

28. The tournament director's lament

Andrew Grant

English traditional

[♩=120] A A A A D D E E E E

The fi - nal round was due to start, but the draw was in - com - plete. The tour - na - ment di -

E E E B⁷ E E E E

rec - tor slumped des - pai - ring in her seat, She had tried so hard to match

E⁷ E⁷ A A E E A A

up each card, but in vain her time she'd spent, _____ And she won - dered why she'd pre -

D E F^{#m} E A A B^m E A

sumed to try to run a tour - na - ment, _____ to_ run a tour - na - ment.

The final round was due to start, but the draw was incomplete,
The tournament director slumped despairing in her seat,
She had tried so hard to match up each card, but in vain her time she'd spent,
And she wondered why she'd presumed to try to run a tournament, *To run a tournament.*

She'd never been much good at go, but she liked it just the same,
And many a day she'd passed away in many a hopeless game.
Then one night in bed to herself she said, "I might be more competent,
To organise than to make two eyes, let's run a tournament, *Let's run a tournament.*"

So she approached her local club all brimful of idea,
But their reaction, sad to say, confirmed her darkest fears.
Though they all did say they would love to play, there was no one with intent,
To offer aid and to work unpaid to help the tournament, *To help the tournament.*

Though entry forms were soon sent out, not a single one came back
Until a week before the day, when they came in by the sack.
So the tournament hall proved far too small, and she had to pay more rent,
For a larger room in perpetual gloom to house the tournament, *To house the tournament.*

The night before the tournament, everything was going great,
When the BGA rang up to say the sets would turn up late.
Those who came next day had to wait to play, and frustration they did vent,
*Breathing smoke and flame at the helpless dame who ran the tournament, *Who ran the tournament.*

And when at last round one began, with relief she heaved a sigh,
But she'd not reckoned with the player who'd had to receive the bye,
Who bemoaned his lot in a temper hot and in tones irreverent,
Till he had to be reimbursed the fee to join the tournament, *To join the tournament.*

Now as I've said, the final round had been proving quite a pain,
When a party of four had to withdraw so as not to miss their train,
And that saved the day, the draw worked OK, so let's leave her now content,
Ere she realises she's bought no prizes for her first tournament, *For her first tournament.*

* Original: "Breathing fire and smoke at the helpless bloke...", and with male pronouns elsewhere. This is a female adaptation of the song. Male or female, this is the editor's all time favourite go song. [Ed.]