Heaven on earth

David Roth arr. David Ezell



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Voice

heaven on earth

by David Roth

The scene was one morning, about 10 A. M. In a conference room somewhere in space. One by one all the celestials dropped in Until all of the host was in place. Refreshments were offered,

some white fluffy cake And a kettle of warm steamy milk. Everything served up on porcelain plates On a table of linen and silk. "May I bring this meeting to order" was heard And all turned to the head of the room. "I welcome you all to this high level council We've plenty of work to resume."

A steno stood up with a pad in one hand And announced the agenda in rhyme. "There's the matter of buckling Orion's belt And of cleaning the Milky Way's grime. And someone's donated two huge pearly gates And they're stirring up quite the big fuss, For to make matters worse now, the Salvation Army Has given the darn things to us. But firstly and foremost, this special assembly Has holy intention and worth. For we're gathered together to work out the plan

For the placement of Heaven on Earth."

A poet took the podium and offered a prayer "Where our vision falls short, may we see, May we do all we can to insure that all beings Will be the Blessed they can be." Two nurses continued by pleading for peace "And for gentleness" Joan of Arc beamed, And the good Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Said a prayer for all those who had dreamed. The floor is now open, the research committee Will render their statements and notes, And when we've heard all the proposals Then everyone makes their decision and votes.

So one by one cherubs were stating their cases Saying Heaven should be here or there. Some lobbied for down in the deepest of oceans, Some argued for up in the air, But when all was concluded it was quite apparent That this was a point on which few could agree. 'Twas no simple matter deciding just where This Dominion of Heaven should be. At last in the silence a small voice was heard From a humble and timorous man. "My name is Murray Goldberg, I'm still on probation But I think that I've got a good plan.

It seems I've been spending my lifetimes alone In my search for my soul and my source And I've shunned the distraction of my fellow beings For the fear that they'd throw me off course. Yet when I get together with one or more others There's nothing that feels so divine. To be in communion with sisters and brothers Must surely be Heaven's design. So how'bout we scrap all the blueprints and plans And instead we install it by parts, And we put a large, portion of Heaven deep down In the corner of everyone's heart."

Again there was silence, and then an explosion, Unanimous beating of wings and of legs. And the meeting had gone

through the night to the dawn So St. Benedict started some eggs. Harriet Tubman went off for her train; St. Bernard went off walking his dog; "I'm takin' a couple of tablets" says Moses, While Murray was simply agog. But from that moment forward the issue was passed With a permanent home by decree: "Where two or more beings are gathered in love Here the Realm of all Heaven shall be."

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