

~~SCROOGE: I understand you, and I would do it, if I could. But I have not the power, Spirit. I have not the power.~~

~~The GENTLEMEN, PEARLIES and the FOUR-HOODED PALL-BEARERS exit with the coffin.~~

~~SCROOGE: Let me see some tenderness connected with a death, or that dark chamber, which we left just now, will be forever present to me.~~

SCENE IV. The Cratchit Home.

38. MUSIC: SAD CRATCHITS UNDERSCORE

START

MRS. CRATCHIT, PETER, BELINDA and MARTHA are revealed. A rocker, side table and Tiny Tim's abandoned crutch are the other furnishings. PETER is reading from the family Bible. BELINDA is standing on a small stool. MRS. CRATCHIT and MARTHA are hemming the black mourning clothes BELINDA is wearing.

PETER: And He called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

MRS. CRATCHIT wipes tears from her eyes.

MARTHA: Mother, put the sewing aside for now.

MRS. CRATCHIT: No, no, my dear, the dark color hurts my eyes. They're better now, again. The black cloth and black thread makes them weak by candlelight; 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 Father's walked a bit slower these few last evenings, Mother.

MRS. CRATCHIT (*Cheerfully, only faltering once*): I have known him to walk with Tiny – I have known him to walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed.

PETER: And so have I, often.

MARTHA: And so have I.

MRS. CRATCHIT: But he was very light to carry, and your Father loved him so, that it was no trouble – no trouble. (*BOB enters.*) And there is your Father at the door!

BOB silently greets his family. He looks at their work on Belinda's dress.

BOB: You'll be done long before Sunday!

MRS. CRATCHIT: You went today, then, Robert?

BOB: 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. (*BOB picks up Tim's crutch and crosses to him*) I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. (*BOB kneels and weeps*). My little, little child. My little child.

MRS. CRATCHIT crosses to him and comforts him.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Be strong my love.

THE NARRATOR enters.

39. MUSIC: THE LITTLE CHILD

MRS. CRATCHET: We will, none of us, ever forget Tiny Tim. For while he was ours, he brought us such happiness.

~~MRS. CRATCHIT:~~

~~DREAM, DREAM, DREAM.
HE SLEEPS, THE LITTLE CHILD.
DREAM, DREAM, DREAM.
HE SLEEPS, THE LITTLE CHILD~~

~~MRS. CRATCHIT & NARRATOR:~~

~~WHILE GUARDIAN SPIRITS WATCH BESIDE HIM,
ANGELS TENDERLY ALWAYS GUIDE HIM.
DREAM, DREAM, DREAM.
HE SLEEPS, THE LITTLE CHILD.~~

MARTHA: Don't mind it, Father.

BELINDA: Don't be grieved.

BOB RISES. THE CRATCHIT FAMILY gathers around BOB, who embraces them.

BOB: However and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim—shall we—or this first parting that there was among us?

MARTHA and BELINDA: No never, Father!

BOB: And I know, I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was; although he was a little, little child; we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it.

MARTHA and BELINDA: Never, Father!

PETER: Just remembering Tim, I am happy.

BOB: I am happy too.

The CRATCHITS exit.

~~NARRATOR:~~

~~WHILE GUARDIAN SPIRITS WATCH BESIDE HIM,
ANGELS TENDERLY ALWAYS GUIDE HIM.
DREAM, DREAM, DREAM.
HE SLEEPS, THE LITTLE CHILD.~~