

In snow and ice and sun,
He's riding, riding, riding for the Lord.

Some may join him, some may turn away,
Let people praise or jeer,
Never mind what any man may say,
A faithful horse beneath him,
What is there to fear?
For we'll be riding, riding, riding,
Riding for the Lord,
The hoofbeats are our rhythm
We ride with one accord.
From Stafford on to Durham,
Delay we can't afford,
We're riding, riding, riding for the Lord.

Charles

Some will greet you some may turn away,
Let people praise or blame,
(with chorus)
Never fear whatever they may say,
We still will ride together,
Our journey is the same.

For we'll be riding, riding, riding,
Riding for the Lord,

Right across the country
Through valley, hill and ford,
From England to the nations,
Delay we can't afford,
We're riding, riding, riding for the Lord.

24] *The Travellers' Blessing*

Mrs. Whitehead, & Chorus

From the enemies of the Lord, Preserve him!
From the perils of the road, Preserve him!
From every assault of the Devil, Preserve him!
In every place of staying, Use him!
With every passing stranger, Use him!
With every breath that You give him, Use him!
Fill him with song,
Guard him from wrong, and
Bring him at last to the heavenly home
Where we all belong. Goodbye! Goodbye!
Goodbye!

25] *Ride Out*



RIDE ! RIDE !

*New Concert Version
of the Musical*

with
KEITH MICHELL
As JOHN WESLEY

Book & Lyrics by
ALAN THORNHILL

Music by
PENELOPE THWAITES

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RIDE! RIDE! - Concert Version

Lyrics by Alan Thornhill • Music by Penelope Thwaites

JOHN WESLEY	Keith Michell
MARTHA	Catherine Harvey
MRS WHITEHEAD	Della Jones
THE REV HENRY HOBART	Stephen Varcoe
DR LANCELOT CRANKSHAW	Bruce Graham
MRS AMELIA CRANKSHAW	Maureen Keetch
CHARLES WESLEY	Mark Brummitt
WILL FUNNELL	Harold Lorenzelli
AUDREY	Sharon-Elizabeth Ellis
SAM	Gordon Cochran
BURGOYNE FISH	Gordon Cochran*/David Putnam†
DRUNK	Leon Berger
COSTERMONGERS }	Susan Carter, Christine Channer, Veronica Craig,
CITIZENS }	Helen Goodsell, Richard Horsfield, Lucy Jackson,
INMATES }	Margaret Jackson-Roberts, Sheila Nettleton, David Putnam, Sylvia Söderlund
CHORUS	The Company (Chorus Director, John Burrows)
ORCHESTRA	Robert Manasse, Flute Dov Goldberg, Clarinet/Saxophone Brian Hill, Trumpet Roy Babbington, Double Bass Peter Cater, Percussion Penelope Thwaites, Piano
MUSICAL DIRECTION and ARRANGEMENTS	Penelope Thwaites

1 Overture 1	(Orchestra)	2:20
2 Have You Heard?	(* Burgoyne Fish, Mrs. Whitehead, Company)	3:01
3 He's Just a Little Man	(Mrs. Whitehead, †Burgoyne Fish, Company)	2:19
4 Riding Song 1	(John Wesley - speaking, & Company)	1:57
5 Deep in the Blackness	(Mrs. Whitehead & Men's Chorus)	2:40
6 London Street Cries	(Audrey & Soloists)	3:35
7 London Town	(Audrey, Sam, Company)	4:16
8 Strange City	(Martha)	3:59
9 The Lord Jehovah Reigns**	(The Company)	0:52
10 The Whole Wide World is my Parish	(John Wesley)	2:40
11 Audrey's Conversion	(John Wesley, Audrey, Company)	1:12
12 The Garden of England	(The Rev. Henry Hobart)	1:44
13 Why Me?	(Martha)	3:08
14 Overture 2	(John Wesley, Charles Wesley)	1:08
15 He Knows my Name	(Martha & Women's Chorus)	2:14
16 Enthusiasm	(Hobart, Dr. Crankshaw, Mrs. Crankshaw)	4:32
17 A Nice Little Change of Air	(Hobart, Dr. Crankshaw, Mrs. Crankshaw)	1:45
18 Say What You Mean	(John Wesley, Will Funnell, Company)	2:55
19 One by One	(Charles Wesley)	1:34
20 Let The Enemies of The Lord	(Will Funnell & Company)	2:09
21 Everyone is Needed	(Martha, Audrey, Soloists)	2:51
22 What Thou Hast Done†	(John Wesley)	1:22
23 Riding Song 2	(Charles Wesley & Company)	1:46
24 The Travellers' Blessing	(Mrs. Whitehead & Company)	1:12
25 Ride out	(Orchestra)	1:26

Total duration: 58:39

** Words by Isaac Watts
† Words by John Wesley

THE HISTORY OF 'RIDE! RIDE!'

In May 1976, Alan Thornhill and Penelope Thwaites' musical, '*Ride! Ride!*' opened in London's West End, having played an eleven-week national tour. *The Guardian* critic called it "One of the most astonishing theatrical events we are likely to see this year."

Using the dramatic true story of Martha Thompson's incarceration in Bedlam, following her conversion at a Wesley meeting, the musical brings to the stage one of England's greatest religious and social reformers. John Wesley's impact on a highly colourful and also corrupt society challenged the established church - which at the time was largely out of touch with the ordinary person. To those at the bottom of society Wesley gave hope, inspiring thousands to a better life.

Some historians believe that Wesley's revolution averted another more blood-stained one, such as happened in contemporary France. His ceaseless travelling and preaching took him, they say, 250,000 miles on horseback - hence Alan Thornhill's title '*Ride! Ride!*'.

Twenty years after the West End production, the composer, Penelope Thwaites, decided to make a Concert Performance version, incorporating several numbers missing from the earlier show. Following a gala performance at Lambeth Palace in 1999, hosted jointly by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the President of the Methodist Conference, it was decided to record the music. Through these 25 tracks the story of '*Ride! Ride!*' comes to life: a story with a remarkably contemporary resonance.

SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE

- [1] - [2] The scene opens in Preston, Lancashire in 1789, *Have You Heard?* where the citizens eagerly await the arrival of **John Wesley**, now 86, revered throughout Britain, but still creating controversy. Mingling with the Wesley admirers is a group of toughs, there to break up the proceedings. They are countered by one **Burgoyne Fish**, a prize-fighter, recently converted by Wesley. Also present are the leader of the Methodist community in Preston, **Mrs. Whitehead**, and her grand-daughter, **Martha**.

- [3] There is a sudden silence as the old man comes into view. Martha is surprised at his small stature, but in *He's Just a Little Man* Mrs. Whitehead, Fish and the community try to express the spirit and charisma of the man.
- [4] Characteristically, Wesley is unimpressed by the eulogy and gets straight down to work, challenging the Methodists with becoming too comfortable and complacent. His urgency is reflected by them as they sing the *Riding Song*.
- [5] As the crowds disperse he has a more personal challenge for Mrs. Whitehead: that she tell her restless, bored grand-daughter the story of how she ran away to London in her youth. With some reluctance, Mrs. Whitehead reveals for the first time her own poverty-stricken childhood *Deep in the Blackness*. As she sings of her escape to London, her grand-daughter begins to relive the story.
- [6] With the *London Street Cries* we are back in time to a London market of 1748. **Audrey**, a flower-girl, various costermongers, prostitutes, gin-sellers, ply their trade until interrupted by the arrival of **Sam**, leader of the mob, and a warder in Bedlam. Audrey is his woman.
- [7] Encountering a newcomer in Martha, they sing of their life on the streets *London Town* while the "gentry" project an outlook far removed from these earthy realities.
- [8] Martha is befriended by a cheerful tinker, **Will Funnell**, who gets her a job as assistant to a quack, **Dr. Lancelot Crankshaw**. Crankshaw's wife **Amelia**, a snobbish social climber, takes an instant dislike to Martha, while her husband makes it clear that her duties will include personal attentions to him. Confused and miserable, Martha wanders through the streets of the *Strange City*.
- [9] - [10] Drawn by the sound of singing, *The Lord Jehovah Reigns*, she suddenly finds herself part of a Wesleyan outdoor meeting. Amidst lively heckling, Wesley is preaching with fervour of his determination to reach those normally excluded by the church *The Whole Wide World is My Parish*.
- [11] His words have an unexpectedly dramatic result for the flower-girl *Audrey's Conversion*.

[12] The scene is watched with anger and distaste by the fashionable local rector **Dr. Henry Hobart** who expresses his views in *The Garden of England*, threatening Wesley as he departs.

[13] Martha goes to Audrey's aid, and is treated kindly by Wesley, who offers her his cloak. She is overwhelmed *Why Me?* and returns happily to the Crankshaws. Wesley, meanwhile, is beaten up by a gang employed by Hobart.

ACT TWO

[14] **Charles Wesley** is writing to his brother, concerned that he is likely to get himself thrown out of the Church. John is unimpressed.

[15] Meanwhile, Martha has become a regular participant at the meetings and tries to describe to some passers-by what she has found in *He Knows my Name*.

[16] The scene changes to the Crankshaw residence, where the Doctor and his wife are enjoying a convivial evening with their friend and ally, Henry Hobart. It is clear that in terms of social and financial success, each is useful to the other. The implications of the Wesleyan movement and its threat to their lifestyle are expressed in slightly inebriated fashion in *Enthusiasm*.

[17] Martha is proving obstinate in her new-found faith, and the solution devised is to pronounce her insane. She will be lured to the lunatic asylum by a promise of *A Nice Little Change of Air*.

[18] Meanwhile, Wesley, assisted by Will Funnell, is holding his weekly clinic and has some down-to-earth advice for a wealthy hypochondriac *Say What You Mean*.

[19] Charles arrives to tell him of Martha's fate and chides him for being too busy with crowds to care for people *One by One*. Wesley is at first angry, but admits his negligence and departs for Bedlam.

[20] Meanwhile, Will rallies the Methodists in a rousing call for Martha's release *Let The Enemies of the Lord*.

[21] The following scene in Bedlam shows Martha trying to bring some comfort to the distraught and deluded inmates, including, now, Audrey, in *Everyone is Needed*. Wesley arrives to confirm her sanity and to take her away. The Rev. Henry Hobart also arrives to stop him, but an unexpected twist to the drama (based on another historical character, Dr. William Dodd), finds Hobart arrested for forgery and led away to prison. Wesley and Hobart become reconciled.

[22] Martha is reluctant to abandon those she has started to care for, but is finally convinced by Wesley's personal plea that he needs her. Realising the possible false hopes this may provoke in his devoted follower, Wesley sings in *What Thou Hast Done* verses from his own poem, written in the wake of a broken engagement. For him, God's love must be all.

[23] As John and Martha prepare for their journey back to Preston, Charles arrives to bid them farewell with the *Riding Song*.

[24] We are back in the Preston of 1789, and Mrs. Whitehead is finishing her story. John Wesley reappears, having preached to the assembled crowds and they bid an emotional farewell. As the Methodists wave to his departing carriage, they sing *The Travellers' Blessing*.

[25] Ride out (*orchestra*).

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RIDE! RIDE!

1 *Overture 1*

2 *Have you Heard?*

(Preston. The year - 1789).

Chorus & various individual voices

Have you heard? The preacher's coming
to town,

Tell the news and spread the word up and
down,

Have you heard? The preacher's coming to
town,

We'll all be there to meet him.

Have you heard? The preacher's coming to
town,

Yes, it's true, and you all know his
renown,

Toughs

Yes, we've heard, he's just a travelling
clown,

Let's find a stick and beat him!

All

Get out your bonnet, get out your cane,
Don't mind the heat and don't mind the
rain,

Leave all your worries, throw off that
frown,

For the Preacher-man is coming to town,
Lock up your office, shut up your shop,
Line the whole street from bottom to top,
Fill all the windows, the up and the down,
For the Preacher-man is coming to town.

Burgoyne Fish

Get out your Bible, put away your gin,
Cut out cock-fighting.

Toughs

That ain't a sin!

Burgoyne Fish

You don't need whiskey your sorrows to
drown,

When the Preacher-man is coming to town.

Toughs

Pick up a stone and have a good shy.

Burgoyne Fish

Try it just once, you'll get a black eye.

Toughs

Give us a brick to crumple his crown,
For the Preacher-man is coming to town.

Mrs.Whitehead

Open your larder, bring out your best,
Give him a pulpit and he'll do the rest.

Straighten your kerchief, smooth out
your gown

For the Preacher-man is coming to town.

Men

Two hundred and fifty thousand miles,
they say

Of English mud, Irish mud, Welsh mud and
Scottish mud,

He's travelled the world these many a year,

All

Two hundred and fifty thousand miles,
and he's here today,

Say what you like about him, he's worth a
cheer.

Women

Must be going on ninety now, if he's a day,

Men

English mud, German mud, Dutch mud,
American mud,

Women

Rides in a great old carriage reading a
book,

All

But he'd be still on horseback if he had his
way,

Voice

And he'll be here to the minute if I'm not
mistook.

Toughs

So! Bring ripe tomatoes, bring rotten eggs,
Bring out a bull-dog to bite off his legs,
(You're good old Church of England,
ain't yer, Spot),

Burgoyne Fish

One squeak out of you, and you'll get
knocked down,

When the Preacher-man is coming to town.

All

Open your hymn-book, loosen your
throat,

Toughs

Get out a cow-horn and give'em a note!

Burgoyne Fish

I tell you sinner, he's turned me upside
down,

This Preacher-man,

All

This unquenchable Preacher-man,
Pretty sensible Preacher-man —
(*Sudden silence, as the crowd, in awe,
watch Wesley enter.*)

3 **He's Just a Little Man**

Martha

But he's just a little old man.

Mrs.Whitehead

That's right, my dear, (*sings*)

He's just a little man,

But when he speaks the heavens open and
time stands still,

And there's something in your blood that
answers with a thrill,

It's the pounding of the breakers on a rocky
shore,

It's a trumpet in your heart, it's the
opening of a door,

This little man, this little man.

Burgoyne Fish

He's just a little man,

You'd think a puff of wind would blow
him away,

But once he's stepped inside your guard
you know he's there to stay,

It's a hammer, hammer, hammering,

A beating on your pride,

You're down for ten but up again if you
once let him inside,

This little man, this little man.

All

He's just a little man,
We've pelted him with stones and beat him
till he bled,
But he just keeps on going, going right
ahead,
Life will never be the same thing, when it's
time for us to part,
This little man who's big enough to carry
the world in his heart,
This little man, this little man.

4 *Riding Song 1*

Wesley (*preaching to the crowd*)

I am now in my 87th year, and I promise
you I have no intention of slackening yet,
and neither would you if you had not
grown soft and comfortable and perhaps
just a little too rich. If we do not take care
we will degenerate into milksops. I say to
you, give me one hundred preachers who
fear nothing but sin, and desire nothing
but God, and I care not a straw if they be
clergymen or laymen, young or old, rich or
poor, male or female. Such alone will shake
the gates of Hell and set up the Kingdom of
Heaven here upon earth.

All

He's riding, riding, riding,
He's riding for the Lord
From London up to Litchfield,
Through valley, hill and ford.

From Litchfield on to Stafford,
Delay he can't afford,
He's riding, riding, riding for the Lord.

Let it hail or rain or thunder,
He'll still go riding on,
Till Hell is rent asunder,
Until the final battle's won,
Riding, riding, riding,
In snow and ice and sun,
He's riding, riding, riding for the Lord.

Some may join him, some may turn away,
Let people praise or jeer,
Never mind what any man may say,
A faithful horse beneath him
What is there to fear?

For he'll be riding, riding, riding,
Riding for the Lord
From Lichfield on to Stafford
Throuth valley, hill and ford,
From Stafford here to Preston,
Delay he can't afford,
He's riding, riding, riding for the Lord.

5 *Deep in the Blackness*

Mrs. Whitehead (*with men's chorus*)

Deep in the blackness of the earth,
There my mother gave me birth.
Cradled in coal, weaned in the dust,
Crying for milk, scarcely a crust.
When I was five, learning to climb,

I carried the coal, great loads at a time,
Long hours at a stretch, work never done,
Not breathing the air, not seeing the sun.

No-one to listen, where could I turn?
Aching for living, longing to learn,
Yet burning within, beyond all control,
A fire in my heart, fiercer than coal.

I knew as I grew outside there must be
A different life waiting for me,
And so the day came when I flung off my
load,
Seeking adventure out on the road.

6 *London Street Cries*

(London market scene. The year - 1748).

Audrey

Sweet William and gingerbread animals
Sweet William and gingerbread animals.
A farthing will buy you four,
A penny will buy you more,
So come and buy Sweet William and
gingerbread animals.

Eel Seller

Eels, eels, eels alive - oh!
Herring, haddock, mussels, cod.
Turbot, lobsters, fresh and good,
Eels, eels, eels alive - oh!

Bonnet Seller

Who'll buy a bonnet for fourpence?
Lace and ribbons, pretty ladies!

Coal Seller

I'm a crimp, I'm a crimp
Get y' coal from the crimp
Straight from the hag-ship
Up from the bag-ship
Get y' coal from the crimp.

Nutseller

Buy my walnuts, glossy and fine,
Penny for sixteen,
Penny for sixteen,
Buy my walnuts, see them shine,
Penny for sixteen, penny for sixteen.

Blind Woman & Children

Please to buy of the poor blind
Tapes and cottons!
Alms for the poor -
Kind Sir, take pity.

Vegetable Sellers

Ho! Ho! Hi!
What do you think of this then,
A penny a bunch?
Here's y' turnips!

Prostitutes

Pretty child, pretty girl,
Fresh from the country green - oh,
Come with me, learn from me,
I'll show you how to live like a queen.
Pretty clothes, pretty rings,
Sweet pretty ribbons;
Gentlemen knocking at your door,
Come with me, learn from me.

Gin Seller

Drunk for a penny! Dead drunk for
tuppence!
Bring your own straw! Bring your own
straw!
Drunk for a penny! Dead drunk for
tuppence!
Can't ask for more! Can't ask for more!
Here's the stuff that'll knock you down,
Easiest, cheapest way out of town,
Drunk for a penny! Drunk for a penny!

Audrey

Sweet William and gingerbread animals.
Sweet William and gingerbread animals.
Oh God, if you're really there,
Then why don't you seem to care for us as
sells
Sweet William and gingerbread animals?

7 London Town**Audrey**

Welcome to London, pretty girl,
Don't look around for pity, girl.
Life may be hard, life may be gay,
But there's one thing I'd just like to say:
You may laugh, you may cry, you may beg,
you may bleed,
You may starve, you may die, but whatever
you need,
Whatever you pray for, you'll be certain to
pay for,
So welcome to London, pretty girl.

Sam

Rough and ready, that's the way
To live in London Town,
There'll be plenty, I may say,
Will try and get you down,
Call you filth or call you scum,
Don't forget the day will come
When the scum will rise and be the crown.

Mob

Slick and quick the only way
To live in London Town.
Snatch a bonnet or toupée,
Slit a lady's gown,
Take it if you can't afford,
Then get tipsy as a lord,
Then you'll be a King,
Good for anything,
Have yourself a fling
In London Town.

Gentry

London Town has an elegant air
For the gentry who know their way round,
In the park or street, the tavern or fair,
There are plenty of joys to be found,
You may ride in a carriage, or else in a
chair,
It's rather convenient for taking the air,
And for those who know, the pleasures are
there,
Yes it's really a belle
Of a swell of a smell
Of a hell of a London Town.

Prostitutes (imitating gentry)

London Town, it's not a bad place,
You could certainly do a lot worse,
If you know the way to paint up your face,
You'll soon find you've got cash in your
purse,
You may rot with disease and be feeling like
hell,

But never forget you have something to sell,
And the likes of you might do pretty well,
Oho yes! It's a mink
Of a wink of a stink
Of a sink of a London Town.

Audrey

If, young girl, you've come to stay
Here in London Town,
Doesn't help you much to pray,
Just find your way around,
City streets will take their toll,
Claim your body and your soul,
Sometimes lift you up, then beat you down.

Mob

Slick and quick the only way
To live in London Town,
Snatch a bonnet or toupee,
Slit a lady's gown...
Take it if you can't afford,
Then get tipsy as a lord,
Then you'll be a King
Good for anything,
Have yourself a fling
Even if you swing
In London Town.

All

London Town's a wonderful place,
You could easily do a lot worse,
If you're down, you might get kicked in the
face,
If you're smart then you'll kick someone
first,

Mob

There's love and there's laughter down here
in the street,

Gentry

It must be admitted the air ain't too sweet,
All

But it's our town, and we're proud to
repeat,
We belong to a belle
Of a swell of a smell
Of a hell of a London Town,
A quite inexpressible,
Quite irrepressible,
Multi-decibel
Town!

8 Strange City**Martha**

Where can I turn?
How can it be
This is the city I longed to see?
All that I dreamed,
Not what it seemed
With these hard ones, scarred ones,
Tell me, how can it be?
Strange city, fabulous city,
What have you to say to me?

Strange city, fabulous city,
What have you today for me?
Do you hide some secret treasure
Bolted fast and barred?

Are you really so unfeeling?
Are you really so hard?

Strange city, frightening city,
Have you any place for me?
Is there any space for me
In this strange, strange city?

The walls seem to press in on you,
The traffic is pouring its din on you,
You don't know where to walk,
No-one has time to talk,
You seem to have lost your way,
You don't know what to say,
You go slower and slower,
Feel colder and colder,
And the city passes by you,
Shrugging its shoulder,
It leers at you,
Jeers at you,
"Come back, little girl, when you're wiser
and older",

Strange city, lonely city,
You're just one of the throng in here,
Strange city, lonely city,
You don't even belong in here,
O for just one face that's friendly,
For someone to respond
To this frightened small-town girl
Who's from the back of beyond,

Strange city, frightening city,
Now you're on your own in here,
You've a feeling you're alone in here,
In this strange, strange city.

9 *The Lord Jehovah Reigns*

*(A number of Wesley supporters preparing
a pulpit for his Sermon)*

The Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high,
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty,
His glories shine with beams so bright
No mortal eye can bear the sight.
And will this sov'reign King
Of glory condescend?
And will He write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his Name, I love his Word,
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

10 *The Whole Wide World is my Parish*

Wesley (*mounts pulpit - he preaches*)
Brothers and sisters, let me tell you
something about God. God is not locked up
in that church. He is everywhere. Yes, here
in this street. And if you won't go into that
church, I will come to you.

(sings)

Yes, the whole wide world is my parish,
To the whole wide world I belong,

The whole range of life is my burden,
And the whole wide Gospel my song,
It's the miners at the pithead
Who gather at the dawn,
It's the wretches in the prisons,
It's the hopeless and forlorn,
Yes, the whole wide world is my parish,
Every human need my concern,
For the whole of God's truth is my calling
It's for every man that I burn.

The jostle of the streets,
The widow alone,
The cargo of a slave-ship,
The King on his throne,
Protestant, Catholic, Infidel too,
The saint and the sinner,
And of course, you!
I love them all -
But where is my zeal,
What in God's name is my goal,
If I won't break out of the forms that bind,
For the sake of one more soul?

For the whole wide world is my parish,
To the whole wide world I belong,
The whole range of life is my burden,
And the whole wide gospel my song,
It's the voices of the needy
In the yelling angry crowd,
It's the faces of the homeless,
The hungry and the proud,
Yes the whole wide world is my parish,
Every human need my concern,

For the whole of God's truth is my calling,
It's for every man that I burn.

11 *Audrey's Conversion*

Woman (*Spoken*)

Have mercy, Lord, have mercy.

(All)

Mercy!

Wesley

I feel a mighty burning in my heart
consuming me!

(All)

Consuming me!

Wesley

A deep yearning in my heart, possessing
me!

(All)

Possessing me!

Wesley

There's a heavy, heavy weight of sin,
grieving me.

(All)

Grieving me!

Wesley

There's a mighty stirring of my heart,
upheaving me.

(All)

Upheaving me!

Audrey (*screaming in terror*)

Fire! Satan has hold of me. I am devil
possessed!

Wesley

God has hold of you, do not be distressed.

Audrey

Satan owns me, I am my own no longer!

Wesley

Christ owns you, and He is stronger. Pray!
Pray for this woman's release!

(Hymn starts)

And will this Sov'reign King of Glory
condescend?

Audrey

Fire! The fires of hate are within me.
Satan don't leave me!

(Crowd continue singing).

And will He write His name, my Father and
my Friend?

Audrey

Don't try to deceive me!
(shrieking)
Satan, hold me fast!

(Hymn continues)

I love His name, I love his word,
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

Audrey

Peace, peace at last.

12 The Garden of England

The Rev. Henry Hobart *(angrily)*

He's a mountebank,
He's a sorcerer,

He's an ugly wart on England's soul,
He's erroneous, sanctimonious,
With satanic powers he can't control,
He's unteachable,
He's impeachable,
He's a leveller,
He's a reveller,
With his evil brood he seeks to cajole,
He roams the countryside in heat
Waylaying all whom he may meet
That he may snatch his victim unaware,
A défier,
A décrier,
A denier,
Vilifier,
Beware! Beware!
For the garden of England is ordered
With dignity, beauty and grace,
And the Church has been made the
caretaker
To keep every part in its place,
And some of us here are appointed
To keep every flowerbed trim,
Each with his own special corner
Divinely allotted to him,
To plant in appropriate places
The right and appropriate seeds,
To prune and to shape and to nurture
The plants, and to burn all the weeds.
In the length and the breadth of the garden,
Each parish, each precinct, each plot,
The duly inducted incumbent has access,
But others have not!

13 Why Me?**Martha**

No-one has ever treated me like this before
- why me?

So many other folk must claim his kindness
more, why me?

I've never known someone to care,
Only been pushed around and ordered
here and there,

But now a song, a friend, a promise and a
prayer.

Why me - why me?

No-one has ever tried to understand, but
now for me,

Somebody stops to care, I can't think why,
for me, for me,

Life isn't only push and shove,
Suddenly the earth is fair, the sky is
bright above,

So lift up your head and walk as someone
knowing love,
That's me - that's me.

Is this just for me,
Or could it be a different life that's just
begun,
Something to share with everyone?

No-one has ever tried to understand, but
now, for me,
Somebody stops to care,
I can't think why, for me, for me,

Life isn't only push and shove,
Suddenly the earth is fair, the sky is
bright above,
So lift up your head and walk as someone
knowing love,
That's me - that's me - that's me!

14 Overture 2 *(underneath Wesley and Charles dialogue)*

Charles *(writing a letter)*

Dear Brother, I am grieved to learn of your
sorry condition after the meeting yesterday.

Wesley

Grieved, Charles? You should be proud.
These small cuts and bruises are nothing,
nothing compared with what others have
suffered in Christ's name.

Charles

The bruises are bad enough, but worse, far
worse are the reports I hear. Oh Jack,
everything I warned you about has come to
pass. Those unseemly babblings and
writhings which I deplore so much.

Wesley

So do I, Charles. I like them no better than
you do. But forget the minor upheavals.
Remember the miracles.

Charles

The Rector of the parish seems highly
incensed.

Wesley

Well, of course. How should it be

otherwise? God Himself is invading his
"private preserves". Shocking. Shocking.

Charles

Be on your guard, I beg you. Your loving
brother....

Wesley

Thank you, Charles.

15 **He Knows my Name**

Martha

He knows my name!

At first it was just a whisper, a question, a
warning,

Heard in the dark of the night, in the gleam
of the morning,

"You want to be free, that's what you say,
Then why are you running, running away
from me? Martha" -

I heard it with shame,
For I knew that he knew my name.

He knows my name!

And then it was more like thunder, a
shaking, a falling,

The fall of the fortress of self I've been
calling me,

I'll fight you somehow, I long to be free,
I've got to be Martha, I've got to be me,
somehow,

"Martha" - It was said without blame,
"Yes I know you, I know you by name".

He knows my name!

And now it is simply a giving, forgiving, a
freeing,

A letting Him into the depths of my being,
I know your name too, my Saviour, my
Lord,

My friend and my guide, my shield and my
sword, that's You.

And I'm Martha, I can say without
shame,

Yes, I know You, I know Your name.

He knows my name!

And now it is simply a giving, forgiving, a
freeing,

A letting Him into the depths of my being,
I know your name too, my Saviour, my
Lord,

My friend and my guide, my shield and my
sword, that's You.

And I'm Martha, I'm me, but I'm never the
same

When I know, yes I know that He knows
my name.

16 **Enthusiasm**

Hobart

When the ancient prophet Moses was
descending from the mountain,
He heard a mighty babel, and he thought
there's no accounting
For the singing and the shouting and that
shrill and hideous laugh,
And then he saw his people all
A-skipping round a calf,

They were whirling, swirling, twirling, hurling
Themselves upon the ground
They were falling all around.

He was caught up by the spirit with the urge
to prophesy,

So he flung himself upon them with this
loud and piercing cry:

Hobart, Dr. and Mrs. Crankshaw

Beware! my friends of the over-enthusiastic;
For the whole thing ends in effects that are
horribly drastic,

Though clamour and shock are filling the air
Stay perfectly cool without turning a hair,
Stay clear of the chasm caused by each
spasm

Of that aim to inflame that is known by the
name of enthusiasm.

Dr. Crankshaw

When Doctor Aesculapius (or was it Doctor
Galen?)

Began to practise medicine on people who
were ailing,

It soon became apparent to him almost
from the start

The practice better be confined to masters
of the art,

How you'd shiver, quiver, never would
forgive a

Blundering apprentice who would tamper
with your liver,

Or some ignorant fanatic who for favour or
for pelf

Would open up your innards and simply
help himself....

*(Dr. Crankshaw illustrates in mime to a jig
tempo. Hobart and Mrs. Crankshaw join
him, becoming rather carried away)*

Mrs. Crankshaw

"Stop all this trifling: far more serious
issues are at stake!"

(sings) When the fabric of society begins to
shake and rumble,

When decency and order are likely all to
tumble,

When manners and morality the people all
debase,

And all the lower orders no longer know
their place.

What neurosis, psychosis, a hideous
diagnosis,

The populace erupting with a sinister
hypnosis,

What a nightmare, what a nemesis, enough
to make you weep,

(with mounting hysteria)

And worst of all consider please
The dire effects of this disease,

Which I need hardly mention are
deplora- a - b - ly cheap!

*(She is overcome. Hobart and Crankshaw
revive her with smelling salts)*

Hobart, Dr. & Mrs. Crankshaw

(rather breathless)

Yes the whole thing ends in effects that are more than fantastic.

Let reason embrace the whole human race,
With its feet on the ground
And each hair in its place:

Stay clear of the chasm, caused by each
spasm

Of that aim to inflame, that insidious game,
That debauch of ill-fame that is known by
the name (if you're looking for rhymes
there's much more of the same)
Of Enthusiasm.

17 A Nice Little Change of Air

Mrs. Crankshaw

A nice little change of air,
Out with a carriage and pair,
If she feels at all lugubrious
There's nothing so salubrious
As a nice little change of air.

Hobart

A nice little change of air,
Not a pleasure I'd like to share,
I can make all the arrangements for
Shall we say - derangement?
And a nice little change of air.

Dr. Crankshaw

A nice little change of air,
If she were just more aware

I'd have made her unassailable
And now and then available
For a nice little change of air.

Hobart, Dr. and Mrs. Crankshaw

A nice little change of air,
It's the end of the whole affair.
For the too enthusiastic
The cure's a trifle drastic,
A nice little change of air.

Mrs. Crankshaw

A nice little change of air,
It's the end of the whole affair!
I think it is expedient
She should learn to be obedient
With a nice little change of air!

18 Say What You Mean

Wesley

Say what you mean, Brother,
Mean what you say, Sister,
That seems to me, Sister,
The only way,
Then you're a friend, Brother,
True to the end, Brother,
Say what you mean, Brother,
Mean what you say.

Speak your mind quite plainly
With care and common sense,
At times it can be blessed
Though it gives some offence.

Yet whate'er a man's appearance,
Old age or callow youth,
A prince or a poor beggar
Still needs the truth.

Wesley & Will Funnell

Say what you mean, Brother.. etc.

Will (verse)

You meet a noble lady,
Don't hedge or hesitate,
You don't say, "Well" or "Maybe",
But you speak to her straight.

Wesley

And I'll give you one word of warning
Before bold attack,
If you want to give plain speaking
You'll get it back.

All

Say what you mean, Brother., etc.

Will

One day at a meeting
I happened to take note
Of a sly intruder
With some rotten eggs in his coat,
So I greet this fellow warmly
With much abandonment.
The accompanying rich odour
Said what I meant.

All

Say what you mean, Brother.. etc.

19 One by One

Charles

He calls us one by one,
And when he speaks the heavens open,
And time stands still, and there's something
in your blood
That answers with a thrill.
It's the pounding of the breakers on a rocky
shore,
It's a trumpet in your heart, it's the opening
of a door
To everyone, one by one.

So call them one by one,
Amid the busy crowds, the clamour,
The throngs, there stands that solitary one
Who to his Lord belongs,
It's the telling of the story to that one man
apart,
So he'll be big enough to hold the whole
world in his heart,
One by one, one by one.

20 Let The Enemies of The Lord

Will Funnell & Company

Will

Let the enemies of the Lord be scattered.
(All) Scattered!
Let all the iron bars be shattered.
(All) Shattered!
Burst them all, Lord, burst them!

Will

A curse to 'em all, a curse to 'em.

(Voice)

Steady, Brother, steady!

All

Let the enemies of the Lord be shaken,
shaken!

(Voice) Don't let that girl in Bedlam be
forsaken,

(All) Forsaken!

Get her out of there, Lord

Will

Rout'em there! Clout'em there!

(Voice)

Watch that temper, Brother Funnell.

All

The enemies of the Lord, resist'em,
resist'em!

Will

And help our Mr. Wesley to out-twist'em,

(All) Out-twist'em!

Uphold him, Lord, uphold him

Embolden him, Lord, embolden him.

(Voice)

As Jonah came out of the belly of the whale

As Peter walked out of Jerusalem gaol,

All

Let the prayers of your children now
prevail.

Get her out of there, Lord,

Get her out, get her out, get her out.

Women

If you've counted all the hairs on a poor
man's head,

If you've painted all the feathers on a song-
bird's wing,

If you've heeded all the groaning of a
thousand years,

If you've listened to the pleading of a
woman's tears,

Be with her now, Lord.

Let her weeping be our weeping,

Let her groaning be our groaning,

Her disowning our disowning,

O save her, Lord, save her.

[21] Everyone is Needed

(A room in Bedlam. Chorus of inmates)

Sam *(spoken)*

Get in there, Audrey, and it's more than you
deserve!

Martha *(spoken)*

Audrey!

Audrey *(spoken)*

Audrey? Audrey ain't needed any more.

Martha

Of course you're needed, Audrey!

Everyone's needed

(sings)

Granny's needed; DickTurpin's needed,

The King of Prussia's needed,

And, yes, you're needed

We're all God's children,

That's what I figure,

And the world's like Bedlam,

But just a bit bigger.

Everyone is needed.

The rich are needed, the poor are needed,

The strong are needed,

And the weak are needed,

And the people who fuss, and the people
who cuss,

The mad and the sane, and people like us,

Everyone is needed.

*(The various inmates struggle to join in the
singing with Martha)*

(Granny) So Granny's needed,

(Dick) DickTurpin's needed,

(King) The King of Prussia's needed

Martha

And yes, I'm needed.

We are all God's children,

That's what I figure,

And the world's like Bedlam,

But just a bit bigger,

Everyone is needed.

All

The rich are needed.. etc.

So-

(Granny) Granny's needed,

(Queen) The Queen is needed,

(King) The King is needed

Martha

And Audrey's ...

(Both) Audrey's needed.

[22] What Thou Hast Done**Wesley**

What Thou hast done I know not now.

Suffice I shall hereafter know.

Beneath Thy chastening hand I bow.

That still I live to Thee I owe.

O teach Thy deeply humbled son

To say, Father, Thy will be done.

Teach me from every pleasing snare

To keep the issues of my heart.

Be Thou my love, my joy, my crown,

Thou my eternal portion art,

Be Thou my never-failing Friend,

And love, love me to the end.

[23] Riding Song 2**Charles**

He's riding, riding, riding,

He's riding for the Lord,

From London up to Lichfield,

Through valley, hill and ford,

From Lichfield on to Stafford,

Delay he can't afford,

He's riding, riding, riding, for the Lord.

(with supporting chorus)

Let it hail or rain or thunder,

He'll still go riding on,

Till Hell is rent asunder,

Until the final battle's won.

Riding, riding, riding,