

Chapin Harry

"Mr Tanner"

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by Harry Chapin

[Description: A drycleaner from Dayton, Ohio with a talented voice is

discouraged forever after the critics in New York say that "his voice lacks

range of total color necessary to make it consistantly interesting."]

Mister Tanner was a cleaner from a town in the Midwest.

And of all the cleaning shops around he'd made his the best.

But he also was a baritone who sang while hanging clothes.

He practiced scales while pressing tails and sang at local shows.

His friends and neighbors praised the voice that poured out from his throat.

They said that he should use his gift instead of cleaning coats.

But music was his life, it was not his livelihood,

and it made him feel so happy and it made him feel so good.

And he sang from his heart and he sang from his soul.

He did not know how well he sang; It just made him whole.

His friends kept working on him to try music out full time.

A big debut and rave reviews, a great career to climb.

Finally they got to him, he would take the fling.

A concert agent in New York agreed to have him sing.

And there were plane tickets, phone calls, money spent
to rent the hall.

It took most of his savings but he gladly used them all.

But music was his life, it was not his livelihood,

and it made him feel so happy and it made him feel so
good.

And he sang from his heart and he sang from his soul.

He did not know how well he sang; It just made him
whole.

The evening came, he took the stage, his face set in a
smile.

And in the half filled hall the critics sat watching on the
aisle.

But the concert was a blur to him, spatters of applause.

He did not know how well he sang, he only heard the
flaws.

But the critics were concise, it only took four lines.

But no one could accuse them of being overkind.

(spoken) Mr. Martin Tanner, Baritone, of Dayton, Ohio
made his

Town Hall debut last night. He came well prepared, but
unfortunately

his presentation was not up to contemporary
professional standards.

His voice lacks the range of tonal color necessary to
make it

consistently interesting.

(sung) Full time consideration of another endeavor
might be in order.

He came home to Dayton and was questioned by his
friends.

Then he smiled and just said nothing and he never
sang again,

excepting very late at night when the shop was dark
and closed.

He sang softly to himself as he sorted through the
clothes.

Music was his life, it was not his livelihood,

and it made him feel so happy and it made him feel so
good.

And he sang from his heart and he sang from his soul.

He did not know how well he sang; It just made him
whole

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