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Dramatic Publishing

KENNETH GRAHAME'S

**THE WIND
IN THE WILLOWS**

A MUSICAL

Adaptation, Music and New Lyrics

by

DOUGLAS POST



The Dramatic Publishing Company
Woodstock, Illinois • London, England • Melbourne, Australia

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(THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS)

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THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS

A Musical Play in Two Acts
For Eight Men and Six Women*

CHARACTERS

MOLE	JUDGE
RAT	CLERK
OTTER	THE PIPER
TOAD	PORTLY
WILLIAM the HORSE	MARGARET
CHIEF WEASEL	AUNT
BADGER	ATTENDANT
BILLY HEDGEHOG	ENGINEER
RANDOLPH HEDGEHOG	BARGEWOMAN
INNKEEPER	MRS. OTTER

WEASELS, FERRETS, STOATS,
FIELD MICE, TRAVELERS, POLICEMEN

TIME: Yesterday.

PLACE: In and around the River Bank.

*Using multiple casting. Additional actors may be added at director's discretion. See Production Notes in back of book for casting alternative.



*COVER PHOTOGRAPH by Suzanne N. Plunkett, featuring:
Mole (Karen Sheridan), Rat (Thomas K. Kelly)
and Otter (Mark Edward Heap) from the
Chicago New Plays Festival Company's production.*

PHOTOGRAPH OF AUTHOR by A. Vincent Scarano.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

“The Wind in the Willows”	Company
“Ducks’ Ditty”	Rat
“There is a Wide World”	Toad, William, Rat, Mole
“Down with the Toad”	Wildwooders
“Wildwood”	Company
“Christmas Carol”	Field Mice and Company
“My Home”	Mole and Rat
“Mister Toad”	Toad and Company

ACT TWO

“Song of the Piper”	The Piper
“Toad’s Lament”	Toad and Chorus
“No Tears”	Chief Weasel and Wildwooders
“When the Toad Came Home”	Toad and Company
“The Wind in the Willows” (Finale)	Company

To my parents,
Raymond and Elizabeth,
who first took me to the theater
and to England

THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS was first produced by the Chicago New Plays Festival Company at the Organic Lab Theater as a part of the Organic Greenhouse Project. It opened on December 12, 1985, with the following cast:

Geoffrey Baer William the Horse, Ferret, Judge,
Attendant
Jonathan Todd Hagans Weasel, Field Mouse, Portly
Nancy Heap . . Weasel, Traveler, Bargewoman, Mrs. Otter
Mark Edward Heap Otter, Ferret, Clerk, Engineer
Michael Irpino . . Weasel, Randolph Hedgehog, Innkeeper,
Policeman
Thomas J. Kelly Rat
Mary Etta A. Poli . . . Chief Weasel, Field Mouse, Traveler
Dave Rice Toad
Gary Schoepfel Badger
Karen Sheridan Mole
Byron Smith Ferret, Billy Hedgehog, Traveler,
Policeman, Piper
Kerry Thompson Stoat, Field Mouse, Piper's Singer,
Margaret
Monica Trombetta Stoat, Field Mouse
Lynette Welter Stoat, Field Mouse, Aunt

This production was directed by Douglas Post, produced by Sally Nemeth, stage managed by Scott Galbraith, with sets and lights by James Radloff, costumes by Karen Sheridan and Thomas J. Kelly, choreography by Alison C. Vesely, and sound by Byron Smith and Jon Gottlieb.

ACT ONE

(One by one, the members of the COMPANY enter and begin to sing.)

(SONG: "THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS")

MOLE.

I KNOW A PLACE WHERE THE WATERS
WIND,
NOT VERY FAR AND NOT HARD TO FIND.
SOMEWHERE, IT SEEMS,
WHERE SCHEDULES AND SCHEMES
ARE LEFT,
LEFT BEHIND
LEFT BEHIND.

RAT.

I KNOW A PLACE WHERE THE LIGHTNING
SPRINGS,
AND THERE ARE GENTLE IMAGININGS.
OVER THE HILLS
THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS SINGS,
HOW IT SINGS.

MOLE and RAT.

AND YOU CAN

SING ALONG TO THE SONG THAT'S
ALWAYS BEHOLDEN,
AND YOU CAN
DANCE AWAY WHILE THE DAY IS CRIMSON
AND GOLDEN,
AND THERE'LL BE
TIME ENOUGH FOR DREAMS
TO BEGIN
ON THE WIND.

BADGER.

I KNOW A PLACE IN THE MORNING SUN,
WHERE WE CAN REST WHILE THE RIVERS
RUN
THERE WE WILL STAY
AND LAUGH TILL THE DAY
IS DONE,
TILL IT IS DONE.

MOLE, RAT and BADGER.

AND WE CAN
STOP AND SEE HOW THE TREETOPS
SHIMMER AND GLISTEN
WITH STORIES
HIDDEN THERE IN THE AIR FOR THOSE
WHO WILL LISTEN,
AND WE CAN
FIND THE KIND OF DREAMS
THAT BEGIN
ON THE WIND.

COMPANY (*WOMEN*).

SOME PEOPLE SAY

THAT YOU'RE WASTING AWAY
WHEN YOU'RE ONLY WANTING TO BE.

COMPANY (*MEN*).

SOME PEOPLE THINK
THAT YOU SWIM OR YOU SINK
BUT THERE'S JUST NO TIME TO BE FREE.
WELL, ALL I KNOW

COMPANY (*WOMEN*).

WELL, ALL I KNOW

COMPANY (*MEN*).

IS WHAT I SEE,

COMPANY (*WOMEN*).

IS WHAT I SEE,

ALL.

COME WITH ME!

I KNOW A PLACE WHERE THE PIPER PLAYS
TURNING THE NIGHTS INTO NEWBORN
DAYS.

THERE AT THE GATES,
A MIRACLE WAITS,
SO COME,
COME AWAY,
COME AWAY...

MOLE.

AND IN THE TIME THAT IT TAKES TO LOVE

YOU MAY BEHOLD WHAT YOU'RE
DREAMING OF,

(With OTHERS joining.)

AND EVERY VOICE
WILL RISE AND REJOICE
AS ONE,

ALL.

SOUNDING AS ONE.

AND WE WILL
SING ALONG TO THE SONG THAT'S
ALWAYS BEHOLDEN.
AND WE WILL
DANCE AWAY WHILE THE DAY IS CRIMSON
AND GOLDEN,
AND THERE'LL BE
TIME ENOUGH FOR DREAMS
TO BEGIN
ON THE WIND,

THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS,

MOLE, RAT and BADGER.

THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS,

MOLE.

THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS.

(The COMPANY begins to tell the tale, each actor, in turn, taking a line of the narrative.)

COMPANY (*speaking*).

The River Bank.

The Mole had been working very hard all the morning,
spring-cleaning his little home.

First with brooms,

Then with dusters,

Then on ladders and steps and chairs with a brush and a
pail of whitewash,

Till he had dust in his throat

And eyes

And splashes of whitewash

All over his black fur,

And an aching back

And weary arms.

Spring was moving in the air above and in the earth
below and around him,

Penetrating even his dark and lowly little house with its
spirit of divine discontent and longing.

It was small wonder, then, that he suddenly flung down
his brush on the floor, said,

MOLE (*unseen*). Bother!

COMPANY. And,

MOLE. Oh, blow!

COMPANY. And also,

MOLE. Hang spring-cleaning!

COMPANY. And bolted out of the house without even
waiting to put on his coat.

Something up above was calling him imperiously

And he made for the steep little tunnel.

MOLE. Scrape and scratch and scabble and scrooge.
Scrooge and scabble and scrape and scratch. Up we
go. Up we go.

COMPANY. Till at last,

MOLE (*appearing out of a hole*). Pop!

COMPANY. His snout came out into the sunlight.

(The COMPANY exits, leaving the WATER RAT, unseen by MOLE, lying along the river bank.)

MOLE. Oh, this is fine! This is much better than white-washing. Why anyone would want to be spring-cleaning on a day like this is beyond me. That sun is simply glorious! And the meadow! And...and that must be... the River!

RAT. Well, of course it is. What else should it be? Hello, Mole.

MOLE. Hello, Rat.

RAT. New to these parts, are you?

MOLE. Well, I, uh...I spend most of my time underground, you see.

RAT. I understand.

MOLE. That is the River?

RAT. Oh, yes.

MOLE. And do you actually live by it?

RAT. By it and with it and on it and in it. It's brother and sister to me, and aunts, and company, and food and drink, and, naturally, washing. It's my world and I don't want any other.

MOLE. What a jolly life!

RAT. Oh, yes. Whether in winter or summer, spring or autumn, it's always got its fun and excitements.

MOLE. And it never gets dull? Just you and the river, and no one else to pass a word with?

RAT. No one else to—well, I mustn't be too hard on you, of course, you don't know. But, I assure you, the bank

is so crowded nowadays that many animals are moving away altogether. Oh no, it isn't what it used to be, at all. Otters, kingfishers, dabchicks, moorhens, all of them all day long and always wanting you to do something, as if a fellow had no business of his own to attend to!

MOLE. And what do you do all day long?

RAT. Nothing. Of course, I do write the odd verse, now and then, that sort of thing. As a matter of fact I was just composing a little ditty when you came along. Do you think you'd like to hear it?

MOLE. Oh, yes.

RAT. It's about the ducks. Sometimes I go swimming with them, you see. And when they stand on their heads, as ducks will do, I dive down and tickle their necks, just under where their chins would be, if they had chins. And they come up all spluttering and angry and, really, they say the most vulgar things, and, well... "Ducks' Ditty."

(SONG: "DUCKS' DITTY")

RAT (*singing*).

ALL ALONG THE BACKWATER,
AND THROUGH THE RUSHES TALL,
DUCKS ARE A-DABBLING,
UP TAILS ALL.

DUCKS' TAILS, DRAKES' TAILS,
YELLOW FEET A-QUIVER,
YELLOW BILLS ALL OUT OF SIGHT
BUSY IN THE RIVER.

EVERYONE FOR WHAT HE LIKES.
WE LIKE TO BE
HEADS DOWN, TAILS UP,
DABBLING FREE.
HIGH UP IN THE BLUE ABOVE
SWIFTS WHIRL AND CALL,
WE ARE DOWN A-DABBLING,
UP TAILS ALL.

(RAT and MOLE dance together.)

EVERYONE FOR WHAT HE LIKES.
WE LIKE TO BE
HEADS DOWN, TAILS UP,
DABBLING FREE.

HIGH UP IN THE BLUE ABOVE
SWIFTS WHIRL AND CALL,
WE ARE DOWN A DABBLE-DABBLE-
DABBLE-DABBLE-DABBLING,
QUACK! QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!
UP TAILS ALL,
AH-ALL,
AH-ALL,
UP TAILS ALL!

(Speaking.) Look here, my young friend, did you have any plans for the day? Any appointments or that sort of thing?

MOLE. Well, I was spring-cleaning...

RAT. Oh, yes, that's right.

MOLE. But I've given that up!

RAT. There's a good fellow! You show great promise, Mole. Well, I was toying with the idea of taking a little boating trip up the river. I thought perhaps—

MOLE. Oh, Rat, do you know, I've never been in a boat before!

RAT. Never been in a...you've never...well, I...look here, Mole, just what is it you've been doing all your life?

MOLE. Well, I spend a great deal of time underground.

RAT (*simultaneously*). Underground, yes, I remember. Well, I must tell you, there is nothing, absolutely nothing half so much worth doing as simply messing about in a boat, or with a boat, or around a boat, it doesn't matter which. Nothing seems to really matter, that's the charm of it. Look here, if you've really nothing else on hand this morning, supposing we drop downstream together and make a long day of it? I could pack up a picnic lunch. Nothing elaborate, you understand. Perhaps some cold chicken, cold ham, pickled gherkins, salad, french rolls, cress sandwiches, spotted meat, ginger beer, lemonade, soda water—

MOLE. Oh, stop! Stop! This is too much!

RAT. Do you really think so? It's only what I always take on these little excursions, and the other animals are always telling me that I'm a mean beast and cut it very fine.

MOLE. Oh, Mr. Rat, I think you are perhaps the most generous, the most well-spoken and kindhearted animal that I have ever met.

RAT. There, there, don't get too excited. You'll spoil your lunch. We'll get started right away, then, shall we?

(*OTTER enters.*)

OTTER. Did I hear someone mention lunch?

RAT. Otter! Well, old fellow, how are you?

OTTER. Very well, Ratty. And yourself?

RAT. Splendid, thanks. Oh, may I introduce my friend,
Mr. Mole?

MOLE. How do you do, Mr. Otter?

RAT. We were about to pack up a picnic and take a little
excursion. Why don't you join us?

OTTER. I'd love to, old chap, but I'm on my way home.
The missus expects me. Such a rumpus along the river
today. All the world seems to be out and about. And
wait till you see Toad!

RAT. Oh no, is Toad on the river again?

OTTER. In all his glory.

RAT. Probably showing off in that new wager-boat of his.

OTTER. Worse, Ratty. I assure you.

RAT. Don't tell me. Not a new obsession!

OTTER. Oh, yes, but I don't want to spoil it for you.
You'll laugh yourself silly.

RAT. Oh, Toady.

MOLE. Are you speaking of Mr. Toad, the propriet...the
pro...the owner of Toad Hall?

OTTER. None other than.

RAT. He goes through crazes, you see. Once, it was for
nothing but kite-flying. Then he tired of that and took
to sailing. Nothing would please him but to sail all
day—

OTTER. And every day—

RAT. And a nice mess he made of it, too.

OTTER. Last year it was house-boating, and we all had to
go and stay with him in his house boat, and pretend we
liked it. He was going to spend the rest of his life in a
house boat, you remember that, don't you?