonight,
Is either bound for Heaven or Hell;
He's either a little Taylorite,
Or else a little Infidel!
Fal lal la! fal la la!
He's either a little Taylorite,
Or else a little Infidel!
Fal lal la!

The words are by Ian C. McKay, and a full vocal and instrumental score of the song, and midi file, can be downloaded from <http://www.discourses.org.uk>