

(MATT)

(MUSIC as he gets more and more carried away.)

I'll marry when I marry
In my own particular way,
And my bride shall dress in sunlight
With rain for her wedding veil.
Out in the open,
With no one standing by.
No song except September
Being sung in the busy grass!
No sound except our heartbeats—
Roaring!
Like a flower alive with bees!

(Jumping on the Prop Box.)

Without benefit of neighbor!
Without benefit of book!
Except perhaps her handprint
As she presses her hand in mine!
Except perhaps her imprint
As she gives me her golden* hair! (*Alternate: chestnut)
In a field, while kneeling,
Being joined by the joy of life!

There!

In the air!

In the open!

That's how I plan to wive!
