

JOHN SYKES

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

A Play With Music

Script and Seven Songs

The JOHN SYKES PROJECT

MMXI

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

John Sykes wrote four musical plays (both words and music) for performance by the boys of Westwood (the junior house at Kingswood at that time). The first, *Alec and the Mad Tea Party*, was written in 1950. Sadly the music for it is lost. After a three year gap, he wrote three more starting with *Christopher Columbus* in 1953, and then *When Adam Delved* in 1954 and finally *Theseus and the Minotaur* in 1955. This annual sequence shows their popularity and success – which is evident also from other sources. Perhaps the most liked of all four is *Columbus*, and one reason for this is the simple but hauntingly beautiful melody of *A Land of Milk and Honey*. Sung by a young Martin Gilwhite, its popularity spread like wildfire throughout the whole school.

The popularity of *A Land of Milk and Honey* led to Sykes writing the following verse:

“Take up your pen and write quickly,
Strew on us metaphors thickly,
We're off to press – and a poem from you
Will be just the job for the intellectual few -
The pseudo-intellectuals, the third programme wallahs,
The Eng. Lit. crowd, the sensitive fellows,
Who gather in the twilight and talk of immortality,
Dylan's reputation and Spender's personality.”
So you command me. What am I to do?
Survey mankind from China to Peru
In couplets heroic or loose Alexandrines?
Dress up my images, like spivs, to the nines?
Give you a sonnet to somebody's eyebrows
Or describe in a triolet Everyman's sorrows?
For such I am impotent – would only bungle
My stuff and make your nerves jangle.
Technique is the thing. I haven't got it.
Art is long – and life is short – drat it!

I wrote a song – Oh it was nothing -
Composed in ten minutes, perhaps – just a plaything -
You will remember “the land of milk and honey
Where the folks have lashings of easy money
Far away, Far away, far, far away; -”
And my little canticle sung by that ridiculous little boy.
But I think it said as much as anything I have ever wanted to say.
And that's the only kind of poetical moment
I can really establish. But no lament
Is necessary. Rather a Benedicite
That one achieves an occasional felicity
Of expression – makes a sound,
Unlike the baying of a jungle hound,
Both musical and apt. Just once – or twice.
For which the gods be thanked – or Gilwhite's voice.

John Austin Sykes (1909 – 1962)



John Sykes was born in India in 1909 - in India because his father was in the Indian civil service. Back in England he won a music scholarship to Clifton College, Bristol, and whilst still a schoolboy gained his A.R.C.O. and F.R.C.O. In 1928 he went up to Oxford as organ scholar at Balliol. In those days, undergraduates were not able to read Music as a first degree, so Sykes read Modern History, and followed it up with a B.Mus. One contemporary source considered him to have been the most distinguished musical undergraduate of his time. He was president of the famous Oxford University Opera Club and active in the Music Club and Union. He was sufficiently important to be given a full-page spread in the undergraduate newspaper 'Isis' – which referred to his ability to 'make a piano do anything but swim'. He was a friend of the left-wing poet Randall Swingler, and also a contemporary of W.H. Auden, Stephen Spender and C. Day Lewis, whom he knew, so it is perhaps not surprising that he was a fluent, though not distinguished, poet. After Oxford, he went to London, to the Royal College of Music, where he studied composition under Ralph Vaughan Williams, R. O. Morris and Gordon Jacob. In 1936 he was appointed to the staff of Kingswood School, and there he stayed, except for war service, until he died of cancer in the school Sanatorium in the summer term of 1962.

The John Sykes Project is an informal group of former pupils who are transcribing and publishing his music on the internet, and encouraging its performance.

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

by

John Sykes

For the boys who first performed the play

at

**Westwood
Kingswood School, Bath**

March 1953

SCENE I

A Tavern in a Spanish Port

(Two or three rough deal benches:— a table (R), placed to the corner of stage. This serves as Dago's counter. Bottles, flasks, tumblers and glasses on table. Barrels (if possible) at back of stage to give atmosphere. There should be enough room round table for Dago to pass freely into the middle of the stage when required. Two or three odd stools should face the benches. When curtain is drawn - Dago is seen leaning over the Counter. Black-Eye is seated on bench (L). Slippery Sam and Tiny Tim are seated on bench (centre). They have tankards in their hands. All four men (including Dago) are singing:

DAGO – BLACK-EYE)
SLIPPERY SAM - TINY TIM) SONG

“For we are Spanish devils who have sailed the world together,
We have known the hot sun scorch us, and we braved the toughest weather.
So drink up, my Spanish Seamen, here's toast to all who dared
To sail the stormy Spanish Main with hearts that never feared.

For we are Spanish devils who have breasted rolling breakers
In our gallant little vessels that are proving such world-shakers.
So drink up, my Spanish Seamen, here's a toast to all who've dared
To sail the stormy Spanish Main with hearts that never feared.

For we are Spanish devils who have come at last to shelter.
We have conquered all our enemies, and sent them helter-skelter
So drink up, my Spanish Seamen, here's a toast to all who've dared
To sail the stormy Spanish Main with hearts that never feared.”

(At the end of the song they all cheer).

SLIPPERY SAM: Ay, that was a good song - and a good tune, too, There's only one thing we want, now.

TINY TIM: What's that, Sam?

SLIPPERY SAM: Some good wine, master Dago (feels in his doublet and produces a purse from which he takes some coins. Dago takes these and goes to counter). There's good money, master Dago, good Spanish silver - so let's have your ripest, richest, reddest, strongest Spanish wine - none of that thin French stuff - nor that dull, heavy, English ale.

BLACK-EYE: Well said, Slippery!

DAGO: (returning from Counter with flask - and begins to refill the tankards) They say there's more fighting in Granada. The Moors are tough little beggars.

BLACK-EYE: Oh, our lads will soon settle them.

TINY TIM: Ay - and then there'll be another scrap somewhere else. That's how it always is.

SLIPPERY SAM: Well, if we didn't have a war on, we should all be out of a job.

BLACK-EYE: That's what you think- but I've had enough of scrapping. I want a bit of peace and quiet for a change. I'm sick of the smell of powder and of blood.

DAGO: (Who has now returned behind the counter - and is standing leaning over it). That's what you all say. But at the first opportunity you'll be off again on a raiding party. I know, I've been five-and-thirty years here - and I watched men like you come and go. I've seen the way it is. I've seen you chaps slash each other about - when you haven't got Moors or Jews or Turks to bash. Man is born to quarrel. That's what I think.

TINY TIM: God made man in His own image, so the priests told me. God must be a mighty queer type to have made a lot of brawlers like us.

BLACK-EYE: Sh! You'll be had up before the Inquisition for blasphemy. You don't want to roast over a slow fire, do you? (enter Flap Jack) Ah there he is Hya, Flap Jack ! What do you know?

FLAP JACK: (producing coin, slapping it on the counter) - Some wine, Master Dago! It's hot and dry enough. (Wipes his brow). Phew! (Dago passes him a tankard of wine from which he drinks greedily - then puts tankard down. He comes into centre - and goes up to the others). Hia! Slippery Sam! Hia, Tiny! Hia, Black-Eye. (He pats each on the shoulder a friendly tap as he addresses them). You want some news? (He steps back a pace or two towards the counter). Well, there's a mad prophet saying that the End of the World is coming on December 1st. (Sits down on stool near counter).

BLACK-EYE: So what! I've heard that one before. That's a lot of stuff. Tell us something else,

FLAP JACK: A puppy's been born in the next village with three heads.

BLACK-EYE: Come on, Jack, skip the fancy bits. Let's have a real yarn.

FLAP JACK: (leans forward). Well, listen then. (He gets up and peers out at the entrance L - then returns to the stool). The a queer fish down in the dock, fitting out a ship for a long voyage. He's spinning a yarn about sailing West over the sea to get to Asia.

SLIPPERY SAM: Asia? But everybody knows you can't go that way. You'd slip off the end of the world.

FLAP JACK: I know. But that's what he wants to do.

BLACK-EYE: Well, he's welcome. But I pity the poor saps who go with him.

FLAP JACK: That's just it. He's after a crew. I think he's coming here to see if he can get us. He's going round all the Taverns.

TINY TIM: Well - he won't get me.

SLIPPERY SAM: Nor me.

BLACK-EYE: Nor me.

FLAP JACK: Quite so. More wine, master Dago. (Dago re-fills his tumbler).

DAGO: They do say, nowadays, that the earth is round.

SLIPPERY SAM: That's a likely story. We'd all fall off. Only flies and such like could stay put on a round earth.

(Enter the Bo'sun.)

SONG

I am the Bo'sun, the foreman in charge,
Heave away, heave away, my Johnnies, heave away.

I've sailed the High Seas in many a barge,
 Heave away, heave away, my Johnnies, heave away.
I know the ins and the outs of a ship
 Heave away, heave away, my Johnnies, heave away.
I keep the men at their jobs with a whip
 Heave away, heave away, my Johnnies, heave away.
Now, honest sailors, Columbus needs men
 Heave away, heave away, my Johnnies, heave away.
He's sailing westward, and sails very soon
 Heave away, heave away, my Johnnies, heave away.
Come, Spanish sailors, the ship's at the quay
 Heave away, heave away, my Johnnies, heave away.
I'm sent to press you to come along with me
 Heave away, heave away, my Johnnies, heave away.

(He sits down near Counter.)

BO'SUN: Wine, master Dago. Good morning, chums.

DAGO: Very good, Bo'sun. (The men fall silent - and look at one another significantly).

BO'SUN: (Clamps a coin on counter, as Dago brings him wine). Here's a gold piece. Keep the change. (Dago puts the wine down, and picks up the piece). Stay - bring everyone wine - and give yourself some. (There is still an uncomfortable silence. Dago fills the glasses of the men - and gives himself a drink. The Bo'sun has a large notebook which he has opened and is scanning. He seems to have forgotten the company).

DAGO: (Breaking the silence and lifting his glass - rather timidly). Well, here's to you, Bo'sun.

BO'SUN: (snaps his book to). Shiver my rotten timbers! I had forgotten the toast. (He puts the book down - stands up - and raises his glass). Sailors of Spain - a toast! To Christopher Columbus and to his expedition on an unknown route!

BLACK-EYE: And who is Christopher Columbus?

BO'SUN: Your future captain - the man who is going to bring new glory to Spain; the man who is going to discover New Worlds. (Drinks). To the Man of the Hour - Christopher Columbus!

TINY TIM: Now look here, Bo'sun. He may be your captain - but he's not mine - nor going to be. (He stands up - and lurches towards the Bo'sun - glowering on him. The Bo'sun backs on to his seat and sits down),

THE OTHERS: Aye, Aye, Tim! You've said it.

(Enter Dr. Sorethroat).

BO'SUN: Ah, Dr. Sorethroat - just in time. I was just about to examine these men. Be ready, all of you. I want name, age, place of birth, religion, trade, diseases, date of grandmother's wedding, and your Ration Card. (He reels these off at top speed. The Doctor goes up to Tiny Tim, who is still standing in front of the Bo'sun and proceeds to measure him from top to toe with a tape measure). Name, please (to Tim. The Bo'sun produces a very large pencil and opens his book with pencil poised. over it).

TINY TIM: Tiny Tim - but look here, I'm not going.....

BO'SUN: (interrupting - while scribbling). Rank!

TINY TIM: Ordinary Seaman - but see here, I'm not going.....

BO'SUN: Height?

DOCTOR: (having measured Tiny Tim). Nine feet five inches and. an eighth.

BO'SUN: Say five inches. Date of Birth?

TINY TIM: January 8, 1450 - but look here, I'm not going.....

DOCTOR: (to Tiny Tim). Put out your tongue.

TINY TIM: (puts his tongue out with a very bad grace).

DOCTOR: (Looks at it). Mmm! (turns to Bo'sun and whispers. Tiny Tim puts his tongue in again).

BO'SUN: Yes, yes - palsy of the nose. School?

TINY TIM: Eton, of course - can't you see me old school tie? But you're daft, I'm not going, I tell you.....

BO'SUN: All right, thank you. Next, please.

(While this dialogue has been going on, the other three sailors have been conferring. They evidently reach a decision. Each has drawn a knife. They get up - and slowly surround Tiny Tim, the Doctor and the Bo'sun).

BO'SUN: (looks up and sees them). Whatever are you doing? Put those knives away at once!

FLAP JACK: Now look here, Mr. Bo'sun - we don't want to turn nasty like - but we want you to understand that we are not going on no voyage with Captain Columbus or anyone else.

BLACK-EYE: We don't want to do no harm - but you've come to the wrong door.

SLIPPERY SAM: (pointedly and pointing to Exit). Scram!

BO'SUN: Now look! (They are looking very menacing with their knives almost pricking the Bo'sun and the Doctor). You look good healthy lads - boys of spirit - stand just a little further back, lads (they retreat a step - and lower their knives) - that's better. Now we can talk. Look! (He turns to his book - draws from the inside a big sheet - a map of the world). Here's a map of the world. (He places it on the floor - they bend down and look at it). Here is Spain. (he points). Here is Europe. Asia. Cathay - the furthest land east that men have discovered.

SLIPPERY SAM: Ay, I've heard of Cathay, though I've never been further than India myself. Coo! That was a tough journey.

BO'SUN: (The men are getting interested - Dago has come forward and is looking over their shoulders). Yes, well - Marco Polo - you've heard of Marco Polo -

BLACK-EYE: What, the chap that kept a pawn shop on the dock side?

BO'SUN: No, no. *The* Marco Polo, the great traveller. He said that beyond Cathay, still further East, there are yet more islands.

(Christopher Columbus enters. No one sees him. They are all too absorbed. He listens intently).

FLAP JACK: But there can't be. That's the edge of the world. Everybody knows that.

BO'SUN: That's what we all think. But Columbus has a kind of hunch that we might find those islands by sailing Westward. He says the world is round.

COLUMBUS: The world *is* round, master Bo'sun - and we *shall* find those islands. (All look up startled. The Bo'sun leaps to his feet - stands swiftly to attention - and salutes Columbus. Columbus acknowledges the salute with a wave of the hand).

BO'SUN: (Barking out). Crew Atten – shun!

(They all jump smartly to attention, Columbus moves forward to the centre of the stage).

COLUMBUS: Let the men stand at ease, Bo'sun!

BO'SUN: Stand - at Ease! (They all stand at ease). Stand easy. (They all relax).

COLUMBUS: Sit down, (They all sit down - except the Doctor - who stands near the door. Columbus picks up the map from the floor - and rolls it - and keeps it).

COLUMBUS: You know why I've come. I want to enlist you in my service for a very great and perhaps very dangerous enterprise.

THE MEN: Ay, Ay, Sir !

COLUMBUS: I have been commissioned by Queen Isabella herself to undertake this voyage - to Asia by way of the West. You will appreciate that I have the highest authority for what I am risking all to attempt.

THE MEN: Ay, Ay, Sir!

COLUMBUS: I know that the risks are heavy. We may *not* come back. We *may* founder - or die of starvation - out there the open sea, thousands of miles from any known land. (He pauses. The men remain silent, stolid - but are clearly impressed). But if, as I believe we shall, we find a new island - perhaps, even, if travellers' rumours prove true, a whole cluster of islands - or even a continent - then I swear to you that all who go with me will be most richly rewarded - with gold and such treasures as we may find. (He pauses again. The men whisper together). The Queen herself will thank you. You will be able to say to yourselves in years to come "Yes - I was with Columbus on the greatest voyage in history". Now what say you? Who will come with me?

(There is a pause - which is interrupted by Dago),

DAGO: Would you be wanting a cook, Sir? (The tension caused by Columbus' speech is broken. There is a general shout of laughter).

COLUMBUS: (smiling). A Cook?

DAGO: Ay. I'm not a Seaman by profession. I been a tavern keeper all my life. And my father before me. And my grandfather before him. But I'd like a change. And understand, Sir, I can fry sausages as well as any man in Spain. Mix a bit of onion with 'em. Add pepper, salt, mustard, vinegar, goat's milk cheese, cinnamon, spices, oil of Muscovy - (smacks his lip) – Coo! you'd love my hot dogs, sir, you just try them.

COLUMBUS: .Sign him on, Bo'sun, as cook's mate.

BO'SUN: Ay, ay, Sir!

FLAP JACK: I'll come with you, Sir.

BLACK-EYE: And me, Sir!)

SLIPPERY SAM: And me, Sir!) Together.

TINY TIM: And me, Sir!)

COLUMBUS: Excellent! Sign them on, Bo'sun.

BO'SUN: Ay, ay, Sir. (Scribbles entries in book - and closes it with a flourish).

COLUMBUS: (to Dago). And now, Master Tavern-keeper, henceforth cook's mate, bring out your best wine. We must drink to the success of our voyage. (Dago busies himself with the wine).

BO'SUN: Begging your pardon, Sir - but when do we sail?

COLUMBUS: With the tide at dawn to-morrow. (The men whistle with some dismay). Yes, we must not delay. The Queen may change her mind. Or we may be diverted to some theatre of War. I have waited long enough. All nature is telling me to be off. The sea gulls scream: "Caw, caw, Columbus, Cawn't you get a move on?" The pigs and the mules say: "Go on, Kit! Go on, Kit!" Even the snakes are hissing: "Press on, Chris. Press on, Chris." How can I wait any longer when the whole world bids me be off? But come (He raises his glass). To the Unknown Way To a New World!

ALL: To the Unknown Way to a New World! (They drink. Then all join in the following song).

S O N G

We're bound upon a mystery trip
Whose end is problematic.
For many a day upon our ship
Life will be rather static.

We'll look to east, west, north and south
And there we'll see just ocean.
And with a dry and thirsty mouth
We'll moan our lack of motion.

We'll wish that we had stayed behind
And planted leeks and lilies
And read good books to improve our mind
And bicycled down valleys.

We'll miss the fish and chip shops too,
The Spanish Picture Houses,
The Friday morning shopping queue,
The Saturday carouses.

But there! we've cast our lot. We go
With Christopher Columbus.
The Queen herself could not say no
To Christopher Columbus.
He's pluck and has a gleaming eye,
Has Christopher Columbus.
For him we'd slave until we die,
Brave Christopher Columbus.

So, Christopher Columbus, go
We'll follow Christopher Columbus to
The ends of the world,
Brave Christopher Columbus.

COLUMBUS: (moves to exit) - You will report to the ship one hour before dawn.

ALL: Aye, aye, Sir!

COLUMBUS: (at Exit) - And good luck, everyone. (goes).

ALL: Thank you, Sir.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II

THE DECK OF COLUMBUS' SHIP

(Several weeks later. No scenery needed. The table can be brought Back Centre - and on it can be placed a coil of rope - or any other nautical objects the Producer may think of. One or two Barrels (which may be tar, or Rum) - if available - can be placed here and there. The Voyage has so far been unrewarding, and the crew are listless and near revolt. The inevitable "Effects" record (Bird cries plus sea swell) can be played at the beginning if desired. Flap Jack, Tiny Tim, Slippery Sam, and Black-Eye are lolling about on the Deck when the curtain goes. Black-Eye is strumming gently on a guitar (or banjo) :-

BLACK-EYE: (sings rather dolefully):-

There s a land of milk and honey -
Far Away!
Where the folks have lots of money
Far Away!
Where the streets are paved with gold
And there's treasure that's untold –
Far Away! Far Away!

FLAP JACK: (with weary sarcasm) Cheerful, ain't you?

BLACK-EYE: (strumming) Wot d'you want, Jack? The Hallelujah Chorus? The way things are, I reckon you'll be needing a blooming Funeral March. (slippery Sam gets up - and looks out at Exit) Hey! What a life!

SLIPP SAM: Not a sign of anything. Just water - water.
(He comes back and sits down on floor)

TINY TIM: Ay - it won't be long before we're food for fishes. (Enter Dago with four tiny sausages on a big saucepan).

DAGO: Here's your rations. (Picks sausages out of pan and flings one at each of the men. After, he puts saucepan on table).

FLAP JACK: Where's the turkey and plum pudding, mate? Got stuck in the oven?

DAGO: Don't be silly, chum! There ain't no turkey and there ain't no plum pudding on this joint. You should have stayed at home if you wanted that sort of grub.

BLACK-EYE: We all ought to have stayed at home - not come on this blinking expedition.

TINY TIM: Ay, we were crazy, that we were - took in by the Captain's fine speeches good and proper. (Scornfully) Cap'n Columbus! (Spits savagely on the ground).

BLACK-EYE: (takes the banjo - strums a few notes - and starts to sing. The others join in)

SONG

Verse 1. We want to go home, Columbus,
 Back to our muffins and tea.
 We want to go home, Columbus.
 We've had enough of the sea.
 So turn the ship round, Columbus;
 And back to old Spain let us sail.
 And call it a day, Columbus.
 Admit that man sometimes may fail.

Verse 2. The unknown eludes us, Columbus.
 We're safer with things that we know.
 Your New World's a fancy, Columbus.
 That it doesn't exist - time will show.
 So turn the ship round, Columbus:
 And back to old Spain let us sail.
 And call it a day, Columbus.
 Admit that man sometimes may fail.

Verse 3. We've no time for dreams, Columbus,
 We're practical men of good sense.
 We've feet on the ground, Columbus
 Or would have, if we'd been less dense.
 So turn the ship round, Columbus;
 And back to old Spain let us sail.
 And call it a day, Columbus.
 Admit that man sometimes may fail.

(Enter Bo'sun)

BO'SUN: (truculently) Now then, what do you think this is? Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath? Get moving now! Captain's going to inspect the ship in a quarter-of-an-hour, and if these decks aren't shining, so's you can see your ugly kissers in them, you'll be clapped in irons, the whole lot of you! Shiver my stinking timbers! Who do you think you are? A lot of lubberly land girls?

FLAP JACK: (steps forward) Beg pardon, Bo'sun - but I'm reporting sick.

TINY TIM: (also, steps up) Same here, Bo'sun.

BLACK-EYE: I'm reporting sick, too.

SLIPPERY SAM: And I am,

DAGO: If it comes to that, I'm not feeling too good myself. I'd like to see the Doctor, too, Bo'sun.

BO'SUN: What's the matter with you all? This is a ship - not a blooming Sanatorium. Fall in the sick. (They fall in in a line). We'll soon see whether you're sick or not. Right Turn! Quick - March! Left - Left - Left - Left - pick it up there, can't you, you with the black eye - Left -

(The Bo'sun marches the men round and round the stage several times barking out orders: they get very confused, The Doctor comes in)

BO'SUN: Squad - Halt! (The Bo'sun salutes the Doctor - who returns the salute)

DOCTOR: Any sick, Bo'sun?

BO'SUN: Yessir! These five men have reported sick this morning.

DOCTOR: Very well. Stand them at ease.

BO'SUN: Stand - at ease.

DOCTOR: Stand easy. (Goes up to Black Eye). Well, what's the matter with you?

BLACK-EYE: (tearfully) I'm in terrible pain, Doctor. Got earwigs or something. Couldn't sleep all night.

DOCTOR: Well - we'll soon cure that. (Pops a thermometer in Black-Eye's mouth. The Doctor turns to Tiny Tim). Well, what's the matter with you?

TINY TIM: I don't know, Sir I had an awful night. I kept on dreaming I was at school - the lessons - ugh it was awful. I woke up screaming - and I've been trembling ever since.

DOCTOR: (takes a little medicine bottle and pours out a liquid into a little glass. He hands the glass to Tiny Tim). Here - drink this. That'll set you up again. (Tiny Tim takes the glass and gingerly sips it, He makes a wry face. The Doctor puts the bottle away, and turns to Slippery Sam), Well, what's your trouble?

(Tiny Tim takes this moment to spit out the medicine and throw the contents of the glass on the floor He coughs and splutters. Black-Eye takes the thermometer out of his mouth and puts it behind his ear).

SLPPERY SAM: (says nothing - but suddenly starts to jerk head and limbs about in an odd way. In a few seconds he stops - and stares stonily up at the sky).

DOCTOR: (to Flap Jack) Is he often like this?

FLAP JACK: (lying glibly) Yessir', It comes on suddenly, you know - sort of fits. Ever so queer he is, sometimes - just jerks about like a jumping flea. And it's catching. We all go like that, sometimes, too, (Dago suddenly starts twitching. Flap Jack has put an idea in the minds of all the men).

DOCTOR: Stop that!

DAGO: (continuing to twitch) Can't help it, doctor!

(Black-Eye starts to twitch - presently all the men are wildly contorting - except the Doctor and the Bo'sun).

DOCTOR: Well, I'm blessed! They must be bewitched, (The Bo'sun starts to twitch about.) What, you too! Whatever's the matter with you all! Captain -Captain - come here at once! (The twitching men now begin to do a kind of rough dance. They link hands - and seize the doctor between them - and dance him up and down. They begin to sing:—)

SONG

Oh, it's splendid to be dancing in the middle of the sea
With the doctor for our partner, he's a splendid chap, is he
With a woopsey-daisy, woopsey-dear, we're off to Barbaree
And a fig for old Columbus - in his ear we'll put a flea.
Woopsey - Woopsey-daisy, wow, wow, wow!

Oh, it's splendid to be dancing on a sunny afternoon
And it's splendid to be dancing when there's just a little moon
With a woopsey-daisy, woopsey-dear, we're sailing home quite soon,
Arid a fig for Old Columbus, he can have the wooden spoon
Woopsey - Woopsey- wow, wow, wow!

Oh, it's splendid to be dancing in a fashion that is mad
And it's splendid to be singing in a style that's rather bad
With a woopsey-daisy, woopsey-dear, we're feeling gay and glad
And a fig for old Columbus who's a rotter and a cad.
Woopsey - Woopsey-daisy, wow, wow, wow!

Oh - it's splendid to be

(Columbus enters).

COLUMBUS: (in a voice of thunder). Silence! What all this crack-brained lunacy?
(The dance and song immediately stops. The group fly apart. The men attempt to scurry

away). Stay where you are! (The men stop dead). Doctor - what is the meaning of this disgusting exhibition?

DOCTOR: (confused). I - er - I the men were on sick parade, Sir - and I - er

COLUMBUS: (icily). I wasn't aware that your medical craft included the prescription of dancing with your patients.

DOCTOR: (desperately seeking an explanation which isn't too tall). In Italy, Sir, the evil effects of the bite of the Tarantula spider are said to be warded off by dancing, and I - er - was experimenting

COLUMBUS: (heavily sarcastic). Experimenting, my foot! There will be time enough for your experiments, as you call them, when we have accomplished our mission - not before. Bo'sun, get these men to work.

BO'SUN: (unexpectedly siding with the men). I think you should know, sir, that unless you order the ship right home, now, the men won't do another hand's turn. They reckon - and I've come to agree with them - that yours is a fool's errand.

COLUMBUS: (enraged). But this is - Mutiny. You'll answer for this, every one of you.

BO'SUN: (firmly). It may be Mutiny - but facts is facts. And the fact is that you can't go on without our corporation (he means "Co-operation") — and the fact is - we won't work the ship any further Westwards.

THE MEN: ("Aye, aye, Bo'sun" — "Well said, Bo'sun", etc.)

COLUMBUS: You cowardly fools - are you going to throw away the rich, ripe fruit that's waiting for us yonder - just at this moment when our goal is almost reached?

BO'SUN: There's no sign of it that we can see. Look yonder. Nothing but water..... endless water.

DAGO: And our food is almost gone.

DOCTOR: The men are sick, Captain Columbus.

COLUMBUS: (acidly) So it seemed just now. (With growing vigour) Well - let me tell you something. What about those leaves and logwood that we've seen floating about? What about this? (He holds up a curiously carved piece of wood). This was found only this morning. This was worked by man, and where man is ... there is land. (He puts the carved wood on the table). Come, I'll give sixty golden guineas to the man who first sights this land. (The men start talking in undertones to one another). Well - do we go on - or do we go home?

BO'SUN: (uncertainly) I don't know, Sir. There might be something in what you say but (a low drumming is heard off) What's that? Do you hear that, Sir? (The drumming stops).

COLUMBUS: (with relief and jubilant) A voice from Heaven, Bosun - a voice that says Land. Hey, you! (shouting to Black Eye) Can you see anything yonder? (Black Eye goes to exit - and peers out intently).

BLACK EYE: (turning) No, Sir nothing but water.

(Flap Jack has sprung up - and also gazes out).

FLAP JACK: (turning - excitedly) I believe there is something, Sir, a white streak.

TINY TIM: (Springs up, joins Flap Jack) Let *me* look. Yes, you're right, Flap Jack, there *is* a white streak.

DAGO: (also peering out) And a lot of black dots on the water.

(The drumming starts again).

BO'SUN: The drum. Listen. (They all listen - Slippery Sam goes to exit and looks out).

SLIPPERY SAM: Yes, I can see the black dots - Boats, that's what they are - I can see them quite plain. They are coming towards us.

COLUMBUS: Boats - that means people. Doctor, I believe this is it,

BO'SUN: (moves to exit and looks out). They're boats all right. And that streak's a shore. There *is* land. Strike my pepper-pot, we've got there!

COLUMBUS: The New World, Doctor, found it. This is a tremendous day. (They fall silent. The soft drumming continues. A chant can now be heard in the distance).

(Distant Chorus)

Ay-ah, Ay-ah.)	Repeated
Chee - chee - chee; choo - choo,)	
Ay-ah, Ay-ah)	Ad Lib.
Cocoa beans and copper.)	

SLIPPERY SAM: (All the men, except Columbus, are grouped round the exit) The boats are getting nearer.

FLAP JACK: You can see the chaps in 'em - Coo! thousands of 'em!

DAGO: Hark at them singing! - like a Sunday School Festival,

TINY TIM: Dark little chaps - aren't them!

BLACK-EYE: Not exactly in their Sunday suits, either.

BO'SUN: (to Columbus) Do you think there'll be any danger, sir? There's a mighty lot of them.

COLUMBUS: We can't say, yet. We must be prepared for anything. We must show them good will - that we mean to do then no harm; that is essential. Remember that. We are bringers of peace, not bloodshed.

THE MEN: Aye, Aye, Sir,

THE DOCTOR: The first boat is almost here. There are three men in it.

COLUMBUS: Go and help them on board, Doctor. Bring them here. (The doctor goes out. The singing has stopped).

FLAP JACK: They've stopped singing now.

TINY TIM: They've stopped rowing; see, they're resting their paddles on the water.

BO'SUN: Shall we fire a gun, Sir, to greet them?

COLUMBUS: No - not yet. It may frighten them.

(The Doctor comes in, followed, by three Savages, Fuzzy, Wuzzy and Muzzy. Fuzzy has a bronze bowl laden with potatoes: Wuzzy has a silver box filled, with cigars: Muzzy has a large pole, on the top of which is bound a large white poster with "NUWERLD CO. — UNLTD." painted in Red Letters. When they see Columbus, they kneel and bow their foreheads to the ground. Then they straighten up - but remain on their knees).

FUZZY: Welcome, massas, to the Brave New World

(He offers the bowl of potatoes to Columbus who takes it and hands it to the Bo'sun, who gazes very curiously at the contents - and passes them round to the men for inspection)

WUZZY: Welcome, massas to the Beautiful New World.

(He holds out the box with the cigars to Columbus, who takes it and hands it to the Doctor, who examines the contents with interest)

MUZZY: (holds out the pole) Welcome, massas, to the Mad New World,

COLUMBUS: (takes the pole) Thank you, my friends. Who are you?

FUZZY: Fuzzy, O Brave Lord, Brave Chief Fuzzy.

WUZZY: Wuzzy, O Beautiful Lord, Beautiful Chief Wuzzy.

MUZZY: Muzzy, O mad Lord, Mad Chief Muzzy.

(Fuzzy taps his head significantly)

ALL SAVAGES: (bowing to the ground with each syllable) Fow! Wow! Mow!

COLUMBUS: Brave Fuzzy, Beautiful Wuzzy, and last but not least, Mad Muzzy, you will henceforth be the white man's guides in your brave, beautiful, and mad country. I salute (he holds up the polo with poster) the New World. (He puts the pole down). We have come many leagues across the sea - not daring to hope - but moving, ever moving, like a blind man in an endless tunnel - tapping the wall as he advances. And now we are come into the full light of the new day. Blessed be this day. Will you serve us, Noble Savages?

FUZZY: We will serve the Brave White Lord for ever and ever.

WUZZY: We will serve the Beautiful White Lord for ever and ever.

MUZZY: We will serve the Mad White Lord for ever and ever.

COLUMBUS: That is well spoken. (Turns to crew). Gentlemen, our task is finished. Let us sing a Song of Triumph to mark this supreme day in the history of the world.

(Columbus helps the Savages on to their feet. All the cast form a semi-circle round the stage with Columbus in the middle):-

SONG

- Verse 1. Praise the high heavens, for this glorious day.
Praise the high heavens; we have found the way.
Now proclaim the New World is discovered.
Now proclaim our spirits have recovered.
Glory, new glory, for Spain we have acquired.
All Spanish hearts will now be freshly fired.
- Verse 2. May the New World bring blessing to the Old,
Rich with rare treasure, gracious gems, and gold.
Now declare the Modern Age begun.
Now declare the Rising of the Sun.
Glory, new glory, for Spain we have acquired.
All Spanish hearts will now be freshly fired.
- Verse 3. Praise the High Heavens for this Unknown Land.

Praise the High Heavens for this gallant band.
Courage we found - and forged our way ahead,
Heedless of what the unbelieving said.
Now let's forget our troubles and our pain,
We have won new glory for our Age-Old Spain.

C U R T A I N

For We are Spanish Devils

(from 'Christopher Columbus')

John Sykes

Vigourously



For we are Span-ish
For we are Span-ish
For we are Span-ish

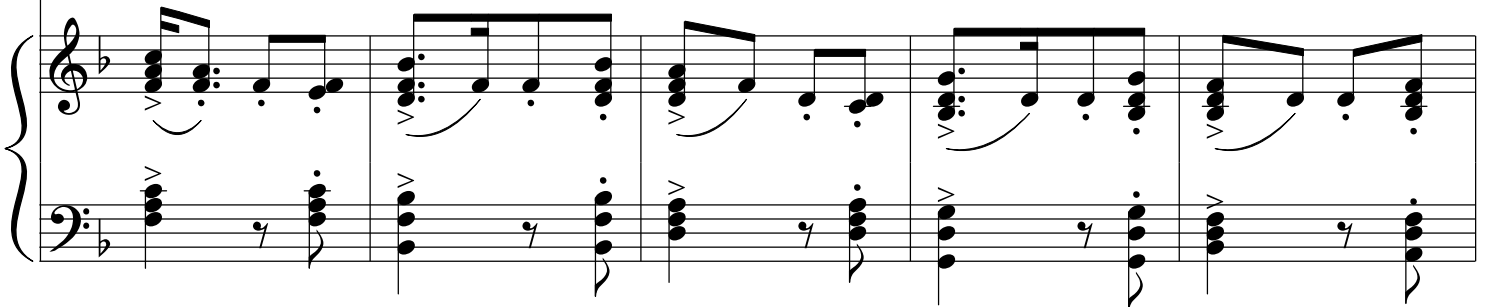
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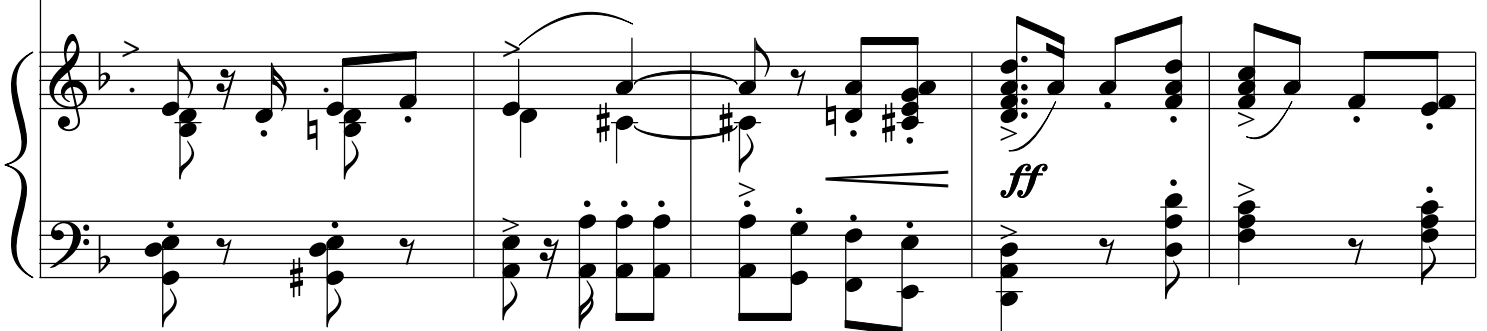
dev-ils who have sailed the world to - ge - ther, We have known the hot sun scorch us, and we've
dev-ils who have breast-ed roll - ing break-ers In our gall - ant litt - le vess - els that are
dev-ils who have come at last to shel - ter We have conqu - ered all our en - e - mies, and



12



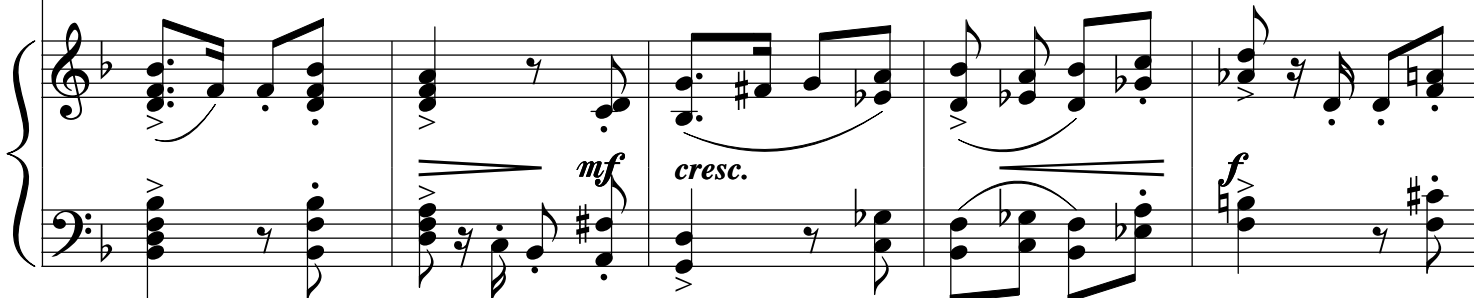
braved the tough-est weath - er So drink up, my Span-ish sea-men, here's a
prov - ing such world shak - ers So drink up, my Span-ish sea-men, here's a
sent them helt - er skelt - er, So drink up, my Span-ish sea-men, here's a



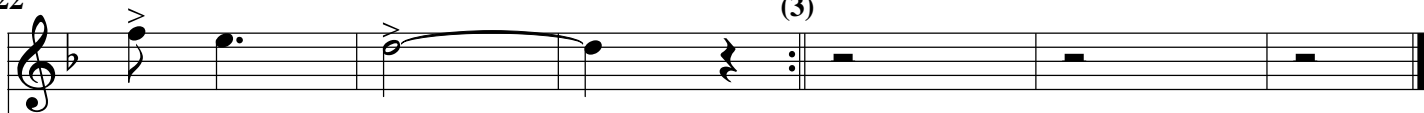
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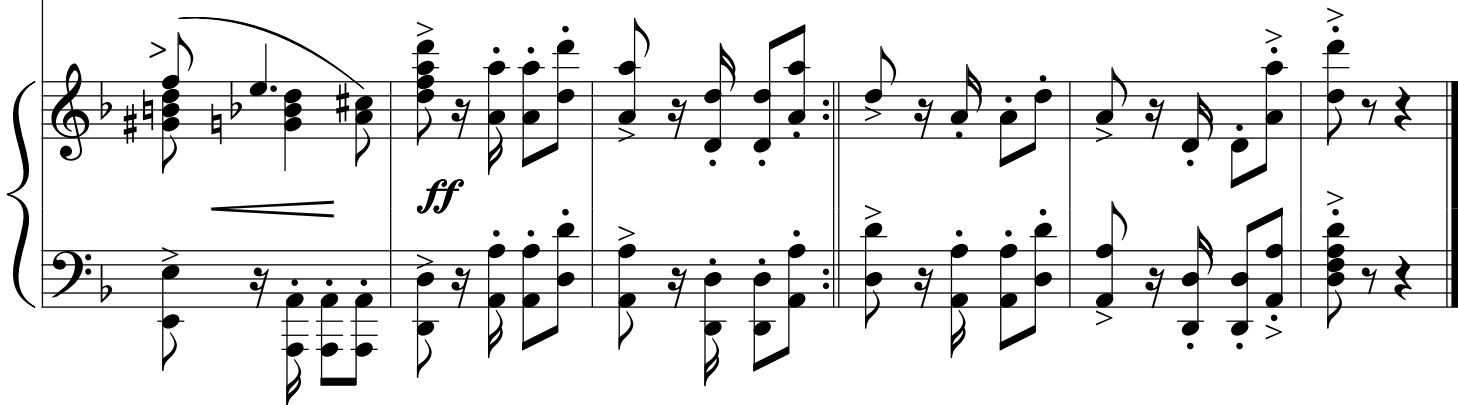
toast to	all	who've	dared	To	sail	the	storm-y	Span-ish	Main	with	hearts	that
toast to	all	who've	dared	To	sail	the	storm-y	Span-ish	Main	with	hearts	that
toast to	all	who've	dared	To	sail	the	storm-y	Span-ish	Main	with	hearts	that



22



nev - er	feared.
nev - er	feared.
nev - er	feared.



The Bo'sun's Song

John Sykes

(from 'Christopher Columbus')

[Solo]

The solo section consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

I am the Bo's - un, the fore - man in charge,
I've sailed the High Seas in man - y a barge,
I know the ins and the outs of a ship
I keep the men at their jobs with a whip
Now, hon - est sail - ors, Col - umb - us needs men
He's sail - ing west - ward, and sails ver - y soon
Come, Span - ish sail - ors, the ship's at the quay
I'm sent to press you to come a - long with me

3 [Chorus]

The chorus section consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Heave a - way, heave a - way, my John-nies, heave a - way.
Heave a - way, heave a - way, my John-nies, heave a - way.
Heave a - way, heave a - way, my John-nies, heave a - way.
Heave a - way, heave a - way, my John-nies, heave a - way.
Heave a - way, heave a - way, my John-nies, heave a - way.
Heave a - way, heave a - way, my John-nies, heave a - way.
Heave a - way, heave a - way, my John-nies, heave a - way.
Heave a - way, heave a - way, my John-nies, heave a - way.

We're Bound Upon a Mystery Trip

John Sykes

Moderato

Verse 1. We're

p

p

This system contains the first five measures of the piece. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a moderate tempo.

6

bound up - on a myst - ery trip Whose end is prob - lem - at - ic. For man - y a day up -

This system contains measures 6 through 10. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "bound up - on a myst - ery trip Whose end is prob - lem - at - ic. For man - y a day up -". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support for the vocal line.

11

- on our ship Life will be rath - er stat - ic. We'll look to east, west, north and south And

mp

This system contains measures 11 through 15. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "- on our ship Life will be rath - er stat - ic. We'll look to east, west, north and south And". The piano accompaniment features a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The system concludes with a double bar line.

16

there we'll see just o - cean; And with a dry and thirst - y mouth We'll

mf *p* *mp* *mf*

20

moan, we'll moan, we'll moan our lack of

cresc. *f* *mp* *p*

24

mo - tion. We'll

p *p*

29

wish that we had stayed be - hind And plant - ed leeks and lil - ies, And read good books to im-

34

- prove our mind And bi - cycl-ed down vall - eys. We'll miss the fish and chip shops too, The

mp

39

Span - ish pict - ure hous - es, The Fri - day morn - ing shopp - ing queue, The

mf *p* *mp* *mf*

43

Sat - ur - day, the Sat - ur - day, the Sat - ur - day, the Sat - ur - day car-

cresc. *f* *mp* *p*

47

- ous - es. But

p *f*

52

there! we've cast our lot. We go with Christ-oph-er Col - umb-us. The Queen her-self could

57

not say no To Christ-oph-er Col - umb-us. He's pluck and has a gleam - ing eye, Has

62

Christ - oph - er Col - umb-us, For him we'd slave un - til we die, Brave Christ-oph-er Col-

cresc. *f*

67

- umb - us. So, Christ-oph-er Col - umb-us, go! We'll foll - ow Christ-oph-er Col - umb-us To the

mf *cresc.*

72

ends, the ends, the ends of the world, Brave Christ-oph-er Col-

f *ff*

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for measures 72 through 76. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line consists of eighth and quarter notes with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment includes chords and melodic lines in both the right and left hands. Dynamic markings *f* and *ff* are present in the piano part.

77

- umb-us.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for measure 77. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line consists of a quarter note followed by a half note with a fermata, with the lyric '- umb-us.' underneath. The piano accompaniment includes chords and melodic lines in both the right and left hands.

There's a Land of Milk and Honey

John Sykes

from 'Christopher Columbus'

There's a land of milk and hon - ey Far a - way! Where the

Slowly and with pathos

p *simile arpeggiato*

This system contains the first vocal line and the first system of piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble. Performance markings include 'Slowly and with pathos' and 'p' (piano).

folks have lot's of mon-ey far a - way! Where the streets are paved with gold And there's

cresc.

This system contains the second vocal line and the second system of piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues in the same key and time. The piano accompaniment continues with the same accompaniment pattern. A 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking is placed over the piano part.

treas-ure that's un - told Far a - way! Far a - way!

decresc. *pp*

This system contains the final vocal line and the final system of piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with a repeat of 'Far a - way!'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord. Performance markings include 'decresc.' (decrescendo) and 'pp' (pianissimo).

We Want to go Home, Columbus

John Sykes

(from 'Christopher Columbus')

With steady rhythm

Musical score for the first system, measures 1-5. The vocal line begins with a rest in measure 1, followed by a quarter rest in measure 2, and then the lyrics "We" in measure 5. The piano accompaniment starts with a *mf* dynamic and includes a *f* dynamic in measure 5. The tempo/mood is marked *Lightly*.

Musical score for the second system, measures 6-9. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "want to go home, Col - umb - us, Back to our muff - ins and tea. We". The piano accompaniment is marked *rather detached*.

Musical score for the third system, measures 10-13. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "want to go home, Col - umb - us, We've had en - ough of the sea. So". The piano accompaniment includes a *sf* dynamic in measure 12.

14

turn the ship round, Col - umb - us, And back to old Spain let us sail, And

18

call it a day, Col - umb - us, Ad - mit that man some - times may fail. [Whistle]

22

V. 2 The

26

un - known e - ludes us, Col - umb - us, We're saf - er with things that we knew. Your

30

New World's a fanc-y, Col - umb-us, That it does-n't ex - ist - Time will show So

34

turn the ship round, Col - umb-us, And back to old Spain let us sail, And

38

call it a day, Col - umb-us, Ad - mit that man some-times may fail. [Whistle]

42

V.3 We've

46

no time for dreams, Col - umb-us, We're pract-ic - al men of good sense We've

50

feet on the ground, Col - umb-us. Or would have if we'd been less dense. So

54

turn the ship round, Col - umb-us, And back to old Spain let us sail, And

58

call it a day, Col - umb-us, Ad - mit that man some - times may fail. [Whistle]

62

Musical score for measures 62-65. The score is written for a single melodic line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody in measure 62 consists of eighth notes: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat. Measure 63 continues with eighth notes: A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat, A. Measure 64 features a sequence of eighth notes: G, F, E, D, C, B-flat, A, G. Measure 65 concludes with a half note G, a quarter note F, and a quarter note E. The piano accompaniment in measure 62 uses a block chord of B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat. In measure 63, it features a descending eighth-note pattern: G, F, E, D, C, B-flat, A, G. Measure 64 continues with a similar descending eighth-note pattern: F, E, D, C, B-flat, A, G, F. Measure 65 features a half note G, a quarter note F, and a quarter note E, with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and a hairpin crescendo leading to the final notes.

Oh, It's Splendid to be Dancing

John Sykes

Lively (♩.=120)

Oh, it's splend-id to be
Oh, it's splend-id to be
Oh, it's splend-id to be

poco staccato

mf *sf* *f*

6

danc-ing in the mid-dle of the sea With the doct - or for our part - ner, he's a
danc-ing on a sunn - y aft - er - noon And it's splend-id to be danc-ing when there's
danc-ing in a fash - ion that is mad And it's splend-id to be sing - ing in a

11

splend-id chap is he With a woop-sy - dais-y, woop-sy - dear, we're off to Bar - bar-
just a litt - le moon With a woop-sy - dais-y, woop-sy - dear, we're sail - ing home quite
style that's rath - er bad, With a woop-sy - dais-y, woop-sy - dear, we're feel - ing gay and

16

- ee And a fig for old Col - umb - us, in his ear we'll put a flea.
 soon And a fig for old Col - umb - us, he can have the wood - en spoon;
 glad And a fig for old Col - umb - us, he's a rott - er and a cad;

21

Whoop - sey
 Whoop - sey
 Whoop sey

ff marcato *sf* *ff*

26

woop-sey-dais-y, wow, wow, wow!
 woop-sey-dais-y, wow, wow, wow!
 woop-sey-dais-y, wow, wow, wow!

1.2. 3. (3)

Praise the High Heavens

John Sykes

(from 'Christopher Columbus')

f

Praise the high heav-ens for this glor - ious day.

f

This system of music is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest for two measures, then enters with the lyrics 'Praise the high heav-ens for this glor - ious day.' The piano accompaniment is marked *f* and consists of a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand, and a similar pattern in the left hand.

5

Praise the high heav - ens; we have found the way.

This system continues the piece, starting at measure 5. The vocal line has the lyrics 'Praise the high heav - ens; we have found the way.' The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

7

mf

Now pro-claim the New World is dis - cov - ered, Now pro-claim our spir - its have re - cov - ered.

mf

This system starts at measure 7 and changes to a 4/4 time signature. The vocal line has the lyrics 'Now pro-claim the New World is dis - cov - ered, Now pro-claim our spir - its have re - cov - ered.' The piano accompaniment is marked *mf* and features a more complex rhythmic pattern with chords and moving lines in both hands.

9 *f*

Glor - y, new glor-y, for Spain we have ac - quired. All Span-ish hearts will now be fresh - ly fired.

f *ff*

[verse 2]

13

May the New World bring bless-ing to the old,

f

17 *mf*

Rich with rare treas-ure, grac-ious gems, and gold. Now de-clare the Mod-ern Age be - gun,

mf

20

Now de-clare the Ris - ing of the Sun; *f* Glor - y, new glor-y for Spain we have ac - quired,

cresc. *f*

23

All Span-ish hearts will now be fresh - ly fired.

ff

[verse 3]

27

Praise the High Heav-ens for this Un - known Land, *f* Praise the High Heav-ens for this

30

mf

gall - ant band. Cour - age we found and forged our way a - head,

32

f

Heed-less of what the un - be - liev - ing said; Now let's for - get our troub - les and our pain,

35

We have won new glor-y for our Age - old Spain.