

## Marcel! *Le Magnifique!*

Come picture the scene, a Parisian night  
A magnificent old music-hall  
A stage lit by gas-lamps and eerie limelight  
A magician, silent and tall.

With his shiny black hat and snowy white gloves  
To a chorus of cheering and laughter  
Marcel frees a brace of silver-grey doves  
Bowing deep as they fly to the rafters.

*Merci! Mes amis!* He twirls his moustache  
And soaks up the rapturous applause  
When out from his pocket a cat pops its head  
Drawing blood with a swipe of its claws

*Sacre bleu! Petit chat!* What made you do that?!  
Says he as he struggles to grab it  
And emerging too soon from his conjuror's hat  
A confused and tired-looking rabbit.

A card in his teeth, stands a nervous young man  
Assured, by Marcel, *just for fun...*  
*...a trick I'll perform that only I can!*  
Says he as he loads the large gun.

Now please, close your eyes, keep perfectly still  
I promise, *mon ami*, to be gentle  
But in twenty long years I have only once killed  
And that was not accidental.

And then, with a flourish, Marcel takes his aim  
A flash! and a bang! fills the night  
Though he staggers and falls the boy is unmaimed  
And (apart from some blood) is all right.

*Madames e messieurs and petit enfants*  
Now the moment you've all waited for!  
So, *sil-vous-plait*, form an orderly queue  
*Pardon mois* while I sharpen my saw.

With an audible gasp the audience rises  
In a trice they take to their feet  
*No more!* they all cry *and enough of surprises!*  
Then spill out onto the street.

Marcel hangs his head as the evening, alas,  
Has gone worse than ever he fears  
With a wave of his wand, and theatrical pass  
He shrugs, and so, disapp