

We're On the Telly

1. Oh our minister is always smart, though especially so of late.
Ever since the BBC gave him a certain date.
Now it seems that our dear Holy Cross is going on TV,
And we must make it spick and span for it is a C.of E.
Every pew must be dusted, every aisle must be swept,
All the silver must be polished and the altar must be dressed;
Every hymn book must be ready, every window must be clean,
So that we impress the viewers when we're on their TV screens.

Chorus

We're on the telly, on the telly, ding dong the bells are gonna chime.
On the telly, on the telly, oh how the sun is gonna shine;
From the sky in the heavens and from each smiling face.
When you're on the telly, you have a certain grace.

2. And the mouths of the choir will be like goldfish in a bowl,
Echoing to the strains of our organist's rock'n'roll.
In a gold lamé jacket with a candelabra too,
He's hoping he will be a star when the broadcasts finally through!
Every hymn must be sung now with a new kind of zeal,
There'll be no room for mimers, every note must be real.
And anyone caught snoring when the lessons being read,
Will find themselves escorted out to the flower beds.

Chorus

3. And all the congregation will be in their Sunday best,
Including our Miss Jones, who's bought a very special dress.
She says that it's religious for it is low and behold,
Although the Rector's rather worried she might catch a cold.
Every seat will be taken and a whole lot more;
We've even thought of selling raffle tickets at the door!
There'll be strangers from the city that we've not seen before,
And one or two who've not been here, since the second World war.

Chorus

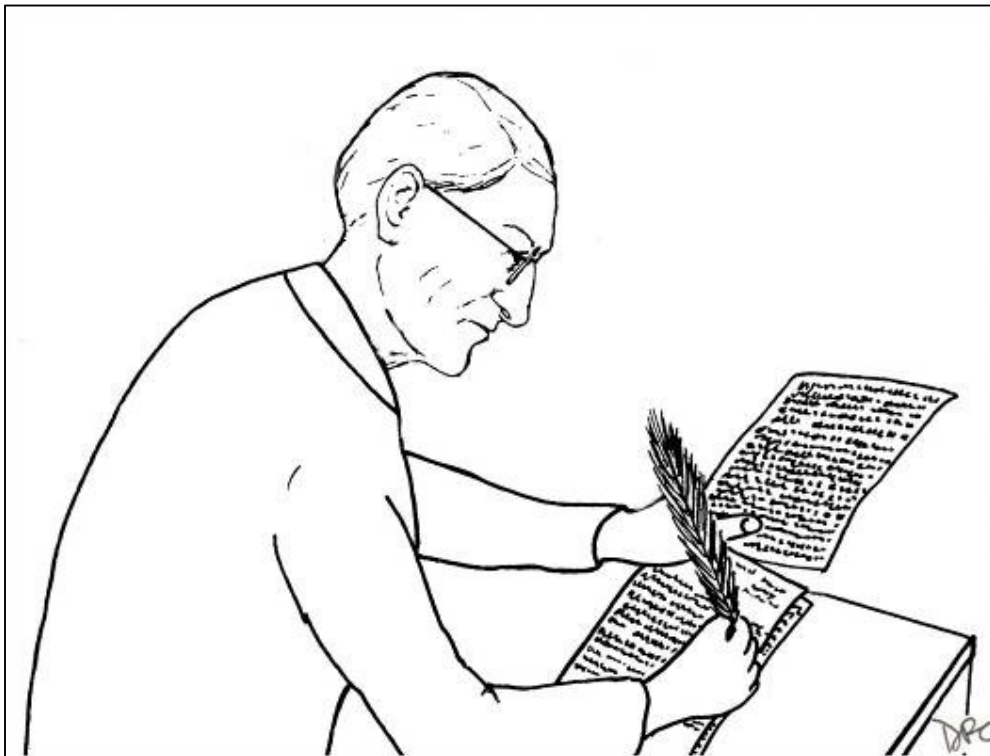
4. With our own David Bailey and his electronic zoom,
Snappin' in the vestry and of course the Parish room.
Taking all the photos that in Focus we shall see,
Including one of our Miss Jones that will have to be page 3!
Uncle Mac will be scribbling for the local Gazette,
Sitting on the right of our Rector on the left.
There'll be posters on the walls proclaiming CND,
Much to the annoyance of the poor old BBC.

Chorus

5. And to prove that we are 'with it', we'll have a folk group singing too,
With dancing round the altar for a different point of view.
With a sermon from the Rector, not too short but not too long,
But just to help remind us where we're all going wrong.
Everyone will be smiling, everyone will be bright,
When they see the camera coming, they will surely see the light.
For they know their friends and neighbours are surely going to say,
"We saw you on the telly: you looked so old and grey."

Chorus

Music and Lyrics © Alan Kingshott PRS/MCPS



"Uncle Mac will be scribbling for the local Gazette"

Note from the writer/composer: It was the Rector Malcolm Smart who asked me to approach the BBC with a view to Holy Cross Church being featured originally on 'Songs of Praise'. In the event the BBC were more interested in the church being used for it's live Morning Worship slot. For my sins I was given the task of acting as unpaid researcher for Religious programmes including informing the production department of any hazards. The low beams in the new Church meant that the camera men all had to wear hard hats.

Never has Holy Cross been such a hive of activity with countless choir and congregation rehearsals together with 'clean up' days on a grand scale. On the day, however, all went smoothly and the BBC were very impressed.