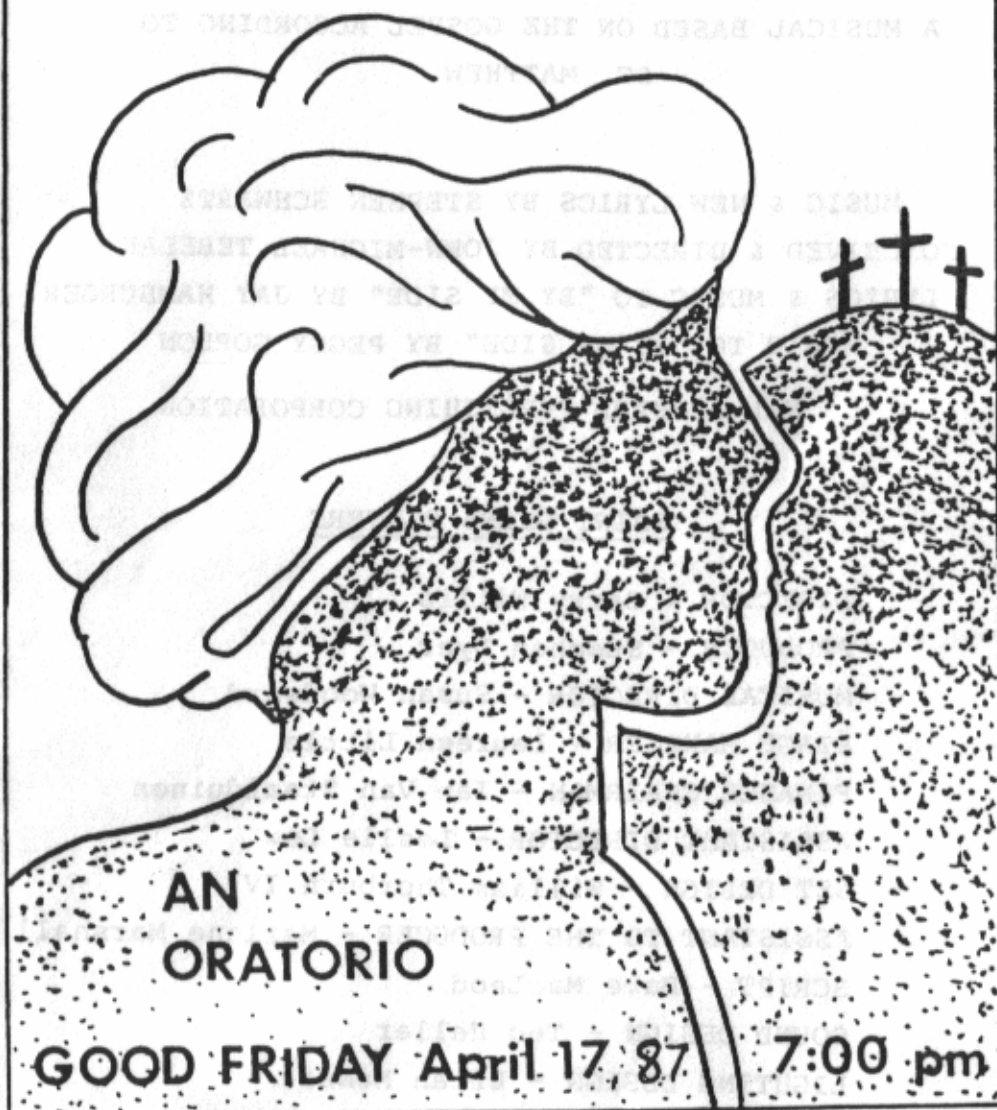


Excerpts From **GODSPELL**



AN
ORATORIO

GOOD FRIDAY April 17, 87 7:00 pm

Saint Giles Presbyterian Church
Presented By The Saint Giles Players

ST. GILES PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

PRESENTS

GODSPELL

A MUSICAL BASED ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO
ST. MATTHEW

MUSIC & NEW LYRICS BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ
CONCEIVED & DIRECTED BY JOHN-MICHAEL TEBELAK
LYRICS & MUSIC TO "BY MY SIDE" BY JAY HAMBURGER
MUSIC TO "BY MY SIDE" BY PEGGY GORDON
HAL LEONARD PUBLISHING CORPORATION

SAINT GILES PLAYERS

DIRECTOR - Garry Willis

PRODUCER - Stephen Dyer

MUSICAL DIRECTOR - Susan Woodward

STAGE MANAGER - Laureen Little

FINANCE CHAIRMAN - Ian Van Staalduinen

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR - Leslie Low

SET DESIGN - William Thorburn IV

ASSISTANT TO THE PRODUCER - Marlene Marshall

SCRIPT - Dave MacLeod

SOUND DESIGN - Ted Heller

LIGHTING DESIGN - Brian McNeil

IN ASSOCIATION WITH O.S.D. PRODUCTIONS.

SETTING: The Garden Of Gethsemane

ACT I

1. Prepare Ye The Way Of The Lord Dennis,
2. Save the People Dennis
3. Day By Day Marlene
4. Learn Your Lessons Well Company
5. Bless The Lord Susan
6. All For The Best Stephen/Bill
7. All Good Gifts Dennis
8. Light of The World Michelle/Ian/Leslie/
/Laureen/

(During Light of The World there will be a Free Will Offering)

I N T E R V A L

(Coffee and Hot Cross Buns will be served in the lower hall during the interval for those on wheelchairs, it will be served in the Narthex)

ACT II

1. Learn Your Lessons Well Company
2. Turn Back, O Man Catherine/Dennis
3. Alas For You Dennis
4. By My Side Leslie/Catherine
5. We Beseech Thee Company
6. Beautiful City Company
7. Day By Day (Reprise) Company
8. On The Willows Company
9. Finale

PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD

Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord

Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord

Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord

Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord

SAVE THE PEOPLE

When wilt Thou save the people?

O God of mercy, when?

The people, Lord, the people
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they
Let them not pass like weeds away
Their heritage a sunless day
God save the people. . . .

Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?

Is it Thy will, O Father,

That man shall toil for wrong?

No, say Thy mountains; no, say Thy skies

Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise

And songs be heard instead of sighs

God save the people. . . .

When wilt Thou save the people?

O God of mercy, when?

The people, Lord, the people

Not thrones and crowns, but men!

God save the people, for Thine they are,

Thy children, as Thy angels fair

Save the people from despair

God save the people

God save the people

God save the people

DAY BY DAY

Day by Day day by day

Oh, dear Lord, three things I pray

To see Thee more clearly

Love Thee more dearly

Follow Thee more nearly

Day by day.

ALL GOOD GIFTS

We plow the fields and scatter

The good seed on the land

But it is fed and watered

By God's almighty hand

He sends the snow in winter

The warmth to swell the grain

The breezes and the sunshine

And soft refreshing rain

All good gifts around us

Are sent from heaven above

Then thank the Lord

O, thank the Lord

For all His love

We thank Thee then, O Father

For all things bright and good

The seedtime and the harvest

Our life, our health, our food

No gifts have we to offer

For all Thy love imparts

But that which Thou desirest

Our humble, thankful hearts

All good gifts around us

Are sent from heaven above

Then thank the Lord,

O, thank the Lord

For all His love.

BLESS THE LORD

O bless the Lord, my soul

His grace to thee proclaim

And all that is within me join

To bless His holy name

O bless the Lord, my soul

His mercies bear in mind

Forget not all His benefits

The Lord to thee is kind

He will not always chide

He will with patience wait

His wrath is ever slow to rise

And ready to abate

And ready to abate

He pardons all thy sins

Prolongs thy feeble breath

He healeth thine infirmities

And ransoms thee from death

He clothes thee with His love

Upholds thee with His truth

And like the eagle He renews

The vigor of thy youth

Then bless His holy name

Whose grace has made thee whole

Whose loving kindness crowns thy days

O bless the Lord, my soul

O bless the Lord, my soul!

O bless the Lord, my soul!

O bless the Lord, my soul!

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O bless the Lord, my soul!

O bless the Lord, my soul!

ALL FOR THE BEST

When you feel sad, or under a curse

Your life is bad, your prospects are worse

Your wife is sighing, crying,

And your olive tree is dying

Temples are greying

And teeth are decaying

And creditors weighing your purse

Your mood and your robe are both a deep

You'd bet that job had nothing on you.

Don't forget that

When you go to heaven you'll be blest

So, it's all for the best.

Some men are born to live at ease

Doing what they please

Richer than the bees are in honey

Never growing old

Never feeling cold

Pulling puts of gold from thin air

The best in every town

Best at shaking down

Best at making mountains of money

They can't take it with them

But what do they care?

They get the center of the meat

Cushions on their seat

Houses on a street where it's sunny

Summers at the sea

Winters warm and free

All of this and we get the rest

But who is the land for?

The sun and the sand for?

You guessed—

It's all for the best.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD

You are the light of the world

You are the light of the world

But if that light's under a bushel

It's lost something kind of crucial

You gotta stay bright to be the light of

You are the salt of the earth

You are the salt of the earth

But if that salt has lost its flavor

It ain't got much in its favor

You can't have that fault and be the salt

So let your light so shine before men

Let your light so shine

O that they might know some kindness

We all need help to feel fine

(Let's have some wine)

You are the city of God

You are the city of God

But if that city's on a hill

It's kind of hard to hide it well

You gotta stay pretty in the city of God

So let your light so shine before men

Let your light so shine

O that they might know some kindness

We all need help to feel fine

(Let's have some wine)

You are the light of the world

You are the light of the world

But the tallest candlestick

Ain't much good without a wick

You gotta live right to be the light of

TURN BACK, O MAN

Turn back, O man, forswear thy foolish ways
Old now is earth and none may count her days
Yet thou, her child, whose head is crowned with flame
Still will not hear thine inner God proclaim:
Turn back, O man
Turn back, O man
Turn back, O man
Forswear thy foolish ways

Earth might be fair, and all men glad and wise
Age after age their tragic empires rise
Built while they dream, and in that dreaming weep
Would man but wake from out his haunted sleep
Turn back, O man
Turn back, O man
Turn back, O man
Forswear thy foolish ways

Earth shall be fair, and all her people one
Nor til that hour shall god's whole will be done
Now, even now, once more from earth to sky
Peals forth in joy man's old undaunted cry
Earth shall be fair, and all her folk be one.

WE BESEECH THEE, HEAR US

Father, hear Thy children's call
Humbly at Thy feet we fall
Prodigals, confessing all
We beseech Thee, hear us

We Thy call have disobeyed
Into paths of sin have strayed
And repentance have delayed
We beseech Thee, hear us

Refrain:

Come sing about love, that caused us first to be
Come sing about love, that made the stone and tree
Come sing about love, love, love that draws us lovingly
We beseech Thee, hear us

Sick, we come to Thee for cure
Guilty, we seek Thy mercy sure
Evil, we long to be made pure,
We beseech Thee, hear us

Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained we pray for sanctity
We beseech Thee, hear us

Refrain:

By the gracious saving call
Spoken tenderly to all
Who have shared man's guilt and fall
We beseech Thee, hear us

By the love that longs to bless
Pitying our sore distress
Leading us to holiness
We beseech Thee, hear us

Grant us hope from earth to rise
And to strain with eager eyes
Towards the promised heavenly prize
We beseech Thee, hear us

Refrain

ALAS FOR YOU

Alas, alas for you, lawyers and pharisees
Hypocrites that you be
Searching for souls and fools to forsake them
You travel the land, you scour the sea
Then when you've got your converts, you make them
Twice as fit for hell
As you are yourselves

Alas, alas for you, lawyers and pharisees
Hypocrites that you are
Sure that the kingdom of heaven awaits you
You will not venture half so far
And other men who might enter the gates you
Keep from passing through
Drag them down with you

You snakes, you viper's brood
You cannot escape being devil's food
I send you prophets and I send you preachers
Sages in rages and ages of teachers
Nothing can mar your mood

Alas, alas for you, lawyers and pharisees
Hypocrites to a man
Sons of the dogs who murdered the prophets
Finishing off what your fathers began
You don't have time to scorn or to scoff, it's
Getting very late
Vengeance doesn't wait

You snakes, you viper's brood
You cannot escape being devil's food
I send you prophets and I send you preachers
Sages in rages and ages of teachers
Nothing can mar your mood

Blind guides! Blind fools!
The blood you've spilt
On you will fall
This nation, this generation
Shall bear the guilt
Of it all!

Alas, alas, alas
Blind fools!

BY MY SIDE *

Where are you going? Where are you going?
Will you take me with you?
For my hand is cold and needs warmth
Where are you going?

Far beyond where the horizon lies
And the land sinks into mellow blueness
O please, take me with you . . .

Let me skip the road with you
I can dare myself, I can dare myself
I'll put a pebble in my shoe
And watch me walk
I can walk . . .

I shall call the pebble dare
We will talk together about walking
Dare shall be carried
And when we both have had enough
I will take him from my shoe, singing:
"Meet your new road. . ."

Then I'll take your hand
Finally glad that you are here
By my side
By my side
That you are here by my side. . .

ON THE WILLOWS

On the willow there
We hung up our lives
For our captors there
Required
Of us songs
And our tormentors mirth
Saying: Sing us one of the songs of Zion
Sing us one of the songs of Zion
Sing us one of the songs of Zion
But how shall we sing . . .
Sing the Lord's song
In a foreign land?

On the willows there
We hung up our lives. . .

SAINT GILES PLAYERS

CAST

David Crawford	Leslie Low
David Crawford Jr.	Marlene Marshall
Marjorie Crawford	Ron Oscroft
Catherine O'Byrne	Kenton Smith
Dennis Dubbin	June Stephen
Susan Dyer	Bill Thorburn
Stephen Dyer	Ian Van Staalduinen
Sydney Kimball	Joanne Watson
Laureen Little	Michelle Woodward
Natalie Lindsay	Dave MacLeod-Narrator

THE BAND

PIANO - Susan Woodward
DRUMS - Brian Hades
SYNTHESIZER, ORGAN - Malcolm Edwards
BASS, BANJO, GUITAR - Ken Pippus
ACOUSTIC GUITAR, BASS - Greg Pippus
FLUTE - Ian Van Staalduinen
REHEARSAL PIANIST - Wilma Rothbauer

PRODUCTION STAFF

MARKETING - Joanne Watson
SESSION LIASON - David Crawford Jr.
ASSISTANT STAGE MANAGER - Randy Howard
PROGRAM - Susan Dyer
COMMUNICATIONS - Marjorie Crawford
FRONT OF HOUSE - Mike Moorehouse
Bill Stephen
GAFFER - Ron Oscroft
MAKEUP - Michelle Woodward
LIGHTING CONSULTANT - Tim Ranson
AUDIO CONSULTANT - Rod Low
TECHNICAL DIRECTOR - Kenton Smith

CREW

LIGHTING - Steve Williamson
SPOT OPERATOR - Julie Freedman
KEY GRIP - Dave Roberts
GREEN ROOM - Nancy Roberts
SOCIAL CONVENOR - Maisie McChasney
THE LITTLE GAFFER - William Thorburn V
WEE GAFFETTE - Ashley Oscroft
LITTLE LIGHT GUY - Christopher Low
CARPENTER - Helge Hodal
(CERTIFIED PROPERTY MANAGEMENT)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

TRAIL APPLIANCES, John Broderick,
John Poulsen-Henry Wisewood Drama Dept.
Kathi Kerbes
SESSION OF ST. GILES
BOARD OF ST. GILES
KELSTAT LANDSCAPING, Linda Woolgar, Kim
Robinson, Tammy Blanchard
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LONG & MCQUADE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS LTD.
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REFRESHMENTS COMMITTEE
KIMBALL VIENNESE GRAND PIANO COURTESY OF
BRIAN BROWN, WESTERN KEYBOARDS - ROLAND
SYNTHESIZER COURTESY OF BEN FREEDMAN

FRIENDS OF SAINT GILES PLAYERS

Tim Sherwood, Iain Young (Church Officer),
John Watson, Wendall Siddall, Bill Stephen,
Tony Klazek, Bill Woodward, Vicki Adams Willis
Gary Van Staalduinen - Belleville, Ontario
Vanessa Weiss, Mdme. Papillion, Cynthia
Caldwell, Bernice Poon, Brenda Feenstra,
Dennis Long, Hans Thunen.

PLUS OUR SPECIAL THANKS TO ALL OF THOSE
WHOSE KIND SUPPORT HAS MADE GODSPELL POSSIBLE.
(Our apologies to any we may have overlooked)

LIGHTING - Steve Williamson
SPOT OPERATOR - Julie Friedman
KEY GUY - Dave Roberts

ON CHRIST THE CLOWN

For the Cast and Company
of Godspell

Stop that man!
The painted juggler with the idiotic grin,
And all his motley gaggle
Of harlequins, fat ladies and sword swallows.
They're all fakes, I think.
At least they're unwelcome intruders into our well calibrated,
Surprise-free universe.
We had read that he was dead.
Can't believe anything you read these days, but we did,
Despite the lillies and anthems and all.
Oh, we knew our noses were itching for something,
With all the beads and mantras and incense.
But he was so gray and unavailable.
Embalmed by church and state. To be viewed on high unfestive occasions.
Is the minstrel really back? That inept troubador, whose unpolitic legerdemain
Finally got him lynched
By the imperial security forces?
Back? Not a chance. Though there are these funny rumours,
But they come from the usual unreliable sources: spooked out undependable
People, notorious liars. Ladies of shady repute. Slight-of-hand artists.
They let on he lives, like love and laughter and man's eternal gullibility.
But who can believe people like them?
Children do, and fools. Maybe a few meter maids.
But who else?
Who else?

Harvey Cox

Author of THE FEAST OF FOOLS

Sept. 1, 1971

Gary Van Staalbein - Belleville, Ontario
Vanessa Weiss, Mimi Pappin, Cynthia
Caldwell, Bernice Ford, Brenda Ferris,
Dennis Long, Hans Tunney
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