
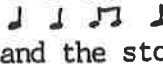
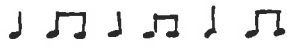




DWARF CIRCLE PLAY



--Unless otherwise indicated,
words and music are by
Nancy Foster

Who is this I hear (rhythm: 
Deep down in the earth 
Hacking and cracking the rocks and the stones? 
(Wynstones, adapted)

1 
Is it the wind so strong and free, Sing-ing through

branch-es of ev'-ry tree?


No, it's not the wind!

Who is this I hear. . . (as above)

2 
Is it the squirrel on scamp'-ring feet,

Search-ing for a-corns and nuts to eat?

No, it's not the squirrel!

Who is this I hear. . . (as above)

3 
Is it gi-ants big and strong, As they march and

stride a-long?

No, it's not the giants!

Who is this I hear. . . (as above)

4

Is it the chick-a-dee small and quick, Look-ing for
seeds with a pick-et-y pick?

No, it's not the chickadee!

Then let us see -- who can it be?

Behold the dwarfs inside the hill --
Their tiny hammers are never still.
They sing and work deep underground,
And as they tap the rocks resound:

Crack, crack, the rock we hack.
Quake, quake, the mountains shake.
Bang, bang, our hammers clang.
In caverns old we seek the gold.

(Wynstones)



Gnomes

We are the helper gnomes we come to
 bring the children home.

Trip Trap Trip Trap trap

Go the gnomes along their track

Heaving up upon their backs

Gold + Silver in their sacks. 2x

Gnomes

Now through the caverns dark + deep

We make our way to our King So Dear.

Through echoing caverns we run + we glide

Through cracks in the rocks we slip + we slide

Over great boulders we leap and we bound

Our little lamps show us where treasure is found

We hammer ~~we~~ hammer from morning til night

We hammer to gather the treasures so bright. 2x

Sparkling silver + glittering gold

Crystals so pure and so clean to behold.

Then up we fill ^{up} our ^{tiny} little sacks

And raise them high above our backs.

(Trip, trap, Trip, Trip Trap etc. . .)



Gnomes

Down we will go to the Throne
of our King.

To him our treasures we must bring.

optional
Gnome
King

Soon, soon, by the light of the moon
we build the mirror bright

the stones shall shed their golden light
On sleeping seeds in the earth tonight.

Now speaks the
so old + wise
King to all

Gnome King → (standing) (little gnomes kneeling)

Good friends you have more work to do
For yonder on the earth I know
Summer is fading and the winds do blow
Your next task is with seeds so small

To see them safely in this hall
Away from Jack Frost who would do them
harm,

My Queen and I await them.

Trip, Trap, Trip Trip - to the gnomes bury them
track, to the seeds to bring them back.

5

Gnomes - little seeds now look out

Jack Frost is about

Oh come now to dear Mother Earth
She'll keep you so warm

And guard you from harm

Till Springtime gives you new birth

Seeds

So dark is the path

How it twists and turns

Oh shall we not lose our way?

Gnomes

No look our lanterns

They cheerily shine

Come follow their bright golden
way.

Seeds

Now down we all come
to dear Mother Earth

She will teach us to sleep on her breast

Gnomes

So sleep little seeds all the cold
winter long

Sink quietly,
Gently to Rest.

(put
seeds
to sleep)

Cover
next to
Mother Earth.

Quiet, I bear within myself, I bear within me
forces to make me strong.

Now will I be imbued with their glowing warmth
Now will I feel my own Will's resolve.

And I will feel the Quiet
pouring through all my being.

When by my steadfast striving
I become strong.

To find within myself
the source of all strength,
the strength of inner Quiet.

Teacher's Verse

Jump rope rhyme

Each peach, pear, plum,
I spy Tom Thumb
Tom Thumb in the cupboard
I spy Mother Hubbard
Mother Hubbard in the cellar
I spy Cinderella
Cinderella on the stairs
I spy the three bears
The three bears out a hunting
I spy baby bunting
Baby bunting fast asleep
I spy Bo-Peep
Bo Peep on the hill
I spy Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill in the ditch
I spy the wicked witch
The wicked witch over the wood
I spy Robin Hood
Robin Hood in his den
I spy the bears again
The three bears back from hunting
They spy baby bunting
Baby bunting warm and dry
I spy plum pie
Plum pie in the sun
I spy everyone