

**Poetry First Place**  
**“The Woes of a Euphonium Player” by Owen Saunders**  
**Petoskey Middle School, 7th Grade**

The euphonium player stands alone  
Beneath the spotlight's golden tone  
A silent giant in the band  
Whose woes are hard to understand

With a heavy heart and mellow sound  
The euphonium's notes resound  
But often lost in the mix  
Overlooked by flashy tricks

The trumpets roar and trombones blaze  
While the euphonium player stays  
Playing steady, strong, and true  
But rarely noticed for all they do

Their fingers dance across the keys  
Creating music with ease  
But the world still fails to see  
The beauty of their melody  
But now the tone begins to shift  
As inspiration takes a lift  
For in this moment, I must say  
An ode is what I wish to play

Oh, Euphonium, how wondrous your sound  
A brass instrument that truly astounds  
With a range so vast and a tone so sweet  
Your music lifts us up on wings to greet

Your sound is like velvet, soft and sublime  
A rare beauty that stands the test of time  
From the heights of joy to the depths of sorrow  
Your music glides us to a brighter tomorrow

In the hands of a master, you are a king  
A regal instrument that makes our hearts sing  
With passion and skill, your music takes flight  
And fills our soul with a beautiful light

So here's to you, euphonium  
The way your music opens doors  
A true treasure of the brass band

And a joy to all who take your hand

Even though you are forgotten

I remember you

And hope that your wonderful tone

Will soon again be shown