

# “Long ago and far away”

## The little shepherd boy

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- Narrator:           **Once upon a time...**there was a shepherd who  
loved the night and understood the movement of the stars.  
The shepherd was out in the hills with other shepherds and with  
his grandson who was always with him, looking after his sheep  
leaning on his crook, he stared at the heavens.
- Grandfather:       He will come
- Boy:                 When will he come, grandpa?
- Grandfather:       He will come, soon
- Shepherd 1:        Soon...ah...you´ve been saying that for years
- Shepherd 2:        Oh, come on, don´t give us that again
- Shepherd 3:        Yes...years...years...you´ve been saying that for years
- Narrator:           The old man wasn´t worried about what they said. Only the doubt  
he could see in his grandson´s eyes made him feel sad.  
When he died, who would transmit the knowledge of the prophets?
- Grandfather:       If only he would arrive soon!. My heart is full of hope.
- Boy:                 Will the king be wearing a golden crown, grandfather?
- Grandfather:       Yes, he will!
- Boy:                 Will the king carry a silver sword?
- Grandfather:       Yes! Yes! For sure, he´ll have a silver sword
- Boy:                 And will the king be wearing a purple cloak?
- Grandfather:       Yes, he will have a purple cloak

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- Boy: Yes...he will be a real king
- Grandfather: Now, are you happy with that?
- Narrator: The boy was sitting on a stone, playing his pipe.  
The old man was listening  
The sound of the pipe was pure and beautiful. The boy practised  
hour after hour, day after day.  
He wanted to be ready for the arrival of the king. Nobody played  
like him.
- Grandfather: Would you also play for a king without a crown, without a sword,  
without a purple cloak?
- Boy: No! Of course not! I wouldn't!  
How can a king have no crown, have no sword, have no a purple  
cloak?
- Narrator: The boy wanted a real king. A king who could give him thanks  
for his music. A king who could give him gold and silver. A king  
who could make him rich.  
The old shepherd was sad.
- Shepherd 1: Come on old man, don't be sad
- Shepherd 2: Why did you tell the boy that story?
- Shepherd 3: Yes, you tell him that story you don't even believe it yourself!
- Boy: But, how will he come?  
Will he come riding on a cloud, grandpa?

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Narrator: Will he come from the whole of eternity? Will he come as a child?

Will he be rich or poor?

He will come without a sword. He will come without a purple cloak and in spite of that, he will be more powerful than any other king.

How could he make his grandson understand this?

One night, the signs that the grandfather had been waiting for for so long appeared in the sky.

The stars shone brighter than ever. A huge star was shining over the city of Bethlehem and suddenly a host of angels appeared in the heavens.

Angels: Don't be afraid. A saviour has been born for you today

Narrator: The boy run towards the light.

On his chest, under his coat, he held his pipe. He run as fast as he could and arrived at the stable before anyone else.

The baby was wrapped in rags, lying in a manger.

A man and a woman were looking at him happily. The boy stared at the baby.

The others shepherds who had arrived by then, fell down on their knees to pray before the baby.

The grandfather prayed too.

Boy: Can this be the king my grandfather promised me?

No, it must be a mistake. I won't play my music for this king.

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Narrator: The boy was confused and upset. He ran off and lost himself in the darkness. He didn't see the open sky nor did he see the angels flying over the stable.

The boy covered his ears because he didn't want to hear the baby crying. He kept on running.

However, the sound of the baby crying followed him as he ran, it tore at his heart strings and pulled him back to the stable again.

So there he was again.

Joseph: Shhh...don't cry, my son

Mary: Don't cry my darling, don't cry

Narrator: Their efforts were in vane.

Who could help this baby king?

The little shepherd boy couldn't stand it any longer. He pulled out his pipe and began to play.

The baby calmed down. A last tear rolled down his cheek and there it stayed.

He looked at the boy and smiled.

Then, the little shepherd boy was delighted, and he understood that this smile made him much richer than gold or silver ever would.

## The End