

The Wind In The Willows Junior

Junior Script

by

Mike Smith

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CAST LIST

N.B. In the following list, the bracketed number shows the number of spoken lines each role has.

An asterisk (*) before the character's name indicates that this character ALSO has solo or featured sung lines.

Narrators

Narrator 1	(68)
Narrator 2	(46)
Narrator 3	(51)
Narrator 4	(58)

Main Characters

*Mole	(34)
*Rat	(54)
*Badger	(29)
*Toad	(49)

Other Characters

Chauffeur	(0)
Girl (Gaoler's Daughter)	(6)
Aunt	(0)
Engine Driver	(1)
*Bargewoman	(13)
*Chief Weasel	(3)

Chorus of:-

Riverbank Creatures, Rabbits, Hedgehogs and Voles

Field Mice

Weasels, Ferrets and Stoats

PRODUCTION NOTES

Staging

The show is intended for performance as a narrative, with cameos of the scenes taking place on the main stage area. Wherever possible, the characters referred to in the narratives should act out through mime and choreography the appropriate actions from the script.

I have split the narrative into four parts but this can be performed by one or as many narrators as required.

A backdrop of a country scene, showing the river in the foreground and Toad Hall in the background could be used for the major part of the production. The chorus could assist in changing the feel of certain scenes by bringing on small pieces of scenery as suggested further on.

The opening scene as referred to above could remain in place until after Track 3 'Poop-Poop'. To create a more sinister feel for the wild wood, chorus members could carry on a few tree cut-outs and hold them in place to conceal Toad Hall on the backdrop.

At the end of Track 4, the chorus remove the trees.

After Track 5, 'My Old Home' on Narrator 3's lines, the scene needs to change into Mole's home. The chorus could bring on items such as a bench seat, old rickety dining table and a few chairs, a prop fireplace and maybe a wheel on a prop welsh dresser. If this is impractical, rostra arranged suitably to create shelving would suffice to cover the main set and create the feel of an interior of Mole's home. The characters then continue with their stage directions of making the fire etc.

As the scene changes after Track 6, into the following summer, the set pieces of Mole's home are removed returning us once again to Toad Hall. This can be done by the chorus members during Narrator 4's second speech.

Following Track 7, the scene moves to Toad's bedroom. This could be achieved by small rostra placed in position with bedding placed on top for Toad to lie on.

As the scene moves on, we find Toad in gaol. The bed, mentioned above, could stay in place and the chorus could bring on a frame made to represent the gaol bars and place it in front of the bed with Toad behind it. The girl stands downstage of the bars and talks to Toad through them.

When Toad arrives at the railway station the bedding can be removed from the rostra and some more rostra added for the characters to stand on, as if on a platform. The chorus can

carry on small flats representing a waiting room or ticket office which they should hold upstage of the rostra 'platform'.

As Narrator 1 mentions Toad making his escape, he jumps off the rostra and the chorus clear the railway station flats, leaving the rostra in position. Toad runs off stage and re-enters on to the rostra in time for the Bargewoman to enter with a cut-out representation of her barge. Toad is on the rostra looking down on the Bargewoman.

After being offered a lift (Narrator 4's speech), Toad jumps down off the rostra behind the cut-out as if landing in the barge. Toad eventually crawls back up onto the rostra as he drags himself out of the canal. The rostra and any other set pieces are removed during the dialogue in front of Toad Hall.

When the characters arrive at Toad Hall (just before Track 9) a large refectory type table should be set for the ferrets' and weasels' banquet, if possible, enabling the weasels to dive under it on cue. A few smaller tables and chairs need to be set, perhaps by ferrets and weasels as they enter the scene, for the melee. This set remains in place to the end of the show.

Choreography

Movement and dance throughout this show will enhance the performance, creating the flow between the scenes. The melee in Toad Hall at the end of the show needs careful choreography to make it look effective. The backing track for Track 9 could be repeated to choreograph this movement.

Costume

The costumes should fit Kenneth Grahame's imagery as shown through Ernest Shepard's illustrations.

Toad, for the main part, wears a large check suit of beige/brown with a fawn shirt and red, striped tie. He changes to driving clothes for the cameo on Page 16. These should consist of a large overcoat with high, furry collar and a flat cap complete with bobble and peak, Gauntlets and goggles are required as are gaiters if possible.

Rat wears a grey suit and a grey or beige open necked shirt throughout. His shoes are brown leather.

Mole wears a dark grey or black three piece suit and a cravat or scarf.

Badger should be dressed in a sporting jacket and trousers and a check waistcoat over a collar and tie.

Field mice wear suitable country-style clothing and mufflers.

The other characters should be dressed to reflect their individual animal characteristics, with a strong emphasis on the country style.

Headpieces of the different animals should be worn to create the individual chorus characters.

Lighting and Sound

Lighting

Bright lighting to start the show with some warm colours to give the feeling that spring is in the air! As the scene changes to the Wild Wood after Track 3, the lights need to dim and, if possible, change to a green and blue hue, creating a more sinister feel.

A glitter ball could be used in Track 4 to create a snowfall effect.

The lighting changes after Track 5 from the green/blue hue to warm yellow hues - but not too bright – for Mole’s old home. If possible, an off-stage light shining in from the wings would give the effect of the lantern carried by the field mice when the door is opened to them.

Light levels can increase for Track 7.

After Toad escapes from Toad Hall the lighting should darken and move towards blue for the gaol scene.

When Toad escapes from gaol the lighting can return to that used in the opening scene until the characters prepare to storm Toad Hall.

As Narrator 1 informs the audience that it begins to grow dark, the lights should dim a little to confirm the passing of time into evening, returning to a bright, warm effect for Track 9 through to the finale.

Sound Effects (SFX)

There are few sound effects required in this show, but sounds can be added, subtly, to enhance certain scenes eg. River sounds at the start of the show, maybe an owl hooting occasionally in the Wild Wood, maybe a vintage car horn on cue of Narrator 3’s “Poop-Poop” as he describes the car bearing down on Toad.

A door-knocking sound effect is required after Track 6 on the Narrator’s cue.

A steam train sound effect might be briefly played during Toad's escape from gaol. Of course, all of the above can be dispensed with if resources do not allow.

The majority of the sound effects can be obtained from BBC Sound Effect CD's or from the internet.

Properties

Mole's Home

Duster Mole
 Tin of sardines, box of biscuits, sausage encased in silver foil..... Set pieces
 Lantern on a stick Field Mouse

Gaol

Gold sovereigns..... Table in gaol
 Cotton print gown, an apron, a shawl and a rusty black bonnet Washerwoman

Barge Scene

Cut-outs of old-fashioned wash tub, dolly, scrubbing board etc..... Toad

Toad Hall Scene

Walking stick..... Toad
 Four Belts Toad, Mole, Badger, Rat
 Cut-outs of swords, pistols, truncheons, lantern etc. Toad, Mole, Badger, Rat
 Set pieces of cutlery etc..... On table

THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS

(A backdrop of a country scene, showing the river in the foreground and Toad Hall in the background)

TRACK 1: TALES OF THE RIVER BANK

CHORUS: IT'S THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS; A RIVERSIDE TALE.
THERE'S A RAT AND A MOLEY, A BADGER, A TOAD.
A TALE OF ADVENTURES, A TALE OF THEIR DEEDS.
THIS RIVERSIDE LANDSCAPE
WILL LAST A THOUSAND YEARS.
THIS RIVERSIDE LANDSCAPE
WILL LAST A THOUSAND YEARS.

CHORUS: IT'S A TALE JUST FOR CHILDREN
THAT GROWN-UPS ENJOY.
THERE IS SORROW AND SADNESS,
THERE'S FUN AND THERE'S JOY.
WE'LL TELL OF ADVENTURES,
WE'LL TELL OF THEIR DEEDS.
THIS RIVERSIDE LANDSCAPE
WILL LAST A THOUSAND YEARS.
THIS RIVERSIDE LANDSCAPE
WILL LAST A THOUSAND YEARS.

(During the short instrumental a few of the Chorus of Riverbank Animals could scamper across the stage, pausing momentarily to e.g. sniff the air or meet each other.)

CHORUS: IT'S THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS; A RIVERSIDE TALE.
IT'S A FINE SPRINGTIME MORNING
WHEN MOLEY AWAKES;
A DAY FOR ADVENTURES, A DAY TO EXPLORE.
THIS RIVERSIDE LANDSCAPE
WILL LAST A THOUSAND YEARS.
THIS RIVERSIDE LANDSCAPE
WILL LAST A THOUSAND YEARS.

NARRATOR 1: Mole joined the river bankers one fine spring day, many years ago. He had been spring cleaning his house when the urge got to him to go 'up top' and take the fresh air. Many other creatures were out and about.

MOLE: *(Entering)* Bother! O Blow! Hang spring cleaning!

NARRATOR 1: It was a perfect morning and so he scabbled and scraped working busily with his paws until, at last, his snout came out into the sunlight and he found himself rolling in the warm grass. Off he shot across the meadows, along the hedgerows, through the copses, finding flowers



budding, leaves thrusting - everything happy. He thought his happiness was complete when suddenly he found himself down by the river.

- MOLE:** My, oh my! What's this? It shivers and shakes and glints and gleams.
- NARRATOR 1:** Never in his life had he seen a river before. He stopped and listened to its mischievous chuckling as it flowed along its way. As he sat there and looked across the river, a dark hole in the bank opposite caught his eye.
- MOLE:** What a snug dwelling place that would make.
- NARRATOR 1:** Then, as he looked, a small face began gradually to appear, framed like a picture. It was the Water Rat.
- RAT:** *(Entering opposite side)* Hullo, Mole!
- MOLE:** Hullo, Rat!
- RAT:** Would you like to come over?
- MOLE:** Oh, it's all very well to talk.
- NARRATOR 1:** Well, Rat did no more than untie his little blue and white boat and scull smartly across to Mole on the other bank and pick him up. Mole stepped gingerly down into the boat.
- MOLE:** Do you know, I've never been in a boat before in all my life.
- RAT:** What? Never been in a... you never...well, I...What have you been doing then?
- MOLE:** Is it so nice as all that?
- RAT:** Nice? It's the only thing. Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing – absolutely nothing - half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats. Messing about, *in* boats, or *with* boats.

TRACK 2:

MESSING IN BOATS

- CHORUS:** MESSING IN BOATS, MESSING IN BOATS,
THERE'S NOTHING SO NICE AS
MESSING IN BOATS.
MESSING IN BOATS, MESSING IN BOATS,
THERE'S NOTHING SO NICE AS
MESSING IN BOATS.
- RAT:** IN BOATS, OUT OF BOATS,
I DON'T REALLY CARE;
NOTHING SEEMS TO MATTER,
SO LONG AS I AM THERE.
BIG BOATS, LITTLE BOATS,
THEY ALL HAVE THEIR CHARM;
ON A RIVER, IN A POND,
WATERS FAST OR CALM.



CHORUS: MESSING IN BOATS, MESSING IN BOATS,
THERE'S NOTHING SO NICE AS
MESSING IN BOATS.
MESSING IN BOATS, MESSING IN BOATS,
THERE'S NOTHING SO NICE AS
MESSING IN BOATS.

RAT: TO-ING AND FRO-ING,
THERE'S SO MUCH TO DO;
FIXING AND FIDDLING
TO BOATS OLD AND NEW.
BUSY DOING NOTHING,
BUT HAVING LOTS OF FUN,
SPENDING TIME BY WATERSIDE,
WHETHER RAIN OR SUN.

CHORUS: MESSING IN BOATS, MESSING IN BOATS,
THERE'S NOTHING SO NICE AS
MESSING IN BOATS.
MESSING IN BOATS, MESSING IN BOATS,
THERE'S NOTHING SO NICE AS
MESSING IN BOATS.

RAT: WHAT A WAY TO SPEND A DAY,
GOING ON A TRIP;
HAVE A LOVELY PICNIC,
WITH LEMONADE TO SIP.
COOKED HAM AND COLD BEEF,
PICKLED GHERKINS TOO,
SALAD CREAM AND WATERCRESS,
ALL FOR ME AND YOU.

CHORUS: MESSING IN BOATS, MESSING IN BOATS,
THERE'S NOTHING SO NICE AS
MESSING IN BOATS.
MESSING IN BOATS, MESSING IN BOATS,
THERE'S NOTHING SO NICE AS
MESSING IN BOATS.

RAT: Look here Mole! If you've really nothing else on hand this morning,
supposing we drop down the river together and have a long day of it.

MOLE: What a day I'm having! Let's start at once!

NARRATOR 1: And so began the long friendship between Mole and Rat.

One bright summer morning, whilst Rat was sitting on the river bank,
singing a little song he had just composed, Mole approached him to
ask a favour.

MOLE: What I came to ask you was, won't you take me to call on Mr Toad? I
do so want to make his acquaintance.



- RAT:** Why, certainly. Get the boat out and we'll paddle up there at once. It's never the wrong time to call on Toad. Early or late, he's always the same fellow. Always glad to see you, always sorry when you go!
- NARRATOR 1:** Well, they set off and before long they had turned the bend in the river and arrived at Toad Hall. They moored the boat in Toad's boat house and joined him on the lawn.
- TOAD:** *(Entering)* Hooray! How kind of you! I was just going to send a boat down the river for you, with strict orders that you were to be fetched up here at once, whatever you were doing.
- MOLE:** Delightful residence!
- TOAD:** *(Boisterously)* Finest house on the whole river. Or anywhere else for that matter. *(Rat nudges Mole and Toad bursts out laughing.)* All right Ratty. It's only my way, you know. And it's not such a very bad house, is it? Now look here, I need your help. It's most important.
- RAT:** It's about your rowing, I suppose.
- TOAD:** *(Interrupting)* Oh, pooh! Boating! Silly boyish amusement. I've given that up long ago. Sheer waste of time and energy. No, I've discovered the real thing, the only genuine occupation for a lifetime. Come with me, dear Ratty and your amiable friend, and you shall see what you shall see.

(All three exit.)

- NARRATOR 2:** Well, Toad led them out into the stable yard and there stood his latest pride and joy – a gipsy caravan! Mole was tremendously interested and excited as Toad showed them around the caravan, pronouncing all of its virtues. Rat only snorted and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. To Rat's surprise, Toad declared that they were setting off that afternoon on an adventure.
- NARRATOR 3:** It all started off well and good; charged with excitement they ambled along country lanes, camped on commons and cooked on an open fire. But then disaster struck!

(The three companions enter.)

- NARRATOR 4:** They were strolling along the road, Mole leading the horse, Toad doing all of the talking and Ratty doing all of the listening, when a faint sound was heard behind them. Glancing back, they saw a small cloud of dust advancing on them, while from out of the centre of the dust came a faint "poop-poop!" wailing like an uneasy animal.
- NARRATOR 2:** Suddenly, with a blast of wind and a whirl of sound it was on them. They barely had a moment's glimpse of the motor car as it sped by, scattering the old grey horse and the caravan into the ditch at the side of the road.



(The three characters fall over.)

RAT: *(Jumping up and down with rage)* You villains! You scoundrels, you highwaymen, you – you – road hogs! I'll have the law on you! I'll report you! I'll take you through all of the courts!

NARRATOR 2: Toad sat straight down in the middle of the dusty road and stared fixedly at the disappearing motor car, muttering at intervals.

TOAD: Poop-poop!

RAT: Are you coming to help us, Toad?

TOAD: Glorious, stirring sight! The poetry of motion! The real way to travel! The only way to travel! Here today – in next week tomorrow! Villages skipped, towns and cities jumped – always somebody else's horizon! O bliss! O poop-poop!

MOLE: *(Despairingly)* O stop being an ass, Toad!

TOAD: And to think that I never knew! All those wasted years that lie behind me, I never knew, never even dreamt! What dust clouds shall spring up behind me as I speed upon my reckless way! What carts I shall fling carelessly into the ditch in the wake of my magnificent onset! *(With eyes shining)* With no more than a cursory 'poop-poop', I shall pass them by!

RAT: *(Matter of fact)* Poop-poop.

MOLE: Poop-poop?

TRACK 3: **POOP-POOP**

TOAD & CHORUS: POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, OH WHAT A SIGHT!
POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, SUCH A DELIGHT;
TEARING DOWN THE BY-WAYS, STIRRING UP THE DUST;
THE RUSHING WIND, THE OPEN ROAD,
THE LOVE OF THAT I LUST!
POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, OH WHAT A SIGHT!
POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, SUCH A DELIGHT FOR ME.

TOAD: RECKLESS, CAREFREE, AS I SPEED ALONG MY WAY
SCATT'RING CARTS, HORSES TOO, WAGONS FULL OF HAY.
HAMLETS SKIPPED, TOWNS TOO; ALWAYS RUNNING FAST,
KICKING UP THE DUST CLOUDS
AS I GO RACING PAST.

TOAD & CHORUS: POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, OH WHAT A SIGHT!
POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, SUCH A DELIGHT;
TEARING DOWN THE BY-WAYS, STIRRING UP THE DUST;
THE RUSHING WIND, THE OPEN ROAD,
THE LOVE OF THAT I LUST!
POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, OH WHAT A SIGHT!
POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, SUCH A DELIGHT FOR ME.



TOAD: WASTED YEARS, TIME GONE BY, LOTS OF ILL-SPENT TIME
PURSUING POINTLESS PASSIONS. OH, IT WAS A CRIME!
I NEVER KNEW, I NEVER DREAMT OF ALL THAT LAY AHEAD.
BUT NOW I KNOW, I REALISE,
MY PASSIONS WILL BE FED!

TOAD & CHORUS: POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, OH WHAT A SIGHT!
POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, SUCH A DELIGHT;
TEARING DOWN THE BY-WAYS, STIRRING UP THE DUST;
THE RUSHING WIND, THE OPEN ROAD,
THE LOVE OF THAT I LUST!
POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, OH WHAT A SIGHT!
POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, SUCH A DELIGHT FOR ME.

TOAD: CARAVANS, HOUSE-BOATS, RACING ROWERS TOO;
EXCITING MOMENTS, SEEKING OUT
PLEASURES OLD AND NEW.
WATERWAYS, OPEN HEATHS, THE QUIET AND THE CALM;
BUT MOTOR CARS, THAT'S THE LIFE,
THE POWER, SPEED AND CHARM.

TOAD & CHORUS: POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, OH WHAT A SIGHT!
POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, SUCH A DELIGHT;
TEARING DOWN THE BY-WAYS, STIRRING UP THE DUST;
THE RUSHING WIND, THE OPEN ROAD,
THE LOVE OF THAT I LUST!
POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, OH WHAT A SIGHT!
POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, SUCH A DELIGHT FOR ME.

TOAD: I FEEL IT FLOWING IN MY VEINS,
IT SURGES THROUGH MY BLOOD;
A NEED TO BE BEHIND THE WHEEL,
THE URGE IT FEELS SO GOOD,
TO RACE AWAY DOWN LEAFY LANE,
RECKLESS WITHOUT CARE.
MAJESTIC MOTOR, KING OF ROAD,
YOU ARE MY LOVE AFFAIR.

TOAD & CHORUS: POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, OH WHAT A SIGHT!
POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, SUCH A DELIGHT;
TEARING DOWN THE BY-WAYS, STIRRING UP THE DUST;
THE RUSHING WIND, THE OPEN ROAD,
THE LOVE OF THAT I LUST!
POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, OH WHAT A SIGHT!
POOP-POOP, POOP-POOP, SUCH A DELIGHT FOR ME.

NARRATOR 2: There was nothing to be done with Toad. He was now possessed. He had a new craze, and it always took him that way, in its first stage.



- RAT:** *(Sharply)* Now look here Toad! As soon as we get to the town you'll have to go straight to the Police Station and see who that motor car belongs to and lodge a complaint.
- TOAD:** *(Dreamily)* Police Station? Complaint? Me complain of that beautiful, heavenly vision? You can't think how grateful I am that you came on this trip. I might never have gone without you.
- NARRATOR 1:** Rat did his best to persuade Toad to go to the Police Station and report the motorist, then get the caravan repaired, but he was wasting his time, Toad would hear none of it. All he could think of, from that moment on, was motor cars. The thought of them flowed through his veins; he was spellbound, entranced, bewitched. When they reached the town they went straight to the station and deposited Toad on a slow train that went close by Toad Hall. The very next day Toad went up to town and ordered a very large and very expensive car.

(Toad & Mole exit. Rat moves to other side of stage and sits in front of fireplace.)

- NARRATOR 2:** Mole had long wanted to make acquaintance with the Badger but whenever Mole mentioned his wish to Rat, he always found himself put off with comments like "Badger'll turn up someday or other". One winter's day when Rat was fast asleep, Mole decided he would go to explore the wild wood himself and maybe strike up an acquaintance with Badger.

(Mole enters downstage alone).

At first entry, there was nothing to alarm him. Twigs crackled under his feet, logs tripped him, but that was all fun. As he penetrated further, everything became still and dusk gathered in behind him.

- NARRATOR 3:** He quickened his pace, telling himself to stop imagining things. He hurried forward, panic setting in. He began to run aimlessly into things, over things, under things, anywhere! Eventually he took refuge in the deep dark hollow of an old tree. *(Crouches down upstage.)*
- Rat meanwhile dozed by the fireside, dreaming of his beloved rivers, when suddenly a coal slipped, sending up a spurt of flame. With a start he awoke and looked around, gathering his senses. He realised Mole was not about when he called him.

RAT: Moly, Moly!

NARRATOR 2: Receiving no answer, he went looking about the house for him. Something was wrong he sensed. He set off for the wild wood at brisk pace.

RAT: Moly! Moly! Moly! Where are you? It's me – its old Ratty!

MOLE: Ratty! Is that really you? I've been so frightened, you can't think!

NARRATOR 2: Rat fully understood and after resting, they prepared to set off for home. Stepping outside of the old tree, they soon discovered it was snowing hard.



TRACK 4:**SNOWFLAKES FALL**

CHORUS: SNOWFLAKES FALL, MAKING BRANCHES GLISTEN,
SNOWFLAKES FALL.
SNOWFLAKES FALL, MAKING BRANCHES GLISTEN,
SNOWFLAKES FALL.
FALLING LIKE A WHISPER,
CARESSING ALL AROUND.
COATING ALL THE FAUNA,
LAYING ITS MANTLE SOFTLY ON THE GROUND.

CHORUS: SNOWFLAKES FALL, MAKING BRANCHES GLISTEN,
SNOWFLAKES FALL.
SNOWFLAKES FALL, MAKING BRANCHES GLISTEN,
SNOWFLAKES FALL.
SUCH A SNOWY, COLD NIGHT,
THE WIND WAS BLOWING HARD.
SNOW FELL DOWN AND ALL AROUND,
LOOKED JUST LIKE A PRETTY CHRISTMAS CARD.

NARRATOR 3: It was one of those short winter days, when the sheep were huddling together against the hurdles, blowing out of thin nostrils and stamping delicate forefeet, that found the two animals plodding across the ploughed fields. Suddenly Mole froze in his tracks as if electrified.

(Mole stops, Ratty continues walking about the stage.)

MOLE: What's that? Home! It must be close by! My old home, I feel it in the air, it draws me; it pleads for my attention.

NARRATOR 3: The call was clear, the summons plain. He must obey it instantly.

MOLE: Ratty! Hold on! Come back! I want you, quick!

NARRATOR 3: But the Rat continued plodding along in front.

RAT: *(Cheerfully)* Oh, come along Mole, do!

MOLE: *(Pleading)* Please stop, Ratty! You don't understand! It's my old home! I've just come across the smell of it, and it's close by here. I must go to it Ratty! I must, I must!

NARRATOR 3: Rat, by this time, was very far ahead, too far to hear clearly what Mole was saying.

RAT: Mole, we mustn't stop now, really! We'll come for it tomorrow, whatever it is you've found. I daren't stop now – it's late and I'm not sure of the way!

NARRATOR 3: Poor Mole stood alone in the road, his heart torn asunder and a big sob gathering. Torn between loyalty for his friend and the pleading wafts from his old home, his heart strings were wrenched asunder; his whole body shook with uncontrollable tears.



RAT: What is it old fellow? Whatever can be the matter? Tell us your trouble and let me see what I can do.

MOLE: I know it's a shabby, dingy little place, not like your cosy quarters or Toad's beautiful Hall, but it was my own little home and I was fond of it – and I went away and forgot all about it until I smelt it suddenly on the road. I called you and you wouldn't listen Rat – and everything came back with a rush – and I wanted it! And you wouldn't come back – I thought my heart would break and..... Oh Ratty! Oh dear! Oh dear!

TRACK 5:**MY OLD HOME**

MOLE: MY HOME! SHABBY AND SMALL,
UNDERGROUND, NOTHING AT ALL.
HAPPY DAYS I ONCE SPENT
IN MY OLD HOME.

RAT: TAKE A TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE;
FONDEST DREAMS ALIVE ONCE MORE.
SEEKING OUT FAMILIAR FACES,
TIMES AND PLACES GONE BEFORE.

MOLE: MY HOME! SHABBY AND SMALL,
UNDERGROUND, NOTHING AT ALL.
HAPPY DAYS I ONCE SPENT
IN MY OLD HOME.

RAT: MEMORIES OF OLDEN DAYS
COME FLOODING BACK TO YOU AGAIN;
NOT A CARE, A LIFE FULL OF LAUGHTER,
SKIPPING DOWN THE COUNTRY LANES.

MOLE: MY HOME! SHABBY AND SMALL,
UNDERGROUND, NOTHING AT ALL.
HAPPY DAYS I ONCE SPENT
IN MY OLD HOME.

RAT: NOTHING VAST LIKE BADGER'S GREAT HOUSE.
NOTHING GRAND LIKE TOAD'S FINE HALL.
SO WELL PLANNED, SO VERY COSY;
MATTERS NOT IF LARGE OR SMALL!

MOLE: MY HOME! SHABBY AND SMALL,
UNDERGROUND, NOTHING AT ALL.
HAPPY DAYS I ONCE SPENT
IN MY OLD HOME.

RAT: Well now, we'd really better be moving old chap!

MOLE: Where are you *(hic)* going to *(hic)* Ratty?



- RAT:** We're going to find that home of yours, old fellow, so you'd better come along, for it will take some finding, and we shall want your nose.
- NARRATOR 3:** Still snuffling, pleading and reluctant, Mole was dragged back along the road by his companion. They moved on in silence for a little way, when suddenly Mole stood rigid for a moment with his uplifted nose quivering in the air. Short, faltering steps were followed by quick jerky runs and then scabbling through a hedge, across a dry ditch, then Mole dived down a passage deep in the ground.
- NARRATOR 2:** Rat followed and in a moment they were inside the door of Mole's old home. Mole glanced around the old place. He saw the dust lying thick on everything, he saw the cheerless, deserted look of the long neglected house and he collapsed on his chair, his nose in his paws.
- MOLE:** *(Dismally)* Oh Ratty! Why ever did I do it? Why did I bring you to this poor, cold little place, on a night like this? You might have been at the River Bank by this time, toasting your toes before a blazing fire.
- RAT:** Nonsense! What a capital little house this is! So compact! So well planned! Everything in its place. Come on Mole, fetch a duster and let's smarten things up a bit. Bustle about, old chap!
- NARRATOR 3:** Encouraged by his inspiring companion, the Mole roused himself and dusted and polished with heartiness, while Rat lit a cheerful fire. Foraging about the place, they managed to rustle up a tin of sardines, a box of captain's biscuits and a German sausage encased in silver paper. They had just got to work with the sardine-opener when sounds were heard from the forecourt of scuffling feet and a confusion of tiny voices.
- FIELD MICE:** *(Offstage)* Now, all in a line – hold the lantern up a bit, Tommy – clear your throats first – no coughing after I say one, two, three.
- RAT:** What's up?
- MOLE:** I think it must be the field mice. They go around carol singing at this time of year. They never pass me over, they come to Mole End last of all and I used to give them hot drinks and supper sometimes, when I could afford it.
- RAT:** Well then, it will be like old times to hear them again! Let's have a look at them!
- NARRATOR 3:** They flung the door open, and there in the forecourt, lit by the dim rays of a horn lantern, stood eight or ten little field mice in a semi-circle with red worsted comforters about their throats. As the door opened the elder, carrying a lantern, said "Now then, altogether; One, two, three!"

(The Field mice enter.)



TRACK 6:**CHRISTMAS CAROL**

- CHORUS:** VILLAGERS ALL, THIS FROSTY TIDE,
LET YOUR DOORS SWING OPEN WIDE.
WIND MAY FOLLOW, AND SNOW BESIDES,
DRAW US IN BY YOUR WARM FIRE TO BIDE;
- CHOIRBOY/GIRL:** HARK, THE HERALD ANGELS SING
GLORY TO THE NEW BORN KING;
- ALL:** PEACE ON EARTH AND MERCY MILD,
JOY SHALL BE YOURS IN THE MORNING!
- CHORUS:** HERE WE STAND IN THE COLD AND THE SLEET,
BLOWING FINGERS AND STAMPING FEET,
COME FROM FAR AWAY YOU TO GREET –
YOU BY THE FIRE AND WE OUT ON THE STREET.
- CHOIRBOY/GIRL:** JOYFUL ALL YE NATIONS RISE,
JOIN THE TRIUMPH OF THE SKIES.
- ALL:** WITH THE ANGEL HOST PROCLAIM,
BIDDING YOU JOY IN THE MORNING!
- CHORUS:** 'ERE ONE HALF OF THE NIGHT WAS GONE,
SUDDEN A STAR HAS LED US ON,
RAINING BLISS AND BENISON –
BLISS TOMORROW WITH LOVE AND PEACE ANON.
- CHOIRBOY/GIRL:** CHRIST, BY HIGHEST HEAVEN ADORED,
CHRIST, THE EVERLASTING LORD.
- ALL:** LIGHT AND LIFE TO ALL HE BRINGS,
JOY FOR EVERY MORNING!
- CHORUS:** GOODMAN JOSEPH TOILED THROUGH THE SNOW,
TILL HE FOUND A STABLE LOW;
MARY COULD NOT FURTHER GO.
WELCOME THATCH AND WARM, DRY LITTER BELOW!
- CHOIRBOY/GIRL:** HAIL, THE HEAV'N- BORN PRINCE OF PEACE!
HAIL, THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!
- ALL:** LIGHT AND LIFE TO ALL HE BRINGS,
JOY WAS HERS IN THE MORNING!
- CHORUS:** THEN THEY HEARD THE ANGELS TELL
WHO WERE THE FIRST TO CRY NOWELL.
ANIMALS ALL, AS IT BEFELL,
IN THE STABLE WHERE THEY ALL DID DWELL!
- CHOIRBOY/GIRL:** MILD HE LAYS HIS GLORY BY,
BORN THAT MAN NO MORE MAY DIE,
- ALL:** BORN TO RAISE THE SONS OF EARTH.
JOY SHALL BE THEIRS IN THE MORNING!
- RAT:** Very well sung everyone! Come along and warm yourself and have something hot!



- BADGER:** YOU'VE GONE AND GOT IT WRONG!
WE LIKE YOU, TOADY.
- TOAD:** GO BACK WHERE YOU BELONG!
- ALL BUT TOAD:** WE'LL CONVERT YOU, WE'LL NOT HURT YOU,
OH, POOR UNHAPPY TOAD!
WE MUST CONVERT YOU,
NEVER HURT YOU,
OH, POOR UNHAPPY TOAD!
- BADGER:** BRINGING US TO ILL REPUTE, WITH YOUR WILFUL WAYS;
THE TIME HAS COME TO WARN YOU –
NO ROOM FOR MORE DELAYS.
- RAT:** US RIVER-BANKERS FEAR OUR LIVES,
WHEN OUR HOMES WE LEAVE.
- MOLE:** UNDERGROUNDERS WON'T GO OUT
BECAUSE THERE'S NO REPRIEVE.
- ALL BUT TOAD:** WE MUST CONVERT YOU,
DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU,
OH, POOR UNHAPPY TOAD!
WE MUST CONVERT YOU,
DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU,
OH, POOR UNHAPPY TOAD!
- TOAD:** SORRY IF I'VE CAUSED YOU GRIEF,
THROUGH MY INDULGENT WAYS,
I'M CRAVING SPEED AND POWER LUST
TO SATISFY MY WAYS.
- BADGER:** THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, WE'RE NOT CONVINCED,
SORROW'S NOT YOUR STYLE.
YOU MUST BE CHECKED FOR YOUR OWN GOOD;
WE'RE PUTTING YOU ON TRIAL!
- TOAD:** WON'T CONVERT ME,
YOU CAN'T CONVERT ME,
FOR I AM HAPPY TOAD.
- ALL BUT TOAD:** WE SHALL CONVERT YOU,
WE SHALL CONVERT YOU
TO TRULY HAPPY TOAD!
- NARRATOR 4:** Having locked him up in his bedroom, they arranged watches accordingly, knowing that this was going to be a long job. Daily he would have uncontrollable desires to act out his obsession with cars, arranging the chairs in rude resemblance of a motor car, making uncouth and ghostly noises. Gradually these performances reduced in frequency.
- One fine morning as Rat replaced Badger on guard duty, Badger commented on Toad's somewhat quiet and submissive mood.



- BADGER:** Toad's still in bed. Can't get much out of him, except 'Oh leave me alone, I want nothing and perhaps I shall be better presently'. Now you look out, Rat! When Toad's quiet and submissive and playing the hero of a Sunday school prize, he's at his artfullest. Something's up! **(Badger exits)**
- NARRATOR 4:** Rat went into the bedroom, where he found Toad lying quietly in bed.
- RAT:** How are you today, old chap?
- NARRATOR 4:** Toad, being very artful, feigned a serious illness and begged the Rat to fetch him a doctor and a lawyer. Rat became very concerned and anxious at this request and forgetting the wise words of Badger and common sense, he dashed off immediately. **(Rat exits.)**
- Well, no sooner had Rat left, than Toad hopped out of bed, laughing heartily, dressed as quickly as possible and climbed out of the window down a knotted sheet rope. Sliding lightly to the ground, he made off in the opposite direction to the Rat, whistling a merry tune. **(Toad exits whistling.)**
- NARRATOR 2:** Toad soon found himself deeper in trouble. Unable to control his craving, he stole a motor car and ended up in gaol.
- But, of course, Toad's luck held out and before long he made friends with the gaoler's daughter, who was particularly fond of animals. The friendship grew and before long she felt sorry for him locked up in gaol all day long. She thought the penalty was too severe for such a trivial offence and offered to help him escape.
- GIRL:** **(Entering)** Listen, I have an aunt who is a washerwoman. She does the washing for all of the prisoners in this gaol. Now, this is what occurs to me: you're very rich, so you say, and she's very poor. I think if she was properly approached you could come to some arrangement. You know – borrow her bonnet and dress and escape as the washerwoman. I'll go and see her to prepare a visit.
- (Girl exits to return with Washerwoman.)**
- NARRATOR 4:** The next evening, the girl ushered her aunt into Toad's cell. The old lady had been prepared beforehand and the sight of gold sovereigns placed on the table in full view left little to discuss. In return for the cash, Toad received a cotton print gown, an apron, a shawl and a rusty black bonnet. He made his escape, dressed in her disguise.
- (Girl and Washerwoman exit.)**

He made straight for the station and then realised in his haste that he had forgotten to pick up his money before escaping. He wandered off down the platform, looking very dejected, tears welling in his eyes and almost bumped into the engine driver.



(Engine driver enters.)

DRIVER: Hulloo, mother! What's the trouble? You don't look particularly cheerful.

TOAD: Oh, sir! I am a poor unhappy washerwoman and I've lost all my money and can't pay for a ticket, and I must get home tonight somehow and whatever am I going to do. Oh dear, oh dear!

NARRATOR 1: The engine driver was completely taken in by Toad's story and offered to give him a lift in exchange for a few shirts being washed. They sped along the tracks, Toad watching the fields and trees flash by, dreaming that every moment he was being brought nearer to Toad Hall. He made his escape as they passed through a tunnel.

(Toad jumps down from rostra and engine driver exits.)

He eventually arrived at a road which led him onto the towpath of a canal. Marching along, he was shortly joined by a brightly-painted barge pulled by a large horse. He struck up conversation with the sole occupant of the barge, a large stout woman wearing a linen sun-bonnet.

BARGEWOMAN: *(Entering)* A nice morning, ma'am!

TOAD: *(Using high voice)* I dare say that it's a nice morning to them that's not in sore trouble like what I am.

NARRATOR 4: Once again, Toad fabricated a story about his laundry business and how he'd left his young children to look after themselves whilst he went to the aid of his married daughter. The bargewoman offered to give him a lift.

BARGEWOMAN: So you're in the washing business, ma'am? And a very good business you've got too, I dare say.

TOAD: *(Airily)* Finest business in the whole country.

NARRATOR 4: Once more he drifted into story telling. The bargewoman pointed out that she couldn't steer the barge and wash her husband's clothes at the same time, so Toad could wash the laundry in exchange for the lift. Toad became very concerned about this and offered to steer instead.

BARGEWOMAN: *(Laughing)* Let you steer? It takes some practice to steer a barge properly. Besides, it's dull work and I want you to be happy. No. You do the washing that you're so fond of and I'll do the steering that I understand.



TRACK 8:**ALL WASHED UP**

- CHORUS:** RUB-A-DUB-DUB, COLLARS TO SCRUB,
CUFFS NEED STARCHING TOO.
THE PILE OF CLOTHES JUST GROWS AND GROWS
TO MAKE HER WASHDAY BLUE.
- BARGEWOMAN:** THE PROSPECT'S CLEAR, THAT YOU CAN'T STEER,
BUT WASHING YOU ADORE.
SO PLEASE SET-TO AND CLEAN THEM THROUGH
FOR SOON THERE WILL BE MORE.
WHEN HUBBY COMES BACK, ALAS ALACK,
HIS CLOTHES WILL BE FULL OF GRIME,
SO IN THE TUB AND A JOLLY GOOD SCRUB
WILL RESTORE THEM TO THEIR PRIME.
- CHORUS:** RUB-A-DUB-DUB, COLLARS TO SCRUB,
CUFFS NEED STARCHING TOO.
THE PILE OF CLOTHES JUST GROWS AND GROWS
TO MAKE HER WASHDAY BLUE.
- TOAD:** NOW LET'S NOT RUSH, A DUST WITH A BRUSH
WILL CLEAN YOUR OLD MAN'S SHIRT,
AND AS FOR THE REST, IT IS FOR THE BEST
IF YOU REMOVE THE DIRT.
HE MIGHT BE UPSET IF I SHOULD FORGET
AND WASH HIS UNDERWEAR,
I WON'T BE RUDE, I WILL NOT INTRUDE,
YOU CAN WASH! IT'S ONLY FAIR.
- CHORUS:** RUB-A-DUB-DUB, COLLARS TO SCRUB,
CUFFS NEED STARCHING TOO.
THE PILE OF CLOTHES JUST GROWS AND GROWS
TO MAKE HER WASHDAY BLUE.
- BARGEWOMAN:** NOW WASHERWOMAN, PLEASE SET TO
WITH CLOTH AND SOAP AND TUB.
I'LL HEAR NO MORE POLITE EXCUSE,
THE LAUNDRY'S THERE TO SCRUB.
IT IS GOOD FORTUNE YOU ARE HERE,
A REGULAR PIECE OF LUCK.
DON'T FIND EXCUSE TO TARRY MORE –
ADMIT YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP.
- CHORUS:** RUB-A-DUB-DUB, COLLARS TO SCRUB,
CUFFS NEED STARCHING TOO.
THE PILE OF CLOTHES JUST GROWS AND GROWS
TO MAKE HER WASHDAY BLUE.
RUB-A-DUB-DUB, COLLARS TO SCRUB,
CUFFS NEED STARCHING TOO.
THE PILE OF CLOTHES JUST GROWS AND GROWS
TO MAKE HER WASHDAY BLUE.



NARRATOR 4: Toad was fairly concerned. With no escape, he began washing as best as he knew how. A long half-hour passed, and every minute saw Toad getting crosser and crosser. His back ached badly and his paws began to get all crinkly. The Bargewoman laughed at him and he exploded in a fit of temper.

TOAD: You common, low, fat bargewoman! I would have you know that I am a Toad, a very well-known, respected, distinguished Toad! I may be a bit under a cloud at the moment, but I will not be laughed at by a bargewoman!

NARRATOR 4: The bargewoman approached him and peered under his bonnet.

BARGEWOMAN: Why, so you are! Well, I never! A horrid, nasty, crawly Toad! And in my nice, clean barge too! Now that is a thing I will not have!

NARRATOR 4: Relinquishing the tiller for a moment she struck out, grabbed Toad and flung him into the canal. Eventually, he made the shore, recovered his breath and ran after the barge, revenge in his heart. Unfastening the horse from the tow-rope, he jumped onto the horse's back and rode off, leaving the bargewoman adrift in the canal.

(Bargewoman exits.)

NARRATOR 1: Well, despite having being imprisoned for theft, chased as an escapee and thrown into a canal by a Bargewoman, Toad still managed to boast of his abilities when he arrived back with his companions.

(Ratty and Mole enter, with Toad's walking stick, which they give to him.)

TOAD: *(Boasting)* Oh Ratty! I've been through such times and so nobly borne! Such escapes, such disguises, such subterfuges, all so cleverly planned and executed! Been in prison – got out of it! Been thrown in a canal – swam ashore! Stole a horse – sold it for a large sum! Oh I am a smart Toad and no mistake!

NARRATOR 1: Rat brought Toad down to earth with a bump.

RAT: Toad! I don't want to give you pain, but seriously, don't you see what an awful ass you've been making of yourself? On your own admission you've been handcuffed, imprisoned, starved, chased, insulted and flung into the water by a woman! Where's the amusement in that? If you will be mixed up with cars why steal them?

NARRATOR 3: Toad defended his actions, saying what fun it had been and how exciting he had found it all. Rat continued to scold him. Seeing that he couldn't win over the Rat, whilst he was in his present mood, Toad changed the subject and suggested they strolled down to Toad Hall.

RAT: Stroll gently down to Toad Hall? Do you mean to say that you haven't heard about the stoats and weasels and the other wild-wooders and how they've been and taken Toad Hall?

NARRATOR 3: Toad was livid. Up he got and off he marched down the road, his stick over his shoulder, fuming and muttering in his anger.

(All characters exit.)

He was soon beating a retreat however, when, arriving at Toad Hall he challenged a ferret and was shot at for his troubles. It was clear that Toad Hall was very well defended and a cunning plan was needed if they were to take the hall back from the wild -wooders. The four companions argued amongst themselves as to the best plan, but were unable to agree. Then Badger came to the rescue.

(Badger, Toad, Rat & Mole enter.)

BADGER: I'm going to tell you a great secret. There is an underground passage that leads from the riverbank, quite near to here, right up to Toad Hall!

TOAD: *(Airily)* Oh nonsense, Badger! You've been listening to some of the yarns they spin in the public houses around here. I know every inch of Toad Hall, inside and out. There is nothing of the sort, I do assure you!

BADGER: *(Continuing)* I've found out a thing or two lately. There's going to be a big banquet tomorrow night. It's somebody's birthday – the Chief Weasel's, I believe – and all the weasels will be gathered together in the dining hall, eating and drinking and laughing and carrying on. No guns, swords, sticks, nor arms of any sort! That is where the passage comes in – it leads up to the butler's pantry, next to the dining hall!

MOLE: We shall creep out quietly into the butler's pantry...

RAT: ...with our pistols and swords and sticks...

BADGER: ...And rush in upon them...

TOAD: *(Brandishing his walking stick)*...and whack 'em, and whack 'em, and whack 'em!

NARRATOR 1: Rat busied himself preparing for the night's battle, gathering up swords and pistols and so on, whilst Badger rested and Toad related, once more, his adventures to Mole.

When it began to grow dark, the Rat, with an air of excitement and mystery, summoned them all into the parlour. He put a belt around each one then supplied a sword, a cutlass, a pair of pistols, a policeman's truncheon, handcuffs, bandages and sticking plaster, sandwiches and a flask, to each.

NARRATOR 2: When all was quite ready the Badger took a lantern and a stick and led the way. Down they went into the passage.

(The four characters exit.)



It was cold, dark, damp and low and poor Toad began to shiver. They groped and shuffled along, with their ears pricked up and paws on pistols till at last Badger stopped.

(All four characters re-enter.)

- BADGER:** We ought by now to be pretty nearly under the hall.
- NARRATOR 1:** Then suddenly they heard, far away, a confused murmur of sound, as if people were shouting and cheering and stamping on the floor and hammering tables.
- BADGER:** What a time they're having! Come on!
- NARRATOR 1:** They hurried along the passage until it came to a full stop and they found themselves standing in the pantry, with only a door between them and the banqueting hall. The noise as they emerged from the passage was simply deafening. At last a voice could be heard above the din.
- CHIEF WEASEL:** *(Offstage)* Well, I do not propose to detain you much longer...but before I resume my seat...I should like to say one word about our kind host, Mr Toad...
- TOAD:** *(Muttering)* Just let me get at him!
- BADGER:** Hold hard a minute!
- CHIEF WEASEL:** Let me sing you a little song, which I have composed on the subject of Toad...

(The Weasels and Stoats enter followed by Badger, Toad, Rat and Mole.)

TRACK 9: THE HOUR HAS COME FOR TOAD

- CHIEF WEASEL:** THE TOAD HE WENT A PLEASURING,
GAILY DOWN THE STREET.
HE WOBBLED AS HE WANDERED DOWN,
SO ROUND AND SO PETITE!
SUCH A CONCEITED FELLOW,
NO-ONE COULD WISH TO MEET;
HE IS THE LOATHSOME, REALLY REPULSIVE,
TOTALLY REPUGNANT TOAD!
- CHORUS:** GOOD OLD TOAD
TO LEAVE THIS PLACE.
LOCKED IN GAOL
HE'S IN DISGRACE!
- CHIEF WEASEL:** HE FANCIED HE COULD DRIVE A CAR,
SO OFF HE WENT POOP-POOP!
HE RACED DOWN TOWN AND COUNTRY LANES;



HE TRIED TO LOOP THE LOOP.
THE LAW, IT FINALLY CAUGHT HIM UP
AND LOCKED HIM UP FOR GOOD.
HE IS A THIEVING, BUCCANEERING,
REALLY DISHONEST TOAD!

CHORUS: GOOD OLD TOAD
TO LEAVE THIS PLACE.
LOCKED IN GAOL
HE'S IN DISGRACE!

ALL: THEY LOCKED HIM UP IN THE STRONGEST GAOL
AND THREW AWAY THE KEY,
AND NOW I AM THE KING OF ALL THAT TOADY USED TO BE.
SO HAPPY BIRTHDAY, TOADY, FROM ALL OF US TO THEE.
IT'S CHEERS TO GOOD OLD, SADLY HOMELESS,
POOR OLD, LONESOME TOAD!

BADGER: The hour has come! Follow me!

NARRATOR 1: And the door flung wide open and battle commenced!

(General chaos takes place.)

The weasels dived under the table in fear; the ferrets rushed for the fireplace. Tables and chairs were upset, china was sent crashing to the floor. The wild-wooders were panic-stricken! The room seemed full of monstrous animals, whooping and flourishing enormous cudgels; They fled with squeals of terror and dismay in all directions. The affair was soon over. Through the broken windows the shrieks of the terrified weasels escaping across the lawn were borne faintly to their ears.

NARRATOR 4: The following morning, Toad overslept as usual. When he eventually came down to breakfast Badger was very short with him.

BADGER: I'm sorry Toad but I'm afraid there's a heavy morning's work in front of you. We ought to have a banquet at once to celebrate this affair. It's expected of you. In fact, it's the rule.

TOAD: *(Readily)* Oh, all right! Anything to oblige.

NARRATOR 2: All of the river-bankers and friends were invited to the banquet, to celebrate Toad's home-coming. Toad became very excited about the prospect. He planned speeches, addresses and songs for the evening. He would hint at his adventures, but above all he would sing his best compositions.

RAT: Now, look here, Toad, about this banquet. Understand clearly, there must be no speeches and no songs. Try and grasp the fact that on this occasion we're not arguing with you; we're just telling you.

TOAD: Mayn't I sing just one little song?





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PHOTOCOPIABLE LYRICS



Track 1:**Tales Of The River Bank****Chorus:**

It's the wind in the willows; a riverside tale.
There's a Rat and a Moley, a Badger, a Toad.
A tale of adventures, a tale of their deeds.
This riverside landscape
Will last a thousand years.
This riverside landscape
Will last a thousand years.

Chorus:

It's a tale just for children
That grown-ups enjoy.
There is sorrow and sadness,
There's fun and there's joy.
We'll tell of adventures,
We'll tell of their deeds.
This riverside landscape
Will last a thousand years.
This riverside landscape
Will last a thousand years.

Chorus:

It's the wind in the willows; a riverside tale.
It's a fine springtime morning
When Moley awakes;
A day for adventures, a day to explore.
This riverside landscape
Will last a thousand years.
This riverside landscape,
Will last a thousand years.



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Track 2:**Messing In Boats**

Chorus: Messing in boats, messing in boats,
There's nothing so nice as
Messing in boats.
Messing in boats, messing in boats,
There's nothing so nice as
Messing in boats.

Rat: In boats, out of boats,
I don't really care;
Nothing seems to matter,
So long as I am there.
Big boats, little boats,
They all have their charm;
On a river, in a pond,
Waters fast or calm.

Chorus: Messing in boats, messing in boats,
There's nothing so nice as
Messing in boats.
Messing in boats, messing in boats,
There's nothing so nice as
Messing in boats.

Rat: To-ing and fro-ing,
There's so much to do;
Fixing and fiddling
To boats old and new.
Busy doing nothing,
But having lots of fun,
Spending time by waterside,
Whether rain or sun.

Chorus: Messing in boats, messing in boats,
There's nothing so nice as
Messing in boats.



Messing in boats, messing in boats,
There's nothing so nice as
Messing in boats.

Rat:

What a way to spend a day,
Going on a trip;
Have a lovely picnic,
With lemonade to sip.
Cooked ham and cold beef,
Pickled gherkins too,
Salad cream and watercress,
All for me and you.

Chorus:

Messing in boats, messing in boats,
There's nothing so nice as
Messing in boats.
Messing in boats, messing in boats,
There's nothing so nice as
Messing in boats.



Track 3:**Poop-Poop**

- Toad & Chorus:** Poop-poop, poop-poop, oh what a sight!
 Poop-poop, poop-poop, such a delight;
 Tearing down the by-ways, stirring up the dust;
 The rushing wind, the open road,
 The love of that I lust!
 Poop-poop, poop-poop, oh what a sight!
 Poop-poop, poop-poop, such a delight for me.
- Toad:** Reckless, carefree as I speed along my way
 Scatt'ring carts, horses too, wagons full of hay.
 Hamlets skipped, towns too; always running fast,
 Kicking up the dust clouds
 As I go racing past.
- Toad & Chorus:** Poop-poop, poop-poop, oh what a sight!
 Poop-poop, poop-poop, such a delight;
 Tearing down the by-ways, stirring up the dust;
 The rushing wind, the open road,
 The love of that I lust!
 Poop-poop, poop-poop, oh what a sight!
 Poop-poop, poop-poop, such a delight for me.
- Toad:** Wasted years, time gone by, lots of ill-spent time
 Pursuing pointless passions. Oh it was a crime!
 I never knew, I never dreamt of all that lay ahead
 But now I know, I realise,
 My passions will be fed!
- Toad & Chorus:** Poop-poop, poop-poop, oh what a sight!
 Poop-poop, poop-poop, such a delight;
 Tearing down the by-ways, stirring up the dust;
 The rushing wind, the open road,
 The love of that I lust!
 Poop-poop, poop-poop, oh what a sight!
 Poop-poop, poop-poop, such a delight for me.



Toad: Caravans, house-boats, racing rowers too;
Exciting moments, seeking out
Pleasures old and new.
Waterways, open heaths, the quiet and the calm;
But motor cars, that's the life,
The power, speed and charm.

Toad & Chorus: Poop-poop, poop-poop, oh what a sight!
Poop-poop, poop-poop, such a delight;
Tearing down the by-ways, stirring up the dust;
The rushing wind, the open road,
The love of that I lust!
Poop-poop, poop-poop, oh what a sight!
Poop-poop, poop-poop, such a delight for me.

Toad: I feel it flowing in my veins,
It surges through my blood;
A need to be behind the wheel,
The urge it feels so good,
To race away down leafy lane,
Reckless without care.
Majestic motor, king of road,
You are my love affair.

Toad & Chorus: Poop-poop, poop-poop, oh what a sight!
Poop-poop, poop-poop, such a delight;
Tearing down the by-ways, stirring up the dust;
The rushing wind, the open road,
The love of that I lust!
Poop-poop, poop-poop, oh what a sight!
Poop-poop, poop-poop, such a delight for me.



Track 4:**Snowflakes Fall**

Chorus: Snowflakes fall, making branches glisten,
Snowflakes fall.
Snowflakes fall, making branches glisten,
Snowflakes fall.
Falling like a whisper,
Caressing all around.
Coating all the fauna,
Laying its mantle softly on the ground.

Chorus: Snowflakes fall, making branches glisten,
Snowflakes fall.
Snowflakes fall, making branches glisten,
Snowflakes fall.
Such a snowy, cold night,
The wind was blowing hard.
Snow fell down and all around,
Looked just like a pretty Christmas card.



Track 5:**My Old Home**

- Mole:** My home! Shabby and small,
Underground, nothing at all.
Happy days I once spent
In my old home.
- Rat:** Take a trip down memory lane;
Fondest dreams alive once more.
Seeking out familiar faces,
Times and places gone before.
- Mole:** My home! Shabby and small,
Underground, nothing at all.
Happy days I once spent
In my old home.
- Rat:** Memories of olden days
Come flooding back to you again;
Not a care, a life full of laughter,
Skipping down the country lanes.
- Mole:** My home! Shabby and small,
Underground, nothing at all.
Happy days I once spent
In my old home.
- Rat:** Nothing vast like Badger's great house.
Nothing grand like Toad's fine hall.
So well planned, so very cosy;
Matters not if large or small!
- Mole:** My home! Shabby and small,
Underground, nothing at all.
Happy days I once spent
In my old home.



Chorus: Then they heard the angels tell
Who were the first to cry Nowell.
Animals all, as it befell,
In the stable where they all did dwell!

Choirboy/Girl: Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,

All: Born to raise the sons of earth.
Joy shall be theirs in the morning!



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Track 7:**A Lesson In Life**

- Badger:** Toady, Toady, now your hour has come,
It's time to learn a lesson,
No need to look so glum.
- Toad:** Badger, you are wrong, there's naught to be undone;
I've found life's pleasures, I'm having so much fun.
- All but Toad:** We'll convert you, we'll convert you,
Oh, poor unhappy Toad!
Don't want to hurt you, we'll convert you,
Oh, poor unhappy Toad!
- Badger:** Listen Toady now to what we have to say.
It's all for your own interest
That we have come today.
- Toad:** Don't you see I'm happy?
You've gone and got it wrong!
- Badger:** We like you, Toady.
- Toad:** Go back where you belong!
- All but Toad:** We'll convert you, we'll not hurt you,
Oh, poor unhappy Toad!
We must convert you!
Never hurt you,
Oh, poor unhappy Toad!
- Badger:** Bringing us to ill repute, with your wilful ways;
The time has come to warn you –
No room for more delays.
- Rat:** Us river-bankers fear our lives,
When our homes we leave.
- Mole:** Undergrounders won't go out
Because there's no reprieve.
- All but Toad:** We must convert you,
Don't want to hurt you,



Oh, poor unhappy Toad!
We must convert you,
Don't want to hurt you,
Oh, poor unhappy Toad!

Toad: Sorry if I've caused you grief,
Through my indulgent ways,
I'm craving speed and power lust
To satisfy my ways.

Badger: That's where you're wrong, we're not convinced,
Sorrow's not your style.
You must be checked for your own good;
We're putting you on trial!

Toad: Won't convert me,
You can't convert me,
For I am happy Toad.

All but Toad: We shall convert you,
We shall convert you
To truly happy Toad!



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I'll hear no more polite excuse,
The laundry's there to scrub.
It is good fortune you are here,
A regular piece of luck.
Don't find excuse to tarry more –
Admit you're all washed up.

Chorus:

Rub-a-dub-dub, collars to scrub,
Cuffs need starching too.
The pile of clothes just grows and grows
To make her washday blue.
Rub-a-dub-dub, collars to scrub,
Cuffs need starching too.
The pile of clothes just grows and grows
To make her washday blue.



Track 9: **The Hour Has Come For Toad**

Chief Weasel: The Toad he went a pleasuring,
Gaily down the street.
He wobbled as he wandered down,
So round and so petite!
Such a conceited fellow,
No-one could wish to meet;
He is the loathsome, really repulsive,
Totally repugnant Toad!

Chorus: Good old Toad
To leave this place.
Locked in gaol
He's in disgrace!

Chief Weasel: He fancied he could drive a car,
So off he went poop-poop!
He raced down town and country lanes;
He tried to loop the loop.
The law, it finally caught him up
And locked him up for good.
He is a thieving, buccaneering,
Really dishonest Toad!

Chorus: Good old Toad
To leave this place.
Locked in gaol
He's in disgrace!

All: They locked him in the strongest gaol
And threw away the key,
And now I am the king of all that Toady used to be.
So happy birthday, Toady, from all of us to thee.
It's cheers to good old, sadly homeless,
Poor old, lonesome Toad!

Track 10:**Toad's Last Little Song**

Toad: The Toad – came – home!
The Toad – came – home!

Chorus: There was panic in the parlour
And howling in the hall,
There was crying in the cowshed
And shrieking in the stall,

Toad & Chorus: When the Toad – came – home!
When the Toad – came – home!

Toad: The Toad – came – home!
The Toad – came – home!

Chorus: There was smashing in of windows,
And crashing in of doors;
There was chivvying of weasels,
That fainted on the floors,

Toad & Chorus: When the Toad – came – home!
When the Toad – came – home!

Toad: Bang! Go the drums
As the hero comes!

Chorus: Now the trumpeters are tooting
And the soldiers are saluting;
The cannon they are shooting
And the motor cars are hooting

Toad & Chorus: As the hero comes!
As the hero comes!

Toad: Shout hip-hooray!
For it's Toad's great day!

Chorus: And let each one of the crowd
Just try and shout it very loud,
In honour of an animal
Of whom you're justly proud,

Toad & Chorus: For it's Toad's great day!
For it's Toad's great day!
Toad's great day!



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