

The Musical Angel

Hello....

Does the face look somewhat familiar ? Do you think you've seen me before ?

Well, maybe you have, but usually I'm not standing down here on the floor

(Let me explain you see....)

I'm one of the musical Angels; I'm part of the Heavenly Band !!

That's me with my chums, looking down from the roof

..... I'm the one with a harp in my hand !!

We've been playing for quite some time now, Millennia if truth be told,

And we're really not bad (in fact we're quite good, if I may make so bold).

We've played all sorts of gigs, mostly good ('though some not),

One or two, if I'm honest, are better forgot !!

(Jericho comes to mind....hmm)

But there's one I recall above all of the rest: the night that turned out to be better than best:

It was cold, it was dark, but then star shone so bright

When Jesus was born, on that first Christmas night.

The Boss had insisted on booking the Band, so we thought (at the least) it would be rather grand

But ... a stable.....a manger.....some cows.....and *the smell !!*

For a sensitive soul like me.....I mean.....*well !!*

But a booking's a booking, so we gave it our all, and I have to admit...we had quite a ball !!

There were shepherds and wise men, and presents galore

And we played and we sang, till *our throats got quite sore !!*

Then Archangel Gabriel happened along, and asked if he could join in with a song

So we played a few more, and sung to the crowd, 'til some party-pooper declared '*You're too loud !!*'

So I peeped into the stable and smiled when I saw Mary dozing, and Joseph starting to snore !!

Whilst Jesus lay peaceful, asleep on the hay, so I turned and said 'Fellas, let's call it a day'.

We picked-up our stuff and flew up to the clouds (making sure as we went that we weren't too loud);

Then, tired, but happy, we drifted away.... delighted we'd been part of a wonderful day !!

Now, sadly that turned out to be our last big Show, (*give me an 'aah' !*)

'though the story goes on (as I'm sure you all know)

So we keep ourselves ready, and practice a lot, and if we get a call.... we'll be there, like a shot.

Meanwhile, if you're ever in here, on your own, please don't ever think that you *are* all alone....

Just keep your eyes open – we'll be somewhere near, either hanging around, or sitting down here;

We'll be humming, or quietly singing a song or maybe just praying that *you'd* come along

To be here with me, and all of the rest, as we remember that night that was better than best !!

© Chris Bylett. August 2010

Author's Note:

This poem is all the better for being 'performed' rather than just read.

The suggested style is for it to be presented a little bit posh/'camp' and dramatically !!