

Ode to Harbour Theatre

By Robert Tagliaferri

Harbour in the 60's:

Sailor Beware and Count Your Blessings
I know you have Something To Hide
It is in The Secret Tent that you hold The Captives
For Your Obedient Servant knows The Whole Truth

Quick, Dial 'M' For Murder, Dear Madam
Or is it Murder Mistaken on Persons Unknown
For The Shadow Between the Bell, Book And Candle grows long
And though we only Wanted One Body, we have the Thriller Of The Year

This Year, Next Year, it really doesn't matter
A Fool's Paradise is always a Trap For A Lonely Man
So, Rock-a-Bye Sailor for Night Must Fall
And when we awake, the Breath Of Spring shall be upon us

Harbour in the 70's

And Suddenly It's Spring as I walk Barefoot In The Park
Miranda, I Suspect, has No Time For Fig-Leaves
The Owner Of Redfields has released a Cat Among The Pigeons
They play The Murder Game Every Other Evening

Love From Liz, A Little Temptation, is Just The Ticket I need
For The Flip Side to The Irregular Verb To Love
Is The Anniversary that goes on for A Month Of Sundays
A Likely Tale, you say for My Honey Has A Bitter Taste

And This Was Odd, for The Peacocks Must Go
But Relatively Speaking, who can blame them
For the Daughter Of The Left Hand always attends The Poker Session
Where The First Fish at The Party are always the sweetest

Something Rings A Bell for the Ladies In Retirement
Make Me A Widow, they scream
Who Lies There? upon The House On The Cliff
What Tell-Tale Murder created that Blythe Spirit

Darling I'm Home, let's Party To Murder
Birthday Honours goes to those wearing The Paper Hat
And Murder Deferred one more time
But there are always Two Faces Of Murder, so Sailor Beware

Harbour in the 80's

Ahh, the fresh Breath Of Spring and The Brides Of March are aglow
Time And Time Again we're told that Two And Two Make Sex
His, Hers And Theirs, we're in for The Full Treatment
But beware of the Woman In A Dressing Gown, for it's not all Milk And Honey

Ladies In Retirement often meet for The Book Of The Month
They're in Top Gear as they congregate in The Murder Room
It should be Crystal Clear that they are there to Murder In Company
But despite this Portrait Of Murder there's no Danger Inside

In The Chalk Garden at the Plaza Suite
A Letter From The General arrived
Wanted One Body was the Threat!
But it was Murder Mistaken, for My Friend Miss Flint has no Design For Murder

This is no Thriller Of The Year, no Boeing-Boeing
Just Gigi, The Gingerbread Lady, in Wolf's Clothing
So Say Who You Are and mind your Table Manners
Because Night Must Fall before we dance The Waltz Of The Toreadors

So Play It Again, Sam, go on Play On
My Honey Has A Bitter Taste, you know the one
And while Travelling North I'll see the Horses In Midstream
Pardon Me, Prime Minister, but Go Bang Your Tambourine

Harbour in the 90's

I Love My Love and all the Fringe Benefits of Living Together
Once In A Blue Moon we have an Organ Recital
We go to Veronica's Room and play Jigsaws until The Wee Small Hours
But No Sex Please, We're British!

The Haunted Through-Lounge And Recessed Dining Nook At Farndale Castle is
a Deathtrap
So The Garden Party was moved to The Cemetery Club
Where Autumn Manoeuvres involve playing Mixed Doubles
And the Butterflies Are Free

Rose, A Woman Of No Importance, was invited for Din Dins
She forgot her Table Manners and arrived with a Dead Man's Hand
Was it Confusions or Clerical Errors
You'll never see that again in A Month Of Sundays

The Spin Off used to be Night Was Our Friend
But now it's Finders Keepers, and what do I find
A Holiday Snap and on the Outside Edge is written
Happy Birthday, Love From Liz

Suddenly At Home The Baby Sitter shouted
Chase Me Up Farndale Avenue, S'il Vous Plait!
But Look Who's Talking it's all a Pack Of Lies
Walk On, Walk On said Billy Liar, get on with your Private Lives

Harbour in the 00's

Time And Time Again I said to Antigone
There goes the Last Of The Red Hot Lovers with his Steel Magnolias
But I was wrong, for he was Dead Guilty of Theft
And is now The Prisoner of Second Avenue

A Toe In The Water was Caramba's Revenge
With this Tilting Ground is it any wonder I'm Lost In Yonkers
But The Final Twist came when One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest
So forget all your Habeas Corpus for we all wished that Life Goes On