

THE STRUDEL SONG -

THE WITCH SINGS AND GETS THE TOPPING READY AS GRETEL CHOPS THE APPLES.

OLD LADY
(Sings)

Come little children, strudel time,
My monthly feast is here again,
Come little children, strudel time,
Your childish strength I need to drain.

The oven's getting nice and hot,
My bird will put you in the pot,
Apples will sweeten dreary boys,
Cinnamon for girls who make too much noise.

Little arms, little legs,
When the pastry's nearly done,
Put them both inside,
Very soon I'll be young!

Their unhappy little lives,
Don't need to strive,
In my candy home,
They'll be nibbled to the bone!

Come little children, strudel time,
I can feel the spell is getting strong,
Come little children, strudel time,
This aging body won't be here for long.

Now I'll put them in my cake,
And the heart of all my dreams I'll bake,
When my wrinkles fall away,
My love will last another day.