

# When Christ And All His Angels Slept

## Hail and Reign

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~context~

A civil war is raging over the English throne between the supporters of Stephen of Blois and the Empress Matilda. The fighting is fierce and bloody. A young boy – a near-casualty of the war – reflects on the violence and destruction around him.

WILL

(Singing.)  
ON EV'RY PAGE  
THIS WARRING AGE  
HAS WRITTEN DEATH AND PAIN.  
IN EV'RY CHAPT-  
ER WE'RE ALL APT  
TO FIND THERE DEATHS IN VAIN.  
IN FUTURE TIMES  
OUR HORRID CRIMES  
GOOD PEOPLE WILL SURVEY.  
THEY'LL SEE THE DEATH.  
THEY'LL TAKE A BREATH.  
THEN, WITH A SIGH, THEY'LL SAY

WHEN CHRIST AND ALL HIS ANGELS SLEPT  
THE FLOWERS SUNK IN THE GROUND.  
THE CLOUDS ABOVE JUST WEPT AND WEPT.  
THE SUN TURNED BLACK.  
THE WORLD GREW DARK.  
THE DOGS WOULD QUACK.  
THE DUCKS WOULD BARK.  
THE FISHES, THEY ALL DROWNED.

WHEN CHRIST AND ALL HIS ANGELS SLEPT  
THE MOON CAUGHT IN A TREE.

WILL (CONT)

THE RATS FLEW WHILE THE SPARROWS CREPT.  
THE STREAMS GUSHED MUD.  
THE LAKES WENT DRY.  
DARK BLUE WAS BLOOD.  
DARK RED WAS SKY.  
DARK PURPLE WAS THE SEA.

The LIGHTS faintly rise in the back.  
The PLAYERS (WAR REFUGEES) slowly  
enter. THEY are beaten and oppressed  
and carry bundles of clothes and food.

FEMALE PLAYER #

(Singing.)  
AS TERROR REIGNS  
DOWN ENDLESS DRAINS  
GOOD, KINDLY SOULS ARE FLUSHED.

MALE PLAYER #1

(Singing.)  
THE DOWNSIDE TO  
OUR WORM'S EYE VIEW  
IS THAT WE'RE ALSO CRUSHED.

FEMALE PLAYER #2

(Singing.)  
TO GOD I PRAY  
CONSIGN THIS MAY-  
HEM TO A MOLDY TOMB.

MALE PLAYER #2

(Singing.)  
BUT SINCE THIS CURSE  
GROWS GREATER WORSE

ALL PLAYERS

(Singing.)  
WE THEREFORE MUST ASSUME

WILL, ALL PLAYERS

(Singing.)  
THAT CHRIST AND ALL HIS ANGELS SLEEP.  
NOW GARDENS BEG FOR GREEN.

MALE PLAYERS

(Singing.)  
THE LIMPING CREEKS NO LONGER LEAP.  
THE WINDS WON'T BLOW.  
THE LEAVES CAN'T FLY.

FEMALE PLAYERS

(Singing.)  
THE SKY HANGS LOW.  
THE EARTH JUTS HIGH.

WILL, ALL PLAYERS

(Singing.)  
WE'RE ALL CRUSHED IN-BETWEEN.

POOR CHRIST AND ALL HIS ANGELS SLEEP.  
NOW RAINBOWS SAG AND SIGH.  
THE PASTURES CHURN OUT STONES TO REAP.  
THE BRANCHES SNAP.  
THE BIRDS CAN'T REST.  
OUR NIGHTMARES TAP.  
OUR DREAMS CAN'T NEST.  
OUR PRAYERS CAN'T PIERCE THE SKY.

WILL

(Singing.)  
AND THUS CAN'T CLIMB SO HIGH  
THAT THEY WARRANT A REPLY.