

# Froebel Educational Institute,

DECEMBER, 1901.

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## THE MONTHS:

### A Pageant.

Words by CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Music by H. KEATLEY MOORE.

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#### PERSONIFICATIONS.

*Boys.*

JANUARY.

MARCH.

JULY.

AUGUST.

OCTOBER.

DECEMBER.

*Girls.*

FEBRUARY.

APRIL.

MAY.

JUNE.

SEPTEMBER.

NOVEMBER.

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#### JANUARY.

COLD the day and cold the drifted snow,  
Dim the day until the cold dark night.

Crackle, sparkle, faggot; embers glow :  
 Some one may be plodding through the snow  
 Longing for a light,  
 For the light that you and I can show.  
 If no one else should come,  
 Here Robin Redbreast's welcome to a crumb,  
 And never troublesome :  
 Robin, why don't you come and fetch your crumb?

Here's butter for my hunch of bread,  
 And sugar for your crumb ;  
 Here's room upon the hearthrug,  
 If you'll only come.

In your scarlet waistcoat,  
 With your keen bright eye,  
 Where are you loitering?  
 Wings were made to fly!

Make haste to breakfast,  
 Come and fetch your crumb,  
 For I'm as glad to see you  
 As you are glad to come.

Good-morrow, sister.

#### FEBRUARY.

Brother, joy to you !  
 I've brought some snowdrops ; only just a few,  
 But quite enough to prove the world awake,  
 Cheerful and hopeful in the frosty dew  
 And for the pale sun's sake.

The lambkin tottering in its walk  
 With just a fleece to wear ;  
 The snowdrop drooping on its stalk  
 So slender,—  
 Snowdrop and lamb, a pretty pair,  
 Braving the cold for our delight,  
 Both white,  
 Both tender.

How the doors rattle, and the branches sway !  
 Here's brother March comes whirling on his way  
 With winds that eddy and sing :—  
 Come, show me what you bring ;  
 For I have said my say, fulfilled my day,  
 And must away.

#### MARCH.

I blow an arouse  
 Through the world's wide house  
 To quicken the torpid earth :  
 Grappling I fling  
 Each feeble thing,  
 But bring strong life to the birth.  
 I wrestle and frown,  
 And topple down ;  
 I wrench, I rend, I uproot ;  
 Yet the violet  
 Is born where I set  
 The sole of my flying foot.

I drive ocean ashore  
 With rush and roar,  
 And he cannot say me nay:  
 My harpstrings all  
 Are the forests tall,  
 Making music when I play.  
 And as others perforce,  
 So I on my course  
 Run and needs must run,  
 With sap on the mount  
 And buds past count  
 And rivers and clouds and sun.

APRIL.

Pretty little three  
 Sparrows in a tree,  
 Light upon the wing,  
 Though you cannot sing  
 You can chirp of Spring :  
 Chirp of Spring to me,  
 Sparrows, from your tree.

Never mind the showers,  
 Chirp about the flowers,  
 While you build a nest :  
 Straws from east and west,  
 Feathers from your breast,  
 Make the snugest bowers  
 In a world of flowers.

You must dart away  
 From the chosen spray,  
 You intrusive third  
 Extra little bird ;  
 Join the unwedded herd !  
 These have done with play,  
 And must work to-day.

Good-morrow and good-bye : if others fly,  
 Of all the flying months you're the most flying.

### MARCH.

You're hope and sweetness, April.

### APRIL.

I've a rainbow in my showers,  
 And a lapful of flowers,  
 And these dear nestlings aged three hours ;  
 And here's their mother sitting,  
 Their father's merely flitting  
 To find their breakfast somewhere in my bowers.

And you'll be nightingales one day,  
 And charm the country side,  
 When I'm away and far away  
 And May is queen and bride.

Ah, May, good-morrow May, and so good-bye.

## JULY.

Nay, my tryst is kept ;  
 The longest day slipped by you while you slept.  
 I've brought you one curved pyramid of bloom,  
 Not flowers but peaches, gathered where the bees,  
 As downy, bask and boom  
 In sunshine and in gloom of trees.  
 But get you in, a storm is at my heels ;  
 The whirlwind whistles and wheels,  
 Lightning flashes and thunder peals,  
 Flying and following hard upon my heels.

The roar of a storm sweeps up  
 From the east to the lurid west,  
 The darkening sky, like a cup,  
 Is filled with rain to the brink ;  
 The sky is purple and fire,  
 Blackness and noise and unrest ;  
 The earth, parched with desire,  
 Opens her mouth to drink.

Send forth thy thunder and fire,  
 Turn over thy brimming cup,  
 O sky, appease the desire  
 Of earth in her parched unrest ;  
 Pour out drink to her thirst,  
 Her famishing life lift up ;  
 Make thyself fair as at first,  
 With a rainbow for thy crest.

Have done with thunder and fire,  
 O sky with the rainbow crest ;  
 O earth, have done with desire,  
 Drink, and drink deep, and rest.

Hail, brother August, flushed and warm  
 And scatheless from my storm.  
 Your hands are full of corn, I see,  
 As full as hands can be :  
 And earth and air both smell as sweet as balm  
 In their recovered calm,  
 And that they owe to me.

#### AUGUST.

Wheat sways heavy, oats are airy,  
 Barley bows a graceful head,  
 Short and small shoots up canary,  
 Each of these is some one's bread ;  
 Bread for man or bread for beast,  
 Or at very least  
 A bird's savoury feast.

Men are brethren of each other,  
 One in flesh and one in food ;  
 And a sort of foster brother  
 Is the litter, or the brood,  
 Of that folk in fur or feather,  
 Who, with men together,  
 Breast the wind and weather.

My harvest home is ended ; and I spy  
 September drawing nigh  
 With the first thought of Autumn in her eye,  
 And the first sigh  
 Of Autumn wind among her locks that fly.

SEPTEMBER.

Unload me, brother. I have brought a few  
 Plums and these pears for you,  
 A dozen kinds of apples, one or two  
 Melons, some figs all bursting through  
 Their skins, and pearled with dew  
 These damsons violet-blue.

My song is half a sigh  
 Because my green leaves die ;  
 Sweet are my fruits, but all my leaves are dying ;  
 And well may Autumn sigh,  
 And well may I  
 Who watch the sere leaves flying.

My leaves that fade and fall,  
 I note you one and all ;  
 I call you, and the Autumn wind is calling,  
 Lamenting for your fall,  
 And for the pall  
 You spread on earth in falling.



## OCTOBER.

Nay, cheer up, sister. Life is not quite over,  
Even if the year has done with corn and clover,  
With flowers and leaves ; besides, in fact it's true,  
Some leaves remain and some flowers too,  
For me and you.

Now see my crops :

I've brought you nuts and hops ;  
And when the leaf drops, why, the walnut drops.

Crack your first nut and light your first fire,  
Roast your first chestnut crisp on the bar ;  
Make the logs sparkle, stir the blaze higher,  
Logs are cheery as sun or as star,  
Logs we can find wherever we are.

Spring one soft day will open the leaves,  
Spring one bright day will lure back the flowers ;  
Never fancy my whistling wind grieves,  
Never fancy I've tears in my showers ;  
Dance, nights and days! and dance on, my hours !

Here comes my eldest sister, looking dim  
And grim,  
With dismal ways.  
What cheer, November ?

## NOVEMBER.

Nought have I to bring  
 Tramping a-chill and shivering,  
 Except these pine-cones for a blaze,—  
 Except a fog which follows,  
 And stuffs up all the hollows,—  
 Except a hoar frost here and there,—  
 Except some shooting stars  
 Which dart their luminous cars  
 Trackless and noiseless through the keen night air.

The earth lies fast asleep, grown tired  
 Of all that's high or deep ;  
 There's nought desired and nought required  
 Save a sleep.

I rock the cradle of the earth,  
 I lull her with a sigh ;  
 And know that she will wake to mirth,  
 By-and-by.

Ah, here's my eldest brother come at last :  
 Come in, December.

Come, and shut the door,  
 For now it's snowing fast ;  
 It snows, and will snow more and more ;  
 Don't let it drift in on the floor.  
 But you, you're all aglow ; how can you be  
 Rosy and warm and smiling in the cold ?

## DECEMBER.

Nay, no closed doors for me,  
 But open doors and open hearts and glee  
 To welcome young and old.

Dimmest and brightest month am I ;  
 My short days end, my lengthening days begin ;  
 What matters more or less sun in the sky,  
 When all is sun within ?

Ivy and privet dark as night,  
 I weave with hips and haws a cheerful show,  
 And holly for a beauty and delight,  
 And milky mistletoe.

While high above them all I set  
 Yew twigs and Christmas roses pure and pale ;  
 Then Spring her snowdrop and her violet  
 May keep, so sweet and frail ;

May keep each merry singing bird,  
 Of all her happy birds that singing build :  
 For I've a carol which some shepherds heard  
 Once in a wintry field.

Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël,  
 Born is the King of Israel.

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#### Personifications:

JANUARY . . . . .	Miss Lyle.
FEBRUARY . . . . .	Miss Squire.
MARCH . . . . .	Miss Weedon.
Violet ( <i>attendant upon March</i> ) .	Yvette de la Chapelle.
Anemone " " " .	Mary Radcliffe.
APRIL . . . . .	Miss Thorp.
Primrose ( <i>attendant upon April</i> ) .	Greta Clark.
Almond Blossom " " " .	Doris Platt.
MAY . . . . .	Miss Atlee.
JUNE . . . . .	Miss Saunders.
Rose ( <i>attendant upon June</i> ) .	Marjorie Dove.
Laburnum " " " .	Constance Webber.
JULY . . . . .	Miss Lyell.
Flags ( <i>attendant upon July</i> ) .	Mildred Humphreys.
Peaches " " " .	Freda Jacques.
AUGUST . . . . .	Miss Crook.
Wheat ( <i>attendant upon August</i> ) .	Phil Mawson.
Barley " " " .	Ernest Dove.
SEPTEMBER . . . . .	Miss Arundel.
OCTOBER . . . . .	Miss Courtenay.
Nuts ( <i>attendant upon October</i> ) .	Isidore Gluckstein.
Autumn Leaves " " " .	Muriel Roberts.
NOVEMBER . . . . .	Miss Gibbs.
DECEMBER . . . . .	Miss Garrioch.
Ivy ( <i>attendant upon December</i> ) .	Dorothea Short.
Mistletoe " " " .	Walter Spatz.