

MODESTY MATTERS
Payson West Stake Standards Night
January 31, 2002

Cast of Narrators

KING, *Father of the Royal Princesses*
MAGIC MIRROR, *His Trusted Advisor*

Six PAGES to move scenery
Four AUDIENCE PRINCESSES

Snow White Scene

SNOW WHITE
Seven DWARFETTES
WICKED QUEEN

Princess and the Pea Scene

QUEEN
PRINCE
PENELOPE

Sleeping Beauty Scene

PRINCE CHARMING

Pied Piper Scene

PIED PIPER
Four More AUDIENCE PRINCESSES

Cinderella Scene

Cinderella
Mouse Friends

Formal Dress Scene

8 or 9 Young Women in Modest Formal Dresses

The King Enters in front of the curtains, wearing robe and crown. We hear royal music, trumpet fanfare. The front of the stage is draped with several flags bearing coats of arms. A throne is to one side of the stage, next to it a small table with a bell and a *For the Strength of Youth* pamphlet.

KING (Grandly, expansively) Welcome! Welcome! Welcome to my kingdom. Or I might say *your* future kingdom, for you may, indeed, inherit it some day. Have you come far? You! Princess, stand up! Have you come far?

AUDIENCE PRINCESS #1 (stands up, acts as unrehearsed as possible): From West Mountain.

KING: Ah, yes, the province of West Mountain. And you were safe in your journey?

AUDIENCE PRINCESS #1: Yes, thank goodness, my sister just got her driver's license.

KING: (Pause) Driver's License? (Pause) Is this for carriages and horses?

AUDIENCE PRINCESS #1: (small laugh) Sort of. . .

KING: And a Princess can obtain one of these . . . licenses for carriages and horses? (Pause) How many of you Princesses want to have such a thing as one of these licenses? (Hands expected here) Ahh. . . the world is changing! (Not disappointed) Why, in my day, it was a rare princess who could handle a horse and carriage. Now look how many brave princesses we have here! I am so pleased! (Pause, Looks around at the audience) Now that you have an audience with your king, have you any questions you might ask him today? You! Princess, stand up! What is your question?

AUDIENCE PRINCESS #2: (Can this sound unrehearsed?) Why are you calling us all princesses?

KING: (Perplexed Pause) You don't know. . . (she sits) (King to the princess' neighbor AUDIENCE PRINCESS #3) Can you answer her? (No) How about you? (AUDIENCE PRINCESS #4 No) You? Do you know? (AUDIENCE PRINCESS #5 No) (Almost to himself) It is true, then. Some of you have, indeed, forgotten your royal birth. I must call my most trusted advisor. (Rings bell)

Enter Magic Mirror. (A pleasant courtier who carries a see-through mirror)

MAGIC MIRROR: You rang, sire?

KING: Magic Mirror, Magic Mirror, I must know why the princesses are forgetting their royal birth!

MAGIC MIRROR: Well, sire, what do you want me to *show* you? Do you want to know who the fairest is?

KING: I couldn't care less who's the fairest. (Magic Mirror turns away, reacts as if she's been rejected) They're all beautiful. Even the ones who don't think so yet. (Appeasing the Mirror) But if you want to evaluate good looks, uh. . . how am *I* looking these days? (Assumes an MAN-ly stance)

MAGIC MIRROR: (Turns quickly, looks quickly) Oh pleeeez, sire!

KING: (Oh! Eyebrows up) Ohh-kay, the princesses then. Let's take a look and see what they're up to.

MAGIC MIRROR: Who first?

KING: Let's check on Snow White.

MAGIC MIRROR: (As though the information is coming to her slowly) She. . . moved out of the home of the seven dwarves. . . after her bishop advised her not to room with seven single guys.

KING: Ahhhh.

MAGIC MIRROR: And she's moving in with seven dwarfettes!

KING: Can we take a look?

(Background music, a little "Heigh Ho, Heigh Ho!" which fades quickly)

Curtain opens on the seven dwarfettes in a "front room" scene. The backdrop of the stage is a castle set with flags which remains for all the following scenes. The King and the Mirror watch the scene from the side, not involved in it, but not in the dark, either. The dwarfettes are lounging in the front room. In spite of the dialogue which follows, they are not wearing short shorts. They are, however, wearing shirts that, although they are long enough now, IF they were to raise their arms. . . but we're not going to ask them to do that. Snow White (dressed in jeans and shirt and the Snow White cape and red headband) enters carrying luggage.

SNOW WHITE: Hi! My name is Snow, I'm your new roommate. (Sets down the luggage)

DWARFETTES: (First word together) WE'RE (Then individually—and speak UP) Frumpy, Flaky, Sleazy, Skanky, Crazy, Lazy and SLEE-py.

SNOW WHITE: Happy to meet you! Any rules about living here?

DWARFETTES: (All together) YES! Clean-up your-own-messes-and-always-pick-up-your-short-shorts.

SNOW WHITE: Who wears short shorts?

DWARFETTES: (The familiar sing-song) WE WEAR SHORT SHORTS! (There are no short shorts right now, thank goodness)

SNOW WHITE: Why do you wear short shorts?

DWARFETTES: (All together) TO GO WITH OUR SHORT *SHIRTS*!

SNOW WHITE: Your shirts don't look too short.

DWARFETTES: (All together) But-we- -can't-even-lift-up-our ARMS!! (Each dwarfette looks really uncomfortable, tugging at the bottom of her shirt. Nobody raises their arms enough to be

embarrassing.)

SNOW WHITE: Why did you make your shirts so short, then?

DWARFETTES: (All together) It- wasn't-us! It-was-the DRYER!

SNOW WHITE: *That* happens to me *all* the time! Especially when my brother does the laundry! Here's what I do! (She opens her luggage) See these? (Shows a longer camisole-type shirt) Whenever I find one of my favorite shirts has gone mini, I wear one of these with it.

DWARFETTES: (All together) HOW?

SNOW WHITE: Well, you can wear it underneath your shirt, and it covers everything! Have you ever gotten a shirt that's just a little too low in the front as a present from somebody?

DWARFETTES: (All together) YES!!

SNOW WHITE: Well, you can wear this under shirts like that too. These little things are great. Hey! I have a few extras. Camisoles for everybody! (She begins throwing the shirts to the dwarfettes)

DWARFETTES: (Everybody says something different at the same time) Whee! Thanks! (All together) No-more-short-shirts! Ever! (The Dwarfettes run off stage)

KING: What a generous princess!

MAGIC MIRROR: Oh, oh. The Wicked Queen is coming.

Suspicious sounding music announces the Wicked Queen's entrance.

KING: Will Snow White need rescuing again?

MAGIC MIRROR: Ssh. I think she learned her lesson last time. Watch!

WICKED QUEEN: (She's beautiful, but scary-looking) Snow White, dearie. Do I have something for you!

SNOW WHITE: Not another poison apple!

WICKED QUEEN: (Stammering, she's lying, of course) Uhhh. . . That wasn't me, dearie.

SNOW WHITE: I'm smarter than you think, but since you *are* family, how can I help you?

WICKED QUEEN: I am giving to you (she reaches in her bag) THE MOST BEAUTIFUL DRESS IN THE WORLD! (She pulls out a prom dress. The skirt is not slit too high, but we can

tell right away it's a spaghetti-strapped dress.) I picked it out myself dearie, just for you.

SNOW WHITE: Look at the color! Look how it sparkles and shines! I've never had a dress like this.

WICKED QUEEN: Go try it on, dearie. (Snow White hesitates) Go on, *go on*. (Snow White goes off-stage, and boy will she have to dress fast! Wicked Queen rubs her hands together in anticipation)

KING: (To the mirror) She did notice, didn't she. . . you know. . . the (points to his own shoulders) thing.

MAGIC MIRROR: Now, look, sire what choice does she really have, living way out here in the woods? She's got to wear *something*.

KING: I know, I know, it's just that a dress like that tends to make a princess forget who she really is. I've seen it too many times. Snow White's greatest hope out here in the woods is remembering she *is* a princess.

MAGIC MIRROR: Say. . . didn't the Wicked Queen used to be a princess too. (The wicked Queen is still pacing around the stage)

KING: Sadly, she has completely forgotten who she is, and so spends her days trying to be more beautiful than anyone else.

MAGIC MIRROR: You're telling me! Every time she calls for me, I gag. (Mimicking) "Mirror Mirror on the Wall. Am *I* the fairest of them all?" And it's, like, the most important thing in the *world* to her!

KING: She spends so much time trying to be beautiful, and yet she is so unhappy. If only she remembered her royal birth, she wouldn't need to try to be fairer than anyone else.

MAGIC MIRROR: I think Snow White is coming.

Snow White appears wearing a darling jacket over the dress.

WICKED QUEEN: Arggh! (shakes her fists above her head and runs off) Curses! Foiled again!

KING: Ahhh. (Snow White models the dress as if the audience were a mirror)

MAGIC MIRROR: She *looks* like a princess!

KING: (Sings – or if the King doesn't sing, a small group of girls pops on stage to sing this to the tune of *Be Your Best* from Beauty and the Beast)

Look your best! Look your best!
Put your prom dress to the test!
Put a jacket round your shoulders “POOF”
You have a modest dress!

(Music continues and fades as the Magic Mirror speaks – Snow White and the singing girls, if any, exit the stage—and the curtain closes)

MAGIC MIRROR: Snow White remembers who she is!!

KING: And I didn’t even have to rescue her from the Wicked Queen’s poison!

MAGIC MIRROR: So no more gray hair for you!

KING: I don’t have any gray hair yet, do I? (Magic Mirror doesn’t answer. She’s suddenly interested in her fingernails) Do I?

MAGIC MIRROR: (Exaggerating her words) Noooooooh. You’re still so young. Ab - so -lute-ly no gray! (Sharply) I’m a *Mirror*, I tell the truth. That’s what I *do*! Face it, sire, if you’re a real king, you’re going to go gray!

KING: Ohhhh-kay. The princesses, then.

MAGIC MIRROR: Which one?

KING: Penelope! How’s she doing?

MAGIC MIRROR: Now there’s a princess who has really lost her way.

FREEZE! Six pages enter (dressed in blue shirts and red vests) While the “Be Your Best” music continues, the pages set up the royal bed for the next scene. Upon completion, they line up and bow to the audience.

KING: What do you mean? How has Penelope lost her way?

MAGIC MIRROR: She’s wandering by herself. . . at night . . . in the rain.

KING: My poor child. Where is she?

MAGIC MIRROR: I’m not sure yet. Wait, there’s a light. She sees it. It’s a castle.

KING: What’s happening?

MAGIC MIRROR: She’s knocking on the door.

Curtains open. Front room of (a one-room) castle. There is the royal bed. Queen (wearing a crown) crosses to answer door, speaking to the Prince as she does.

QUEEN: Well, my son, you can't give up on *all* girls. There are some out there with high standards. We'll just have to keep looking. (Opens door and sees Penelope) Well, what have we here?

PENELOPE: Hi! (She steps in wearing a raincoat. The Prince takes it from her to put it away.)

QUEEN: What on earth are you doing out in the rain? You'll catch your death of cold!

PENELOPE: I guess I'm lost. Thank you (to the Prince)

QUEEN: Well you're miles from anywhere. You'll just have to stay here tonight.

PRINCE: (bringing Penelope a blanket) Here, get warm.

PENELOPE: Thank you, I guess I really am very tired.

QUEEN: I have a royal bed made up for you right over here.

PENELOPE: You are too kind. (Yawns)

The QUEEN and the PRINCE exit.

KING: What kind people! (Penelope is already tossing on the bed)

MAGIC MIRROR: She *might* get a good night's sleep. (She continues to toss about)

KING: What do you mean? Isn't she safe there? (More tossing, no rest)

MAGIC MIRROR: Oh, perfectly safe! But, well. . . let's see what happens in the morning. (Penelope pounds the pillow and bounces on the bed, trying to soften it up. She finally assumes an awkward pose on the bed and holds still for a few seconds. Then she begins to move as if it were morning. Each movement cause her to moan or say ooh! or ah! She plainly hurts as she moves)

PENELOPE: Ow! What a terrible sleep I had! Ooh! And such nightmares. Ouch! What a backache!

(QUEEN and PRINCE enter. PENELOPE quits moaning and stretching the second she sees them. She smiles instantly)

QUEEN: How did you sleep my dear?

PENELOPE: (Big Smile -- too big. She pauses a little too long) Fine!

(QUEEN and PRINCE freeze and look knowingly at each other. They walk toward the audience and talk to each other. They're disappointed)

QUEEN: (Stage whisper to Prince) So, she's not a true princess!

PRINCE: (Stage whisper) Just a second. Maybe she's just being polite. (He nods at the Queen as if to say, I want to give Penelope another chance, OK? He crosses back to Penelope, maybe sits next to her.) Are you sure you didn't. . . like. . . wake up during the night? (She stares at him) Not even once or twice? (pause) not even a teeny little bit?

PENELOPE: Well, maybe just a little.

PRINCE: And did you have any bad dreams?

PENELOPE: Just a few.

PRINCE: And how's your back?

PENELOPE: It's AW-FUL! (She puts her hand on her back and winces)

PRINCE (to Queen); You see?

PENELOPE: See what?

QUEEN: Well. . . ?

PENELOPE: (It dawns on her) Hey! Did you guys deliberately wreck my night's sleep? Because, you know, that is *not* very nice. It is not a very nice thing to do!

PRINCE: I'm really sorry. (Looks at the Queen) It was *her* idea.

QUEEN: Now, now, it's nothing to be upset about. It's just the way things have been done in my family for centuries!

PENELOPE: I've heard this story! You put a *pea* under my mattress! (Accusingly)

QUEEN: Well, the peasants had a crop failure, so, *no peas* this year. So. . . . (Penelope reaches under her mattress) we knew a real princess can't sleep well when she's sleeping on. . .

PENELOPE: (Lifts something from under the mattress) A BIKINI? No WON-der! (It's a teeny one. She tosses it and glares at the Queen).

PRINCE: (Coming up to Penelope) Hey, what say let's blow this popsicle stand and I'll show

you around the neighborhood?

PENELOPE: You're on! (They exit. The Queen exits opposite.)

MAGIC MIRROR: Even when she was asleep, Princess Penelope knew who she was.

KING: And she was so far from home. When you make a habit of dressing modestly, it becomes second nature. Do you think more of my princesses will remember even when they're so far away?

MAGIC MIRROR: Not all of them remember. There are some who are just sleeping away their time.

KING: Show me.

MAGIC MIRROR: Princess Aurora has been asleep for a really, really long time. Let me check. (Looks at her watch). Must be nearing the end of a hundred years.

KING: Can we see her?

MAGIC MIRROR: Well, the picture's a bit tricky to get. You can't really see her.

A few of the Pages enter carrying a curtain rod draped with curtains which they hold in front of the royal bed. The audience can't see the bed now. The pages remain through the next scene.

KING: Is she there?

MAGIC MIRROR: Ohhhh yeah, still there. Hasn't moved in a hundred years. Ssh. Someone's coming!

Enter PRINCE CHARMING, singing (or the singing-girl-group can pop on-stage to sing his soliloquy) he takes his time, he doesn't actually get a look at whatever is on the bed until the music cuts off abruptly

I love you, I've waited a hundred years for you!
You're asleep and waiting for me to wake you and take you away
Oh I hope that you are everything I have ever dreamed! (Music cuts as the prince peeks in the end of the curtains)

PRINCE: OH NO! (Pouting) I've waited my whole life for this. And she's not. . . she's not. . . (he can't bear to say it) MODESTLY DRESSED!

He sings or the girl-group sings (the music can be played in minor mode):
Who are you? You're not who I hoped that you would be.
You're a princess, you can afford to dress much more modestly. . .

(Music continues as the prince hangs his head in dismay) Snow White enters, dancing and twirling sort of to herself. She is wearing her modest dress and jacket. She sees the prince and approaches him)

SNOW WHITE: Hel-LO! (She's interested – after all, this guy can *sing*)

PRINCE CHARMING: Hey! Have you been asleep for a hundred years too?

SNOW WHITE: No, I'm the one who ate the poison -- wait a minute, (with confidence) *I've* learned my lesson. (Pause) What say I show YOU the neighborhood?

PRINCE CHARMING: Let's go! (They exit)

The PAGES exit with the curtains draped on the rod. The main curtains may be closed to allow change of scene.

MAGIC MIRROR: That seemed a little harsh on poor Aurora!

KING: (OK, be a bit preachy, this is preachy) Immodest dress is not likely to win the hand of a worthy, honorable young man who desires to marry a righteous young woman in the temple.

MAGIC MIRROR: You sound like President James E. Faust.

KING: (pleased with his Mirror) President Faust said that at Conference in April of 2000. You have an excellent memory – for a mirror.

MAGIC MIRROR: What *is* modesty, I mean really, what's it all about anyway? What's wrong with showing off our natural beauty? That's what I'm all about, you know? I'm a *mirror*.

KING: Modesty isn't just a matter of covering up. It's about dressing and acting like the royal person you really are – inside. Have you read the "For the Strength of Youth" pamphlet?

MAGIC MIRROR: The *what*?

KING: It's on the table to your right.

MAGIC MIRROR: (Turns the wrong direction) Oh! Why do mirrors always get their lefts and rights mixed up! (Gives the King the pamphlet.)

KING: You should know about this. You'll like it. It now has *pictures*!

MAGIC MIRROR: Pictures I like (She approaches and looks over his shoulder.) The words are all backwards! (Big Pause) Read it to me.

KING: “Because the way you dress. . . often influences the way you and others act, you should dress in such a way as to bring out the best in yourself and those around you.”

MAGIC MIRROR: But lots of people aren’t really careful to dress modestly. Aren’t they still good people?

KING: Of course! They’re still princesses too, although it’s easy to forget if they don’t walk the walk and talk the talk of their royal birth.

If the scene change has not been accomplished behind closed curtains, the KING and MIRROR FREEZE! and the PAGES remove the bed from the stage to the background music of “Heigh Ho!”

MAGIC MIRROR: Someone’s coming. . .

Enter the PIED PIPER from the audience floor, playing a tune on his pipe (it can be live--or not) maybe walking up the center aisle. He comes up on stage. He is dressed strangely, he walks strangely. He meanders about a bit, always playing his pipe. AUDIENCE PRINCESS #6 suddenly gets up out of her chair and follows him up on stage. She walks the way *he* walks. This is clearly “follow the leader.” The Piper leads her in a circle or two, he bends this way, nods and bows that way, and she follows. AUDIENCE PRINCESS #7 hops up on stage and follows them, followed immediately by AUDIENCE PRINCESS #8 and AUDIENCE PRINCESS #9. STAGE HANDS #1 and #2 enter and hold a limbo stick waist high for the PIED PIPER to go under. He does so easily. They lower it for AUDIENCE PRINCESS #6, who makes it through OK, and then significantly lower for AUDIENCE PRINCESS #7, who almost doesn’t make it (or maybe she doesn’t).

AUDIENCE PRINCESS #8: (To Princess #9) Why are we doing this?

AUDIENCE PRINCESS #7: ‘Cause everybody’s doing it.

AUDIENCE PRINCESS #9: Beats me. Let’s go.

(Princesses #8 and #9 hop off the stage and go back to their seats. Princesses #6 and #7 look at each other and slowly start nodding, deciding they’d rather go back to their seats than follow this strange piping man. The piper quits piping, shrugs and exits.)

MAGIC MIRROR: They’re getting the picture, aren’t they?

KING: Follow your own music! If you find you’re following fashions that aren’t really you, stop! Be yourself! Be true to YOU! `

MAGIC MIRROR: (Sings a little bit): Be your best! Be your best! Put your wardrobe to the test!

KING: (Interrupting her singing) Any more Princesses for me to see?

MAGIC MIRROR: Hmmm. . . Cinderella. . . but she's not very happy right now.

KING: Why not?

MAGIC MIRROR: It's her dress. It's ruined! The stepsisters have really done it this time. And the ball's going to start any minute. The stepsisters and their mother have left. I guess Cinderella won't be going.

FREEZE! To the background music of "Cinderella, Cinderella, night and day it's Cinderella," the PAGES set up the rack of clothing and hide the "Trunk of Preparation" behind stage furniture.

CINDERELLA and the MOUSE FRIENDS enter. Cinderella rummages through the rack of dresses. She takes the dresses out one by one, shows them to the audience and discards them. One can be so ugly she shudders. They are all immodestly inappropriate.

MOUSE FRIENDS #1 and #2: Who cut the sleeves off? (Who, Who, Who, Who)
Who rolled the skirt up? (Who, Who, Who, Who)
Who made it see-through? (Who, Who, Who, Who)

CINDERELLA: Nothing's going to work. I already sewed and sewed to make the one I had before! I don't have time!

MOUSE FRIEND #1: Just wear one of these!

CINDERELLA: You just don't understand! (She sounds something like Judy Garland's Dorothy)

(To the Tune of "Part of Their World" -- Little Mermaid -- This has musical cuts in it)

Look at these clothes, aren't they neat?

Wouldn't you think my wardrobe's complete?

Wouldn't you say I'm the girl, the girl who has everything?

I've got short skirts and tank tops a plenty,

I've got sleeveless prom dresses galore,

You want halter tops? I've got twenty,

But who cares, no big deal, I want more!

(Spoken confidentially): I want to be a little more modest!

I want to be where the standards are higher,

I want to go to the temple someday

Walkin' around in nice dresses with, what's the word? Sleeves!

Showin' my skin I won't get very far,

Length is required for sitting, bending,

Miniskirts won't seem to cover, what's the word? ME!

I'm at my best, modestly dressed,
And if you're listening, you will have guessed,
And you will see
I want to be
A more modest girl!

MOUSE FRIEND #2: Call your fairy godmother!

CINDERELLA: Who?

MOUSE FRIEND #1: That old lady that solves all your problems!

CINDERELLA: *I* have a fairy godmother? Where do I find her?

MOUSE FRIEND #2: I dunno. You just say "Salaga-doola" or something, and she comes!

MOUSE FRIEND #1: No, you say "Menchika-boola!"

MOUSE FRIEND #2: No, I'm sure it's "Salaga-doola!"

MOUSE FRIEND #1: (Shakes her head) "Menchika-boola"

MOUSE FRIEND #2: "Salaga-doola!"

MOUSE FRIEND #1: "Menchika-boola"

CINDERELLA: Oh, bibbity bobbity boo! Stop arguing!

A PAGE enters: Telegram for Cinderella!

MOUSE FRIEND #2: What's that?

CINDERELLA: It's from. . . my fairy godmother! It says, *Dear Cinderella, because you have made wise decisions all your life, you don't need anyone else to prepare you for the ball. Look around and you will find the Trunk of Preparation. It contains all the good things you have prepared during your whole life. Have a wonderful time at the ball!* (The Mouse Friends look at each other curiously.) Hmmm. The Trunk of Preparation. . . (Looks around), I wonder? (She begins to search the room -- background music -- the Mouse Friends start fighting and fall backwards on. . . a Trunk.)

MOUSE FRIENDS: HERE IT IS! (Cinderella opens it and takes out two things: a dress in a dress bag and a scooter with a sign reading "Glass Scooter." Cinderella puts the dress over her arm and scoots off to the ball. Boy will she have to dress fast!)

The Mouse Friends applaud and run off-stage.

MAGIC MIRROR: That looks like happily ever after to me.

KING: Not everything that happens in her life will be as she hopes and plans. But if she remembers that she was born to be a princess. . .

MAGIC MIRROR: I know, I know, she will find peace in her soul and great happiness. And you're telling me modesty is an important part of that.

As the curtains close to prepare the next scene. . .

KING: (Words from the stake about modesty, about womanhood)

Curtains open on 8-9 young women modeling modest formal wear.

KING: (Waits a moment for the effect to sink in on the audience) Young Women! Your modesty reflects your royal birth!!

Song ("I Can Show you the World" -- Aladdin -- again there are cuts)

I can show you a dress
Shining, Shimmering, Splendid,
Floor-length, long-sleeves and high-necked
And it's temple-ready too! (Cinderella enters wearing a temple dress. The girls and the King turn to her. This is their ideal too)
A Temple Dress!
Inside and out, you're on your way!
And no one can tell you, no, you cannot go,
because you really are prepared to go . .

KING: Young Women, I honor you. (Grand Pause and Applause)

Curtain call. Over music, the characters from the various scenes return to the stage and bow.

Song: Alleluia (From Shrek) Sung by the audience. (This was the opening song, too. Make sure the cast knows this really well, and the closing song will be really effective. The cast will want to sway, I promise!)

Modesty all over the world. It plays its part and it pleases the Lord
And you remember who you are, or do you?
The length of your skirt, the sleeves of your shirt,
The way you talk, the way you walk
And everything you are says "Alleluia."
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Allelu-ia
You must remember who you are

A princess bright, a royal star,
Your glory burned so bright back when I knew you.
We'll walk the walk, we'll talk the talk
We'll be our best in modest dress
And every word we'll speak is "Alleluia."
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Allelu-ia
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Allelu-ia.