

Decomposing Composers

Monty Python

Beethoven's gone, but his music lives on
And Mozart don't go shopping no more
You'll never meet Liszt or Brahms again
And Elgar doesn't answer the door
Schubert and Chopin used to chuckle and laugh
Whilst composing a long symphony
But one hundred and fifty years later
There's very little of them left to see
They're decomposing composers
There's nothing much anyone can do
You can still hear Beethoven
But Beethoven cannot hear you
Handel and Hayden and Rachmaninov
Enjoyed a nice drink with their meal
But nowadays, no one will serve them
And their gravy is left to congeal
Verdi and Wagner delighted the crowds
With their highly original sound
The pianos they played are still working
But they're both six feet underground
They're decomposing composers
There's less of them every year
You can say what you like to Debussy
But there's not much of him left to hear
Claude Achille Debussy, died, 1918
Christophe Willebald Gluck, died, 1787
Carl Maria von Weber
Not at all well, 1825, died, 1826
Giacomo Meyerbeer
Still alive, 1863, not still alive, 1864
Modeste Mussorgsky, 1880
Going to parties, no fun anymore, 1881
Johan Nepomuk Hummel
Chatting away nineteen to the dozen
With his mates down the pub
Every evening, 1836, 1837, nothing

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