

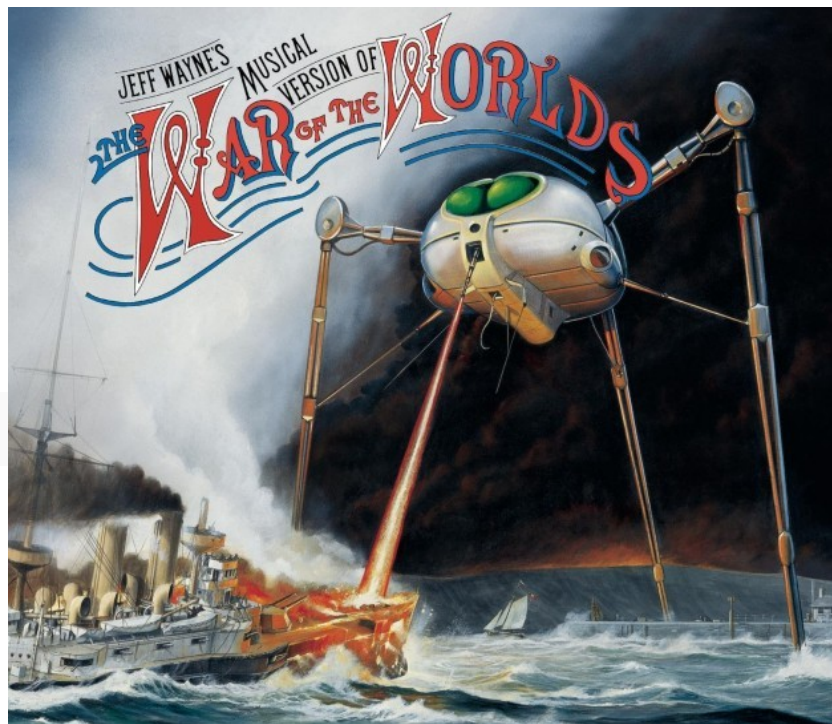
Jeff Wayne's Musical Version of "The War of the Worlds" (1978)

Jeff Wayne made his musical debut with a musical version of "The War of the Worlds", telling the story originally created by H. G. Wells, an English author, in 1897. Jeff Wayne's album was regarded as a "concept album" and a "rock opera". Its main format is a mixture of progressive rock and string orchestra. The album uses narration and leitmotifs* to carry the story, as well as rhyming lyrics to express the feelings of the characters. The album sold 15 million copies worldwide. In 2018, it was named as the 32nd best-selling studio album of all time.

** leitmotif: a melodic phrase that accompanies the reappearance of an idea, person, or situation especially used in music dramas.*

The Album contents:

1. The Eve of the War
2. Horsell Common and the Heat Ray
3. The Artilleryman and the Fighting Machine
4. Forever Autumn
5. Thunder Child
6. The Red Weed (Part 1)
7. The Spirit of Man
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1) The Eve of the War (Narrator: Richard Burton)

No-one would have believed, in the last years of the nineteenth century, that human affairs were being watched from the timeless worlds of space. No-one could have dreamed we were being scrutinized, as someone with a microscope studies creatures that swarm and multiply in a drop of water. Few men even considered the possibility of life on other planets, and yet, across the gulf of space, minds immeasurably superior to ours regarded this Earth with envious eyes, and slowly and surely they drew their plans against us.



At midnight, on the 12th of August, a huge mass of luminous gas erupted from Mars and sped towards Earth. Across two hundred million miles of void, invisibly hurtling towards us came the first of the missiles that were to bring so much calamity to Earth. As I watched, there was another jet of gas - it was another missile, starting on its way.

And that's how it was for the next ten nights. A flare, spurting out from Mars, bright green, drawing a green mist behind it - a beautiful, but somehow disturbing sight. Ogilvy, the astronomer, assured me we were in no danger. He was convinced there could be no living thing on that remote forbidding planet.

The chances of anything coming from Mars are a million to one, he said.

The chances of anything coming from Mars are a million to one, but still they come.

Then came the night the first missile approached Earth. It was thought to be an ordinary falling star, but next day there was a huge crater in the middle of the common, and Ogilvy came to examine what lay there. A cylinder, thirty yards across, glowing hot with faint sounds of movement coming from within. Suddenly the top began moving, rotating, unscrewing, and Ogilvy feared there was a man inside trying to escape. He rushed to the cylinder but the intense heat stopped him before he could burn himself on the metal.

The chances of anything coming from Mars are a million to one, he said.

The chances of anything coming from Mars are a million to one, but still they come.

Yes, the chances of anything coming from Mars are a million to one, he said.

The chances of anything coming from Mars are a million to one, but still they come.

It seems totally incredible to me now that everyone spent that evening as though it were just like any other. From the railway station came the sound of shunting trains, ringing and rumbling, softened almost into melody by the distance. It all seemed so safe and tranquil.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Poi8JAbtng>

2) Horsell Common and the Heat Ray (Narrator: Richard Burton)

Next morning a crowd gathered on the common, hypnotized by the unscrewing of the cylinder. Two feet of shining screw projected when suddenly, the lid fell off. Two luminous, disk-like eyes appeared above the rim. A huge rounded bulk, larger than a bear, rose up slowly, glistening like wet leather. Its lipless mouth quivered and slathered, and snakelike tentacles writhed as the clumsy body heaved and pulsated.

A few young men crept closer to the pit. A tall funnel rose and an invisible ray of heat leapt from man to man, and there was a bright glare as each was instantly turned to fire. Every tree and bush became a mass of flames at the touch of this savage, unearthly heat ray.

People clawed their way off the common, and I ran too. I felt I was being toyed with, that when I was on the very verge of safety this mysterious death would leap after me and strike me down. At last I reached Maybury Hill, and in the dim coolness of my home I wrote an account for my newspaper before I sank into a restless, haunted sleep.

I awoke to alien sounds of hammering from the pit and hurried to the railway station to buy the paper. Around me, the daily routine of life, working eating, sleeping, was continuing serenely as it had for countless years. On Horsell Common, the Martians continued hammering and stirring. Sleepless, indefatigable, at work upon the machines they were making. Now and again a light, like the beam of a warship's searchlight, swept the common, and the heat ray was ready to follow. In the afternoon, a company of soldiers came through and deployed along the edge of the common to form a cordon. That evening, there was a violent crash and I realized with horror that my home was now within range of the Martian's heat ray. At dawn, a falling star with a trail of green mist landed with a flash like summer lightning. This was the second cylinder.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PjX8IAuRFbc>

3) The Artilleryman and the Fighting Machine (Voices: Richard Burton and David Essex)

The hammering from the pit and the pounding of guns grew louder. My fear rose at the sound of someone creeping into the house. Then I saw it was a young artilleryman, weary, streaked with blood and dirt.



Anyone here?

Come in. Here, drink this.

Thank you!

What's happened?

They wiped us out. Hundreds dead, maybe thousands.

The heat ray?

The Martians! They were inside the hoods of machines they'd made. Massive metal things on legs! Giant machines that walked. They attacked us! They wiped us out!

Machines?

Fighting machines! Picking up men and bashing them against trees. Just hunks of metal, but they knew exactly what they were doing.

There was another cylinder came last night.

Yes. It looked bound for London.

London! Carrie! I hadn't dreamed there could be danger to Carrie and her father, so many miles away. I must go to London at once!

And me. To report to headquarters, if there's anything left of it.

At Byfleet we came upon an inn, but it was deserted.

Is everybody dead?

Not everybody. Look! Six cannons with gunners standing by.

Bows and arrows against the lightning. They haven't seen the heat ray yet!

We hurried along the road to Weybridge. Suddenly, there was a heavy explosion. The ground heaved, windows shattered and gusts of smoke erupted in the air.

Look! There they are! What did I tell you?

Quickly, one after the other, four of the fighting machines appeared. Monstrous tripods, higher than the tallest steeple, striding over the pine trees and smashing them. Walking engines of glistening metal. Each carried a huge funnel and I realized with horror that I'd seen this awful thing before.

A fifth machine appeared on the far bank. It raised itself to full height, flourished the funnel high in the air, and the ghostly, terrible heat ray struck the town.

As it struck, all five fighting machines exulted, emitting deafening howls which roared like thunder.

The six guns we had seen now fired simultaneously, decapitating a fighting machine. The Martian inside the hood was slain, splashed to the four winds, and the body, nothing now but an intricate device of metal, went whirling to destruction. As the other monsters advanced, people ran away blindly, the artilleryman among them, but I jumped into the water and hid until forced up to breathe. Now the guns spoke again, but this time the heat ray sent them to oblivion. With a white flash, the heat ray swept across the river. Scalded, half-blinded and agonized, I staggered through leaping, hissing water towards the shore. I fell helplessly, in full sight of the Martians, expecting nothing but death. The foot of a fighting machine came down close to my head, then lifted again, as the four Martians carried away the debris of their fallen comrade, and I realized that by a miracle, I had escaped!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7yEMe4JjRzM>

4) Forever Autumn (Singer: Justin Hayward)

The summer sun is fading as the year grows old
And darker days are drawing near
The winter winds will be much colder
Now you're not here

I watch the birds fly south across the autumn sky
And one by one they disappear
I wish that I was flying with them
Now you're not here

Like the sun through the trees you came to love me
Like a leaf on the breeze you blew away

Through autumn's golden gown we used to kick our way
You always loved this time of year
Those fallen leaves lie undisturbed now
'Cause you're not here

(Musical Interlude)

Like the sun through the trees you came to love me
Like a leaf on the breeze you blew away

A gentle rain falls softly on my weary eyes
As if to hide a lonely tear
My life will be forever Autumn
'Cause you're not here



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=77rinB5pYqA>

5) Thunder Child (Narrator: Richard Burton, Singer: Chris Thompson)

(HMS Thunder Child is a fictional warship which is destroyed by Martians while protecting civilian boats.)



The steamer began to move slowly away. But on the landward horizon, appeared the silhouette of a fighting machine. Another came, and another, striding over hills and trees, plunging far out to sea and blocking the exit of the steamer. Between them, lay the silent, grey ironclad "Thunder Child". Slowly, it moved toward shore, then with a deafening roar and whoosh of spray, it swung about and drove at full speed towards the waiting Martians.

There were ships of shapes and sizes scattered out along the bay
And I thought I heard her calling as the steamer pulled away
The invaders must have seen them as across the coast they filed
Standing firm between them, there lay Thunder Child.

Moving swiftly through the waters, cannons blazing as she came
Brought a mighty metal war-lord, crashing down in sheets of flame
Sensing victory was nearing, thinking fortune must have smiled
People started cheering "Come on Thunder Child", "Come on Thunder Child".

The Martians released their black smoke, but the ship sped on, cutting down one of the tripod figures. Instantly, the others raised their heat rays and melted the Thunder Child's valiant heart.

Lashing ropes and smashing timbers, flashing heat rays pierced the deck
Dashing hopes for our deliverance, as we watched the sinking wreck
With the smoke of battle clearing, over graves in waves defiled
Slowly disappearing, farewell Thunder Child!
Slowly disappearing, farewell Thunder Child!
Farewell Thunder Child! Farewell Thunder Child!

When the smoke cleared, the little steamer had reached the misty horizon, and Carrie was safe. But the Thunder Child had vanished forever, taking with her man's last hope of victory. The leaden sky was lit by green flashes, cylinder following cylinder, and no-one and nothing was left now to fight them. The Earth belonged to the Martians.....

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4RRRe40O6QKU>

6) The Red Weed (Part 1) (Narrator: Richard Burton)

Next day, the dawn was a brilliant fiery red and I wandered through the weird and lurid landscape of another planet; for the vegetation which gives Mars its red appearance had taken root on Earth. As Man had succumbed to the Martians, so our land now succumbed to the Red Weed.

Wherever there was a stream, the Red Weed clung and grew with frightening voraciousness, its claw-like fronds choking the movement of the water, and then it began to creep like a slimy red animal across the land, covering field and ditch and tree and hedgerow with living scarlet feelers, crawling, crawling!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wkk1ohg99FY>

7) The Spirit of Man (Voices: Richard Burton, Phil Lynott, Julie Covington)

I suddenly noticed the body of a parson lying on the ground in a ruined churchyard. I felt unable to leave him to the mercy of the red weed, and decided to bury him, decently.

Nathaniel! Nathaniel!

The parson's eyes flickered open. He was alive!

Nathaniel, I saw the church burst into flame. Are you all right?

Don't touch me!

But it's me, Beth! Your wife!

No! You're one of them - a devil!

He's delirious!

Lies! I saw the devil's sign!

What are you saying?

The green flash in the sky. His demons were here all along, in our hearts and souls, just waiting for a sign from Him. And now they're destroying our world!

But they're not devils, they're Martians.

We must leave here!

Look, a house still standing, come Nathaniel, quickly.

We took shelter in a cottage, and black smoke spread, hemming us in. Then a fighting machine came across the field spraying jets of steam that turned the smoke into thick, black dust...

Dear God, help us!

The voice of the Devil is heard in our land!

Listen, do you hear them drawing near in their search for the sinners?

Feeding on the power of our fear, and the evil within us?

In carnation of Satan's creation of all that we dread.

When the demons arrive, those alive would be better off dead!

Chorus 1:

There must be something worth living for.

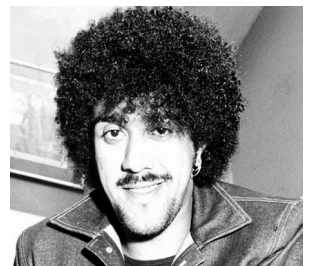
There must be something worth trying for.

Even some things worth dying for.

And if one man could stand tall,

There must be some hope for us all.

Somewhere, somewhere in the spirit of man.



Once there was a time when I believed without hesitation,
That the power of love and truth could conquer all in the name of salvation.
Tell me what kind of weapon is love when it comes to the fight?
And just how much protection is truth against all Satan's might?

[Chorus 1]

People loved you, and trusted you, came to you for help...

Didn't I warn them this would happen? Be on your guard, I said, for the Evil One never rests. I said exorcise the devil! But no, they wouldn't listen, the demons inside them grew and grew, until Satan gave his signal and destroyed the world we knew!

Chorus 2:

No Nathaniel, oh no Nathaniel.
No Nathaniel, no, there must be more to life.
There has to be a way that we can
Restore to life the love we used to know.
No Nathaniel, no, there must be more to life.
There has to be a way that we can
Restore to life the light that we have lost.

Now darkness has descended on our land,
And all your prayers cannot save us.
Like fools we've let the devil take command
Of the souls that God gave us.
To the altar of evil like lambs to the slaughter were led.
When the demons arrive the survivors will envy the dead!

[Chorus 1]

Forget about goodness and mercy, they're gone!

Didn't I warn them? Pray, I said!
Destroy the devil, I said!
They wouldn't listen!
I could have saved the world!
But now it's too late... too late!

[Chorus 2]

Dear God! A cylinder's landed on the house, and we're underneath it, in the pit!

The Martians spent the night making a new machine. It was a squat, metallic spider with huge, articulated claws, but it, too, had a hood in which a Martian sat. I watched it pursuing some people across a field. It caught them nimbly and tossed them into a great metal basket upon its back.

Beth! She's dead! Buried under the rubble. Why?
Satan! Why did you take one of your own?

There is a curse on Mankind.
We may as well be resigned
To let the devil, the devil take the spirit of man.

As time passed in our dark and dusty prison, the Parson wrestled endlessly with his doubts. His outcries invited death for us both - and yet, I pitied him....

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vtMKdVOcXZI>

8) The Red Weed (Part 2) (Voices: Richard Burton, Phil Lynott)

Then, on the 9th day, we saw the Martians eating. Inside the hood of their new machine they were draining the fresh, living blood of men and women and injecting it into their own veins.

It's a sign! I've been given a sign! They must be cast out and I have been chosen to do it! I must confront them now!

No, parson, no!

Those machines are just demons in another form! I shall destroy them with my prayers! I shall burn them with my Holy Cross! I shall

The curious eye of a Martian appeared at the window-slit, and a menacing claw explored the room. I dragged the parson down to the coal cellar. I heard the Martian fumbling at the latch. In the darkness I could see the claw touching things, walls, coal, wood - and then it touched my boot! I almost shouted! For a time it was still and then, with a click, it gripped something. The parson! With slow, deliberate movements, his unconscious body was dragged away, and there was nothing I could do to prevent it.

I crept to the blocked window-slit and peered through the creeper. The Martians, and all their machinery, had gone! Trembling, I dug my way out and clambered to the top of the mound. Not a Martian in sight! The day seemed dazzling bright after my imprisonment and the sky a glowing blue. Red Weed covered every scrap of ground but a gentle breeze kept it swaying, and oh! the sweetness of the air!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hhguuOTjHp4>

9) Brave New World (Voices: Richard Burton, Ricky Wilson)

Halt! Who goes there?

Um ... a friend.

Be on your way. This is my territory.

Your territory? What do you mean?

Wait a minute - it's you! The man from Maybury Hill!

Good heavens! The artillery man! I thought you surely burned!

I thought you surely drowned!

Have you seen any Martians?

Everywhere. We're done for, all right.

We can't just give up.

Course we can't. It's now we've got to start fighting - but not against them, 'cos we can't win. Now we've got to fight for survival. I reckon we can make it. I've got a plan...

We're gonna build a whole new world for ourselves. Look, they clap eyes on us and we're dead, right? So we gotta make a new life where they'll never find us. You know where? Underground! You should see it down there - hundreds of miles of drains - sweet and clean now, after the rain! Dark, quiet, safe. We can build houses and everything, start again, from scratch! And what's so bad about living underground, eh? It's not been so great living up here, if you want my opinion!

Take a look around you at the world we've come to know.
Does it seem to be much more than a crazy circus show?
But maybe from the madness something beautiful will grow.
In a brave new world, with just a handful of men,
We'll start - we'll start all over again! All over again!

We'll build shops and hospitals and barracks, right under their noses - right under their feet! Everything we need - banks, prisons and schools. We'll send scouting parties to collect books and stuff, and men like you will teach the kids. Not poems and rubbish – science! So we can get everything working. We'll build villages and towns and... and we'll play each other at cricket! Listen – maybe one day we'll capture a fighting machine, eh? Learn how to make 'em ourselves and then – wallop! Our turn to do some wiping out! Whoosh with our Heat Ray – Whoosh! And them running and dying, beaten at their own game. Man on top again!

Now our domination of the Earth is fading fast,
And out of the confusion the chance has come at last,
To build a better future from the ashes of the past,
In a brave new world.
Give me a handful of men.
We'll start all over again.

Look - man is born in freedom but he soon becomes a slave
In cages of convention from the cradle to the grave.
The weak fall by the wayside but the strong will be saved
In a brave new world.
With just a handful of men,
We'll start all over again.



I'm not trying to tell you what to be, oh no, oh no, not me.
But if mankind is to survive, the people left alive –
They're gonna have to build this world anew,
And it's going to have to start with me and you. Yes!
I'm not trying to tell you what to be, oh no, oh no, not me.
But if mankind is to survive, the people left alive -
They're gonna have to build this world anew.
Yes, and we will have to be the chosen few!

Just think of all the poverty, the hatred and the lies!
And imagine the destruction of all that you despise.
Slowly from the ashes the phoenix will arise
In a brave new world.
With just a handful of men,
We'll start all over again.

Take a look around you at the world you've loved so well,
And bid the aging empire of man a last farewell.
It may not sound like Heaven but at least it isn't Hell.
It's a brave new world.
With just a handful of men
We'll start – we'll start all over again! All over again!

I've got a plan! Can't you just see it? Civilization starting all over again - a second chance. We'll even build a railway and tunnel to the coast; go there for our holidays. Nothing can stop men like us. I've made a start already. Come on down here and have a look.

In the cellar was a tunnel scarcely ten yards long, that had taken him a week to dig. I could have dug that much in a day, and I suddenly had my first inkling of the gulf between his dreams and his powers...

It's doing the working and the thinking that wears a fella out. I'm ready for a bit of a rest. How about a drink, eh? Nothing but champagne, now I'm the boss!

We drank and then he insisted upon playing cards. With our species on the edge of extermination, with no prospect but a horrible death, we actually played games!

Later, he talked more of his plan, but I saw flames flashing in the deep blue night. Red weed glowing, tripod figures moving distantly, and I put down my champagne glass. I felt a traitor to my kind and I knew I must leave this strange dreamer.

Take a look around you at the world we've come to know.
Does it seem to be much more than a crazy circus show?
Maybe from the madness something beautiful will grow....

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=93JArmMY3n4>

10) Dead London (Voice: Richard Burton)

There were a dozen dead bodies in the Euston road, their outlines softened by the black dust. All was still, houses locked and empty, shops closed but looters had helped themselves to wine and food, and outside a jewellers, some gold chains and a watch were scattered on the pavement.

I stopped, staring toward the sound. It seemed as if that mighty desert of houses had found a voice for its fear and solitude.

The desolating cry worked upon my mind. The wailing took possession of me. I was intensely weary, footsore, hungry and thirsty. Why was I wandering alone in this city of the dead? Why was I alive, when London was lying in state in its black shroud? I felt intolerably lonely, drifting from street to empty street, drawn inexorably towards that cry.

I saw, over the trees on Primrose hill, the fighting machine from which the howling came. I crossed Regents Canal. There stood a second machine, upright, but as still as the first.

Abruptly, the sound ceased. Suddenly, the desolation, the solitude, became unendurable. While that voice sounded, London had still seemed alive. Now, suddenly, there was a change, the passing of something and all that remained was this gaunt quiet.

I looked up and saw a third machine. It was erect and motionless, like the others. An insane resolve possessed me. I would give my life to the Martians, here and now!

I marched recklessly towards the titan and saw that a multitude of black birds was circling and clustering about the hood. I began running along the road, I felt no fear, only a wild trembling exultation, as I ran up the hill towards the motionless monster. Out of the hood hung red shreds, at which the hungry birds now pecked and tore.

I scrambled up to the crest of Primrose Hill, and the Martians camp was below me. A mighty space it was, and scattered about it, in their overturned machines, were the Martians – dead. Slain, after all man's devices had failed, by the humblest things upon the Earth – bacteria! Minute, invisible bacteria.

Directly the invaders arrived and drank and fed, our microscopic allies attacked them. From that moment they were doomed!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OveCLvwDqrM>

11) Epilogue (part 1) (Voice: Richard Burton)

The torment was ended. The people scattered over the country, desperate, leaderless, starved. The thousands who had fled by sea – including the one most dear to me – all would return. The pulse of life, growing stronger and stronger, would beat again!

As life returns to normal, the question of another attack from Mars causes universal concern. Is our planet safe, or is this time of peace merely a reprieve? It may be that, across the immensity of space, they have learned their lessons and even now await their opportunity. Perhaps the future belongs not to us – but to the Martians.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VY2CD1eM1q4>

12) Epilogue (part 2) (Voices: Unknown)

It's looking good. It's going good. We're getting great pictures here at NASA Control, Pasadena. The landing-craft touched down on Mars 28 km from the aim-point. We're looking at a remarkable landscape, littered with different kinds of rocks – red, purple... How about that, Bermuda?

Fantastic! Look at that dune-field.

Hey, wait. I'm getting a no-go signal. Now I'm losing one of the craft. Hey, Bermuda, you getting it?

No, I lost contact. There's a lot of dust blowing up there.

Now I lost the second craft. We got problems.

All contact lost, Pasadena. Maybe the antenna's....

What's that flare? See it? A green flare, coming from Mars, kind of a green mist behind it. It's getting closer. You see it, Bermuda? Come in, Bermuda! Houston, come in! What's going on? Tracking station 43, Canberra, come in, Canberra! Tracking station 63, can you hear me, Madrid? Can anybody hear me? Come in, come in!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mr87nJVKdu0>