

# The Pied Piper Of Hamelin Lyrics

Hamelin town is in Brunswick land by famous Hanover city. A mighty hill called Koppelberg guards the west of the town, guards the west of the town. The River Weser broad and wide, washes its banks on the southern side. A pleasanter spot you never spied, a pleasanter spot you never spied.

But when begins our story, more than six hundred years ago, to see the townsfolk suffer so was a pity, such a pity, such a pity. RATS! They fought the dogs and killed the cats, they ate the cheeses out of the vats and licked the soup from the cook's own ladle. Split open the kegs of salted sprats, Made nests inside men's Sunday hats and even spoiled the women's chats by drowning their speaking with shrieking and squeaking in fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body to the Town Hall came flocking. 'Tis clear, they cried, our mayor's a nobby and as for the Corporation, shocking. To think we buy gowns all lined with ermine to dolts that can't or won't determine how to rid us of our vermin, how to rid us of this vermin, how to rid us of this vermin. Rouse up sirs, give your brains a racking or as sure as fate we'll send you packing.

At this the mayor and corporation quaked with a mighty consternation. I've tried my very best to look after this town, all for very scant reward but this tatty ermine gown. When all is well folk think I'm swell, but the first sign of trouble and they want me out. I don't know what to do, I don't know what to do, I don't know what to do, I don't know what to do. I wish I wasn't here but a thousand miles away, while all these horrid squeaky rats seem quite content to stay. My poor head aches, I've scratched it so, but how to solve this question I still don't know. I don't know what to do, I don't know what to do, I don't know what to do, I don't know what to do.

Then in through the door came a very strange fellow, with coat half red and the other half yellow. He looked like a person from the past, from the past, from the past. He advanced to the council table. All held their breath. I come from a land not many miles away, where news of your plight has spread. I've come with a plan to rid you of these rats, to set you free at last. Round my neck there hangs a pipe which holds strange magic powers. When I play all creatures living follow me for hours. I can use this magic power to rid you of your rats. All I ask is payment of one hundred thousand pounds.

Mister Piper, consider yourself hired, your presentation was truly inspired. Once the rats have all departed we will sign to say that the payment of the fee you ask we'll hand to you that day.

The piper left the Town Hall, a twinkle in his eye. He raised his pipe high to his lips, its magic to supply. Through the town the piper skipped, playing his magic pipe. Behind him swarmed the hated pests, pushing each other to be first. In the distance flowed the Weser, glinting in the sun. Faster and faster danced the piper, to the river bank, where he stopped, but the stupid rats carried on. They fell into the water deep, they swam and swam, their lives to keep, but the current was strong as they'd struggled so long. One by one they sank to the bottom and

were never seen again.

There was a shocked silence, nobody could believe their eyes. Then joy erupted, joy erupted, joy erupted, joy erupted. Come sing and dance in the streets with us. Dance for joy, the rats have gone. We thank you, dear piper for saving us when all that we had was despair. Please come with us to collect your fee.

All the church bells rang out as the news spread through the town. All was smiles and laughter, not the usual troubled frown. Garlands of fresh flowers made the piper's splendid crown. To the market square they danced with the piper carried on their shoulders.

Out came the mayor and corporation, beaming from ear to ear. "Fetch long poles and pull down their nests and block up those hated holes. Let not a trace remain, let not a trace remain".

Then the piper approached the Lord Mayor. "First sir, if you please. As the rats have all departed, payment now I need - one hundred thousand pounds, payment you agreed". The Mayor turned a shade of blue, and so did the corporation too. "Just look here, you strange looking fellow with coat half red and the other half yellow. Did you really think such a large sum of money we would give to a man who looks so funny? Besides, we saw the rats all sink and what is dead can't come to life, I think. So off you go and do your worst. Play your pipe until you burst".

The piper left the Town Hall with sadness in his eye. He raised the pipe high to his lips, its magic to apply.

From the houses ran the children, following the magic tunes. Little hands clapping, little tongues chatting, rosy cheeks and flowing curls. Street by street their numbers swelling, folk looked on in awe As all their little boys and girls went skipping past their door. Through the town the piper skipped, playing his magic pipe. Behind him danced the little folk, laughing and shouting with great joy.

In the distance flowed the Weser, glinting in the sun. Faster and faster dance the piper to the river bank.

The Mayor's hair turned ashen white. Such was the trauma of this fright. Then the piper changed direction from the south towards the west. In the distance was Koppelburg Hill to where he now addressed his steps. Climbing, singing, singing, climbing, all the children followed. Then, as if some magic spell, of them there was no trace.

There was a shocked silence.. Nobody could believe their eyes. Then spoke the Mayor. "Dear citizens of Hamelin town, we must pull together. Gone is the time for blame and grief, we must search now or never. This way that way, that way this way, search the valleys, mountains and moors. Look in your cellars, attics and cattle sheds, hundreds of children just cannot disappear. Keep your spirits riding high, whistle a song together. Don't give up, just laugh and smile, we can't lose our children for ever. Ladies, make strong cups of tea, light your brightest lanterns. Take the dogs and call aloud, - Children, children, where are you? -"

Day and night and night and day, calling, calling, calling. Day and night they searched and searched, but not a trace could they find. Children, where are you? Children, where are you? The heartbroken citizens of Hamelin clung to each other as they followed the priest to church.

Lighten our darkness we beseech thee, lighten our darkness we beseech thee, O Lord. For the love of thy son our saviour Jesus Christ, defend all our children from the dangers of this night. Lighten our darkness we beseech thee, lighten our darkness we beseech thee, O Lord. For the love of thy son our saviour Jesus Christ, defend all our children from the dangers of this night. Defend them from all perils and dangers of this night. Defend them from all perils and dangers of this night. Lighten our darkness. Lighten our darkness. Lighten our darkness. Lighten our darkness.

God listened to their prayer and sent an angel. A small boy limped slowly down the aisle. He saw the tear stained faces of parents he knew well. "Please dry your tears and smile again; your children will return. It's lonely in this town since my playmates left. I miss them every passing hour. I wish that I could be with them right now to see the sights they see, which the piper promised me. He led us," he said, "to a joyous land through the mountain and close at hand, where people were happy at work and play, where love and kindness filled each day. Waters gushed and fruit trees grew, and flowers put forth a fairer hue. Sparrows were brighter than peacocks there and honey bees had lost their sting. Then just as I became convinced my lame foot would be cured, suddenly the music stopped and all my friends had gone, but they will return soon to share with us all the wonderful land they have seen. Go to your houses to welcome them home; they will return, they

will return. They will soon return."

All the parents hurried home to welcome their children back. Then down the hill came their boys and girls, laughing and singing as they ran, as they ran, as they ran. The River Weser broad and wide glistened in the sun and seemed to smile. A pleasanter sight you never spied, a pleasanter sight you never spied. All the church bells rang out as the news spread through the town. All was smiles and laughter, not the usual trouble frown. Garlands of fresh flowers made the girls most splendid crowns. To the market square they danced with the town band playing, people cheering.

Out came the mayor and corporation, still looking shocked and white. We have all been taught a lesson never to be forgot, never to be forgot, never to be forgot. We have watched our children return, all happy and singing merrily. Now we see our little lame boy, running and skipping happily. I proclaim this day to always be our town's special day, when we must give thanks to God for saving, saving, saving us.

Come sing, sing to the Lord and thank him for all his great gifts. Come sing, sing to the Lord and thank him for all his great gifts. He feeds us, he clothes us, he shows us the way when life is a heavy load. His love is all constant, it's there every day to banish our fears away. So come, sing, sing to the Lord and thank him for all his great gifts. Come, sing, sing to the Lord and thank him for all his great gifts. His love is all constant, it's there every day to show us the way to live. He gently forgave when we slipped from his path, by bringing our children home. So sing to the Lord, sing to the Lord, sing to the Lord, sing to the Lord, sing to the Lord. Come sing to the Lord to thank him, thank him, thank him thank him for bringing our children home.

# The Pied Piper of Hamelin

for children's choir and piano

Text: after Robert Browning

Music: Judy Lane

Allegro ♩ = 144

Voice 1

Voice 2

Piano

Allegro ♩ = 144

*mp*

6

*mf*


Ham - lin town is in


*mf*

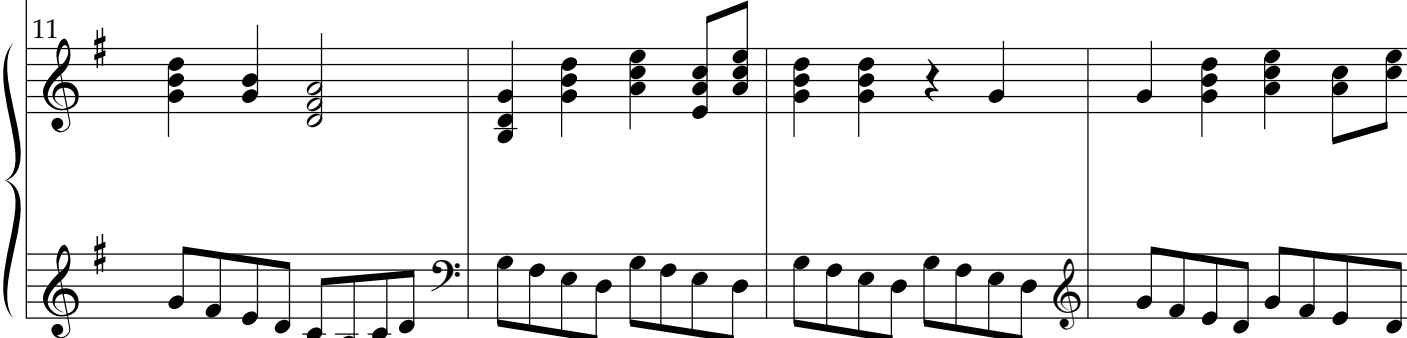
Ham - lin town is in

6

*mf*

11  

 Bruns - wick land by fa - mous Han - ov - er ci - ty. A might - y hill called—

11  

 Bruns - wick land by fa - mous Han - ov - er ci - ty. A might - y hill called—

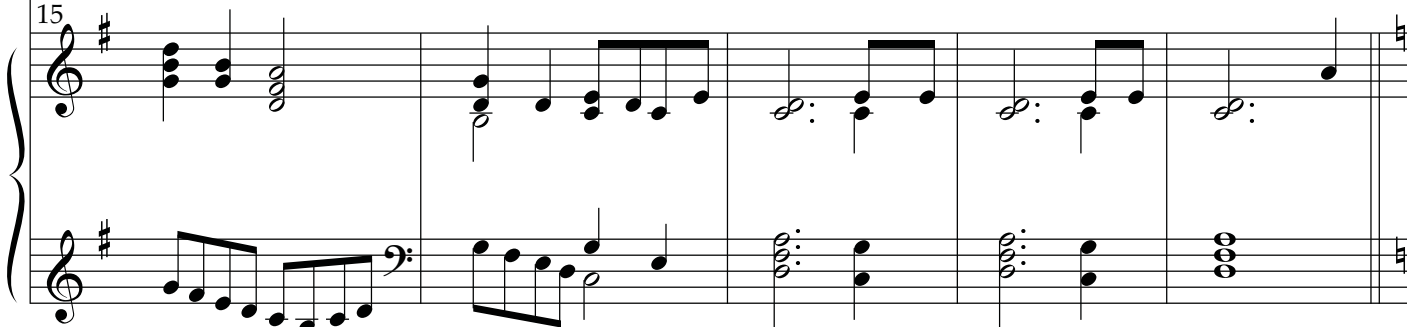
11  

 Musical notation for piano accompaniment, measures 11-14.

15  

 Kop - pel - berg Guards the west— of the town, guards the west of the town. The

15  

 Kop - pel - berg Guards the west— of the town, guards the west of the town. The

15  

 Musical notation for piano accompaniment, measures 15-18.

20 *mp*

Ri - ver We - ser broad and wide, Wash - es its

*mp*

Ri - ver We - ser broad and wide, Wash - es its

20 *mp legato*

25

banks on the south - ern side. A pleas - an - ter spot you—

banks on the south - ern side. A pleas - an - ter spot you—

25

30 *cresc.*  
ne - ver spied, a pleas - an - ter spot you — ne - ver spied. But  
*cresc.*  
ne - ver spied, a pleas - an - ter spot you — ne - ver spied. But

30

36 *mf*  
when be - gins our sto - ry More than six hun - dred years a - go, To see the towns - folk  
*mf*  
when be - gins our sto - ry More than six hun - dred years a - go, To see the towns - folk

36 *mf*

41

suf - fer so was a pi - ty, such a pi - ty, such a pi - ty.

suf - fer so was a pi - ty, such a pi - ty, such a pi - ty.

41

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of a musical score, measures 41-45. It features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in a soprano and alto register, both in a key with two flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor). The lyrics are "suf - fer so was a pi - ty, such a pi - ty, such a pi - ty." The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The key signature is two flats, and the time signature is 4/4.

46

*fff* [shout] A

RATS! They fought the dogs and

*fff* [shout] *p*

RATS! They fought the dogs and

46

*gliss.* A

*cresc. molto* *fff* *p*

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score, measures 46-50. It features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts have rests in measures 46-47, followed by a shout "RATS!" in measure 48, and then the lyrics "They fought the dogs and" in measures 49-50. The piano accompaniment includes a glissando in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The key signature is two flats, and the time signature is 4/4. Dynamics include *fff* [shout] and *p*. A section marker 'A' is present in a box at the end of measure 48.