

Our Nativity Play By Eric Finney

It went pretty well, our Nativity play,
In front of our mums in the hall.
Though it wasn't quite perfect, our teacher Mrs. D
Said the slip-ups weren't noticed at all.

It's a pity the innkeeper's wife was away
With pains in her head and her tum;
Sally Ann took her part and forgot what to say
She stood there just sucking her thumb.

Still, it wasn't too bad our Nativity show:
Our mums seemed to like it a lot
When a King dropped his casket on Joseph's big toe,
And he called him a clumsy great clot!

All the angels were great; in the whitest attire
They came on in a great ghostly group,
But Sandra's right wing fluttered clean off its wire
And her other wing started to droop.

The boss of the shepherds was Christopher Powell:
His costume was tight 'cos he's fat,
So he cut a great slit in his mum's stripy towel –
I bet he'll get walloped for that.

All the audience clapped our Nativity play;
I don't know what that kid in the choir meant
When he said that he thought that our Teacher Mrs. D
Ought to think about early retirement.

Well, there were a few slip-ups perhaps on the day,
But they didn't matter at all
When Mary sang Jesus to sleep in the hay
And we all gathered round in the stall.