

Verse 2

In the morning, the leather was gone. Oh what a wonder! What a surprise! Two elegant shoes, so perfectly made, were perched on the bench before his eyes.

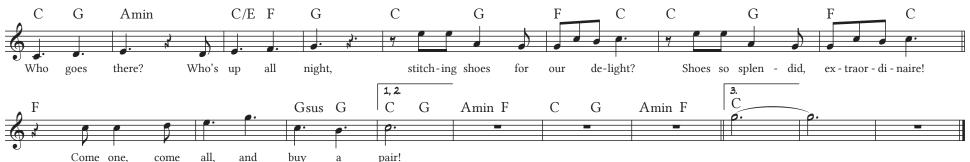
Verse 3

Before the man knew it, the shoes were sold. They went for double the usual price. He bought and cut leather for two more pairs. Again someone finished the shoes overnight.

Verse 4

For days and days, this magic went on. First two, then four, then eight pairs stitched. Said the old shoemaker to his wife, "By golly, my darling, we have become rich!"





Verse 5

That night the two stayed up to see whose nimble hands sewed with such care. They held their breath behind a door, then gasped out loud at who was there.

Verse 6

It was two elves in tattered clothes who stitched and sewed without a yawn. The poor elves had no shoes themselves, but still they worked until the dawn.

Verse 7

The shoemaker swallowed a lump in his throat. "We ought to help," his kind wife said. He made each elf a pair of boots. His wife sewed coats with finest thread.

Verse 8

That night the elves had quite a shock. They'd never had a gift before. They hugged their coats like teddy bears. They stomped their boots upon the floor.

Verse 9

The two elves slid into their coats.
"Oh, look at us! We're fine to see!"
Right then and there, they made a pledge:
"No longer cobblers we will be."

Verse 10

Then the elves danced out the door.
They never did come back again.
As for the shoemaker and his wife,
they worked and prospered till the end.

Chorus

Chorus