Plays for Puppets and Marionettes



Collected, Created,
Adapted, Translated
by
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of the
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Vienna, Austria



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INTRODUCTION

During the past four years I have visited and worked in the United States with students and teachers of Waldorf education concerning the needs of the young child. It seems right to take up their request and offer the following collection of rhymes and stories for puppet plays which I have translated and presented up to now. Some of these stories we have already performed together.

The rhymes and stories are meant for the enjoyment and benefit of children up to the age of about nine years and can serve as a working impulse and starting point for those concerned with child guidance. They can be enacted with standing figures, knotted dolls, string puppets or simple marionettes. Hand puppets are also possible, but then a different arrangement for the setting is necessary.

The scenery is best built up with silks, cottons, and natural materials such as bits of bark, wood, shells, and stones, which are spread on the tables or on the floor. Where a background is necessary, silks and cottons will shine and drape best. The right colors will create the right mood. The whole scene is unveiled carefully while the children watch with great expectation, and with feelings of wonder and surprise.

The performing adult may be seen as he handles the puppets and tells the story. (You can also have a special story teller, as well as someone to help with the music.) Seeing you does not disturb the young child at all -- he soon forgets as he is interested in what is happening -- but his inner experience is strengthened, because he sees that in order for things to happen some person must be the moving force. The fact that through technical perfection, actions in our time tend to become automatic and anonymous is apt to diminish the feeling of individual responsibility and to create a false understanding of the world. Such an attitude taken from childhood into adult life can hold grave dangers that reach even up into the level of morality.

It is also important for the right development and activity of the child's senses that he can watch such a play take place in actual space -- length, breadth and depth; otherwise his sense organs are easily stupefied and made passive. Pictures of action which appear to be moving on a flat screen, brought about artificially by technical skill, confuse the young child's eye, his sense of direction and movement, and often even his mind.

If the child can see the stories unfold step by step, grow and change in the simple but beautiful way described, the pictures can be taken right into the stream of his life forces, without creating hard and fixed impressions. Such an experience could easily become worrying and depressing and leave the child a helpless onlooker standing outside the creative process he is viewing.

The simplicity and transparency of our table plays call forth the child's powers of imagination, and he is right in the midst of all that takes place. Through this the creative power for his own play as well as for his own movement and language development are stimulated. In this way the child can also be helped to become a person of independence and creative activity in later life.

I have to thank many friends for either a story or music, for helping with typing, corrections, etc. We are all indebted to and inspired by the work of Rudolf Steiner, through which our own endeavors can acquire the understanding, the warmth and enthusiasm that are so much needed in the service of the children today.

Bronja Zahlingen
Vienna, March 1982

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THE GIANT AND THE GNOME

(This play can be portrayed with knotted cloth dolls, using two extra pieces of fabric to wrap the giant's feet. The children may watch you knotting the characters.)

There was a giant, big and bold,
Whose feet were getting very cold.
He came along to our town
And walked the streets all up and down,
Calling, "Is no one hearing me?
My toes are freezing bitterly!
No single shop that I could tell
Has stockings giant-size to sell."

A little gnome both old and wise,
He gave him very good advice.
He brought two pretty bits of stuff;
The giant thought them good enough.
He wrapped his feet, his pain was eased,
And home he walked content and pleased.

* * *

THE HUNGRY CAT
Based on a Norwegian Tale

(The hungry cat can be created in front of the children by using a square of cotton cloth, preferably red. Take two corners on the same side and tie them together into a knot with the ends sticking out. These are the cat's ears. Then put your hand between the two ears, and grasping the cloth, make a fist; this loosely forms the cat's head. Then wrap the remaining cloth around your arm for the body. When you come to the part of the play where the cat says, "But now I'll eat you, for I'm hungry still," take your free hand which is holding the woodcutter, little girl, etc., and slip it under the cloth. Thereby the cat's belly grows bigger and bigger. Be sure that all the figures then remain unseen under the cloth until each one comes out when the goat takes them home. When everyone is home, and you have said good-night, you may unknot the hungry cat and lay it over the scene.)

A hungry cat is on his way.
He looks for food, he looks for prey.
"Now tell me true, and who are you?"

"I'm the man with the ax, the woodcutter good,
A-cutting the trees and chopping the wood.
Good-day, Mr. Cat, and how are you?
You've come a long way. Did you dine well today?"

"Oh, no! Just half an egg and a little stew.
But now I'll eat you, and I'll have my fill,
For I'm hungry still."

A hungry cat is on his way.
He looks for food, he looks for prey.
"Now tell me true, and who are you?"

"I'm the little girl with the pretty curl,
A-dancing along and singing a song.
Good day, Mr. Cat, and how are you?
You've come a long way. Did you dine well today?"

"Oh, no! Just half an egg and a little stew;
And the man with the ax, the woodcutter good,
A-cutting the trees and chopping the wood.
But now I'll eat you, and I'll have my fill,
For I'm hungry still."

A hungry cat is on his way.
He looks for food, he looks for prey.
"Now tell me true, and who are you?"

"I'm the little gnome, living under a stone.
Good day, Mr. Cat, and how are you?
You've come a long way. Did you dine well today?"

"Oh, no! Just half an egg and a little stew;
And the man with the ax, the woodcutter good,
A-cutting the trees and chopping the wood;
And the little girl with the pretty curl,
A-dancing along and singing a song.
But now I'll eat you, and I'll have my fill,
For I'm hungry still."

A hungry cat is on his way.
He looks for food, he looks for prey.
"Now tell me true, and who are you?"

"I am the snail, called Oh-so-slow.
I carry my house wherever I go.
Good day, Mr. Cat, and how are you?
You've come a long way. Did you dine well today?"

"Oh, no! Just half an egg and a little stew;
And the man with the ax, the woodcutter good,
A-cutting the trees and chopping the wood;
And the little girl with the pretty curl,
A-dancing along and singing a song;
And the little gnome, living under a stone.
But now I'll eat you, and I'll have my fill,
For I'm hungry still."

A hungry cat is on his way.
He looks for food, he looks for prey.
"Now tell me true, and who are you?"

"I am the goat, the Capricorn,
With the shaggy coat and the golden horn.
Good day, Mr. Cat, and how are you?
You've come a long way. Did you dine well today?"

"Oh, no! Just half an egg and a little stew;
And the man with the ax, the woodcutter good,
A-cutting the trees and chopping the wood;
And the little girl with the pretty curl,
A-dancing along and singing a song;
And the little gnome, living under a stone;
And the little snail, called Oh-so-slow,
Who carries his house where'er he may go.
But now I'll eat you, and I'll have my fill,
For I'm hungry still."

"Oh, you greedy cat, that will never do.
With my golden horns I shall finish you."

Now all came out of the stomach stout.
First the snail, called Oh-so-slow,
Who carries his house where'er he may go.

(While the snail is creeping slowly along the goat turns his head several times watching it come.)

Oh, how slowly, oh, how slowly,
Creeps the snail along his track.
Seven days he needs a-creeping
Just for half a yard and back.

"Come along, little snail, you are on the right track!
I will take you home and carry you back."
"Many thanks, Mr. Goat, I'm safely home!"

(Mr. Goat takes all the others home in turn for which they thank him.)

"Now you're safely home, and we say goodnight,
May you all sleep well 'til the morning light."

* * *

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WANTED TO BE CARRIED ALONG ALL THE TIME

Poem by F. Rückert Adapted by S. König

A dear little boy, all bonny and gay,
Went out for a walk on a bright, sunny day.
He hopped and he skipped and went dancing along
With a hey! and a ho! and a merry song.
'Til at last his feet were getting all sore,
And he cried out aloud, "I can't walk any more!
I do wisn that someone would listen to me,
I wish that someone would carry me!"

And behold -- a streamlet, a murmuring brook
Came flowing by, which the little boy took;
Through the waves, through the water the journey did go.
And the little boy said, "I like it so."

But the water was cold, of course you know,
And he cried aloud, "I don't like it, no!
I do wish that someone would listen to me,
I wish that someone would carry me!"

And lo -- there came a fine little boat,
And he sat down inside, and the boat was afloat.
Along on the waves did the little boat go,
And the little boy said, "I like it so!"

But the boat, alas, was narrow and small,
And the little boy was afraid to fall.
So he cried out loud, "I don't like it, no!
I do wish that someone would listen to me,
I wish that someone would carry me!"

A snail came along, his fear was eased,
He sat high on its house and was very pleased.
And safe and steady their ride did go,
And the little boy said, "I like it so!"

But the snail was no horse, of course, you know,
He crept along and was terribly slow.
And the little boy cried, "I don't like it, no!
I do wish that someone would listen to me,
I wish that someone would carry me."

Then a kindly horseman came passing by
Who seated the boy on his saddle high.
The little boy on horseback sat,
And merrily said, "I do like that!"

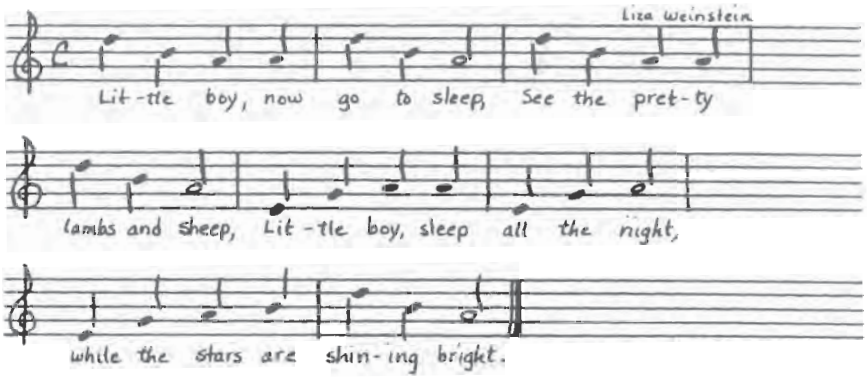
But the horse, you know, was galloping fast,
Over stick, over stone, over stiles at last.
That shook the little boy to and fro,
And he cried out loud, "I don't like it, no!
I do wish that someone would listen to me,
I wish that someone would carry me!"

Then a tree picked him up by his curly hair
And lifted him up, right into the air.
And hung him up in his branches high --
But did the little boy then die?
Oh, no -- he's dangling still in the tree's green crown,
Come on, little (Johnny), you take him down.

(As an alternative, one may use the following ending
adapted by S. König:)

So then the horse was turning around
And threw that little boy down to the ground.
The fiery horse now galloped away
While the little boy on the green grass lay.

'Til a shepherd came, very kind and old,
Who was leading his sheep along to the fold.
(Repeat as necessary)
Then the dear kind shepherd, good and old,
Took the little boy along to the fold.
And there he slept with the sheep all night.



The little boy slept with the sheep all night
'Til the sunshine came and the morning light.
When at last his mother, friendly and mild,
Came walking along, and she found her child.
She led him home like a bird to his nest,
And he said, "With my mother dear I like it best."

* * *

THE LITTLE LIGHT HORSE
by Suse König

Once upon a time there was a farmer who lived in a small house together with his wife and their only son, whose name was Jack. One day the farmer said, "It's about time our Jack should have a look at the wide world and find himself a master where he could learn a good job."

Jack liked that well enough; to go out into the world had been his wish for a long time. Quickly he went into the house with his mother to get his travelling bag ready. His father gave him a gold coin and said, "Keep it well. Should you be in need, it may help you."

Wandering Song

1. The little stream is teaching me
   To run along so gay and free.
   The flowers pink and white and blue,
   That I shall modest be and true.

2. The humming bee will show and tell
   To like my work and do it well.
   I learn from heaven high above
   To greet the whole wide world with love.

When noon came he found himself a shady spot and sat down to eat his bread. An old man came out of the forest and said: "I see you are of good cheer, young and strong. Surely you'll be the right one to free the beautiful princess. The great magician keeps her in his castle."

"Oh, this I would gladly try," said Jack. "If only I knew where to find the castle."

"Only the little light horse knows the way, and it can lead you there," said the old man. "Here, near this old oak tree the horse takes off into the forest; if you can call it by its name it will stop, and you can get onto its back. The little light horse will

carry you through the magic forest. Hold on tight, don't speak a word and do everything the horse tells you." The old man had disappeared.

"Ho," thought Jack, "just let the horse come. Why do I need to know its name? I am quick and nimble enough to catch it." Jack hid behind the oak tree. The little light horse came along. Jack jumped up to catch it, but it ran away - as fast as the wind - and Jack could but look. "Ah, this is not as easy as I have thought. I suppose I ought to know his name. What might be the name...? White horse, I suppose."

"No Jack, that is wrong, for shame.
White horse, that is not the name!"

"Well, I suppose then... Fast as the Wind!"

"No Jack, that is wrong, for shame.
Fast as the Wind is not the name!"

Jack lay down under the oak tree. "What might be the right name?" It began to grow dark, and he felt the gold coin in his pocket. "Gold, gold," he said to himself softly. A bright star shone upon his eyes. "Gold..gold..golden star," he said half in a dream. "Gold Star!-- I've got it. Yes, I've got it!" All remained silent, and he soon fell asleep.

Sleeping song - verse 1:

Night so blue,
Night so deep,
Angels fair their watch shall keep.

When he awoke the sun was up in the sky. He climbed into the oak tree, his heart jumping in his breast for joy like a lamb's tail. There! The little light horse came galloping gaily along. Jack kept very still until it was quite close. Then he called softly, "Gold Star." The horse stood absolutely still and pawed with his hoof. Jack just needed to mount it. Then the little light horse carried him into the magic forest.

Soon it grew quite dark; it rumbled in the trees. "Don't be afraid," said the little light horse. "Don't look around, whatever might be coming along." Jack did just as the little light horse told him. Around him there was a rushing and rumbling growing stronger and stronger. Jack hid his head deeply in the mane of the little light horse. Now there was whistling and swishing; a monster snapped at his feet. But Jack kept still. The little light horse trotted steadily on, and suddenly they stood in front of the magical castle.

"Ah," called the magician, "you've come to get the beautiful princess." He spoke very kindly and said, "Do come in and eat and drink, and I've got a good bed for you as well."

But the little light horse whispered, "Don't do it, don't. Stay with me in the forest."

So the magician turned away angrily. "Ah, such a one are you! I shall ask you a riddle tomorrow, and if you can guess it, the princess shall be yours."

The horse said to Jack, "Go to sleep, for the morning is wiser than the evening. I'll wake you in time." So Jack went to sleep.

Sleeping Song - verse 2:

God's own world,
Night and day,
Angels walk their starry way.

When the sun rose, the little light horse called, "Jack, get up." The magician came. "Now Jack, think hard:

At night you creep easily in,
In the morning you jump merrily out,
Mother Holle shakes it and scatters it about."

When the magician came, Jack called cheerfully, "It's the featherbed!"

"That was too easy," said the magician. "I shall have to make it harder for you.

Some animals have it upon their back,
And people have it upon their heads,
And little girls' mothers braid it
Into plaits.

Now guess!"

And Jack says, "Please, children, do help me, but softly so the magician can't hear.

Some animals have it upon their back,
And people have it upon their heads,
And little girls' mothers braid it
Into plaits.

I've got it! Sir Magician, it's the hair!" said Jack.

"Abracadabra, that was too easy still; but wait, this one you cannot guess.

Two creatures gray, the one is tall,
The other nimble, quick and small;
The big one sits by the hole in the wall,
The little one dares not come out at all.

Now guess!"

And Jack says, "Please, children, do help me, but softly so the magician can't hear.

Two creatures gray, the one is tall,
The other nimble, quick and small;
The big one sits by the hole in the wall,
The little one dares not come out at all.

It's a cat and a mouse!" cried Jack.

The magician got quite red in the face and shouted, "You think you've got her, but wait until tomorrow. I shall try you again. Abracadabra. Cadarabraba." Off he went.

"Now Jack," said the little light horse, "go to sleep. I shall keep awake for you."

Sleeping Song - verse 3:

Heaven's light,
Shining bright,
Greets the world with golden light.

In the morning the little light horse called, "Jack, get up." And there he was all ready.

Then the magician came and said, "Now my clever Jack, look well. I shall show you my dear daughters. Tell me, which is the princess?" He picked up a stone, and five green little frogs jumped up.

"Five green froggies hopping about.
One is the princess ---
Now Jack, find out!"

And the magician turned around like a whirlwind. The little light horse had come up close and whispered into Jack's ear, and he said:

"The one with eyes of gold, so clear ---
This is the princess, young and fair!"

The magician cried, "Cadarabraba. Rabadacabra. Not yet. She's not yours yet." He opened a door and let five snow-white doves fly around, and said:

"Five little white birds flying about.
One is the princess ---
Now Jack, find out!"

Then the magician cried, "Razebuz lifizli bazi." The little light horse whispered again and Jack answered:

"The one that flies highest up into the air ---
This is the princess, young and fair!"

"Cadarabraba," cried the magician. "Not yet have I lost. Come into the castle." And he led Jack up to a picture of three maidens, one as fair and beautiful as the other, and the magician spoke:

"You see the painted image here
Of three young maidens, lovely and fair ---
Now tell me, Jack,
Where stands your bride,
On the left, in the midst,
Or on the right hand side?"

Jack pondered and pondered and could not decide. Sadly he looked at his little light horse. The horse smiled at him and winked his eyes. The magician approached, and Jack turned around as fast as lightning. "Well," said the magician. "Have you found the princess?" Jack answered him:

"Neither the one on the right hand side
Nor the one on the left shall be my bride,
But the one in the midst with the golden hair,
She is the princess young and fair!"

There came a big thunderclap. The magic castle had vanished. And before the palace gateways stood the most beautiful princess. Jack lifted her to his horse, and they rode home to his father and mother. Then all the people came, and the wedding bells rang. The wedding feast was celebrated, and everyone danced and sang.
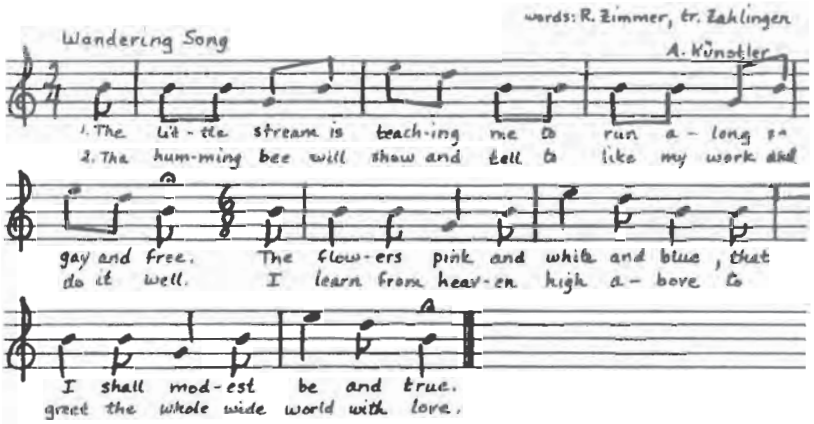
Wedding Song
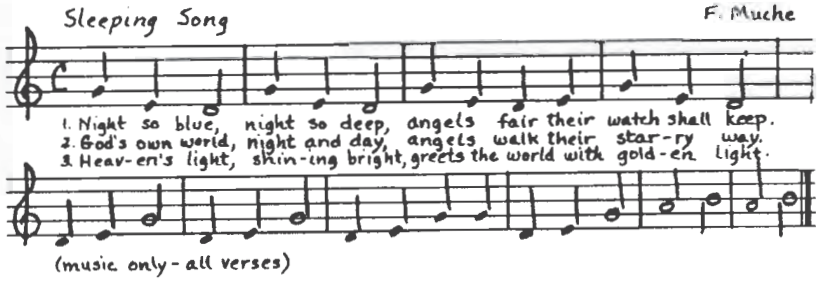
1. Violets blue and roses red,
   Now the princess you shall wed.
   Jing-ling-ding, jing-ling-ding,
   Silver bells ring jing-a-ling-a-ling.

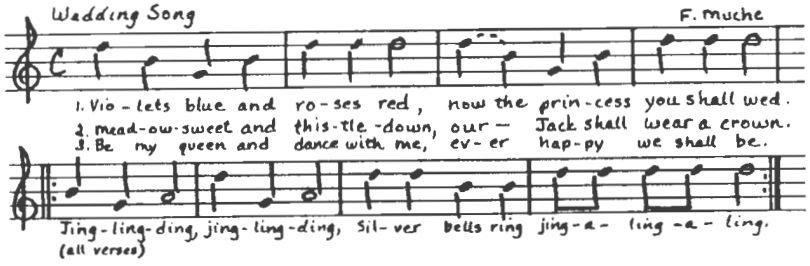
2. Meadowsweet and thistledown,
   Our Jack shall wear a crown.
   Jing-ling-ding ...

3. Be my queen and dance with me,
Ever happy we shall be.
Jing-ling-ding ...

* * *







LITTLE SPRING PLAY
by Bronja Zahlingen

Introduction -- leier music

The storyteller speaks:

Under boughs with shining blossoms
Blossombride is fast asleep,
Longing for the prince to find her,
Waken her from slumber deep.

And the flowers in the meadow
Dreaming still deep in the shadow,
Waiting for the light of day,
Softly whispering they say:

I shall be called a primrose,
I'm daisy, bluebell I;
I am the purple violet.
I'm snowdrop, and I ring
My bell to wake the Blossombride
And call the Prince of Spring.

Tune I, both verses with appropriate actions:

Heaven's gate please open wide,
That the prince may find his bride.
Sunshine, sunlight, paint the flowers bright.

Heaven's gates are open wide,
Sunshine comes to greet his bride.
Gold light, gold light paints the flowers bright.

(During the second verse the Prince descends.)

Tune II, first verse only:

Golden yellow primrose,
Daisies white and pink,
Violets and blue bells,
While the snow drops ring.

(The flowers arise one after the other.)

The storyteller speaks:

Waken, sleeping Blossombride,
See, the spring is at your side.
Winter's cold has gone away,
Full of sunshine comes the day!

Blossombride awakens: leier plays d e g a b d e

Tune II, second verse:

Flowers are awake now,
All the snowdrops ring,
Let us go a-dancing,
While the children sing.
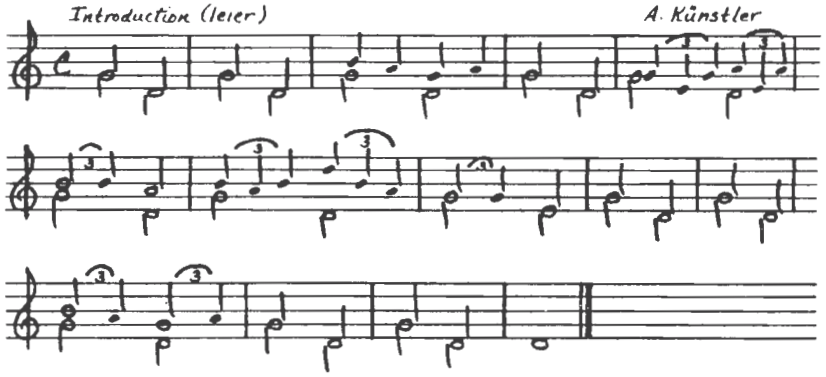
(Prince dances with Blossombride.)

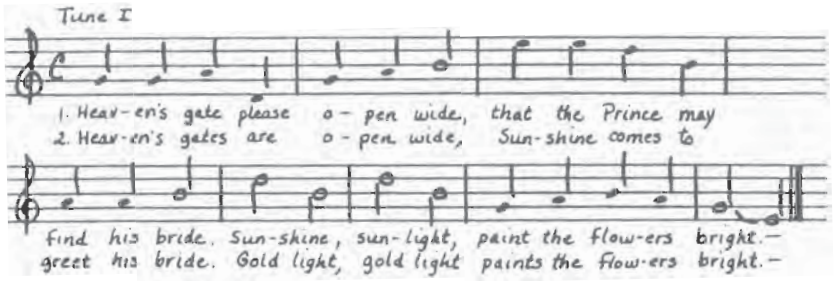
Tune III:

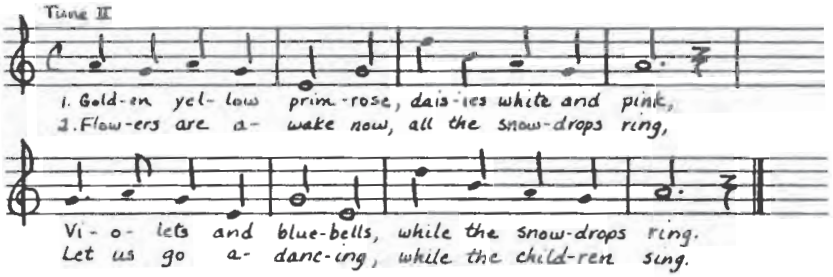
Come out a-dancing, come out a-singing,
Flowers are blooming, silver bells ringing.
Spring is here, springtime is here!

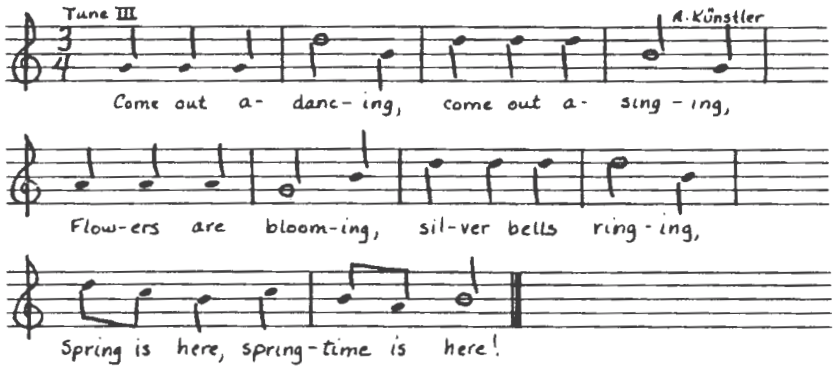
(Flowers dance.)

* * *




Tune I
1. Heav-en's gate please o - pen wide, that the Prince may
2. Heav-en's gates are o - pen wide, Sun-shine comes to
find his bride. Sun-shine, sun-light, paint the flow-ers bright.—
greet his bride. Gold light, gold light paints the flow-ers bright.—


Tune II
1. Gold-en yel- low prim-rose, dais-ies white and pink,
2. Flow-ers are a- wake now, all the snow-drops ring,
Vi - o- lets and blue-bells, while the snow-drops ring.
Let us go a- danc-ing, while the child-ren sing.


Tune III
A. Künstler
Come out a- danc- ing, come out a- sing - ing,
Flow-ers are bloom-ing, sil-ver bells ring - ing,
Spring is here, spring-time is here!

A SUMMER PLAY FOR SMALL MARIONETTES

By Bronja Zahlingen
Music by Lucie Bittrich
Story taken from H. Rolka

Introductory Music

The snail creeps across.

The storyteller speaks:

Can you be silent where green woods grow,
Where deep in the shade small streamlets flow?
Can you walk without shouting on tip of toe?
Then come! and you'll see how the little folk pass,
Gathering dewdrops from flowers and grass!

Song of the little mossy men, verses 1 and 2:

Quickly, quickly, little brother,
Gather every drop of water,
Raindrops there and dewdrops here,
Take them to the fountain clear!

Quickly, quickly, little brother,
Fill your bucket full of water,
Save it well for mother earth,
'Gainst the summer's heat and dearth!

The oldest one speaks:

I am the oldest with silvery hair,
I've lived in the forest for many a year.
I clearly feel the summer's heat
When Fireman dances on fiery feet.
So quickly, dear brothers,
Do fill up your buckets.

Song of the little mossy men, verse 2:

Quickly, quickly little brother,
Fill your bucket full of water,
Save it well for mother earth,
'Gainst the summer's heat and dearth!

The storyteller speaks:

At last comes the youngest, a wee little man,
He carries and carries and carries again.
For even the tiniest drop will be good
In the heat of the summer for flowers and root.

Song of the Little mossy men, verses 1 and 2:

Quickly, quickly, little brother, etc.

(They all sit around the pool.)

* * *

Music as in the beginning

Butterflies fly.

The storyteller speaks:

If you see a fairy ring
On a field of grass,
Very lightly step around,
Tiptoe as you pass!
Last night fairies frolicked here.
Now they're sleeping, somewhere near.

Fairies' Song, tune I, first verse:

We fairies of flowers, we butterflies,
We airy young sisters of sunny skies,
A-singing and dancing by night and by day,
'Midst fragrant sweet scents and 'midst colors gay.

Yellow fairy comes and calls:

Sisters, sisters, do not stay,
Dearest sisters, hide away!
For Fireman's coming on fiery feet
To dry up the grass with the flame of his heat!
Dear sisters away!
For we must not stay!

Music and dance of the Fireman

Fireman speaks:

I am the Fireman,
Burn with my flame I can.
I'll dry up the earth,
I'll dry up the air,
I'll dry up the grass and the flowers fair!

Fairies' Song, tune II:

Oh, come and help, green brothers dear!
Bring water from the fountain clear!
The flowers fade, the leaves are dry,
If they can't drink, they're sure to die!

Song of the little mossy men, verse 3 (sung twice):

Quickly, quickly, little brother,
Pour out every drop of water,
Fireman, you must not stay,
We will wash you right away!

Little mossy men speak twice:

With a swish and a swash
And away you'll be washed!

Fairies' Song, tune I, verse 2:

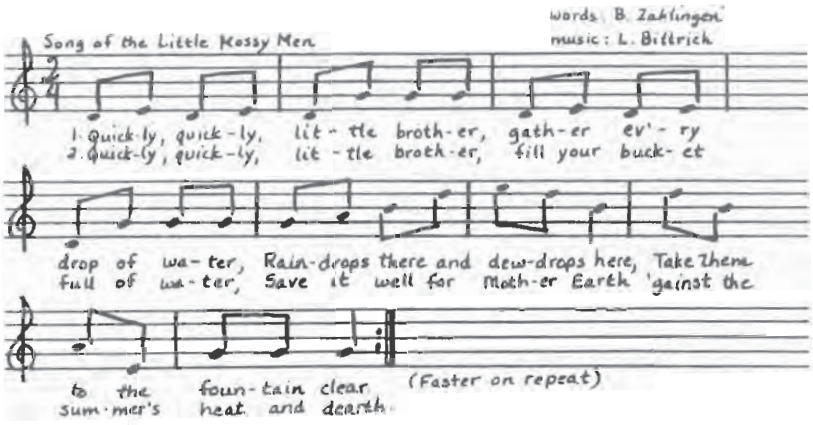
We thank you, we thank you, green brothers dear!
You've saved our lives with your water clear!
Now join in our dancing and join in our play,
Make merry with us all this summer's day!

Happy Dance of the fairies and mossy men, several times over:

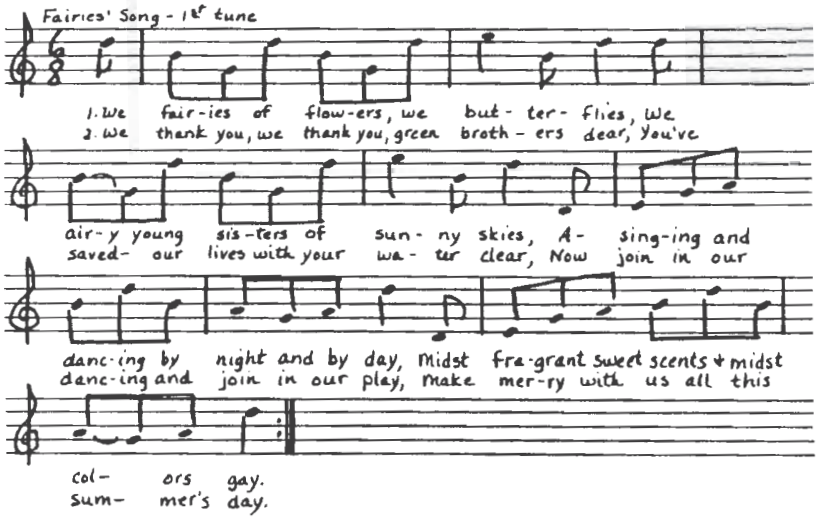
Come sing and dance,
Come laugh and play,
Be merry all this summer day!
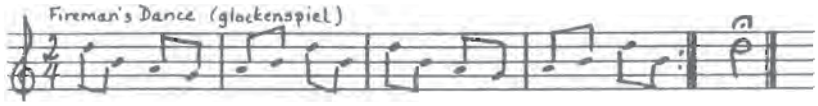
(The children may join in the singing.)

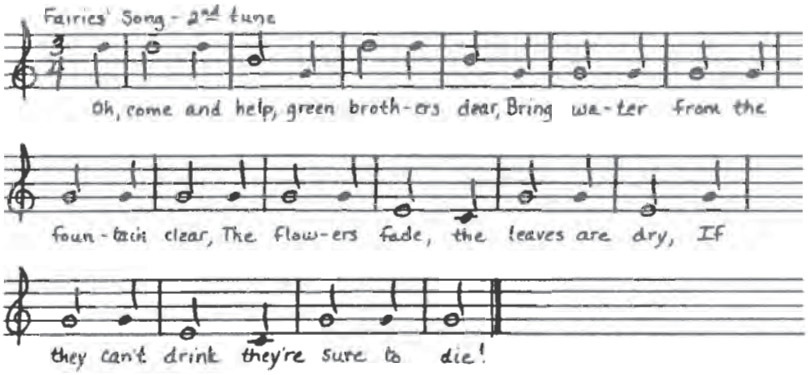
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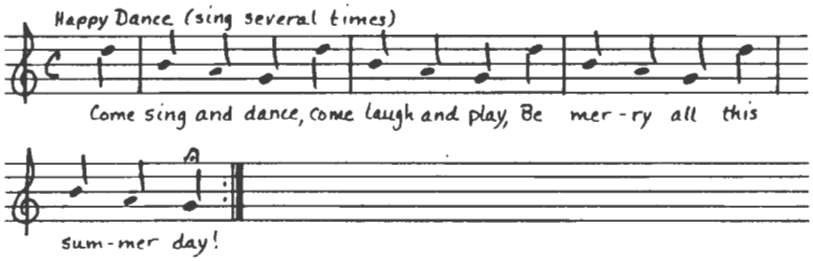


3. Quickly, quickly, little brother,
Pour out ev'ry drop of water,
Fireman, you must not stay,
We will wash you right away!




Fireman's Dance (glockenspiel)


Fairies' Song - 2nd tune
Oh, come and help, green broth-ers dear, Bring wa-ter from the
foun-tain clear, The flow-ers fade, the leaves are dry, If
they can't drink they're sure to die!


Happy Dance (sing several times)
Come sing and dance, come laugh and play, Be mer-ry all this
sum-mer day!

MASHENKA AND THE BEAR
A Russian Tale Adapted by Bronja Zahlingen

(Play music of Mashenka's song.)

Once upon a time, by the edge of a forest, there lived an old grandfather and a grandmother. They had one grandchild, a little girl named Mashenka. One day Mashenka said to her grandparents:

"Grandfather dear, grandmother dear,
I will no longer tarry here.
Into the forest let me go
Where berries sweet and mushrooms grow!"

So the old people said, "All right --

Just run along, Godspeed, dear child.
Pick all sweet berries that you like,
On stalks so small, on stalks so tall.
But mind the way, run not too fast,
Come home ere yet the day has passed!"

This Mashenka promised. She said good-bye to her grandparents and went into the forest. She picked sweet berries and mushrooms and all the time found still nicer ones and went further and further into the woods. And when she stopped to look around, she had lost her way. Then she began to run, but she only went deeper and deeper into the forest, until at last she came to a hut that was built of tree trunks. She knocked at the door and said,

"Please let me in, please let me in.
Who liveth here? No one within?
Who liveth in this little house?
No little bird, no little mouse?"

But, as nobody answered, she just went inside. When the evening came, the owner of the house returned. It was a big brown bear, and he said:

"Gruff and grum, who is on my floor?
Now you shall leave me nevermore.

Go light the fire, cook my food,
And bake the bread, all brown and good!"

When he saw the girl, he would not let her go away. So Mashenka had to stay with the bear and cook for him, light the fire, and make the bread. But she longed to go home again. At last she had a good idea about how to get away from the bear. She got some flour and milk, mixed it, and baked a nice cake. Then she fetched a big basket and said to the bear:

"O dearest bear, I ask you fair,
Please to the village let me go
Just for a visit's sake,
That my old people I may see
And bring them this fine cake."

But the bear would not let her go and said:

"Gruff and grum, that cannot be,
The basket pass along to me.
I'll put it by their cottage door,
But you shall leave me nevermore!"

But that was just what Mashenka wanted. She said:

"All right, all right, the basket take.
Inside it I shall put the cake,
But mind you do not taste of it,
Nor even do uncover it.
I'll sit right in the oak tree there,
And I shall notice if you dare!

Now look behind the house I pray.
What is the weather like today,
Fair sunshine or cold skies of gray?"

So the bear went behind the house to see what the weather was like. Mashenka put the cake on her head, jumped into the basket and put the cover on top. When the bear returned there was no Mashenka to be seen, but there stood the basket. He picked it up and started on his way. When he had wandered awhile, he grew tired and hungry, and the cake smelled so sweet that he said:

"On the tree trunk I will sit.
From the cake I'll taste a bit!"

But Mashenka in the basket called out:

"I'm watching you, I'm seeing you,
I notice what you want to do.
Get up, get up, the basket take,
And to the old ones bring the cake."

The bear was very surprised; he shook his head saying:

"Dear me, dear me, how sly is she!
She sees me from the great oak tree."

He picked up the basket again and went further. The smell of the cake was so sweet that having gone so far he thought he might safely have a try again. He said:

"On the tree trunk I will sit.
From the cake I'll taste a bit!"

But Mashenka in the basket called out:

"I'm watching you, I'm seeing you,
I notice what you want to do.
Get up, get up, the basket take,
And to the old ones bring the cake."

The bear wondered:

"Oh, she is sly, how she can spy
With her bright eye --
She sees me from the tree tops high!"

So with a sigh, he heaved up the basket and carried it to the village to the cottage door. He knocked on the door and called:

"Rum bum de dum, unlock the door.
Pick up the basket from the floor!"

But when the dogs of the village heard the bear, they began to bark. They barked so loudly that the bear just placed the basket before the door and ran back to the forest as fast as his legs would carry him. When grandfather and grandmother came out of the cottage and saw the basket, they were very surprised and said:

"What might in this fine basket be?
Take off the cover, let us see –
A crisp brown cake for you and me,
And dear Mashenka, safe and free!"

How happy were the old people to have Mashenka back again and how happy was Mashenka to be with her grandparents! They all began to dance and sing!

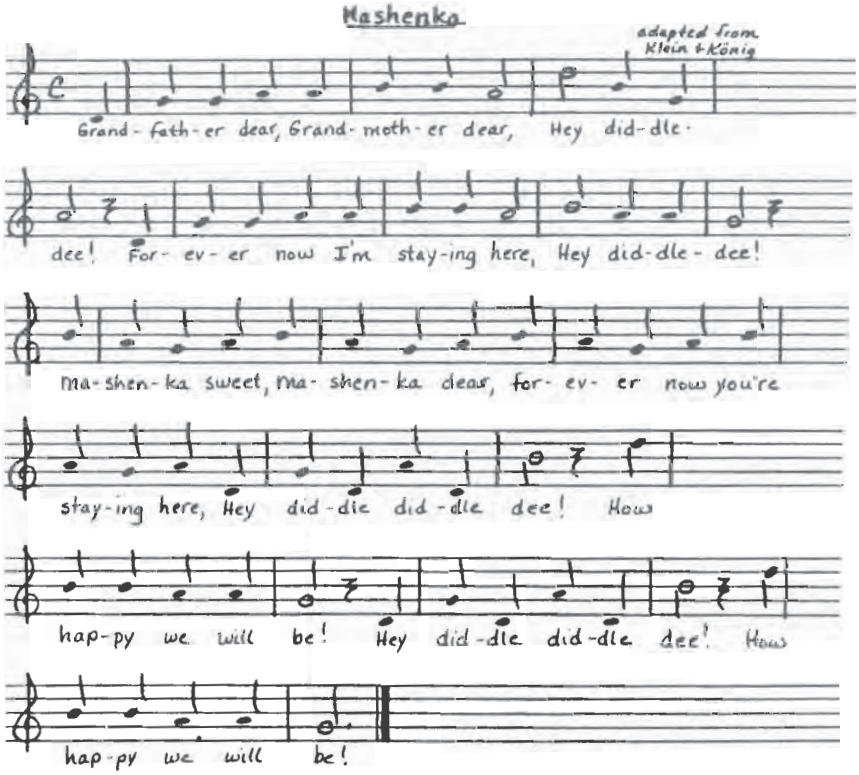
Mashenka's Song:

Grandfather dear, grandmother dear,
hey diddle dee!
Forever now I'm staying here, hey diddle dee!
Mashenka sweet, Mashenka dear,
Forever now you're staying here,
Hey diddle diddle dee! how happy we will be!
Hey diddle diddle dee! how happy we will be!

* * *

Mashenka

adapted from Klein + König



THE SWAN GEESE

A Russian Tale Slightly Adapted by Bronja Zahlingen

Once upon a time there lived a father and a mother who had two children, a little girl and a little boy who was still lying in the cradle. One day the parents said to the little girl, "We are going to the town. You stay home and look after your little brother, and we shall bring you a nice silk scarf." This the little girl gladly promised, and her father and mother went away. The little girl stayed with her brother and began to sing and dance around him:

Song: Oh happy day, oh happy day!
Oh hey diddle dum and hey diddle dee!
(Repeat above two lines)
I'm ever glad and never sad,
Hey diddle dum de dee!

Thus she went on. She danced outside the cottage as she sang, and as she danced she forgot all about her little brother and ran away into the fields. But as soon as she was gone, the wild swan geese came flying by. They settled down by the cottage, picked up the little baby and carried him away.

When the little girl remembered to come home, she could not find her little brother. She cried bitterly. Then she went out to look for him. As she walked along, she came to an oven that was filled with good brown rye bread. "Oven," said the little girl, "dear oven, can you tell me where to find my little brother?"

"Eat of my bread first," said the oven.

"Why," said the little girl, "I don't even like fine white bread. Why should I eat your dark bread?"

"Well," said the oven, "then I can't tell you where to look for your little brother." As the oven spoke thus, the lttle girl went on until she came to a crabapple tree.

"Apple tree, dear apple tree, could you tell me

where to find my little brother?"

"Eat of my apples first," said the apple tree.

"Why," said the little girl, "I don't even like the finest fruit. Why should I eat your sour apples?"

"Then I can't tell you where to find your little brother," said the apple tree. As he would not tell her, she ran on 'til she came to a little stream that was all milk and flowed between banks of honey and light jelly.

"Milk stream, little milk stream, could you tell me where to find my little brother?"

"Drink milk," said the little stream, "eat honey and jelly."

"Why no," said the little girl. "I don't like milk nor honey nor jelly."

"Then I can't tell you where to look for your little brother," said the stream, and as it would tell her nothing, she just skipped across it and ran on. She ran until she came to a little hut that stood on chicken legs and behind it there was a spinning wheel. An old Baba Yaga was sitting and spinning and sang:

Song: Turn the wheel and spin the yarn,
Turning, twisting, winding,
Sister looks for brother dear,
Can she ever find him?

"Good evening, old granny," said the little girl. "May I rest a little while? I have come a long way through mud and mire, and my clothes are all wet."

"Sit down and spin," said the Baba Yaga, who went behind the house. A little mouse came along and begged a crumb from the little girl. This she gave gladly, and the little mouse began to speak and said, "Don't cry. Baba Yaga is a witch and would eat you up and your little brother, too. But you have helped me, and now I will help you. Go into the house, take your

little brother and run away. I will spin for you meanwhile." So the little girl went into the house. She found her little brother and carried him away as fast as ever she could. After a little while, the Baba Yaga called out, "Little daughter, what are you doing?"

"I'm spinning," called the mouse, and turned the wheel. (Spinning Song)

Again the old woman called, "Little daughter, what are you doing?"

"I'm spinning," called the mouse, and turned the wheel. (Spinning Song)

But when Baba Yaga called for the third time, she realized it was the mouse spinning, and she sent off the wild swan geese to fetch the children back. The girl heard their wings flapping and just reached the milk stream.

"Milk stream, dear little milk stream, please hide me. The wild swan geese are after me and want to catch my little brother and me."

"Drink milk and eat honey," said the streamlet. She drank the milk, and she ate the honey and jelly. The streamlet hid her under its waves. Then the swan geese could not see her, and they flew back.

The little girl ran on, but soon the wild swan geese were approaching for the second time. "Apple tree," she called out. "Dear apple tree, please hide me. The swan geese are after me and want to catch my little brother and me."

"Eat of my apples," said the apple tree. She ate the sour apples, and the tree hid her under its branches. The wild geese did not find her.

On she ran, but again the wild swan geese came along. "Oven," she called. "Dear oven, please hide me. The wild swan geese are after me and want to catch my little brother and me."

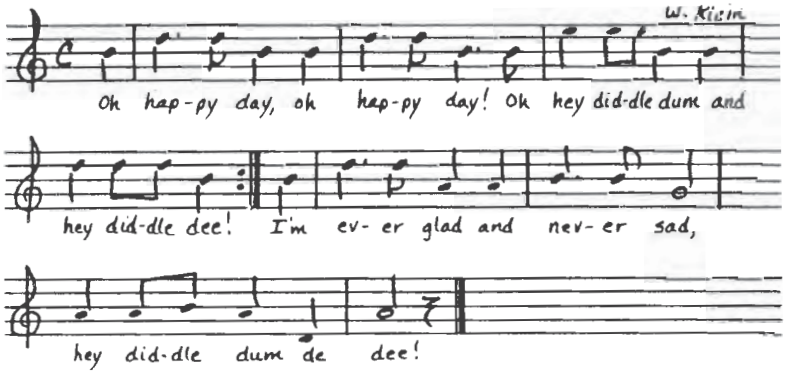
"Eat of my bread," said the oven. She ate the rye bread, and the oven let her hide inside. Now the wild geese circled round and round over the oven, but when they could not find the children, they flew back to the Baba Yaga and were never seen again.

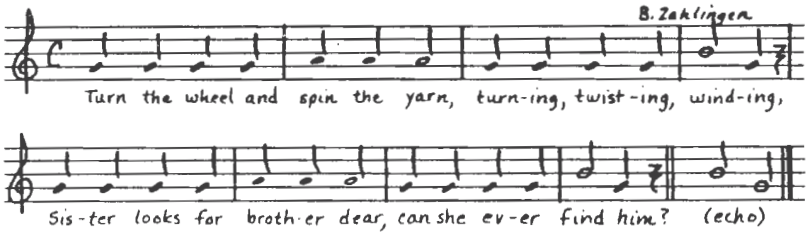
"Thank you, dear oven," said the little girl, who ran on home with her little brother.

Just when she reached the cottage, her father and mother returned from the town. How happy they were to see their daughter and the little brother safely at home. They gave her a little scarf, and they danced happily together.

Song: Oh happy day, etc.

* * *





THE SNOWMAIDEN

A Russian tale adapted by Bronja Zahlingen

Once upon a time, in the faraway land of Russia, there lived an old man and his wife in a cottage near the forest. They had horses and cows, geese and ducks, cats and dogs, and many, many chickens. But they had no children. "Ah," they said, "in all the other houses there is such a row and a noise and a chatter going on, and laughing, with all those children. Only in our house it is so still. If only we had a little daughter, too."

One day in winter when the snow had fallen and was lying thick on the ground, the children were playing and snowballing, building snowmen and even a Baba Yaga of snow (a snow witch, you know). The old man and the old woman said to one another, "How would it be if we went out into the yard and made ourselves a little maiden of snow? Maybe the good God would help us and make her alive! Then we should have a little daughter, too. Who can tell?"

No sooner said than done. One evening, when the moon was shining brightly, the old man and the old woman went out into the yard together. Carefully they gathered up the snow, gently they rolled and formed a little head, and arms and feet, and lo and behold -- there stood a lovely little maiden made of snow. Her lips and her eyes were tightly closed. "Ah," called the old man and the old woman, "you shall be our little daughter, our white dove. Why don't you look at us? Speak to your good father! Laugh to your little mother!"

And the good God heard the old people. The Snowmaiden opened her eyes. She began to laugh. That was like little silver bells ringing. She began to dance and sing.

Snowmaiden Song - first four verses:

1. When the snow falls soft and lightly,
   Down to earth I come so brightly,
   Shining like the stars on high,
   Daughter of the snow am I.

2. See me dancing fast and faster,
   Wind shall be my dancing master,
   Up and down and round I go,
   Little daughter of the snow.

3. Jingle bells with merry ringing,
   On a sled I'll ride a-singing,
   Skating o'er the ice I'll go,
   Little daughter of the snow.

4. But should your love not be true,
   I'll no longer stay with you,
   Back to heaven I must go,
   Little daughter of the snow.

"We do love you," said the old people. "You shall be our little daughter, our white dove. Do stay with us." And they picked her up and carried her into the house. "Not too warm, not too warm!" cried the Snowmaiden when they came near the fire. She sat down on a little bench near the window. Now she wanted something to eat -- ice porridge! That was very easy to prepare. You just had to put a bit of ice into a wooden bowl, and crunch it up into little tiny bits. That she liked very much. Then she was supposed to go to bed, but she cried, "No, no! I'm a little Snowmaiden. I don't go to sleep just yet! I shall dance all night in the yard, and tomorrow I shall play with the children in the street. But you go to sleep, and don't worry -- I will not run away."

At last the old people went to bed, but every now and then they got up and looked out and saw their little daughter dancing in the moonlight. (Music) In the morning she came to eat her ice porridge, and then she waited outside for the children of the village. And there they came, all the little Sashas and Mashas,

and Natashas, the Petrouchkas and Mishiutkas, and whatever their names may be. And they were very glad to see the little daughter of the snow. They surrounded her, they played with her, they went sledding and skating, dancing and singing.

Snowmaiden Song, first two verses...

So it went all through the winter. At night she danced by herself, and in the daytime with the children. That was just lovely.

But as winter drew to an end, there was not so much snow in the street, and they had to go further away, right into the woods. There they played at hide and seek until evening, and then the children said, "Come on, little Snowmaiden, we must go to bed as our good fathers and mothers have told us to do." But she called, "No, no! I'm not going to sleep yet! I still want to dance at night." And then she ran away. The children waited awhile, and waited and waited, but when she did not return, they went sadly home - all the little Sashas, and Mashas, and Natashas, the Petrouchkas and Mishiutkas. They were very good children.

When it grew quite dark, the Snowmaiden came back and looked for her friends. She called out, "Sasha, Masha, Natasha, Petrouchka, Mishiutka!" Nobody answered and nobody came. She climbed up a tree and looked out for them. But still she could see nobody. She began to cry bitterly. Then trotting through the woods came a big brown bear. He stopped under the tree. "Snowmaiden, why are you weeping?"

"Ai-yi-yi! I'm weeping for my little friends, and I want to go home again to my good father and my dear little mother." The bear called, "Come down, sit on my back and I will carry you home."

"No, no!" cried the Snowmaiden. "I'm a little bit afraid of you. You might squash me." So the bear trotted away again.

Soon after that there came a gray wolf sneaking through the wood. He stopped under the tree and called, "Snowmaiden, why are you weeping?"

"Ai-yi-yi! I'm weeping for my little friends, and I want to go home again to my good father and my dear little mother." The wolf called, "Come down, sit on my back and I will carry you home."

"No, no!" cried the Snowmaiden. "I'm a little bit afraid of you. You might gobble me up." So the wolf sneaked away again.

Soon after that there came a red fox jumping through the woods. He stopped under the tree and called, "Snowmaiden, why are you weeping?"

"Ai-yi-yi! I'm weeping for my little friends, and I want to go home again to my good father and my dear little mother." The fox called, "Come down and sit on my back, and I will surely bring you home."

"Yes, yes," called the Snowmaiden. "I am not afraid of you. You will surely bring me home." Carefully she climbed down from the tree, sat on the fox's back, and he galloped with her through the woods to the hut. There were the old people, and they moaned and they groaned, "Ah, where has she gone, our dear little daughter, our white dove? Where could she be?"

"Here I am," called the Snowmaiden. "The good fox has brought me home, and now you must give him something to eat. He's sure to be hungry."

"Yes, yes," said the old ones. "He shall have a crust of bread." But the fox replied, "A crust of bread is not enough for me. I should like a good fat hen! I've brought you home your Snowmaiden!"

"All right," said the old man and the old woman, and they went behind the house. There they began to whisper and to say, "We have our Snowmaiden again. Yes, we've got her. Shall we give a good fat hen to the fox?" And then they said something else, very quietly, that was not nice at all. They put the good

fat hen in a sack, and in another sack they put a big black dog. When they let out the good fat hen, and the dear little fox wanted to catch it, they let out the big black dog. He chased the fox into the forest without anything to eat.

"That was well done," said the old ones. "That was well done. We've got the good fat hen, and we also have our dearest Snowmaiden." But when they came into the house, she had gone quite close to the fire, and there she danced and sang sadly.

Snowmaiden Song - last verse:

5. Ah, you love me not, I see,
   Love a chicken more than me,
   Back to heaven I must go,
   Little daughter of the snow.

"Stay with us! Stay with us, our dear little daughter, our little white dove!" they called. But she rose up into the sky like a little white cloud, and went away. Where has she gone? To Father Frost and Mother Snow, over the stars to the north, where she dances all the summer on the ice. "That was not well done of us. That was not well done," said the old people. "If only she would come back again, then we would know better."

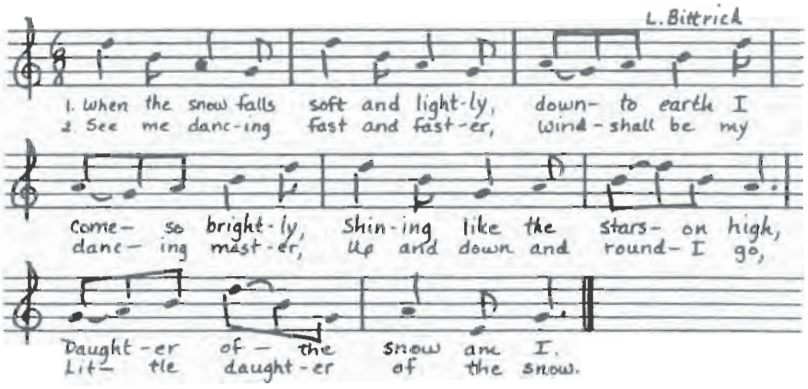
(To the great satisfaction of the children, the following ending was added:)

And she did come back. The next winter she returned, and she brought with her many little snowmaidens, who danced and sang gaily.

Snowmaiden Song, first two or more verses...

* * *

Snowmaiden



3. Jingle bells with merry ringing,
On a sled I'll ride a-singing,
Skating o'er the ice I'll go,
Little daughter of the snow.

4. But should your love not be true,
I'll no longer stay with you,
Back to heaven I must go,
Little daughter of the snow.

5. Ah, you love me not, I see,
Love a chicken more than me,
Back to heaven I must go,
Little daughter of the snow.

(Alternative verse)
But when springtime's coming near
I no longer can stay here,
Back to heaven I must go,
Little daughter of the snow.

GOLDENER

Fairy tale from Bechstein
Adapted for a puppet play by B. and H. Zahlingen
Music by E. Jacobs and W. Klein

Once upon a time, there was a father who had seven sons. The youngest was called Goldener, for he had golden hair. When they went out together, the brothers used to say, "Goldener, you go ahead, for your golden hair is shining so that we will never lose our way." One day, however, they had strayed far behind, and when Goldener looked around he could not see his brothers. He waited and he called, but no answer came; only the cuckoo call could be heard. When he had waited in vain for a while longer, Goldener decided to spend the night in the open air and search for his way and his brothers in the morning. He lay down under a linden tree and soon fell asleep. The night came, and when the silver moon was up in the sky, a shining fairy appeared to him, spinning a golden thread from a silver spindle.

Song: The finch all white,
The rose of gold,
The royal crown
The sea does hold.

Early in the morning, Goldener awoke. He felt very cheerful, as if he was sure to find the right way now. He set out on his way, and the fairy's song was still resounding in his heart.

Song: The finch all white, etc.

Soon he came to a green wood where lovely birds were flying around singing.

Song: Through the sunshine of the glade,
Through the forest's deep dark shade,
Birds do fly,
Birds do sing,
Making all the green woods ring.

From behind the bushes there came a man -- he was a bird catcher who used to catch the birds, put them into cages, and carry them to town for sale. He was very surprised by the boy with the golden hair, as he himself had hardly any hair at all growing on his head. Goldener greeted him kindly and asked for the way. This the bird catcher could not tell, but he was willing for Goldener to stay with him, help him, and learn from him. So Goldener stayed in the forest; he helped, he watched the birds, and he took great pleasure listening to their song.

Song: Through the sunshine of the glade, etc.

One day the bird catcher said, "You have been with me a long time, let us see now what you can catch. I will wait here, and you hide over there -- now try!" The little birds came, they flew around, (play song without words) and they settled down, but Goldener let them all fly away. One white bird, however, came back and settled down on his hand. "Look, sir," called Goldener, "this snow white finch has stayed with me."

"Get thee gone with your white finch," cried the bird catcher. "No one has ever seen a white finch. This is black magic; surely the evil one is behind you. Be gone, I don't want to see you any more."

Goldener was very sad. He could not feel any guilt -- there was nothing evil in his heart. Sadly he wandered away. The white bird flew ahead of him.

Music: The finch all white, etc.

Soon he came to a garden with beautiful flowers blooming in the sunshine.

Song: The flowers are blooming
Like shiny bright eyes,
When earth lifts her face,
Looking up to the skies.

There was a gardener at work, digging and hacking away in the earth. What he harvested he brought to market and sold there. "Good evening, sir," said

Goldener, "can you perhaps show me the way home?" This the gardener could not do. But he was willing to teach Goldener, keep him, and let him help. So Goldener stayed. He kept the flower beds clean, he watered the flowers and took great pleasure in tending them.

Song: The flowers are blooming, etc.

One day the gardener said, "You have been here a long time, let us see what you have learned. Go to the woods and bring me a branch of wild roses. I want to graft it onto this bush." This Goldener was very willing to do, as he had seen some lovely roses on his way. "I wonder what he will bring me," said the gardener. "This fellow with his golden hair seems to have very high aspirations."

"Look, sir," called Goldener, "I have found this beautiful golden rose!"

"Get thee gone with your golden rose," cried the gardener. "No one has ever seen a golden rose growing. This is black magic; surely the evil one is behind you. Be gone, I don't want to see you any more." Goldener was very sad. He did not feel any guilt -- no evil was in his heart.

Music: The finch all white, etc.

He wandered on until he came to the wide, blue ocean where a golden castle stood high upon the rocks. A fisherman came along in his boat singing:

Song: O'er the deep blue waters,
With my nets afloat,
Here I come a-rowing,
In my little boat.

Glistening fish are swimming
Through the waves so fair,
Silver gulls are dancing
High up in the air.

Goldener greeted the old man, saying, "Good evening to you, dear fisherman. Let me get into your

boat, and help you draw your nets. They are too heavy for you alone."

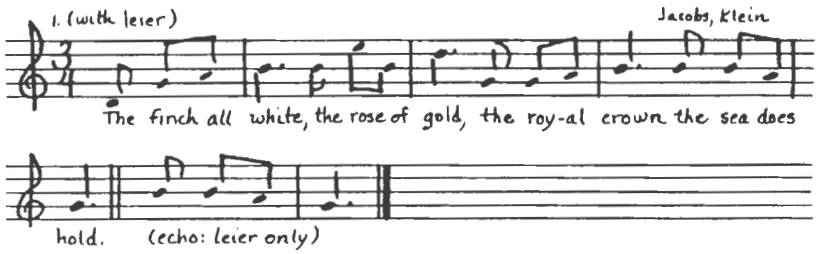
"That is kind of you, young man," said the fisherman, "that you want to help me, for I am old. Come right in." Goldener stepped into the boat. They rowed out onto the waters. The stars were glittering in the sky.
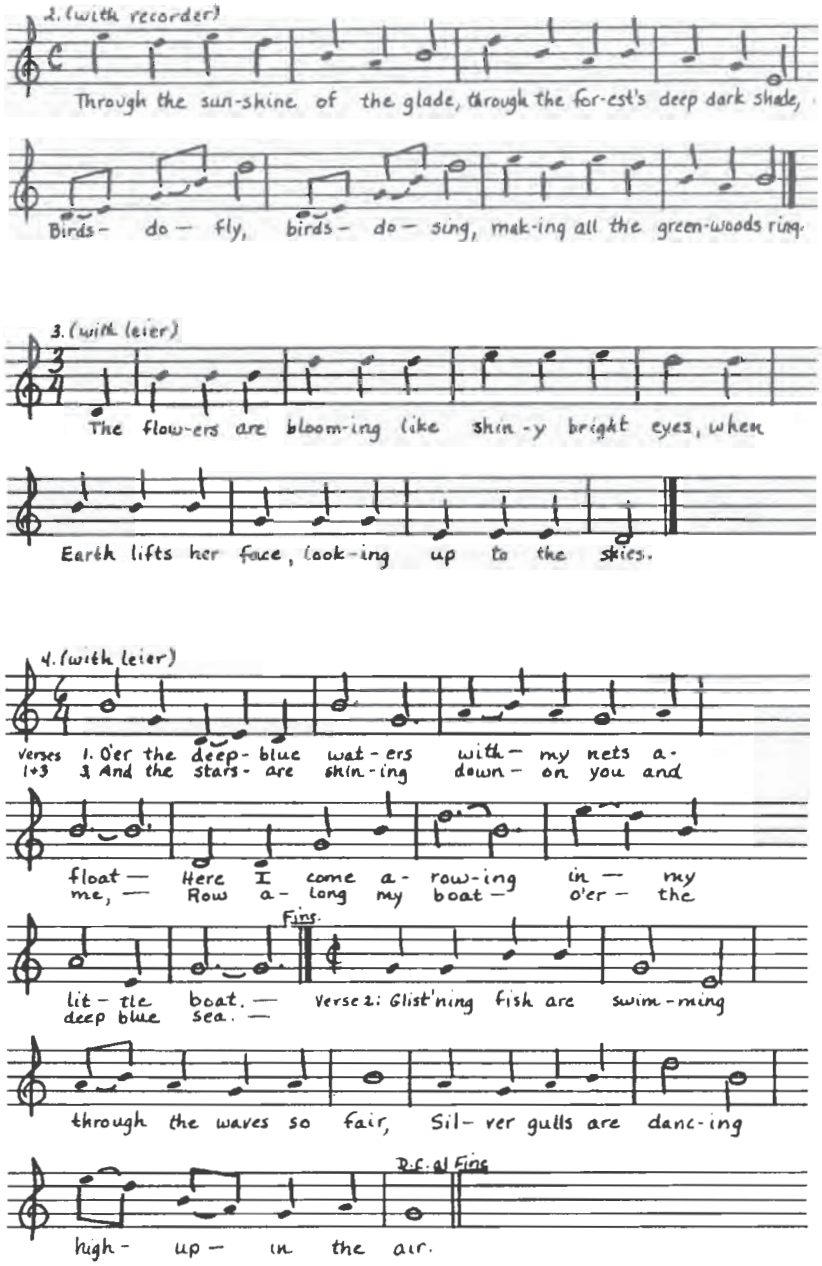
Song: And the stars are shining
Down on you and me,
Row along my boat
O'er the deep blue sea.

Goldener bent down to draw in the nets, but how frightened he was when he found a golden crown in them. He feared that the fisherman would send him away as the other two had done. But the old man was wise and knew better. He said:

Goldener, Goldener, hail to thee!
Our lord and king you shall now be,
For you have found the golden crown
That was lost in the waters, deep deep down.
Now step to the shore by the castle there
And put the crown on your golden hair.
While from her throne the princess fair
Is coming down the golden stair;
And all the wedding bells shall ring
That you may be our lord and king.
For he that is pure of heart and mind
His dreams of old fulfilled he'll find.

Song: The finch all white, etc.
(Sung several times over while Goldener and the princess walk up the stairs and sit on the throne.)




2. (with recorder)
Through the sun-shine of the glade, through the for-est's deep dark shade,
Birds- do- fly, birds- do- sing, mak-ing all the green-woods ring.
3. (with leier)
The flow-ers are bloom-ing like shin-y bright eyes, when
Earth lifts her face, look-ing up to the skies.
4. (with leier)
verses 1+3
1. O'er the deep- blue wat-ers with- my nets a-
3. And the stars- are shin-ing down- on you and
float— me,— Here I come a- row-ing in— my
Row a- long my boat— o'er— the
Fine.
lit- tle boat.—
deep blue sea.—
Verse 2: Glist'ning fish are swim-ming
through the waves so fair, Sil- ver gulls are danc-ing
D.C. al Fine
high- up— in the air.

THE THREE ORANGES

A fairy tale from Italy
Worked out as a puppet play by Christa Horvat
and Bronja Zahlingen

(Play introductory music.)

Once upon a time there was a King who had an only son. The boy was happy, carefree and bold. When he grew up, he was to choose himself a bride, but he only wanted to marry a maiden who was not born of a mortal mother. However, there was no such girl to be found in the whole kingdom, and so he decided to go out into the wide world to seek for her.

He set out on his journey taking nothing with him but three loaves of bread and the blessing of his old father. "When you have found the maiden," said the old King, "come home quickly and tell me, so that we may prepare the wedding feast."

The King's son travelled a long way.

Music: On the way ...

Eventually he came to a crossroad and did not know which way to turn. There on a stone sat an old man who could scarcely see or hear and who begged for alms. The King's son gave him one of his loaves. Then the old man rose and said, "Now I can help you, too. Tell me, what are you seeking?"

The King's son told him of his quest, and the old man said, "You are on the right way. Just go straight ahead, and you will come to a beautiful castle that is guarded by a fierce lion. When he discovers you, the lion will leap upon you, but do not be afraid. Throw a loaf of bread into his jaws, and he will lie down at your feet. Go past him without fear, and the castle gate will open. Go right into the hall and there on a table you will find three oranges. Open one of them and a lovely maiden will arise out of it, but be sure to give her a drink of water or she will fade as

quickly as she has blossomed." The King's son thanked the old man for his advice and went straight on.

Music: On the way ...

At last he came to the castle. With a roar the lion leapt at him, but as soon as he threw the loaf of bread into its jaws, the lion settled quietly at his feet. The King's son went past him without fear, and the gates swung open. He entered the hall and came to the table with the three oranges. Quickly he opened the first one and a fair maiden arose out of it, but as he had no water ready, she faded as fast as she had blossomed. Full of impatience he opened the second orange, and another maiden, even fairer than the first, came forth. But as he again had no water ready, she faded like the first one.

Now there was only one orange left, and the King's son looked around for water, to have some ready before he opened the third orange. Suddenly he saw beside the castle a little lake surrounded by tall poplar trees. There he carried the orange and laid it down on the green grass. When he opened it, a most beautiful maiden, fairer by far than the first two had been, appeared before his eyes. Quickly he bent down to the pond, took some water in his hands and gave her some to drink. Now she became fully alive. Smiling, she came toward him and gave him her hand. Full of joy, they walked together along the lake, and then the King's son said, "Will you wait for me here, my dearest, while I go to tell my father that he may prepare the wedding feast for us?"

"Do not tarry too long," she begged of him. "I am afraid to be here all alone." "Just sit in the branches of yonder tree, and I will hurry home," he promised.

She sat in the branches of the poplar tree, and the King's son went on his way. The journey, however, was long, and when the evening came he grew so tired that he sat down on a stone and fell asleep.

Music: While he is dreaming ...

When it grew dark and the moon came up, an old enchantress came to the lake to do her washing there. Mirrored in the surface of the water was the image of the maiden in the branches. "Come down, fair maiden," she said, "let me comb your golden hair so that it may shine in the moonlight when your beloved comes to fetch you." Without thinking of any harm, the maiden descended, but as soon as the comb of the old witch touched her hair, she was turned into a white dove who circled high in the air and sang sadly.

Song: Softly do I sing,
In a magic ring,
Changed am I into a dove
Looking for my own true love,
Bird upon the wing,
Softly do I sing.

The old woman climbed up and seated herself in the branches of the poplar tree, and the white dove flew away to the King's son, who slept so long a time. She circled around him and sang her song again.

Song: Softly do I sing, etc.

The King's son woke up and looked around. The bird was gone, but his heart told him that he must go back to his bride, as she was in danger.

When he came to the lake he was horrified at the odd figure crouching in the branches, but the old woman shouted at him, "Why did you stay away so long? The wind has made my eyes so red, the rain has made my voice so harsh, and the cold has shrivelled up my skin! It's your fault! Get me down quickly and take me to your castle and keep me warm!" The King's son was very sad at the dreadful change that had come upon his lovely bride, but he helped the old woman down, took her by the hand and sadly started with her on his homeward journey.

A white bird circled round them, singing softly. The witch grew very cross with it and screamed, "Chase away that nasty bird! I can't bear its singing!" But the King's son felt pity for the white dove and said,
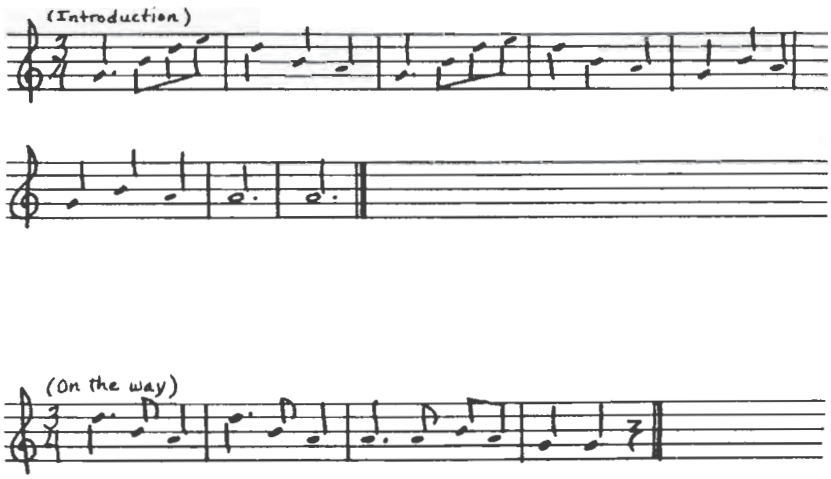
"It may be hungry." Then he took his last loaf of bread, broke it up into crumbs and strewed them on the ground. At once the little bird settled there to pick them up, and the King's son bent down to stroke its head. Suddenly he felt something hard and pulled out a comb. At this very moment the bird vanished and there stood his bride, alive and beautiful as she had been before. But the old witch was changed into a night bird which flew screeching between the poplar trees and was never seen again.
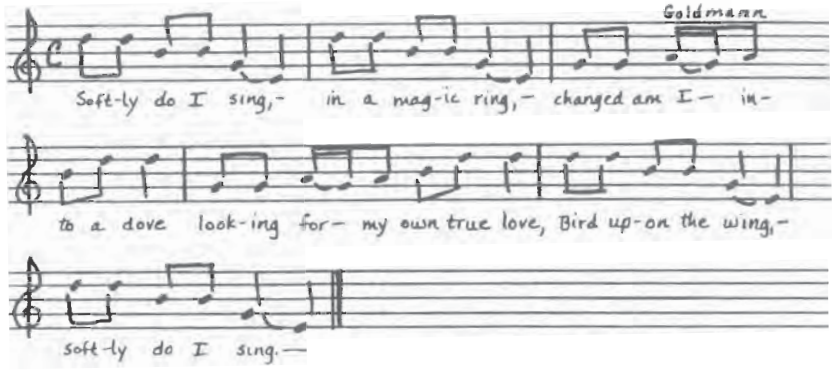
Then the King's son went home with his bride to his old father.

Music: Ending ...
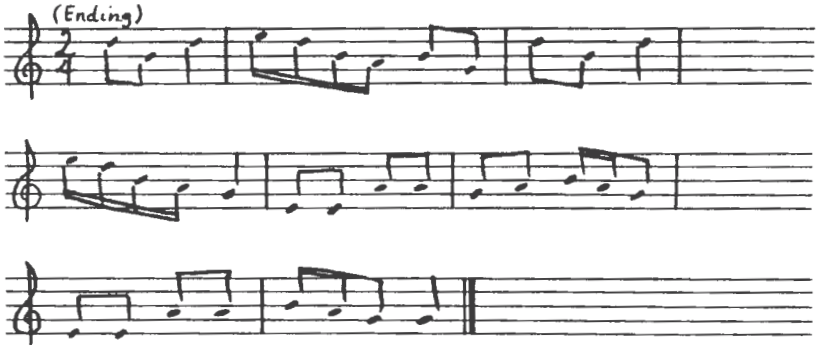
The wedding was celebrated with great rejoicing in the castle, and if they have not died, they live there still today.

* * *




Goldmann
Soft-ly do I sing,- in a mag-ic ring,- changed am I- in-
to a dove look-ing for- my own true love, Bird up-on the wing,-
soft-ly do I sing.—


(While he is dreaming)


(Ending)

PLAY OF THE FOUR SEASONS
By Bronja Zahlingen

Instrumental music only: From the moon's ...

Once upon a time there was a little girl who lived in a nice cottage with a beautiful garden in front of it. On either side there grew a young tree, and the child played happily in the garden all the day long and sang:

Song: Heigh ho, little tree,
Grow up and flourish! (repeat)
Spread your branches wide and high,
Grow right up into the sky,
Heigh ho, little tree,
Grow up and flourish!

The parents, of course, were always very busy, but the little girl never was lonely, for every night when she went to bed a white bird would come down from heaven and bring her the fairest dreams.

Song: From the moon's bright silver light,
Heaven sends a bird all white,
While the stars so softly gleam,
Sending you a happy dream.

As the summer came to an end, the bird brought her a dream of the fall. The trees, which had been all bright and green, turned golden yellow and orange. The wind blew the leaves off the branches and called them to a dance.

Song: We swing and sway in sunshine bright
Like butterflies in golden light,
Our garments radiant, bright and gay,
A-dancing we would go all day!

Now the wind grew faster still. It shook the trees 'til the leaves whirled around more and more merrily.

Song: Heigh ho, whistling and whirling,
Heigh ho, twisting and turning,
Winds are a-calling,
The red leaves are falling,
O'er hill and through hollow,
We fly and we follow.

At last the leaves grew tired. They dropped to the ground, which they colored yellow, orange and brown.

In the morning when the little maid woke up, the white bird flew away, but she found everything just as in her dream. How merrily danced the leaves.

Song: Heigh ho, whistling and whirling, etc.

Now the brown leaves had covered the earth all over. Thus it went on all through the fall until one night, when she went to sleep, the bird brought her a dream of wintertime.

Song: From the moon's bright silver light,
Heaven sends a bird all white,
While the stars so softly gleam,
Sending you a winter dream.

The trees were all bare, and the first snowflakes fell from the sky. Mother Holle came and shook her bedding and made the feathers fly.

Song 1: Fly, little feathers, softly and fair,
Fly from the heavens, fly through the air;
Dance, little snowflakes, turning around,
Up to the heavens and down to the ground.

Song 2: We are floating on high,
We fall from the sky,
To cover the earth with a new white gown.

(Mother Holle goes away.)

The trees received a white garment, and over the earth the snow spread out a soft white blanket. In the

morning the little maid awoke. The bird had gone. How thrilled she was with the white wonder! Quickly she went into the garden, clapped her hands and turned round together with the snowflakes.

Song 2: We are floating on high (Sing twice)

Thus it went on all through the winter until one evening, when she went to bed, the bird brought her a dream of springtime.

Song: From the moon's bright silver light,
Heaven sends a bird all white,
While the stars so softly gleam,
Sending you a springtime dream.

The sun made the snow melt from the trees. It pulled the white blanket off the earth, which now was covered in light green. The green grass shone brightly, and the little trees were covered with blossoms. Soon the first butterflies came fluttering by.

Song: Lovely shining butterfly,
Butterfly, flying high,
Spread your painted wings so fair,
Blossom sailing through the air,
Lovely shining butterfly,
Flying high, butterfly.

In the morning the bird flew away. The little maid found everything in the garden just as in the dream. How happily she played with the butterflies, trying to catch them.

Song: Lovely shining butterfly, etc.

Thus it went all through the spring, until one evening, when she went to bed, the bird brought her a dream of summertime.

Song: From the moon's bright silver light,
Heaven sends a bird all white,
While the stars so softly gleam,
Sending you a summer dream.

The leaves on the trees were a strong green color. The red roses sent their odors and scents, and the sweet apricots were ripening. There came into the garden King Evenfair to meet his Queen.

Song: Sleep and shut your eyes,
And dream of paradise,
On either side a tree does grow,
Where apricots and roses glow,
Sleep and shut your eyes,
And dream of paradise.

(Spoken poem)
The king will come in mantle green,
To pick a rose for his dear queen.
She lifts her hand that she may bring
An apricot to her lord and king.
He breaks it in two that he may share
The fruit so ripe with his lady fair.
They taste it and find it very sweet,
In the midst is a kernel with a seed.
And the apricot seed which they have found,
They plant it gently in the ground.
And the queen prepares a lovely bed;
She wraps up the seed in a rose petal red.
A rose petal red, a rose petal red,
To give the seed a gentle bed.
To lie in slumber deep and rest
All cozy like a bird in his nest.
(by Christian Morgenstern)

Song: Sleep and shut your eyes,
And dream of paradise,
On either side a tree does grow,
Where apricots and roses glow,
And dream of paradise.

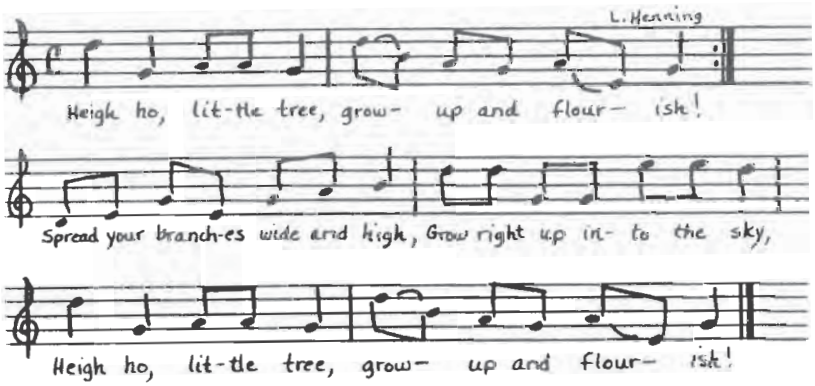
In the morning when the bird had gone, the little maid went into the garden to the sweet red roses and the juicy apricots. She found the kernel softly bedded in the ground and was very pleased, for she knew very soon a tree would grow out of it, would be growing, blossoming, bearing fruit through fall and winter and spring and summer, year by year.
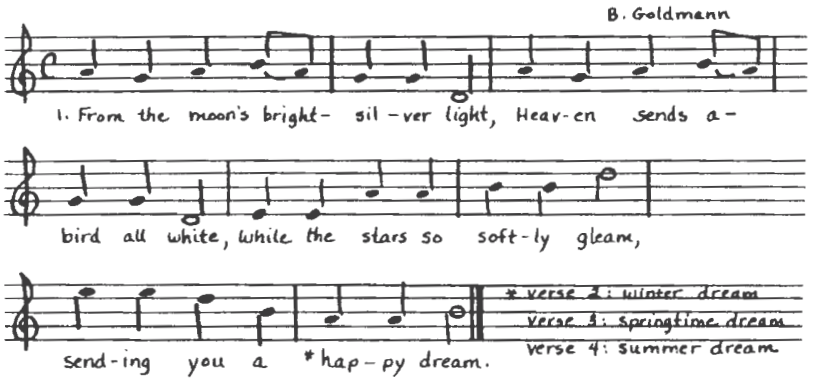
Song: Heigh ho, little tree, etc.
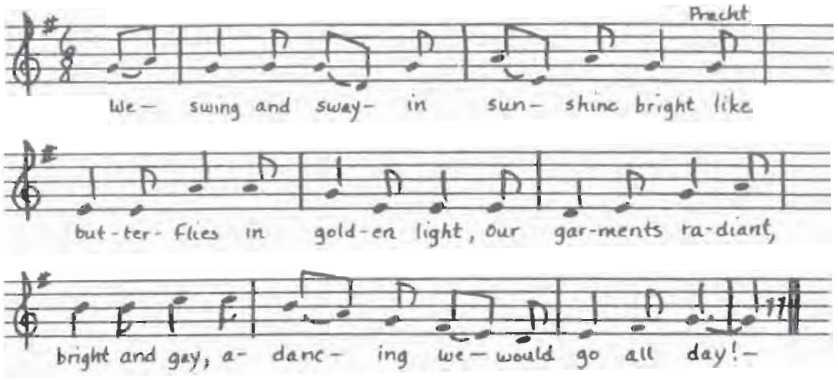
And after this she again went peacefully to sleep.
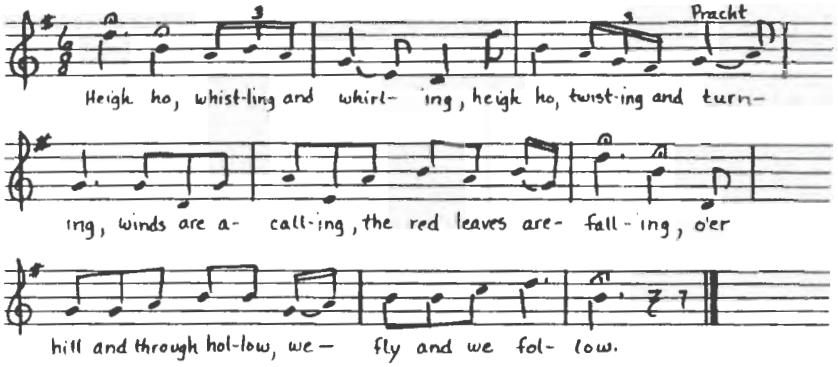
(Music as in the beginning)
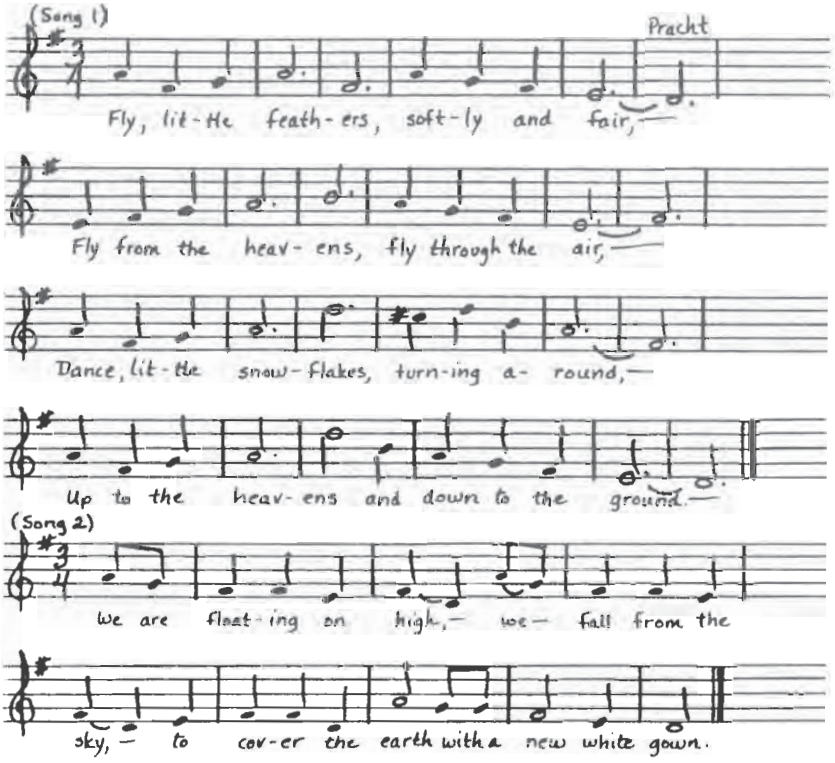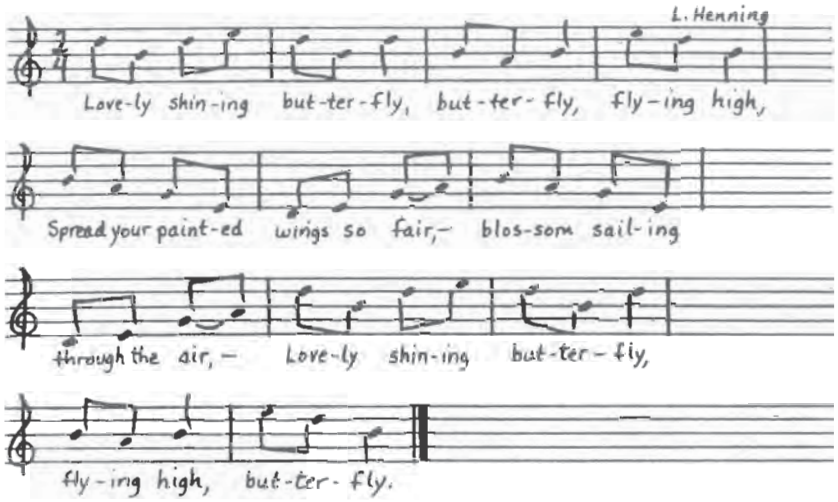
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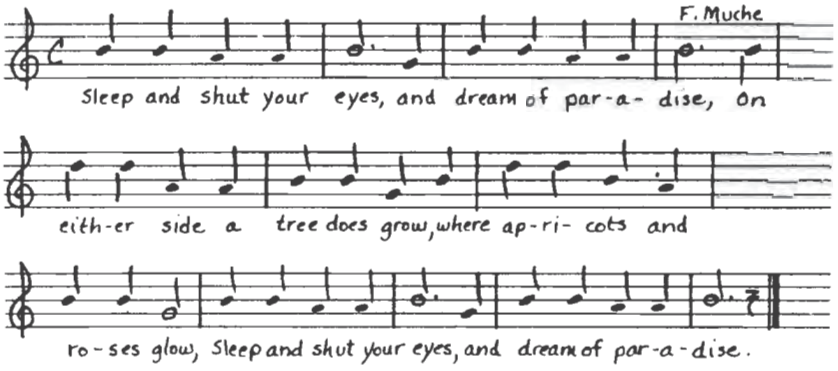



Pracht
We— swing and sway- in sun- shine bright like
but-ter- flies in gold-en light, our gar-ments ra-diant,
bright and gay, a- danc- ing we— would go all day!-


Pracht
Heigh ho, whist-ling and whirl- ing, heigh ho, twist-ing and turn-
ing, winds are a- call-ing, the red leaves are- fall-ing, o'er
hill and through hol-low, we— fly and we fol- low.


(Song 1)
Pracht
Fly, lit-tle feath-ers, soft-ly and fair,
Fly from the heav-ens, fly through the air,
Dance, lit-tle snow-flakes, turn-ing a-round,
Up to the heav-ens and down to the ground.
(Song 2)
we are float-ing on high, we fall from the
sky, to cov-er the earth with a new white gown.


L. Henning
Love-ly shin-ing but-ter-fly, but-ter- fly, fly-ing high,
Spread your paint-ed wings so fair,- blos-som sail-ing
through the air, - Love-ly shin-ing but-ter-fly,
fly-ing high, but-ter- fly.


F. Muche
Sleep and shut your eyes, and dream of par-a- dise, On
eith-er side a tree does grow, where ap-ri- cots and
ro-ses glow, Sleep and shut your eyes, and dream of par-a-dise.

IN CONCLUSION ...

The "Play of the Four Seasons" is not based on a fairy tale. It just presents, like a story, the changing seasons in their particular qualities through the various colors of veils of chiffon or silk. The acting adult carefully spreads them over trees and landscape and removes them again while the spoken word and music please the ear as much as the color pleases the eye. While the bright leaves are swaying and falling, or while the characteristic figure of Mother Holle appears amidst the dancing snowflakes, the child feels the mood of fall and winter as much as he or she experiences the joy of spring with the fluttering butterflies or the bliss of summer with king and queen. The dream-like quality of our little play is akin to the more dreamy consciousness in which the young children naturally live.

The repetition with its slight variations has both a soothing and refreshing effect upon the child's senses, which are much disturbed and overtaxed in our time. In this way, in addition to the joy of perception, a healing quality can be achieved.

One might say that here you have in a special and concentrated form that which is inherent in all the single puppet plays: To please the senses and soul and to give plenty of scope for the creative activity of a child's lively imaginative powers.

Bronja Zahlingen

DIRECTIONS FOR SIMPLE MARIONETTES

Materials Needed:

- Medium-weight colored silk, 18" x 18"
- Lighter-weight colored silk for veils, capes, etc.
- Cotton fabric, 15" x 15", for underbody
- Unspun wool for stuffing (batts work well for this)
- White or dyed wool for hair (wool roving or other unspun wool works well)
- Sand, pebbles, marbles, or metal weights
- Thread for sewing
- Embroidery floss or similar thread for strings
- Gold trim for crowns

Assembling the marionette:

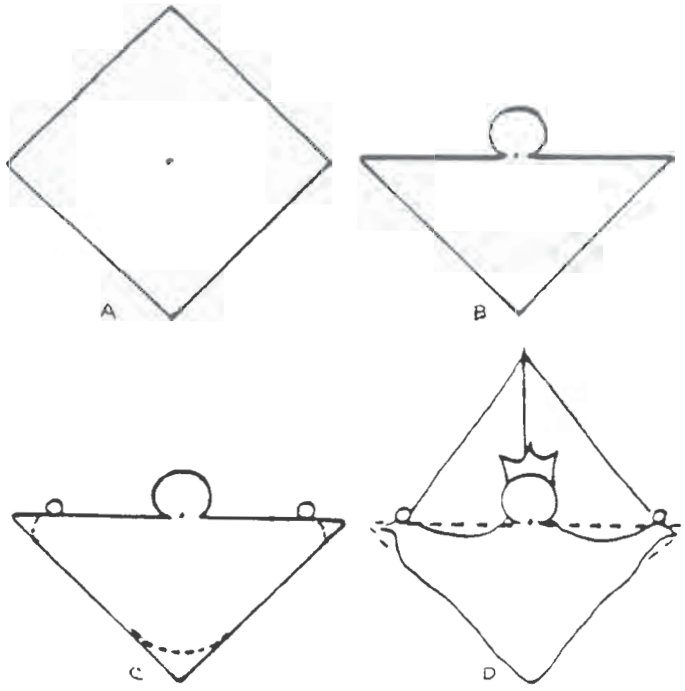
1. Form a round ball of unspun wool for the head, about 2.5 inches in diameter. Lay the cotton cloth over this, with the center of the cloth at the top of the head and tie off at the neck. Lay the medium-weight silk cloth over the cotton, again with the middle point of the cloth at the top of the head. The silk should hang diagnonally so that the points are at the front and back of the marionette. (See figures A and B.) Cover a pebble or weight with some wool to soften its effect and insert it where the hand should go. Tie off the wrists with thread. Bear in mind that marionettes gesture primarily with their arms, so these may be slightly longer in proportion to the head than would arms on a doll, for instance. The arm can be long enough to allow the hand to reach over the head and touch the opposite ear. When the marionette is finished, round off the corners of the silk with scissors. (Fig. C)

2. If the marionette represents a human figure, in contrast to a fairy or blossom bride, then the under cotton can be formed into a sack that extends about halfway down the length of the marionette's body. The sack should be stuffed with wool and weighted at the

bottom with sand or weights. This helps give more substance to the human figures, so that they appear to tread the earth.

3. Stitch hair to the marionette. Longer roving may be used for female figures or shorter wool may be used. Crowns may be added as well as veils and capes.

4. Attach strings to the hands and the head. Strings may be about 18 inches long, allowing the marionettes to stand well on the table when you stand behind it. The actual length of the strings will vary depending on the height of the table to be used. Knot the three strings together, or fasten them to a button to facilitate handling. (Fig. D) One more string may be added to the back between the shoulder blades, allowing the marionette to bow.



Related Books

The following books have instructions for making table puppets, silk marionettes and wool animals:

Advent for Children by Freya Jaffke
Toymaking with Children by Freya Jaffke
The Nature Corner by Leeuwen and Moeskops

They are published by Floris Books and may be ordered in North America from:

The Anthroposophic Press
RR 4 Box 94-A1
Hudson, NY 12534
(518) 851-2054

For a current list of sources for silk, plant dyes, wool batting, etc. in North America, contact:

The Waldorf Kindergarten Association of North America
1359 Alderton Lane
Silver Spring, MD 20906