

# 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:*

# George M Baker

## 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 name,  
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.

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