

CHARLEY'S SONG

A Dramatic Reading With Music

by
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To be given by a reader, with a man singing the songs from behind the scenes. Much more effective if he sings without accompaniment.

Dusk - cold, wet, clammy, semi-dark of winter
Closed in around them where they crouched
In bunkers, against the earth,
The gun fire echoing back across their hearts;
And across the bleak Korean hills,
A rat-a-tat-tat of sound.
Dusk - with it's importance to war,
Bloody war of nerves and killing,
A prophesy of the horror of the night to come,
When enemy patrols roam the barren hillsides,
Or lurk in the murky darkness
Waiting to pounce with the quickness of a tiger.
Suddenly out of the distance, clear as a bell
Came the sound of someone singing:

Song: "The Lord Is In His Holy Temple."

The Lord is in His holy temple,
The Lord is in His Holy temple,
Let all the earth keep silence,
Let all the earth keep silence before Him
Keep silence, Keep silence before Him.

The song rose and fell and even the murky darkness lightened
And the sky seemed to take
On a shining, hallowed glow.
The enemy firing ceased and a melodious stillness
Hung like a golden chain across the world.

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