

Small

Sure, but they seem friendly and generous once you get them in the right mood.
(They exit)

Villager #1 / _____

Where do you think the soup stone came from?

Villager #2 / _____

I bet you it came from outer space. That would explain its eerie powers.

Villager #3 / _____

If you ask me, the stone is obviously the fossilized bone of some very holy saint.
Perhaps Saint Basil, the patron saint of seasoning.

Narrator

I wouldn't be surprised if the soup had healing powers.

Rudy

I was all stuffed up, but this soup completely cleared my sinuses.

Margaret

And I've been blind for the last seven years, but now I can see!

Villager #4 / _____

No, Margaret, you've been deaf for the last seven years.

Margaret

What did she say?

Villager #5 / _____

Did you hear that the stone never loses its flavour? It could make a million bowls of soup and still be good as new.

Villager #6 / _____

A stone like that could provide all the food we'd ever need.

(The Villagers scratch their chins. They all have the same idea at the same time)

All the Villagers:

Hmmm...

We Need That Stone

(Once in unison; second time split into 2 (or 3) parts, group one singing all the way through the song, group two singing until group one finishes, (group three singing likewise until group one is done). End with tripled last line.

Part One:

O well we need that stone or it could be catastrophe,

We need that stone or all is lost,

We'd better take this chance, 'cause it could be our last, you see

We need that stone at any cost!

Stone Soup Lyrics

by Linnea Good

The Soup Vegetable Rap

1) One potato, two potato, three potato, four.
Five potato, six potato, seven 'tato more!
One potato, two potato, three potato, four.
Five potato, six potato, seven 'tato more! Don't

2) Turnip your nose at me!
Don't turnip your nose at me!
Don't turnip your nose, don't turnip your nose,
don't turnip your nose at me! I've

3) Green been, but I'm wiser now,
I've green been but I'm wiser now.
I've green been but I'm wiser now,
I've green been, now I'm smart!

4) Broccoli, cauliflower, cabbage and corn!
Broccoli, cauliflower, cabbage and corn!
Broccoli, cauliflower, cabbage and corn!
Rutabaga, bok choy! (turn to your neighbour)
Bless you!

5) Ever so onion, there's snow peas legume.
Beet ever so onion, there's snow peas legume.

6) A sweet potato I yam, I yam.
A sweet potato I yam.
Don't carrot folks say, peas see it my way,
A sweet potato I yam!

End: There's snow peas legume!!

Two Wandering Wonderers

Two wandering wonderers we
Roaming the countryside free
Seeking our fortune or just a kind word,
Bringing a song or a joke you've not heard.
A day's honest work...
Well now, THAT one's absurd!
Two wandering wonderers we.

Two humble wayfarers we come.
Seeking to trouble no one.
A soft welcome pillow to place at the head.
A small glass of water, a stout crust of bread.
OR a hottub and pizza would be great instead -
Two humble wayfarers we come.

Stone Soup! Theme

1) First you take a pot that is deep and wide
You blow a little luck way down inside
You take a big-mouth spoon and wave it all around
Then you pour a lot of water in a long way down
And you say a little prayer to depend upon,
Plop goes the soup-stone - soup's on!

Soup! Stone soup! Soup! Stone soup!
I'll say it to you now; I'll say it even louder:
You've never had a bowl of soup as
rich as this chowder!

2) The soup is very tasty but we mustn't disturb.
With the right amount of simmering
it's simply superb.

Maybe the job looks simple, like in any fool's power,
But it's years and years of training -
Or at least a quarter hour.
Hold on to your laurels till the cooking's done,
Count on the soupstone - soup's on!

Soup! Stone soup! Soup! Stone soup!
I'll say it to you now ;
Without the mumbo-jumbo:
You've never had a bowl of soup as rich as this gumbo!

3) Well, how's it gonna taste and
how's it gonna smell?
Well, every soup is different and you never can tell.
One day it has the flavour of a trip to Bombay,
While the next is like a meadow on a summer's day.
It can take you to the Rockies or the Amazon,
Pow'r of the soupstone - soup's on!

Soup! Stone soup! Soup! Stone soup!
I'll say it to you now; I'd never lie of corscht!
You've never had a bowl of soup as
rich as this borscht!

B-Part:

Who would have thought that this hard, heavy thing
Feasting and friendship and riches might bring.
Who would have guessed as they stared at that rock
It held the hidden magic, It turns a day from tragic,
By making us a bouillion, a bisque, a hearty stock?

Soup! Stone soup! Soup! Stone soup!
The temperature is rising,
there's just a bit of froth!
We'll soon be supping supper with a
bowl of hot broth!