

Seven-part round:

The Singers

Barbara Rosen
2000

1. 2.

The ti-gers ar-rive, a - mi-a-ble, lan-guid, sauntering in with swishing tails.

3.

They bel-ly up to the counter for chips and dips and cookies and cheese.

4.

Their eyes slant with pleasure; their whiskers redden with wine.

5.

This is, as always, a free _____ as-sem - bly: there are no traps, no whips; there's

6.

no co - ercion. From their places on the small, hard chairs the tigers make a show of

7.

flashing white fangs at the ring-master. He smiles. He

knows they wouldn't be here if they did - n't en - joy it.

Barbara's early impression of the Renaissance Street Singers. She wrote the poem (and three more) immediately after her first Caroling Party, in 1999, and turned it into a round while home with a fever during the 2000 Loft Concert.