

The Wedding by Eve Bunting

Reader's Theater

Brindle Cow

Organist (Pig)

Florist (Turtle)

Pastor (Duck)

Beautician (Rabbit)

Chef (Chipmunk)

Cantor (Thrush)

Narrator 1: Miss Brindle Cow, all sweetly brown,
walked along the path to town,
listening to the wedding bells-
the wedding bells of Saint Michelle.

Narrator 2: Saw saw a pig beneath a tree.

Organist (Pig): Alas! I say, I've cranked my knee!
I'm the organist in church.
I'll have to leave them in a lurch.
This wedding won't be quite as good!
I'd play my heart out if I could.

Narrator 1: Miss Brindle Cow said...

Brindle Cow: Don't despair!
Climb on my back. I'll take you there.

Narrator 2: They spied a turtle, lying down
I say, I'm on my way to town
I wish I wasn't quite so slow.
I started out a week ago.

Florist (Turtle): I'm the florist, Pomeroy,
And weddings are my special joy.
I won't be there, I'm sad to say.
There'll be no flowers in church today.

Narrator 1: Miss Brindle Cow said...

Brindle Cow: Don't be gloomy.
Climb on Pig's back. It's nice and roomy.

Narrator 2: A duck sat, rubbing her sore feet.

Pastor (Duck): I'm made to swim and quack and eat.
Walking's very hard for me,
so this is a catastrophe.
I'm the pastor, Who'll be there
to hear the vows and say a prayer?

Narrator 1: Miss Brindle Cow said...

Brindle Cow: Please calm down.
I will take you into town.

Narrator 2: A rabbit, leaning on a gate,
fanned himself...

Beautician (Rabbit): I'm very late.
My beauty shop is in the city.
I came to make the bride look pretty.
I've got my lipstick and my blusher.
I'm also meant to be an usher.
This is such a special date,
and here I am, so late, so late.

Narrator 1: Miss Brindle Cow said...

Brindle Cow: You'll be needed.
Climb aboard...

Narrator 2: ...and they proceeded.

Narrator 1: A chipmunk that the turtle knew

Chef (Chipmunk): I say, I don't know what to do.
I'm the chef for this affair,
and I've been wandering who knows where.
I'm all worn out. I'm quite exhausted.
At least the wedding cake is frosted!
But still I have to make the hash,
the corn, the meal, the hot maize mash.
There'll be no wedding banquet food,
And they expect a multitude.

Brindle Cow: Climb on, I say, Don't be shy
I hope you won't mind sitting high.

Narrator 2: A small brown thrush flew overhead...

Cantor (Thrush): I'm off to Saint Michelle's ahead
They asked if I would fly along
and sing a sacred wedding song.
O Promise Me is very nice.
So nice I think I'll sing it twice.
I'd really like to come with you
if that's an okay thing to do?

Narrator 1: Miss Brindle Cow came to a stop.

Brindle Cow: We'd love it! Perch up there on top.

Narrator 2: They sweetly sang *O Promise Me*,
their voices blending tenderly.
They sang of love, all starry-eyed.
and then they sang *Here Comes the Bride*.

Cantor (Thrush): I say, I see the church! We're here!
Miss Brindle Cow, you were so dear!
I hope we weren't too much for you!

Brindle Cow: Oh no, my friends, I'm good as new.
I am woman. I am strong.
I'm happy that you came along.

Pastor (Duck): Welcome friends. Please join us all inside.

Brindle Cow: Yes, I shall
I'm the bride!