

HOPE THE FIREFLY

by
Stephen Taft

Based on the short stories *Hope the Firefly* and *Dancing with Daisy*
By Cindy Taft

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In order of appearance.)

Rosie Raccoon
Robbie Raccoon
Hope the Firefly
Billy the Beetle
Abby the Ant
Gracie the Spider
Daisy the Dragon Fly
Samson the Spider
Barnaby the Bullfrog
Calisto the Cricket
Flora the Firefly

(Director's may double-cast as per company needs.)

NOTE: The play is provided complete with recorded sound cues and an instrumental soundtrack to the song "Blue Lake" to all producers of the play.

"Blue Lake" – Music and Lyrics by Stephen Taft
Sound Design & Music Production by Austin Michael Taft

Character illustration by Aaron Listen

HOPE THE FIREFLY

SCENE: *The deep dark forest. Trees or leaf gobo's, a misty shadowy path, grass, a fallen log, a tree stump - the scent of pine. The sound of a stream, crickets and other sounds of the night. Sound gently envelops the theatre as house lights fade and stage lights slowly rise.*

**Note: Although there are references to HOPE "flying" she is not to actually fly. She is simply dance-like and flying in spirit.)*

AT RISE: *ROBBIE RACCOON enters quickly running from and followed by ROSIE RACCOON, mother of ROBBIE.*

ROSIE

Robbie, get back here. You have homework to do.

ROBBIE

But I want to play.

ROSIE

After your homework.

ROBBIE

See, that's the problem. It's called home – *work*. No wonder I don't want to do it. Couldn't there be a better word than *work*?

ROSIE

Are you saying words are important?

ROBBIE

No.

ROSIE

You are one stubborn raccoon.

ROBBIE

I'm not stubborn mom. I'm adventurous!

ROSIE

Well then, you should like this week's story. It's about survival and working with others.

ROBBIE

I don't care about survival.

Really?

ROSIE

And I don't care about working with no one either.

ROBBIE

Anyone.

ROSIE

Whatever. I want to play.

ROBBIE

Do you think you can play if you don't survive?

ROSIE

(*HE's thinking.*)

ROBBIE

Do you know what it means to survive?

ROSIE

Sure. It means . . . it means . . . doing whatever *you* want!

ROBBIE

Uh huh.

ROBBIE

Look mom, words are just words. They don't mean nothing.

ROSIE

Anything.

ROBBIE

Anything. I just want action and adventure!

ROSIE

I like action and adventure too.

ROBBIE

You can't. You're a mom! (*Beat*) Does your story have anything dangerous in it?

ROSIE

Maybe

OK. Shoot.

ROBBIE

ROSIE
(*MOM takes a deep breath.*)
That's not a word to use in the woods Robbie.

Why?

ROBBIE

ROSIE
Because in the woods there are hunters, and hunters like to . . . shoot. You don't want our friends to be hurt, do you?

It's only a *word* Mom.

ROBBIE

Only a word?

ROSIE

Words can't hurt you.

ROBBIE

Really?

ROSIE

Remember a few months ago when you came home in tears?

ROSIE

Maybe.

ROBBIE

ROSIE
Because some of your so-called friends were calling you names?

ROBBIE
They were just fooling around.

ROSIE
They were being bullies. And their words hurt you. Right?

ROBBIE
I guess.

ROSIE
So, words are important. Yes?

ROBBIE

(Reluctantly.)

Yeah.

(ROSIE hugs ROBBIE. Of course, he thinks he's too big to be hugged.)

Mom, you are such a moosh.

ROSIE

A moosh?

ROBBIE

Yeah. Don't you know that word?

ROSIE

Actually, I don't. We'll have to look that word up – together. *(ROBBIE let's out an exasperated sound.)* Now, it's time for your homework.

ROBBIE

(Doing almost anything to get out of homework.)

How about that story first? You can teach me a new word!

ROSIE

(ROSIE considers his proposal for a moment.)

OK, let's focus on a word as sweet as a ground cherry.

ROBBIE

I love ground cherries! What's the word?

ROSIE

Hope.

ROBBIE

Hope? Gee, ground cherry sounds better.

ROSIE

Really? Aren't you *hoping* to play?

ROBBIE

Uh, I guess.

ROSIE

Aren't you *hoping* to find a nice juicy piece of fruit for dinner?

ROBBIE

You bet!

ROSIE

Aren't you *hoping* to go to the concert later this evening?

ROBBIE

Yep!

ROSIE

Well then, sit down and let me tell you about a Hope I know. And this Hope just might find a little action and adventure along the way.

ROBBIE

Excellent!

ROSIE

Now, close your eyes.

(ROBBIE does, but peaks.)

Both of them. You'll need to use your imagination.

(ROBBIE closes his eyes. "Sounds of the Night" envelop the space.)

There once was a little firefly named Hope.

(HOPE enters flying/dancing smoothly through the forest.)

She lived deep in the forest. Hope loved flying through the trees . . .

(HOPE passes by ROSIE and they acknowledge each other.)

. . . blinking her golden light and listening to the sounds of the night.

*(HOPE stops and listens to the "Sounds of the Night".)
(To ROBBIE.)*

Do you hear that?

ROBBIE

(With eyes closed.)

I can! This is SO cool!

ROSIE

Well, one evening, a frightened little voice caught Hope's attention.

BILLY

(BILLY enters.)

I *hope* I can find my way home . . .

ROSIE
... said Billy the Beetle.

BILLY
I'm scared.

ROBBIE
Scared?! What a ...

ROSIE
Shhh! Hope flew down to the floor of the wood where she saw a small beetle sitting on a maple leaf.

HOPE
Did someone call me? My name is Hope.

(BILLY sees HOPE shining before him.)

BILLY
Hi. I'm Billy and I can't see my way home.

HOPE
I'll help you find your way.

BILLY
Really?! That's great! *(Beat.)* Wait, I can't. My mother said never to go anywhere with a stranger.

HOPE
That's good advice. Although, I don't think I'm strange.

BILLY
I didn't mean to say, you know, you're weird or anything ... but you never know.

ROBBIE
Is this when it gets dangerous mom?

ROSIE
No. *(Beat.)* Billy looked at Hope closely and said ...

BILLY
Wait, I know you. You're the firefly with the brightest light in the forest. My dad says everyone could use a little Hope.

HOPE

Well, that's nice to hear. You have very smart parents. What are you doing out here all on your own?

BILLY

I was running away.

HOPE

Why?

BILLY

Because I'm no good at nothing.

HOPE / ROBBIE

Anything.

(ROSIE and ROBBIE look at each other and smile.)

BILLY

And my mother makes me do homework – every night!

ROBBIE

(ROBBIE is suspicious and opens his eyes.)

Now hold on . . .

BILLY

Will you help me?

ROSIE

Billy said.

(ROBBIE closes his eyes.)

HOPE

Of course, I'll help you. Let's work together. You give me directions and I'll light the way.

BILLY

OK . . . I live two pine trees...

(BILLIE looks around and looks around and then points.)

. . . that way. . . I think.

ROSIE

Flying slowly in front of him, Hope lit the path scattering Billy's fears and warming his heart.

(“Musical interlude #” accompanies HOPE and BILLY down the path. This may be an opportunity to choreograph a bit of movement.)

Billy? HOPE

Yes. BILLY

I believe you’re home. HOPE

I am? *(He is.)* I am! Wow! I wasn’t even scared getting here. Cool! Thank you, Hope. Will I see you again? BILLY

I’m sure you will. And if you use your imagination, I can be with you anytime and anywhere. Bye, for now! HOPE

Bye. *(Exiting.)* Mom, I’m home. BILLY

Later that night, Hope was flying on a gentle breeze, her light winking in the darkness. As she flew lower, she heard a faint, little voice. ROSIE

I *hope* I can get this food to the hill . . . ABBY

. . . said an old ant named Abby. ROSIE

It gets harder every day to find my way. ABBY

(HOPE gracefully flies near ABBY.)

Did someone call me? Can I help? HOPE

(ABBY may be hard of hearing and lacking in sight, although not in spirit.)

ABBY

What!! Who said that?

HOPE

(HOPE flies in front of ABBY so ABBY can see her.)

It was me...Hope.

ABBY

(ABBY is blind as a bat - and turning every which way.)

Where?

(ABBY turns and turns and turns.)

Who is that?

(Finally, seeing HOPE.)

Oh, there you are. How kind of you to stop. My name is Abby. Whew! I'm tired . . . and dizzy.

(ABBY sits.)

HOPE

Are you OK?

ABBY

Oh, I'm fine. Just a bit tuckered out. It's been a long day and this sack is getting pretty heavy. I have to get this food to my sick grandson.

HOPE

Where does he live?

ABBY

Our ant hill is just a little twist and a turn and a shimmy around that bend.

ROSIE

Hope looked down a damp, mossy trail that curved around an old tree stump and disappeared into the woods.

HOPE

I can't carry your sack, but I would be happy to light the way.

ABBY

Works for me little firefly.

(ABBY slowly rises. ("Musical Interlude #2" accompanies Hope and Abby down the path.)

ROSIE

In no time at all it seemed Hope had helped Abby get home.

ABBY

Whew!

ROSIE

Abby was really pooped, but invigorated.

ROBBIE

Pooped! (*Laughs.*) Now that's a funny word.

ABBY

You know a lot of creatures passed by today. Most didn't even notice me. Others simply wouldn't take the time to help. Too busy. If you hadn't come along, I could be in real trouble. You lifted my spirit today and lightened my load. What was your name again?

HOPE

Hope.

ABBY

Hope. A good name, a great word, and always something valuable to have.

HOPE

Why thank you. I hope your grandson gets to feeling better. Goodbye.

ABBY

Bye.

(ABBY exits)

ROSIE

Hope flew higher into the air, hoping Abby's grandson would feel better soon. She was feeling pretty good about her good deeds of the evening when all of a sudden, she flew around a small pine tree. As she rounded the corner, she didn't have time to stop or swerve. And right in front of her was a large, sticky spider's web. Smack!

*(ROBBIE is quietly caught up in the drama of the moment.
ROSIE is of course, providing the story its share of dramatic
hype.)*

Hope landed right in the middle of it. Fear hit Hope as she tried not to struggle, but she had to try and break free. Time passed as Hope hung helpless in the net. Then she saw it – a large black and yellow spider. Hope held her breath. The spider slowly came closer.

ROBBIE

Wait a minute!

What?
ROSIE

Is this where the spider eats her?
ROBBIE

I thought you liked action, adventure, *and* danger?
ROSIE

I do . . . sometimes.
ROBBIE

Aahhh!
GRACIE
(*Exasperated*)

What was that!?
ROBBIE

Sshhh.
ROSIE

(*ROSIE gestures for ROBBIE to close his eyes.*)

The spider seemed to be squinting as it stared at Hope from behind its many eyes.

Can't see a thing without my glasses. Where did I put 'em?
GRACIE

The spider reached down . . . and to the side . . . and to the top of her head and finally pulled out a *huge* pair of spectacles.
ROSIE

(*GRACIE puts on her spectacles*)

There, that's better. Now, let me have a closer look at you. Hmmm . . . well little firefly, it appears you just won the lottery . . .
GRACIE

(*HOPE doesn't get it. Slowly to HOPE*)

GRACIE continues
. . . 'cause spiders don't eat fireflies . . . too tiny. . . (*She thinks.*) . . . unless a spider's on a diet. And I'm not, as you can tell! Don't mess with natural beauty I always say. (*Laughs.*)
So, don't worry.

Oh, I was never worried . . . much.
HOPE

GRACIE

(Looking over HOPE)

You wouldn't by any chance be Hope, would you?

HOPE

Why, yes, I am. Who are you and how do you know my name?"

GRACIE

Who doesn't know Hope? *(Like an announcer.)* The brightest, most illuminating, helpful firefly in the forest? Why you . . . light up our lives . . . *(Sings – yes, that melody. Some people may remember.)*

ROSIE

(Clears throat)

GRACIE

Too much?

(ROSIE and HOPE nod "yes".)

Anyway, it's a pleasure to meet you. My name's Gracie and I LOVE to eat. Are you hungry?

HOPE

Not really.

GRACIE

Bummer . . . sometimes I eat just a bit too much. I eat in the morning. I eat in the afternoon and I eat at night . . . and sometimes in between. I love to eat soooo much I sometimes get distracted and . . . well, there I go again. *(Back on track.)* Anyway, I was visiting with a friend of mine . . . we shared a snack . . . and I was telling her about a handsome little spider that lives near the pond. His name is Samson and he is soooooo cute! Anyway, after some wise advice on love, she told me about a wonderful little firefly named Hope that helped her son, Billy find his way home today. Was that you? *(HOPE nods her head "yes".)* I thought so. That was a sweet thing to do. Speaking of sweet, would you like to share some . . .

HOPE

(Politely interrupting GRACIE.)

Thank you, but I need to move on.

GRACIE

Guess you'd like to get home.

HOPE

Not home, but I do have somewhere to be. I'm going to a concert this evening.

GRACIE

You are!?! Me too!

HOPE

That new singer from Blue Lake is performing.

GRACIE

I hear he's one hunk of a bull frog! (*Beat*) Well, let's get you out of there so you can be on your way. Sorry about the web.

(GRACIE helps HOPE out of the web.)

There you go. (*HOPE is out of the web.*) Well, I'd better get changed. I might see Samson, that good looking spider at the concert. See you tonight. I'll bring some munchies.

HOPE

I was *hoping* you might. (*It goes right over GRACIE'S head.*) Well, it was a pleasure to meet you.

GRACIE

Same to you. Now you watch where you're flying. Feel free to stop by any time.

(GRACIE continues speaking as SHE exits.)

We can eat and eat and eat and eat and eat and eat and eat . . .

(GRACIE is gone.)

ROSIE

As Hope was flying home she found herself in an unfamiliar part of the forest. It seemed so quiet and full of shadows when all of a sudden, she heard an interesting voice off in the distance. She flew in close and hid behind a tree stump which overlooked a small bank near a pond.

(SAMSON and DAISY enter.)

SAMSON

If you love dancing so much why don't you open that dance school you been talking about forever!

DAISY

And where would I hold class Samson?

SAMSON

Excuses, excuses, excuses. Not anymore little lady. Looks to me like . . . (*Looking around for an appropriate space.*) . . . that rock would make a pretty good dance floor. It's big, smooth and flat.

DAISY

Well . . . I . . . I think you're right. That's a great idea. But do you think anyone would come?

SAMSON

Sure. I would.

DAISY

You would?

SAMSON

Yeah. You think you can get these legs to dance?

DAISY

I bet I can. And if you can learn to dance, anyone else should be easy to teach. Don't you think?

SAMSON

What's that supposed to mean?

DAISY

Nothing. It's just . . .

(DAISY points to SAMSON'S many legs.)

SAMSON

Well, you have a point. But you may be surprised at how smooooooth I am. *(Posing)*
Customer number one is ready to shake a leg.

(He does – in fact he shakes several legs).

DAISY

Now?

SAMSON

Why not?

DAISY

Well, alright. What dance would you like to learn?

SAMSON

Hmmm . . . *(With an accent of course.)* How about . . . the tango?

DAISY

The tango?

SAMSON

Yes, the dance . . . of love.

HOPE

(Giggles)

SAMSON

What was that?

(SAMSON looks around)

DAISY

I didn't hear anything. Come on. We'll give it a try.

(DAISY and SAMSON attempt to get into a tango position.)

Put your hand, I mean hands here.

(His hands go just about everywhere – head, nose, in her ear.)

Not there - here. *(Beat)* Now, the tango is a very passionate dance . . .

SAMSON

I know.

(SAMSON pulls DAISY closer.)

DAISY

(Stepping back.)

On second thought, let's begin with another dance. Perhaps something with more energy.

SAMSON

How about the jitterbug?

(HE grabs DAISY and begins to jitterbug – or so he thinks. DAISY breaks away in order to survive.)

DAISY

Uh . . . how about the waltz? It's quite easy.

SAMSON

Do I get to hold you?

DAISY

You do. Now, ask me to dance.

SAMSON

Excuse me, my beautiful, my precious and shining star of the galaxy, would you like to dance . . . with me?

(Suddenly, BARNABY, THE BULLFROG dances on stage with a twig as his partner. He stumbles then tumbles into a strangely precarious position – whatever that may be.)

What is that?!

(DAISY and SAMSON cross to BARNABY.)

DAISY

Are you OK?

BARNABY

(Rising quickly . . . and falling . . . and rising).

Certainly . . . never better.

DAISY

What's your name?

BARNABY

Uh . . . Barnaby.

SAMSON

Bar-na-ba-BOOM if you ask me.

DAISY

Well, hello, I'm Daisy and this . . . silly spider is Samson. What are you doing?

BARNABY

Oh, nothing.

SAMSON

You got that right.

(BARNABY confesses)

BARNABY

Well, I was trying to dance and I . . . uh, tripped.

SAMSON

Over your partner!?

(The twig – SAMSON falls to the floor laughing.)

DAISY

Samson! *(To BARNABY)* I think it's wonderful that you're learning to dance. Where are you from?

BARNABY

I live on the other side of the wood, next to Blue Lake.

DAISY

Blue Lake? I hear it's beautiful.

BARNABY

It is. Maybe you can come see it one day? It's not far.

DAISY

I would like that.

SAMSON

(SAMSON silently mouths, "I would like that." BARNABY and DAISY stare at each other for a moment, then . . .)

BARNABY

I, uh, I don't mean to pry, but I overheard you might be opening a dance school?

DAISY

Well, I've talked about it for a long time and well, Samson convinced me to do it.

SAMSON

Thank you!

BARNABY

Do you think you could teach me to dance? You may have noticed I'm a bit clumsy and I could really use some help. What do I have to lose?

SAMSON

Your dignity man, your dig-ni-ty!

DAISY

Don't listen to him. *(Beat)* I think you would make an excellent dancer.

BARNABY

Well, I don't know about that, but I'd like to try.

(HOPE appears from behind the stump or tree.)

HOPE

I could provide some light if you like.

DAISY

Hope! It's great to see you. And thank you.

(A beautiful evening atmosphere via light is created by HOPE.)

SAMSON

(Under his breath and dejected - to HOPE)

Just great. You're killing any chance I have of getting a date with Miss Daisy you know.

HOPE

Sorry. I hear there's a lovely spider by the name of Gracie that has her eyes out for you.

SAMSON

What?!

(SAMSON groans. He is obviously dejected.)

DAISY

What dance would you like to learn, Barnaby?

(SAMSON looks up and to BARNABY.)

SAMSON

Forget the tango!

BARNABY

(To DAISY.)

I was thinking the waltz.

DAISY

Excellent choice.

SAMSON

The waltz? But that's our dance!

DAISY

The waltz belongs to everyone Samson.

(To BARNABY.)

Now, just count to three and follow me. Ready . . . one, two, three. One, two . . . three.
One . . . two . . .

(BARNABY tries not to step on DAISY'S tiny feet, but with every count her dainty toes are squished and squashed.)

BARNABY

I'm sorry. I'll never be any good at this.

SAMSON

Cor-rec-ta-mun-go you are Barnaby. Give the kid a prize!

DAISY

Samson! (*Beat.*) Don't give up, Barnaby. I know you can do it. We just need to find the dance that's right for you.

SAMSON

(*To HOPE.*)

Whooooee! She is slick. I applaud her sense of style when it comes to rejection! It was tender and soft as a lily pad.

(*A small band is heard warming up in the distance.*)

DAISY

I'm sorry, but I have to go. There's a concert tonight . . .

BARNABY

No, that's fine. I understand. Could we possibly meet next week for another lesson?

DAISY

I think that would be quite nice. (*Beat*) By the way, are you going to the concert tonight? It's at Calisto's Moonlight Café.

BARNABY

As a matter of fact, I am.

DAISY

That's great. A new singer from Blue Lake is performing. I hear he's a hunk.

BARNABY

Really?

DAISY

Would you like to go with us?

SAMSON

(*SAMSON'S mouth drops open. To HOPE – whispering.*)

Is she crazy? He's a bullfrog! They just met! What is she thinking?!

BARNABY

I'll walk with you, but I have some friends to meet there.

DAISY

Great. Come on Samson.

SAMSON

(Sarcastically.)

Come on Samson.

ROBBIE

Mom, is Samson jealous?

ROSIE

I believe he is. *(Beat.)* As Hope, Daisy, Barnaby and Samson were almost to the concert they heard a voice in the darkness.

CALISTO

(CALISTO paces back and forth.)

Man, I can't believe this! Our local Woodland Weather Skunk says, "It's going to be a full moon tonight", yet we have nothing but clouds, clouds and more clouds. Well, Mr. Skunk, your forecast stinks!

ROSIE

...chirped the ever-complaining Calisto the Cricket, the owner of the club and also the promoter and announcer for the concert.

ROBBIE

Calisto? What kind of name is that?

ROSIE

Well, *(Whispering.)* just between us, his real name is Fred, but he wanted a more dynamic name for his club.

ROBBIE

Calisto? *(Laughs)* That's a word for you.

(CALISTO speaks to the band members.)

CALISTO

Dudes and Dudettes, you practiced a long time, but we may have to cancel the concert.

(Quickly there is chatter amongst the band.)

I'm sorry man, but it's difficult to see your instruments. How are you gonna play? I can barely see you. And how is our audience going to see ME? We can only *hope* the clouds will clear in the very near future. So, let's just chill a bit and we'll see what happens.

ROSIE

Hope fluttered down and landed on a dewy blade of grass.

HOPE

Did someone call? My name is Hope. What's wrong?

(CALISTO looks at HOPE.)

CALISTO

We have a concert tonight, but with the clouds covering the moon, we can barely see anything.

(Quickly there is chatter amongst the band.)

What? What is it?

(More cricket chatter.)

Oh! This? This is "Hope"?! Yeah man, I see it. *(In his announcer's voice.)* The shimmering, gleaming, radiant, resplendent ray of Hope! *(Beat)* Tell me Hope, is it possible that you may be able to help us with some . . . illumination?

HOPE

Hmmm ... *(HOPE thinks for a moment.)* I can't do this by myself.

ROSIE

Suddenly, a small ray of light dancing among the tall trees appeared.

(FLORA THE FIREFLY appears dancing amongst the trees.)

HOPE

It's Flora!

ROSIE

Drifting down softly, Hope's best friend landed gently in the cool grass.

FLORA

Hope, it's great to see you.

HOPE

It's great to see you too. *(With a sense of urgency.)* I'm glad you're here. You're just in time.

FLORA

What's wrong?

HOPE

The concert is supposed to start very soon and there's not enough moonlight. Do you think we can help?

FLORA

Well, we're going to need a few more of our friends for this job. Here, take my hand.

ROSIE

Hope and Flora flew side by side, their lights flashing as one. The dazzling glow carried deep into the woods and soon a hundred glittering fireflies were gliding into the clearing. The brilliant illumination filled the woods with the most magnificent light the creatures of the wood had ever seen.

HOPE

Will this help?

CALISTO

It's wonderful! And just in time. Here comes our audience.

(BARNABY, ABBY, and BILLY appear with GRACIE who snuggles up to SAMSON very close. Perhaps other imaginary friends / creatures of the forest arrive to the concert.)

ROSIE

Within minutes, all the night creatures were gathered in the breathtaking light. Calisto stepped up to the microphone.

CALISTO

Welcome my friends. Welcome to Calisto's Moonlight Café! *(Revvng up the crowd.)* Are you ready to have a great time? Well then, LET ME HEAR SOME NOISE!!

(Recorded audience response, yet the "live" audience should be encouraged to respond as well. Repeat the request if necessary to get the audience pumped up.)

Excellent! Once again, welcome my friends. Calisto's Moonlight Café is proud to present a new young artist. He's the handsomest, hunkiest, coolest dude I know. Straight from the other side of the forest, singing his new release, "Blue Lake", welcome the one and only . . . Barnaby!

(Recorded and "live" audience applause are heard with the "Blue Lake" instrumental intro.)

SAMSON

(SAMSON is shocked.)

Are you kidding me? *(To DAISY.)* This clod-hopper is the hunk all the ladies are drooling over?

DAISY

It is kind of amazing don't you think? Now sshhh.

SONG: BLUE LAKE
BARNABY (*Sings.*)

DAISIES AND CLOVER, WATER OF GLASS
PINE TREES REACH TO THE SKY ON A BEACH OF GRASS
SOUTH WINDS BLOW GENTLY IN THE MORNING SUN
WHILE THE CREATURES OF BLUE LAKE ARE OUT HAVING FUN

SQUIRREL AND RABBIT RUN A ZIG AND A ZAG
THEY'RE UP ON THE HILL PLAYING A GAME OF TAG
TAD POLES AND BLUE GILL SWIM IN OUR LAKE OF BLUE
IT'S A HEAVENLY HAVEN FOR THEM, ME AND YOU

MOONLIGHT DANCES ON THE WATER AT NIGHT
AS A CHOIR OF CRICKETS SING TO OUR DELIGHT
BULLFROGS AND OWLS JOIN IN AND CREATE
A HARMONIC SYMPHONY ON THE BANKS OF BLUE LAKE

SUNRISE IS MAGIC, THERE'S A BREEZE IN THE AIR
LADY DEER AND SLY FOX TEASE A NEW BORN BROWN BEAR
PORCUPINE AND OPOSSUM LUMBER ALONG
WHILE A CARDINAL AND BLUE JAY SING A BE-BOPPITY SONG

SUNSET'S A MIRACLE THE SKY IS AGLOW
WITH THE RICHEST OF COLORS PUTTIN' ON A SHOW
STARS SPARKLE LIKE DIAMONDS, IT'S OUR OWN BROADWAY
AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT'S LIKE THIS EACH DAY

MOONLIGHT DANCES ON THE WATER AT NIGHT
AS A CHOIR OF CRICKETS SING TO OUR DELIGHT
BULLFROGS AND OWLS JOIN IN AND CREATE
A HARMONIC SYMPHONY ON THE BANKS OF BLUE LAKE
ON THE BANKS OF BLUE LAKE, BLUE LAKE

*(As the music ends the creatures of the forest applaud and
gather around BARNABY.)*

ROSIE

And that night . . .

(Lights slowly fade with a special highlighting HOPE.)

Hope became a beacon, a guiding light for all to see. And everyone realized that if you have
Hope, anything is possible.

(Lights fade to black.)

THE END

