

Jeff Wayne

"War Of The Worlds"

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THE ARTILLERY MAN AND THE FIGHTING MACHINE

Journalist:

The hammering from the pit and the
pounding of guns grew louder
My fear rose at the sound of someone creeping into the
house
Then I saw it was a young artillery man
weary , streaked with blood and dirt

Artillery man:

Anyone here ?

Journalist:

Come in , here drink this

Artillery man:

Thank you

Journalist:

What's happened ?

Artillery man:

They wiped out.
Hundreds dead - maybe thousands

Journalist:

The Heat Ray ?

Artillery man:

The Martians !
They were inside the hoods of the machines they'd
made
Massive metal things on legs !
Giants machines that walked
They attack us !
They wiped us out !

Journalist:

Machines ?

Artillery man:
Fighting machines !
Picking up men and bashing 'em against trees
Just hunks of metal
but they knew exactly what they are doing

Journalist:
Hmmm there was another cylinder came last night

Artillery man:
Yes it looked bound for London

Journalist:
London !
Carie !
I had'nt dreamed there could be danger to Carrie
and her father so many miles away
I must go to London at once

Artillery man:
And me
Got to report to my headquarters
If there's anything left of it

Journalist:
At Byfleet we came upon a Inn
but it was deserted

Artillery man
Is everybody dead ?

Journalist:
Not everybody
Look !
Six cannons with gunners standing by

Artillery man:
It's bows and arrows against the lightning
They haven'd seen the Heat Ray yet

Journalist:
We hurried along the road to Weybridge
Suddely there was a heavy explosion
The Ground heaved
Windows shattered
And guts of smoke erupted into the air

Artillery man:
LOOK !
THERE THEY ARE !
WHAT DID I TELL YOU ?

Journalist:

Quickly

One after the other four fighting machines appeared
Monstrous tripods higher than the highest steeple
striding over the pine trees and smashing them
Walking engines of glittering metal
Each carried a huge funnel and I realized with horror
that I've seen this awful thing before

A fifth machine appeared on the far bank

It raised itself to full height
flourished the funnel high in the air
And the ghostly terrible heat Ray
struck the town

Journalist:

As it struck all five fighting machines exulted
emitting deafening howls which roared like thunder

Martians:

ULLA !

ULLA !

Journalist:

The six guns we have seen now fired simultaneously
decapitating a fighting machine
The Martian inside the hood was slain
splashed to the four winds
and the body nothing now but an intricate device of
metal
went whirling to destruction
As the other monsters advanced people ran away
blindly
the artillery man among them
But I jumped into the water and hid until forced up to
breathe
Now the guns spoke again
but this time the Heat Ray sent them to oblivion

Martians:

ULLA !

Journalist:

With a white flash the Heat Ray swept across the river
Scalded half blinded and agonized
I staggered through leaping hissing water towards the
shore
I fell helplessly in full view of the Martians
expecting nothing but death
The foot of a Fighting Machine came down close to my

head
then lifted again as the four Martians carried away the
debris
of there fallen comrade....
And I realized that by a miracle I had escaped

FOREVER AUTUMN AND THE THUNDERCHILD

Journalist:
For three days I fought my way along roads packed
with refugees
the homeless , burdened with boxes and bundles
containing there
valuables
All that was of value to me was in London
but by the time I reached there little red brick house
Carrie and her father were gone

#The summer sun is fading as the year grows old
and darker days are drawing near
The winter winds will be mutch colder
Now your not here

#I wached the birds fly south across the autumn sky
And one by one they disappear
I wish that I could flying with them
Now your not here
Like the sun trough the trees you came to love me
Like a leaf on a breeze you blew away

#Trough autumn's golden gown we used to kick away
You always loved this time of year
Those fallen leaves lie undisturbed now
'Cause you're not here
'Cause you're not here
'Cause you're not here

Journalist:
Fire suddely leaped from house to house
The population panicked and ran
And I was swept along with them
Aimless and lost without Carrie
Finally I headed for the ocean
and my only hope of survival , a boat out of England

#Like the sun trough the trees you came to love me
Like a leaf on a breeze you blew away
A gentle rain falles softly on my weary eyes
As if to hide a lonely tear
My lift will be forever autumn
'Cause you're not here

'Cause you're not here
'Cause you're not here

Journalist:

As I hasted trough Covent Garden , Blackfrairs and
Billingsgate
more and more people joined the painful exodus
Sad , weary woman
their children stumbling and streaked with tears
their men bitter and angry
the rich rubbing shoulders with baggers and outcasts
Dogs snarled and whined the horses bits were covered
with foam
and here and there were wounded soldiers as helpless
as the rest
We saw tripods wading up the Thames cutting trough
bridges
as though they were paper Waterloo bridge ,
Westminister bridge
one appeared above Big Ben

Martians:
ULLA !!

Journalist:

Never before in the history of the world
had such mass of human beings moved and sufferd
together
This was no disiplined march it was a stampede
without order and without a goal six million people
unarmed and unprovisioned driving headlong
It was the beginning of the road to civilazation
of the massacre of mankind
A vast crowd buffeted me towards the already packed
steamer
I looked up enviously at those safe on board
straight into the eyes of my beloved Carrie
At sight of me she began to fight her way along the
packed deck
to the gangplank- at that very moment it was raised
and I caughed the last glimpse of her despairing face
as the crowd swept me away from her

#Like the sun trough the trees you came to love me
Like a leaf on a breeze you blew away
Trough autumn's golden gow we used to kick our way
You always loved this time of year
Those fallen leaves lie undisturbed now
'Cause you're not here
'Cause you're not here
'Cause you're not here

Martians:
ULLA !!

Journalist:

The steamer began to move slowly away
but on the horizon appeared the silhouette of a fighting
machine

Another came and another striding over hills and trees
pulling far out to sea and blocking the exit of the
steamer

Between them lay the silent gray ironclad
"Thunderchild"

Slowly it moved towards shore

Then with a deafening roar and whoosh of spray
it swung about and drove at full speed towards the
waiting Martians

People:

#There were ships of shapes and sizes
Scattered out along the bay
And I thought I heard her calling
As the steamer pulled away
the invaders must have seen them
As across the coast they filed
Standing firm between them
There lay "Thunder Child"

#Moving swiftly through the waters
Cannons blazing as she came
Brought a mighty metal warlord
Crashing down in sheets of flame
Seeing victory was nearing
Thinking fortune must have smiled
People started cheering
'Come on "Thunder Child"
'Come on "Thunder Child"

Journalist:

The Martians release their black smoke
But the ship sped on
Cutting down one of the tripod figures
Instantly the others raised their Heat Rays
and melted the Thunder Child's valiant heart

People:

Lashing ropes and smashing timbers
Flashing Heat Ray hits the deck
Dashing hopes for our deliverance
As we watched the sinking wreck
with the smoke of battle clearing

Over graves in waves defiled
Slowly disappearing
Farewell "Thunder Child"
Slowly disappearing
Farewell "Thunder Child"
Farewell "Thunder Child"
Farewell "Thunder Child"

Journalist:

When the smoke cleared the little steamer
had reached the misty horizon and Carrie was safe
But the "Thunder Child" had vanished forever
taking with her mans last hope of victory
The leaden sky was lit by green flashes
cylinder folowing cylinder and no one and nothing
was left now to fight them
The Earth belonged to the Martians

Martians:

Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuullllllllllllllllllllllllaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
!!!!

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