

"Pam the Wonder-Child"

WRITTEN BY

ALICE HALSEY

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*"The Adventures of Princess Felice," "Daphne's Christmas Lesson," "The Little Actress,"
"Cheering up a Convalescent," "Before the Curtain Rises," etc.
"The Fairy Grass-hopper," "The New Pierrot," and other plays.*

MUSIC BY

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Characters.

The part of PAM should be taken by a girl of 12 to 14 years of age, very sweet and pathetic looking in first part of play. Has large wondering eyes, and could be made to look very rosy and radiant at the end of play. SPRING, AURORA and THE DRYAD could all be taken by older girls, of 15 to 18 years of age, tall if possible.

THE WINDS about 12 to 14 years of age, rather smaller than Pam, very gay and sparkling in contrast to her in the first act.

Mr. SQUIRREL and the BUNNIES taken by smaller children, and the TOAD-STOOL ELVES by very small children.

The FLOWERS arranged in following order of size if possible, and be taken by children from 5 to 12 years old.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER. The smallest child of all.

SNOWDROP and CROCUS.

BUTTERCUP and DAISY.

VIOLET and PRIMROSE.

WOOD ANEMONE and DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.

HEART'S-EASE and BLUEBELL.

WILD ROSE and BUTTERFLIES.

WOODLAND FAIRIES by older girls.

Description of Costumes.

THE DRYAD.—Soft-flowing drapery robe of various shades from light to mid-brown, and wreath on her hair.

SOUTH WIND.—Tight-fitting tunic of cream colour drapery (in strips) of pale pink and brown tints. They should be left ragged at edge and flowing from waist to shoulder. White wings round the head. Sandals could be worn with tiny wings at back, or could be bare foot if preferred.

WEST WIND.—Tight-fitting tunic in pale grey, drapery as South Wind in colours of grey and pale blue. Wings and sandals.

AURORA.—Light floating draperies of very pale pink deepening into flame, worn over a tunic of gold tissue. Gold sun rays on the head.

SPRING.—Floating draperies of light shades of green, a gold crown on her head or wreath of flowers.

MR. SQUIRREL.—A brown, furry Squirrel tunic, with long, curly tail, only the child's face showing.

BUNNIES.—Brown or white furry tunics. Short tails with a little white underneath, and only the faces showing.

TOAD-STOOL ELVES.—Close-fitting elves' suits and caps with green or brown ears, and skirts cut the shape of toad-stools.

BUTTERFLIES.—Gauze tunics and painted wings. Wings on head.

FAIRY HERALD.—Tunic of any light colour, cap, and tabor of gold or silver gauze, and wings to match. Carries trumpet.

WILD FLOWERS.—Tight-fitting tunics of green petals in colour to represent the various flowers, either caps of the petals or wreaths may be worn. Wings cut the shape of petals, bare legs and green shoes, or bare feet.

PAM.—Very poorly dressed, but clean and refined-looking.

WOODLAND FAIRIES.—Flowing drapery gowns of darker shades of green than the one worn by Spring, each one carrying a little electric torch under her drapery. Wreaths of green leaves and drapery wings attached to wrist.

ONE SCENE THROUGHOUT—WOODLAND.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SCENERY AND STAGING.—Ground covered with green cloth. Trunks of trees. Right Centre of stage large trees for Dryad and Fairies to emerge from. One or two mossy banks. Rabbit holes far back of stage, and large Toad-stool left centre; a good effect can be obtained by Pam resting asleep by mossy bank and Fairies grouping round on raised banks. During the Song and the Dance of Spring, the Fairies pose in various parts of the Wood, well in the background.

"PAM THE WONDER-CHILD."

ACT I.

SCENE : A Woodland Glen.

TIME : Early Spring.

(Birds singing, and soft music playing as PAM (a pretty little flower-girl, with large wondering sad eyes) enters slowly and wearily. She is pale and tired-looking, puts down her basket and sits beside it, sighing heavily.)

INTRODUCTION.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The first system begins with the instruction "Slowly." and "pp Misterioso." The melody in the treble staff is characterized by wide intervals and a slow, descending line. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with sustained notes. The second system continues the slow, atmospheric mood with the instruction "poco a poco. . . . cres. e accel." The third system features a more active melody and is marked "CURTAIN." above the staff, with dynamics "f" and "ff" indicating a crescendo. The fourth system shows a deceleration with "dim. e rall." and a return to a slower tempo with "p, a tempo. morendo." The final system concludes with a very soft, fading passage marked "dim in u en do. ppp".

Slowly.
pp Misterioso.

poco a poco. . . . cres. e accel.

CURTAIN.
f ff poco a poco.

dim. e rall. p, a tempo. morendo.

dim in u en do. ppp

PAM.—Oh dear ! how tired I am ! I have walked for miles and miles, through roads and country lanes and fields. Although I am very tired I do not mind. People have been so kind on my journey. Sometimes it seemed as if the winds were laughing behind me and kept helping me along with little puffs ! I am glad to see these lovely woods for myself, and have picked these wild flowers. How different to being pushed about at Covent Garden and tramping the streets to try and sell my flowers, and then, at the end of the day, hardly enough money to get supper for Micky. (*Suddenly*) : Ah ! my poor little brother, I must hurry home to him. (*Taking off shoe*) : Oh dear ! I have walked a hole right through it. (*Takes off the other and the sole comes off.*) Whatever shall I do ? How can I walk home without shoes ? The stones will cut my feet ! (*She begins to weep, and tries hard to put on shoes, but finds it useless. She buries her face in her hands and cries bitterly. Shadows deepen.*) It's getting dark. I must try and find my way home. I will be brave ! Poor little Micky ! (*She again tries to struggle to her feet, and falls back in pain. Soft music starts, a beautiful DRYAD emerges from behind the trees, and the look of pain gets less on PAM's face and is changed to one of wonder. The DRYAD stands smiling at her with friendly outstretched hands until the music stops.*)

DRYAD.—I do not let people cry in the woods, PAM ! My trees do not grow well in salt water. (*PAM looks up in wonder.*) So you are just wondering how you will get home to Micky to-night ? You are always wondering, are you not ?

PAM.—Yes ! And I wonder how you know my name is Pam ? and about my little brother Micky ? Dear Lady, can you tell me my way out of the wood ?

DRYAD.—There are many ways out of the wood, my child, but I fear you cannot go to-night.

PAM (*horrified*).—Not to-night ? But I must ! Micky is all alone !

DRYAD.—No, he is not ; I have seen to that. At the present time he is sleeping happily, dreaming of the lovely things you will be able to tell him to-morrow.

PAM.—But his supper ?

DRYAD.—The FAIRIES have given him a lovely feast. So be quite happy, PAM, for once your little brother will not have time to miss you, and one day, when we have accomplished all our plans, you and Micky shall say good-bye to the smoky London and the top attic in which you are now living. You shall live amongst the birds and the flowers that I will now tell you about in my song.

THE DRYAD'S SONG.

Voice.

1. The mer - ry voice of the Dry - ad is
2. The charm - ing wood - land flow - ers, how

Piano. *mf*

heard in the dew - y morn, A - round the trees and mis - ty vales sweet
beau - ti - ful they seem ! Pi - ping fai - ry notes of gold, the

mel o - dy is born. She calls to all, Oh ! come and tread this
mu - sic of a dream. If joy be far a - way from you, the

hap - py, hap - py world, Leave all sad days and greet the flowers that
flow - ers in their train Will greet you in the morn - ing, and

REFRAIN.

na - ture has un - furled. } Come to the Dry - ad's call, a -
win your smile a - gain. }

- down the ver - dant wind - ing vale,..... Fill - ing the

wood with glee - ful sounds that waft o'er hill and dale.....

Wake with mys - tic joy a - gain, a ra diant world for

me..... Birds and flow - ers join the throng,

fill the air with joy - - ful song, Hap - py, hap - py,



PAM (*mystified*).—How wonderful! But tell me, beautiful lady, what it all means. I could listen to your singing all day, your voice is so lovely. I am not even tired now, and feel so happy I really think I could walk back quite well.

DRYAD.—No; not to-night!

PAM.—But I cannot understand. Am I to sleep in the woods?

DRYAD.—We live here always. Cannot you stay *one* night?

PAM.—But just now you said we. Are there any more wonderful people like yourself?

DRYAD.—I have many friends, *you* shall presently see them for yourself.

PAM.—Will your friends soon be here? For I want to see them before I go away.

DRYAD.—Very soon; but in the meanwhile, I want to tell you a story. Will you listen?

(*The DRYAD sits down on the trunk of a tree and PAM nestles at her feet in rapt wonder, whilst the DRYAD relates her story.*)

Not so very long ago, and *not* so very far away in the heart of smoky London Town, there lived a sweet and gentle mother to whom the Gods had given a very beautiful voice, by which she earned her living for herself and her two children. One day she was taken very ill. She recovered, but, alas! she was told she would never sing again. She tried other means of earning money, but they became poorer and poorer, and when the little girl was still very young the lady died, leaving the little girl in sole charge of a small crippled brother. No wonder that the poor child (although brave) became very sad and old for her years. Next to the great love that she bore for her brother was her intense love for flowers, so (although a little lady) she became a flower girl, and had a very hard struggle. There was little that was bright and beautiful in her life. As months went on her face became far too sad for that of a child. Sometimes the passers-by would remark on it, speak kindly, and then forget all about her. One day she was intently looking at the skies, her eyes (beautiful and blue) were transfixed with wonder at the gorgeous colours of a rainbow. An artist in passing was so struck with the look of rapture, asked her to become his model for a picture of "The Wonder-Child." The artist was very poor himself, but to the best of his means he was kind and generous to his little model. Winter came on and food was scarce, and sometimes the child's expression was so hopeless that the artist lost all heart, and would give her picture up in despair. He longed to see again the look of rapture the rainbow had brought to her face, but all in vain. Poor child! her sordid surroundings appeared to have robbed her of imagination. One day the artist told her he was going away for a while into the country. He wanted (he said) to hear the voice of the flowers, the wind whispering to the trees, and to see the children and the brooks playing together. The child asked him if the trees and the flowers could really speak. "Of course they *can*!" he replied; "I can always hear their voices in the country, but *never* in the town, and one day," he ~~said~~, smilingly, "when I am richer, I will take *you* to hear them, and then perhaps I shall get the material for my picture, which is to make my fortune and *yours*."

PAM (*starting up*).—Lady, are you telling me my own story? How did you know? Are *you* the lady of the woods that my artist says he always sees but seldom hears?

DRYAD.—I hope that I'm the friend to all artists.

PAM.—My friend told me once that he had often tried to speak to you. You sang and danced so beautifully, but you always ran away so fast he could never catch you. And so, year after year he has had to be content simply to see you in his dreams and listen to your voice. Isn't it wonderful to think that I have really seen you! What a lot I shall have to tell him!

(*Sound of the rushing of the WINDS through the trees, and SOUTH WIND and WEST WIND come laughing in, gaily twirling round. They rush up to DRYAD and kiss her cheek. She greets them lovingly. They all stand together. PAM rises and stands apart, lost in rapt wonder.*)

DRYAD.—Here are my friends.

WEST WIND.—I expect you want to know who we are, don't you Pam?

SOUTH WIND.—Well, my dear, we are the Winds, and have just blown in through the trees for a little rest, and to see our dear lady. (*They again kiss the cheek of DRYAD.*)

DRYAD.—They are indeed my friends, Pam, for without them I should never hear the world's gossip.

PAM.—It is wonderful that they should interest themselves in a poor little girl like me, for I have never even seen them before.

SOUTH WIND.—But you have heard us howling enough, haven't you? Don't you recollect one day last week your artist friend scolding you because you wouldn't smile?

PAM (*with wide eyes*).—Yes, I do!

WEST WIND.—Well, I happened to be peeping in at the window, and thought that I saw a big tear on your cheek, so I blew his canvas and papers all over his studio and made him say a word . . . well! well! it would rhyme very nicely with Pam!!! (*Puts her finger to her lips, shrieks with laughter and whirls round and dances. PAM begins to smile.*)

DRYAD.—You little wantons, stop laughing, and tell me what you have been doing to-day!

SOUTH WIND.—Nothing much. I've just thrown old Farmer Brown's chimney pot into the garden—such a lark! Ha! Ha!

PAM.—Do you travel over the sea as well as the land?

WEST WIND.—Do we travel over the sea as well as the land? What do you say, sister?

(*The WINDS are again both rocked by laughter and whirl and sway with keen enjoyment. WEST WIND becomes more serious.*)

SOUTH WIND.—Yes, Pam, often at night I flutter over the tall masts and carry secrets to the spirit of the Sea, from our dear friend the Dryad here (*goes up to DRYAD and stands lovingly by her*), which are a great comfort to her, for the sailors say that the wind carries a scent of the land, and they dream of these deliciously cool woods and of the lovely spring days ashore, and I get news to bring back to my lady of what is passing on the seas.

PAM.—How wonderful you are! I will never call you that horrid wind any more.

WEST WIND.—But we can do a deal of damage when we have a real wild frolicsome fit on us—can't we, South?

SOUTH WIND.—I should say so, West! We'll just sing you a little song before we settle down for the night. (*The WINDS sing the following Song, and Dance.*)

2

WIND'S SONG.

(*Sung by WEST WIND and SOUTH WIND and CHORUS.*)

Moderato.

Voice. *p*

When the world is fast a -

Piano. *mp* *p*

- sleep, Wrapped in slum - ber, calm and deep, Up from the riv - er and

L.H.

o - ver the lea, With a twirl and a whirl, we spring and leap.

CHORUS. *p*

Twir - ling, whir - ling, whist - - ling, woo.....

p

cres.

Wak - ing good folk from their sleep, With a twir - ling, whir - ling, whist - - ling,

p *p* *sf*

WOO,..... WOO.....

p *p* *sf*

VERSE 2.

Then round the chim - ney pots we creep,

sf *f*

Whis-tle thro' the key-hole, thro' win - dow peep ; Star-tle naugh-ty chil - dren

f

molto cres. *ff*

out of their sleep, As shriek - ing with laugh - ter we roar and leap,

molto cres. *ff* *dim. e rall.*

f Twir - ling, whir - ling, whist - - ling, *p* woo.....

Wak - ing good folks from their sleep, With a twir - ling, whir - ling, whist - ling,

p WOO..... *p* WOO..... *sf*

p *sf* *sf*

Ped. *

(They laugh and whirl round singing, and Chorus is repeated in wings. WINDS perform dance and rush off laughing, after kissing the DRYAD and PAM.)

WINDS.—Good-bye, Pam ; we will come and see you to-morrow. *(PAM smiles.)*

DRYAD *(calling "WINDS.")* *(The WINDS whirl back laughing.)*

DRYAD.—See what a wonderful smile. *(WINDS nod and rush off again.)*

DRYAD.—Now we have said good-night to the teasing winds, it is time you went to sleep, for the stars, I see, are creeping out, and I can see my little woodland sprites watching you behind the trees and whispering their evening song.

(Soft music. Green fairy sprites creep up one by one. PAM sits transfixed with wonder. DRYAD glides away. The FAIRIES dance and lights go down. PAM falls asleep. FAIRIES cluster round her and sing Lullaby.)

FAIRIES' LULLABY.

1st Treble.

2nd Treble.

Piano.

p

1. When the dusk falls o'er the sk'; On the wood-land
2. Till the dawn is in the skies We will watch with

cres.

banks we lie In our robes and wings of green, Wood-land fai - ries are un - seen.....
lov - ing eyes; When you wake in glad sur - prise, Wood-land fai - ries watch-night dies,

cres.

Sing-ing
Wood-land

p

..... Sing-ing their sweet lul - la - by: Lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by, Lul - la, lul - la,
..... Woodland fai - ries watch-night dies. Lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by, Lul - la, lul - la,

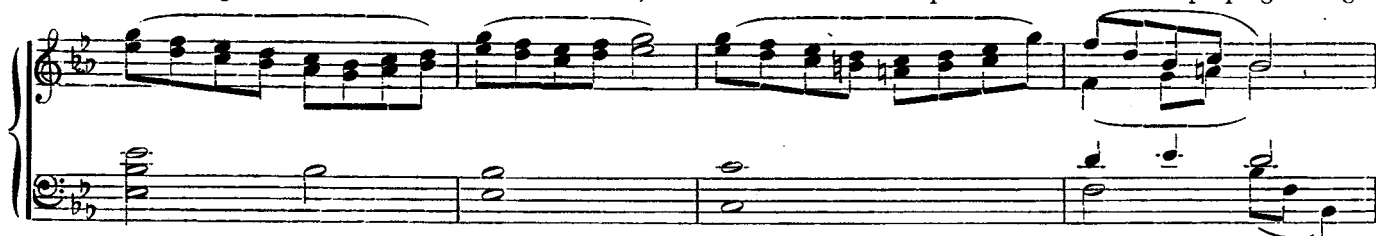
p

lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by,
fai - ries watch-night dies. Lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by,

underneath their leaves in shadow, Hangs a Violet.



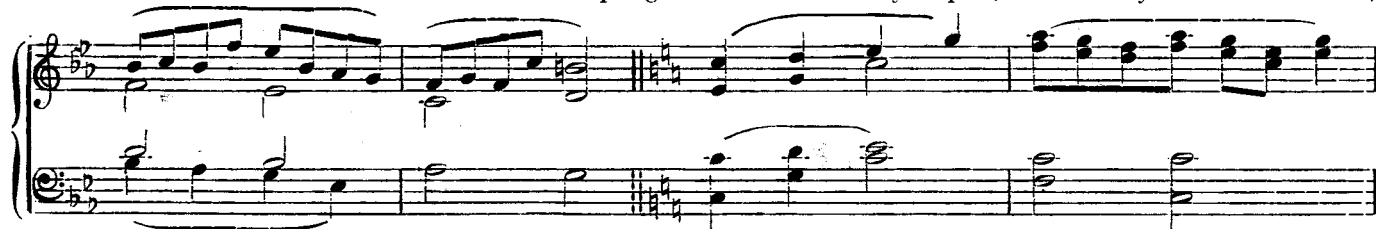
Every leaf throughout the forest Then is decked anew, As their tender leaves of promised flowers come peeping through.



Leaves that make the Summer glory And the Autumn pride, Laurels for the Bridegroom, Blossoms for the Bride.



Springtime weaves its mossy carpets, Coloured by the Sun and shade,



Spring again is the season welcomed by the lover and the maid, As they wander heart to heart adown the forest woodland glade.



Repeat for Verse 2.

lul - la - by— Good - night !..... lul - la - by.

lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by— Good - night !..... lul - la - by.

pp

3. Peace-ful-ly sleep in Land of Dreams, Free from all earth's

dim. *pp*

trou - bled streams ; The Land of Dreams is bet - ter far, And fai - ries watch 'neath

guid - ing star,..... Sing - ing their sweet lul - la - by: Lul - la, lul - la,
Sing - ing lul - la, lul - la - by:

lul - la - by, lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by— Good - - night,.....
Lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by, lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by— Good -

..... good - - night,..... good - - night!.....
- - night,..... good - - night..... good - night!

The musical score is written for two voices and piano. It is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked *p* (piano). The lyrics are: "lul - - la - - by, lul - - la - - by, lul - - - - -". The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic pattern in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The score concludes with a *pp* (pianissimo) marking and a final chord.

(At the end of Fairies' Lullaby the voices die away. Each fairy is holding a little electric torch which they let out one by one until the stage is in darkness. PAM sleeps peacefully.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

(Curtain rises at Dawn on PAM sleeping peacefully. AURORA, the goddess of Morn, rises slowly from back of stage. She slowly expands her wings, which are in colours to represent Dawn. Soft music. She comes down stage, dances, after which she goes to PAM and wakens her.)

AURORA'S DANCE.

The musical score for "AURORA'S DANCE" is written for piano accompaniment in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system contains repeat signs. The third system continues the melodic and harmonic development. The fourth system includes a tempo change from *rall. e dim.* (rallentando and diminishing) to *a tempo. mf* (return to tempo and mezzo-forte). The fifth system concludes with a *FINE* instruction. The key signature remains G major throughout, with a final double bar line and repeat sign.



AURORA (*smiling*).—You are wondering who I am?

PAM.—Yes! Everything is so strange and lovely! I have been to sleep with the fairies. I'm sure I heard them singing. But who are you?

AURORA.—I am Aurora, the Star of the Morning. It is I who go out to meet the Sun, and to light up his pathway, watch over his flowers and make their colours grow brighter. I love everything beautiful. Many and many a year have I roamed through this country. I visit this spot every morning, but never have I seen a pair of eyes so full of wonder. You have never seen me robed like this before, have you?

PAM.—No.

AURORA.—What is your name?

PAM.—Pam.

AURORA.—A name that sounded very much like yours was whistled by the winds through the pine trees last night. (*Birds sing.*) Why, the birds seem to have the very note in their song to give you a welcome, Pam. (*They listen, PAM entranced, and AURORA smiling.*)

PAM.—The world seems to have become so beautiful.

AURORA.—The world is always beautiful; but when the clouds gather thick and fast around, you cannot see all its glories.

PAM.—Did you come down from the skies?

AURORA.—*You poor little mortal!* I expect that (*smiling sadly*) you are used to seeing me clad in robes of grey. I hope that in future you will always see me in my colours of to-day—rosy and bright. I must away; my work is to waken the world from sleep, but first let me put some roses in your cheeks.

(AURORA kisses PAM, waves her arms and rushes away through the trees. By this time PAM is very wide awake, and happy. Little TOAD-STOOL ELVES creep from under mushrooms, and BUNNIES creep out of holes.)

1ST TOAD-STOOL ELF (*going up to BUNNY*).

Mister Bun, we'll have some fun
Although we are Toad-stool Elves;
You'll catch me, and I'll catch you—
And we'll both of us catch ourselves.

(Another ELF joins them, and another BUNNY creeps out of hole. They all form a ring and dance round, then spy PAM.)

1ST BUNNY.—Oh, my whiskers! There's a Mortal!

2ND BUNNY.—A Mortal did you say, brother? Then there's another Bunny in his hole.

(2ND BUNNY starts to run away, but little ELF catches him by his tail.)

2ND ELF.—Don't be silly, Bun, we know all about her. She's the little Mortal our lady knows, and she has come to spend the day with us. You know what to-day is, don't you, Bun?

2ND BUN.—No.

2ND ELF.—It's Spring's Birthday.

ALL.—Hurrah! Hurrah!

2ND ELF.—Yes; it's the first of April.

1ST BUN.—If that cry-baby comes, what *are* we going to do with a Mortal? You have got your umbrellas—(pointing to mushrooms)—we Bunnies have our holes.

1ST ELF (gaily).—First of April is not invited, Bun, so stop your butts. Now for our little Mortal.

(ELVES go courageously forward. PAM is collecting flowers in her basket, putting on hat, etc., not heeding the group until ELF speaks. BUNNIES hang behind.)

1ST ELF.—Good morning, Mortal!

2ND ELF.—Good morning, Mortal! You must excuse our friends, they are rather timid. Come here, you shirkers, and carry the basket. (Gives BUNNY PAM's basket, and they all go and sit in group, with PAM in centre.)

PAM (to BUNNY).—Why are you timid?

1ST BUN.—We were born that way, suppose.

PAM.—*I know*, for Mummy used to tell us a story about you, and it's Micky, my little brother's favourite story. I believe that I know it by heart; shall I tell it you?

BUNNIES.—Yes, please!

PAM.—Well, one night the moon looked down from the sky upon the people on earth, and said, "How sorrowful they all look! The stars and myself are never sad, and I do not know why man should be troubled." Now, as the moon could not leave the sky, he called to a white rabbit, and said, "Would you be afraid to go down to earth?" "No," said the rabbit, "I'm not afraid." Then, said the moon, "The people on earth are troubled because death is before them. Now you go and whisper, the moon dies every night, you can see it go down to darkness, but when another night comes, the moon rises again. Can you remember to tell them that?" "Yes," said the rabbit, "say the moon rises and so will you." But when the rabbit got to earth he frolicked and danced, and forgot his proper message, and the moon was so angry he fired an arrow at the rabbit. (The BUNNIES bring out tiny little handkerchiefs and begin to cry.) And that is why every rabbit has a split lip and is afraid of the moon and the people on earth.

BUNNIES.—Thank you for telling us such a nice story. It's funny you should know more about us than we know ourselves.

2ND BUN.—It's the way of the world, brother.

1ST BUN.—This is going to be a wonderful day for you. We are expecting our friend Mr. Squirrel. He's the cleverest of our lot; has an idea a minute. (SQUIRREL appears.) Why, here he is!

MR. SQUIRREL.—Good morning, everybody! Did I hear you mention my name?

2ND BUN.—Yes, we were just telling our little friend here how clever you are; simply full of ideas.

SQUIRREL.—Yes, an idea is a thing worth having. Do you know why?

PAM.—No.

SQUIRREL.—Because you have always got it with you. I have one now.

ALL.—What is it?

SQUIRREL.—I have an idea . . .

ALL.—Yes?

SQUIRREL.—I have an idea . . . that the little Mortal . . .

BUNNIES and ELVES.—Yes, hurry up!

SQUIRREL.—Would like some breakfast.

PAM.—I am rather hungry, but how can I get breakfast in the wood?

(SQUIRREL beckons BUNNIES and ELVES, and they all whisper together and rush off. 1ST ELF returns with tiny cup and saucer, 2ND ELF with a leaf of fruit. 1ST BUNNY brings a pot of honey, 2ND BUNNY a little plate of bread and butter, and the SQUIRREL disappears for a moment and returns with nuts.)

PAM.—What a lovely breakfast!

SQUIRREL (acting as host).—Have some fairy tea. I don't suppose you have even heard of it, have you?

PAM.—No ; what is it made of ?

SQUIRREL.—It's better than all the other tea in the world. It is made from the early morning dew, and warmed by the sun. Taste it. (PAM sips tea.)

PAM.—It's simply lovely !

SQUIRREL (*wagging his tail*).—You will be full of fun, Pam, when you have had some of our fare.

1ST BUN (*handing bread and honey*).—With the compliments of the Bee, who has been buzzing round, and has fallen in love with you.

(PAM eats breakfast quickly. SQUIRREL cracks her a nut or two. ELVES quickly clear away. SQUIRREL places them all.)

SQUIRREL.—Now for a song. Why, here are the Winds, Fairies !

(WINDS rush in, FAIRIES rise up from banks. Laughing song and dance for PAM, SQUIRREL, BUNNIES, ELVES, and WINDS.)

SING A SONG OF SUNSHINE.

With spirit. *f*

Voice. *f*

Piano. *f*

i. Sing a song of sun-shine, A for-est full of glee,

Mor-tals, elves and bun - nies, Laugh-ing, ha, ha, he! Ha ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

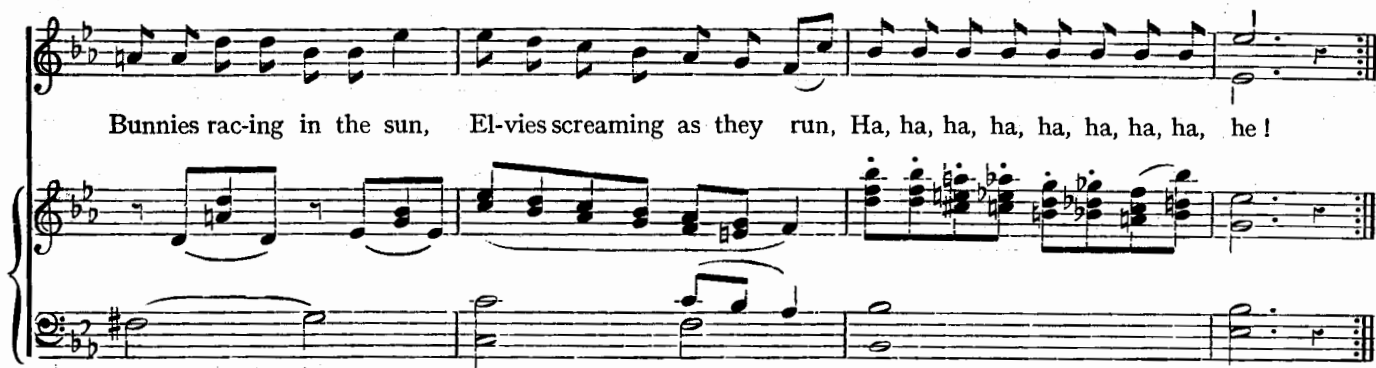
he! Winds that rock with laughter, As hap-py as can be, Fairies join-ing in the fun,

Bunnies rac-ing in the sun, El-vies screaming as they run, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, he!

2. Mis - ter Squir-rel is so fun - ny, Cracks a joke with Mis-tress Bun-ny,
3. Pam has sipped the Fai - ry tea, Her heart's now light as light can be,

El - vies hold their sides with glee, } Laughing, laughing, ha, ha, he! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Not a care in life has she, }

he! Winds that rock with laughter, As hap-py as can be, Fairies join-ing in the fun,



(They all laugh, sing and dance gaily. The scene should be a very merry one.)

HERALD (blowing horn).—Spring is here!

(HERALD runs back and heads procession. FLOWERS and BUTTERFLIES march in (for March see page 30), led by SPRING. She is dressed in green, and wears a golden crown, the smallest child leading her by the hand. SNOWDROP and CROCUS and other flowers follow in height and make a procession round stage. They are welcomed by "Hail! Hail!" from Chorus, and make an effective grouping.)

SPRING (rising).—Little Mortal, and dear Woodland friends, thank you once again for your welcome. My birthday festivity is going to be an especially happy one to-day, being the first occasion on which we have had a little Mortal at our Banquet, and a very charming little Mortal, to which I'm sure you will all agree.

ALL (clap hands and respond).—Yes! Yes!

(SPRING goes over to PAM's side and takes her hand. PAM sits at her feet.)

PAM.—Are you really Spring? How did you come to earth? Will you please tell me all about yourself?

FLOWERS.—Spring, do recite us your poem.

SPRING (rises, smiling at the FLOWERS, and recites).—

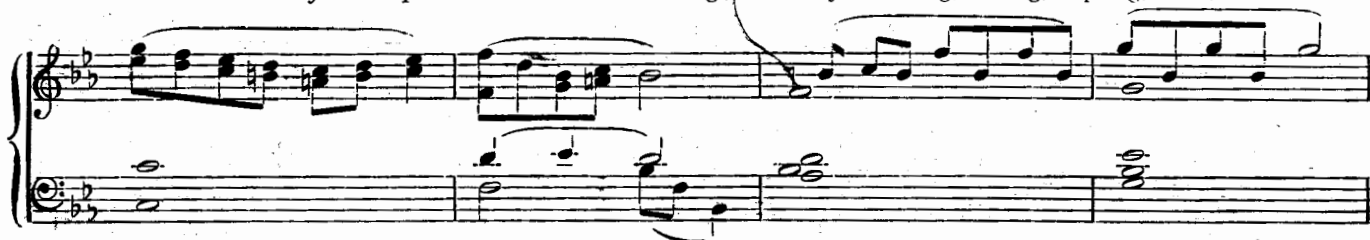
SPRING'S SONG.

Recitation with Music.

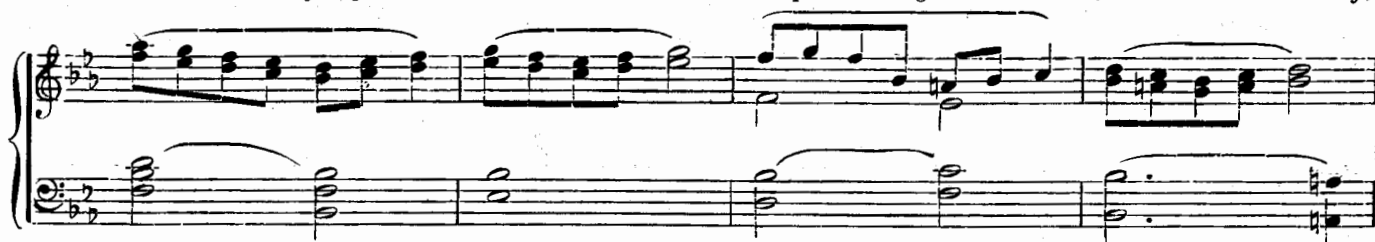
Listen, then, my flowers, to the words of Spring,



When the winter days have passed and the buds I bring; I hear you calling, calling, "Spring, arise, arise!" Then



Sunshine sheds her rays again, warmth from the azure skies. Hope comes again to cheer us, dull sadness flies away,



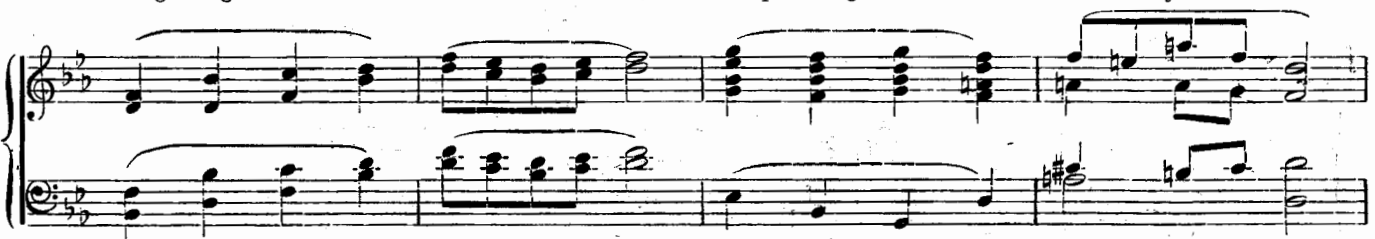
Earth sounds full of music and sounds brighter every day; Spring has broken winter chain, Earth is bright and green again,



Little Snowdrop robes of white, See the lights of day.



Next I bring the golden Crocus From her hidden store, And the spreading showers of Daisies Each day more and more.



To the hedges, then, I hasten, Wake up cowslips, sweet to set, Primroses in their wild profusion With their petals wet, and



f Twir - ling, whir - ling, whist - - ling, *p* woo.....

f Wak - ing good folks from their sleep, With a twir - ling, whir - ling, whist - ling, *p*

p woo..... *p* woo..... *sf*

p *sf* *sf*

Ped. *

(They laugh and whirl round singing, and Chorus is repeated in wings. WINDS perform dance and rush off laughing, after kissing the DRYAD and PAM.)

WINDS.—Good-bye, Pam ; we will come and see you to-morrow. (PAM smiles.)

DRYAD (calling " WINDS.") (The WINDS whirl back laughing.)

DRYAD.—See what a wonderful smile. (WINDS nod and rush off again.)

DRYAD.—Now we have said good-night to the teasing winds, it is time you went to sleep, for the stars, I see, are creeping out, and I can see my little woodland sprites watching you behind the trees and whispering their evening song.

(Soft music. Green fairy sprites creep up one by one. PAM sits transfixed with wonder. DRYAD glides away. The FAIRIES dance and lights go down. PAM falls asleep. FAIRIES cluster round her and sing Lullaby.

My warm breath makes the cold winds vanish from the world away, And the balmy air is heavy with delightful scent of May.



FLOWERS and CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah!

SQUIRREL (*stepping forward*).—I have an idea.

SPRING (*smiling*).—Well, my wise friend, what is it?

SQUIRREL.—That, as our little Mortal is a newcomer, many of our flowers are complete strangers to her, and should be introduced.

SPRING.—Quite right; you shall be Master of the Ceremonies! Now, prepare for the Court!

(SQUIRREL bows, and arranges scene. SPRING sits on trunk of tree with PAM at her side. SQUIRREL holds scroll, FLOWERS queue up, arranged in order by the RABBITS, who afterwards take up their places front of stage with ELVES.)

SQUIRREL (*reading from scroll*).—CROCUS.

CROCUS (*bows to SPRING and PAM and then recites to audience*)—

Outside the world is grey and cold,
But 'though I'm small I'm very bold.
My month is when the earth is brown,
So thought I'd wear my eiderdown.

SQUIRREL.—Snowdrop.

SNOWDROP (*copies CROCUS and recites poem*)—

After Winter's long, sleeping,
Now Snowdrop is come.
From the earth I come creeping,
Welcome as November sun.

SQUIRREL.—Four-leaf Clover.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER (*same as others*). (*Runs up laughing to audience*).—

I'm the lucky little Four-leaf Clover,
And a most atrocious rover.
Don't stay long in any place,
Thought you'd like to see my face.

(*Bows to audience, runs up and kisses SPRING, gives PAM a leaf, saying, "There's luck for you, PAM." Laughingly takes her place with others.*)

SQUIRREL.—Wood-Anemone.

WOOD-ANEMONE.

The song of Spring has wakened me,
The Woodland Flower, Anemone.
We Woodland Flowers have come together,
Bold to risk the April weather.

SQUIRREL.—Daffy-down-dilly.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.

I'm everybody's darling!
The Blackbird and the Starling;
I'm the Lenten lily, Daffy-down-dilly,
And what do you think?
Jack Frost tried to pinch me
And send me back to bed.
I said, "Jack, don't be silly,
I'm Daffy-down-dilly,
And waiting to be fed."

SQUIRREL.—Primrose.

PRIMROSE.

My petals open wide in Spring,
My scent is sweet and good ;
A Primrose tells of happy things
In sunny lane and wood ;
And when a little child is ill
I bloom upon his window-sill.

SQUIRREL.—Violet.

VIOLET.

I'm a modest Violet,
And live on mossy ground.
Primrose maids my neighbours are ;
Wren and Robin hop around.
When Spring comes I'm always found.

SQUIRREL.—Heart's-Ease.

HEART'S-EASE.

Mine is the flower when the heart is young.
Wild Pansy my name when I grow in the woods,
Heart's-ease on the garden wall.
I've another name still—
It's jump up and kiss me !
That is the one I like best of all. (Blows a kiss to audience.)

SQUIRREL.—Buttercup and Daisy. *(They come hand in hand and stand side by side.)*

BUTTERCUP.

I am a golden buttercup.
This morning, very early,
I was thirsty, so I made
A buttercup with the morning dew
And I drank it up. *(She pretends to drink.)*

DAISY.

Children love to play with me ;
I'm the babies' flower.
They make a daisy chain, you see,
Spending many an hour with me.

(BUTTERCUP and DAISY hold hands, curtsy and retire.)

SQUIRREL.—Bluebell.

BLUEBELL.

My petals are blue as the skies,
As lovely as bluest of eyes.
Through the long, hot summer days
Bluebell gently, softly sways ;
Lives where nothing else can grow—
No wonder that you love me so.

SQUIRREL.—Wild Rose.

WILD ROSE.

A Wild Rose runs everywhere,
Likes to breathe the nice fresh air.
Ladies of high-bred connection
Envy my pink and white complexion.

(All FLOWERS group round, and SQUIRREL gathers up scroll and bows.)

SPRING.—Now that we have held our little court, we shall have to consult our good friend Mr. Squirrel as to the entertainment of our honoured guest.

(Excitement amongst FLOWERS. They whisper and laugh. SNOWDROP and CROCUS run up to SQUIRREL and whisper in his ear. He nods and goes back to SPRING.)

SQUIRREL.—The Flowers have learnt a song and dance in honour of your birthday, and with your permission they would like to entertain you.

SPRING.—Thank you, my dear little friends. I shall be delighted.

FLOWERS' SONG AND DANCE TO SPRING.

Voice.

1. Heigh - - ho! heigh - - ho!
2. Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo!

Joyfully.

Piano.

Spring..... has be - gun,
What..... do you hear?

Hap - py flow - ers dance and run;
Spring has come, and flowers are near.

Play - ful winds fill air with glee And joy - ful songs..... of sweet mel - o - dy.
Buds on the bush - es, birds in the trees Are singing their loud - - - est song to the breeze.

Sport - ful, play - ful, spring has come. Heigh - - ho! heigh - - ho!

1st verse. 2nd verse.

Spring..... has be - gun. Spring..... has be - gun.....

(FLOWERS rise and run about and clap their hands. WINDS rush in laughing, and FLOWER FAIRIES rise up from back of stage and keep in background, singing and swaying in movement. After song a Ballet of Wild Flowers may be performed with SPRING as soloist. After this, WOODLAND FAIRIES creep away, WINDS kiss the cheek of PAM and rush off laughing, and lights begin to go down slowly.)

BALLET OF WILD FLOWERS.

Lightly.

mp

mp

mp

L. H. L. H.



SQUIRREL.—I have an idea.

SPRING.—Yes, Mr. Squirrel. What is it?

SQUIRREL.—That it's time the flowers went back to bed.

SPRING.—Quite right, my wise friend ; it's a bit too late for some of our little friends, the Crocus and the Snowdrop especially.

(SNOWDROP and CROCUS run up and take her hand and kiss it.)

SQUIRREL.—Bunnies, back to your holes!

(Exit of FLOWERS to March.)

MARCH.







(BUNNIES bow to SPRING and PAM, and scamper back. Fairy March is heard in the distance, and lights lower a little more. HERALD appears. SPRING goes off with FLOWERS to March; much slower movement. In the half-light SQUIRREL bows to PAM, puts finger on lips as she attempts to speak, then disappears. PAM looks round wondering, then gets up and looks round stage, goes to bank and gets very drowsy and goes to sleep. Stage is now nearly in darkness. FAIRIES come in one by one and put on electric torches, softly singing as they move (last verse of "Fairies' Lullaby" on Page 16). They arrange themselves in an effective group towards end of Lullaby Song, the lights go off one by one, and FAIRIES disappear. There is a soft light thrown upon the sleeping PAM as the curtain slowly falls. Curtain rises for a moment, lights up PAM looking radiantly happy. She looks at her shoe and smiles, gathers her flowers together in basket and prepares for her journey.)

QUICK CURTAIN.