

Start*PETER helps TINY TIM from BOB'S shoulder and they sit him on the table*

TINY TIM: Has our Martha come, yet?

BOB: Why, where is our Martha?

MRS. CRATCHIT: Not coming.

BOB: Not coming? Not coming on Christmas day?

*BOB sinks into a chair in disappointment.*MARTHA (*Emerging from her hiding place*): Oh, Father! Father, I wouldn't disappoint you. Happy Christmas!BOB (*Hugging his daughter*): Welcome home, my dear.

MARTHA: Happy Christmas, dearest Tim.

MRS. CRATCHIT: And how did little Tim behave in church today?

BOB: As good as gold. No. Better! Somehow, he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard.

TINY TIM: I like going to church. I want people to see that I am a cripple.

BOB: Go on, my dear.

TINY TIM: That's because church is God's house, and when people see me they will be reminded upon Christmas day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Oh, Tim!

TINY TIM: And if I try hard enough, and pray hard enough, I am going to get well, and throw away this crutch, and walk and run... (*TINY TIM tries to stand, everyone reaches to stop him from falling.*)

MRS. CRATCHIT: Isn't that lovely? What a clever lad!

BOB: (*Comforting her*) Tim is growing stronger and heartier every day.MRS. CRATCHIT: (*Lifting the mood*) Well, my dears, we've much to do. Belinda, come help with the goose. Peter, stoke up the fire. Martha, come see about the pudding...I have my doubts about the quantity of flour. And Mister and Master Cratchit...the both of you just rest a bit.

BOB: Yes, but first – a toast, I say; eh, Tim? A lovely toast!

TINY TIM. Oh, yes! Yes! A toast!

BOB: A merry Christmas to us all, my dears! To Christmas!

ALL: To Christmas!

**26. MUSIC: WE WISH YOU**BOB & MRS. CRATCHIT:

WE WISH YOU A MERRY  
 CHRISTMAS WE WISH YOU A  
 MERRY CHRISTMAS WE WISH YOU  
 A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
 AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR! AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Stop