

BUTTERFLY BEAU (*enters and flutters about*)

I'm a volatile thing, with an exquisite wing,
Sprinkled o'er with the tints of the rainbow,
All the Butterflies swarm to behold my sweet form,
Though the Grubs all vote me a vain beau.
I my toilet go through, with my rose-water dew,
And each blossom contributes its essence;
Then all fragrance and grace, not a plume out of place,
I adorn the gay world with my presence—
In short, you must know,
I'm the Butterfly Beau.

At first I enchant a fair Sensitive plant,
Then I flirt with the Pink of perfection;
Then I see a Sweet Pea, and I whisper, "For thee
I have long felt a fond predilection."

In short, you must know,
I'm the Butterfly Beau.

—T. Haynes Bayly.

MISS SPRINGTIME

Come, bonny bright flowers,
And let us all sing
A sweet song of gladness
That will make the woods ring.
The gay hours of springtime
Are happy and long,
So gather together,
And sing a blithe song.

BUTTERFLY BEAU conducts MISS SPRINGTIME to
a green throne in the centre, while all the others

VOICES OF THE WOODS

Melody A. RUBENSTEIN

Tom: MELODY IN "F"



1. Wel--come sweet spring-time! We greet thee in song, Mur--murs of glad-ness Fall on the
Chorus: See, then ye birds, raise your voices on high; Flow--rets a--wake ye! Burst in--to
2. Wel--come sweet spring-time! What joy now is ours, Wint--en has fled to far dis--tant



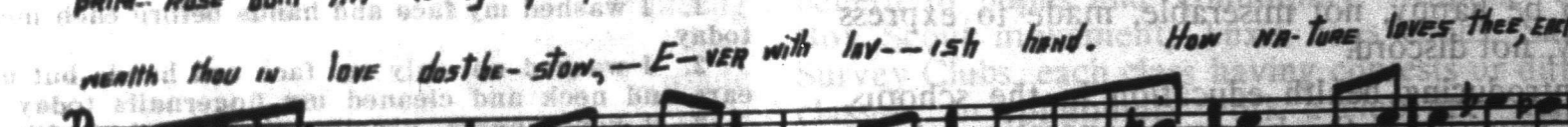
EAR-- VOICES long hush'd now than full notes pro--long— Ech o--ing far and near. Sun--shine now
blooms— Spring-time is com, and sweet sum--mer is nigh— Sing, then ye birds, oh sing! Brook--lets me
climes— Flo--ry pres--ence a--waits in the bow--ers, Long--we fan thy com--ranks. Brook--lets me



wakes all the flow'ets from sleep, Joy giving INCENSE floats on the air— Snow drop and
whis--ping as on--ward they flow, Songs of de-light at thy glad re--turn— Bound--less the



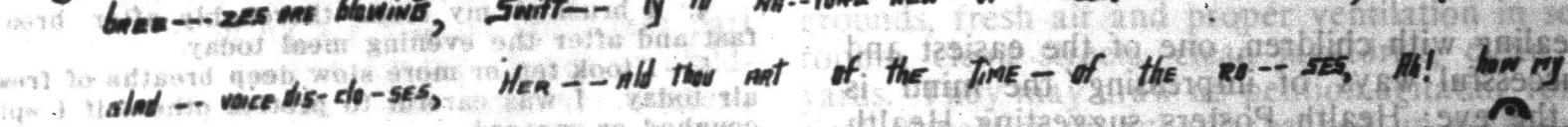
prim--rose both tim--id-ly peep— Pn--ing the glad NEW YEAR. Balm--y and life breathing



wealth thou in love dost be--stow— E--ver with lov--ish hand. How NA--ture loves thee each



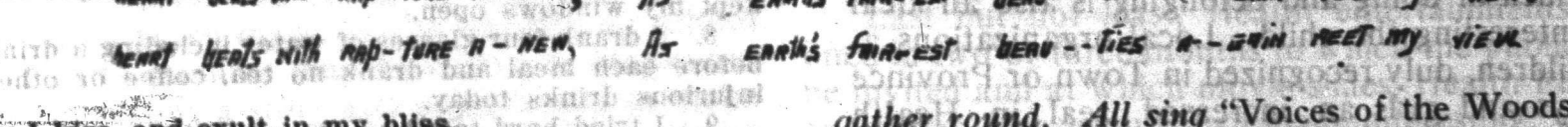
breath--zes me blowing, Swift--ly to NA--ture new vi--sor be--stow--ing, Ah! how my



aland-- voice dis--clo--ses, Her--ald thou art of the TIME--of the RO--ses, Ah! how my



heart beats with rap--ture a--new, As earth's fair--est beau--ties a--gain meet my VIEW.



heart beats with rap--ture a--new, As earth's fair--est beau--ties a--gain meet my VIEW.

A Lily I kiss, and exult in my bliss,
But I very soon search for a new lip;
And I pause in my flight to exclaim with delight,
"Oh! how dearly I love you, my Tulip!"
In short, you must know,
I'm the Butterfly Beau.

Thus forever I rove, and the honey of love
From each delicate blossom I pilfer;
But though many I see pale and pining for me,
I know more that are worth growing ill for;
And though I must own, there are some that I've known,
Whose external attractions are splendid;
On myself I most dote, for in my pretty coat
All the tints of the garden are blended—

gather round. All sing "Voices of the Woods," written and adapted by Wm. Michael Watson from Rubenstein's "Melody in F."

EDITOR'S SUGGESTION—Two folk dances might well be added which would increase the attractiveness of the program. All the flowers might dance Sellinger's Round before Billy Bumble-Bee comes in. Again, after Miss Springtime has been seated on the throne before her last speech and the final song the Flowers might dance "Gathering Peascods." Both of these dances are easily learned. Phonograph records of each of them may be obtained either from the Columbia Graphophone Company or the Victor Company. The editor will be glad to send directions for these two dances to any teacher who wishes them.