**The story of Amahl and the three night visitors:**

**HEBBEN JULLIE DAT JONGETJE NIET GEZIEN, DAT DE KONINGEN BIJ ZICH HADDEN?**

**AMAHL IS KREUPEL. ZIT OP HET DAK EN KIJKT NAAR DE STERREN**

A child sits outside on the roof of a poor shack of a house gazing earnestly at the sky. His **mother** calls from within: "Amahl! Amahl!"

**The son** replies absently, "Oh!"

**The woman's voice** again comes from somewhere inside, "Time to go to bed."

**Her son** answers, "coming..." however his words belie his actions. He gazes all the more quizzically at the stars above him.

A third time, the **mother** calls, her voice a bit terser: "Amahl!"

Again, the boy replies, "coming..." but otherwise he seems not to have heard.

The **mother** storms out of the house, "How long must I shout to make you obey?"

**Son:** "I'm sorry, Mother."

**Mother:** "Hurry in! It's time to go to bed."

**Amahl** pleads with his mother: "But Mother - let me stay a little longer."

**Mother:** "The wind is cold."

**Son:** "But my cloak is warm; let me stay a little longer!"

**Mother:** "The night is dark."

**Son:** "But the sky is light, let me stay a little longer!"

**Mother:** "The time is late."

**Son:** "But the moon hasn't risen yet, let me stay a little..."

His **mother** cuts him off curtly: "There won't be any moon tonight. But there will be a weeping child very soon, if he doesn't hurry up and obey his mother."

**Amahl** sighs and gives in, "...oh very well..."

(The two go inside.)

**Mother:** What was keeping you outside?

**WAAR HEB JE ZO OLANG NAAR GEKEKEN?**

**The son** replies excitedly: "Oh Mother! You should go out and see! There's never been such a sky. Damp clouds have shined it, and soft winds have swept it, as if to make it ready for a king's ball. All its lanterns are lit, all its torches are burning, and its dark floor is shining like crystal. Hanging over our roof, there is a star as large as a window; ***and the star has a tail, and it moves across the sky like a chariot on fire."***

**STOP MET JE LEUGENS! DAT HAD JE JE MOEDER BELOOFD**

**Mother:** "Oh Amahl! When will you stop telling lies? All day long you wander about in a dream. Here we are with nothing to eat - not a stick of wood on the fire, not a drop of oil in the jug, and all you do is to worry your mother with fairy tales. Oh Amahl... have you forgotten your promise never never to lie to your mother again?"

**Son:** "Mother darling, I'm not lying. Please do believe me... please do believe me. Come outside and let me show you. See for yourself... see for yourself."

The **mother** bursts into poetry, despite herself, as she reprimands Amahl:

**EERST WAS HET EEN LUIPAARD MET HET HOOFD VAN EEN VROUW, DAN EEN VIS ZO GROOT ALS EEN SCHIP, MET EEN SNOR VAN EEN KAT EN VLEUGELS VAN EEN VLEERMUIS…….. EN NU IS HET EEN STER MET EEN STAART VAN VUUR**

*"Stop bothering me!  
Why should I believe you?   
You come with a new one every day!   
First it was a leopard with a woman's head.  
Then it was a tree branch that shrieked and bled.  
Then it was a fish as big as a boat, with whiskers like a cat, and wings like a bat, and horns like a goat  
and now it is a star as big as a window (or was it a carriage)?   
And if that weren't enough, the star has a tail and the tail is of fire..."*

*Son: "But there is a star... and it has a tail... this long. Well, maybe only this long... But it's there!"*

**Mother:** "Amahl!"

**Amahl** insists: "Cross my heart and hope to die..."

**DE HONGER IS JE NAAR HET HOOFD GESTEGEN. ONZE ARMOEDE. POTTEN EN PANNEN LEEG. UIT BEDELEN GAAN! MIJN ZOON EEN BEDELAAR?**

The **mother** throws up her hands: "Hunger has gone to your head. Dear God, what is a poor widow to do, when her cupboards and pockets are empty and everything sold? Unless we go begging how shall we live through tomorrow? My little son, a beggar!"

**Amahl**, hating to see his mother distressed, has a story he is used to telling for this occasion:

**MOEDER, HUIL NIET, MAAK JE GEEN ZORGEN OVER MIJ. WE ZULLEN GAAN VAN DORP NAAR DORP, VAN STAD NAAT STAD. JIJ GEKLEED ALS EEN SIGEUNERIN EN IK ALS EEN CLOWN. IK ZAL OP MIJN FLUIT SPELEN EN JIJ ZULT DANSEN (WANT DAT KAN IK NIET). DAN ZULLEN DE MENSEN HUN VENSTERS OPENEN EN ONS GELD GEVEN. WE ZULLEN GEROOSTERDE GANS ETEN EN SLAPEN ONDER DE STERREN. MISSCHIEN KOMT ER WEL EEN KONING VOORBIJ DIE ONS ZIET EN ONS GOUD ZAL GEVEN……….**

*"Don't cry Mother dear; don't worry for me.   
If we must go begging, a good beggar I'll be.   
I know sweet tunes to set people dancing.   
We'll walk and walk from village to town - you dressed as a gypsy, and I as a clown.   
We'll walk and walk from village to town.   
At noon, we shall eat roast goose and sweet almonds.   
At night we shall sleep with the sheep and the stars.   
I'll play my pipes, you'll sing and you'll shout.   
The windows will open and people lean out.   
The king will ride by and hear your loud voice and throw us some gold to stop all the noise.  
At noon we shall eat roast goose and sweet almonds;   
at night we shall sleep with the sheep and the stars."*

**ZE KUSSEN ELKAAR GOEDE NACHT**

**Mother:** "Kiss me good night."

The **mother** and son to each other: "Good night."

(They turn in to bed.)

**UIT DE VERTE NADERT EEN KARAVAAN, MET PAARDEN EN KAMELEN. JE HOORT STEMMEN INN DE VERTE. WAAR GAAN ZE HEEN? WAT ZEGGEN ZE? DAT ZE EEN STER VOLGEN. EEN NIEUWE STER DIE AAN DE HEMEL STAAT.**

**Three kings** stroll through the shadows of the night, and as they go they comfort themselves with a quiet song:

*"From far away we come and farther we must go.   
How far... how far... my crystal star?   
The shepherd dreams inside the fold.   
Cold are the sands by the silent sea.   
Frozen the incense in our frozen hands, heavy the gold.   
How far... how far... my crystal star?   
By silence-sunken lakes, the antelope leaps.   
In paper-painted oasis, the drunken gypsy weeps.   
The hungry lion wanders, the cobra sleeps.   
How far... how far... my crystal star?"*

(the kings knock at the door)

**KLOP KLOP KLOP OP DE GAMMELE DEUR. AMAHL, GA OPEN DOEN!**

**Mother:** "Amahl!"

**Son:** "Yes, Mother?"

**Mother:** "Go and see who's knocking at the door."

(Amahl goes over to the door)

**Amahl** returns excited, "Mother... Mother... come with me! I want to be sure that you see what I see. "

His **mother** has no patience for his son's energy this late at night, "What is the matter with you now? What is all this fuss about? Who is it then?"

**Amahl** is unsure how to report the events, and so he hesitates, "Mother.. outside the door... there is... there is a king with a crown!"

**Mother** is exasperated, "What shall I do with this boy? What shall I do... what shall I do? If you don't learn to tell the truth, I'll have to spank you! Go back and see who it is and ask them what they want..."

After checking the door again, **Amahl** returns, insistent, "Mother! Mother! Mother, come with me! I want to be sure that you see what I see."

**Mother:** "What is the matter with you now what is all this fuss about?"

**Amahl** hangs his head quietly, "Mother, I didn't tell the truth before."

**Mother:** "That's a good boy."

**Son:** "There is not a king outside."

**Mother:** "I should say not."

**Son:** "There are *two* kings."

**Mother** is about to lose her patience altogether, if she ever had any, "What shall I do with this boy? what shall I do? what shall I do?" She admonishes her son, "Hurry back and see who it is, and don't you dare make up tales..."

**Amahl** returns to his mother from the door... but this time he is worried, "Mother! Mother! Mother come with me; if I tell you the truth, I know you won't believe me..."

**Mother:** "Try it for a change."

**Son:** "But you won't believe me."

**Mother:** "I'll believe you, if you tell me the truth..."

**Son:** "Sure enough, there are not two kings outside."

**Mother:** "That is surprising."

**Son:** "The kings are three, and one of them is black."

Now **mother** is angry, "Oh what shall I do with this boy. If you were stronger I'd like to whip you."

**Son:** "I knew it"

**Mother** pulls herself out of bed, "I'm going to the door myself. And then young man, you'll have to reckon with me!"

**DE KONINGEN TREDEN BINNEN. AMAHL: “HEB IK HET JE NIET GEZEGD?”→ MOEDER: “SHHH”**

**The kings** and their page greet the woman when she opens the door, "Good evening.. good evening..."

The mother gasps quietly.

**Amahl** behind her, feels a need to remind her, "What did I tell you?"

**Mother** pushes her son back: "Shhhh...!" and then addresses these apparent nobles who are at her doorstep, "Noble sires..." She is bemused, however, and not sure exactly what to say.

**The kings** rescue her from the awkward silence: "May we rest awhile in your house and warm ourselves by your fireplace?"

**MOGEN WE HIER DE NACHT DOORBRENGEN/ DE WOESTIJN IS DONKER EN GEVAARLIJK ’S NACHTS. ER ZIJN LUIPAARDEN EN SLANGEN EN WE ZIJN MOE. EN WE HEBBEN NOG EEN LANGE REIS VOOR ONS.**

**MOEDER: “IK BEN MAAR EEN ARME WEDUWE. HET VUUR IN DE HAARD IS UIT, ER IS GEEN ETEN MEER, MAAR EEN BED VAN STRO KAN IK U AANBIEDEN**

To this, the **mother** replies, "I am a poor widow. A cold fireplace and a bed straw are all I have to offer you. To these, you are welcome."

**Kaspar:** "What did she say?"

**Balthazar:** "That we are welcome."

**Kaspar:** "Oh thank, you thank, you thank you!"

**The mother:** "Come in... come in..."

(Everybody traipses into the small house.)

***Melchior: "It is nice, here."***

**the Mother:** "I shall go and gather wood for the fire. I've nothing in the house."

Kings: "We can only stay a little while. We must not lose sight of our star."

the Mother: "...your star?"

Again, **Amahl** feels obliged to remind her, ***"What did I tell you?"*** But his mother shushes him.

**Kings:** "We still have a long way to go."

**Mother** announces that she will be going out to gather some firewood, "I shall be right back.. and Amahl... don't be a nuisance." **Amahl** assures her, "No, Mother..."

**MOEDER GAAT NAAR BUITEN BRANDHOUT EN ETEN ZOEKEN.**

Mother exits the small creaking doorway into the night air. Amahl, meanwhile, realizes that he must entertain their guests.

**AMAHL → BALTHASAR: “BEN JE EEN ECHTE KONING?”**

**Amahl:** "Are you a real king?" Balthazar replies, "yes."  
**Amahl:** ***"Have you regal blood?"*** And Balthazar again responds, ***"yes."***  
**Amahl:** ***"Can I see it?"*** Balthazar sighs, and says, ***"it is just like yours."***  
**Amahl:** ***"What's the use of having it then?"*** Balthazar looks at Amahl quizzically and says simply, ***"No use."***  
**Amahl:** ***"Where is your house?"***   
To which Balthazar replies: ***"I live in a black marble palace*** full of black panthers and white doves. ***And you little boy, what do you do?"***

**Amahl:** ***"I had a flock of sheep. But my mother sold them... sold them! Now there are no sheep left. I had a black goat who gave me warm sweet milk. But she died of old age... old age. Now there is no goat left. But Mother says that now we shall both go begging from door to door. Won't it be fun?"***

**Balthazar,** eyeing the boy closely, says ***"It has its points."* DAT HEEFT ZO Z’N VOORDELEN….**

***Next, Amahl turns his attention to Kaspar. "Are you a real king, too?"*** Kaspar, being ***hard of hearing***, has to ask Amahl to repeat himself, and Amahl obliges in a loud voice. Finally hearing the boy, **Kaspar** says jovially, ***"Oh truly truly... truly... yes I am a real king..."*** He then turns to his friend for assurance, and asks ***"Am I not?"***

**Balthazar** says: ***"Yes, Kaspar."***

**DE PAPAGAAI VAN KASPAR. KAN DIE SPREKEN? “HOE KAN IK DAT WETEN?”**

**Amahl** spots a small animal which Kaspar is carrying in a cage. "What is that?" he asks. **Kaspar,** as he is wont to do, asks the boy to speak up, "eh?" Amahl repeats his question, and in response, Kaspar lets him know it's a parrot. **Amahl** asks, "Does it talk?" This question somehow takes **Kaspar** by surprise, "How do I know?" he replies. But there is one last thing which **Amahl** has to know, "Does it bite?" **The old king** answers with only one short word, "yes."

**Amahl** points to a decorated wooden box which Kaspar is carrying. "And what is this?"

**DIT IS MIJN KIST. → NOOIT REIS IK ZONDER MIJN KIST.**

* **BOVENSTE LADE → GENEESKRACHTIGE EDELSTENEN**
* **TWEEDE LADE: KLEURIGE KRALEN**
* **DERDE LADE: DROP! NEEM ER MAAR WAT VAN OM TE PROEVEN**

**Kaspar:**

*"This is my box, this is my box... I never travel without my box.   
In the first drawer I keep my magic stones.   
One carnelian against all evil and envy.  
One moonstone to make you sleep.   
One red coral to heal your wounds.   
One lapis lazuli against quartern fever.   
One small jasper to help you find water.   
One small topaz to soothe your eyes.   
One red ruby to protect you from lightning"*

*"This is my box. this is my box I never travel without my box  
In the second drawer, I keep all my beads. Oh! How I love to play with beads ...all kinds of beads!  
This is my box... this is my box... I never travel without my box."*

"In the third drawer... in the third drawer..." **Kaspar** looks at Amahl with a gleam in his eye, "Oh little boy.. oh little boy..." He then looks around at his friends a bit sheepishly, "In the third drawer I keep... " Although he himself isn't aware of it, Amahl's mouth has dropped open in anticipation about this surprise which Kaspar is going to reveal to him. The **old king** finally blurts it out, "Licorice! Licorice! Black sweet licorice... black sweet licorice! Have some."

A draft fills the house as Amahl's **mother** opens the door. She has found what she needed outside. Seeing how Amahl has become the centre of attention, she admonishes him, "Amahl, I told you not to be a nuisance!"

**Amahl** replies plaintively, "But it isn't my fault; they kept asking me questions."

**MOEDER TERUG MET BRANDHOUT VOOR KACHEL. STUURT AMAHL NAAR DE HERDER: DIE KUNNEN ETEN MEE BRENGEN**

**Mother** announces that she has a mission for Amahl, "I want you to go and call the other shepherds. Tell them about our visitors, and ask them to bring whatever they have in the house, as we have nothing to offer them. Hurry on!"

**Amahl** decides to cooperate, and heads for the door, "Yes, Mother."

The **mother** remarks on the packages the kings have been carrying, "Oh these beautiful things, and all that gold!"

**MOEDER: VOOR WIE ZIJN AL DIE GESCHENEKEN?**

**Melchior** tells her, "These are the gifts to the child."

**the Mother:** ***"Hmmm the child... which child?"***

**Melchior:** ***"We don't know . But the star will guide us to him."***

**the Mother:** "But perhaps I know him... ***what does he look like***?"

**Melchior:**

*Have you seen a child the* ***colour of wheat... the colour of dawn****?****His eyes are mild; his hands are those of a king - as king he was born****.****Incense, myrrh, and gold we bring to his side; and the eastern star is our guide.***

**the Mother:**

***Yes, I know a child the color of wheat.... the color of dawn.  
His eyes are mild; his hands are those of a king as king he was born.   
But no one will bring him incense or good... though sick and poor and hungry and cold.   
He is my child my son, my darling my own.***

**Melchior:**

*Have you seen a child the color of earth... the color of thorn?   
His eyes are sad; his hands are those of the poor as poor he was born.   
Incense, myrrh, and gold we bring to his side, and the eastern star is our guide.*

**the Mother:**

*Yes, I know a child the color of earth... the color of thorn.   
His eyes are sad; his hands are those of the poor, as poor he was born.   
But no one will bring him incense or gold... though sick and poor and and hungry and cold.   
He is my child, my son, my darling... my own.*

**Melchior:**

*The child we seek holds the seas and the winds on his palm.   
The child we seek has the moon and the stars at his feed.   
Before him, the eagle is gentle the lion is meek.*

All **the kings** join in a chorus:

*Choirs of angels hover over his roof and sing him to sleep.   
He's warmed by breath.   
He's fed by mother who is both virgin and queen.   
Incense, myrrh, and gold we bring to his side, and the eastern star is our guide.*

And at the same time, the **mother** sings about her own son:

*The child I know on his palm holds my heart.   
The child I know at his feet has my life.   
He is my child, my son, my darling, my own...   
And his name is Amahl.*

**DE HERDERS KOMEN ER AAN: DIE KOMEN ZINGEND EN DANSEND BINNEN. HERDERS ZINGEN EN DANSEN ALTIJD**

The **mother** peers out the door, "The shepherds are coming..."

**Melchior:** "Wake up, Kaspar."

**The shepherds** greet each other as they stroll towards each other on the prairie.

*"Emily... Emily, Michael, Bartholomew - how are your children and how are your sheep?  
Dorothy... Dorothy, Peter, Evangeline - give me your hand come along with me.  
  
All the children have mumps. All the flocks are asleep. We are going with Amahl... bringing gifts to the kings.  
  
Benjamin... Benjamin, Lucas, Elizabeth - how are your children and how are your sheep?  
Carolyn Carolyn Mathew Veronica give me your hand come along with me.  
  
Brrr... how cold is the night! Brr... how icy the wind! Hold me very very very tight. Oh how warm is your cloak!  
  
Katherine... Katherine Christopher Babila - how are your children and how are your sheep?  
Josephine... Josephine, Angela, Jeremy - come along with me!"*

The shepherds arrive at the door of the cottage. They peer inside, being struck with awe, "Oh look, oh look!"

**“WEES NIET BANG: ZIJ (DE KONINGEN) ZULLEN JULLIE NIET OPETEN!!”**

**the Mother:** "Come in, come in... what are you afraid of? Don't be bashful silly girl, don't be bashful silly boy. They won't eat you. Show what you brought them."

**The shepherds** stumble over each other, as they try to force their way in the door all at once. "Go on...! No, you go on!"

**The shepherds** tell of what they've brought:

**DE HERDERS HEBBEN ETEN MEE GEBRACHT W.O. VERSE DADELS, APPELS EN ROZIJNEN EN NOTEN. DAAR WORDT EEN SMAKELIJKE MAALTIJD VAN GEMAAKT**

*"Olives and quinces, apples and raisins, nutmeg and myrtle, medlars and chestnuts. This is all we shepherds can offer you."  
  
"Citrons and lemon, musk and pomegranates, goat cheese and walnuts, figs and cucumbers. This is all we shepherds can offer you."  
  
"Hazelnuts and camomile, mignonettes and laurel, honeycombs and cinnamon, thyme, mint and garlic. This is all we shepherds can offer you."*

The kings express earnest appreciation as the shepherds recite the list of their gifts.

**NA HET ETEN WORDT ER GEDANST. DAARNA BEDANKEN DE KONINGEN. TIJD OM TE SLAPEN. HERDERS AF.**

**The shepherds** eagerly press the gifts into the kings' arms "Take them, take them... you are welcome. Take them... eat them... you are welcome, too."

All of a sudden, a squirrely little girl makes a break for the door... and a little boy gets up, also thinking through how he will negotiate his way through the mass of bodies. Some of the young men pull the two children back. After much nudging, the children return into the middle of the one-room cottage, somewhat red faced and embarrassed.

The **shepherds** scold the children using the same words with which the householder mother scolded them earlier: "Don't be bashful silly girl Don't be bashful silly boy! They won't eat you."

After an interlude of dancing, **Balthazar** announces: "Thank you good friends, for your dances and your gifts. But now, we must bid you good night. We have little time for sleep, and a long journey ahead."

**The shepherds** agree, and move towards the door: "Good night, my good Kings, good night and farewell. The pale stars foretell that dawn is in sight. Good night, my good kings. Good night and farewell. The night wind foretells the day will be bright."

As the shepherds exeunt, **Amahl** seizes the opportunity in the shuffle to ask Kaspar a question. "Excuse me, sir... amongst your magic stones, is there... is there one that could cure a crippled boy?" Unfortunately, again, Kaspar's hearing fails him, "Eh?" Amahl looks down dejectedly, "Never mind.. good night," and shuffles off to his corner of the room to his bed.

Outside, **the shepherds** can still be heard as they disperse to their own houses and fields: "Good night, good night... the dawn is in sight... good night, farewell... good night... good night..." Amahl listens intently as these folks bid each other good night throughout the small streets of his village.

After the mother tucks her son into bed... she turns to see that the kings have ceased their bedtime mumbling, and at least one has begun to snore.

**MOEDER, AL DAT GOUD, AL DAT GOUD. ALLÉÉN VOOR MIJN KIND; NIET VOOR MIJ. ZE ZULLEN HET NIET EENS MISSEN.**

**She** thinks to herself:

*"All that gold! All that gold!   
I wonder if rich people know what to do with their gold?   
Do they know how a child could be fed? Do rich people know?   
Do they know that a house can be kept warm all day with burning logs? Do rich people know?   
Do they know how to roast sweet corn on the fire?   
Do they know do they know how to fill a courtyard with doves? Do they know... do they know?   
Do they know how to milk a clover fed goat? Do they know?   
Do they know how to spice hot wine on cold winter nights? Do they know... do they know?   
All that gold... all that gold! Oh what I could do for my child with that gold!   
Why should it all go to a child they don't even know?   
They are asleep. Do I dare? If I take some, they'll never miss it..."*

**She** prods herself on as her hand moves towards the boxes of gold... "...for my child for my child... for my child... for my child..." she thinks.

The page stirs, because he has seen a shadow moving over the pile of gifts, "Thief! Thief!" One of the kings stirs, "What is it?" The page shouts, "I've seen her steal some of the gold. She's a thief! Don't let her go! She's stolen the gold." **The kings** join the hubbub with loud voices: "Shame shame!"

**page:** "Give it back, or I'll tear it out of you! Give it back, or I'll tear it out of you. Give it back...give it back."

**Amahl** has, by this time, been awoken by the ruckus - and is peering over towards the argument in the centre of the room. Then, seeing his mother involved in a struggle, he leaps out of bed and tries to intervene. This is a side of Amahl the kings haven't seen yet:

**AMAHL: HOE DURF JE MIJN MOEDER TE BESCHULDIGEN. LAAT HAAR LOS. ZIJ KAN GEEN KWAAD DOEN. IK BEN DEGENE DIE SOMS LEUGENS VERTELT EN STEELT. NEEM MIJ VAST, MAAR LAAT MIJN MOEDER LOS. HOE DURF JE!**

*"Don't you dare, ugly man hurt my mother!   
I'll smash in your face; I'll knock out your teeth.   
Don’t you dare! Don't you dare! Don't you dare... ugly man... hurt my mother!   
Oh Mr. King, don't let him hurt my mother. My mother is good. She cannot do anything wrong. I'm the one who lies; I'm the one who steals.   
Don't you dare...  
I'll break all your bones; I'll bash in your head.   
Don't you dare... ugly man... hurt my mother."*

**Melchior,** seeing what has erupted:

**OH VROUW, JE MAG HET GOUD HOUDEN. HET KIND DAT WIJ ZOEKEN, KRIJGT NOG GENOEG GESCHENKEN. DE MOEDER GEEFT HET TOCH TERUG AAN DE KONINGEN.**

**ZO’N KONINGSKIND, DAAR WACHT IK AL HEEL MIJN LEVEN OP. HIJ ZAL OP AARDE KOMEN EN MAKEN, DAT WIJ HET HIER BETER HEBBEN.**

*"Oh woman, you may keep the gold.   
The child we seek doesn't need our gold.   
On love, on love alone he will build his kingdom.   
His pierced hand will hold no sceptre.   
His haloed head will wear no crown.   
His might will not be built on your toil.   
Swifter than lightning, he will soon walk among us.   
He will bring us new life, and receive our death, and the keys to his city belong to the poor.   
Let us leave, my friends."*

**DE KONINGEN WILLEN VERTREKKEN.**

**the Mother:** "Oh no wait! Take back your gold! For such a king I've waited all my life... and if I weren't so poor I would send a gift of my own to such a child."

**AMAHL: IK WIL MIJN KRUKKEN AAN DE KONINGEN MEE GEVEN VOOR DAT KIND. MISSCHIEN KAN DAT KIND ZE WEL GOED GEBRUIKEN**

**MOEDER: GEEN SPRAKE VAN: JE KUNT ZE NIET MISSEN; JE KAN NIET ZONDER**

**“DAT KAN IK WEL”, MOEDER, KIJK, IK KAN LOPEN – ZONDER KRUKKEN – IK KAN LOPEN, IK KAN DANSEN, SPRINGEN**

**Amahl** pipes up: "But Mother, let me send him my crutch. Who knows, he may need one, and this, I made myself." His mother draws in a breath sharply, "But that you can't, you can't!"

But then a wondrous thing happens. "I walk, Mother. I walk Mother," **Amahl** announces.

**DE KONINGEN IN VERBAZING: HIJ LOOPT, HIJ DANST, HIJ SPRINGT. DAT MOET DOOR HET KONINGSKIND GEKOMEN ZIJN, DAT WIJ ZOEKEN. WELK EEN WONDER!**

**Kings:** "He walks! It is a sign from the holy child. We must give praise to the newborn king. We must praise him. This is a sign from God. Truly he can dance, he can jump, he can run! Ah!"

The **mother** admonishes Amahl, "Please my darling, be careful now. You must take care not to hurt yourself."

Something has crystallized in **the kings'** minds as they have watched this whole event play out. They realize that they must admonish the mother to treat her child differently. "Oh good woman, you must not be afraid, for he is loved by the son of God."

Playing along with the boy's ruse, **the kings** ask: "Oh blessed child, may I touch you?"

**Amahl** seems betwixt and between. Peering over at Melchior with a sharp gaze, "Well, I don't know if I'm going to let *you* touch me..." His **mother** says sharply, "Amahl!" And so Amahl thinks better of his reticence. "Oh all right... but just once."

***Amahl goes on to announce in song, "Look Mother, I can fight, I can work, I can play. Oh Mother, let me go with the kings. I want to take the crutch to the child, myself."***

***The kings eagerly entreat the mother, "Yes, good woman let him come with us. We'll take good care of him. We'll bring him back on a camel's back."***

The **mother** asks: "Do you really want to go?" **Amahl** replies: "Yes, Mother."

**Mother:** ***"Are you sure sure sure?"***

***Son: "I'm sure."***

The **mother** pauses a moment, reflecting. Then she concedes: "Yes, I think you should go... and bring thanks to the child yourself.

**Amahl** parrots her query, "Are you sure sure sure?"

**Mother:** "Go on... get ready."

**Kaspar,** wanting to be kept abreast of all the events, asks, "What did she say?" Balthazar bends over and speaks loudly in Kaspar's ear, "She said he can come."

**Kaspar** can't contain his enthusiasm, "Oh lovely lovely lo..." Balthazar cuts him off, curtly, "Kaspar!"

**Mother** and son prepare Amahl for his journey. She asks, "What to do with your crutch?" And **Amahl** suggests, "You can tie it to my back."

Amahl and his mother then say their goodbyes to each other:

*Mother: "Don't forget to wear your hat!"   
Son: "I shall always wear my hat."  
together: "So, my darling goodbye! I shall miss you very much."  
Mother: "Wash your ears."  
Son: "Yes, I promise."  
Mother: "Don't tell lies."  
Son: "No, I promise."  
together: "I shall miss you very much."  
Son: "Feed my bird."   
Mother: "Yes, I promise."  
Son: "Watch the cat."  
Mother: "Yes I promise."  
together: "I shall miss you very much."*

Amahl finishes his preparations. Noticing that things seem to be winding down, **Melchior** asks Amahl: "Are you ready?"

**Amahl:** "Yes, I'm ready."

**Melchior:** "Let's go then."

Amahl and his newfound friends set out across the darkened prairies. And as they trek, they hear the sounds of the **shepherds** singing the songs of the morning in their fields and homes:

*"Shepherds arise!  
Come, oh shepherds, come outside!  
All the stars have left the sky.   
Sweet dawn - oh dawn of peace"*

**EN ZO WAS DAAR – TOEN DE KONINGEN BIJ HET KIND AAN KWAMEN – EEN KLEINE JONGEN ER BIJ. EN ALS JULLIE HEEL GOED GEKEKEN HADDEN, DAN HAD JE HEM KUNNEN ZIEN!**

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