

“Twelve months”. Виховний захід

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TWELVE MONTHS

(Theatrical performance)

Characters:

Snow-maiden

Step-daughter

Sister-Seasons

Brother-Months

Santa-Clause

Dugny-Pederson

Snow - maiden: Hello! I am Snow- maiden.

I live in the North but on the New Year's Eve I come to
your places.

I like to make all children happy, that's why
I help Father Frost to bring presents, joy and happiness to
every house.

Music. (a girl with a basket appears. She is dancing)

Snow - maiden: Good evening, little girl.

Girl: Good evening, Snow - maiden.

Snow - maiden: What are you doing here at night?

Girl: My step - mother has sent me to pick snowdrops.
The queen promised a reward for them.

Snow - maiden: Everything is good in its season.

It isn't time for snowdrops yet.

Maybe Sister- Seasons will help you.

As you know there are four Seasons of the year.

Spring! Summer! Autumn! Winter! Come here please

Music. (4 girls dressed like Spring, Summer, Autumn,
Winter appear. They are dancing)

Spring: I am Spring. I am green.

Summer: I am Summer. I am bright.

Autumn: I am Autumn. I am yellow.

Winter: I am Winter. I am white.

Spring: Spring brings green buds and shoots.

Summer: Summer brings us berries.

Autumn: Autumn golden fruit.

Winter: Winter brings us snowflakes.

(They show: snowflakes, shoots, berries, fruit
which they are carrying in their hands)

Snow – maiden: Dear Seasons!

Help this little beauty to pick up snowdrops.

Her step - mother sent her to the forest.

Spring: Oh, poor little girl. It is not easy. We must ask
Brother- Months for help. March! April! May!
come here, please
(they appear)

Spring: March is gusty, muddy, blustery.

This is the month for flying kites, roller - skating, ratly nights.

Wear something green on St.Patrick's Day.

Robins sing: "spring is on the way".

And bears wake up from their winter sleep

March : Winter sleep is over. Spring then comes.

With brooks and flowers and young green grass.

Nature is awakening, birds are singing.

The sun is shining, the bright day is ringing.

This is the season, when snowdrops bloom.

When nobody likes to stay in the room.

This is the season when birds make their nests.

This is the season we all like best.

Spring: April is fun! The very first day is April Fool's, a day for playing

jokes. All month long the weather teases.

Now it is warm, then oops! It sneezes.

Take off your boots and it will shower.

Then the sun shines for an hour. Robins are nesting,

puddles are skiddy. Violets pop!

No wonder April's day is funny!

Do you know who's coming ? Easter Bunny!

April: Spring is coming , spring is coming.

It's "Good - bye" to all the snow.

For the pretty little swallows.
Have come back to tell me so.
Spring is coming,
Spring is coming.

Flowers are coming too: snowdrops, lilies, daffodils.
Now are coming too.

Spring: May - and it's time for playing outdoors again. The world is filled with flowers. On lawns and hills and window - sills are sunny, saucy daffodils, and everywhere I hear the sound of little things bravely trying out new wings.

May: In the merry month of may. All the flowers are gay.
They all sing and laugh and say:

"Winter days are far away! Welcome, welcome, merry May"

(all together)

Spring: We honour our mothers on the second Sunday in May.
This day is called Mother's Day. We say our mothers:
"Thanks for being such a great Mum"!

Song: "May there always be sunshine! »

Song: My dear, dear Mummy! Let me kiss your face.
I want you to be happy today and always.
Be happy, be happy today and always!

Be happy, be happy today and always!

Summer: June, July, August, come here, please!

June - school is over soon!

All we do each day is play and play.

Summer arrives.

We lay on the grass and: Bees buzzing!

Hummingbirds whirring! Worms wiggling!

June is laughing, golden, giggling. I hope a butterfly
lands on my nose.

Music. (a girl in the costume of the butterfly is
dancing)

June: Butterfly, butterfly, where do you fly?

So quick and so high in the blue, blue sky?

Butterfly, butterfly where do you go?

Butterfly : I go to the place, where some roses, bluebells, violets
grow.

Flowers are here. Flowers are there.

Flowers are everywhere!

(Points to the flowers which are standing everywhere)

Summer: July begins with boom!

Sometimes it thunders with lightning in the sky.

Now it is time to make cold drinks.

At night, if you see a star fall, "swiiish".

Be sure to make a lovely wish.

July: Woods are green, the sun is bright.
And the wind is warm and light.
I can bathe and play and run.
Summer holidays are fun!

Summer: August is steamy, hot, ice - creamy.

Maybe you visit the seashore.

Summer is nearly over.

Suppers are hot dogs, cooked out of doors.

August : This is the season when nights are short.
And children have plenty of fun and sport.
School is over! Oh, what fun lessons finished.

Play's begun who'll run fastest? You or I?

Who' ll laugh loudest? Let's try!

Autumn: September, October, November, come here, please

September is new shoes and back to school,

Grapes are plumping, apples turn red.

Nuts are browning. It's early to bed,

Squirrels are storing their nuts away.

Days are short. There's less time to play.

Autumn is here! Summer's gone. Better put your
sweater on.

September: In the month of September, as you, of course,
remember.

We have less time for fun, for our school has begun.

This is the season, when fruit is sweet.

This is the season, when schoolfriends meet.

When noisy and gay and browned by the sun.

With their books and bags to school they run.

Autumn: October is orange and red and brown.

See the leaves all tumble down!

Rake them up into piles so high

You can jump in them and flop and lie.

October: I like all trees in autumn time: A maple a chestnut and
a lime.

Their leaves are yellow red and brown.

And they are slowly falling down.

Autumn: Yellow, red and green and brown.

See the little leaves come down.

Dancing, dancing in the breeze. Falling, falling from the trees.

E. Grieg. Music. (the girl with a basket of fir-cones is
dancing)

The girl: Edward Grieg was spending the autumn

In the forest near Bergen.

It was especially fine at that time of the year.

Smelling of mushrooms and golden leaves.

But the best spots of all were the forests covering
the mountain slopes near the seashore.

Mists were always sweeping from, the sea,
the plentiful moisture causing moth to grow profusely.

Once when out walking in the forest Grieg met a little

girl

with fir - cones.

- What is your name, little girl? - asked Grieg.

- Dagni Pederson!

- And what is your father's name ?

- Peter Pederson.

So, this music is dedicated to Dagni Pederson,
the daughter of the forester Peter Pederson
on her 18 - t h birthday.

Autumn: November -smells of turkey and pumpkin - pie.

And leaf - smoke curling gently into the sky.

Some animals have burrowed into the earth to sleep
untill the Spring. Nature's garden is resting.

The trees are stark and bare.

November: The rain is raining all around.

It falls on fields and trees. It falls on the umbrellas
here.

And on the ships at sea.

This is the season when mornings are dark.

And birds do not sing in the woods and the parks.

The summer is over, the trees are all bare.

There is mist in the garden and frost in the air.

Winter: December, January and February come here, please.

The snow is falling. The wind is blowing.

The ground is white all day and all night.

Music. Sviridov "Snow - storm " (some girls dressed as

snow-flakes are dancing)

Winter: December, is waiting and wanting and

wishing and longing for Christmas Day.

This is the merriest month of all.

Hide presents in places where none can see.

We try to be as good as gold all month,

because we know who's coming down the chimney-

jolly

Santa Clause. (The boy dressed as Santa Clause

appears)

Santa-Clause: I am Santa Clause I live in England. I am funny and merry.

My cheeks are like roses. My nose is like a cherry.

With a branch of green holly and robins

my friends to all English children New Year wishes I send.

December: December is the best of all.
Snowflakes dance. Snowflakes fall.
People see the New Year in.
When December ends, it will begin.

Winter: January starts with snow for sledging, skiing, making
snowmen. There are icy ponds for skating on and of
course

New Year's Parties.

January: Skating, skating, skiing, skiing boys and girls so
gay.

Like to skate and ski together.

On a winter day.

This is the season when children ski.

And Father Frost brings the bright New year Tree.

(The girl in the costume of Fir-Tree appears)

Fir- tree: We have a fir - tree in the hall

It is so beautiful and tall

Around it we dance and play

Because it is a New Year Day

The New Year tree so fine and tall

Stands in the centre of the hall

Its needles are green, its toys are bright

Our New Year party is tonight

Around it we dance and play

Because it is a New Year Day.

All: Singing, dancing, merrily round the New Year tree.

Merrily, merrily, merrily round the New Year tree.

Fir - tree: New Year, happy day!

We all glad and very gay.

We all dance and sing and say:

Welcome! Welcome! New Year Day!

Song. "Jingle bells"

Winter: February is the last winter month.

It is the shortest month of the year.

It is chilly and wet.

It has only 28 or 29 days.

February: Grey is the sky and the wind is chill.

Icicles hang from the window - sills.

February is slushy and short. Only 28 days to play.

Some of them sunny. Most of them grey.

The best of all is St. Valentine's Day.

Valentine: Love is the sense of your life

Maybe because you love happy people, St, Valentine

When the weather is cold and the wind is chill

You knock at our doors St. Valentine.

When winter's in nature

When winter's in our hearts

You bring us a hope St. Valentine.

Love is the sense of your life.

Maybe because you like sweethearts St. Valentine

(Months: one after another)

Months: January with cold is set. February is chill and wet
March winds always rages.
In April weather changes.
Pretty flowers come in May.
Sunny June brings the longest day.
In hot July the skies are clear.
Then August with corn is here.
For fruit September opens the way.
October sweeps the leaves away.
Next enters grey November.
And lastly snowy December.

Snow- maiden: Brother - months! Please help this little girl!

Months: With pleasure!

Girl: Look! The snow is melting. The wind isn't blowing!
The streams are running! The sun is shining!
The birds are singing! The spring is coming!
Oh, dear! Lot's of snowdrops.
I've never seen so many flowers. You've saved me,
Brother Months. Thank you! Good - bye!
You are my real friends.

Months: Good - bye, honey!

Song: "The more we get together".

