

1ST TENORS.

WE'RE ALL WORE OUT AND DONE UP -

ALL MEN.

AND WHAT'S MORE, WE'RE HUNGRY AS GOATS!

ALL WOMEN.

YOU'LL GET NO DRINKS ER VITTLES

TILL WE GET ACROSS THE BAY

SO PULL IN YER BELTS AND LOAD THEM BOATS

AND LET'S GET UNDERWAY.

THE SOONER WE SAIL, THE SOONER WE START

THE CLAMBAKE 'CROSS THE BAY!

(The music continues as they snap their fingers and turn. But the BOYS' attention has been caught by the entrance of NETTIE, coming out of the house carrying a tray piled high with doughnuts. She is followed by a LITTLE GIRL, carrying a large tray of coffee.)

NETTIE. Here, boys! Here's some doughnuts and coffee.
Fall to!

(Crosses to center.)

MEN. *(As they fall to, speeches overlapping.)* Doughnuts, hooray...! That's our Nettie...! Yer heart's in the right place, Nettie...! Lemme in there...! Quit yer shovin'...!

NETTIE. Here now, don't jump at it like you was a lotta animals in a menag'ry!

(She laughs as she crosses over to the GIRLS.)

WOMEN. Nettie...! After us jest tellin' 'em...! Watchere doin' that fer...?

NETTIE. They been diggin' clams since five this mornin' - I see 'em myself, down on the beach.

WOMEN. After the way they been pesterin' and annoyin' you...!

CARRIE. Nettie, yer a soft-hearted ninny!

NETTIE. Oh, y'can't blame 'em. First clambake o' the year they're always like this. It's like unlockin' a door, and all the crazy notions they kep' shet up fer the winter come whoopin' out into the sunshine. This year's jest like ev'ry other.

MARCH WENT OUT BUSTIN' UP,
A-WHIPPIN' UP THE WATER IN THE BAY.
THEN APRIL CRIED
AND STEPPED ASIDE,
AND ALONG COME PRETTY LITTLE MAY!
MAY WAS FULL OF PROMISES
BUT SHE DIDN'T KEEP 'EM QUICK ENOUGH FER SOME,
AND A CROWD OF DOUBTIN' THOMASES
WAS PREDICTIN' THAT THE SUMMER'D NEVER COME!

MEN.

BUT IT'S COMIN', BY GUM!
Y'KEN FEEL IT COMIN'
Y'KEN FEEL IT IN YER HEART,
Y'KEN SEE IT IN THE GRASS!

WOMEN.

Y'KEN HEAR IT IN THE TREES,
Y'KEN SMELL IT IN THE BREEZE -

ALL.

LOOK AROUND, LOOK AROUND, LOOK AROUND!

NETTIE.

JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER,
ALL OVER THE MEADOW AND THE HILL!
BUDS'RE BUSTIN' OUTA BUSHES,
AND THE ROMPIN' RIVER PUSHES
EV'RY LITTLE WHEEL THAT WHEELS BESIDE A MILL.

ALL.

JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER.