

We'll Sing

♪ A train in the sidings aches with rust,
the motorway makes an emergency stop,
a single vapour trail drifts and melts,
Wilson has swapped his pipe for a mask.

*Till the world discovers its voice again
we'll sing, we'll sing.*

The shopping centres are overgrown,
it's always Sunday, except in church,
a traffic light runs through its range of moves
but nobody stops and nobody goes.

*Till the world discovers its voice again
we'll sing, we'll sing.*

A downpour drums on the bandstand roof,
the west wind strums the trees in the copse,
sunlight fingers the cobweb harps,
a blackbird stirs and opens its throat.

*Till the world discovers its voice again
we'll sing, we'll sing. ♪*

Simon Armitage

One of two song lyrics commissioned by Huddersfield Choral Society in response to Covid-19, inspired by members of the Choir and set to music by composers Cheryl Frances-Hoad (*We'll Sing*) and Daniel Kildane (*The Song Thrush and the Mountain Ash*).