

Pere Serra  
*Virgin of the Angels*

**SING LIKE THE ANGELS**

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"Mummy, mummy, this little bird has fallen out of its nest. Can I keep it?" a boy asked his mother.

And his mother said: "The birds are meant to fly and to

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The boy started thinking and after a while he said, "Yes, but this one's hurt; it's not singing."

"You're not squashing it with your hands, are you?" his mother asked him.

"No, I'm holding it very carefully. Let me keep it for at least a few days to see if it sings."

"All right," said his mother. "But only if you promise me that when it's better you'll let it fly away again."

The little bird was beautiful, with smooth wings and a pearly beak. But the days passed and still it did not sing. It did not give a single trill.

"What can the matter be, mummy? What can we do to make it sing?" the boy asked his mother. And mother said:

"Perhaps it's sad. Why don't you ask your friends to play for it and see if the music cheers it up?"

And the boy asked his friends to play their instruments... and the sound was heard of the harp, the psaltery, the guitar, and also the organ, the lute and finally the flute.

When it heard this, the little bird let out a fine trill, chirp, chirp.

And as if it had awoken from a long slumber, it continued chirping more loudly, again and again, as if it were clearing its throat, until it began to sing with such a beautiful tone, so intense, that the people stopped below the window to listen... and they said:

"I've never heard a bird sing like that, it seems to be from another planet!"

"What beauty! I feel transported..."

"I'll have to write about it to explain it..."

The mother said to the boy, "Now that it's better, now that it has started singing again, you have to keep your promise and let it fly away."

And the boy stroked it for the last time and said, "Farewell little bird, be happy and fly."

But before it flew off, the bird, as a token of gratitude, embroidered its outline on the mother's dress with its beak.

Every time the mother wears it people are fascinated when they see it: it is embroidered in gold and silver. But the nicest thing is that through it the mother and child joyfully remember the brilliant visit of the beautiful little bird that sang like the angels.

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