

GEORGE BAKER

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS
OF THE OLD WOMAN
WHO LIVED IN A SHOE

George Baker

**The Merry Christmas of the Old
Woman who Lived in a Shoe**

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The Merry Christmas of the Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe

CHARACTERS

The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. Santa Claus, disguised as a Beggar. Ten or twelve Children, Boys and Girls of various ages.

Scene. — *The exterior of "Copper Toe Shoe House," which is set at back of platform.*

Chorus (invisible); air, "Revolutionary Tea" (p. 194, "Golden Wreath").

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
Of children she had a score:
So many had she, to know what to do
Was a question which puzzled her sore.

(Head of Child appears at 1.)

To some she gave broth without any bread;
But never contented were they,
Till she whipped them all soundly, and put them to bed,
And then very happy were they,
And then very happy were they.

(Head appears at 2.)

"Now, mother, dear mother," the young ones would cry,
As they dropped off with a nod,
"To train up a child in the way to go,
O mother, dear, ne'er spare the rod.

(Child's head appears at 3.)

For broth without bread is a watery waste;
And never contented are we,
Till with your good stick it is thickened to taste;

(Three heads appear at 4.)

And then, oh, how happy are we!
And then, oh, how happy are we!"

Enter Old Woman, R. Her costume, bodice, quilted petticoat, sugar-loaf hat, high-heeled shoes, and cane.

O. W. Aha! (Heads disappear quick.)

Good gracious! can't I leave the house a minute,
But what a head's at every window in it?
Don't let me see the tip of a single nose;
For, if you do, we'll surely come to blows.
Poor dears! they want the air. Well, that is cheap
And strengthening; for they live on air and sleep.
Food is so high, and work is so unstiddy,
Life's really wearing on this poor old widdy.

(Heads appear, one after the other, as before.)

Ah me! here's good old Christmas come again.
How can I join in the triumphant strain
Which moves all hearts? I am so old and poor,
With none to aid me from their generous store.

Child *at 1*. Mother, I want a drum.
Child *at 2*. I want a doll!
Child *at 3*. Gimme a sword!
Three Children *at 4*. Got presents for us all?
O. W. Aha! *(Heads disappear quick.)*

Poor dears! if with the will I had the power,
The choicest Christmas gifts should on them shower.

Song: Old Woman; air, "Comin' through the Rye."

If a widdy's with her biddies,
Living in a shoe,
If a widdy's work unstiddies,
What'll widdy do?

(Heads appear as before.)

Every mother loves her biddies;
Many a one have I;
But where get gifts to fill their fists,
When I've no gold to buy?

Aha! *(Heads disappear quick.)*

There is a sprite oft comes this night,
Whom children love full well;
But what's his name, and where's his hame,
He does not always tell.

(Heads appear as before.)

Lads and lassies know good Santa,

With presents not a few;
Would he were here, my chicks to cheer,
Living in a shoe!

Aha! (Heads disappear.)

Well, I'll get in, and make the children warm.
Tucked in their beds, they're always safe from harm.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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