

The Wind In the Willow

Choir Words

1. Introduction

Listen to the sound of the wind in the willows,
Whispering through the branches and the leaves.
Come away and listen to a story of long ago and far away;
When the river murmured its magical music to the scented breeze.
Listen to the echo of soft distant voices calling us away.

No 3. River Scene and Song Down by The River

Rat and Chorus: A life on the river – me oh my!
Yes, a life on the river – my oh me!
Why, a life on the river – oh my, oh me!
That's the life to set my heart all a-quiver – ooh!
With the splashing of the oars – splish, splosh!
And the buzzing of the bees – bzz, bzz!
Now I ask, did you ever – me oh my!
See a happier fella – my oh me!
Than a fella who's afloat – heigh ho!

In his little wooden boat? Rapture!

All: Cucumber sandwiches, savoury relish,
Paté with truffles and cranberry jelly,
Ham and tongue and beef and gooseberry pie:
Oh my!

Mustard and cress and Russian salad,
Banbury cakes and sugary doughnuts,
Brandy snaps and fudge and bottles of squash:
Oh gosh!

Hard-boiled eggs, peaches and cream,
Apricot flan, lemon meringue,
Venison pasty with walnuts and grapes
Cut up in convenient little wedge shapes –
Just so!

Mole and Chorus: My heart's all a-shiver – pit-a-pat!

It feels all a-shiver – pat-a-pit!

My heart's all a-shiver – ooh!

Just to be in a boat on the river –

Floating down the stream!

With the sighing of the breeze – ooh!

And the birdies in the trees – quack, quack!

Rat, Mole and Chorus: Now I ask, did you ever – in
your life

See two happier fellas – blissful!

Than Rat and Mole afloat – heigh ho!

In their little wooden boat? Heaven!

No 5. The Journey To Badger's House – The Wild Wood

1. Sing O the wild wood, the green holly,
The silent river and barren tree.
The humble creature that no man sees:
Sing O the wild wood.
2. A weary journey one winter's night:
No hope of shelter, no rest in sight.
Who was the creature that bore Mary?
A simple donkey.
3. And when they came into Bethlem Town
They found a stable to lay them down;
For their companions that Christmas Night,
Hum....
4. And then an angel came down to earth
To bear the news of the Saviour's birth;
The first to marvel were shepherds poor,
Hum...
5. Sing O the wild wood, the green holly;
The silent river and barren tree;
The humble creature that no man sees:
Sing O the wild wood.

No 6. Badger's House

Badger: Go away!

Rat and Mole: But Badger, it's us, Rat and Mole!

Badger: Why, come in, come in! I thought you were those confounded field mice carol-singing again. . . Come in, come in, and sit by the fire. *(They enter.)*

(Two field mice knock loudly.)

Field mice (outside): We wish you a merry Christmas,

We wish you a merry Christmas,

We wish you a merry Christmas . . .

Badger: Oh confound you, wretched field mice! I suppose you'd better come in.

Field mice: Oh thank you, Mr Badger, sir, thank you!

Badger: You may later sing *our* verse of some brief soothing carol. . . for the moment be silent while I talk with Mr Rat and Mr Mole. Now tell me, dear Rat: what is the news of the outside world? And in particular, what of our reckless young friend Toad?

Rat: There's nothing new about the Toad Except his latest crazes.

Badger: Alack! A prey to foolish crazes . . .

Rat: There is no end to what he'll find; His stamina amazes.

Badger: Amazes?

Mole: I blame his parents – such well-intentioned folk – but then, alas, they spoiled him.

Badger: I feel they must have spoiled him.

Field mice: Our auntie says 'e tried to knock the village policeman's helmet off, but then they foiled him!

Badger: Be silent!

Rat and Badger: It's a problem, it's a problem, It's a terrible, terrible problem!

Rat, Mole and Badger: It's a problem, it's a problem, What a terrible, terrible problem!

We'll have to do something about Mr Toad,
His conduct is truly appalling.
He's foolish and fickle and easily led,

Conceited and boastful and weak in the head,
He'll go to the bad and then soon he'll be dead;
What can we do to prevent him from falling?

Rat: Last month he bought a gipsy caravan
In bright canary yellow.

Badger: Oh no! Not bright canary yellow!

Rat: The colour's surely bad enough,
But worse was still to follow.

Badger: Alack!

Mole: I think that Oxford did for him –
All those aesthetic parties!

Badger: I disapprove of parties.

Field mice: Our Dad says Toad gets drunk
On brandy balls and Smarties.

Badger: Hold your tongue!

Rat and Badger: It's a problem, it's a problem,
It's a terrible, terrible problem!

Rat, Badger and Mole: It's a problem, etc.

Rat: This month, I think you must have heard:
It's motor cars and speeding. . .
At more than twenty miles an hour!
His reckless folly as he drives
To tragedy is leading.

Badger: How true!

Mole: The countryside is now no longer safe;
His motoring's a menace!

Field mice: Our grandma says . . .

Badger: Shush!

Rat, Mole and Badger: We'll have to do something
about Mr Toad,
His conduct is truly appalling.
He's foolish and fickle and easily led,
Conceited and boastful and weak in the head,
He'll go to the bad and then soon he'll be dead;
What shall we do?

Rat, Mole and Badger: We'll sort him out, we'll put him right,
We'll set him straight, we'll lecture him,
We'll get him on the rails
And bash him up if all else fails,
Yes, that's what we'll do to prevent him from falling.

Field mice: On the first day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
A partridge in a pear tree . . .

Rat, Mole and Badger: Be off!

Narrator: And that's how things were left. Rat and Mole returned home the next day, determined to save Toad from the dreadful consequences of his new motor car craze.

10. On The Road To Toad Hall

Toad and Chorus: Toad is the greatest;

Chorus: We know it;

So let's get the show on the road,

And salute the phenomenal

The fabulous, fantastic,

Toad: Sensational, successful,
Scintillating, superstar Toad!

Chorus: Toad, Yeah!

12. Recapture of Toad Hall

Badger, Rat, Mole and Toad: Let's wallop a weasel,
let's strangle a stoat!

Let's frazzle a ferret or two – have 'em by the throat!

Twist their arms and pull their necks until their eyes go
pop;

Toad Hall is Toad's hall – let's go over the top!

Mole: Tiptoe up the staircase . . .

All: Tiptoe, tip!

Badger: Potter down to the pantry . . .

All: Pit-pat-pit!

Rat: Back again to the foot of the stairs,

Badger: Catch the villains unawares,

Mole: Lay them neatly out in pairs,

Toad: Listen while they say their prayers,

All: Let's go over the top!

Pin 'em up by the ears, chaps,

Spear 'em down to the floor!

Weaselburger and chips

Is a treat we all adore!

Rat: Shred the stoats in little bits,

Toad: Let's have a ferret chop!

All: It's weasel-whackin' good,

So, let's go over the top!

(Thunk! Thunk! Thunk!)

All: Thunk! Thunk! Splat!

Toad: Strike him! Yes, it's a stoat!

All: Got him! Squashed him flat!

Rat: Ferret by the door there,
He'd look more peaceful dead!

All: Yes, Toad Hall is Toad's hall;
Have we taken care of them all?

The Banquet at Toad Hall

9 The banquet at Toad Hall

Badger: My friends, this is a happy occasion.

All: Hear, hear!

Badger: Toad Hall, lately fallen into the evil hands of the weasels, the ferrets and the stoats, has finally been restored to its rightful owner. I give you the toast: hearth and home!

All: Hearth and home!

Badger: And now I call upon our good friend, Mr Toad, to make a brief reply.

All: Hear, hear!

Finale

Home is a special kind of feeling:
The feeling of a place where you belong;
A feeling that the world is left behind you,
Like a shelter from your care
That seems to want you to be there.
Home is that special kind of feeling:
The feeling that you've made it all your own;
Somewhere which you know is really your place;
A place for living, Your special place, your home.
Home has a welcome kind of feeling,
The firelight and the warmth of hearth and home.
A welcome that you know will always cheer you
Like a gentle fond 'hello'.
That seems to touch you with a glow.
Home has a quiet kind of feeling:
An island when you need to be alone;
A haven for the times you spend together.
There's nowhere better; no other place like home.