For the Holidays!

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Storyteller 1:

I was walking through the garden one day. It was right around a holiday. When something caught my eye, It was just about this high, With a long white beard and a pointed hat, And eyes as bright as an alley cat. I thought to myself, That it may have been an elf, Or an imp, or a sprite. So, I thought with all my might. When I finally reached my home, I realized I had seen a gnome!

Storyteller 2:

Have you ever met a gnome? Well, you'd know it if you had, 'Cause they're tricky and sly, and their jokes are bad. But don't give up and don't despair, for a gnome can be as cute as a teddy bear. So, give them a chance and in the end, you might just have a gnome for a friend.

Child 1: Look everybody! Here they come!



HE ARE HAPPY GROMES

We are happy gnomes. We live by happy homes. We like to garden and to fish And if you're nice, we'll grant your wish. We're sweet as honeycomb, Oh, we are happy gnomes.

We work hard all day And then at night we play. We like to party and do tricks And if you're ever in a fix, You might just take us home, 'Cause we are happy gnomes. Happy! We're always happy.Happy beside the garden wall.Happy! We're always happy.We're happy gnomes, after all.

Happy! We're always happy.Happy beside the garden wall.Happy! We're always happy.We're happy gnomes, after all.

We're happy gnomes, after all. We're happy gnomes, after all!

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Storyteller 1:

A gnome is not something you see every day, And when you do, they might ask you out to play. But meet them in the garden, don't let them in your home,

For nothing is as worrisome as a home with a gnome.

Storyteller 2:

They often show up suddenly and scare a lot of folks.



They make up lots of stories and tell a lot of jokes. Most gnomes are not that funny, but still, they always try,

And when it's time for them to leave, they hate to say "goodbye."

Storyteller 3:

Gnomes are scared of children; they make them petrified.

So, when children come around, the gnomes will run and hide.

Most gnomes are awfully cute and usually quite nice.

But if they come to visit, let us give you this advice.

Storyteller 1:

Meet them in the garden and make them stay outdoors.

For once they get inside your house, forever they are yours.

If you ever meet a gnome, You might want to take it home, And you'll think you can't live without it. But, they always stick around, Taking up a lot of ground, So you better think twice about it.

Gnomes in the garden. Gnomes by the lake. Oh so cute, for goodness sake. Even if they grin, Don't you ever let 'em in, 'Cause a gnome in your home Is a big mistake. Yes, a gnome in your home Is a big mistake.

(Spoken:)

Child 1: And the worse thing about gnomes is the terrible jokes they tell! Child 2: Really? Gnomes tell jokes! Child 1: Yeah like-Gnome 1: What's a gnome's favorite sport? Gnome 2: I don't know. What IS a gnome's favorite sport? Gnome 1: Baseball! 'Cause they like to score Gnome runs! (All the gnomes laugh and slap their knees.) Child 2: That's not even funny! Child 1: I know but they think it's hilarious! Gnomes in the garden. Gnomes by the lake. Oh so cute, For goodness sake. Even if they grin, Don't you ever let 'em in, 'Cause a gnome in your home Is a big mistake. Yes, a gnome in your home Is a big mistake!

(Spoken:)

Child 3: Here's another one they like. Gnome 3: What's a gnome's favorite country song? Gnome 4: I don't know. What IS a gnome's favorite country song? Gnome 3: Take Me Home Country Gnome! Or Gnome, Gnome on the Range! Child 4: That's ridiculous! Child 1: That's gnomes for ya!

Gnomes in the garden. Gnomes by the lake. Oh so cute, For goodness sake. Even if they grin, Don't you ever let 'em in, 'Cause gnome in your home Is a big mistake. Yes, a gnome in your home Is a big mistake!

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Storyteller 1:

It's true that gnomes are often tricky, and their jokes are pretty bad.

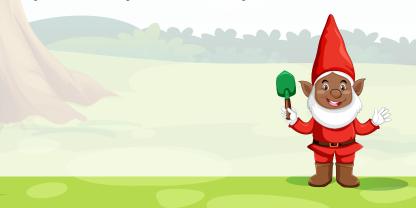
But, before you judge too quickly, let me tell you a time we had.

It was getting to the holidays, so things were getting tense,

and we discovered a group of children who thought Santa didn't make sense.

Storyteller 2:

They thought that elves were make believe and that reindeer could not fly. They made a joke of Frosty! They made Suzy Snowflake cry.



Storyteller 3:

This group of doubting children didn't believe in anything. And they really made us worry when we listened to them sing!

Gnome 5: Children are coming! Children are coming! Everybody assume your positions!

The gnomes all scatter and find places to freeze - like a gnome in the garden with a shovel, a fishing pole, etc. - as a group of children enter.

Child 1: People make up all kinds of crazy stories about this holiday.

Child 2: They sure do and I'm starting to wonder if any of it is true!

Child 3: Some people even think these silly gnomes come alive when we're not looking.

All children: Ridiculous!

Folks say up north, there's a jolly old elf with a twinkle and a laugh in spite of himself. Well, I'm telling you that whatever they say. I don't believe it! I don't believe it!

The same folks think that reindeer can fly and elves make toys as the days go by. Snowmen dance all over the town. I don't believe it! I don't believe it!

No more talk about a gnome. Leave that talk of gnomes at home. Let's get real, as real as can be. I don't believe anything I can't see. I don't believe anything I can't see.

Some folks will tell you anything. Like if you believe, silver bells will ring. But I don't fall for it, not at all! I don't believe it. I don't believe it!

No more talk about a gnome. Leave that talk of gnomes at home. Let's get real, as real as can be. I don't believe anything I can't see. I don't believe anything I can't see. Spoken scene:

Child 4: What if I told you Santa's making a list of good kids and bad? *Singer:* I don't believe it! I don't believe it! *Child 5:* What if I said he's gonna find out who was naughty and who was nice? *Singer:* I don't believe it! I don't believe it! *Child 6:* Well, what if that elf on the shelf really does keep an eye on you? *Singer:* That's as silly as believing in gnomes!

No more talk about a gnome. Leave that talk of gnomes at home. Let's get real, as real as can be. I don't believe anything I can't see! I don't believe anything I can't see! I don't believe it!

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Storyteller 1:

So, as you can see, these children didn't believe at all -

in Santa, elves, or gnomes both big and small. It made the gnomes feel very, very bad. It made the gnomes feel very, very sad.

Child 7: (Walks up to one of the gnomes and looks closely at their face, waving a hand in front of the gnome's eyes) What's with all these gnomes all over the garden? They don't look real at all.

Child 8: (*Pretending to knock on a gnome's head*) Yep! Nothing in there but dried cement.

Child 9: Look they don't even have any life in them. *(tips over one of the gnomes)*

Child 10: (*Tickles a gnome under their chin*) Cootchie Cootchie Coo!

(The gnome giggles and Child 10 jumps back.)

Child 10: *(scared)* What was that? Did you see that? He moved...and ...and... giggled!

Child 11: Don't be ridiculous. They are just cement

dummies. Watch. (*pulls a gnome's beard*) **Gnome 1:** Ouch! (*The gnome brushes their hand away*) That hurts! How'd you like it if somebody pulled on your beard.

Child 11: Well, I'm only 9, *(or pick any age)* so I don't really have a beard...HEY! This gnome talked!

Gnome 1: Of course I talked. You would too if someone was pulling your hair, tickling you under your chin, or tipping you over!

Child 8: But...but...you're gnomes!

Gnome 2: (*sarcastically*) We've got a winner here! Of course we're gnomes! What did you think we were?

Child 9: But gnomes aren't real! I mean gnomes aren't alive! I mean...but you talked!

Storyteller 1:

Gnomes come alive; most everyone knows. Just once a year, as the old story goes. It usually happens this time of year,

When the air is cold and the sky is clear.

Storyteller 2:

There are marvelous things at holiday time. Miracles happen like silent bells chime. Doubters believe in most every home. Some even take in a real live gnome!

Gnome 6: Gnomes! Gnomes! I just got a call. Our cousins in the North Pole need us all.

All Gnomes: Really?

Gnome 6: It seems the elves are very short handed.

And because of a blizzard, the reindeer are stranded.

Gnome 7: They need us to help, so we need to go now!

Come on everyone, we'll get there somehow!

Child 12: Can we go too? Can we go with you?
Maybe there's something that we can do.
Gnome 8: I thought you didn't believe in elves.
Now you want to go help in spite of yourselves?
Child 9: Something has changed; I feel different now.

Besides I know how to drive a plow!

Storyteller 3:

It often happens on Christmas Eve, even the doubters begin to believe.

Gnome 9: Come on right now, we must make haste.

They need our help, so we have no time to waste.



Hurry! Hurry! Hurry ev'ryone. We've got to help our cousins, or the work will not get done.

Hurry! Hurry! Rush with all your might. We've got to reach the North Pole and set things right.

Gnomes to the rescue! Gnomes to the rescue! Gnomes to the rescue! Strong but small!

Gnomes to the rescue! Gnomes to the rescue! Gnomes to the rescue, one and all! HURRY!

Solo Spoken: Gnome 10: Wait! Wait! Everybody stops and pants with their hands on their knees. Gnome 10: I have a joke! Child 1: A joke? I thought we were in a hurry. We have no time for jokes. Gnome 11: Don't be ridiculous! With gnomes, there is always time for jokes. Gnome 10: What do you call a gnome that lives in the city? Gnome 11: I don't know. What DO you call a gnome that lives in the city? Gnome 10: A Metro-gnome!

Gnomes to the rescue! Gnomes to the rescue! Gnomes to the rescue! Strong but small!

Gnomes to the rescue! Gnomes to the rescue! Gnomes to the rescue, one and all! HURRY!

Solo Spoken: Gnome 12: I have one! Child 2: Another one? Gnome 12: What do gnomes sing when they work in the garden? Gnome 13: (raising their hand) I know! I know! Gnome Worry! Bee Happy!

Gnomes to the rescue! Gnomes to the rescue! Gnomes to the rescue! Strong but small!

Gnomes to the rescue! Gnomes to the rescue! Gnomes to the rescue, one and all! Hurry, we're almost there!



Storyteller 1:

So, the gnomes made it to the North Pole And helped to save the day. And the children went along and helped To fill up Santa's sleigh.

Storyteller 2:

It really was amazing, almost unbelievable. Gnomes and elves and children did the inconceivable.

Storyteller 3:

The doubting children changed their tune and started to believe That miracles can happen, especially on Christmas Eve.

Some things can be so hard to see, like the air that we breathe or a top of a tree.

Miracles happen every day, so be grateful today and say: "I believe!"

I believe in goodness. I believe in being kind. And if I look for miracles, miracles I'll find.

Some are very tiny. Some are hard to see. But ev'ry day the sun comes up is a miracle to me.

Some things are so hard to explain, like the wind or the rain on a clear windowpane. Miracles can happen to you and whenever they do you should say: "I believe!"

I believe in goodness. I believe in being kind. And if I look for miracles, miracles I'll find.

Some are very tiny. Some are hard to see. But ev'ry day the sun comes up is a miracle to me. Yes, every day the sun comes up is a miracle to me.

Miracles can happen to you and whenever they do you should say: "I believe!"

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Storyteller 1:

So, the gnomes' work was finished. It was time to go back home.

Storyteller 2:

They were sad to leave their cousins, But there was no more time to roam.

Storyteller 3:

After all is said and done, They had their laughs; they had their fun.

Storyteller 1:

But in the end, they all agreed: Be it ever so humble...

All: There's no place like gnome!





Folks say up north,

there's a jolly old elf, with a twinkle and a laugh in spite of himself. Well, I'm telling you that whatever they say. I do believe it!

I do believe it!

No more jokes about a gnome. Let's all give a gnome a home. They're as real as real as can be. A gnome can be a friend to you and me. A gnome can be a friend to you and me!

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