

# Hello Mouse!

The Tale of a Silent Night.



## **Cast:**

### **Oberndorf:**

**Narrator**

**Joseph (Priest)**

**Frank (Organist)**

**Mouse**

**Father Mouse**

**Mother Mouse**

**Mouse Brothers & Sisters**

**Church Mary Statue (holding a swaddled baby)**

**Choir**

### **Nativity**

**Mary**

**Joseph**

**Innkeeper**

**Angels**

### 3 Kings

### Shepherds

## Script

### Scene 1.

**Choir:** Austrian folk songs intro.

**Narrator:** Let me introduce you to three very important people

*Mouse steps forward, gesturing to himself excitedly, narrator looks at him & says;*

**Narrator:** First of all - Josef Mohr

*Mouse looks disappointed, head down; narrator signals to him to fetch Joseph who is sitting over a pile of books, pen in hand, smoking a pipe.*

*Mouse points to himself & then Joseph & then the narrator; narrator nods kindly & Mouse fetches Joseph forwards – he's reluctant to leave his books & mouse pushes him from behind; when he reaches the front, Joseph gives a cheery wave with his pipe hand, pats Mouse on the head and returns to his books.*

**Narrator:** Joseph is a young priest in the tiny Austrian village of Oberndorf; when he was first appointed one Diocesan official disapproved of him very strongly; he wrote, "The curate priest Mohr, acts immaturely, walking through the streets with a long tobacco pipe, his pouch at his side. Similarly, to the ship boys, he rides the river at flood stage, gambles, drinks and, above all, he sings unedifying songs."

Fortunately for Joseph, the people of Obemdorf liked their rowdy ship boys and insisted on having the 24-year old Joseph as their priest!

*Joseph stands and takes a deep bow.*

**Narrator:** And now let me introduce you to my second ...

*Mouse is now jumping up and down, pointing at himself again*

**Narrator:** important person, Franz Gruber - although we'll give him his English name tonight; Frank.

*Again, Mouse looks very forlorn, he looks hopelessly at the narrator points to Frank (seated at the organ) and, when the narrator nods, he taps Frank on the shoulder & pushes him towards the front. Mouse remains there, arms folded & looking grumpy.*

*Frank looks a little surprised, walks forward to take a bow, returns to sit at the organ, pulling Mouse on to his knee & comforting him – Mouse continues to look grumpy.*

**Narrator:** Frank is a teacher and the organist at St Nikolai's, Oberndorf. He had already been here for a couple of years before Joseph arrived but they quickly became firm and fond friends.

Anyway, I mentioned that I wanted to introduce you to **three** important people.

*Narrator holds up 3 fingers.*

*Frank unfolds Mouse's grumpy arms and points to the narrator.*

*Mouse folds them again and scowls at the narrator.*

*Frank pushes mouse towards the narrator, he goes reluctantly.*

**Narrator:** Three!

Three?

*Narrator signals to Mouse to hold up three fingers and, a little impatiently starts to count them off:*

**Narrator:** One, Two, Three

*Mouse looks confused*

**Narrator:** One (*points at Joseph*)

Two (*points at Frank*)

Three?

*Mouse looks around for the third, looks at the narrator, looks at his fingers, then looks up to find the narrator is pointing at him; Mouse jumps up and down wildly, runs around in little circles, jumps in the air and shouts:*

**Mouse:** ME!!

**Narrator:** (*smiling indulgently at Mouse*)

So, let us begin; time to go back in time a little to the days before Mouse had met his good friends Joseph and Frank.

It is 1818 and Oberndorf is a small Tyrolean village deep in the Austrian mountains ...

## **Scene 2.**

**Spring:**

**Choir:** *Spring piece of music!*

*Mouse family begin to set up their little home during the singing; as it finishes ...*

**Mrs Mouse:** *stretching and smiling, she gathers the children together*

Oh, just smell that wonderful air, feel the sunshine – it's enough to make my whiskers twitch with excitement – come on, come on; let's go and meet your father to see what he's found for us!

**Mice;** Dad, Dad! What have you got?!!

**Mr Mouse:** Isn't it wonderful – Spring is really here at last!

*Empties his big bag, counting things out:*

Not too wet, and the grass isn't too high – I made it all the way down to the Baker's today – a whole bread bun, still fresh. Some cheese dropped by a boy on his way to school; we won't go hungry today!

**Mrs M:** Give me a little of the bread and I'll take it to the nice Lady to say thank you.

*Mrs M takes a few crumbs and puts them at Mary's feet. Mary bows her head & smiles at Mrs M who smiles, waves and hurries away.*

### Summer:

**Choir:** *Summer piece of music ('Summertime, & the livin' is easy?')*

**Mouse:** *(playing with brothers & sisters; stops & listens – his father is coming)*

Oh, I love the summer! We can play all day and fill our tummies until they nearly burst!

**Mr Mouse:** *(emptying his bag)*

Some cake today; old Mrs Smith can hardly see these days and she drops great big bits - as long as the cat isn't around, I can get most of it!

**Mrs Mouse:** Ooh, and it looks like the farmer's wife has been turning out the cheeses – lots of crumbs to collect!

**Mouse:** Is it a long way to the farm?

Can I come next time?

**Mr Mouse:** It is a long way; the grass is long and there are far too many birds and cats that want to eat you. And you've never heard anything like the screaming if any of the little girls see you! Oh, my goodness me – what a racket!

**Mrs Mouse:** It's too soon for the little ones, too dangerous – don't go putting ideas in their heads yet; let them play whilst they can!

Give me a little of the cake and I'll take it to the nice Lady to say thank you.

*Mrs M takes a few crumbs and puts them at Mary's feet. Mary bows her head & smiles at Mrs M who smiles, waves and hurries away.*

### Autumn:

**Choir:** *Autumn piece of music ('We Plough the Fields and Scatter'?)*

**Mr M:** There's definitely a bit of a chill in the air now, I don't know how much longer we've got outside, my dear.

**Mouse:** You've got so much though, seeds and berries – I love the juicy blackberries!

**Mr M:** I know, but I can't get as far as the Baker now, it gets dark so early and it won't be long before I can't reach the farm either.

**Mrs M:** Give me a few of the seeds and I'll take them to the nice Lady to say thank you.

*Mrs M takes a few seeds and puts them at Mary's feet. Mary bows her head & smiles at Mrs M.*

**Mrs M:** Oh dear, My Lady.

I can feel Winter coming and then what shall we do?

*With her head down she hurries back to the family.*

*Joseph enters, smoking his pipe and carrying paper & pen.*

**Joseph:** *(talking to himself)*

Mmm ... Silent. Calm. I like that ...

*(writing)*

"All is calm, all is bright" – Yes, that sounds right.

*He pauses in front of the statue, puts down his paper & pen (there's already quite a messy pile of papers!) and sweeps the crumbs of food left by the mice into his hand.*

*Mouse peeps round the front pew, watching him.*

**Joseph:** Oh really, not again - where on earth has this come from?!

*(looking up at the statue)*

I am sorry, my Lady; I should take more care of you!

*... as Joseph stands up, he spots Mouse and looks at him rather sternly*

**Joseph:** Mmm, hello Mouse!

Do I have you to thank for this?

*Mouse looks petrified and runs away.*

**Joseph:** *(talking to the statue)*

All God's creatures, and really very cute but winter is coming and they can't afford to go leaving food around like this – times will be hard for them before very much longer.

Can we talk?

Do you mind?

*Mouse reappears and, trying not to be seen, he listens to Joseph.*

*(Still talking to the statue)*

Ah, it seems we have company again, My Lady. I'll ignore him and then perhaps he won't run away again!

I'm worried; everyone seems so busy all the time! My friend Frank; you know – the teacher, plays the organ – he tells me about his children in school and I visit everyone at home as much as I can. We talk and it is such a struggle sometimes.

*Mary turns slightly as if she is listening, Joseph smiles at her and Mouse moves forward. Joseph stretches and relaxes.*

It is so peaceful in this Church, all alone here with you!

*Mary sits and watches Joseph expectantly, she smiles at Mouse.*

Any chance of a bit of practical help?

*Mary nods and beckons to Mouse to sit by her; he creeps carefully around – keeping a cautious eye on Joseph. He curls up by Mary's feet and listens.*

*Joseph smiles at Mouse.*

Oh, Hello Mouse!

*(speaking to Mary)*

Christmas is my big chance to help everyone to stop for a moment – any ideas for something really special?!

*Mary stands, gently moves Mouse to one side, briefly holds the baby towards Joseph before turning back to take up her statue's pose.*

*Joseph turns to Mouse:*

Hmm ... Enigmatic as ever! Have you got any ideas, Mouse?

*Mouse looks rather alarmed and shakes his head before hiding behind the statue.*

Ah well, things to do! See you both tomorrow maybe?!

*Pulls another piece of paper from a pocket and picks up his pen (talking to himself) – looking back at the baby*

Mmm ... Sleep. Peace. I like that ...

*(writing)*

"Sleep in heavenly peace." – Yes, that sounds right.

*He adds the paper to the messy pile & exits.*

### **Scene 3.**

**Narrator:** The grass & flowers of the churchyard were the last to give up their stores for the mouse family and they did keep for many days so that, although it became colder and colder inside the Church, the mice weren't too hungry just yet.

But when the snows came and covered the ground up to the very doors and walls of the church and Mrs Mouse's carefully saved stores began to run out; then the little mouse tummies began to rumble and the little mouse voices began to grumble ...

**Mrs M:** If only the Church wasn't so far from the village and the farms, then it might be easier!

**Mr M:** In the winter, it doesn't make any difference; we can't get outside and people only come to Church on a Sunday – sometimes they drop the odd crumb but not enough to keep us going ...

I'll search and search but I can't make any promises!

**Joseph:** *(sitting writing again)*

Mmm ... Holy Infant. Tender. Mild. I like that ...

*(writing)*

"Holy Infant so tender and mild." – Yes, that sounds right.

*He adds the paper to the messy pile*

Hello Mouse!

You find me alone with my thoughts again.

*Mary steps forward, bows her head sympathetically and then strokes her baby's head, holds Him out towards Joseph again before returning to stand and watch Joseph and Mouse. Joseph watches her and then turns to Mouse:*

Ah yes, I see, of course!

Mouse, can I tell you a story?

**Narrator:** And so, each evening, when Joseph closed the Church doors and the sounds of the village receded in to the distance; Mouse would make his excuses to the family and venture out to sit at the feet of the smiling Lady to hear the next part of the magical story.

*Mouse leaves the family, waving, who are happily chatting together at home and he goes to sit at Mary's feet. When Joseph begins his story she sits and listens attentively, too.*

**Joseph:** Many, many years ago in a country far, far away there lived a young woman whose name was Mary. One day she was visited by an Angel sent by God with a message for her; the Angel said that Mary was going to have a baby and that his name would be Jesus and that he would be the Son of God and save the world.

Now Mary was going to marry Joseph and God appeared to Joseph in a dream, explaining all about Mary and the baby Jesus.

Unfortunately, just before the baby Jesus was born Mary and Joseph had to travel to Bethlehem; they made the journey on a donkey but it was very hard work and when they got there they found that there was no room anywhere for them to stay.

Luckily, they found a kindly innkeeper who had a warm little stable behind his Inn and he gave Mary and Joseph lots of blankets and made them warm and snug in with the animals. This was all just as well because, by then, the baby Jesus was very nearly ready to be born!

*As he tells his story, Mary & Joseph arrive on a donkey, knock on the Innkeeper's door and settle in the stable.*

*Mouse tugs on Mary's sleeve and whispers a question but she points at him and mimes that he should speak for himself.*

**Mouse:** Tell me all about the animals in the stable.

**Joseph:** *(a little surprised but smiling)*

Well, there were all the animals that you might expect; oxen, a couple of donkeys – that kind of thing

**Mouse:** But they're all big animals, were there any little animals?

**Joseph:** Oh, I see! Yes, of course!

There were lots of little animals, too; but we great big humans aren't very good at seeing them, I'm afraid. There was a little mouse family and there were some birds up in the rafters and lots of bugs and beetles and spiders, too!

**Mouse:** Animals bigger than me and animals smaller than me!

*Mouse is very pleased!*

**Narrator:** Sometimes Frank joined them and Mouse loved to hear them talking and laughing and telling stories of the big, noisy world outside the silent Church.

*Frank enters; he is wearing a big warm cloak and scarf and he is brushing snow from his shoulders as he arrives:*

**Frank:** That is definitely winter out there – I can assure you of that!

Six feet deep in places, you should have seen John Meadows trying to shovel it away from the school path this morning – it was landing again as fast as he could clear it!

**Joseph:** Come and warm yourself, it's not too bad over here; what's the news?

**Frank:** Ma Jacobs was singing your praises; she said you really cheered her up when you called this morning.

**Joseph:** How was she? Still limping?

**Frank:** Not too bad, Doc says it's old age but she's having none of it – just tells him he's useless and should try harder!



*Both chuckle.*

**Joseph:** It's just as well Sally Kipling in the Baker's has a soft spot for our older friends and slips them some extra treats at the end of the day – certainly keeps some of the complaining down a bit!

**Frank:** Doc should be prescribing some of those as well as his pills and potions!

**Joseph:** I know which I'd prefer!

**Frank:** Oh and did you hear about Freddy Jennings?

**Joseph:** Go on – what mischief has he been up to now?

**Frank:** Well, he decided it would be exciting to shine up that bit of path by the river; where it gets really icy under the trees. He worked on it for ages after breakfast, hid behind the wall to see who was coming but when he couldn't see anyone, he leaned over the wall ... slipped ... landed on his bottom ... right in his own trap ... and slid all the way down the hill – without much dignity, it has to be said. He'd have landed in the river if old Jimmy Mac hadn't grabbed a hold of him just in time!

**Joseph:** Brilliant, brilliant! I can picture it now!

**Frank:** And what's even better, is that Jimmy Mac made him stand by the path all morning to warn everyone that they should take care because that bit was particularly slippery!

**Joseph:** Excellent – he won't be having that bright idea again!

*Frank looks across and sees Mouse for the first time:*

**Frank:** Hello Mouse!

How's you?

*Mouse looks shy but he doesn't run away*

**Joseph:** Listening to my Christmas stories – we've got as far as angels and shepherds!

*Mouse & Frank settle down to listen.*

Soon after Mary and Joseph had settled into their humble little stable something very strange happened just outside Bethlehem.

On the nearby hillsides some shepherds were looking after their sheep. Some were chatting and some were snoozing but suddenly they were all wide awake and concentrating very hard on some strange music and a very bright light. It was actually really, really scary to begin with!

There, above the shepherds, was a Heavenly Host of Angels, singing; "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth, peace to all men!" And then one of the angels (the one with the very brightest halo) spoke to the shepherds.

He told them that in Bethlehem a baby had been born and that He was the Son of God. Then the Angel told the shepherds to gather up their sheep (they couldn't

leave them on the hillside with all the wolves around ...) and to go down into Bethlehem to find the baby and to worship Him.

They followed a very, very bright star until they found the stable that the Angel had described to them. They were rather surprised at first, because it was a very simple place to find such an important person but when they looked at the face of the baby Jesus they understood everything!

*As he tells the story, the Angels and Shepherds begin to arrive and Frank stands up and arranges them all as they assemble in the stable.*

*Mouse jumps up and down, generally getting in the way.*

**Narrator:** But on Sundays Mouse would only peep out, rather fearfully, at the colourful chattering villagers as they sang and prayed and gossiped together.

**Choir:** **Christmas Carol? Invite audience to join in?**

*Choir walking round the Church & singing, chat amongst themselves & with congregation, greeting friends etc as they return to the choir stalls.*

*Once everyone has settled again Mr Mouse appears; he scuttles up and down the aisle looking for scraps but:*

**Mr M:** Nothing, absolutely nothing!  
A Sunday and there's nothing to take home!  
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear ...

**Joseph:** You can come out now, Mouse; everyone's gone!  
  
Do you want to hear the last part of my story? We should finish it tonight because there's only a few days to Christmas and I'm going to be very, very busy!!  
  
So, we know all about Mary and Joseph and the little baby Jesus, and we know about the stable ...

**Mouse:** and the animals – big and small ones!

**Joseph:** Yes, and the animals and also the shepherds.

Now, the shepherds weren't the last of Mary's visitors that night because the bright, bright star that the shepherds had followed was also being followed by three wise men. These kings had travelled from far, far away but they knew, because they were so very wise, that if they kept following the star they would find a new King who would save the world and bring peace to everyone who truly believed in Him.

When the star finally stopped, the Wise Men were also very surprised to see such a humble little stable but they went inside anyway. Like the shepherds, they took one look at the baby Jesus and they knew how wonderful he was. They knelt beside his crib and gave Mary and Joseph three gifts for the baby; Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh.

And Mary was surprised and overwhelmed by the kindness of their visitors and by the messages and stories that they brought with them; and she treasured these things up in her heart and remembered them for ever.

*Mouse finds the kings rather aloof and frightening; he follows them carefully, mimicking them but doesn't get too close.*

#### **Scene 4.**

**Choir:**            **Short Winter Song/Carol (verse of 'In the Bleak Midwinter?')**

*All the mice begin to scurry around the Church, searching and searching and going into every nook and cranny. They come together in the middle of the aisle:*

**Mrs M:**            Anything, anyone?

**All:**                No, nothing!

Nothing at all!

Ooh, my tummy hurts so much!

**Mr M:**            *(standing straight and proud but looking very worried)*

Alright, all of you, head home; I'll have one more look and then I'll be right behind you.

*Mr M begins to search again until he reaches the organ.*

**Mr M:**            Mmm, I wonder!

What's this under here?

This doesn't seem to belong to anything.

If I could just squeeze through here, and nibble round here, maybe this might be something ...

*Mr M re-emerges from underneath the organ, tucking something into his satchel and looking pleased with himself. He heads home where he tips the contents of his bag onto the table.*

**Mr M:**            Here we are!

Look what I've found!

*They all look puzzled*

**Mouse:**            Seriously, Dad – what on earth is that?

**Mrs M:**            Now, now, now; I'm sure it's very tasty – whatever it is ...

**Mr M:**            A bit more gratitude would be nice, you know!

**Mrs M:**            Yes children, that's right, gratitude.

We just have to keep going until Christmas Eve – the villagers bring so much food on Christmas Eve that there's sure to be plenty to keep us going after that.

**Mouse:** You mean bread? and maybe some cheese?

**Mrs M:** ... and nuts and biscuits that will keep for a while

**Mr M:** Just until Christmas Eve.

Come on give it a try!

*The mice begin to pull and chew at the big piece of leather lying on the table, they don't look happy!*

*Enter Frank and Joseph:*

**Joseph:** Absolutely my favourite day of the year!

**Frank:** Christmas Eve!

**Joseph:** So busy and so hopeful and so much excitement – love it!

**Frank:** Just a last run through of the organ music and I'm all done – ready?

**Joseph:** Go for it, Frank – give it all that you've got!!

*Frank settles at the organ, dramatically sets himself up to play and ...*

**Organ:** **Loud raspberry noise ...**

*Frank and Joseph stare at each other in horror*

**Joseph:** Try it again?

**Organ:** **Loud raspberry noise ...**

**J & F:** Oh, no!

*Frank gets down on his hands and knees loudly huffing and puffing and muttering.*

*Eventually he emerges holding up some scraps of leather.*

**Frank:** These used to be the bellows ...

*Joseph stares in disbelief.*

**Frank:** The bellows! But not any more!

Look at them! No wonder it won't play!

**Joseph:** My beautiful Christmas Eve Service ...

**Frank:** My beautiful organ music ...

**Joseph:** Christmas Eve without music?

**Frank:** Christmas Eve and no music!

**Narrator:** And that was it; the mouse family had dined on the organ bellows and not a sound could be coaxed out of the organ ...

**Organ:** **Loud raspberry noise ...**

**Narrator:** ... except that one. And that one won't do for Christmas Eve, won't do at all.

*Mouse creeps in to view.*

**Narrator:** *(beckons Mouse forward)*

I suppose you heard all of that?

*Mouse nods sadly*

I suppose you know what it is that you've all done?

*Mouse nods sadly*

I suppose you know how serious this is, don't you, Mouse?

**Mouse:** *(hopping up and down with anxiety)*

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!

What can I do?

How can I make things better?

**Narrator:** There's only person around here that gives really good advice *(gestures across at Mary)*, but, unfortunately, she doesn't say very much ...

*Mary sits down, resting her hand on the pile of poetry sheets; she beckons to Mouse to come and join her.*

*Mouse approaches very cautiously as if he's worried that she will tell him off – every so often he looks at the Narrator for reassurance.*

*When he reaches Mary, she cups her hand to her ear, inviting Mouse to speak to her.*

*He whispers urgently and then stands back, looking at her expectantly.*

*Mary hands one of the poetry sheets to Mouse and then another and another – then she returns to stand in her usual place.*

**Joseph:** ... but, Frank; if the mice were really that hungry, I don't suppose that we can really blame them!

**Frank:** *(looking sternly at Mouse)*

You may not be able to, Joseph – but I most certainly can!

Highlight of the year and no music!

**Mouse:** *(to Joseph)* Please Sir!

*(to Frank)* Please Sir!

What about these?

*(looks at the pages, confused)*

I don't know what they are, but the Beautiful Lady thinks they will help!

*Frank rudely snatches the pages from Mouse, who runs backwards and forwards fetching the rest until Joseph & Frank are both laden with pages.*

*Gradually, they sift through pages and become absorbed:*

**Narrator:** Frank finds a few lines here and a few lines there. Then Joseph finds a few lines here and a few more lines there. They begin to read bits out to each other:

**Different voices from the choir:** *Randomly call out individual lines*

‘Sleep in Heavenly peace’

‘Round yon Virgin’

‘Silent Night!’

‘Holy Night!’

‘Son of God, love’s pure light’

**Frank:** These are good – what are they?

**Joseph:** My jottings; they never seem to come together properly ...

**Frank:** They’re good, they feel right somehow ...

**Joseph:** Just thoughts, you know, the quiet and calm of the empty Church ...

**Different voices from the choir:** *Randomly call out individual lines*

‘Shepherds quake at the sight’

‘Radiant beams’

‘Silent Night!’

‘Holy Night!’

**Frank:** See, these lines – they can fit like this

**Joseph:** Go on, show me ...

*Growing excitement; they pass sheets between them and Mouse picks up more and keeps moving them round.*

**Frank:** Joseph, I can hear them – this is perfect!

‘Silent Night’ and ‘Sleep in heavenly peace’

**Joseph:** I’m sorry, I don’t understand!

**Frank:** It’s music but it’s quiet, too – it’s calm and it’s peaceful; no big loud instruments just voices, human voices – the first ever instruments, the purest of sounds.

*They pause and look at each other in amazement.*

**Joseph:** There isn’t much time ...

**Frank:** There’s enough – look, this bit fits here ...

**Joseph:** I really don't think it's good enough, not for Christmas Eve!

**Frank:** ... and this would add in just here

**Narrator:** And so they worked; the three of them – Priest, Musician and Mouse. They sorted pages and tried phrases. Frank began to hum a tune and they became so immersed in their task that they didn't notice the darkness coming.

*Suddenly they all stop at the same time*

**Frank:** It's done!

**Joseph:** But look at the time; three hours until midnight and just two hours before everyone begins to gather – surely we're too late?

**Frank:** *(to mouse)* Guard these, Mouse!

Sit here, by Our Lady, and don't lose a single page – not even a tiny corner of a page my hungry little nibbler!!

**Joseph:** We'll gather the choir, they can lead everyone else, teach them – we must start practicing as quickly as we can!!

*Joseph and Frank hurry up the aisle; behind them the choir begin to spread out around the Church and as Frank & Joseph mingle with them we hear stray phrases:*

**Choir:** What do you mean an emergency?

The organ?

No!

But I'm not ready yet; I can't come now!

Who will bid the children?

Seriously? Now?

A new Carol?

Just voices?

Goodness me!

Better silence, if you ask me!

*(make things up!)*

*Gradually Frank and Joseph manage to muster the choir into place; Frank whispers in the choirmaster's ear and stands back waiting.*

**Joseph:** Remember everyone; midnight on Christmas Eve is different, it is special. This moment is the same moment for all people across all centuries – feel it.

*The choirmaster gives a note and the lights go down to near darkness.*

**Thomas sings first verse of Silent Night solo from the altar steps.**

## Closing scene:

**Narrator:** Two years ago we commemorated the beginning of the First World War with Michael Morpurgo's story of the Christmas truce and the moments when soldiers who were enemies came together to play football and to sing Christmas Carols – particularly we remembered the sound of voices emerging from darkness and silence; we remembered Silent Night.

Now it is December 2016 and we continue to commemorate tragic one hundred year anniversaries; memories that are painful to relive and lessons that we hoped had been learnt because we also find ourselves living in a world trying desperately to find and hold on to peace, calm, humility, understanding and tolerance.

Tonight, we want to capture for ourselves the spirit of that first Silent Night ...

*Spotlight rises on the Nativity Tableau.*

*Mary turns to the Tableau, she is smiling broadly, she takes her swaddled baby, lays it in the tableau crib, steps back and continues watching.*

*Thomas begins to sing again and Mouse encourages everyone to join in.*

*As the Carol comes to a close; the cast come together and after a pause they all take a bow and call out:*

**All:** We wish you all a very Happy Christmas and a Peaceful New Year!

**Bells?!**



# Silent Night

Silent Night, holy night,  
All is calm, all is bright;  
Round yon virgin Mother and Child  
Holy Infant so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,  
Shepherds quake at the sight;  
Glories stream from heaven afar,  
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia,  
Christ the Saviour is born!  
Christ the Saviour is born!

Silent night, holy night,  
Son of God, love's pure light;  
Radiant beams from thy Holy face,  
With the dawn of redeeming grace,  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.