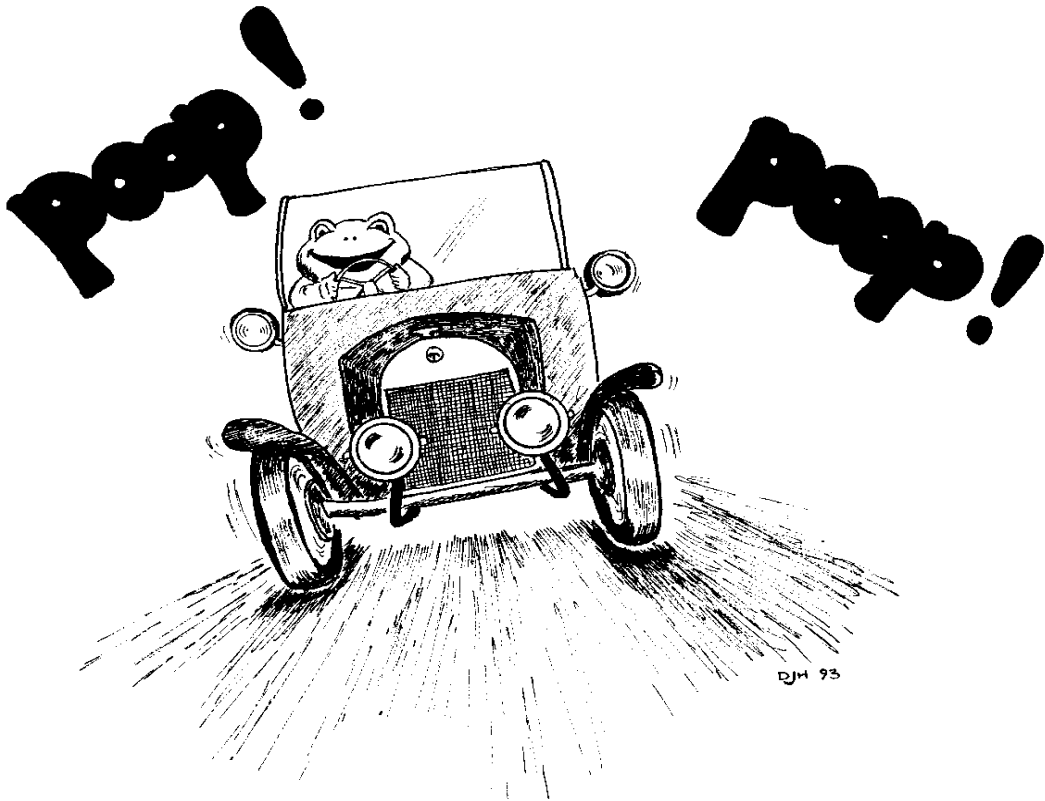


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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

Narrator 3

Narrator 4

Mole

Rat

Badger

Toad

Chauffer

Girl (Gaulers Daughter)

Aunt

Engine Driver

Barge Woman

Chief Weasel

Chorus of

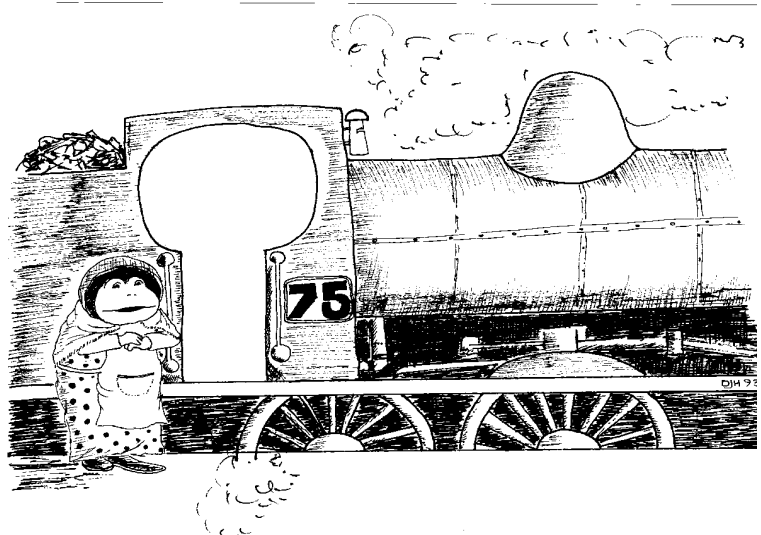
Riverbank

Rabbits, hedgehog, vole

Field Mice

Weasels

Etc



The Wind in the Willows

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

Song One – Tales of the River Bank (Chorus)

Chorus: It's the Wind in the Willows, a riverside tale,
There is Rat and a Moly, Badger and Toad,
A tale of adventures, a tale of 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,
I'll tell of adventures, I'll tell of their deeds'
This riverside landscape, will last a thousand years,
This riverside landscape will last a thousand years.

Narr 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: Bother! O Blow! Hang spring cleaning!

Narr 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.

Narr1: Never in his life had he seen a river before. He stopped and listened to it's 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.

Narr 1: Then, as he looked, a small face began gradually to appear, framed like a picture. It was the Water Rat.

Rat: Hullo, Mole!

Mole: Hullo, Rat!

Rat: Would you like to come over?

Mole: Oh, it's all very well to talk.



Narr 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.

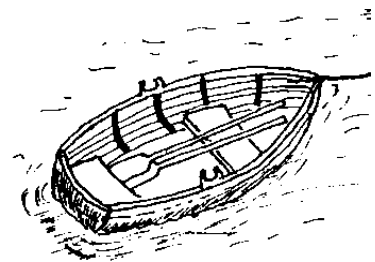
***Song Two – Messing in Boats
(Rat & Riverside Chorus)***

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 or out of boats,
I don't really care,
Nothing seems to matter,
So long as I am there.
Big boats, and 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 fid'ling.
To boats both old and new.
Busy doing nothing,
But having lots of fun.
Spending time by waterside,
Whether rain or sun.



Chorus: Messing about 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 away to spend a day,
Going on a trip,
Picnic-ing by waterside,
With lemonade to sip.
Cooked ham and cold beef,
Pickled gherkins too,
Salad cream and water cress,
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 us start at once!

Narr 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!

Narr 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: 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 burst 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.

Narr 1: 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.

Narr 2: 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!

Narr 3: 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!" wailed like an uneasy animal.

Narr 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.

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

Narr 1: 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 no more than a cursory 'poop-poop', I shall pass them by!

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

Mole: Poop-poop?

Song Three – Poop-poop

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.
Villages skipped, towns too; always running fast,
Kicking up the dust clouds
As I go racing past.

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, with 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 realize,
My passions will be fed!

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 and house boats and fine racing rowers too,
Exciting moments, seeking out, pleasures old and new,
Waterways, open heaths, the quiet and the calm
But motor cars, now that's the life,
The power, speed and calm.

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.

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.

Narr 1: 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.

Narr1: 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.

Narr 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 explore the wild wood himself and maybe strike up an acquaintance with Badger.

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.

Narr 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.

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!

Narr 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!

Narr 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.

Song Four - Snowy, blowy Night (Chorus)

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 it's mantle, softly on the ground.

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

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

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

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

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

Narr 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!

Narr 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 in not sure of the way!

Narr 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..... O Ratty! O dear! O dear!



**Song Five – My Old Home
(Mole and Rat)**

Mole: My home! Shabby and small
Underground, nothing at all.
But happy days, that I once spent
In my old home

Rat: Take a trip down mem'ry 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.
But happy days, that I once spent
In my old home

Rat: Memories of olden days,
Come flooding back to you again
Meadows, hedgerows, wooded copses,
Skipping down country lanes.

Mole: My home! Shabby and small
Underground, nothing at all.
But happy days, that I once spent
In my old home

Rat: Nothing vast like Badgers great house
Nothing grand like Toads fine Hall.
Cosy quarters, so well planned
Matters not if large of small!

Mole: My home! Shabby and small
Underground, nothing at all.
But happy days, that I once spent
In my old home.

Rat: Well now, we'd really better be going on 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.

- Narr 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 scrabbling through a hedge, across a dry ditch, then Mole dived down a passage deep in the ground.
- Narr 2: Rat followed and in a moment they were inside the door of Moles 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!
- Narr 3: Encouraged by his inspiriting 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 fore-court 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!
- Narr 3: They flung the door open, and there in the fore- court, 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, caring a lantern said "Now then, altogether. One, two, three!"

Song Six – Christmas Carol
(Chorus of field-mice)

Small chorus: Villagers all, this frosty tide.
Let your doors swing open wide,
Though wind may follow, and snow besides,
Draw us in by your warm fire to bide;

Full chorus: Hark the herald angels sing
Glory to the new born king
Peace on earth and mercy mild
Joy shall be yours in the morning!

Small 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 in the street –

Full chorus: Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angel host proclaim,
Bidding you joy in the morning!

Small 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,

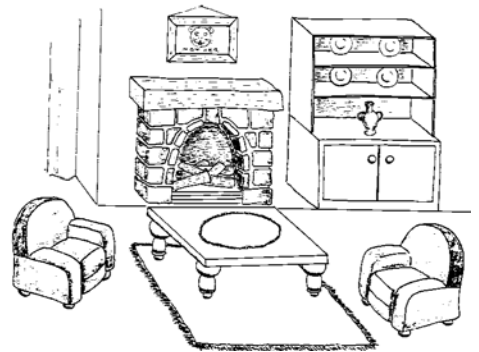
Full chorus: Christ by the highest heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Light and life to all he brings,
Joy for every morning!

Small chorus: Goodman Joseph toiled through the snow –
Saw the star o’er a stable low;
Mary she might not further go –
Welcome thatch, and warm, dry litter below!

Full chorus: Hail the heaven born Prince of Peace,
Hail the son of Righteousness,
Light and life to all he brings,
Joy was hers in the morning!

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

Full chorus: Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die
Born to raise the suns of earth.
Joy shall be theirs in the morning!



Rat: Very well sung boys! Come along and warm yourself and have something hot!

Narr 4: One bright morning, the following summer, just as Rat and Mole were finishing breakfast, there was a very heavy knocking at the door. The Mole attended to the summons and flung open the parlour door, and there with an air of importance, stood Mr Badger.

Badger: **(Solemnly)** The hour has come!

Rat: What hour?

Badger: Whose hour, you should rather say. Why, Toad's hour! The hour of the Toad! I said I was going to take him in hand as soon as winter was well over, and now I'm going to take him in hand today!

Narr 4: Mole was delighted! At last they were going to make him a sensible Toad. At that, they set off up the road on their mission of mercy. Badger leading the way. They reached the carriage-drive of Toad Hall to find a shiny new motor car standing in front of the house. As they neared the door of Toad Hall, it was flung open and Mr Toad, arrayed in goggles, cap, gaiters, and an enormous overcoat came swaggering down the steps, drawing on his gauntlets.

(Toad enters with his chauffeur)

Toad: Hullo! Come on you fellows! You're just in time to come with me for a jolly – for a jolly – er jolly...

Narr 4: His hearty accents faltered and fell away as he noticed Badger's stern expression, and his invitation remained unfinished.

Badger: Take him inside. ***(Turning to the chauffeur)*** I'm afraid you won't be wanted today. Mr Toad has changed his mind. He will not require the car. Please understand that this is final. You needn't wait.

