

Thunder Child

Jeff Wayne

The Journalist: 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, Thunderchild. Slowly it moved towards shore then, with a deafening roar and whoosh of spray, it swung about and drove at full speed towards the waiting Martians.

People: 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,
Standin' firm between them,
There lay Thunder Child!

Moving swiftly through the waters,
Cannons blazing as she came,
Brought a mighty metal warlord,
CRASHING down in sheets of flame,
Sensing victory was nearing,
Thinkin' fortune must have smiled,
People started cheering,
"Come on Thunderchild!"
"Come on thunderchi hi i-i-ild"

The Journalist: 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 Thunderchild's valiant heart.

People: Lashing ropes and smashing timbers,
Flashing heat rays pierce the deck,
Dashing hopes for our deliverence,
As we watched the sinking wreck!,
With the smoke of battle clearing,
Over graves in waves defiled,
Slowly disappearing,
Farewell Thunderchild,
Slowly disappearing,
Farewell Thunderchild!
Farewell Thunderchi-hi-i-i-ild,
Farewell Thunder-----Child, chi, chi, child!

The Journalist: When the smoke cleared, the little steamer had reached the misty horizon and Carrie was safe. But the Thunderchild had vanished forever, taking with her Man's last hope for victory. The leaden sky was lit by green flashes, cylinder following cylinder, and noone and nothing was left now to fight them. The Earth belonged to the Martians.