



Alice

Music Workshop



Music Workshop

Radio 4 VHF 26 September - 5 December

Broadcast Fridays 10.00 - 10.30 a.m.

Half term repeat 31 October

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The series written and produced by WILLIAM MURPHY

Book after LEWIS CARROLL

Music by WILLIAM HOWARD PARRY

Drawings by JOHN TENNIEL



Once, on a fine summer day, Charles Dodgson took the three children of a friend of his on the river for a picnic. One of the children was a girl of eight named Alice Liddell and, to amuse all three of them, Charles Dodgson made her the heroine of some very remarkable adventures down a rabbit-hole and on the other side of a looking glass.

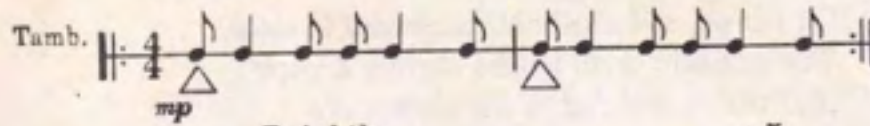
The stories he told on that river picnic became two books, ALICE IN WONDERLAND and ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS which Charles Dodgson published under his pen-name, Lewis Carroll. We have taken a few of Alice's adventures and made them into a short play - and we have added music.

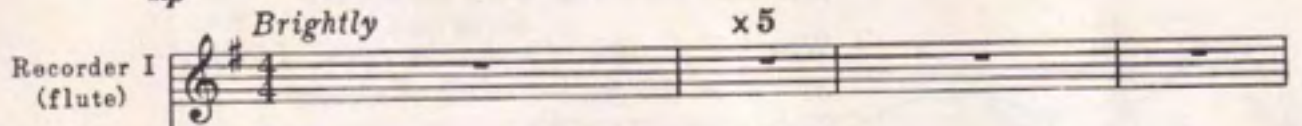
The result is ALICE.

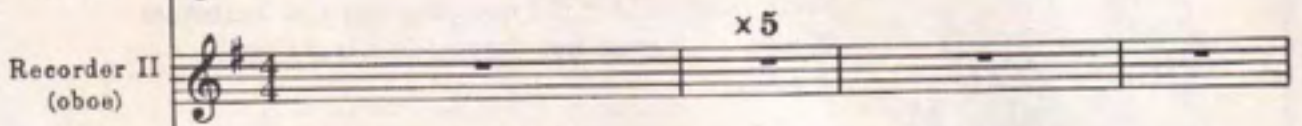
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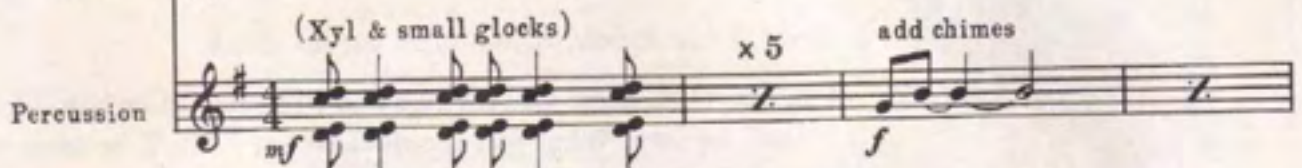
Alice (Overture)

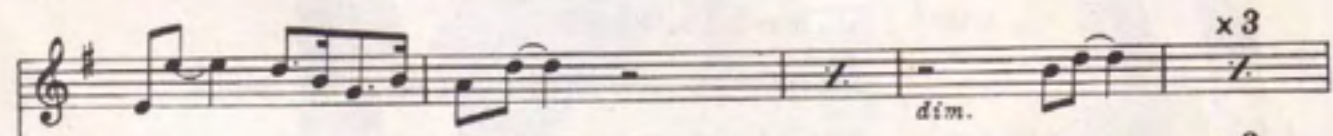
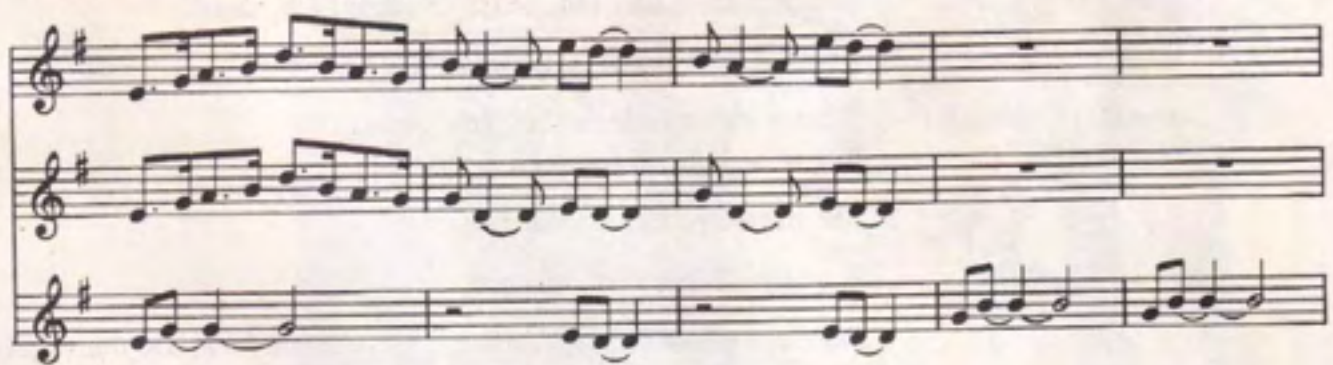
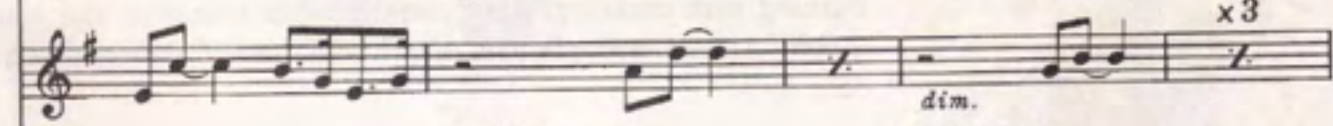
INTRO

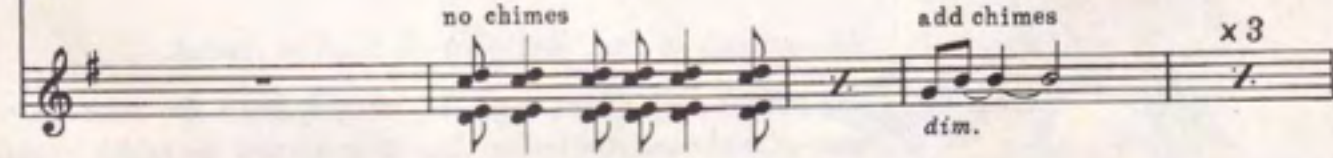
Tamb.  continue throughout

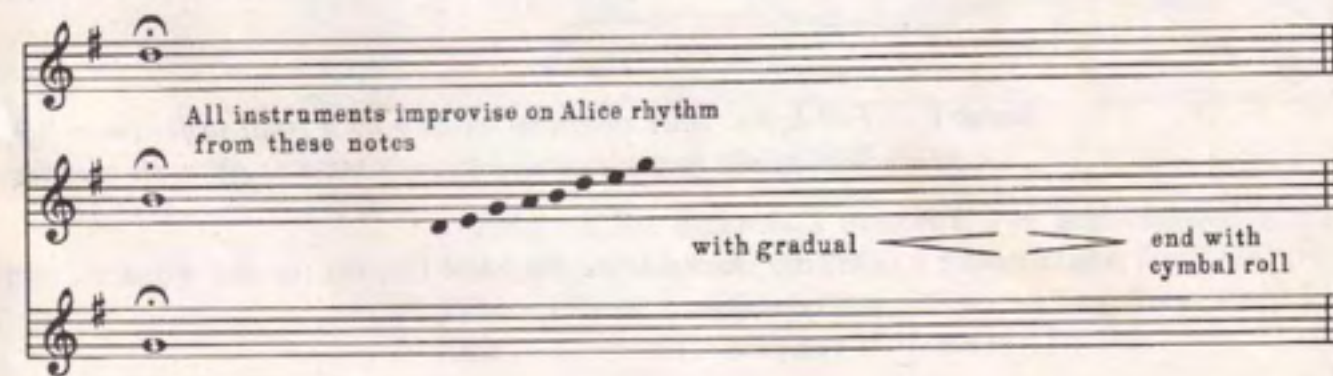
Recorder I (flute) *Brightly*  x 5

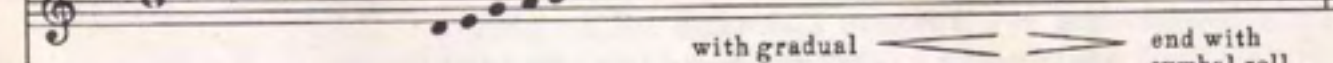
Recorder II (oboe)  x 5

Percussion *mf* (Xyl & small glocks)  x 5 *f* add chimes

 x 3 *dim.* x 3 *dim.*

no chimes  x 3 *dim.* add chimes

All instruments improvise on Alice rhythm from these notes 

with gradual  end with cymbal roll

Alice is sitting, right, sleepily making a daisy chain

NARRATOR

Only the bees were awake; all the rest
Of the world, drugged by the sun, lay
Curled up, stretched out, contented in sleep.
The goldfish, even, looked slightly droopy
And the air was full of the sounds of -

What? The rustle of grass, the ripple of water,
Stirred by the gentlest touch of a breeze?
Well, perhaps! Or the hurrying steps of a creature
White, pink-eyed but dressed in a waistcoat,
A rabbit!

Enter White Rabbit, right - takes out his watch.

WHITE RABBIT

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, my ears and whiskers I'll be late. I know!
I shall be late! What will the duchess say? She'll be even more
savage than usual! Oh, dear! Oh dear! Oh, dear!

White Rabbit crosses stage and exits, left.

ALICE (*musingly*)

What a sweet little rabbit! (*she yawns*)
But what is he doing with a watch?

She starts up. Her sleepiness has gone.

A watch! Where has he gone?

She darts about the stage looking for the rabbit hole. She finds it, left.

ALICE

Ah, here's a rabbit hole.

She enters the rabbit hole. Black out and/or curtain.

NARRATOR

Burning with curiosity, Alice crept into the hole after the white
rabbit. Almost immediately, she found herself falling down a
deep well.

Alice sprawls on floor. Roll on drum, crash on cymbal.

NARRATOR

She fell for such a long way! But, at last, down she came upon a
heap of sticks and dry leaves. And then she saw the rabbit - again.

Scene I

*Full lights. Alice sprawling on floor by a small table. Enter White
Rabbit, left; he crosses stage nervously towards Alice. He is carrying
a fan.*

WHITE RABBIT

Oh! the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh, my fur and whiskers, won't
she be savage.

ALICE

If you please, sir -

The White Rabbit starts violently, drops his fan and scuffles off, right. Alice picks up fan and fans herself with it gently.

ALICE Oh, all right! There's no need to run away. Silly thing! Hallo! He's dropped a fan. That's good: it's awfully hot down here. How queer everything is today. Rabbits talk and carry watches and fans and I fall down ever such a deep well without being hurt at all.



She goes on fanning herself, ruminating.

I wonder if I'm different. I wonder if I've been changed in the night. I'll try if I know the things I used to know. Let's see now. I'll try to sing something. Yes, I'll try to sing 'How doth the little'.

She sits on the floor, folds her hands in her lap and sings.

How doth...?

Glocks & recorders

Voices

How doth the lit-tle cro-co-dile Im-prove his shi-ning

tail, And pour the wa-ters of the Nile On ev-'ry gol-den scale!

D.C. et Fine

ALICE How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spread his claws,
And welcome little fishes in,
With gently smiling jaws.

Intro repeats ad lib.

Make up a non-pitched percussion accompaniment to play with this song. Use triangles and tambourines.

ALICE I'm sure those are not the right words. But what are all these animals doing here?

Enter Duck, Dodo, Eaglet, Lory, Mouse and Caterpillar (smoking a hookah). They crowd round Alice who stands up apprehensively.

DODO No, indeed, they're not the right words.

ALICE I'm very sorry, sir, but that's just -

DODO I am the Dodo and I know everything.

ALICE I'm very pleased to meet you -

DODO Now, I and my friends will sing that song again - with the right words.

The animals stand in a group round the Dodo. Alice moves a little away and sits on floor as before.

DODO AND GROUP 2 How doth the little grizzly bear
With sweet and winsome wile
Go out to show the traveller
His open friendly smile.

How cheerfully he welcomes them
Into his open arms!
How lovingly he hugs them close
With gracious, old-world charm.

Intro repeats ad lib.



ALICE But – but that's not right either –
LORY Of course, it isn't! There's only one animal here who can sing
that song properly.
DODO And that's you, I suppose.
LORY Certainly it is! It's me, the Lory. Now listen and you'll hear the
right words – for a change.
LORY How doth the little astronaut
Go round and round the moon!
*
LORY There you are! That's the proper song.
ALICE Well, you know, I don't think that was quite right either –
DUCK I'm tired of all this singing. Let's do a dance.
ALL (*clamorously*) Yes, a dance! A dance!
DODO Very well, we'll do a dance! What dance shall we do?
EAGLET I think we should dance a Habanera. I was in Spain last week.
ALL Yes, yes, we'll dance a Habanera!
ALICE Can animals dance a Spanish dance?
DODO You'll see. Get ready, everyone! Are we all ready now?

** You can make up the rest of the Lory's song yourself if you like.*

Habanera

Lightly and rhythmically

Oboe $\text{♩} = 112$
mf *mp*

Clarinet *mf* *mp*

cresc.

cresc.

p *p*

mf *dim. e rall.*

mf *dim. e rall.*

mf *cresc.* *mf*

mf *cresc.* *mf*

cresc. *f*

cresc. *f*

During the dance, the animals improvise an ungainly and very simple dance. At the end, they all dance off except the caterpillar who has taken no part in the proceedings and who has moved to the front of the stage. Alice sits down near him and curtain falls behind them.



The caterpillar looks at Alice. Alice looks at the caterpillar. The caterpillar takes the hookah out of its mouth.

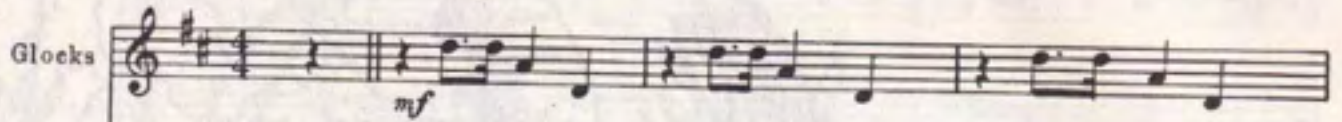
- CATERPILLAR Who are you.
ALICE I – I hardly know, sir, just at present – at least – at least I know who I was – this morning.
CATERPILLAR What do you mean by that? Explain yourself.
ALICE I can't explain *myself* – because I might not be myself, you see. *The Caterpillar puffs meditatively on its hookah for a moment.*
CATERPILLAR H'm! So, you think you've changed, do you?
ALICE Well, I can't remember things that I know quite well.
CATERPILLAR Do you know 'You are old, Father William'.
ALICE Oh, yes!
CATERPILLAR Sing it!

Alice sits down again, folds her hands on her lap and sings.

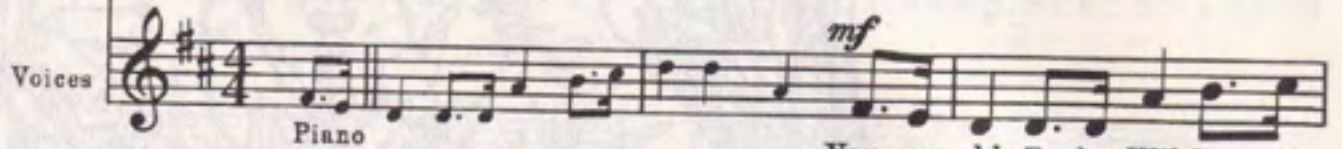
Father William

March like

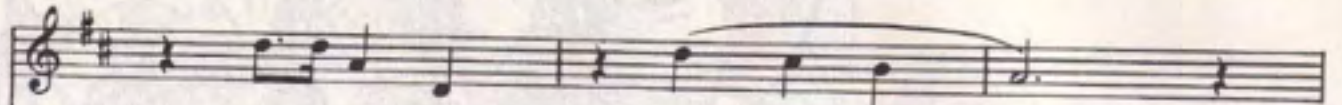
Glocks *mf*



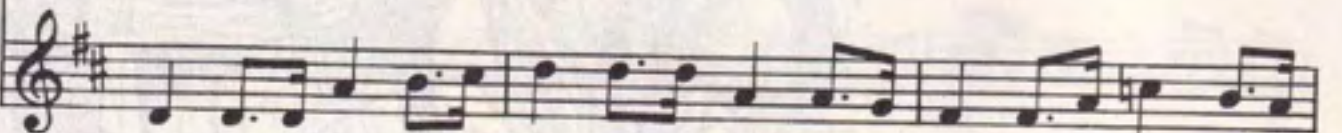
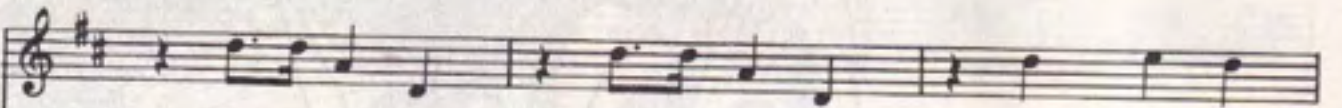
Voices *Piano* *mf*



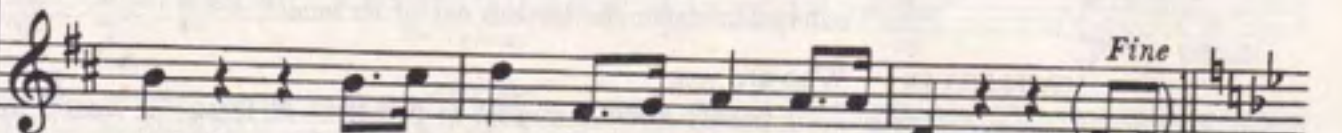
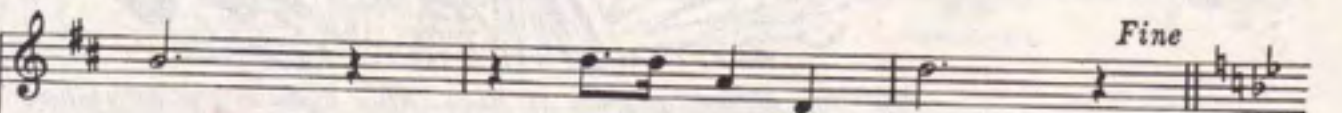
You are old, Fa-ther Wil-liam the



young man said, And your hair has be-come ve-ry white, And—

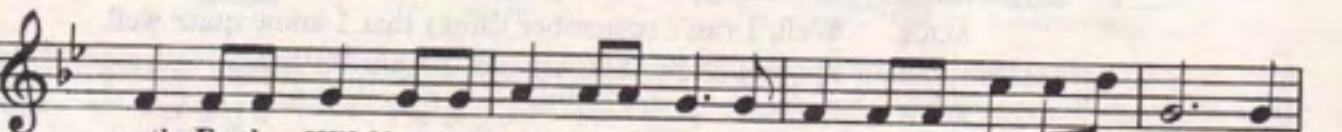
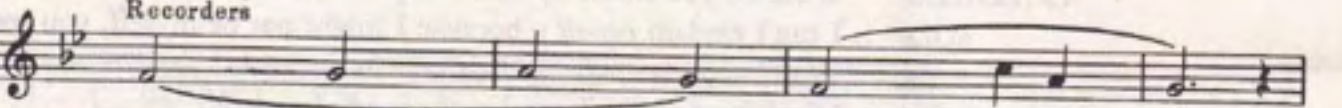


yet you in-cess-ant-ly stand on your head, Do you think at your age it is

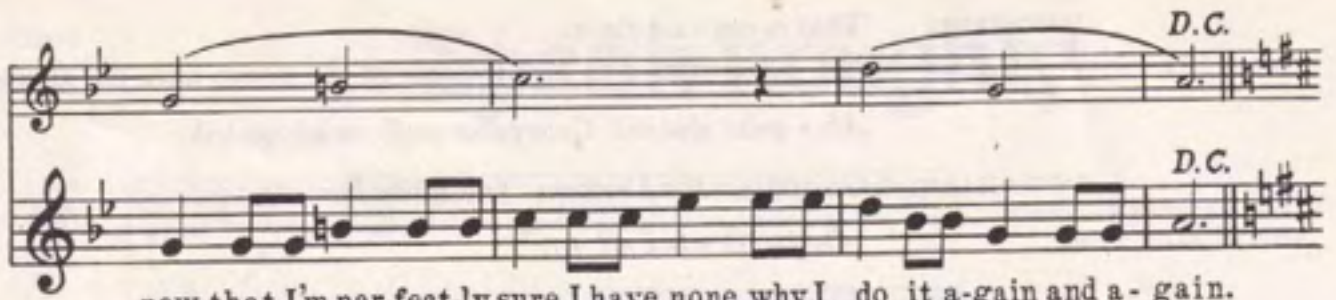


right? Do you think at your age it is right? In my

smoothly
Recorders



youth, Fa-ther Wil-liam re-plied to his son, I feared it might in-jure the brain: But



now that I'm perfectly sure I have none why I do it a-gain and a-gain.

ALICE 2 'You are old', said the youth, 'as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door -
Pray, what is the reason of that?'

'In my youth', said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
'I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment - one shilling the box -
Allow me to sell you a couple?'

3 'You are old,' said the youth, 'one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose -
What made you so awfully clever?'

'I have answered three questions, and that is enough',
Said his father. 'Don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down-stairs!'

Drums and guiros would make
an interesting accompaniment
to this song.

Fade out on repeated intro.



CATERPILLAR That is not said right.
ALICE Not quite right, I'm afraid. Some of the words have got altered.
Alice quite abashed. Caterpillar puffs at his hookah.

CATERPILLAR Go and see the Duchess. You'll like her.
It begins to move off, left.

ALICE Who? Who did you say?
CATERPILLAR The Duchess! There's her house.
It waves a hand at the curtain and exits left. Alice stands up.

Scene II *Curtain opens to reveal a large kitchen. Duchess sitting in middle on three-legged stool nursing a baby (a doll) which is permanently howling (sounds made off-stage). The cook is leaning over a large cauldron, stirring it and repeatedly adding pepper from a large pot labelled 'Pepper'. On the hearth is the Cheshire cat (a model). Duchess sneezes all the time. Alice looks round and advances diffidently into room.*

ALICE There's far too much pepper in that soup (*sneezes repeatedly*).
If you please, ma'am, would you please tell me why there's so much pepper in the soup.

DUCHESS If everybody minded their own business, the world would go round a deal faster than it does.

ALICE Oh, no, that can't be right. You see the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn round on its axis -

DUCHESS Talking of axes, chop off her head!

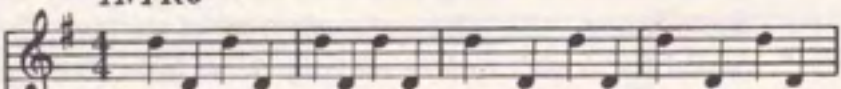
ALICE But I haven't - oh, I see. It was a joke. Well, where was I? Oh, yes! Twenty-four hours, I think! Or is it twelve.

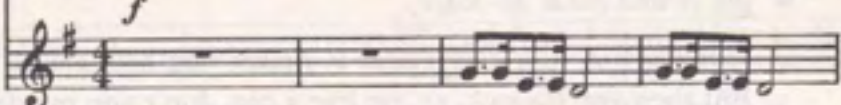
DUCHESS Oh, don't bother me! I never could abide figures.

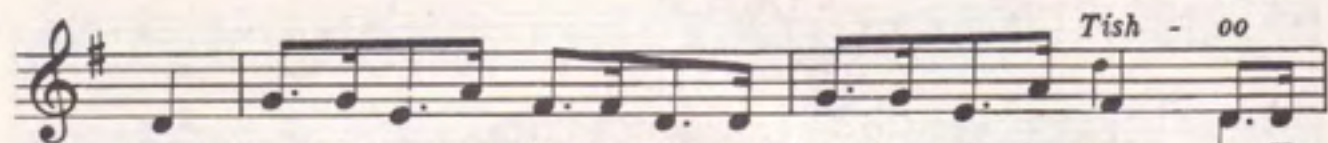


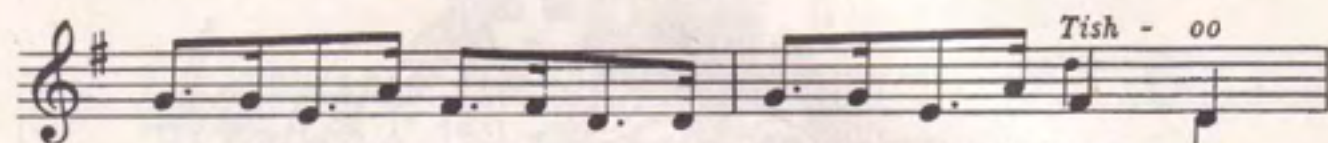
Speak Roughly

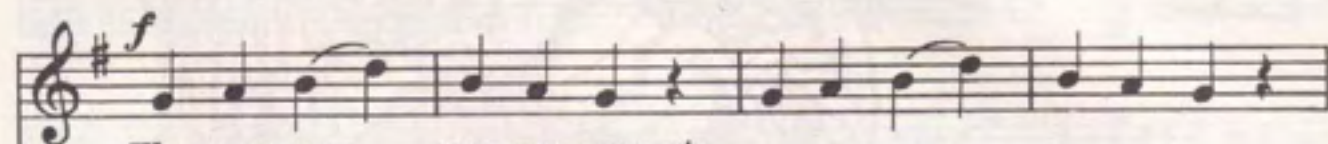
INTRO

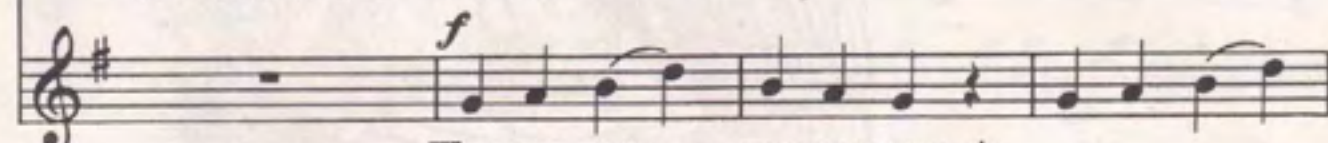
Xyl  continue except for wow wow chorus

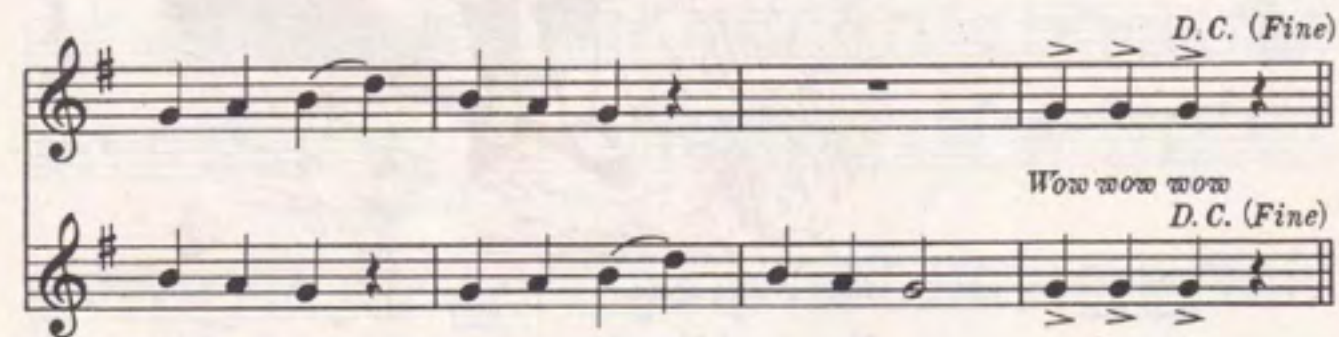
Glocks  *f*

 *Tish - oo*
 Speak rough-ly to your lit-tle boy, And beat him when he sneez - es, He

 *Tish - oo*
 on - ly does it to an - noy, Be - cause he knows it teas - es.

 *f*
 Wow wow wow - wow wow wow etc.

 *f*
 Wow wow wow - wow wow wow etc.

 *D.C. (Fine)*
 Wow wow wow *D.C. (Fine)*

- 2 I speak severely to my boy, * add cymbal on last note
 I beat him when he sneezes:
 For he can thoroughly enjoy
 The pepper when he pleases!
 Wow! Wow! Wow! Wow!
 Wow! Wow! Wow!

Make up an accompaniment. Choose your own instruments.

DUCHESS

Here, you may nurse it a bit, if you like.

The Duchess throws the baby (doll) to Alice and exits. Alice catches it and nurses it, looking down into its face. The baby stops howling and sneezing. Alice advances to the front of the stage. Curtain closes behind her as she's rocking the baby in her arms. Baby grunts like a pig (sound made off-stage).

Don't grunt. It's very rude. It makes you sound just like a pig. But then you do look, rather like a pig, don't you my dear!



Baby grunts again.

Now, now! If you're going to turn into a pig, I'll have nothing more to do with you.

Violent grunt.

Why - why, you are a pig - a real pig. Off you go then. I'll set you down here - there you are!

Alice sets pig down (invisibly) in wings.

Two little pigs improvise a 'sort of' hornpipe before curtain.

The Little Pigs' Hornpipe

Jauntily

Oboe

Bassoon

f *mf*

f *mf* detached

mp legato

mf

cresc. *f*

cresc. *f*

detached

senza rall.

Scene III

A long table set for tea for as many people as possible. March Hare and Hatter sitting at one end, the Dormouse very small between them. Clatter of tea things.

HATTER AND
MARCH HARE
ALICE

No room! No room! You can't sit down here.

There's plenty of room. I can see at least twenty places – all set out for tea. I shall sit down here! There!

Pause

MARCH HARE
ALICE
MARCH HARE
ALICE
MARCH HARE
ALICE

Have some wine.

I don't see any wine.

There isn't any.

Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it.

It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited.

That sounds very odd to me! Why is it always six o'clock. And why –



HATTER

Suppose we change the subject.

He shakes the dormouse.

Here wake up.

The dormouse wakes up sleepily.

Sing us a song.

DORMOUSE

I only know one song.

ALICE

Well, please, sing that one.

DORMOUSE

Very well! But you mustn't interrupt.

Twinkle, Twinkle



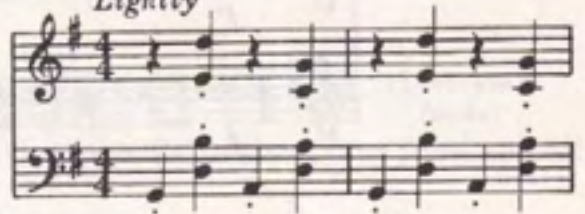
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SPENCER

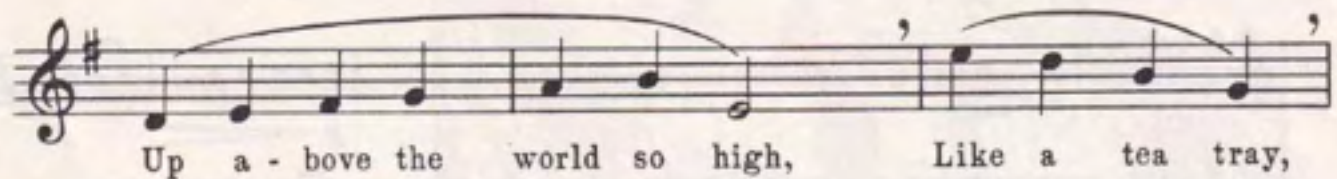
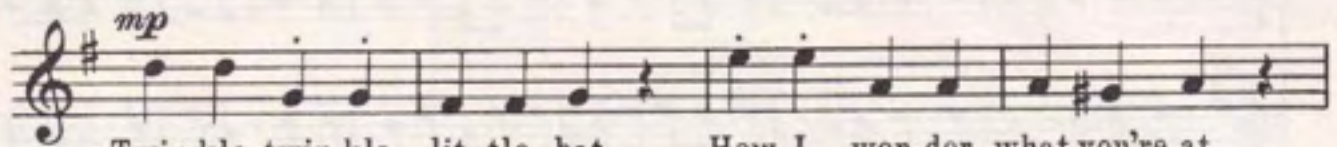
INTRO Lightly

Flute
Oboe

Clarinet
Bassoon



DORMOUSE



Perhaps you know *Twinkle twinkle little star*. If you do, compare it with the dormouse's *Twinkle twinkle*. You'll see that the dormouse really had got it wrong. He sang it upside down. He had inverted it.

Make up an accompaniment. A triangle would be useful.

ALICE Are you sure that's right?
HATTER I'm tired of all this talk and singing. Let's play some party games.
Come on, Dormouse!

They drag the sleepy dormouse down to the front of the stage. Alice follows indignantly, the curtain closes behind them and all four improvise different games.

Party Games

Rhythmically (mischievously)

Recorder I (flute)

Recorder II (oboe)

f *p* *mf*

f *p* *mf*

f

mf *p*

mf *f marcato*

mf *f marcato*

ff *ff*

At the end, the March Hare, the Hatter and the Dormouse dance off leaving Alice sitting alone with her chin cupped in her hands.

Enter the Gryphon.

GRYPHON Excuse me!

Alice looks up.

GRYPHON Excuse me! Is your name Alice?

ALICE Yes, it is, but, please, who are you?

GRYPHON I'm the Gryphon. I've come to take you to the Mock Turtle.

ALICE Why? Who's the Mock Turtle.

GRYPHON You'll see.

Curtain opens. The Mock Turtle is sitting on a boulder, left centre.

There he is.

Alice and the Gryphon walk up stage to him.

GRYPHON This here young lady, she wants for to know your story, she do.



ALICE No, I don't!
 MOCK TURTLE (*mournfully*) I'll tell it to her. Once I was a real turtle and I went to school in the sea.
 ALICE What did you learn?
 MOCK TURTLE Why, Reeling and Writhing, of course. Then there were the different branches of Arithmetic - Ambition, Distraction, Uglification and Derision.
 ALICE I've never heard of any of them.
 GRYPHON I learned Mystery at my school.
 ALICE How many hours a day did you do lessons?
 MOCK TURTLE Ten hours the first day, nine hours the next and so on.
 ALICE What a curious plan?
 GRYPHON That's why they're called lessons. They lessen every day.
 ALICE Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday.
 MOCK TURTLE Of course, it was!
 ALICE Then how did you manage on the twelfth day?
 GRYPHON That's enough about lessons. Sing her your song.
 ALICE Everybody wants to sing songs here. I'd like another dance. What about a waltz.

Soup

MOCK TURTLE

Lightly and smoothly

Recorders (fl & oboe) *mf*

Glocks *mf*

Voices *mf*

Beau-ti-ful soup, so rich and green, Wait-ing

Fl & Ob

in a hot tur-reen. Who for such daint-ies would not stoop, Soup of the

even-ing, beau-ti-ful soup! Soup of the even-ing, beau-ti-ful soup.

Beau - - ti-ful soup. — Soup, soup — of the

even - ing, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful soup. —

Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
 Game, or any other dish?
 Who would not give all else for two p
 ennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
 Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
 Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!
 Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!
 Soup, soup of the e-e-evening,
 Beautiful, beauti-ful soup!

Your accompaniment for this song could include triangles and
 claves – or anything else.