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