

IT'S PANTOMIME TIME by Pauline Avery

In January it's the Holy Cross Pantomime
With the Church transformed just in time
This year it was Cinderella
Who falls in love with a royal fella
And a Fairy God Mother who speaks in rhyme.

There were villages young and old
Courtiers both glamorous and bold
Stepmother and ugly sisters who were cruel
Making Cinderella sleep with the fuel
But wait for the story to unfold.

That night there was to be a ball
To be attended by one and all
Cinderella was not allowed to go
And sat crying and full of woe
Until her Fairy God Mother did her call.

With the help of Fairies and Elves
Who danced and busied themselves
Cinderella was transformed
A coach and horses performed
To the ball the Fairy God Mother tells.

As twelve o'clock struck
Cinderella ran out of luck
Her slipper she lost
The warning she forgot to her cost
In rags she is back in the muck.

The owner the slipper must fit
The Prince's eyes will then be lit
His bride will be found
Three cheers all around
With a happy ending, it is a hit.

