Fee, Fie Fo, Fum!

by Andrew Richardson

Lyrics

Have You Heard The Story?

Solo/Duet
Have you heard the story
About a boy called Jack?
He climbed up a beanstalk
And did not look back,
Even though there were giants in the clouds.

[Group 1 join in]
He was in a pickle
When he sold his cow for beans.
He thought that they were magical
But his mother was not pleased,

[Group 2 join in]
So she threw them out the window.
But what she didn’t know
Was that they would
(+Group 3) Grow and
(+Group 4) Grow and
(+Group 5) Grow and grow...

Grow into a beanstalk
About a hundred metres high,
And Jack would bravely climb it
’Til he reached the sky__.

Walk a mean walk, talk a mean talk.
Now it’s time to climb the beanstalk!

(x2)

Have you heard the story... (etc.)

Chor. Left Giants in the clouds.
Chor. Right Giants in the clouds.

(x4)

Getting Up At 4:30

Jack Getting up at 4:30 isn’t easy,
’Cos I’m hardly feeling bright and breezy.
My hair’s a mess,
Got sleep in my eyes.
The sun’s not even started to rise.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, it’s hard to endure.
My breath is foul, it smells like manure!

Group (fanning noses) Phwoar!
And now I feel a little queasy...
Getting up at 4:30 isn’t easy.

Mother (spoken) Jack? That cow isn’t gonna milk itself, you know.

[All repeat from the top.]

Down On The Farm

Brewster Time to give the 5 o’ clock alarm.
It’s another morning on the farm.
Jack Time for me to earn my keep
And play my part.
So much to do I really don’t know
Where to start.

Sheep/Pigs Maybe you should start with good ol’ Daisy.
She’s been a little lazy for a week or two.

Jack I’m sick and tired of waiting
For her to start lactating!

Sheep/Pigs Better find another job to do.

All You’ve got to:
Plant the seeds and pull the weeds
And feed all the chickens.
Livin’ on a farm is quite slim pickin’s.
Time to muck the pigs out.
If only you could get out
Of cleaning up the hay and piggy do,
Doo, do-doo, doo, dooo!

Pigs: (spoken) Oink, oink, oink. Sheep: Yee hah!

(cont’d.)

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Chor. L. Just keep calm and cut the corn.
Chor. R. A farmer’s work is never done.
Chor. L. There’s a job for everyone.
Chor. R. Shear the sheep and spin the yarn.
Chor. L. Pack and stack and fill the barn.
All It’s a hard life - down on the farm.

Come on Daisy, you’re his little cash cow! Time to take the bull by the horns right now. He’s poor as a church mouse, His piggy bank’s run dry. Come on Daisy, give it one more try.

Daisy Moo! Jack (spoken) This is hopeless!

Off We Go To Market

Off we go to market
To sell our Daisy cow,
Through the field
Then on the road to town.

All If you don’t give us milk,
You will have to go!

Jack Guess I’ll still be trying
’Til the cows come home!

All Plant the seeds and pull the weeds
And feed all the chickens.
Livin’ on a farm is quite slim pickin’s.

Sheep/Pigs Uh-oh...

All Oh well, shucks,
It’s nice weather for ducks!

Ducks Quack, quack, quack...

Jack I used to take vacations,
Had higher aspirations
Than being stuck in heaps of Smelly dung!

Ducks Phwoar! Sheep/Pigs Yee hah!

Chor. L. Just keep calm and cut the corn.
Chor. R. A farmer’s work is never done... (etc.)
Climb, Climb, Climb

The Beanstalk

Jack, we never doubted you.
Oh Jack, you know what you must do.
Jack, this is your destiny.
Have you heard the story
About a boy called Jack?
He climbed up a beanstalk
And did not look back.
Oh, Jack!
Climb, climb, climb the beanstalk,
Climb, climb, climb.
Climb, climb, climb the beanstalk
All the way to the top.

Come on Jack, don’t look back...

(etc.)

Jack you’ve always been a dreamer,
Your head up in the clouds.
Now hold your head up proud.
You’ve got the world at your feet
So reach for the sky!

Climb, climb, climb the beanstalk...

(etc.)

Come on Jack, don’t look back...

(etc.)

(spoken)

Three Measly Beans

Mother Beans? Beans? Three measly beans? There may have been worse crimes, but these are difficult times. Beans? How could you be so foolish?

All How could you be so foolish? How could you be so dim? You gave away poor Daisy. What a crazy whim! Where’s the money, Jack? You shouldn’t have come back with Beans, beans, three measly beans. There may have been worse crimes But these are difficult times. Beans, beans, beans...

(spoken) How could you be so stupid?

Jack I think I should head for the hills. Our cupboard is bare And it seems we don’t have a prayer. Beans won’t pay the bills!

All How could you be so stupid? How could you be so rash? Cos now you can’t go shopping. Should have got some cash! Where’s the money, Jack? You shouldn’t have come back with Beans, beans, three measly beans. There may have been worse crimes But these are difficult times. Beans, beans, beans...

Mother Your behaviour is troubling. You know we are struggling. Bills to pay, and all you can say is “Here’s a few beans”? Well give them to me! Watch them go out of the window!

Gullible Fool

Jack Oh what a gullible fool I am, Led like a silly little lamb. The wool was pulled over my eyes. I didn’t even realise. What a gullible fool I am.

Goodnight to you all, and this I pray I hope tomorrow brings a better day.

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Climb, climb, climb the beanstalk
Climb, climb, climb the beanstalk
Climb, climb, climb the beanstalk
All the way to the top! Yes!
Fee, Fie, Fo, Fum!

Giant
Fee, fie, fo, fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he alive or be he dead,
I’ll grind his bones to make my bread.

All
Stay out of sight, Jack,
And don’t make a sound.
You will be eaten if you are found!
Who could foretell:
Giants have a keen sense of smell.

Mrs. Giant  You’re imagining things! Go and have a wash, and I’ll get your breakfast.

[Giant & Chor. L., and Mrs. Giant & Chor. R. sing simultaneously.]

Giant / Chor. Left
Fee, fie, fo, fum!
Fee, fie, fo__, fum!
Be you alive, or be you dead,
He’ll grind your bones to make his bread.

Mrs. Giant / Chor. R. Stay out of sight, Jack... (etc.)
[repeat section in higher key]

Giant (spoken) Be he alive or be he dead,
(sung) I’ll grind his bones to make my bread.

Golden Strings

Harp
La, la-la, la la___ la, la.
La-la-la-la la___ la, la, la la.
La___ la, la, la, la,
La___ la, la, la, la,
La, la la ___ la, la.

I have played for paupers and kings.
A haunting tune of hope I sing.
Peaceful slumber’s what I bring
With beautiful music,
Played__ on golden strings.

The strings of my harp are aching
And my heart is breaking.
Day and night I play this tune.
I pray my knight will be here soon
To rescue me.

All  She has played for paupers and kings.
A haunting tune of hope she sings.
Peaceful slumber’s what she brings
With beautiful music,
Played__ on golden strings.

Harp  With beautiful music,
Played__ on golden strings.

All  La-la-la-la la___ la, la, la la.
La___ la, la, la, la,
La___ la, la, la, la,
La, la la ___ la, la.

Don’t Wake The Giant

Quiet, quiet,
Don’t wake the giant.
Quiet, quiet,
Don’t wake the giant.
Hush, hush, he’s asleep...
So tip - tip - tiptoe,
And don’t make a...  

Hen  Pucahh!

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Now You’ve Heard The Story

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Now you’ve heard the story... (etc.)

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Chor. R. Giants in the clouds.

(x4)

Chor. L. Just keep calm and cut the corn.
Chor. R. A farmer’s work is never done.
Chor. L. There’s a job for everyone.
Chor. R. Shear the sheep and spin the yarn.
Chor. L. Pack and stack and fill the barn.
All It’s a GREAT life -

Chor. L. Down on the farm.
Chor. R. Down on the farm. (x2)
Group Yee hah!

(x3)

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