

# Rehearsing My Choir

## The Fiery Furnaces

Rehearsing my choir  
But there was one other man with whom i didn't get along

The bishop  
Would head down, head down to deerport station  
To see what stars on the silver screen might be seen  
Or broadway stage were all the rage  
With his black leather autograph book  
And his black leather pastoral pumps  
And his pressed black robes  
And his tidy black beard of which he was so proud  
And his hat that stuck out in a crowd  
But there he'd sit  
At his table at the edgewater hotel  
Wearing his ecclesiastical furs  
And lunching with two giggly and none too healthy looking young men  
And in his shirt pocket up close to his heart was his autographed picture of  
robert mitchum  
Which he no doubt used in an impure way

And i was at home rehearsing my choir

On christmas day  
In the afternoon  
I got a call at home  
The bishop was on the phone  
Wanting the choir to go and sing  
On some channel 44 thing

And i said "out of the question!  
The rest of the day is for their families!"  
And the bishop became furious  
All that time singing western music  
Christmas carols, backsliding  
And no time to represent the diocese  
But of course he was just upset because he wanted to be on the show  
And he hated women

And i knew he was angry with me  
But i couldn't worry about it  
I went about my business  
Rehearsing my choir  
Rehearsing my choir

(da da da da da da da)  
Again!  
(da da da da da da da)  
Ugh, altos, out of tune!

(da da da da da da da)  
That's not good!  
(da da da da da da da)  
That sounds horrible

Next sunday was my late sister's namesday  
La la la

And the bishop was coming that day to our church to deliver a sermon  
Which would give me quite a big surprise

"Decadence in the church!  
Betrayal of our traditions!  
Look up in the choir loft, for instance, the lady in red  
Eva!  
I ban her from receiving communion  
And remove her as choir director!"

I couldn't believe my ears  
And the congregation couldn't believe theirs  
And my husband was furious when he was told, as he wasn't there at the time  
And letters were written and phone calls were placed  
And the matter was taken up, and i was granted an audience

And i sat there nervous and frightened  
When into the room  
Stepped his eminence  
The archbishop

They had a strange deliberating process at his initiative  
As it was his prerogative alone  
But the hierarch with the tallest hat and longest beard would stand in the middle  
And the prelates with shorter hats and beards radiated out  
With the archbishop in front of them  
And then they began to intone  
And i was left on the other side of the door, alone

And when they came out, bishop nikolaki was sent to San Jose