THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF

A musical by Jeffrey Leask
based on the traditional tale

Scene: A pleasant pasture through which runs a river. Over the river is a bridge. Under the bridge is (unseen as yet) the ferocious troll. Little Billy Goats Gruff enters from L. For a little while it grazes on the grass.

Storyteller: Up the hill came the Billy Goats Gruff,
All three not-so-silly Goats Gruff,
Passing time in idle chatter,
Eating grass and growing fatter,
Three Billy Goats Gruff,
Three Billy Goats Gruff,
The Big and the Little
And the one in the Middle Goats Gruff.

Chorus: Up the hill came the Billy Goats Gruff,
All three not-so-silly Goats Gruff,
Passing time in idle chatter,
Eating grass and growing fatter,
Three Billy Goats Gruff,
Three Billy Goats Gruff,
The Big and the Little
And the one in the Middle Goats Gruff.

Storyteller: First came Little Billy Goats Gruff,
Not too big and not too tough.

Chorus: First came Little Billy Goats Gruff,
Not too big and not too tough.

Storyteller: Little Billy Goat Gruff came to a bridge across a deep river. On the other side of the river was luscious green grass. But guarding the bridge over the river was a ferocious troll.

Troll: Where are you going, Little Billy Goats Gruff?

Little Billy: Across this bridge to eat some grass.
Chorus: No, no! Please don’t go!
If you do, the troll will eat you.

Little Billy: I’m not afraid.

Chorus: No, no! Please don’t go!
If you do, the troll will eat you.

Troll: Who’s that walking on my bridge?
I’ll gobble you up!
I’ll gobble you up!

Little Billy: Don’t eat me; I’m too little. Wait for a bigger Billy Goat Gruff. A fatter one.

Troll: All right, all right. Cross my bridge, but hurry up!

(Little Billy Goat Gruff crosses the bridge and exits.)

Storyteller: Then came Middle Billy Goat Gruff,
Made from slightly stronger stuff.

(Middle Billy Goat Gruff enters from L. and grazes on the grass.)

Chorus: Then came Middle Billy Goat Gruff,
Made from slightly stronger stuff.

Storyteller: Middle Billy Goat Gruff came to the troll’s bridge. He looked at the luscious green grass on the other side. But the ferocious troll would not let him pass.

Troll: Where are you going, Middle Billy Goat Gruff?

Middle Billy: Across this bridge to eat some grass.

Chorus: No, no! Please don’t go!
If you do the troll will eat you.

Middle Billy: I’m not afraid.

Chorus: No, no! Please don’t go!
If you do, the troll will eat you.
Troll: Who’s that walking on my bridge?
   I’ll gobble you up!
   I’ll gobble you up!

Middle Billy: Don’t eat me; I’m too little. Wait for a bigger Billy Goat Gruff. A fatter one.

Troll: All right, all right. Cross my bridge, but hurry up!

(Middle Billy Goat Gruff crosses the bridge and exits.)

Storyteller: Then came Biggest Billy Goat Gruff,
   Very big and very tough.

(Biggest Billy Goat Gruff enters from L. and grazes on the grass.)

Chorus: Then came Biggest Billy Goat Gruff,
   Very big and very tough.

Storyteller: Biggest Billy Goat Gruff came to the troll’s bridge. He looked at the luscious green grass on the other side of the river. But the ferocious troll would not let him pass.

Troll: Where are you going, Biggest Billy Goat Gruff?

Biggest Billy: Across this bridge to eat some grass.

Chorus: No, no! Please don’t go!
   If you do, the troll will eat you.

Biggest Billy: I’m not afraid.

Chorus: No, no! Please don’t go!
   If you do the troll will eat you.

Troll: Who’s that walking on my bridge?
   I’ll gobble you up!
   I’ll gobble you up!

Biggest Billy: Oh, no, you won’t!
Chorus: He was rough,
He was tough,
Not a piece of fluff,
He was one Billy Goat
You could never bluff,
He could butt with his nut
Like a golfer's putt
He was one Billy Goat
You could never bluff.

Storyteller: Biggest Billy Goat Gruff was not afraid of the ugly troll. A terrible fight began.

(The troll comes out from beneath the bridge and goes to attack Biggest Billy Goat Gruff. A fight begins.)

Biggest Billy Goat Gruff was too strong for the troll. Biggest Billy Goat caught the troll on his sharp horns and butted him into the river.

(The troll goes flying into the river, disappearing from sight. A loud splash is heard.)

Chorus: He was rough,
He was tough,
Not a piece of fluff,
He was one Billy Goat
You could never bluff,
He could butt with his nut
Like a golfer's putt
He was one Billy Goat
You could never bluff.

(Biggest Billy Goat Gruff crosses the bridge where he meets the other two goats. Together they march off triumphantly.)

Chorus: Up the hill came the Billy Goats Gruff,
All three not-so-silly Goats Gruff,
Passing time in idle chatter,
Eating grass and growing fatter,
Three Billy Goats Gruff,
Three Billy Goats Gruff,
The Big and the Little
And the one in the Middle Goats Gruff.

CURTAIN