



## **It were a reyt good do, but ah do 'ope they find them lost sheep!**

*It should be explained that Cuthbert, from Lancashire prefers a "bit o' comedy, or a singsong on t' end o' Blackpool pier." but while visiting family in Wells, he was given two Messiah tickets as a gift. His wife was unable to attend but keen to experience something a bit different while in Wells, he agreed to go along and to report back to Ethel. ...*

It were not quite what I expected. There won't a lot o' movement on stage. In fact, there won't a lot o' room on stage. It were full o' singers. Ah'd been sat there a bit when in comes a load o' fellas carrin' fiddles. Then they brought in t'biggest fiddle ah've ever sin. It were so big they 'ad to wheel it on in castors, an' a little chap rubbed it's belly wi' a stick, an' you should 'ave 'eard it groan. It sounded like cow wi' croup. Well, all t'fiddles joined in an' made such a racket.

Then they settled down an' it all went quiet. After about a minute in comes t'Messiah; well, I think it were 'im, because everybody clapped, an' all t'fiddles stood up to welcome 'im. He were a dapper sort o' bloke, all dolled up in a white weskit wi' a red carnation in 'is button'ole. Yes, I'm sure 'e must 'a bin t'Messiah. Then 'e picked up a little stick an' started wavin' it at everyone on t'stage. They were all starin' at 'im, wondering wot were up. Then they started to sing, and before long they were fratchin' like cats. They wanted to know who were the King O' Glory. First one side said HE were t'king, then t'other side said he were, then they went at it 'ammer an' tongs. But it fizzled out in t' end.

Then there were a right ter do abaht some sheep as 'as gone astray. Some of t'singers must a bin partial to a bit o' mutton, because they kept singin. 'O we like sheep.' Personally. I likes a bit o' well done steak, but ne'er mind. Well, ah think as them lost sheep must 'a belonged to one o' t' singers, because 'e stood up an' sed every mountain an' 'ill should be laid low. 'Good', ah thought ter missen, 'if they flatten all t'mountains, they'll be sure ter find t'sheep as 'ah gone astray'. Then t'organist started up an' t'band joined in and by gum, they seemed to be getting' mad o'er summat. Wi all thet sawin' at them fiddles ah were expectin' 'em to fall apart.

Then, after that all t'women stood up to sing. Believe me, some of 'em were a bit past it, by lookin' at 'em - they must a' bin 70 if the were a day, an they sang 'unto us a child is born', an all t'fellas shouted 'wonderful'. Ah thowt, 'it's a bloomin' miracle!' Then they all composes thesens a bit and sings abaht a woman called Joyce Greatly. A've never 'eard o' her, but apparently she's a daughter of Zion, whoever 'e is.

Ah were getting' a bit fed up b'now, ah'd been sittin' for nearly two hours, when all o' a sudden ah gets a cramp in me leg. Ah jumped out o' me seat, an'... d'yer know? E'rybody else jumped up at t'same time. They must a' got cramp, same as me.

Then t'choir shouted 'Hallelujah, it's going' ter rain for ever and ever'. Well, ah'd never thowt ter bring me broolly, so ah thowt ah'd best get off 'ome afore it started. So, seein' as 'ow ah were on me feet, ah reckon ad 'ad me money's worth.

Anyroadup, it were a reyt good do, but ah do 'ope they find them lost sheep!

**Cuthbert Briggs**