

Hansel and Gretel

Act I, Scene 1

G: Suzy, little Suzy,
what's rustling the hay?
The geese are going barefoot,
for no shoes have they.
The cobbler has leather,
but tools has he none.
So shoes for the goslings
can never be done.

H: Well then, they must go barefoot!

Oh sister, sister
I haven't been fed.
Who'll give to me a nickel
for butter and bread?
I'll sell off our mattress
and sleep on the floor.
Where no feathers scratch us,
and fleas bite no more.

G: But I'm bitten by hunger!

H: Oh, when will our Mother, dear
Mother come back.

G: Ah yes, I soon will faint for the food
I lack.

H: For weeks now crusts are all we've
had.
Oh, it is wretched. We've got it bad.

G: Hush, Hansel, think about what
Father says,
When Mother often has bad days.

"When we are in greatest need,
Heav'n will send us help indeed."

H: Ah yes, I like what you have said,
but, alas, on words one cannot be
fed.
Ah, Gretel, how many days have
passed
Since a good dinner we had last.
Waffles, chicken in gravy basted.
I can't remember how it tasted.
Oh, Gretel, I wish...

G: Hush, don't get so upset.
Just wait for a bit; be patient yet.
Your serious face – trouble and strife
-
You look like a walking, talking
Grump come to life.

If you will pout,
you must get out.
Here is a lesson
to count your blessings.
I am explaining,
no more complaining.
Sourpuss, sourpuss, ill-tempered
brat.
Grumbling and gloomy, you sour
pussycat.
Pack your things; hit the road,
glum, shabby brat.

H: If I will pout,
you say, get out.
Is it a wonder?
I'm gnawed with hunger.
I am despairing,
almost passed caring.
Sourpuss, sourpuss...

G: If you will pout,
you must get out.
Your stomach's growling,
but stop your scowling.
No more of worry,
(or) leave in a hurry.
Sourpuss, sourpuss...

All right! If done with your gloomy
chatter,
then I will tell you a secret matter.

H: A secret! Whatever could it be?

G: Ah, listen, brother mine. Look and
you'll see.
What's in this jug here? Milk is there
now!

Today we got it from the neighbor's cow.
 When Mother comes home, I tell no lie,
 She's going to make us a custard pie.

H: Custard pie!
 Custard, custard, sweet custard pie.
 If pie, hai, then there's Hansel nearby.
 How thick is the cream on the milk?
 Let's taste it!
 Oh, goodness me! At least I will not waste it.

G: What! Hansel, nibbler, aren't you ashamed?
 Take out your fingers or you will get blamed.
 And now we must get back to work, but quick.
 Move it or I'll give you a kick.
 We must be done before Mother comes home,
 or you know what you'll get, lazybones.

H: Work, you say. Why think of that?
 As for me, I plum forgot.
 You're always nagging when you've a chance.
 But now's the time for a song and dance.

G: Dancing, dancing, yes, that's my favorite thing.
 And when I'm dancing, I love to sing.
 What was that song that Auntie would sing us?
 Sing loud and dance; what joy it will bring us.

Brother dear, come dance with me.
 Take my hands and you will see.
 Right foot here, left foot there,
 spin about without a care.

H: I'm afraid I cannot dance.
 Sister dear, give me a chance.

Show me just the way it goes,
 So I do not stub my toes.

G: With your foot you tap, tap, tap,
 with your hands you clap, clap, clap.
 Right foot here, left foot there,
 spin about without a care.

H: With your foot you tap...
 G: Hey, that's good. You'll get it yet.
 Pretty soon you won't forget.
 Watch me close, and you will see,
 soon you'll dance as well as me.
 With your head you nick, nick, nick,
 with your fingers you click, click, click.
 Right foot here, left foot there,
 spin about without a care.

H: With your head you nick...
 G: Brother, watch what I do next.
 Please don't make your sister vexed.
 Let us link our arms together,
 turn about, light as a feather.
 Come...

H: I love to dance and sing out merrily,
 when I'm with my friends.

B: But I'm no friend to tears and misery;
 my joy here never ends.

G: Tralala...
 Turn around again, my dearest Hansel.
 Turn around again, my dearest Hans.
 Come here to me, come here to me,
 to dance a circle dance.

H: Away from me, away from me!
 I am the noble Hans.
 With little girls, I'll dance no more,
 because they are too dumb.

G: Go, haughty Hans, you stupid Hans,
 I'll show you how it's done.
 Turn around again...

H: Oh sister dear, oh Gretel dear,
 your stocking's got a run.

G: Oh brother dear, oh Hansel dear,
 your teasing isn't fun.

With naughty boys, I'll dance no
more,
because they are too dumb.

H: Now don't be mean, my sister dear.
I'll show you how it's done.

G: Tralala...

B: Hop to it, dance just like you should.
Dance without regret.

And if my shoes/socks aren't any
good,

I'll get some new ones yet.

Tralala...