

# THE SCENES

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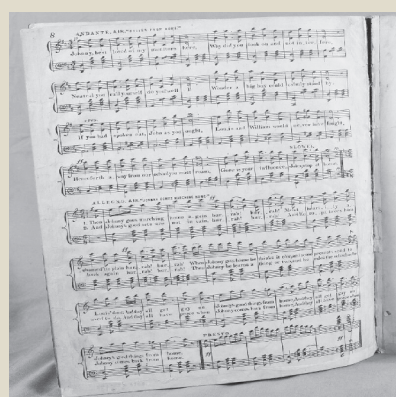
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## THE SONGS

### Wirksworth Wakes

*Words and music:  
Carol Fieldhouse*

The sun rises over  
Pittywood, Barrel  
Edge, the Gilkin  
turning quarry dust to  
silver as it settles  
on hunkered down  
cottages, gentlemen's  
mansions,  
layering dust on  
the ale houses and  
coaching inns  
**As Wirksworth  
wakes  
As the Red Lion  
wakes  
to one more day.**

### Walking with Equator

*Gill and Alan Thompson  
Words: Joy Revell*

Come hear my  
song of Equator  
A stallion of beauty –  
and bold  
Who travelled the  
towns of this County  
Or so the old stories  
have told  
His coat was a fine  
dapple grey

His eye was most soft,  
sweet and kind  
He stood many hands,  
tall and true  
A worthier sire, you'd  
not find

He walked with his  
owner so proud  
Stallion man John  
was his name  
Both creatures strong,  
tall and true  
Never sorry,  
sick or lame

The posters went out  
early spring  
When buds on the  
branch were still new  
So farmers and carters  
with mares  
Could plan for their  
foals, life anew

On Monday 'twas  
the Red Lion  
In the heart of old  
Wirksworth town  
Where the young  
mares gathered around  
And a lass took to John  
it was found.

Then on his way to  
Ashbourne town  
By cockerel's crow  
at dawn  
The Star and Garter  
is their place  
A splendid tavern  
of renown

Wednesday in  
Uttoxeter  
For a handsome bay  
blood mare  
And two that work the  
clay bound land.  
the cart the plough and  
Sunday's prayer

Thursday Derby,  
Friday, Alfreton  
He's walked full circle  
round, to home  
To Hasland and  
a deep straw bed  
And John with his  
family his own.

### The Flower and Produce Show

*Music: Dror Kessler  
Words: Sheila Harding*

When we had our  
flower and produce  
show  
It really was  
quite grand  
They sent Paxton, the  
gardener from  
Chatsworth  
In case he could  
lend a hand  
And he brought with  
him lots of fancy fruit  
And we put it on  
a stand.

*Chorus*

**Yes it was all highly  
respectable,  
All very refined  
For Mr Paxton.  
All highly  
respectable, so very  
refined...**

There were peaches  
and nectarines  
and grapes  
Or so I've heard  
folk say.  
And a huge great  
basket of cherries  
as well  
All sent over  
on the day  
Perhaps those toffs  
thought we'd  
not seen the like  
Over Wirksworth way.

*Chorus*

There were some as  
thought it might  
put us to shame  
With our regular  
garden stuff  
And then a wandering  
minstrel arrived  
As if things weren't  
grand enough  
But we showed them  
grandees from  
Chatsworth  
That Wirksworth  
wasn't so rough.

*Chorus*

There were ladies in  
hats all dressed in  
their best  
In Sunday frocks  
and lace  
And gentlemen  
farmers in top coats  
and linen  
To smarten up  
the place  
The doctor, the vicar,  
the teacher all came  
Everyone showing  
their face.

*Chorus*

Paxton didn't scorn to  
judge when he saw  
What Wirksworth folk  
had grown  
He was right  
impressed and he said  
as much  
And 'twas not his  
opinion alone  
For the Mercury came  
to write up a piece,  
It's praise was quite  
high flown.

*Chorus*

But best of all was that  
first prize plate  
From good old  
Francis Shaw  
His strawberries they  
were a wonder to see  
Seven inches round  
or more  
Mr Paxton he couldn't  
believe his own eyes  
Those strawberries  
wiped the floor.

*Chorus*

### The Ballad of Townley and Wright

*Words: traditional  
Music: Gill and Alan  
Thompson*

George Victor Townley  
step this way, we'll try  
the well bred first  
Your advocate, in  
sophistry is exceed-  
ingly well versed,

They've taken you  
red-handed, the judge  
and jury wait  
His Lordship grieves  
to see you in your  
present fallen state.

But tho' you are a  
murderer strict justice  
shall be done,  
For justice is the birth-  
right of the meanest  
neath the sun,  
Not guilty please, your  
Worship, of this atro-  
cious crime.  
Thus pleads Victor  
Townley, the subject of  
my rhyme.

The counsel called his  
witnesses, they bore  
the cross full well,  
Yet sad and fearful was  
the tale each witness  
had to tell  
Of sworn revenge, of  
cherished hate, of sure  
and vengeful blow  
A bleeding corpse, a  
weeping sire bowed  
o'er the scene of woe.

In vain the prisoner's  
counsel spoke,  
although he vowed  
'twas plain  
Oh course, the jury-  
men would see his  
client was insane.  
Guilty, my Lord, the  
foreman said. The  
judge condemns him  
now,  
And as the prisoner  
leaves the dock he  
greet's him with a bow.

Of course, you say, the  
man is hanged, yet do  
not know the case  
I'm poor and therefore  
would not like to stand  
in Townley's place.  
For Dr Skeddon,  
lunacy, he came unto  
his hail  
And examined that  
poor wretch, who lay  
in Derby Gaol.

Quoth he, of murder-  
ous tendency he  
appeareth very plain  
But I'll almost – Nay!  
I'll certify that Town-  
ley is insane.  
Remove him to a Mad  
House, strict justice  
shall be done,  
But had he been a poor  
man he surely would  
be hung.

### The Wife's Song

*Words and music:  
Tony Jones*

Well, you've seen me  
sold at auction  
Passed on from  
man to man  
They think they're  
lords and masters  
But I've got a  
master plan.  
'Cause I've had  
enough, I'm sick of it  
When every day's  
a battle  
And he struts round  
like Napoleon  
And treats you  
like his chattel.  
So hear a word from  
one who knows,  
Obey this golden rule:  
Lasses, if you'd  
tek a man,  
Make sure that  
he's a fool.

You'll want a  
steady worker  
Who brings you home  
his shilling,  
You'll want a man  
with working parts  
Who's always there  
and willing.  
But after that he  
could be fat  
Or long and  
lank and bony  
He could be as bald as  
a boiled egg  
Or as shaggy  
as a pony.

Have what you want as  
long as you  
Obey the golden rule:  
Lasses, if you'd tek  
a man,  
Make sure that  
he's a fool.

Now it's 1837,  
Young Victoria's  
on the throne,  
And I want me bit  
of heaven,  
And a kingdom  
of me own.  
'Cause if she can  
hold dominion  
Over all us in her land,  
It's fair, in my opinion,  
I can rule just  
one old man.  
So I've taken up wi'  
Johnny here  
And I've kept me  
golden rule:  
Lasses, if you'd  
tek a man,  
Make sure that  
he's a fool.

**Lasses, if  
you'd tek a man,  
Make sure that  
he's a fool.**

**Make sure  
that he's a fool.**

### Wirksworth Sleeps

*Words and music:  
Carol Fieldhouse*

The gas light flairs  
on corners of  
North End and the  
Causeway  
Throwing tall  
shadows of history  
on labouring men,  
labouring women  
ladies and gentlemen,  
traders and travellers  
**As Wirksworth  
sleeps  
The Red Lion  
sleeps  
For one more night**

