A La Cart by Judith Watson (after Mozart arr. M Hyman)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Had a lovely little go cart

He took it out without a word

and rode it all around Salzburg.

But as he hurtled down the Strasse

His Papa Leopold came after

He said: “My boy! Get of that toy

Go home at once and write

A symphony or two!

Then sister Nan came

Running double quick

She said: “Papa, the harpsichord’s been nicked.

Last night ‘twas swiped,

Poor brother Wolfgang will break his heart.’

Said Amadeus ‘Actually,

there wasn’t any burglary.

What do you think

I used to make this cart?