

### JONAH-MAN JAZZ

A Cantata-Musical for Unison Voices and Piano  
*Words and Music by Michael Hurd*

#### Chorus

[1] Nineveh city was a city of sin  
The jazzin' and a-jivin' made a terrible din  
Beat groups playin' a rock and roll  
And the Lord when he heard it said, "Bless my soul!"

The people wouldn't listen, danced night and day  
No time for work, no time to pray  
They went on dancin' by day and night  
'Til the Lord he said, "Well, this ain't right!"

The Lord he pondered a subtle plan  
He looked around for a righteous man  
Saw Jonah sittin' 'neath a pineapple tree  
And the Lord he said, "That's the man for me."

"A righteous man that I can trust  
"To raise this city from out the dust  
"The man that's sittin' 'neath the pineapple tree  
"I'm certain sure, sure, sure is the man for me."

#### Spoken

And the Lord spake unto Jonah with a loud voice, saying:

#### Chorus

[2] Jonah, Jonah, listen to me Jonah  
Listen while I tell you of a plan I have in mind  
A city dancin', dancin' and romancin'  
All too obviously to virtue must be blind

Take my warnin', early in the mornin'  
As early as you feel inclined  
Shout to the people, shout from every steeple  
Tell them the Judgement Bell has chimed

Tell them to stop their laughter or in the Great Hereafter  
What's to come is all too sure  
For I will smite 'em, ad infinitum  
If they will not turn to me once more

#### Spoken

But Jonah feared to do as the Lord commanded. He turned instead  
and ran. He ran until he came to the sea. There he found a boat and  
a man standing by. And to that man he said:

#### Chorus

[3] I need a boat, man, that'll carry me away  
And how I hope man, she's sailin' today  
You can see I got not suitcase, I'm travellin' light  
Ain't got no reason for stayin' the night

You don't even have to tell me where we're sailing to  
Just as long as we're sailin', sailin', sailin' into the blue

Cast off that rope, man, manhandle those oars  
You name the price, man, an' the money is yours  
Quit your delayin', give your orders to the crew  
And take me sailin' over the deep blue sea with you  
So help me, take me, sailin' over the deep blue sea with you

#### Spoken

And so the boat set sail, and Jonah thought he would escape the eye  
of the Lord. But as they sailed, and night drew on, a strange thing  
came to pass.

#### Chorus

[4] The waves grew high, the ship began to roll  
The wind blew strong and the storm bell toll  
The sailors muttered, "There must be a jinx on board."  
The rain beat down, the lightning flashed  
The thunder roared and the topmast crashed  
The sailors muttered, "There sure is a jinx on board."  
Soon all the sailors are decided  
That someone in the passengers or crew  
Had brought down an evil luck upon them  
So there was only one thing left to do  
They all drew lots and it fell out  
That Jonah lost and they gave a shout  
"The jinx is Jonah, just look what he has drawn!"  
"Take that man Jonah, and throw him overboard!"

#### Spoken

And that is exactly what they did.

#### Solo

[5] When Jonah sank into the sea he closed his eyes and prayed  
"Oh Lord I'm very sorry that your word I've disobeyed  
"If you will only come and save me I will do as you command  
"Instead of treading water let me tread upon the land"

#### Chorus

Go down, Jonah, deep in the ocean  
Go down, Jonah, far from the shore  
Go down, Jonah, deep in the ocean  
Go down, Jonah, far from the shore

#### Solo

When Jonah had repented him the Lord he didn't fail  
Although the sea was tropical he sent along a whale  
It promptly swam right up to Jonah and its mouth was open wide  
Before he'd even noticed it poor Jonah was inside

#### Chorus

Go down, Jonah, deep in the ocean  
Go down, Jonah, far from the shore  
Go down, Jonah, deep in the ocean  
Go down, Jonah, far from the shore

#### Solo

And after swimming very hard for three days if not four  
The whale came near to Nineveh and ground on the shore  
Whereat it gave a little shudder as its jaws were widely flung  
And Jonah came a-strollin' out upon its mighty tongue

#### Chorus

Go down, Jonah, deep in the ocean  
Go down, Jonah, far from the shore  
Go down, Jonah, deep in the ocean  
Go down, Jonah, safe once again on the shore

#### Spoken

And Jonah kept his promise. He warned the people of Nineveh that the  
Lord was angry with their evil ways. And because they had seen him  
step out of the belly of the whale, they believed what he said and did  
as the Lord commanded. And when he saw it, the Lord was pleased  
and would not smite them. Then Jonah and the people rose up and  
said:

#### Chorus

[6] We had a wonderful party and Jonah had a whale of a time  
But now that we've really repented everythin's goin' to be fine  
We let our hair down in plenty and boy we had the blues on the run  
But even though we have repented our dancin' days ain't done

Dancin' in praise of the Lord, singin' his praises all night  
Spreadin' the gospel word, everythin's turned out right  
Jonah's amazin' adventure inside that mighty fish  
Brought us to our salvation, brought us our dearest wish

So sing out the gospel music, sing out the gospel shout  
Sing out the new song, the me and the you song  
Tell the whole world, tell the whole world  
Tell the whole world just what it's all about

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### PRODIGAL

A Cantata in Popular Style for Unison Voices and Piano  
*Words and Music by Michael Hurd*

#### Chorus

[7] Many years ago in a country far away  
There lived a wealthy man  
And that you may know  
Listen how we tell you how the story first began  
His sons were mighty fellows who laboured night and day  
And did his will from morn to night  
With very little pay  
For he had made a solemn promise  
That one day, given health,  
They would inherit all his wealth

It was not to be. Things were not to work out quite  
According to the plan  
And that you may see  
Listen while we justify the ways of God to man  
It was the younger brother declared with all his might  
He'd take his share immediately  
He said it was his right  
For he was very, very eager  
To take a little ride  
And go explore the world outside

#### Chorus

[8] I want to go the big bad city  
Want to go where the lights are bright  
I want to go where the girls are pretty  
And there's plenty of fun at night  
I want to go where the grass is greener  
And there's nothing to do but play  
I want to go to the big bad city  
And I'm packing my bags today

Don't want to listen to your objections  
You can keep all your good advice  
And as for voting in the elections  
I won't do it at any price  
I kiss goodbye to my civic duties  
I won't listen to what you say  
And tho' you register your objections  
I will do it my own sweet way

You may think my action inscrutable  
I do not mind  
All I know is life is too beautiful  
To be confined  
So I've decided to let my hair down  
I've decided to play it cool  
And tho' your noses you all may stare down  
And consider me just a fool  
I won't abandon my great ambition  
I will stick to it come what may  
I'm going off to the big bad city  
And I fully intend

Yes my friend, I fully intend to stay

#### Chorus

[8] In the city, free and easy  
Even though the life was sleazy  
He insisted he was having a good time  
There he lived a life of pleasure  
Spending money at his leisure  
Everybody said, "He's having a good time!"

For you could see him playing bingo  
Every night and day  
He had learned the lingo  
And knew exactly what to say  
And then he started backing horses  
Didn't stop to count his losses  
"Never mind," he said, "I'm having a terribly good time."

He was proud and he was haughty  
Frankly he was rather naughty  
Yet it seemed he was having a good time  
Tho' he couldn't hold his liquor  
Growing sick and then much sicker  
It was his idea of having a good time

He spent his money with abandon  
More and more and more  
Never even noticed  
That he was growing very poor  
Oh he was foolish, he was silly  
Going downhill, willy-nilly  
Coming to the end of having a terribly good time

#### Chorus

[10] Down and out in the city  
People pass you by  
Now you know who your friends really are  
Life is growing colder you feel older  
The life you led has cut you down to size  
You thought you played it pretty cool  
And now at last you're forced to realise  
You've been a fool

Down and out in the city  
No-one hears your cry  
Now you know what despair is all about  
When you hit the bottom, you're forgotten  
It's far too late to try and make amends  
You can't undo the things you've done  
The trouble you are facing never ends  
It's just begun

Down and out in the city  
In the dirt you lie  
Now you know that your luck has run out  
One thing is for certain  
It's the curtain  
There is no future now you've lost your friends  
From now it's downhill all the way  
This is the moment when the music ends  
And you must pay

#### Chorus

[11] Why did I leave the house of my father?  
Heedlessly throwing the future away?  
Why did I squander all that he gave me  
Burning the candle night and day?  
What is there left but pain and confusion?  
Pleasure has turned to disillusion  
I have rejected, scorned and neglected

All that my father ever had to say

Why did I dream new pasture was greener?  
Why did I think it was better than old?  
Why did I seek the end of the rainbow  
Thinking to find the pot of gold?  
Now I am sadder, wiser and lonely  
Pinning my faith on one thing only  
Humble and weary, seeing more clearly  
I am returning as the lamb  
Returns at last to the fold

**Chorus**

[12] No use denying I've been a fool  
Disobeyed all you taught me  
What will you answer, what will you say?  
Can you forget and forgive what I've done to you?  
No use in sighing, life is a school  
Bitter the lesson it taught me  
What is the answer, say how I may  
Honour the debt and repay you by serving you

**Spoken Solo**

But his father did not reject him. He knew the prodigal had learned his lesson and that a new life would begin for them all:

**Chorus**

[13] Kill the fatted calf  
Sing out in jubilation  
Don't do things by half  
For this is the day for a celebration  
Lift your voice in song  
(You do not mind, now do ya?)  
Raise the roof the whole day long  
With shouts of Hallelujah

Make the day a gay and a jolly day  
Fill it full of pleasure  
Treat it as an extra Bank Holiday  
Enjoy it at your leisure  
Make a joyous sound  
Welcoming home the rebel  
What was lost at last is found  
And torn from the grip of the very devil

Sing and dance and shout  
Tell the people what the news is  
Let it all hang out  
For such joy as ours  
Doesn't need excuses  
Come and have a ball  
Set aside your labours  
Open house to one and all  
But don't disturb the neighbours!

Take your partner down to the barbecue  
Where the grub is grilling  
Even though you've had more than just a few  
To show that you are willing  
Join the merry dance  
Savour the situation  
Take this one and only chance  
To raise your voice in a great ovation

**Chorus**

[14] It was long ago. Even so  
The same thing could be happening today  
Someone that you know  
Someone being foolish  
In the old familiar way

It's really very easy, it doesn't take you long  
To miss your footing on the way and end up in the wrong  
But if you realise your error  
Admit it from the heart  
And then resolve that come what may  
You'll make a brand new start

**Spoken**

That's all it takes!

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**ROOSTER RAG**

A Cantata in Popular Style for Unison Voices and Piano  
*Words and Music by Michael Hurd*

**Chorus**

[15] Once upon a time there was a widow  
She was poor and life was very hard  
She had three pigs and a cow upon a meadow  
And a rooster struttin' proudly in the yard  
His name was Chanticleer, what a handsome fella  
It was Chanticleer, monarch of them all  
His name was Chanticleer, red and black and yella feathers  
See him standin', crowin' on the wall

Now in that farmyard there were hens a-plenty  
They were red an' brown an' neat an' trim  
The rooster ruled the roost yet evidently  
They all admired and worshipped him  
His name was Chanticleer, what a handsome fella  
It was Chanticleer, monarch of them all  
His name was Chanticleer, red and black and yella feathers  
See him standin', crowin' on the wall

Among those hens there was a very beauty  
She was fair, her name was Pertelote  
She was his loving wife, it was her duty  
To make his bed and brush his morning coat  
For he was Chanticleer, what a handsome fella  
It was Chanticleer, monarch of them all  
His name was Chanticleer, red and black and yella feathers  
See him standin', crowin' on the wall

**Widow**

And so the days went by and each morning, as Chanticleer surveyed his little kingdom, Pertelote would sing to him:

**Pertelote**

[16] Every time I lay an egg I think of you  
You're the only one that I adore  
When I hear you singin' in the silence of the night  
I know that you are heraldin' the dawn  
Every time I hatch a chick I think of you  
Just for you I'd hatch a dozen more  
You're the early bird with whom I love to share a worm  
And if I might presume, an ear of corn  
Morning', afternoon and night I think of you, I do

**Widow**

And then all the other hens would gather round her and repeat her song:

**Chorus**

Every time we lay an egg we think of you  
You're the only one that we adore  
When we hear you singin' in the silence of the night  
We know that you are heraldin' the dawn  
Every time we hatch a chick we think of you  
Just for you we'd hatch a dozen more  
You're the early bird with whom we love to share a worm

And if we might presume, an ear of corn  
Morning', afternoon and night we think of you, we do

**Widow**

One morning, however, Chanticleer staggered from his bed, bleary-eyed and haggard.

**Chorus**

He was a worried man.

**Chanticleer**

[17] I had a terrible dream woke in the night  
And my heart went pit a pat, pit a pat  
I am sure there's a meaning implied  
When you're dreaming like that  
I had a singular fright, tried to escape  
But my legs turned into stone, into stone  
I was dizzy with fear and my voice shrivelled into a moan

There in my dream I saw a red face  
A grimace and a chase  
That was closing upon me  
Sharp pointed teeth and glittering eyes  
That said I was the prize  
That was ripe for the slaughter

**Chorus**

Oh what a horrible chill, right to the marrow  
My blood ran cold as ice, cold as ice  
I was caught in a terrible vice

**Widow**

But Pertelote simply smiled and said:

**Pertelote**

[18] Oh what a beautiful dream  
No need to panic or to call for aid  
For it stands to reason  
There is no reason you should be afraid

**Chorus**

Oh what a wonderful thing  
You've had a vision and a prophecy  
And in the future  
There is a future that looks good to me

**Pertelote**

Dreams have a meaning that's opposite  
And a fright's quite all right  
Means that the future is very bright  
Fortune's waiting round the corner  
Oh what a prospect in view  
Something is coming that will make you glad  
And that is the meaning of  
The meaning of the dream you've had

**Widow**

Chanticleer felt much better when he heard these cheering words, for he knew that Pertelote had a habit of being right about such matters. And so, when he met a rather foxy-looking gentleman with a very red cunning face he simply said, "Good morning" and thought no ill. But the foxy gentleman tapped him on the shoulder and said:

**Mr Fox**

[19] Do me a favour won't ya, sing me a song  
You've got a voice in a thousand honey  
I'm all anticipation, I can feel somethin' comin' out of the blue

**Chorus**

It's goin' ta take ya, an' it's goin' ta make a star out of you

You're for the big time, don't ya know you'll go far  
You've got the looks to go with it, honey  
The world will be your oyster I'm not exaggeratin'

**Chorus**

Don't be afraid, I know a talent when I see a talent  
You've got it made

**Mr Fox**

I'll be your agent, your publicity I'll build  
Take my advice and baby, you could even sing in op'ra

**Chorus**

He's got the contacts, yes, an' he knows the score  
This is a chance in a million honey  
The tide is turnin' for ya  
Look at the future comin', ain't it a peach  
Whatever dreams you may have dreamed  
Lie within reach

**Widow**

Chanticleer blushed and flapped his wings. It was true, he had a fine voice. Everybody said so. If others could win fame and fortune and glitter, why shouldn't he? So he closed his eyes, stretched out his neck and began to sing:

**Chanticleer**

O, for the wings, for the wings of a d ...

**Widow**

And the fox grabbed him.

**Chorus**

[20] There's a thief in the night an' he's got no pity  
There's a thief an' he's comin' after you  
There's a thief in the night, and he's in the city  
He has plans for me and plans for you  
He's sniffin' around  
Bolt all the doors and windows  
Pawin' the ground  
Put out the light, don't make a sound  
Just pull the blankets over  
Who do you think you're kiddin'?  
Closer, closer, he's getting closer

There's a thief in the night, an' it just ain't funny  
There's a thief in the night, an' he's comin' after you  
There's a thief in the night, an' he don't want no money  
Cos he knows just what he has to do  
He's liftin' the latch  
Don't let him know you're rattled  
Slippin' the catch  
Put up a fight, don't strike a match  
Check your insurance cover  
Even tho' you're hidden  
Closer, closer, he's gettin' closer  
There's a thief in the night  
Here he comes

**Widow**

Off went the fox, dragging Chanticleer behind him. Off ran the villagers and the hens, in hot pursuit, but the fox outstripped them all. At last he paused to take breath and Chanticleer, realising that this would be his last chance, whispered to him as best he could:

**Chanticleer**

[21] If I were you, do you know what I'd do?  
I'd sing and dance and laugh and shout  
I'd point my triumph out, if I were you  
If I'd my way, do you know what I'd do?

I'd stand and shout defiance at  
Each brick and stone and bat  
If I'd my way  
If I felt that I couldn't stand their nonsense  
I'd look them in the eye and then  
I'd stare them out of countenance  
If I felt that, that is exactly what I'd do

**Chorus**

If I'd the luck to have your kind of pluck  
I'd let them know just what was what  
I wouldn't care a jot, if I'd your pluck  
If I'd the nerve and had your kind of verve  
I'd make it plain as plain could be  
They'd never capture me, if I'd the nerve  
If I could be, like you, safe as houses  
I'd sneer at them from night 'til morn  
I'd openly admit my scorn  
That's how I'd box if I were such a clever fox

**Widow**

This time it was the fox who fell into the trap. He opened his mouth  
and Chanticleer escaped onto the highest branch of a nearby tree.  
And nothing the fox could do or say would make him budge. Of  
course in the end Chanticleer was rescued by his friends and the fox  
crept back to his lair, furious at the way things had turned out. And  
that is the end of the story, except of course for the moral:

**Chorus**

[22] Beware, take care  
And don't give house room to flattery  
Beware, take care  
When you feel pride swelling up inside  
You may be sure that you're about  
To sign away discretion  
And you're climbing up the ladder  
On the danger list  
This is the moment to beware

Beware, take care  
And don't give in to cajolerie  
Beware, take care  
When you feel strongly  
You can't be wrong  
You may be sure that you're about  
To come and awful cropper  
And you're climbing up the ladder  
On the danger list  
This is the moment to beware

Beware, take care  
And don't give way to your vanity  
Beware, take care  
When you are quite sure you must be right  
That's when you are about to drop a dreadful clanger  
And you're climbing up the ladder  
On the danger list  
This is the moment to beware

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**SWINGIN' SAMSON**

A Cantata in Popular Style for Unison Voices and Piano  
Words and Music by Michael Hurd

**Chorus**

[23] Samson was a hero in the days of old  
The spirit of the Lord had made him bold  
The muscles in his arm stood out like iron bands  
And he had big hands

He battled with a lion, me oh my  
He smote the Philistines both hip and thigh  
With the jawbone of an ass he turned them on and then  
Slew a thousand men

He let himself be led and bound with rope  
The Philistines were filled with joy and hope  
He gave a little shudder and the rope just melted away  
There was no method of restrainin'  
All the mighty power that lay within  
The hair upon his head and chin  
For that was where the secret of his fitness lay  
Or so they say

**Narrator**

But although Samson was a strong man, he had one little weakness:  
he liked a pretty girl. And so, when the Philistines found out, they  
began to search for a likely candidate. They did not have far to look.

**Chorus**

[24] When Miss Delilah goes walkin' in the morning air  
You see the people who are shoppin' in the market square  
Abandon all their tittle tattle  
Turn around and stare like cattle  
For she is so fair!  
Lovely Delilah doesn't take a scrap of notice  
Holds her head up high  
She doesn't hear the cries of wonder, doesn't wonder why  
There is a palpitating murmur and a general sigh  
Upon the air, Delilah fair!

When Miss Delilah goes a-saunterin' along the street  
There isn't anyone that anyone would rather meet  
And pass the time or have a chat with  
Every man's a willin' captive  
For she is so sweet  
Lovely Delilah has a string or two  
Or three or four to every beau  
She doesn't give her approbation but she don't say no  
And that's the reason she's the woman every man wants to know  
She's the elite, the super treat

Delilah has a beauty that can drive you mad  
A subtle kind of beauty like a summer day  
Old and young adore her  
Fall upon their knees before her  
Raise their voices to implore her  
Just to look their way

For she is pretty, she is witty  
She has big brown eyes  
And several features quite remarkable in shape and size  
And that's exactly where they say  
The fatal fascination lies

When Miss Delilah goes a-walkin'  
All the fellers start talkin'  
Even whistlin' and shoutin'  
As she takes her little outin'  
For she is the sweetest, neatest girl in town

**Narrator**

In next to no time, Samson and Delilah had become real friends. And  
soon Samson declared he would do anything for her – she had only to  
ask. And when she heard this, Delilah pointed to his long hair and said:

**Chorus**

[25] Samson cut your hair  
You want to be with it but you're really square  
Be guided by this golden rule

At your age, man, you should play it cool

Samson, shave your nut  
You're in the height of fashion but  
According to the teenage plan  
It don't look good on a middle-aged man

Samson, go to the barbers  
Tell him he must cut those curls  
Beside the dirt it harbours  
It ain't appealin' to the girls

Samson, trim that beard  
I don't dig men that look so weird  
You're too way out for me and so I say  
That hairy head my dear has had its day

Samson, though you're strong you'll  
Never admit it but your hair is too long  
I know you think me rather cruel  
But frankly man you just look a fool

Samson, snip it off  
You think you're smart and quite the toff  
In fact you are mistaken man  
You look like mutton that's dressed as lamb

Samson, make an appointment  
Your coiffure is far from right  
Book now, avoid disappointment  
Don't you know you look a fright

Samson, take my tip  
With hair like that you just ain't hip  
Of course I'm not complainin'  
Yet I say if you don't dig, Delilah won't stay

**Narrator**

And so, having got the message, Samson did as he was told and sat himself down in the barber's chair.

**Chorus**

Clip clip went the clippers  
And the hero's hair came tumbling down  
Clip clip went the clippers  
He the baldest man in town

[26] Clip and clip and clip and clip  
And clip and clip and clip and clip  
And clip and clip and clip and clip  
And clip and clip and clip and clip

Is there something else that you fancy sir?  
Vibro-massage I hear you say?  
Just a little something on it sir?  
Short back and sides have won the day

Clip clip went the clippers  
And the hero's hair came tumblin' down  
Clip clip went the clippers  
He's the baldest man in town

I'm afraid your hair is receding, sir  
Wouldn't you like a nice toupee?  
Mind the razor! Oh, now you're bleeding sir  
Here's the bill you have to pay

Clip clip went the clippers  
And the hero's hair came tumblin' down  
Clip clip went the clippers

He's the baldest man in town

**Narrator**

Now that Samson had lost his hair, he not only looked his age but he also began to feel it. He grew weaker and weaker and soon the Philistines were able to catch him and bind him fast. This time he could not escape.

**Chorus**

[27] Weak as a kitten and mild as a ham  
Samson is bound in chains  
Soft as a mitten and tender as lamb  
Hors de combat, oh what a tragedy  
All because of a female snare  
Lost his grip when he lost all his hair  
Walked right into the tiger's lair  
Samson bound in chains (altogether now)  
Weak as a kitten &c

**Narrator**

The Philistines were so pleased with themselves that they decided to throw a party. Everybody was invited and everybody came – for they all wanted to see Samson in his degradation, not to mention Delilah in her glory. It was quite an occasion.

**Chorus**

[28] Everybody came to the Philistines' party  
Everybody came to enjoy the fun  
Dressed in their best, lookin' hale and hearty  
There was a partner for everyone  
Don't you hear the band a-playin'  
Simple tunes in country style  
There behind a fan lookin' rather arty  
See Delilah with a great big smile

**Solo**

Take your partner by the hand

**Speaker**

Lead her to the promised land

**Chorus**

Samson standing between two pillars  
Looks around with a worried frown  
Wonders if with a mighty effort  
He can bring them tumblin' down  
Up 'til then he's been embarrassed  
By a growin' urge to scratch  
Suddenly it dawns upon him  
He's been growing a brand new thatch

**Solo**

Swing your partner to a fro

**Speaker**

Eeny meeny miney mo

**Chorus**

Samson raises his mighty shoulders  
Finds his strength comin' back again  
Each and every minute a-growin' bolder  
Not afraid of mice or men  
Puts his hands upon the pillars  
Finds them weak and rather thin  
Then he lets his dorsal muscles ripple  
With a crash the roof falls in !

**Solo**

Turn your partner round about

**Speaker**

Hallelujah, give a shout

**Chorus**

That was the end of a swingin' party  
Went with a bang you could hear for miles  
Philistines' friends covered in confusion  
Philistines' enemies wreathed in smiles  
You can read the Bible story  
Judges fourteen to sixteen  
Don't blame us if our version's not  
As accurate as it might have been

Bow to the Lord and sing his praise  
For moving in a mysterious way  
Time and again when things go wrong  
He steps right in and has his say

You can lean upon his mercy  
He will send you the strength you need  
Thus in our song there lies a moral  
He who runs may learn to read

Amen, amen, amen

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**CAPTAIN CORAM'S KIDS**

An "eighteenth century pop cantata" for Narrator, Unison Voices and Piano

*Words and Music by Michael Hurd*

**Narrator**

In the spring of 1722 Captain Coram was a worried man. Since his retirement he had noticed something about the London streets that distressed him greatly. He began to ask questions:

**Chorus**

[29] Who are these abandoned children  
Lying shivering in the snow?  
None to clothe and none to feed them  
Where can these poor children go?

They are foundlings every one of them  
Leave them lying in the snow  
Each an outcast of society  
Children no-one wants to know

Shall we in a Christian country  
See them brought so sad and low  
Offer not a crumb of charity  
Turn away and answer no?

Do not waste your time or pity  
Leave them lying in the snow  
We pronounce them guilty, guilty  
They must reap the seed they sow

**Narrator**

When he realised what was happening, Captain Coram came to a decision:

**Chorus**

I will help the helpless children  
Pluck them crying from the snow  
I shall clothe and I shall feed them  
Find a place where they may go

I will build a Foundling Hospital  
Though the going may be slow

Give to these abandoned children  
A taste of heaven on earth below

**Narrator**

It took him seventeen years to make his dream a reality. What he needed was a royal charter. But how to get it? A petition was the obvious answer. But who would sign it? He pondered and pondered and then quite suddenly he knew what he must do. He would approach some of the greatest ladies in the land. If they did not refuse him, surely the gentlemen would follow?

**Chorus**

[30] Eight were duchesses, eight were countesses  
Five were pretty baronesses  
All signed willingly the petition  
He intended now to bring  
And the marvel is a scheme such as his  
Never never had been known before  
It was felt to be such a novelty  
It would surely please the king

He began again with the gentlemen  
Would they kindly give their blessing?  
So persuasive he, they signed readily  
He did not have to wait  
Every autograph was a sort of path  
To the highest councils in the land  
With authority thus provided  
He begged the privy council name the date

**Narrator**

On October 17th 1739 Thomas Coram received his royal charter. Five weeks later the lords and ladies who had signed his petition converged on Somerset House in the Strand. They were coming to appoint the governors of the new Foundling Hospital.

**Chorus**

[31] What is the humming and drumming and thrumming  
And who is it coming in coaches and carriages  
All the nobility in their civility  
Come with agility into the Strand

Pushing and heaving and winding and weaving  
It's quite past believing the hithering and thithering  
Merchants and bankers, no thin lean or lankers  
All highest of rankers on every hand

Oh what a clattering, bumping and battering  
Dreadful nerve-shattering kind of occasion  
The climbing and clamouring  
Shoving and hammering  
Yelling and stammering of that noble band

**Narrator**

The first Foundling Hospital was a house in Hatton Garden and it opened its doors on March 23rd 1741. People came from all over London hoping to find a home for children they were too poor to feed.

**Chorus**

[32] Take my child take and look after him  
Keep him safe and warm  
I am too poor to look after him  
Give him food and shield him from all harm

Round his neck there is a token  
Token of my love  
Nothing else I have to give him  
Save the prayers I make to heaven above  
Where, oh where is his father, far across the sea  
First he loved then he betrayed me

Leaving naught to help or comfort me  
I have sinned, sinned and repented  
Lost in shame and woe  
This is my last loving sacrifice  
Ah, it breaks my heart to let him go

**Narrator**

Soon there were more children than the house could hold and in 1745 a brand new building was opened in Bloomsbury. This was to be the Foundling Hospital for nearly two hundred years and it became the fashion to look in and see the children at their daily tasks. It made quite a pleasant day out.

**Chorus**

[33] See the Foundlings at work, how inspiring  
What a pretty, pretty sight  
The Foundlings at work, I could stare at them all day  
See the Foundlings at work, they're perspiring  
Well, of course it's only right  
The Foundlings must work, while the better class of folk see the play

See the boys are making ropes for fishermen  
And girls are sewing shirts for gentlemen  
And fine household linen for which we shall pay  
What a lovely surprise to observe such a hive of industry  
If I just close my eyes will it vanish away ?  
It's a thing we should prize and it's patently our duty  
To see Coram's Foundation is here to stay

See the things they have made  
Pretty purses, garters, stockings and knitted gloves  
The things they have made are a sight to behold  
Oh the things they have made  
Picking oakum, spinning twine and darning socks  
The things they have made must be worth their weight in gold

See how tidy, neat and simple is their dress  
How modest is their glance and address  
They've learned to obey and to do as they're told

**Narrator**

Once they had learned a useful skill the Foundlings were apprenticed to a trade and went to live with their new masters. If they were lucky – and many of them were – they would do well and one day set up in business for themselves.

**Chorus**

[34] I am a little Foundling apprenticed to a trade  
Sing o, sing o  
The work is hard the hours are long  
But I've an honest master, the premium is paid  
Ah, well-a-day is the burden of my song

No father, no mother to guide and comfort me  
Sing o, sing o  
The work is hard the hours are long  
The Hospital my home or a beggar I should be  
Ah, well-a-day is the burden of my song

Oh, I shall be a free man when I'm twenty-four  
Sing o, sing o  
The work is hard the hours are long  
With wife and home and children  
I could not ask for more  
Ah, well-a-day is the burden of my song

Come all you Foundling children, attend to what I say  
Sing o, sing o  
The work is hard the hours are long  
Be diligent and honest, you may earn your pay

Ah, well-a-day is the burden of my song

**Narrator**

Of course there was never enough money to meet all the Hospital's needs and the governors had to devise all sorts of ingenious ways to raise more. One of them, the painter William Hogarth, decided that it would be a good idea to hang paintings on the bare walls in order to encourage more visitors. Thus the Foundling Hospital became London's first public art gallery. At much the same time, Mr Handel began to give concerts for the benefit of the Foundlings. They proved very popular – even the king came to some of them.

**Chorus**

[35] Here in the pleasant court room  
There are paintings of high degree  
Placed there by Mister Hogarth  
They are simply a delight to see  
Each tells a story, biblical and true  
And each one reminds us what we must do  
To help poor abandoned children  
By our love and our charity

Here in the solemn chapel  
There is music upon the air  
Written by Mister Handel  
It will banish every worldly care  
Telling a story biblical and true  
Messiah reminds us what we all must do  
To help poor abandoned children  
By our love and our charity

Art and music are united in accents rare  
Acting upon our senses they contrive to banish all our care  
Soothing our feelings readily and yet  
Reminding us that we never should forget  
To help all abandoned children  
By our love and our charity

**Narrator**

When he died on March 29th 1751 Captain Coram was a poor man. But he left behind him a legacy of infinite value, for his work still goes on. Not in Bloomsbury to be sure, but in the Thomas Coram Foundation Hospital in Hertfordshire. Over the years, thousands of children have had cause to bless his name.

**Chorus**

[36] Captain Coram! 'E was a gent, an' no mistake  
Captain Coram! Give 'im a great big 'and  
Didn't 'e went an' saved me life  
Captain Coram! Blimey but ain't 'e grand  
For no-one loved or cared for me  
Now I'm 'appy, don't yer see  
Captain Coram! Is 'e a saint or is 'e not  
Captain Coram! Best man in the land

See the beggars in the street  
Aching 'earts and aching feet  
Nowhere they can lay their 'ead  
Paving stones their only bed

You may think the times 'ave gone  
When such things were going on  
Look around you, it is plain  
Though we change we stay the same

Captain Coram! Took to 'im like a duck I did  
Captain Coram! Saved me from being damned  
Captain Coram! Gave me an 'ome when just a kid  
Captain Coram! Just look at what 'e planned

Oh, 'e was nippy, 'e was fly  
Now he's 'appy, so am I  
Captain Coram! Is 'e an 'ero, yes 'e is  
Captain Coram! We are yer loyal band

Some believe what they've been told  
London's streets are paved with gold  
But the fable's far from true  
What can these poor creatures do

Finding they have less than nowt  
They become the down and out  
Do not scorn but lend an 'and  
Do as Captain Coram planned

Captain Coram! Sing we 'is praises every day  
Captain Coram's famous throughout the land  
Captain Coram! What can we say that ain't been said  
Captain Coram! Give 'im a great big, give 'im a great big  
Give 'im a great big, great big, great big 'and

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