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Norbert Leo Butz "The Schmeul Song"

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JAMIE:

Spoken: "First, a story. A little Christmas Story. I call it 'The Story of Schmuel, Tailor of Klimovich' "

Schmuel would work till half-past ten at his tailor shop in Klimovich

Get up at dawn and start again with the hems and pins and twist

Forty-one years had come and gone at his tailor shop in Klimovich

Watching the winters soldier on, there was one thing Schmuel missed

"If I only had time," old Schmuel said "I would build the dress that's in my head A dress to fire The mad desire Of girls from here to Minsk But I have no more hours left to sew" When the clock upon the wall began to glow...

And the clock said:

"Na na na na, na na na Oh Schmuel, you'll get to be happy! Na na na na, na na na I give you unlimited time! Na na na na, na na na So Schmuel, go sew and be happy!"

But Schmuel said

"No, no, it's not my lot

I've gotta make do with the time I've got"

Schmuel was done at half-past ten and he said "Good night, old Klimovich"

Put on his coat to go, but then the clock cried, "Wait! Not yet!

Even though you're not wise or rich

You're the finest man in Klimovich.

Listen up, Schmuel,

Make just one stitch and you'll see what you can get"

But Schmuel said

"Clock, it's much too late
I'm at peace with life
I accept my fate..."
But the clock said "Schmuel!
One stitch and you'll
Unlock the dreams you've lost!"

So Schmuel, with reluctance, took his thread He pulled a bolt of velvet and said "I should take out my teeth and go to bed I'm sitting here with talking clocks instead!"

And the clock said:
"Na na na na, na na na
Oh Schmuel, you'll get to be happy!
Na na na na, na na na,
I give you unlimited time
Na na na na, na na na
Just do it and you can be happy!"

So Schmuel put the thread through the needle's eye And the moon stared down from a starless sky And he pushed the thread through the velvet black And he looked, and the clock was turning... back

So he grabbed his shears and he cut some lace As the hands moved left on the old clock's face And his fingers flew and the fabric swirled It was nine-fifteen all around the world

Every cut and stitch was a perfect fit
As if God Himself were controlling it!
And Schmuel cried through a rush of tears
"Take me back! Take me back all forty-one years!"

And on it went down that silent street
Till Schmuel's dress was at last complete
And he stretched his arms
And he closed his eyes
And the morning sun finally started to rise

And the dress he made on that endless night
Was a dress that would make any soul take flight
Not a swatch, not a skein had gone to waste
Every ribbon and button ideally placed
And sewn into the seams were forty-one seasons of
dreams
Dreams that you could feel
Coming real

And that very dress, so the papers swore

Was the dress a girl in Odessa wore
On the day she promised forevermore
To love a young man named Schmuel
Who only one day before
Had knocked at her kitchen door

(To Cathy)

Plenty have hoped and dreamed and prayed
But they can't get out of Klimovich
If Schmuel had been a cute goyishe maid
He'd've looked a lot like you
Maybe it's just that you're afraid to go out on to a...
limb-ovich
Maybe your heart's completely swayed
But your head can't follow through

But shouldn't I want the world to see
The brilliant girl who inspires me?
Don't you think that now's a good time to be
The ambitious freak you are?
Say goodbye to wiping ashtrays at the bar
Say hello to Cathy Hiatt, big-time star!

'Cause I say:

Na na na na na na na Cathy, you get to be happy! Na na na na na na I give you unlimited time! Na na na na na na Stop temping and go and be happy!

Here's a headshot guy and a new BackStage Where you're right for something on every page Take a breath Take a step Take a chance

(He gives her his gift: a lovely watch) Take your time...

Have I mentioned today How lucky I am To be in love with you!

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