

**A**  
*Christmas*  
**SONG IN**  
**MY HEART**

*2019 Revised Version*

**By Wayne R. Scott**

*THE TRUE STORIES BEHIND BELOVED,  
BEST-KNOWN CHRISTMAS CAROLS*

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# CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(In Order of Appearance)*

(\*) = Fictional name and/or figure in the true carol stories

## Prologue

<b>Mr. Hymnody</b>	Wise gallery curator (in all scenes)
<b>Davey</b>	Not-so-wise student (in all scenes)
<b>Gustavus-Grimm</b>	Everyone's worst nightmare

## I. "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing"

<b>Johannes Gutenberg</b>	Inventor of the printing press
<b>Felix Mendelssohn</b>	Composer and conductor
<b>William Cummings</b>	Choral singer
<b>Charles Wesley</b>	Methodist Church founder, preacher

## II. "It Came Upon A Midnight Clear"

<b>Felix Mendelssohn</b>	Composer and conductor
<b>Richard Willis</b>	Yale graduate student
<b>Dr. Edmund Sears</b>	Published poet
<b>Soldiers</b>	Pantomimed cameo appearance

## III. "O Little Town of Bethlehem"

<b>Phillips Brooks</b>	Philadelphia Pastor; is 30, looks older
<b>Miss Naysay*</b>	A fearful busybody
<b>Mrs. Sour*</b>	Another busybody
<b>Mrs. Dour*</b>	Yet another
<b>Soldiers / Parents</b>	Pantomimed cameo appearance

## IV. "I Heard The Bells On Christmas Day"

<b>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</b>	Famed American poet
<b>Charles Longfellow</b>	The poet's soldier son

## V. "The Little Drummer Boy"

<b>The Troubadour</b>	A Juggling Performer of the 1300's
<b>Bystander</b>	Who Watches the Troubadour
<b>Katherine Kennicott Davis</b>	A Composer and Choir Leader
<b>Captain Georg von Trapp</b>	Of the Famous Trapp Family Singers

**VI. "Away in a Manger"**

**Martin Luther** The Great Protestant Reformer

**VII. "Silent Night"**

**Father Joseph Mohr** Humble Austrian priest  
**Mrs. Cleanly\*** Church custodian  
**Franz Gruber** Church organist and choir director  
**Organ Repairman** A roving craftsman

**VIII. "Joy To The World"**

**Isaac Watts** Pastor and prolific poet  
**Elizabeth Singer** Admirer of Watts

**IX. "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen"**

**Ann\*** Mysterious Woman

**X. "O Holy Night"**

**Placide Cappeau de Roquemaure** Wine commissioner and poet  
**Parish Priest** A conniver and bigot  
**Adolphe Adams** An inspired composer  
**Reginald Fessenden** Retired scientist and violinist  
**Soldiers** Of two opposing sides; a cameo scene

**ALTERNATES**

**XI. "What Child Is This"**

**A Drunk** Happy fun drunk  
**William Chatterton Dix** Poet who becomes ill

**XII. "We Three Kings"**

**Clement Moore** Land Developer and Poet  
**John Hopkins, Jr.** Graduate Student and Professor

## IMPORTANT PRODUCTION NOTES

It should be evident what action may be creatively added to the vignettes from the content of what is scripted. Several of the carols originated from or figured into times of war, so cameos of soldiers (marching, mock "fighting," pausing to "sing" or otherwise interacting as appropriate) can be utilized during some of the monologues, as indicated by the content, to add visual variety.

Monologues figure into this production, so actors assigned to those parts need to be captivating and blocked creatively for visual stimulation. In most cases, the actor may handle or interact with a referenced prop. Actors are encouraged in monologue sections to directly address the audience and interact with the omniscient character of Mr. Hymnody. Focused lighting on select monologue sections will enhance the mood of those segments.

Sound effects will be important to bring select scenes to life. Examples, as indicated in dialogue and select monologues, include: the sound of a horse at a moderate gait, chimes, sounds of battle that are period-appropriate, birds, possible sound of a storm during a dramatic moment, the sound of a stagecoach, etc.

***Important Note--Order of Vignettes:*** Vignettes I. and II. are related to each other. Vignette I. may be performed without Vignette II. --but Vignette II. cannot be done without first performing Vignette I. Likewise, Vignettes III. and IV. are related to each other. Vignette III. may be performed without Vignette IV. --but Vignette IV. cannot be done without Vignette III. The remaining Vignettes V., VI. and VII. may be performed independently. In summary, the following Vignettes are independent "stand alone" stories: I., III., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., and XII.

The production may be performed simply or elaborately, but the area of Mr. Hymnody's gallery should be given some attention to detail by creating an atmosphere that summons curiosity. Interesting period artifacts in addition to the main objects that are each vignette's focus may also be added. Costuming is virtually all centered in the 19th century. An exception is the part of Charles Wesley (I.), who lived in the 18th century.

**Key to Main Props:** (I.) Printing press or facsimile; could be large framed picture  
(II.) Military uniform--19th century, preferably Civil War (North)  
(III.) Bust of Abraham Lincoln; could also be large picture  
(IV.) A match  
(V.) Juggling balls  
(VI.) An old document  
(VII.) Guitar--19th century  
(VIII.) An old letter  
(IX.) Stack of old books  
(X.) An old radio--early 20th century  
(XI.) A mug  
(XII.) Sleigh

And other incidental props as indicated in script content.

# A CHRISTMAS SONG IN MY HEART

By Wayne R. Scott

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## Prologue

Mr. Hymnody      One recent December, quite frosty and cold,  
A young fellow did just what he was told:  
He gathered his books, his backpack and such,  
And left for the school he didn't like much;  
But this fellow named Davey got quite a surprise  
When a substitute teacher met his wide eyes.  
From behind, she appeared to be hunchbacked and gray  
And when she turned to young Davey, what on earth could he say?  
She was crinkled and crumpled and crabby and worse,  
She appeared to have crawled right out of a hearse!...  
Then she told him her name in a manner most prim:  
Teacher            I'm Mrs. Gertrude Gladys Gustavus-Grimm.  
I don't coddle students, I suffer no fools  
And woe to the one who defies any rules!

Mr. Hymnody      With that, on the board, she wrote out a word  
And said,  
Teacher            Let us examine the songs you have heard  
During this season of joy and of cheer  
As Christmas approaches this time of the year.  
Mr. Hymnody      (This school was not public, but private--it's true,  
So Christmas was safe from the A. C. L. U.)  
Teacher            This word on the board is 'carol,' a hymn,  
Mr. Hymnody      Croaked Gertrude Gladys Gustavus-Grimm;  
Teacher            Let us review the hymns of this season,  
More commonly known as 'carols' for the reason  
That 'carol' has come from the French word, '*carole*'

Mr. Hymnody      With that Davey's eyes could not help but roll;  
Teacher            In modern parlance it's a song rather festive--  
Mr. Hymnody      And Davey predictably grew rather restive...  
Teacher            Some carols go back many decades or more  
While others have come from some legends and lore...

Mr. Hymnody      And Davey was slouching and slumping and bored  
And soon he sawed logs and ferociously snored.  
Teacher            Wake up!! And do not slouch when you sit!  
Mr. Hymnody      Said Mrs. Gustavus-Grimm in a fit!  
Teacher            You think carols are dull? It's simply not so!  
It's time that you see a dear man that I know!  
He's a quirky old fellow with a shop here in town  
His gallery is quaint and revered and renown  
Mr. Hymnody's shop is a place that you'll see  
Is filled with some objects of grand history!

Mr. Hymnody      And that, my dear friends, is what came to be--  
How Davey surprisingly came to see me...

Davey But gee, Mr. Hymnody, the carols are drab--  
 Especially when taught by a grouchy old crab  
 Mr. Hymnody Mrs. Gertrude Gladys Gustavus-Grimm?  
 I have to admit her methods are dim.  
 But songs and hymns and carols and such  
 Can all spring to life with just the right touch!  
 Now, see all these objects I've long gathered here?  
 Each tell a story of good Christmas cheer...  
 Here is an ancient radio you might find quite bizarre  
 And here's a printing press of old and a rather worn guitar,  
 A letter, a statue, a uniform, a match--  
 From each of these objects, a carol was hatched...

I.

Davey That printing press is really neat!  
 Mr. Hymnody Then here's a man you'll want to meet...  
 Gutenberg I am Johannes Gutenberg, I made the printing press  
 And God used my invention to help us and to bless.  
 Books could now be mass produced and placed in every hand;  
 Bibles, hymnals, newspapers soon spread to every land.  
 Mendelssohn And I am Felix Mendelssohn, composer of some fame,  
 And I admired Gutenberg and sought to bless his name...  
 So I wrote songs to honor him--a concert of renown  
 And I conducted a brilliant choir and toured from town to town.  
 Cummings And I was Maestro Mendelssohn's lead tenor in his choir...  
 Mendelssohn This is William Cummings, the finest tenor I could hire.  
 Cummings Together we sang music in praise of Gutenberg  
 And critics hailed our efforts as the finest ever heard.  
 Mendelssohn But just as my career ascended, oh, so very high,  
 I had the nerve to come down sick--and then the gall to die!  
 Cummings And though I missed the maestro, his music would live on.  
 In fact, I truly was attached to one specific song...  
 Wesley Three decades before Cummings here was ever even born,  
 I wrote splendid poetry--if I may toot my horn.  
 Mr. Hymnody This is Charles Wesley, yes, a preacher of renown.  
 Wesley Like gifted Felix Mendelssohn, I traveled town to town.  
 As founder of the Methodists, my work was quite a strain...  
 I found that writing poetry and hymns helped keep me sane.  
 I wrote a poem for Christmas Day in 1737...  
 It tells of how our Savior's birth brought songs of joy in heaven.  
 I did not have a tune for it, this poem for Christmas Day,  
 But still, my little Christmas poem was published anyway...  
 Cummings Many decades later, I came across his work  
 And I admired what Wesley wrote, it caused my ears to perk...  
 This Christmas poem deserves a home and should be turned to song;  
 If it were in the hands of choirs, the message would be strong.  
 Now, just a minute--can it be--the song I so admired  
 By Maestro Felix Mendelssohn, the one that's so inspired,  
 Could match the words Charles Wesley wrote? Dear Lord, I see it may!  
 Yes, note by note, and word by word, it fits in every way!

Mr. Hymnody

Though Mendelssohn composed this song to honor Gutenberg,  
It is, perhaps, more memorable than I have ever heard...  
And as I match the words of Wesley to notes by Mendelssohn,  
I do believe the full effect is perfect in its tone.  
Though neither composition is either man's intent,  
I pray The Lord may use them in the way I think God meant.  
The wondrous hand of God in this I do believe I see--  
I only hope that Mendelssohn and Wesley would agree!  
How strangely did these words and music finally form a song,  
Though the path was unexpected and many decades long.  
Gutenberg and Mendelssohn and Wesley never met,  
But God saw fit to coalesce their many talents yet...  
For centuries humanity has heard their carol ring,  
And this is how we know "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing."

**SONG: "HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING"**

(The cast leads the assembly in the carol)

**Verse 1**

Hark the herald angels sing  
"Glory to the newborn King!  
Peace on earth and mercy mild  
God and sinners reconciled"  
Joyful, all ye nations rise  
Join the triumph of the skies  
With the angelic host proclaim:  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem"  
Hark! The herald angels sing  
"Glory to the newborn King!"

**Verse 3**

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Son of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings  
Ris'n with healing in His wings  
Mild He lays His glory by  
Born that man no more may die  
Born to raise the sons of earth  
Born to give them second birth  
Hark! The herald angels sing  
"Glory to the newborn King!"

**II.**

Davey.

Mr. Hymnody

Davey

Mr. Hymnody

Mendelssohn

Here I see some worn old clothes I've never seen before.  
An army uniform, my friend. The clothes of deadly war.  
A carol linked to uniforms? Can it really be?  
Soldiers loved this song they sang and soon you'll truly see.  
World War I, to be precise, is when this carol spread,  
But it was written many years before, or so it has been said...  
You may recall that I am Felix Mendelssohn, my friends;

We just sang a song that came from my prolific pen.  
 Mr. Hymnody I thought we said that you were dead--what are you doing back?  
 Mendelssohn Just thought I'd help relate the tale and add another fact!...  
 Willis I also knew the Maestro and studied in his class.  
 Mr. Hymnody This is Richard Willis, who will tell what came to pass...  
 Willis I was a Yale graduate then I went to Germany,  
 Mendelssohn And that is where young Richard came to study under me.  
 Now "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing" may be my best known tune,  
 But I also penned another song quite often heard in June:  
 I wrote the famous "Wedding March" you hear when couples wed,  
 And also songs at funerals for people who are dead!  
 Willis And speaking of the dead, the Maestro joined the ranks of those...  
 Mendelssohn Excuse me as I leave again--I've got to "de-compose!"  
 Willis Yes, he died young, as many gifted artists seem to do,  
 But not before he wrote the song that's known to me and you.  
 "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing" was his great contribution  
 And his song became today's world-famous institution.  
 The Maestro did inspire me to write a carol too;  
 But famous as they both became, he never, ever knew.  
 So in a way it's fair to say he gave the world two.  
 After "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing," I wrote one of my own,  
 So the Maestro's influence on me can now be known.  
 I wrote a tune I simply called a "Carol"--that was that...  
 It seems I soon forgot the tune in almost no time flat.  
 And then one day I spied a poem that quickly caught my eye--  
 And when I read, I scratched my head and said, "oh me, oh my!"  
 Mr. Hymnody He read a poem that this man wrote--one Dr. Edmund Sears...  
 Willis And as I did, I could not help but shed some heartfelt tears...  
 Dr. Sears I wrote this poem for Christmas Day in 1849,  
 And as I wrote I felt a spark of something quite divine.  
 I published it in a journal that I started on my own,  
 And soon my Christmas poem became beloved and widely known.  
 Willis I nearly fell into a faint when one fact proved quite true--  
 The song I wrote, yes, every note, fit the words there too.  
 So when I matched them up, we had a carol bright and new--  
 I'm glad these words and music had this happy rendezvous...  
 And then when World War I broke out,  
 Dr. Sears The soldiers sang our song;  
 Willis They learned it while abroad to fight,  
 Dr. Sears It kept their spirits strong.  
 Willis Each Christmas, men away from home could sing it with some cheer,  
 Dr. Sears And when they came back here for good, they sang it every year.  
 Willis So when the Second World War came, the song went with new men  
 Dr. Sears Who sang it every Christmas through thick and also thin...  
 Mr. Hymnody The song was truly made a hit and helped the soldiers cope,  
 When it was sung at army shows by none other than Bob Hope;  
 Thanks to him and the U.S.O. the song became quite dear,  
 Today we sing it faithfully: "It Came Upon The Midnight Clear."

**SONG: "IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR"**



(The cast leads the assembly in the carol).

**Verse 1**

It came upon the midnight clear,  
that glorious song of old,  
from angels bending near the earth  
to touch their harps of gold:  
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,  
from heaven's all-gracious King."  
The world in solemn stillness lay,  
to hear the angels sing.

**Verse 3**

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
whose forms are bending low,  
who toil along the climbing way  
with painful steps and slow,  
look now! for glad and golden hours  
come swiftly on the wing.  
O rest beside the weary road,  
and hear the angels sing!

**III.**

Davey            The statue that I see right here  
Is of a man who sheds a tear;  
His face I know I've seen before...

Mr. Hymnody    Indeed you have. He had the chore  
Of leading during the Civil War...

Brooks           Yes, I knew this face, this troubled man  
Who tried to lead a troubled land.

Mr. Hymnody    This is Pastor Phillips Brooks, a man of great esteem;  
Surprisingly, I'm sad to say, he's younger than he seems.

Davey            I'd say he's over fifty years of age, so am I right?

Mr. Hymnody    No, he's only thirty. That's because he had a plight...

Brooks           I led Philadelphia's largest, best-known church.  
But after six long years in charge, I tired of my perch  
As leader during troubled years--the years of Civil War.  
Those bloody years of terror shook us right down to our core.  
"Where is God amidst this strife?" the congregation asked;  
Finding answers in the Bible was my lonely task.  
God is never absent in this broken, fallen world,  
But for reasons we don't know, He lets events unfurl...  
Events that often come about because Mankind is broken:  
A truth that isn't comforting, no matter how it's spoken...  
Especially in times of war--when many loved ones die.  
Every week some soldiers here come home as parents cry.  
I felt myself a failure in my work to lead the flock--  
It was a dark and evil time, each day was filled with shock.  
Yet, still I did my best to preach and comfort as I could--  
But sometimes there's an awful toll when striving to do good.

Nevertheless, our God saw fit to use me in His way,  
 And when Lincoln died, there was a message sent that day.  
 A telegram dispatched to me asked me if I could  
 Preach at Lincoln's funeral. Of course, I said I would.  
 But this solemn honor, I confess, sure did me in;  
 I felt, perhaps, I may have been the weariest of men.  
 I knew I had to get away, so I took a time of leave--  
 The time was needed to reflect, to pray, and yes, to grieve.  
 There came an opportunity for me to tour abroad,  
 And so I gladly took the trip, as if a gift from God.  
 The Middle East and Holy Land was my scheduled destination,  
 And like a caring Shepherd, God gave me restoration...  
 On Christmas Eve, Jerusalem, in 1865,  
 I felt God's hand upon me as He helped me to revive...  
 He seemed to whisper, "Step away to be alone with Me."  
 I told my fellow tourists, who said:  
 Yikes! It cannot be!  
 There are many thieves and thugs who will likely hunt you down!  
 It isn't safe to be alone!  
 You'd better stay in town!  
 We know of folks who ventured off to look around--and then--  
 For reasons never really known--  
 Were never seen again!  
 We'd hate to see you murdered just like all the others too...  
 He gave some careful thought to this, then answered with:  
 Oh, pooh!...  
 I walked away, then journeyed off, then jumped up on a horse--  
 When God is clearly calling, then He will surely chart the course.  
 And so it was, for many peaceful hours I rode alone...  
 I thought and prayed and rode for miles amidst the dust and stone.  
 At twilight, as the sun's last rays sank behind a hill,  
 I found myself in a tiny town--and all was calm and still.  
 I knew exactly where I was this very Christmas Eve--  
 The signpost gave the village name, and this I could believe:  
 Because it was just as I thought this blessed place would be.  
 And then I felt God's Spirit and His love enfolding me...  
 And as I gazed up in the sky, I could almost see the star  
 That led the Wise Men on their journey to an inn afar.  
 It wasn't long before I wrote some words I had to share;  
 I listened for The Lord my God, and Jesus met me there...  
 The Lord met Pastor Brooks at the time and place God chose,  
 A weary preacher's journey led to unexpected prose...  
 Because of Brook's own faithfulness, he wrote a Christmas gem--  
 Of a sweet and precious "Little Town of" blessed "Bethlehem."

Sour & Dour  
 Naysay  
 Sour  
 Dour  
 Naysay  
 Sour  
 Dour  
 Naysay  
 Mr. Hymnody  
 Brooks

Mr. Hymnody

**SONG: "O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM"**

(The cast leads the assembly in the carol)

**Verse 1**

O little town of Bethlehem  
 How still we see thee lie

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight

**Verse 3**

How silently, how silently  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

**IV.**

Mr. Hymnody I see you've spied that match, my friend, and it will spark a flame...  
But don't get any evil thoughts, we'll know just who to blame.  
Davey Golly, Mr. Hymnody, I'd never think of it.  
Mr. Hymnody Of course you wouldn't, Davey, you charming little twit!  
Davey Does the match have some connection to a Christmas song?  
Mr. Hymnody In a way, I'm sad to say--it led to something wrong:  
A circumstance beyond all hope, at least that's how it seemed...  
But God alone may demonstrate just how He can redeem.  
This tragic situation befell a famous poet,  
And if anyone can tell the tale--it's this man. He will know it...  
Longfellow The match. Ah yes, the match--that wretched instrument of doom.  
How it heralded so many years of agonizing gloom!  
Mr. Hymnody Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is thought to be the best  
Of all American poets and his pen was truly blessed.  
Longfellow My ancestors were among the very first to settle here:  
The country of America, to us, so very dear...  
My uncle was a general in the Revolutionary War,  
So America is in my heart, I could not love her more.  
Mr. Hymnody He became the nineteenth century's foremost writer and a scholar;  
To entice him as professor, Harvard paid him many dollars.  
Longfellow At Harvard I wrote of "Hiawatha" and other famous poems,  
Including "The Courtship of Miles Standish," read in many homes.  
Mr. Hymnody By 1860, he found wealth and overwhelming fame,  
Ranked among Charles Dickens and writers like Mark Twain.  
Longfellow A fine position, wealth and fame--it seemed I had it all...  
But my faith was sorely tested by a match so very small.  
My dearest love, my beauty, my kind and precious wife  
Was struck down by this match, which took her vibrant life.  
A dreadful, awful incident--and only God knows why...  
She tried to light a candle. Her gown caught fire. She died...  
I was inconsolable, bereft and left quite weak.  
It did not help that America was in a time so bleak.

Mr. Hymnody Like Pastor Phillips Brooks, Longfellow soon despaired;  
The Civil War had left them both beyond the point of prayer.

Longfellow I despise this Civil War that rips our nation's soul--  
My ancestors and family have worked to keep it whole.

Mr. Hymnody And then his oldest son, who fought so bravely in that War,  
Was badly wounded and sent home, broken to his core.  
The injuries his son sustained were sadly magnified  
Because Christmas time was now at hand, yet war was far and wide.

Charles Dad, why are human kind so blind, so stupid in our plight?  
What prayers I've prayed have turned to rage, so senseless is this fight!

Longfellow Our wretched state of pride just thirsts for power and not peace...

Charles Oh, Lord above, is there no end? Will conflict never cease?...

Longfellow This I pondered, this I asked...  
I even took The Lord to task...  
But who was I to question Him?  
The fault is in the heart of men...  
I took a walk to pray again and sought our dear Lord's hand  
Upon the nation that I love--for healing in our land.  
And as I wandered toward the church, I heard some chimes ring out;  
And somehow deep within my heart, God spoke and quelled my doubt.

Mr. Hymnody Inspired by chimes he found sublime, the master poet wrote...  
Then and there he wrote a poem that folks began to quote.

Longfellow The Union soldiers loved it and every Christmas time,  
When our nation is at war, our soldiers quote my rhyme.

Mr. Hymnody Through World War I to World War II, Korea, Vietnam,  
Even now the poem resounds in song amidst the bombs.  
This Christmas on the battlefields, it will be sung again,  
Inspired by chimes from bitter times, it warms the heart of men...  
Amid the gloom and smoke of war, there is a hopeful ray  
That's captured in this Yuletide song: "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day."

**SONG: "I HEARD THE BELLS ON CHRISTMAS DAY"**

*(The cast leads the assembly in the carol)*

**Verse 1**

I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old familiar carols play  
And wild and sweet the words repeat  
Of peace on earth goodwill to men

**Verse 3**

And in despair I bowed my head:  
"There is no peace on earth," I said,  
"For hate is strong and mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

**Verse 4**

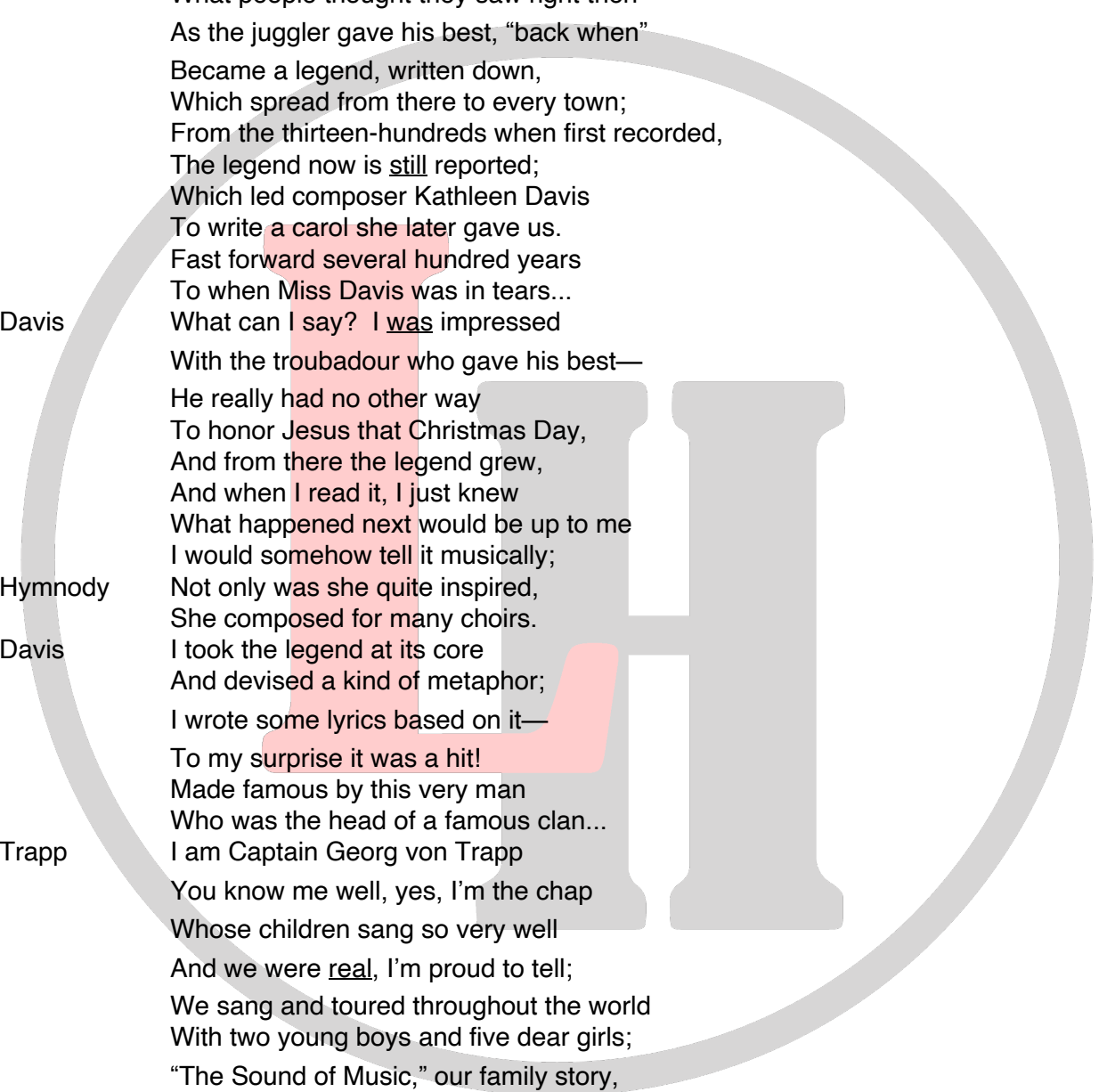
Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:  
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep;  
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good will to men."

V.

Davey  
Hymnody I see some bouncing balls right here.  
They are symbols of a carol dear!  
These balls were tossed into the air  
By this fine man—with style and flair...  
He lived six hundred years ago,  
But he tells a story that you should know...

Troubadour I suppose you'd call me one who struggled,  
But I taught myself to sing and juggle;  
And while performing in the village square,  
Folks would gather, point and stare;  
The people stopped and then remained:  
They loved the way I entertained.  
One Christmas Day, I thought of Him,  
The Lord who came to save all men  
From sin and lives of wretched woe—  
My gratitude began to grow  
For Jesus' life and sacrifice—  
How could I hope to match the price  
Of all that the Lord has done for me—  
The One who came to set me free?  
What present could I give the Lord?  
Not anything I could afford!  
And so, that special Christmas Day,  
I thought perhaps there was a way  
For me to show my gratitude—  
And so I changed my attitude  
Toward giving God my very best  
Of the only talents I possessed.  
So I made a quick and thorough search  
In hopes of finding the nearest church;  
And as the members soon arrived,  
I said a prayer, then came "alive!"  
Before the service was about to start,  
I juggled there with all my heart!...  
But, as I did, I could not see  
A statue standing close to me...

Hymnody It was of Jesus' mother, Mary—  
What happened next is legendary...  
Troubadour Some who watched me juggle there  
Saw a sight unique and rare...  
Bystander Yes! I saw it, and I will swear  
I saw a sight beyond compare!  
The statue's face of Mary wore  
A smile that was not there before!  
Mary seemed extremely glad—



For the juggler offered all he had;  
No money, silver, gold or such,  
And yet, he gave so very much—  
He gave the best of what he could  
And the statue smiled to declare it good...  
Hymnody What truly happened on that day  
Is really not for me to say;  
What people thought they saw right then  
As the juggler gave his best, “back when”  
Became a legend, written down,  
Which spread from there to every town;  
From the thirteen-hundreds when first recorded,  
The legend now is still reported;  
Which led composer Kathleen Davis  
To write a carol she later gave us.  
Fast forward several hundred years  
To when Miss Davis was in tears...  
Davis What can I say? I was impressed  
With the troubadour who gave his best—  
He really had no other way  
To honor Jesus that Christmas Day,  
And from there the legend grew,  
And when I read it, I just knew  
What happened next would be up to me  
I would somehow tell it musically;  
Hymnody Not only was she quite inspired,  
She composed for many choirs.  
Davis I took the legend at its core  
And devised a kind of metaphor;  
I wrote some lyrics based on it—  
To my surprise it was a hit!  
Made famous by this very man  
Who was the head of a famous clan...  
Trapp I am Captain Georg von Trapp  
You know me well, yes, I’m the chap  
Whose children sang so very well  
And we were real, I’m proud to tell;  
We sang and toured throughout the world  
With two young boys and five dear girls;  
“The Sound of Music,” our family story,  
Brought us all much fame and glory;  
We were in demand each year,  
And truly blessed with a fine career;  
Near the end of our touring days,  
Just before we parted ways,  
I saw the carol Miss Davis wrote  
And I fell in love with every note.  
I knew the public would love it too,

And so I knew just what to do;  
It became our final song  
To be recorded. It wasn't long  
Before the world would know this tune  
It's stature grew, and truly soon!

Davis

In seven languages it is known,  
It's high regard has only grown—  
Children truly love it so,  
The boy in the song is like one they know...  
Recorded now two-hundred times  
With all it's poignant, famous rhymes.

Hymnody

Sung by artists faithfully—  
From Johnny Cash to Kenny G,  
From Ringo Starr to Mercy Me,  
Stevie Wonder, The Jackson Five,  
Have also helped the song to thrive,  
From The Brady Bunch to Doris Day,  
Glen Campbell, ABBA, Jars of Clay,  
Bing Crosby and the great Supremes,  
The song is now the stuff of dreams;  
Based on a tale of a juggler's gift  
To please the Son of God and lift  
Our hearts to see that we are blessed  
To humbly give to Him our best;  
Once called the "Carol of the Drum,"  
It's widely known for "pa-rum-pa-pum-pum."  
And now it brings us all such joy  
That song, "The Little Drummer Boy."

**SONG: "THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY"**

(The cast leads the assembly in the carol).

**Verse 1**

Come they told me  
Pa rum pum pum pum  
A new born King to see  
Pa rum pum pum pum

Our finest gifts we bring  
Pa rum pum pum pum  
To lay before the King  
Pa rum pum pum pum,  
rum pum pum pum,  
rum pum pum pum

So to honor Him

Pa rum pum pum pum  
When we come

**Verse 3**

Mary nodded  
Pa rum pum pum pum  
The ox and lamb kept time  
Pa rum pum pum pum  
I played my drum for Him  
Pa rum pum pum pum  
I played my best for Him  
Pa rum pum pum pum,  
rum pum pum pum,  
rum pum pum pum

Then He smiled at me  
Pa rum pum pum pum  
Me and my drum

**VI.**

Davey      What is that document you have there?  
              It looks quite old and rather rare.  
Hymnody    Yes, my friend, indeed it is—  
              The writing that you see is his...  
Luther      Martin Luther is my name,  
              And on this page I made the claim  
              That the Christian Church back in my day  
              Needed to reform its way  
              Of teaching, preaching, saving souls—  
              And I wrote my thoughts upon this scroll.  
              I made my points here in the hope  
              They'd reach none other than the Pope!  
              Of course, a battle then ensued  
              You might say there was quite a feud.  
Hymnody    Yes, in case you haven't heard,  
              Luther did not mince his words;  
Luther      As you likely now suspect,  
              I prefer to be direct.  
              And I'm brash and quite abrupt  
              With those I know to be corrupt.  
              "Sola scriptura!" Scripture alone!...  
              A phrase I often would intone;  
              "Sola fide!" Faith alone!...  
              Famous words to which I'm prone;  
              "Sola gratia!" Grace alone!...  
              Another phrase for which I'm known;  
Hymnody    Not only a scholarly Bible browser,  
              Luther was a rabble rouser;  
              With zeal and his determination,  
              He sparked the Protestant Reformation.



Luther            When I wasn't rabble rousing  
About the views I was espousing,  
I wrote some hymns sung here and abroad—  
Such as, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."

Hymnody        Scholars think he wrote a carol—  
But the answer is in peril;  
Yet we know for sure one thing:  
It's a song kids love to sing.

Davey            Is this the carol?...

Hymnody        Yes, it is...  
It may be or may not be his;  
Research says it may be so,  
But others say we'll never know.  
Did he write it or did he not?  
It's one of history's unsolved plots.

Luther            People love to speculate—  
It's fun to see folks take the bait!  
Whether I wrote it, Heaven knows;  
I know the truth, but won't disclose  
If I'm the author or if I'm not—  
I'll let others connect the dots;  
I say it's all just splitting hairs—  
Let's be honest folks—who cares?!!

Hymnody        Yes, Luther's right, and all this chatter  
About the author doesn't matter;  
The truth may well be even stranger—  
So, let's just sing "Away in the Manger."

### **SONG: "AWAY IN A MANGER"**

(The cast leads the assembly in singing the carol).

#### **Verse 1**

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head;  
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay,  
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.

#### **Verse 3**

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay  
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray;  
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,  
And take us to heaven, to live with Thee there.

## **VII.**

Davey  
Mr. Hymnody

I like this old guitar right here--a carol came from this?  
Yes, indeed it did, my lad, and I will tell the gist  
Of how God worked mysteriously to launch a fine new song--  
The most recorded in the world, revered so very long.