

The songbirds are singing.  
Wake, wake from your dreams.  
And hear the soft music  
Of the rippling streams.

TRAILING ARBUTUS (*walking slowly and coming forward*)

Darlings of the forest!  
Blossoming alone,  
When earth's grief is sorest  
For her jewels gone—  
E'er the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds have blown.  
Tinged with color faintly,  
Like the morning sky.  
Or, more pale and saintly,  
Wrapped in leaves you lie—  
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.  
Fairest and most lonely,  
From the world apart;  
Made for beauty only,  
Veiled from nature's heart  
With such unconscious grace as makes the dream of Art!  
—Rose Terry Cooke.

(As TRAILING ARBUTUS finishes, someone whistles  
bird calls behind the scenes, or a bird whistle may be  
used)

#### MISS SPRINGTIME

I know the song the bluebird is singing.  
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.  
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,  
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!  
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?  
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's singing.  
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

BLUEBIRD (*enters. In the last stanza, he goes to  
each flower as he mentions its name*)

#### BLUEBIRD

Dear little blossoms down under the snow,  
You must be weary of winter, I know;  
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer!  
Summer is coming! and Springtime is here!

Little white snowdrop I pray you arise;  
Bright yellow crocus! come, open your eyes;  
Sweet little violet, hid from the cold,  
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;  
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?  
Summer is coming! and Springtime is here!  
—Emily H. Miller.

(SNOWDROP, CROCUS, VIOLET, and DAFFODIL come  
forward after being awakened, and each speaks in  
turn)

#### SNOWDROP

The Bluebird has called us,  
Miss Springtime is here,  
'Tis the very best time  
In all of the year.  
The bright sun so shiny  
Has melted the snow,  
The soft breezes blowing  
Are murmuring low.  
Dear Springtime, we're happy  
To wake one and all,  
And bloom in our glory  
At the Bluebird's call.

#### CROCUS

I too, am so happy  
To lift up my head  
From the snowy white blanket

Which covered my bed;  
And I'll bloom with the others,  
And bring gladness and mirth  
To all who inhabit  
This rusty old earth.

#### VIOLET

Under the green hedges after the snow  
There do the dear little violets grow,  
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads,  
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

—J. Moultrie.

#### DAFFODIL

I wonder what spendthrift chose to spill  
Such bright gold under my window sill!  
Is it fairy gold? Does it glitter still?  
Bless me! it is but a daffodil.

—Celia Thaxter.

MISS SPRINGTIME (*touching the three flowers left  
in rapid succession*)

Wake up, Johnny-Jump-Up,  
And pale Lily too,  
Come, come, Dandelion,  
We're waiting for you.  
The flowers are all watching  
To see you arise—  
Wake up, little sleepers,  
Come open your eyes.

(The last three flowers awaken, and speak in turn)

#### JOHNNY-JUMP-UP

I'm young Johnny-Jump-Up,  
And I'm glad to be done  
With dark winter weather—  
Now I'm ready for fun.  
The leaf-buds are bursting.  
The cold days are past,  
Come, welcome glad Springtime  
Who's with us at last.

#### LILY

Little white lily,  
Sat by a stone,  
Drooping and waiting  
Till the sun shone.  
Little white lily  
Sunshine has fed;  
Little white lily  
Is lifting her head.

—Geo. MacDonald.

#### DANDELION

There's a dandy little fellow,  
Who dresses all in yellow,  
In yellow with an overcoat of green;  
With his hair all crisp and curly,  
In the springtime bright and early,  
A tripping o'er the meadow he is seen.

—Nellie Garrabrant.

(A buzzing sound is heard, and in comes BILLY  
BUMBLE BEE, who runs in and out among the flowers;  
first to one, then to another)

#### BILLY BUMBLE BEE

Buzzing, buzzing, buzzing,  
Billy Bumble Bee,  
Hums among the flowers,  
Joyous, glad and free.  
Blund'ring, bulky body,  
Tumbling 'round with glee,  
Blissful every minute,  
Billy Bumble Bee.

(Buzzes to his place)