

Before Never Never Land

Lyric sheets



1. Betwixt and Between

On a late afternoon on the first night of winter, circa 1901, an ancient magic grips a murky remote corner of Kensington Gardens, as Solomon Caw, a large old purple crow, prepares to send a trembling, frightened Peter Pan back to his mother in London.

SOLOMON CAW:

You'll have to go back, you know. Your mother wrote me. All the ladies write to me. They fold up notes into little paper boats and sail them to me, always asking for the best hatchling that I have. And if I like the letter they have sent me, I send them one from Class A. But if it ruffles me, I send them very funny ones indeed. Oh, how you squirm. I've never had one resist so magnificently! Dear, dear....what is to become of you?

Dear little child,
Poor creature of Pan,
Caught between two worlds:
Neither bird nor a man.
Uncertain of whether
To cry or to laugh.
Which way will your winds blow,
Which way, half-and-half?

Betwixt and between.
Is this what you choose?
In gaining your freedom,
How much you shall lose!
No others around you,
Unheard and unseen,
Is this what you've chosen,
Betwixt and between?

No one to answer to,
No one to scold,
No one to hold at night
When you grow old.

Betwixt and between.
You will never have a home.
Always the misfit
And always alone.
You're destined to wander
Unheard and unseen,
So now you have chosen,
Betwixt and between.

2. The Most Wonderful Boy in the World

An adventurous young girl, Maimie, runs away from her nurse, and stumbles upon Peter Pan. Maimie attributes to him the most amazing abilities, including the power of flight, all of which come as a complete surprise to a very flattered Peter, who doesn't let on to Maimie that he's not entirely the wonderful boy for which she's mistaken him.

MAIMIE: Oh, Peter, do fly for me, will you?

PETER: (genuinely confused) Fly? You think I can fly?

MAIMIE: Why, of course you can, and you don't even need fairy dust to do it! You are everything I imagined you to be!

PETER: (skeptical) What else do you imagine me to be?

MAIMIE: What don't I imagine, Peter?

You are youth,

You are joy!

I can see

It's the truth.

There's no boy

Quite like you.

Is there anything you cannot do?

Even though

We all know any boy, any girl'd

Say it's so:

Peter Pan,

The most wonderful boy in the world.

How

We all wish we could fly,

Yes, fly, like Peter Pan.

PETER: Fly

MAIMIE: And now

Though we might even try

We can't, like Peter can.

So

We all envy him proudly,

He is youth! He is joy!

Crow

Big and boisterous and loudly:

Peter Pan,

What a marvelous boy!

PETER: It's a little much, don't you think?

MAIMIE: Now, modesty, Peter, really, that's something I never expected from you!

PETER: Well, I'm no end of surprises, looks like.

MAIMIE: Crow for me, Peter!

PETER: Crow.

MAIMIE: Yes, you know -- (She crows; he startles.)

PETER: That's remarkable.

MAIMIE: Yes.

PETER: Well, really, I, uh -- I only crow actually, after I've, killed something. Yes.

MAIMIE: Do you really kill, Peter?

PETER: Oh, I've lost count. Your zebras and lions, of course, and no end of elephants and giraffes.

MAIMIE: In Africa, then?

PETER: No, no, right here in England. Why do you think you see so few of them around? I've killed them all.

MAIMIE: I always wondered

PETER: Would you expect anything less? After all

I am youth!

I am joy!

Yes, I know,

It's the truth.

There's no boy

Quite like me.

There's no limit to what I can be.

Even though

They all know,

Any boy, any girl'd

Say it's so:

Peter Pan,

The most wonderful boy in the world.

MAIMIE: And pirates! You've hunted pirates, haven't you?

PETER: As many as you like.

How

You all wish you could fly,
Through the sky, like Peter Pan.

And now

Though you might even try
You can't, like Peter can.

MAIMIE & PETER: So

Don't you envy him proudly
Don't you wish you were he?

Crow

Big and boisterous and loudly
Peter Pan

What a marvelous

PETER: Me!

3. I Shall be Beautiful

Queen Mab, imperious ruler of all the fairies, is all in a dither about her wedding day; for she has been left at the altar (literally) by dozens of fiances, none of whom has been able to summon the courage to go through with a marriage to her.

QUEEN MAB

Pity girls who need colour
On their face --
A disgrace!
Their skin's even duller
Than their lives,
I presume.
But I'm perfect as I am, or
Nothing else explains this glamour,
Still, you never know what might please a groom.

When you start with perfection
Such as mine --
How divine! --
Just a touch of complexion
From this pot
(Not a lot)
Can work wonders with my beauty.
As a bride it is my duty
Now to paint on anything what I've not got!

Maybe rouge.
Nothing huge --
And a go with scented soap.
Just a dab
For Queen Mab
Of perfume.
How 'bout powder?
Nothing louder.
I've used just enough, I hope:
Better more than less, I always assume.

I shall be beautiful!
Ha ha ha ha ha!
I shall be beautiful!
Fa la la la la!

For when I'm dressed up all bride-y
Even naked Aphrodite
Would be overlooked when I'm in the room!

Ha ha ha ha ha!
Ho ho ho ho ho!
Wo wo wo wo wa!
Ha ha ha ha ha! (&c)

And now -- for the modeling of the dress!

What an exquisite girlish-y figure!
Why, a wasp has a waist what is bigger!

I refuse a larger corset:
If I need to, I can force it.
I shall pull aga in, but this time with more vigour!

Just a tug and a pinch and a squeeze (oomph!)
My, that's snug. That's an inch? Hold now, please! (umphh!)
Just this one last little hurdle,
No one bests me with a girdle.
Let's just pray I never get the urge to sneeze.

I shall be beautiful!
La la la la la la
I shall be beautiful!
I shall be beautiful! (&c)
And I shall -- be beautiful!

4. The Wildebeest

At his mother's nursery window again at last, Peter imagines an epic battle with a creature solomon has summoned to prevent him from reaching his mother's newborn child (the wildebeest).

PETER: The returned one! Poises! Looks! Withdraws! Can she see him? What surprise he shall give her! A hug from her splendid peter at long long last. How quickly he will make her to smile. Oh! No! Prolong the moment, sweeten it. Who's there! In the shadows. Ha . . . The finch! Nearer it draws! But wait -- ! No finch this. Be brave, the hero is betrayed! Betrayed by solomon caw who has summoned instead the veriest rival itself! Have at me, villain, engage me, beast, for thy doom is nigh!

The beast, the beast! The wildebeest!
Long have I hunted, from West to East,
The dragon, the gorgon, the serpent and more,
But never so frightened have I been before
Than I am at this moment, my death at the door
In the eyes of the wildebeest.

Your eyes are as poison, they see through my soul,
They sear through my senses, seizing control.
But you shall not have me, you vile offender;
I'll fight to the death, I'll never surrender.

You charge me? Ha! The battle's engaged,
The swords have been drawn; the war is now waged.

Either you or me, O evil born,
As you lock with me now your white devil's horn,
What fury in me you have released!

I'll not let go, my wildebeest.
You give a roaring mortal cry
As I twist home: die then, die!

You slump, defeated, on your knees,
Shouting your last blasphemies.
Cry out all you will: your evil has ceased.
For I have killed thee, wildebeest.

Long have I hunted from West to East
But never before met the wildebeest,
No never before. The beast, the beast.
The beast that is no more!

(With great confidence, Peter leaps down to the rail of the nursery window. But then he hesitates and withdraws, like a frightened little boy. He approaches again, and then withdraws. And then approaches. Lights fade.)