

Mrs. Summer-Fall-Winter-Springtime

Cast: 6 Readers

READER 1: We know an old woman

READER 2: Who loves rhythm and rhyme.

READER 3: She's called Mrs. Summer-Fall
Winter-Springtime.

READER 4: And true to her name,

READER 5: And for no good reason,

READER 6: She likes to write a little poem
For every single season.

ALL: On the first day of SUMMER
She wrote this little verse.
It isn't very clever,
But it could be worse!

(READER 1 PICKS UP OLD LADIES GLASSES
FROM CHAIR, PUTS THEM ON, CLEARS
THROAT, AND GETS READY TO PERFORM
THE POEM PRETENDING TO BE THE LITTLE
OLD LADY)

READER 1: "When the north pole points
Toward the sun,
The Summer Solstice,
Has begun!

(READER 1 PASSES GLASSES TO READER 2
WHO NOW PRETENDS TO BE THE LITTLE OLD
LADY AND THE READING CONTINUES)

READER 2: In June, July, August,
Take your sunscreen lotion
To the nearest pool,
Park, river, or ocean.

(READER 2 PASSES GLASSES TO READER 3
AND THE READING CONTINUES AS BEFORE):

READER 3: And don't you go home
Until day has passed.
Or you might get stuck there
Cutting the grass!"

(DURING CHORUS BELOW, READER 3
REMOVES GLASSES AND SETS THEM BACK
ON CHAIR)

ALL: No, don't you go home
Until day has passed
Or you might get stuck there
Cutting the grass!"

READER 4: I know an old woman.

READER 5: Who loves rhythm and rhyme.

READER 6: She's called Mrs. Summer-Fall
Winter-Springtime.

READER 1: And true to her name,

READER 2: And for no good reason,

READER 3: She likes to write a little poem
For every single season.

ALL: On the first day of FALL
She chants this little verse.
It isn't very clever,
But it could be worse!

(READER 4 PICKS UP OLD LADIES GLASSES
AND CANE FROM CHAIR, PUTS ON
GLASSES, HOBLES FORWARD USING CANE,
AND CONTINUES THE READING)

READER 4: "There's autumn in the air
And it couldn't smell better.
September, October -
I need my sweater!

(READER 5 COMES FORWARD, TAKES
GLASSES AND CANE FROM READER 4 WHO
GOES BACK TO ORIGINAL POSITION. THE
READING CONTINUES AS BEFORE)

READER 5: The trees turn yellow,
Orange, purple, and brown.
Dry frosted flowers are
Bent to the ground.

(READER 6 COMES FORWARD, TAKES
GLASSES AND CANE IN THE SAME WAY.
READER 5 GOES BACK TO ORIGINAL
POSITION. THE READING CONTINUES)

READER 6: Halloween, Thanksgiving,
November come and go
And I'm stuck raking leaves!

Well, wouldn't you know?"

(DURING CHORUS BELOW, READER 6 SETS
GLASSES AND CANE BACK ON CHAIR AND
GOES BACK TO ORIGINAL POSITION)

ALL: Yes, Halloween, Thanksgiving,
November come and go
And I'm stuck raking leaves!
Well, wouldn't you know?"

READER 1: I know a woman

READER 2: Who likes rhythm and rhyme.

READER 3: She's called Mrs. Summer-Fall
Winter-Springtime.

READER 4: And true to her name,

READER 5: And for no good reason,

READER 6: She likes to write little poem
For every single season.

ALL: On the first day of WINTER
She chants this little verse.
It isn't very clever,
But it could be worse!

(READER 3 PUTS ON OLD LADY'S SHAWL
AND GLASSES, HOOKS CANE OVER ARM AND
CONTINUES READING AS THE LITTLE OLD
LADY)

READER 3: "At the end of December
And in Feb-ru-ary,

Christmas cards and Valentines
Arrive for me.

(READER 3 PASSES PROPS TO READER 2
AND THE READING CONTINUES AS BEFORE)

READER 2: Then on New Years Eve
I wait and wait
For midnight to come
And it sure comes late!

(READER 2 PASSES PROPS TO READER 1
AND THE READING CONTINUES AS BEFORE)

READER 1: All through the winter
Winds howl and blow.
So grab your mittens,
And help me shovel snow!"

(DURING CHORUS BELOW, READER 1
REMOVES PROPS AND SETS THEM BACK ON
CHAIR)

ALL: Yes, all through the winter
Winds howl and blow.
So grab your mittens,
And help me shovel snow!"

READER 4: I know a woman

READER 5: Who likes rhythm and rhyme.

READER 6: She's called Mrs. Summer-Fall
Winter-Springtime.

READER 1: And true to her name,