

Lucy Simon

"Finale"

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[Spoken]

COLIN:

Mary, what is it?

MARTHA:

Mary, come quickly!

MARY:

Wait 'till you see it!!

COLIN:

Mary, what is it?

MARY:

It's spring!

COLIN:

But where did it come from?

MARTHA:

From all your hard work, where do you think?

COLIN:

Mary, look at the roses!

MARY:

There are fountains of them!

COLIN:

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?

MARY:

Colin! That's not fair!

NEVILLE:

Archie, why didn't you cable us you were coming?

ARCHIBALD:

I didn't know myself, Neville.
What on earth is all that noise?

COLIN:
Oh, no, you don't! I'm lots faster than you are!

MARY:
Colin Craven, not so fast!

NEVILLE:
Mary Lennox!!

COLIN:
Father?

ARCHIBALD:
Oh, Colin!

COLIN:
Look at me, Father! I'm well!

ARCHIBALD:
Oh, Colin, my fine, brave boy!
Can you ever forgive me?

COLIN:
It was the garden that did it, Father.
And Mary, and Dickon, and Martha.
Some kind of charm, it came right out of the ground!

ARCHIBALD:
Yes? Oh, Colin. Colin, look at you!

COLIN:
It was Ben that kept the garden alive, Father, until...

BEN:
I knew it was against your orders sir, but I...

COLIN:
And it was Dickon, who taught us how...

ARCHIBALD:
Yes, I can just imagine.
Dickon, if there is ever anything we can do...

MARTHA:
Sir, what is to become of our Mary?

ALBERT:
[Sings]
Clusters of crocus

ARCHIBALD:

Why, Mary, I'd nearly forgotten you in all this.

MARY:

It's hard to remember everybody, sir.

ARCHIBALD:

No, it isn't. Three isn't very many people at all.

I should be able to remember three people quite easily!

MARY:

Would I be one of them?

ARCHIBALD:

Mary Lennox, for as long as you will have us, we are

yours,

Colin and I, and this is your home, and this, my lovely

child,

is your garden!

DREAMERS:

[Sing, fading]

Come to my garden, nestled in the hill.

There I'll keep you safe beside me.

Come to my garden. Rest there in my arms.

There I'll see you safely grown

ALBERT and LILY:

And on your way.

Stay here in the garden,

As days grow long and mild.

LILY:

Come to my garden,

come, sweet child.

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