

# JUILLIARDY

From *THROUGH THE THEORY-CLASS*

by Alton Thompson, Peabody Conservatory

‘Twas brillante; the sliding tones  
did grandioso in the glee;  
all mambo were the saxophones,  
and modal rags in key.

“Beware the Juilliard, my son!  
The jaw-harp’s bite, the monotone!  
Beware the Jubal bird and shun  
the flageolet Bombardon!”

He took his Vorspiel sword in hand—  
long time the minim foe he sought—  
then rested he by the tympani  
and stood a while in thought.

And as in opus thought he stood,  
the Juilliard, with eyes of flame,  
came riffing through the tango wood—  
and dupled as it came!

One two! One two!—and through and through,  
the fipple flute went Sturm und Drang!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
he went galant in song.

“And hast thou slain the Juilliard?  
Come to my arms, my Beecham boy!  
Cecilia’s Day! Cello! Boureé!”  
He yodeled ‘Ode to Joy.’

‘Twas brillante; the sliding tones  
did grandioso in the glee;  
all mambo were the saxophones,  
and modal rags in key.

(apologies to Lewis Carroll)  
©1998