A Play with Music. Book, Music and Lyrics by

JEFFREY LEASK

Jeffrey Leask



For Alan, the real Piperman

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THE HISTORY OF 'THE PIPERMAN'

The first performance of *The Piperman* was presented in December, 1971 by the staff and children of the school at the Salvation Army Boys' Home. Jeffrey Leask, a teacher at the Education Department school in the grounds of the Home devised the adaptation of the well-known Pied Piper of Hamelin story as an end-of-the-year pantomime. Staff and friends of the author took the adult roles and the urchins in the script were played by children who were themselves, wards of the State.

The music and libretto as they are published here are fundamentally the same as they were in that first performance.

In 1974, the musical was reworked as an experimental peripatetic opera for performances by five talented teacher-performers from the Music Branch of the Education Department of Victoria. Originally intended as a six-week project, the new *Piperman* toured Victorian schools under the auspices of the Victorian Arts Council for more than a year, due to its overwhelming popularity. In these performances the urchins were played spontaneously by classroom audiences. *The Piperman* travelled to kindergartens, primary and secondary schools, reaching some of the most remote rural schools in the country.

Since then *The Piperman* has been performed by both amateur and professional companies, by primary, secondary and special schools in a variety of settings.

PRODUCTION NOTES

The Piperman

The musical has been presented many times in the form that it appears in this publication, adults playing the adult roles and children taking the part of the urchins. It has, however, been presented totally by children, sometimes with an all-male or -female cast.

Productions of the past have often modified the libretto or music in some way, either to simplify the script for young performers or to meet the demands of school resources or the talents of children — a trained choir, a percussion band or experience with dance.

It is hoped that the script and the accompaniments in this publication will, in some instances, become starting points for creative work. For this reason, the melodies and lyrics have been designed to provide a basic structure from which to work. The songs are in simple keys and the melodies are based on a few notes of limited range in most cases so that children can add percussion or devise simple ostinati. The lyrics of some songs ('Ratsl' for example) provide a format which children can follow to invent their own rhyming verses.

Scenery

There are no specifications for locations or sets because of the variety of situations in which the play can be presented. As such, it has been devised for performance in the simplest of settings. As a touring children's opera, *The Piperman* was presented 'in the round' with the audience seated on the floor facing the performers on three sides. For proscenium productions, a basic functional set can be designed and lighting can be used to suggest changes in time and place.

Where changes in scenery are possible, these will be indicated by the libretto. The following scenes are possible:

- 1. The Lord Mayor's Chamber
- 2. The Village Square
- 3. The Orphanage Yard

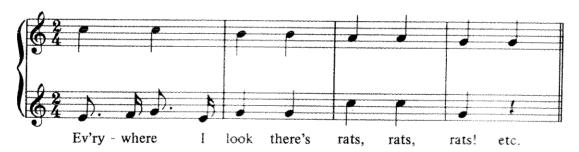
Musical Arrangements

A piano score is published here, but the use of other instruments would color the accompaniments. Teachers could encourage children to suggest the most appropriate untuned percussion for musical arrangements. Simple ostinato patterns can be developed for tuned percussion: for example, the title song, *The Piperman*, is based upon a simple four-note motif:



This can be used as an ostinato against the singing and can also be used as an ostinato in the song 'Rats!'

Ostinato



Chorus

An invisible chorus can be used to augment the singing on stage. There are indications in the script for the use of a chorus, but there are many other places where additional voices would give strength. In some productions, the school choir has been placed behind, or to the side of the action for this purpose.

Choreography

Throughout the play, dance or movement will enhance musical numbers. No special music has been written for this purpose, but playing additional verses of the songs will provide for this:

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CHARACTERS

Tom, the fool
The Lord Mayor of Hamelin
Crowley, the greedy Chancellor
A Storyteller
The Urchins of the Village Orphanage

Freddie, who is lame

Number 17

Number 23

Number 49

Number 51

Number 56

Number 62

Number 63

Number 70

Number 101

04

Other urchins

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The action takes place in the village of Hamelin, long, long ago.

SCENE:

The audience is seated around a central acting area. There is a table and chair at centre stage. In the downstage front corner

there is a stool upon which the Storyteller sits.

As the lights come up, the music begins.

Long, Long Ago (Chorus)





LONG, LONG AGO

No. 1

(Chorus)

(Music on page 6.)

(The chorus of children who will later play the orphan children are spaced around the stage for this opening number.)

Chorus:

Long, long ago And far away Was a placed called

Hamelin Hamelin Hamelin Hamelin

Storyteller:

(Spoken over the instrumental music) Long, long ago and far away lived some orphan children. Nobody wanted them; nobody

cared about them.

Chorus:

Oh, my children, Oh, my children, Don't be sad, One day soon he'll Set you free, Set you free. Set you free. Set you free,

Storyteller:

(Over the music) They had no mothers or fathers and so they

were locked away.

Chorus:

Oh, my children, Oh, my children, Don't be sad. One day soon, he'll Set you free, Set you free, Set you free.

Storyteller:

Set you free. The orphanage was controlled by the greedy Lord Mayor and his

wicked Vice-Chancellor, cruel, cruel Crowley.

(Crowley appears at stage L.)

Crowley:

I'm cruel, cruel, Crowley. Cruel and cunning.

(He exits.)

Storyteller:

The greedy Lord Mayor is supposed to use the money given to the orphanage to buy food and clothing for the children... but he likes money more than he likes children. So he keeps most

of the money for himself.

(The Lord Mayor appears at L.)

Lord Mayor:

There's only one thing I like more than money.

Storyteller:

What's that?

Lord Mayor:

Spending it!

(He laughs wickedly as he exits.)

LONG, LONG AGO - Reprise

No. 2

(Storyteller* and Chorus)

(Repeat music on page 6.)

Storyteller:

Long, long ago

Chorus:

Long, long ago

Storyteller:

Far, far away

Chorus:

Far, far away

Storyteller:

Was a place

Chorus:

Was a place

Storyteller:

Hamelin

Chorus:

Hamelin

Storyteller:

Hamelin

Chorus:

Hamelin

Storyteller:

Hamelin

Chorus:

Hamelin

Storyteller:

Long, long ago

Chorus:

Long, long ago

Storyteller:

Far, far away

Chorus:

Far, far away

Storyteller:

Was a place

Chorus:

Was a place

Storyteller:

Hamelin

Chorus:

Hamelin

Storyteller:

Hamelin

Chorus:

Hamelin

Story teller:

Hamelin

Chorus:

Hamelin

All:

Hamelin

^{(*} Or one section of the chorus)

(During the next few moments, the chorus children make their way offstage. There is only a light on the front of the stage).

Storyteller:

If there's one thing in Hamelin that makes the Lord Mayor unhappy, it's the sound of rats. When our story begins, the town of Hamelin is besieged by a plague of rats: thousands of them: rats of all shapes and sizes.

and states.

(The Lord Mayor enters from L. in a flurry. Crowley follows after him.)

Mayor:

Rats!

Crowley:

What did you say sir?

Mayor:

I said 'Rats!' They're everywhere: nothing but rats.

Crowlev:

Your Honour, I think we have a plague on our hands.

Mayor:

They're everywhere! You can't sit down to a meal at night without them all over the table snatching food from you. Even when you go to bed, they nibble your big toe.

Crowley:

It's terrible.

Mayor:

Do you know what will happen to us if we don't get rid of

these rats soon?

Crowley:

No, what?

Mayor:

The people of this town are going to give us the sack.

Crowley:

Oh, no!

Mayor:

We'll be out of a job.

Crowley:

Unemployed.

Mayor:

On the dole.

Crowley:

We won't be able to help ourselves to the orphanage money.

Mayor:

Well you nincompoop, think of something!

(He exits in a rage, Crowley runs after him.)

Storyteller:

And that's where our story begins.

(Tom the Fool appears at R.)

Tom:

Heyl

Storyteller:

What?

Tom:

What about me?

Storyteller:

You?

Tom:

(Coming to him) You didn't tell them about me.

Storvteller:

Who are you?

Tom:

I'm Tom.

Storyteller:

Oh, you're Tom?

Tom:

Yes.

Storyteller:

The one they call 'Tom the Fool'?

Tom:

Yes.

Storyteller:

I'd forgotten about you.

Tom:

But it's my story.

Storyteller:

I know. I'm sorry, Tom. You're the most important person.

Tom:

I ain't really; I ain't really important.

Storyteller:

You are.

Tom:

I'm a fool.

Storyteller:

No, you're not.

Tom:

I am a fool; everybody in Hamelin calls me a fool.

Storyteller:

Do they?

Tom:

I ain't good at nothing. The only friends I've got are the orphan

children and me pets.

Storyteller:

You're pets?

Tom:

I've got some pet rats; lots of them.

Storyteller:

And what about the orphan children?

Tom:

They're my friends - my real friends.

Storyteller:

If the children like you, you can't be a fool.

fom:

But I can't do nothing.

Storyteller:

Goodness, how can you say that? You can do lots of things.

Tom:

Can I?

Storyteller:

Of course you can: I'm the storyteller - I know all about you.

You're No Fool

(Storyteller & Tom)





YOU'RE NO FOOL

No. 3

(Storyteller and Tom)

(Music on page 12.)

You're no fool, Tom.
You can play a tune.
That's as good as
Flying to the moon.
You can dance and you can sing,
You can do a highland fling,
That's as good as anything,
You're no fool.

You're no fool, Tom, You can make us laugh. Just for that we'll Take you're autograph. No, you're not a famous star, No, you're not a lah-di-dah, We will take you as you are. You're no fool.

Tom:

I ain't stupid
I can tell a joke.
I'm as good as
Any other bloke.

Both:

No, you're (I'm) not a famous star,

No, you're not a lah-di-dah, We will take you as you are :

You're no fool.

(They exit.)

ENTRANCE MUSIC

No. 4

(Music on page 15.)

(Instrumental)

(The orphan children, dressed in rags, file slowly in. They sadly assemble in a line facing front.

When they are all present, Crowley enters from the R. He carries a roll under his arm. He gives the children a quick inspection and then opens the roll.)

Crowley:

Stand up straight!

(Some do.)

Good morning, children.

Urchins:

Good morning, Mr Crowley and God Bless You.

Crowley:

Roll call ... Number 17.

No. 17:

Present, Mr Crowley. God is love.

Crowley:

Number 23.

Entrance Music



No. 23:

Present Mr Crowley, God is love.

Crowley:

Number 49.

No. 49:

Present. The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

Crowlev:

Number 51.

No. 51:

Here, Mr Crowley. God is love.

Crowley:

(Stopping and looking up) There seems to be an overabundance of one particular verse this morning: namely 'God is love'. May I remind you that you are required to recite a new verse from the scriptures each morning. It seems to me that many of you unwashed and unwanted little beggars haven't even bothered

to open you're scripture books this morning.

(Looking back to the roll) Number 56.

Number 56:

Present. Bless the lord, O my soul.

Crowley:

Number 62.

No. 62:

Here, Mr Crowley. Let not your heart be troubled.

Crowley:

Number 63.

(Number 63, who is standing next to Number 62, looks a little

worried and then blurts out.)

No. 63:

Present. Let not your heart be troubled.

(Crowley glares at 63, who looks away. Crowley continues.)

Crowley:

Number 70.

No. 70:

Present. God is love.

Crowley:

(Looking up at him) I beg your pardon.

No. 70:

God is love. Mr Crowley.

Crowley:

I am aware of that, Number 70. I have been informed of the fact on numerous occasions this morning. Now do try again.

No. 70:

Um . . .

Er. . . For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make

us truly thankful.

(Crowley glares at him in disgust and then continues:)

Crowley:

And what have you today, Number 101?

No. 101:

I learnt a new verse, Mr Crowley.

Crowley:

I'm pleased to hear it. Go ahead.

(No. 101 takes a deep breath and then begins to reel it off.)

No. 101:

The Lord is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid? Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not be troubled. Though war should rise against me, even then will I be confident...

(Crowley, who has been studying the roll, slowly realises that 101 is still reciting. He looks up slowly, amazed. The other orphans turn their heads towards 101, wondering how long he can continue.)

...One thing I have asked of the Lord: that I will seek hereafter: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life — to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire into his temple.

For in the day of trouble, He shall keep me secretly in His pavillion; in the covert of his tabernacle shall He hide me.

He shall lift me up upon a rock . . .

Crowley:

Er... 101...

No. 101:

Yes, Mr Crowley?

Crowley:

You can save the rest for tomorrow. I'm sure we've had enough

today.

No. 101:

Yes, sir.

Crowley:

Well, that's all.

(He is about to fold the roll and move over to other things when Freddie enters from R. To Crowley he is known as No. 13. He is a pale, thin boy, lame in one leg, and uses a crutch to walk.)

Oh, there you are, Number 13. Where have you been?

(Freddie makes his way to the end of the line.)

Freddie:

Nowhere, sir.

Crowley:

Nowhere? What do you mean 'nowhere'?

Freddie:

I've just finished cleaning the ashes from the woodstove, sir.

Crowley:

Have you washed the floors?

Freddie:

Yes. sir.

Crowley:

Did you clean out the sewage traps?

Freddie:

Yes, sir.

Crowley:

Have you scrubbed the cobblestones in the yard?

Freddie:

Yes, sir.

Crowley:

Then, where have you been?

Freddie:

I don't know, sir.

Crowley:

You're a lazy little urchin, Number 13, and do you know what

happens to lazy little urchins?

Freddie:

No, sir.

Crowley:

(Bending over him to frighten him more) They're boiled alive in

goose fat and served to hungry giants. Do you want this to

happen to you?

Freddie:

No, sir.

Crowley:

'No, sir', what?

Freddie:

No, sir, thank you.

Crowley:

(Turning to the rest of the group) I have some very pleasant news—with the gracious generosity of our dear Lord Mayor, everyone will now be allowed two slices of toast on his birthday . . . as a special treat. Three cheers for the Lord Mayor: hip-pip . . .

Urchins: (Wit

(Without enthusiasm) Hooray.

Crowley:

Hip-pip...

Crowley:

Hip-pip . . .

Urchins:

Hooray.

Crowley:

(Trying to enliven the diminishing cheer) Hip-pip . . .

Urchins:

(Softer than before) Hooray.

Crowley:

Now for some sad news. Three of you will be leaving us today:

Number 142 has been sold as apprentice to a bootmaker;

Number 201 has been sold as a funeral director's assistant and Number 412 has been sold as a chimney sweep. Step to the front

those people!

(Three urchins sadiy step to the front)

Crowley:

(To one of them) Number 201, you'll be please to know that you've been selected to replace one of the ex-students: he was recently burnt to death in a fire amongst the coffins.

All right, that's all this morning. Report to the workhouse

when the bell goes. Good morning, children,

(They stand to attention as he marches out.)

Urchins:

Good morning, Mr Crowley. God Bless You.

(They walk dejectedly out of line, gathering in different places,

some sitting. There is an air of despair.)