

The Ballad of Ukastle Ukestra

By Dianne Pope

There was a time in musical circles
When ukuleles were de rigeur
But the world moved on - ukes weren't
cool
To some the uke had a slur

People thought of guys with oily hair
Singing crazy words like dozy doats
And other silly croony songs
Under harvest moons in rocking boats.

But little ukes were not put off
They lurked in cupboards undeterred
Waiting for a moment to come out of the
closet
Loud and proud and once again heard

Now and then the occasional muso
Picked one up and was surprised to find
Ukuleles guaranteed the people smiled
And their reactions were usually kind.

And so the idea was the uke didn't cut it
But around the world a movement stirred
The uke had something special
So gradually people spread the word

The strumming craze hit the airwaves
Australia quick to take up crazes
People looked in cupboards and rescued
ukes
Groups sprang up in all sorts of places

Newcastle always a musical city
Mark Jackson a multi talented guy
Knew it was a place to nurture a group
Saw the chance to let people fly

A notice in the local rag got them in
Plucked from obscurity and thrust onto
the stage
Grouped together to entertain and
amuse

A merry band of players of varied age

At Wickham Club on Tuesday nights
These strum chums were in complete
accord

Their ukes held tight and somewhat
strangely

Slowly they found something they quite
adored

So the debut of this strange collection
Happened a few months down the track
All agreed an unmitigated.....success
And now there's simply no going back.

So if you're planning a special occasion
Bah Mitzvah, Wake or Birthday Bash
Ukastle Ukestra just has to be seen
It's the go to band to make it a smash.