

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY CHARLES DICKENS AND CONDENSED BY THOMAS HUTCHINSON

Scene 1 Counting House

[Narrator, Scrooge, Nephew, Gentleman]

GENTLEMAN 1

Once upon a time, upon a Christmas eve old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house.

NEPHEW

"A merry Christmas, uncle!"

GENTLEMAN 2

It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew.

SCROOGE

"Bah! . . . Humbug!"

NEPHEW

"Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure?"

SCROOGE

"I do. Out upon merry Christmas! If I had my will, every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding. He should!"

NEPHEW

"Uncle!"

SCROOGE

"Nephew, keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

NEPHEW

"Keep it! But you don't keep it."

SCROOGE

"Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

NEPHEW

"I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time. And therefore uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

SCROOGE

"Good afternoon."

NEPHEW

"I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So A Merry Christmas, uncle!"

SCROOGE

"GOOD Afternoon!"

NEPHEW

"And A Happy New-Year!"

SCROOGE

"GOOD AFTERNOON!!!"

GENTLEMAN 3

His nephew left the room without an angry word, but the clerk, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in.

GENTLEMAN 1

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge, we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. A few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. What shall I put you down for?"

SCROOGE

"Nothing!"

GENTLEMAN 2

"You wish to be anonymous?"

SCROOGE

"I wish to be left alone. Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the prisons and the workhouses, -- they cost enough, -- and those who are badly off must go there."

GENTLEMAN 3

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

SCROOGE

"If they would rather die, they had better do it!"

SCENE 2 GHOSTS AT SCROOGE'S HOUSE

[Scrooge, Narrator 1, Narrator 2, Narrator 3, Ghosts in dance, Marley]

NARRATOR 1

The hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and went home to bed.

NARRATOR 2

Now it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door of this house, except that it was very large; and yet Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, not a knocker, but Marley's face.

NARRATOR 3

Marley's face, with a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. As Scrooge looked at this, it was a knocker again. He said,

SCROOGE

"Pooh, pooh!"

[Ghosts in dance enter to make the loud percussion noises]

NARRATOR 1

. . . and closed the door with a BANG. The sound resounded through the house like thunder. (BANG, Bang, bang)

NARRATOR 2

Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs.

NARRATOR 3

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for its being very dark. Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it.

NARRATOR 1

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom.

NARRATOR 2

Thus secured against surprise, he put on his dressing-gown and slippers and his nightcap, and sat down before the very low fire to take his gruel.

NARRATOR 3

As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room.

NARRATOR 1

It was with great astonishment, and with a strange dread, that, as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. (ding, ding, ding) Soon it rang out loudly, (Ding, DING, DING!) and so did every

bell in the house. (Dingaling, Aling, ALing, ALING, ALING, ALING, ALNG!!!!))

NARRATOR 2

This was succeeded by a clanking noise, (clank) deep down below, (clank) as if some person (clank) were dragging a heavy chain (clank) over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar.

NARRATOR 3

Then he heard the noise much louder, (Clank) on the floors below; (Clank) then coming up the stairs; (Clank!) then coming straight towards his door. (Clank!!)

[HIP/STOMP GHOST DANCE]

[Marley enters the room, Scrooge cowering and trembling]

SCROOGE

"What do you want with me?"

MARLEY

"Much!"

SCROOGE

"Who are you?"

MARLEY

"Ask me who I was."

SCROOGE

"Who were you then?"

MARLEY

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

[Sits down next to Scrooge]

"You don't believe in me."

SCROOGE

"I don't."

MARLEY

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

SCROOGE

"Because a little thing affects them. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato.

There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

MARLEY

[HOWL] (OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!)

SCROOGE

"Mercy! Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me? Why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

MARLEY

"It is required of every man, that the spirit within him should walk among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house -- mark me! -- in life my spirit never roved beyond our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

MARLEY

"I am here to-night to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. You will be haunted by Three Spirits. Expect the first tomorrow night, when the bell tolls One. Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third, upon the next night, when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more."

SCROOGE

"Hum...."

[Scrooge tries to say Humbug but stops at the first syllable. He goes straight to bed and falls asleep in an instant. MAKE SNORING SOUNDS AS IF ASLEEP]

SCENE 3 GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST IN SCROOGE'S BEDROOM

[Narrator 4, Scrooge, Ghost of Christmas Past]

NARRATOR 4

WHEN Scrooge awoke, the church clock tolled a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy (BONG!) ONE.

Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn aside by a strange figure, like a child.

SCROOGE

"Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?"

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST

"I am!"

SCROOGE

"Who and what are you?"

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

SCENE 4 FEZZIWIG'S PARTY

[Narrator 5, Scrooge, Fezziwig, Young Scrooge, Fiddler, Mrs. Fezziwig, 3 Miss Fezziwigs, Ghost of Christmas Past]

NARRATOR 5

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood in the busy thoroughfares of a city. It was made plain enough by the dressing of the shops that here, too, it was Christmas time. The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

SCROOGE

"Know it! I apprenticed here!"

NARRATOR 5

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk that, if he had been two inches taller, he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement:

SCROOGE

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart, it's Fezziwig, alive again!"

FEZZIWIG

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer!"

YOUNG SCROOGE

A living and moving picture of Scrooge's former self, a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-prentice.

FEZZIWIG

"Yo ho, my boy! No more work to-night. Christmas eve, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up, before a man can say Jack Robinson! Clear away, my lad, and let's have lots of room here!"

YOUNG SCROOGE

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. The warehouse was as snug and warm and dry and bright a ball-room as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

FIDDLER

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches (MAKE FIDDLE SOUNDS).

MRS. FEZZIWIG

In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast smile.

THREE MISS FEZZIWIGS

In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In they all came one after another;

MISS FEZZIWIG 1

Some shyly,

MISS FEZZIWIG 2

some boldly,

MISS FEZZIWIG 3

some gracefully

MISS FEZZIWIG 1

some awkwardly,

MISS FEZZIWIG 2

some pushing,

MISS FEZZIWIG 3

some pulling;

THREE MISS FEZZIWIGS

in they all came, anyhow and everyhow.

FIDDLER

Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place.

[TAP ROUTINE]

MRS. FEZZIWIG

When the clock struck eleven this ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig, shaking hands with every person as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude. He has spent but a few pounds of your money, -- three or four perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

SCROOGE

"It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things impossible to add and count 'em up: what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune. Spirit! remove me from this place. Haunt me no longer!"

SCENE 5 GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT IN SCROOGE'S BEDROOM

[Ghost of Christmas Past, Narrator 6, Scrooge]

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST

As he struggled with the Spirit he was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He had barely time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy sleep.

[SCROOGE MAKE SNORING SOUNDS AS IF ASLEEP]

NARRATOR 6

Scrooge awoke in his bedroom. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grove. The leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney. Heaped upon the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, great joints of meat, pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, great bowls of punch and immense twelfth-cakes. Upon this couch there sat a Giant glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT

"Come in, -- come in! and know me better, man! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me! You have never seen the like of me before! Touch my robe!"

SCENE 6 THE CRATCHIT HOUSE

[Narrator 7, Mrs. Cratchit, 2 Young Cratchits, Peter, Mrs. Cratchit, Miss Belinda, Martha, Bob Cratchit, Tiny Tim, Ghost of Christmas Present]

NARRATOR 7

Scrooge did as he was told and held it fast. The room and its contents all vanished instantly, and they stood in the city streets upon a snowy Christmas morning. Scrooge and the Ghost passed on, invisible, straight to Scrooge's clerk's; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit . . .

MRS. CRATCHIT

"What has ever got your precious father then? And your brother Tiny Tim!"

THE TWO YOUNG CRATCHITS

"No, no! There's father coming . . ."

YOUNG CRATCHIT 1

. . . cried the two young Cratchits

YOUNG CRATCHIT 2

who were everywhere at once.

BOB CRATCHIT

In came Bob, the father, his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

MRS. CRATCHIT

"And how did little Tim behave?"

BOB CRATCHIT

"As good as gold and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

PETER

Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

MRS CRATCHIT

Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy – ready beforehand in a little saucepan -- hissing hot

PETER

Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor

MISS BELINDA

Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce

MARTHA

Martha dusted the hot plates

BOB CRATCHIT

Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table

YOUNG CRATCHIT 1

the two young Cratchits set chairs

YOUNG CRATCHIT 2

for everybody,

YOUNG CRATCHIT 1

not forgetting themselves,

YOUNG CRATCHIT 2

and crammed spoons into their mouths,

YOUNG CRATCHIT 1

lest they should shriek for goose

YOUNG CRATCHIT 2

before their turn came to be helped.

MRS. CRATCHIT

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless [PAUSE HERE] pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected GUSHHHHH of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board (AAAAAAHHHHH!!!), and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried . . .

TINY TIM

"Hurrah!"

MISS BELINDA

But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda

MRS. CRATCHIT

Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone, to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Mrs. Cratchit entered, -- smiling proudly, -- with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half of a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

BOB CRATCHIT

"O, a wonderful pudding!"

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. They were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

SCENE GHOST 7 OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE APPEARS

[Narrator 8, Narrator 9, Scrooge, Grave Digger 1, Grave Digger 2, Ghost of Christmas Present, Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come]

NARRATOR 8

But the whole scene passed off, and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels. Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. Suddenly, as they stood together in an open place, the bell struck (BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG!) twelve.

NARRATOR 9

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it no more. AS the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and, lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming like a mist along the ground towards him.

SCROOGE

"Ghost of the Future! I fear you more than any spectre I have seen. Will you not speak to me?"

NARRATOR 8

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

SCROOGE

"Lead on! Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

NARRATOR 9

They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for the city rather seemed to spring up about them. But there they were in the heart of it amongst the merchants.

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

GRAVE DIGGER 1

"I don't know much about it either way. I only know he's dead."

GRAVE DIGGER 2

"When did he die?"

GRAVE DIGGER 1

"Last night, I believe."

GRAVE DIGGER 2

"What has he done with his money?"

GRAVE DIGGER 1

"I haven't heard, Company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to me. That's all I know."

NARRATOR 8

The scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bare, uncurtained bed.

NARRATOR 9

A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon this bed; and on it, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this unknown man.

SCROOGE

"Spirit, let me see some tenderness connected with a death, or this dark chamber, Spirit, will be forever present to me."

SCENE 8 THE CRATCHIT HOUSE WITH GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME

[Scrooge, Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, Martha, Mrs. Cratchit, Peter, Miss Belinda, Bob Cratchit, 2 Young Cratchits]

SCROOGE

The Ghost conducted him to poor Bob Cratchit's house, -- the dwelling he had visited before, -- and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

MARTHA

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him.

MISS BELINDA

The mother and her daughters were engaged in needle-work. But surely they were very quiet!

[The mother lays her work upon the table, and puts her hand up to her face.]

MRS. CRATCHIT

"The color hurts my eyes. They're better now again. It makes them weak by candle-light; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

PETER

"Past it rather. But I think he has walked a little slower than he used these few last evenings, Mother."

MRS. CRATCHIT

"I have known him walk with -- I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed. But he was very light to carry, and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble, -- no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

[She hurries out to meet him; and Bob comes in.]

YOUNG CRATCHIT 1

His tea was ready for him,

YOUNG CRATCHIT 2

and they all tried who should help him to it most.

BOB CRATCHIT

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised Mrs. Cratchit and the girls.

MRS. CRATCHIT

"You went to-day, then, Robert?"

BOB CRATCHIT

"Yes, my dear, I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child! My little child!"

SCENE 9 GRAVEYARD

[Scrooge, Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, Lyrical dancers]

SCROOGE

"Specter, something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was, with the covered face, whom we saw lying dead?"

[The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come takes him to a dismal, wretched, ruinous churchyard. The Spirit stands among the graves, and points down to One. Scrooge creeps towards it, trembling as he goes; and, following the ghost's finger, reads upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, -- EBENEZER SCROOGE.]

SCROOGE

"EBENEZER SCROOGE"

"Am I that man who lay upon the bed? No, Spirit! O no, no! Spirit! hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been. Why show me this, if I am past all hope? Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me by an altered life. I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. O, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

[LYRICAL DANCE, Death coming for Scrooge]

SCENE 10 BACK IN HIS BEDROOM

[Narrator 10, Narrator 11, Scrooge, Ballet dancers]

[Scrooge acts out the motions the Narrators describe]

NARRATOR 10

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

NARRATOR 11

Yes, and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in! He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. (BONG! ABONG!, ABONG!, ABONG!. ABONG!, ABONG!., ABONG!!!)

NARRATOR 10

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head.

NARRATOR 11

No fog, no mist, no night; clear, bright, stirring, golden day.

[BALLET CAROL OF THE BELLS]

SCENE 11 ON THE STREET

[Scrooge, Boy, 3 Good-humored Fellows]

SCROOGE

"What's to-day?"

BOY

"EH?"

SCROOGE

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?"

BOY

"To-day! Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

SCROOGE

"It's Christmas day! I haven't missed it. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

BOY

"Hallo!"

SCROOGE

"Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?"

BOY

"I should hope I did."

SCROOGE

"An intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize Turkey, -- the big one?"

BOY

"What, the one as big as me?"

SCROOGE

"What a delightful boy! It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

BOY

"It's hanging there now."

SCROOGE

"Is it? Go and buy it."

BOY

"Walk-ER!"

SCROOGE

"No, no, I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown!"

GOOD-HUMORED FELLOW 1

The boy was off like a shot.

SCROOGE

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's! He sha'n't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim."

GOOD-HUMORED FELLOW 2

Scrooge dressed himself "all in his best,"
[Scrooge dressed in coat and hat over his pajamas]
and at last got out into the streets.

GOOD-HUMORED FELLOW 3

The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present:

GOOD-HUMORED FELLOW 1

and, walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delightful smile.

GOOD-HUMORED FELLOW 2

He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said . . .

GOOD-HUMORED FELLOW 3

"Good morning, sir! A merry Christmas to you!"

SCROOGE

"A merry Christmas to you!"

SCENE 12 COUNTING HOUSE AFTER CHRISTMAS

[Narrator 12, Bob Cratchit, Tiny Tim, Scrooge, All of cast comes in at the end]

NARRATOR 12

He was early at the office next morning. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late!

The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. Bob was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time.

BOB CRATCHIT

Bob's hat was off, before he opened the door. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

SCROOGE

"Hallo! What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

BOB CRATCHIT

"I am very sorry, sir. I am behind my time."

SCROOGE

"You are? Yes. I think you are. Step this way, if you please. Now, I tell you what my friend. I am not going to stand for this sort of thing any longer. And therefore, I am about to raise your salary!"

BOB CRATCHIT

Bob trembled.

SCROOGE

A merry Christmas, Bob! A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family.

NARRATOR 12

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him; but his own heart laughed, and that was quite enough for him. And it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well. May that be truly said of us, and all of us. And so, as Tiny Tim observed . . .

TINY TIM

. . . God Bless Us, Every One!

[All of Cast enters]

We wish you the Merry Christmas

We wish you the Merry Christmas

We wish you the Merry Christmas

and the Happy New Year.

Good tidings we bring to you and your kin

We wish you the Merry Christmas and the Happy New Year.

Now! bring us some figgy pudding

Now! bring us some figgy pudding

Now! bring us some figgy pudding

and bring some out here