

CELTIC EXODUS

THE MUSICAL™

When all hope was lost. There was **America.**



Celtic Exodus

The Musical

© 2023 Skin Music

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Administered by Skin Music 2023

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE | CHARACTERS

The story centres around two notorious families with a long-standing enmity and a fierce rivalry living in the village of Kilturk, Co Fermanagh

The McDonagh Family:

Old Ned 'Rinnca' McDonagh: Dance teacher,

Ned Rinnca McDonagh (Young): All-Ireland Dancing Champion, loses his gift of dancing following a fight

Kate McDonagh: Wife of Ned

Sean McDonagh: 18, Handsome loyal son, a champion dancer, hurler and stick fighter

Brendan McDonagh: 27, son (on the run for suspected assassination and a suspected member of The Whiteboys)

Patrick McDonagh: 23, son (on the run for suspected assassination and a suspected member of The Whiteboys)

The Buckley Family:

"Big" Dan Buckley (Buckey): Legendary stick fighter and dancer

ELLEN BUCKLEY: Wife of 30 years

Siobhan Buckley: Aged 17 years of age, a beautiful talented dancer.

Other Cast Members:

A younger version of Big Dan ('Buckey') for the fight scene

Father Jim Mahon: Parish Priest

Jamie Gallagher: Local well-to-do farmer and owner of the local sheebeen (bar)

Darby Gallagher: Son of Darby Gallagher and a suitor for Siobhan McDonagh with a proposed arranged marriage (commonplace in Ireland in the 1840s)

Little Willy: Confidante, marriage fixer, poteen and whiskey maker

Hugh McWilliams: Newly-appointed land agent

Mr Drysville: Murdered landlord agent

Sir Thomas (Lord Rosemount): Titled landlord and owner of all the lands in Kilturk.

Babs Danaher: Friend of Siobhan Buckley

Paraic McNiff (rogue): Friend of Darby Gallagher and rogue

Widow Maguire: Neighbour of McDonaghs

Reilly: Coach Driver

Priest (Judge): Feis Dancing Championships

Reporter Illustrated London News (WH Smith)

Villagers: **Bridget Burke:** villager (20), **Michael Rourke:** Friend of Sean McDonagh (22), **Mary Gallagher:**

Villager (25), **Seamus,, Kelleher:** Villager (18), **Josie O'Brien:** Villager (26), **John Kelly:** Villager (22) **Paddy Ryan:** Villager (29)

Extras

Onlooker No 1: Fight Scene

Onlooker No 2: Fight Scene

Onlooker No 3: Fight Scene

Female Croney of Young Buckey: Fight Scene

Man 1: Bar Scene

Man 2: Bar Scene

Man 3: Bar Scene

Sailor: Arriving at New York Harbour

Girls Chorus

Boys Chorus

Redcoat British Soldiers

Peelers (policemen): Eviction Scene

ACT 1

Scene 1: : Fight & Dance Dream Sequence

PAGE 11

Mud Cabin - Ned's bed, Dream Sequence: The fire dance festival and the fateful fight when he became a cripple. Dancing and stick fighting scene: *(Old Ned Rinnca, Young Ned Rinnca, Young Ned dancing troupe Young Buckey, Buckey's cronies.)*

Scene 2: Give Them up!

PAGE 14

McDonagh's Mud Cabin where the parish priest urges Kate and Ned to give up their sons who are running away from the law for their allegedly killing the Land Agent. *(Kate, Ned Rinnca, Father Jim McMahon)*

Scene 3: An Arranged Marriage | Dance to My Tune

PAGE 20

In Gallagher's sheebeen (bar), an arranged marriage for Siobhan Buckley is discussed. Buckey meets the new land agent who fails to fall for his smooth talk. Outside the sheebeen, the tyrannical agent, McWilliams cracks the whip as the people of the town dance to his bidding *(Buckey, Jamie Gallagher, Hugh McWilliams, Man 1 and 2, Redcoat soldiers)*

Scene 4: Love is All Just Vanity

PAGE 26

Buckey's Cottage, He warns Ellen about the new land agent and of the doom that awaits them and the people of Kilturk. They sing of their arranged marriage. He tells his daughter, Siobhan of her arranged marriage to Darby Gallagher, She is in despair as she does not love him and refuses the offer. *(Big Dan Buckley, ELLEN BUCKLEY, Siobhan Buckley)*

Scene 5: Little Willy's Fancies | King of My Heart

PAGE 30

We meet Little Willy, the loveable rogue, town matchmaker who hears Siobhan's lament for her true love. Willy cheers her up and promises to help her find her love. *(Little Willy, Siobhan Buckley and 4 Girls)*

(Darby Gallagher, McNiff, Babs Danaher, Buckey, Siobhan, Sean, Little Willy, Dancers)

Scene 6: :Fire Dance | The Drowning | Darby's Deceit

PAGE 36

Little Willy partners up Siobhan and Sean at the dance., They win the hearts of the town with their dancing. When her arranged marriage is mentioned, Siobhan runs to the edge of town and falls into a boghole. She is saved by Sean McDonagh. Misinformed by Darby Gallagher that Sean had been the cause of her accident and misleading him into believing he is a cad, Buckey starts a fight with Sean. The fight whimpers out and Buckey carries Siobhan home. *(dancers, Siobhan, Sean, Little Willy, Buckey, Babs, Darby Gallagher)*

Scene 7: An Impossible Love

PAGE 47

Both Siobhan and Sean cannot sleep, they meet accidentally when dancing in the moonlight. They lament their love in song. They finally embrace and pronounce their love for each other.. *(Siobhan, Sean)*

Scene 8: The Great Hunger | Incantation

PAGE 51

Potato Field. The crop has failed and Willie calls upon all the Gods to relieve them of their ruination *(Little Willy, Sean)*

ACT 2

1847

Scene 9: Panic In Kilturk | The Banshees Visit

PAGE 55

The blight has spread throughout the village and the banshees visit the town as death and starvation loom. Father Mahon tries to help but knows it will be uphill against the tyrant McWilliams (*Village, Sean, Father Mahon, Little Willy, McWilliams*)

Scene 10: A Hopeless Future | Darby's Mischief

PAGE 57

Without money to emigrate, there is no hope. Sean has a plan which includes eloping Siobhan, however the informer McNiff overhears and tells Darby. They plan to betray the Whiteboys location to McWilliams and get the reward (*Siobhan, Sean, Darby, McNiff*)

Scene 11 Reporting a Great Calamity

PAGE 62

A London Reporter tells the world of the great calamity affecting Ireland in Black 47, (*WH Smith – reporter*)

Scene 12: McWilliams' Tyranny

PAGE 65

McWilliams wrecks the McDonagh's cabin searching for the Whiteboys and swears vengeance on their sons. Ned plans to steal the landlord's gold on rent day, but his wife does not approve. (*McWilliams, Soldiers, Ned, Kate*)

Scene 13: Gale Day

PAGE 68

One by one, the villagers do their best to pay their rent or face eviction. (*McWilliams, McDonaghs, Buckleys,*

Scene 14 The Whiteboys Take Action!

PAGE 70

The rebels take matters into their own hands and hold up the landlord for his gold

Scene 15: No mercy | A Town is Evicted

PAGE 74

McWilliams arrives at dawn and proceeds to take pleasure in evicting the entire town including Buckey who has paid his rent and has never missed a payment. One by One each house is tumbled. In anger, Buckey tells Babs to move the stone at the Celtic Cross in town to get a gun. As McWilliams and the soldiers walk away there is a bloody death bath with redcoats and villagers shooting each other. The wait for reinforcements to return. Their lives, homes and village in tatters. (*McWilliams, Redcoats, peelers, Babs Danaher, Little Willy, Kate McDonagh, Ellen Buckey, Widow Maguire*)

Scene 16: Dance for our Lives

PAGE 81

Sean and Siobhan dance to win the money to emigrate and make a new life for themselves, they win the mixed couples and the all Ireland male dance champion in Dublin.

Scene 17: Leave to Live, or Stay to Die | Confessions

PAGE 83

Siobhan and Sean arrive home to Kilturk on the day of the eviction to find everyone lying on the ground, their homes destroyed and many dead. Buckey asks Ned for forgiveness and has a confession to make about his role with the Whiteboys.

Scene 18: Reporting The Destruction

PAGE 68

Scene 19: The Crossing | What Lies Ahead

PAGE 91

FINALE: THANK GOD FOR AMERICA

PAGE 94

MUSIC & DANCE NUMBERS

ACT 1:

Scene 1: Dream Sequence: *"Famine Overture"* (orchestra)

Dance: Buckey's Dance Troupe competes with Ned's Dance Troupe, fighting in a spectacular combination of Irish tap dancing and stick fighting with the sound of sticks battling with the sound of Irish tap.

Scene 2:

1. Song: *"The Great Big Wheel of Life theme"* (sung by the girl's chorus and the boy's chorus)
2. Song: *"Ireland, My Ireland"* (sung by Ned Rinnca)

Scene 3:

3. *"Dance to my tune"* (sung by Hugh McWilliams)
- McWilliams, Set dancers (townsfolk): A dance including whip cracking by McWilliams and the townspeople dance his bidding.

Scene 4:

4. *"Love is all just vanity"* (sung by Buckey and Ellen)

Scene 5:

5. *"The Whiskey Maker"* (sung by Little Willy and Willy's Drinking Gang).
6. *"The King of my Heart"* (sung by Siobhan Buckley)
7. *"The Great Big Wheel of Life"* (girls chorus and boy's chorus)
8. *"I can't dance"* (sung by Little Willy)

Scene 6:

- "The hare in the heather"* (Instrumental orchestra, with Irish harp)

Dancing scene: The Fire Dance: A myriad of couples dance together showing off their dancing skills combined with fire and mayballs. However, it is Sean and Siobhan who win the admiration of everyone.

Scene 7:

Love dance: Sean and Siobhan dance together in a mix of Irish traditional dance steps and modern dance as they fall in love.

9. "The Misty Foggy Dew" (**Sung by Ned Rinnca**)

10. "She has feelings, He has Feelings" (**Sung by Siobhan and Sean**)

11. "My Siobhan" (**Sung by Sean McDonagh**)

Scene 8

"Incantation" (**Little Willy**)

12. "A Great Hunger Comes oer' the land" (**Little Willy**)

ACT 2:

Scene 9

"The Famine Overture" (**orchestra and sub-bass synth**).

Famine Dance: The village in panic dance with the banshees as death encircles the town of Kilturk.

"Report from Winter 1947" (**WH Smith, A Reporter from the Illustrated London News**)

Scene 10

13. "Butterfly" (**Sean McDonagh & Siobhan Buckley**)

Scene 11

"Time Marches On (**The Girls Chorus**)

"The Great Big Wheel of Life (**Ned Rincca**)

Scene 13:

"Got to Get Away" (**Sung by.....**)

The Tumbling Men" (**Sung by the Redcoat Soldiers**)

"lament for the village" (**Sung by:**

Scene 16

Couples dancing at the competition

The Victory Dance by Siobhan & Sean

The Solo Dance by Sean to win the All Ireland

14. "People of Ireland" (**Priest & Cast**)

Scene 17

The farewell dance (bittersweet dance to wake the departed and those staying (Sean McDonagh)

Scene 18

15. "What Lies Ahead" (**sung by Sean and Siobhan**)

16. "The Crossing" (**sung by.....)**

17. Keen for the Lost Millions (**sung by.....)**

FINALE

18. "Thank God For America (**All Cast**) Dance finale

Historical Backdrop Kilturk, County Fermanagh, 1845

* * * *

A nation loses hope and finds it in America

Scene Setting: We are in a small village which is referred to as a “cloghan” in Gaelic. It comprises of a cluster of cabins which creates a community of small rural farms rented from one landlord. The landlord is Sir Thomas Rosemount or Lord Rosemount. In the townland, groups and families are divided into factions, often arch-rivals, which means trouble and fighting. Generally, the fighting occurs at gatherings such as festivals, dance patterns or wakes (funerals). Usually it is as a result of whiskey and drinking. The opposing faction’s leaders are highly-skilled fighters, using sticks or “shillelagh” as their weapons of choice. They are renowned heroes in their localities and are larger-than-life characters, with stories recounted about these legendary fights around the fireplace. When fighting occurs, injuries can be fatal, which means revenge is sure to be sought at the subsequent encounter. This type of fighting is known as “Botha Buille” meaning a frenzy of rage like a bull.

Because land is the key to survival, land means everything to the people in this impoverished, broken, run-down, misgoverned country. Land issues further fuel the tension between the farmers and the landless labourers. These poverty-stricken, landless labourers try to persuade the landlords and farmers to hand over more land to ‘conacre’. ‘Conacre’ was a system of cropping one or two acres of the farmer’s land in return for labour or for money, which could be paid back after the harvest. The McDonaghs would have been part of this system. The local community condemned “land grabbing.” The communities of the townland would shun those that took land from an evicted tenant. Young men took the matter into their own hands and joined the Whiteboys, a secret agrarian organisation in Ireland, who took vigilante action to defend tenants’ rights to subsistence farming. They earned the name the Whiteboys as they wore white smocks during their nightly raids on landlords and their agents. In America, the term Whiteboy crossed the Atlantic and was used to refer to a rebel outside the cities. In the play, we learn that the two McDonagh boys have joined the Whiteboys to seek justice for the town of Kilturk.

Kilturk: In the locality of Kilturk County Fermanagh, two notorious opposing factions live side-by-side - the McDonaghs and the Buckleys. For the past 20 years, both families have held a long-standing hatred and animosity toward each other. Whenever the McDonagh family name is mentioned, the head of the Buckley Household’s (Big Dan Buckley or ‘Buckey’) face darkens into a frenzy of hate and rage.

The Buckleys: The Buckley family rent a farm of 12 acres in a comfortable three-roomed cottage with one daughter. At just 17 years of age, their daughter Siobhan is renowned as one of the most beautiful colleens in Ireland, with her wavy dark hair, large blue eyes, long slender neck, and creamy alabaster skin. The mention of her name sends many hearts fluttering around the County of Fermanagh and further afield. This is back at a time when the first merit of a woman is her beauty. Yet she is also a most graceful and passionate dancer

and can sing with the voice of an angel. She is also a headstrong fighter like her father, 'Buckey'. Many people in the area know Big Dan Buckley, one of the greatest stick fighters of his time and a man with whom you would not mess. His marriage to Ellen was arranged and they have been happy for over twenty years.

The McDonaghs: Twenty years ago, the McDonaghs were prosperous farmers holding over 25 acres of land. However, they were evicted from their lands when Ned "Rinnca" McDonagh fell on hard times due to an injury he received to his leg during a fight with "Big Dan Buckley" at the Bealtaine festival (May Festival). Lord Rosemount evicted Ned from his farm due to his injury and inability to work and pay his rent.

During the fight, Big Dan was in a drunken rage and crushed Ned's foot purposely using a grinding stone, shouting in anger: *"You'll never dance again, McDonagh, EVER!"* People said it was because he was jealous of Ned's champion dancing abilities. The injury meant Ned was left limping for the rest of his life, and when the story is recounted around the fireside or at the bar, storytellers say that they can still hear Ned's screams to this day. Over the next 20 years, Ned builds a reputation as a Dancing Master, and young people come from near and far to learn the art of dance. With their fortunes irrevocably changed due to the injury, the McDonaghs live in a small mud cabin with just two acres of potato garden. It is here that Ned lives with his wife Kate and their three sons. Their youngest son is Sean Rinnca. At eighteen years of age, Sean is a tall, dashing character, bestowed with a great sense of humour and is an upstanding character, well-liked in his community. He has his father's dancing talent and is a renowned athlete, excelling in hurling, football, running and stick fighting. Sean is a county legend as he is one of the most skilful stick fighters of his young generation. His two brothers are on the run, under suspicion for the assassination of Mr Drysville, a Landlord's Agent. Sean is a diligent and dutiful son, choosing to stay at home to help the family's fortunes by teaching dance and working as a hard labourer on various farms to help with their fortunes.

Set in 1845 during the Irish Holocaust

We meet the McDonagh and the Buckley families when famine strikes due to the failure of the potato crop. Over one million Irish people die of starvation and disease in the 'Great Famine' or the 'Great Hunger'. The British Government exported food products by guarded militia such as grain and livestock while the nation starved. This famine significantly impacted Irish society and America's history, with an exodus of two million Irish people to American soil. Many Irish descendants go on to shape the United States as we know it today – such as JFK, Jackie Kennedy Onassis, Henry Ford, Walt Disney, Bruce Springsteen, Gene Kelly, Kurt Cobain, Mariah Carey, Conan O'Brien, Barack Obama, George Clooney, Grace Kelly, Drew Barrymore, Tom Cruise, Alicia Keys, Vince Vaughn, Jimmy Fallon, Julia Roberts, Robert Downey Jr and many more.

1845 Kilturk

SCENE 1

OPENING MUSIC - The Famine Overture.

Dance and fight at the Bealtaine Festival 20 years ago.

(The Dream Sequence)

At the side of the stage, we see Ned in bed, sleeping while tossing and turning and moaning. Ned is besieged by recurring dreams and constantly relives that fateful day during the festival of Bealtaine (or the fire dance festival) when his leg was broken and crushed by his arch-enemy BUCKEY.

Setting: 1825. *In Ned's nightmare, we are transported back to the Bealtaine Dance or the fire dance festival 20 years ago. The music is tribal and hypnotic. This pattern/festival is an important celebration in Ireland and has been held in Kilturk since pagan times. Dancing is a key part of the ritual and the coveted prizes of gold and silver balls, known as 'the May balls' are at stake and awarded to the best dancers throughout Ireland. These balls sit on top of a highly decorated pole of flowers and ribbons like a trophy for all to see. The stage is illuminated like a fiesta of fire, colour and light with blazing torches moving in time with the dance. Then everything goes dark.*

A tight spotlight catches and follows a pair of dancing feet that are lithe, fast and graceful. They caress the floor with strength and precision. The spot focuses only on his feet. The music is enchanting and appears to hypnotise the others to join as the lights spread to reveal a group of young people in full dancing flight. At their centre is this powerful dancer. This is young Ned Rinnca at the height of his powers. Ned is beautiful to watch. He has wings on his feet. The rhythms rise and swell with the fire of life. Suddenly the mood changes, with the arrival of another group of dancers led by Big Dan Buckley (BUCKEY), a man jealous of Sean's dancing ability. The two factions dance in a dream-like way; one more aggressive than the other, their sticks and feet in various combinations to the rhythms of the music. The battle dance and mock stick fighting rage as each group fights for supremacy. A combination of feet and sticks clashing heightens the excitement of the dance and the crowd watching. But it is Ned who is winning the crowd's approval and admiration, who are cheering and in awe of his skills.

(People are commenting)

ONLOOKER NO 1:

He handles his feet well

ONLOOKER NO 2:

Sure He has wings on his feet

ONLOOKER NO 3:

They say he's the best in all of Ireland

ONLOOKER NO 1:

Show us what you can do Buckey!

Young Buckey picks up the challenge but instead of them clapping in admiration, his dance moves make the crowd laugh as he uses more stick action than dancing.

CROWD:

Ha,ha! Buckey, you need some dance lessons!

This angers him and he continues to try to emulate Ned's moves.

BUCKEY'S CRONY:

Yer as good as McDonagh!

Ned picks it up again to the cheers of the people who announce him as the winner.

CROWD:

No doubt about it! Ned is the winner!
Three cheers for Ned!!

While NED continues to dance, He drains the whiskey jug, stops the dance and picks a fight with Ned, who is no match for Buckey at fighting.

BUCKEY:

Stop the dance. You might beat me dancin', but you won't beat me at the fighting I dare you to step on the tail of my coat! NO ONE will say black is the white of my eye.

Egged on by the mob, who love a good stick fight, Ned can't refuse the challenge. And so, the fight begins in earnest. The clash of sticks moves in time with the music.

ONLOOKER NO 1:

Don't let him get the better of you, Ned me boyo, you can lick him!

The fight gathers momentum. The music picks-up speed until Ned is tripped up by one of Buckey's cronies and falls to the ground clumsily with all his weight.. One of Buckey's female cronies grabs a grinding stone hidden in her apron and hands it to Buckey who uses this as a weapon to commit an awful vengeful deed. He lifts the large grinding stone and crushes Ned's right foot as he lies on the ground.

(Screaming in his drunken stupor and rage)

BUCKEY:

I'll see to it that you never dance again McDonagh! tis' your last one ever! Enjoy it! You'll never dance again in this land... EVER!

One hit is not enough. He wants to inflict the maximum injury. He brings the stone down again, and again, and again on poor Ned's right foot. Ned screams in pain which echoes throughout the stage - piercing and visceral.

1845

* * * *

SCENE 2: **The McDonagh's Mud Cabin, present-day 1845**

The scream carries forward to the present as we see old Ned awake from his dream with sweat pouring from his brow, shouting as he relives this life-changing event. Kate is at the half door speaking to the priest Father Jim

FATHER JIM MCMAHON:

You have to tell your sons to give themselves up!

Kate and Father Jim are interrupted by Ned's screams which startles the priest. He looks at Kate worried.

Old Ned Rinnca McDonagh:

Ahhhhhhhhhhhh Nooooooooooooooooooooo!!

KATE MCDONAGH:

Ah don't be alarmed, Father Mahon. He's alright - just his old nightmare again. He'd be far better if he'd stayed out of that fight. Instead of fightin' each other - they should have combined and fought the common foe, the Sassenach and the landlords like my two brave sons. Wirra ! Botha Builla [Stick fighting] All that hurt and sorrows, and for nothin.' He's never been the same since. Cushlamocree. Once the pride of all Erin... no one could dance better than My Ned, my jewel...Now he's wounded, doubled up and crippled by that bully hulk of a gladiator - Buckey. Oh father, that day was a down blow to us..... Ned was giving him a lambasting, and Buckey couldn't take it fairly... Not man enough...to take a beatin' at the dance.

Now...the poor divil... He's besides himself worried about our Little Brendan and Pat, is there no peace for the man in this vale of tears?"

(Shouting)

OLD NED RINNCA MCDONAGH:

Who's that at the half door?

(More insistent and angry)

OLD NED RINNCA MCDONAGH:

Who's at the door, woman?

(Reassuring)

KATE MCDONAGH:

Tis' only Father Jim, mo storeen {My Love}.

Ned stretches and stumbles out of bed with great difficulty, then walks to the half door with a limp and and clumsily stoops at the half door.

OLD NED RINNCA MCDONAGH:

What brings your reverence to our humble cabin Father?
What were you gosterin' about there woman?

FATHER JIM:

There's talk about your boys it's believed they are still in the area..... People are saying they're the Drysville murderers. And if they are....they have broken the laws of God and man ...They have committed a cardinal sin and they must be punished..... You'll have to turn them in. Have they been here at all?

NED RINCCA MCDONAGH:

I'll not give up my sons ...even if they were under my bed at this very moment...even if they were guilty... not to those murdering landlords, those agents and lawless magistrates...and make no bones about it..... they have us all broken down in our fortunes... They're murdering people daily!

Who brings them to justice?

NO ONE.... except for the White boys.....

FATHER JIM:

They are the Whiteboys

(Defending)

KATE MCDONAGH:

That's loose talk Father.

(Resolutely)

FATHER JIM:

And... they will dance their last jig with a hemp cravat
round their necks...and the hangman will leave their
carcass on the scaffold to feed the crows.
It'll all come to no good...be warned.

(with a passion)

OLD NED RINNCA MCDONAGH:

We despise our landlord and all those belonging to them,
just as the devil hates holy water.

FATHER JIM:

Watch out for your boys.... if they come back, Tis best
they give themselves upThey have to face up to their
sins and stand trialI'll make sure they get fair
justice.

(Arising and getting angry)

OLD NED RINNCA MCDONAGH:

Yerra!
How can they get Justice?? When the devil is the judge,
and the court is held in hell. Sure, what chance would
they get at all?

(With strong conviction)

KATE MCDONAGH:

WE'll never give over OUR sons to them that have never
given justice to Ireland!

(with a hint of warning)

FATHER JIM:

The new agent has threatened to evict and clear the lands
if they are not given up. There'll be trouble for
everyone in the town, not just the McDonaghs!
He'll do it, Mark my words. This is a man without mercy.
He's the very worst of men.

Father Jim starts to walk away from the house down the lane.

(Kate and Ned shout back at him as he leaves)

OLD NED RINNCA MCDONAGH:

Be off out of that with that kind of talk Father!

KATE MCDONAGH:

Them landlords don't care! They'll evict us anyway. Any
excuse to clear the lands and make more money.
They don't care about us at all.
Anyhow My boys have taken leave of the country.

(Ned whispers to Kate as he puts his hand lovingly on her shoulder).

OLD NED RINNCA MCDONAGH:

He's a young fool that Father Jim. He must side with the
people or lose them!

(They hug and she whispers into his ear and she helps him inside)

KATE MCDONAGH:

Sure, he's a lot to learn yet, mavourneen [my love].

SONG: Sung by the Girl Chorus:

"The Great Big Wheel of Life"

Time marches on through the fair hills and the valleys
Time goes by so fast, there's no time to smell the roses
There is no second chance in a world that's spinning madly
We cannot change what's done, it's a legacy forever
Passing moments never found forgiveness
Moments of life that have never been forgotten
Changing whispering sins of the fathers
Generations of today must find a road forward
as time marches on through the mountains and valleys of Ireland

Sung by the Boy chorus:

This is the wheel of life, The great big wheel.
Shrot mor an Donn.
Great big wheel goes spinning, spinning round and around.

Tell me what the future brings.
Will we be poor or rich as kings?
Will there be love and happiness?
Will I be a great success?

Round and round the circle goes.
All the answers no one knows
Mysteries of life unfold,
Day by day the story's told
Twists and it turns the crocket road
Ups and downs, as life goes spinning round.
The great wheel of life is spinning, spinning, round and round
Round and round the circles go, mysteries of life unfold
What comes next, we'll never know.
Future of our life's unknown

Round and round the circle goes
All the answers no one knows
The mysteries of life unfold day by day
The story's told to all

(Concerned, looking into his eyes tenderly)

KATE MCDONAGH:

What were you dreaming about Ned?

(Ned whispers and you can hear the pain in his voice)

OLD NED RINNCA MCDONAGH:

You know. Sometimes it's that recurring nightmare - the
fight with Buckey. And then sometimes my dreams are a
release from reality. But dreams are just dreams, they
don't change reality. These are hard times. My heart goes
out to poor Ireland and our people! My heart goes out to
our family and sons who have no future here.

(resigned)

KATE MCDONAGH:

These are sad days for Ireland to be sure. We're beaten
trodden down, helpless, hopeless, landless in this fertile
land of our forefathers.

OLD NED RINNCA MCDONAGH:

I hear the constant croaks of the ravens. Hungry, craving
flesh! Rise up mighty Raven - this will be the year you
will have your fill of flesh.

NED STARTS TO SING WITH PASSION:

"Ireland My Ireland"

In my dreams I know that I can fly.
Just like the small birds and the free birds
I would fly just like the birds on high, to the freedom of the skies
I would soar across the heavens
How easy now it seems
Like the birds, I'll have no fear or sorrow in the shadow,
the shadows of my dreams

CHORUS: Ireland my Ireland
It seems to me that all the trees are sighing in the breeze
Ireland, I cry for my land and
It seems to me that all the leaves are whispering in the wind

As I wander through this lonely world
In the shadow of my dreams
In a land that's filled with sorrow and a heart that's filled with pain
I wonder will the future see, my heart be free again
In a land that has no freedom impoverished and enchained

CHORUS: Ireland my Ireland
It seems to me that all the leaves are gone
As I wander through this wonderland alone
I can see a rich and fertile land
I feel the spirit of a nation
A young maiden weeps upon the harp
I see tumbling towns and towers
In this beauty and the splendour
From the mountains to the seas
But the wildflowers drown again in sorrow
In this valley, this valley filled with tears

CHORUS: Ireland my Ireland
It seems to me that all the trees are sighing in the breeze
Ireland, I cry for my land a a a and
It seems to me that all the leaves are whispering in the wind

As I fly across this lonely land
see golden fields of corn
see a land that's filled with plenty
Yet its people starve and die
Young Ireland is now silenced
And are banished far away

Ireland My Ireland
Seems to me that all the leaves are gone
As I wander through this lonely land alone

Scene 3: An Arranged Marriage | Dance to My Tune

Setting: (Bar) at Gallagher's house

The Sheebeen (bar) is located at Gallagher's house, where Big Dan (Buckey) is arranging a marriage between his daughter and Jamie Gallagher's son, Darby. They are negotiating the terms of the marriage.

BUCKEY:

It's ten gold sovereigns to ya for my daughter's dowry.
No more. No less. Can you match it Gallagher?
Sure, If you had any pride you'd double it!

JAMIE GALLAGHER:

I'll not match it! Sure, I'm giving ye them two fine milking cows, a feather bed - the best in the land, and three acres on the backfields of the McDonagh place.

BUCKEY:

I'll not have my only daughter live near those muck savages!
'No, no, It's OFF. Forget the deal unless you match my offer and a decent place to live.

NO shanty...NO skeedeen...

You insult my jewel and darling of a girleen with the relics of old decency. I had a deal with that Drysville for Madden's land. Not there's a fine place. They could be snug and happy there.

JAMIE GALLAGHER:

You can't take that place, It's the old Maddens place.
They got evicted last month. I heard a rumour that someone else offered more rent to that greedy agent.
Thanks to the Whiteboys, he's pushin' up the daisies.

The penny drops and Jamie suddenly realises it was Dan who offered more rent. He is taken aback:

JAMIE GALLAGHER:

Good God on high Dan. Tell me it wasn't you Dan? Lord God, I can't do that... I couldn't do that to decent honest hard-working' people like the Maddens. I'll NOT have my lad live on their land. Their family were there for over three hundred years. Anyhow your deal is dead with Drysville. There's a new man now and I don't think he is in the humour of dealin' from what I hear.

(Changing the subject, Buckey orders another drink out of his turn because he astutely knows it softens Jamie and changes his thinking.

BIG DAN BUCKLEY (BUCKEY): (singing)

More whiskey for everyone... For a decent man is Buckley.....
a man who'll look after all his friends...HERE take a slug
me boys, for it'll do you no harm..... Remember Big Dan
Buckley is a decent Irishman.

Raising his glass and knocking back the whiskey in one hungry gulp:

MAN 1 IN BAR:

Health to ya big Dan, and may you always have good luck.
For there is no better man to wheel a fight better nor
manoeuvre an alpeen!

MAN 2 IN BAR:

If a man doesn't marry, he'll rue it sore, and when he
does get married, he'll rue it more.

(Another glass is raised to Dan)

MAN 3 in BAR:

And may you never scratch the beggarman's back...

(Suddenly the door is swung open, everyone jumps - the new agent - Hugh Mc Williams arrogantly announces himself to the men. The sheebeen falls into a stark silence - You can almost hear a pin drop as the men turn to look at the new land agent and magistrate.)

(In a stiff British accent)

NEW AGENT - HUGH MCWILLIAMS:

I'm told that I'd find many of my tenants here today. And indeed I do. So, I'm here to tell one and all, that it is I, Hugh McWilliams, who is the new law in this jurisdiction. And unless the murderers of Mr. Drysville, the late magistrate and land agent of Sir Thomas Lord Rosemont are caught and handed up to me, there will be clearances on these lands. Mark my words there will be no mercy - there will be transportations and hangings - **This** I promise.

(Big Dan is the only one in the room with the courage to speak and says in a soft voice so untypical of him)

BIG DAN BUCKEY:

But sure ... there are decent people on this estate, Mr McWilliams...eh...yer honor. We are pleased to meet ya, and we'd like to welcome you to KILTURK. Wouldn't we lads? Don't be talking as if we are all scoundrels now.

HUGH MCWILLIAMS:

I disagree Sir. You're scoundrels in collusion. The evidence is clear before my very eyes - an innocent agent murdered in cold blood and left for dead in the woods - It is only the scoundrel Irish savages who would commit such a deed with such scant disregard for the life of an upstanding guardian of commerce and order. And it is only scoundrels who protect such murderers. May Drysville rest in peace.

(Dan stands up and is taken aback by the force of his rebuke).

HUGH MCWILLIAMS:

Hand them up..... these cold-blooded murderers, and then we'll talk, Mr Buckley. I say to you all, remember that Gale Day is coming up, and rents MUST be paid in gold pieces, not cloaks or pigs or chickens. Those with hanging gales will sort their arrears or face the consequences.

(Dan tries once again to humour Mr McWilliams.)

BIG DAN BUCKEY:

Well your honour, Would it please you to have a welcome drink on a most faithful loyal tenant - who always pays on time? It would be my honor, your honor to treat you -

Jamie - give him a glass of your finest, Here's to your health and welcome.

(raising his glass at McWilliams)

Silk for you, your honor and wool for me, but enough to drink for both of us.

(McWilliams picks up the glass and pours out the precious whiskey slowly onto the floor as if it were poison)

HUGH MCWILLIAMS:

I'll not drink with you murdering Irish scum. You know where to find me. Give them up and save yourselves.

(Buckey blocks him and leans into his ear and says in a low voice)

BUCKEY:

Before you go your honour, Can we talk about a sensitive matter just between ourselves? I will make it worthwhile for you, how about, a little lining for your pockets?

(McWilliams looks at him, eyeball-to-eyeball as if he is a piece of dirt to be trodden on and turns for the door.)

HUGH MCWILLIAMS:

No deal, Mr Buckley, My conditions are simple - Give up the murderers!

(He bangs the door shut and the sheebeen shakes)

MAN 1 IN BAR:

There'll be many a dry eye after that fellow's gone...

MAN 2 IN BAR:

May he never comb a grey hair.

(McWilliams stands outside the sheebeen surrounded by several redcoat soldiers, as he lays down the law to everyone in the town. He is shouting out his declaration of his authority in the locality. A crowd gathers around him, silent, afraid and worried.)

HUGH MCWILLIAMS:

I have summoned you all, the tenants of Lord Rosemount's estate to tell you that I'm the new Magistrate. I am the law around here. Now all you creepy chickens will be...dancing to my tune and the tune of the peelers and...the soldiers before long

(McWilliams commands his audience with a loud, authoritative voice)

HUGH MCWILLIAMS:

I want the names of Drysville murderers or you will dance to the tune of the Poor Laws, of the Poorhouse...and you will see your certain evictions...and to the emigrant ship. You will all Dance to the tune of hunger...Dance to the tune of...starvation... Dance to the tune like fools...Dance to the tune...NOW!

Song: Sung by McWilliams

“Dance to my Tune”

Everybody's got to dance you better come and take a chance
All you creepy chickens will dance for me
Everybody on their feet
Dancing to the soldiers beat
Don't be a chicken come and dance with me

CHORUS: Swing the WHITEBOYS

Turn around

Clap your hands: get ready to fly
One step forward
two steps back.....

I never knew that a chicken could fly

Flap your wings, get ready to fly.....
spread your wings and we're all flying high

We're dancing to the tune that the old Cow died on
Dancing to the tune of the chicken in the barn
Dancing to the tune with the cats on the fiddle
Everybody's calling out the tune
We're dancing with the man jumping over the moon

(McWilliams acts like a ringmaster - picking up this horse whip he cracks it at the people of the town who are surrounding him. ...And in response - they all dance.....mimicking what he dictates, robotlike, almost hypnotised by McWilliams.)

MCWILLIAMS RANTS AND RAVES:

I'll shoot them down.
I'll teach these bloody Irish peasants a lesson to abide
by the law.
It's an outrage of civilised humanity.
It's an outrage against the rule of law.
it's an outrage against her majesty's government.
They murdered Mr Drysville and they'll not get away with
it!
We'll teach them a lesson.
We'll teach them to abide by the law.
They'll all be dancing to my tune.
I'll have them jumping to my tune.

MCWILLIAMS CONTINUES TO SING:

All you peasants got to dance
Everybody wait and see
all you creepy chickens come and dance for me
Everybody on the floor,
You'll dance and dance for evermore
You creepy chicken peasants
You will dance for me

CHORUS: Swing the Whiteboy's
Turn around..... clap your hands get ready to fly
one step forward..... two steps back.....
I never knew that a chicken could fly

flap your wings get ready to fly.....
Spread your wings and we're all flying high
We're dancing to the tune that the old cow died on
Dancing to the tune of the chicken in the barn
Dancing to the tune with the cats on the fiddle
Everybody's calling out the tune
Dancing with the man jumping over the moon

HUGH MCWILLIAMS:

You'll be dancing to my tune of her majesties law and order
or be dancing to the tune of hunger and starvation
you'll be dancing to the tune of the gallows and the prison ship
It is I who decides who lives and dies

Dancing to the tune that the old cow died on
Dancing with McWilliam's now is calling out the tune....
Dancing to the tune with the cats on the fiddle

the man who pays the piper calls the tune
we're dancing in the night by the light of the moon

(Walks away with the Redcoat soldiers, cracking his whip as he turns and says)

McWILLIAMS:

You'll all dance to **MY TUNE**

(With good choreography - this scene could be spectacular)

SCENE 4: Love is All Just Vanity

Setting: _Buckey's Cottage

After the commotion at Gallagher's Sheebeen with McWilliams, Buckey arrives home impatiently to his cabin and calls out to his wife to tell her what has just happened.

(Shouting with impatience and fear)

BUCKEY:

Ellen! Ellen! I've just come back from Gallaghers and met
the new agent. It's goin' to be trouble for everyone in
this village Ellen... God help us all. God help us.

(Sits down by the fire taking a slug of whiskey from the jug on the mantelpiece to calm himself down and lights his pipe. He shouts out again)

BUCKEY:

Ellen, did ye buy those new clothes for Siobhan's
birthday, It's important she's the belle of the ball this
Bealtaine. It's important to me.

BUCKEY SINGS:

Now that Siobhan has come of age, I must arrange for her
a marriage - for in these uncertain times, she must
settle down for life.
Remember all those years ago when you and I did make a
vow? To take each other's hand for the rest of our lives
together for the rest of our lives

ELLEN JOINS HIM AND SINGS:

“Love is all just vanity”
Love is all just vanity,
Thirty years have come and gone
Since the day that we were wedded
through those many years, we’ve had our ups and downs
We’ve built our love through thick and thin
though it was arranged back then
for good or for bad, in happy times or sad ones
for good or for bad, all our lives

BUCKEY SINGS:

Love is all just vanity, abstract and illusionary
and as time goes by, it fizzles out and dies
it’s the passion of the teenage years
the jazz of early youthful years
you can’t live on love alone you also have to build a home
work very hard and find pocketfuls of gold

BUCKEY and Ellen REPEAT TOGETHER

Love is all just vanity, abstract and illusionary
and as time goes by, it fizzles out and dies
it’s the passion of the teenage years
the jazz of early youthful years
you can’t live on love alone you also have to build a home
work very hard and find pocketfuls of gold

(They stop their song and Buckey beams at his wife)

BUCKEY :

Ellen, will ye dance with me? I’m so happy on this day.
You know- I’ve arranged something special for Siobhan
.....and I know she’ll be glad to hear the news. That’s
why I want her to look beautiful ... And THAT SHE IS...
She’s the most beautiful girl in all of Ireland. But with
these new clothes, she will be the belle of the ball.

*(As if on cue, Siobhan walks into the cabin and we are taken aback
by her natural beauty. Her father pulls her to dance, spinning her
around, so proud of his girl.)*

BUCKEY :

Ah Siobhan my pride and joy! I have great news for you and I know you'll be happy. For your future happiness, I will arrange for you to marry. Now you've come of age, you must settle down for life. You'll be blessed with lots of children and be a perfect mother. Security and your wealth, you will settle now for life. For your future happiness in your life.

SIOBHAN BUCKLEY:

Now tell me father dear, to whom do you wish to marry me? Don't want a rake or fool, no drunkard or sleeveen. I want a perfect man to wed. For I have dreamt, I will find true love. I will find my own prince to love.

BUCKEY: (SINGING TO HER)

Love is all just vanity, abstract and illusionary
and as time goes by it fizzles out and dies
the passion of the teenage years
the jazz of early youthful tears
Can't live on love alone, you also have to build a home
Work very hard and find pocketfuls of gold

BUCKEY :

YOU WILL DO what I say - Obey your good father and keep honour and respect for your family.
You WILL marry Darby Gallagher. In these troubled times, you must forget about your love. Love is just illusionary, it won't bring you security. Now, I've arranged and agreed with Jamie Gallagher. Ten gold sovereigns for your dowry...and some land. Gallagher will match the ten-gold sovereigns for his part.

SIOBHAN BUCKLEY:

He'll not be able...
Keep his son and his money...
For it's a poor hen who can't scratch for herself.
Doesn't his son squander it all with his gambling and drinking? I'LL NOT MARRY HIM...
How could you match me to Darby?
He's a rag on every bush...
There's not even a chance I could like him.

You'll have to carry me to the church gagged and tied
before I'd stand by his side.....

BUCKEY:

Arrah...love is not the only match.
For just as sure as thirst is the end of drinking,
Sorrow is the end of love...
Love matches seldom turn out well, THIS I know.
Trust your auld father.

(admonishing)

SIOBHAN BUCKLEY:

That's an old-fashioned idea.....father.

(Commanding)

BUCKEY:

I have it all arranged..... Jamie has agreed...The deal is
done. Darby's very keen on you, so YOU'RE the only
obstacle to your happiness and security.

SIOBHAN BUCKLEY:

Is this really about MY happiness father?
I'd NEVER be happy with him.
I don't EVEN like him, so HOW could I ever love him?

(Getting angrier now)

BUCKEY:

Wasn't meself and your mother arranged, and everything
worked out fine? Marry without romance, and you marry
without illusion... For into a marriage of passion, the man
and the woman rush with blind eyes, only to recover sight
when it's too late. Into a marriage of arrangement, they
go with eyes wide open and can see things more clearly as
the years go by. Love and respect grows...

(Siobhan embodies Buckey's determination, grit and spirit)

SIOBHAN BUCKLEY:

I'm not content to take that Plausey kinnatt...[piece of
work]. He's as crooked as a ram's horns.

Moving away from Siobhan, his face darkens with disappointment and rage. (Buckey likes to get his own way)

BUCKEY:

Off with ye and take that puss off ye daughter....I'll have none of your jaw... Go and speak to your mother and don't upset her, she's not feeling well. She wants your happiness too so you must do the right thing and marry Darby. He's a fine young man and a bit of money too and God knows it will be needed in these awful times. Sure, if things go bad here as they must, you will need money to emigrate. So, I'll be giving you ten gold sovereigns as your dowry.

Now no more on this! Take this medicine to your mother, it's from the Widow Maguire, it'll help make her better.

Scene 5: Whiskey | King of My Heart | Littly Willy's fancies

Setting: *Siobhan runs away out of her cottage crying with despair at her father's choice for her marriage. She lies on a grassy mound, lamenting her plight, crying and sobbing.*

(whispers to herself)

SIOBHAN BUCKLEY:

I'm not agreeing to this arranged marriage. I love someone else. Of all the fine men in the land, my Father picks Darby Gallagher, a scoundrel and a cad.

Little Willy arrives on the scene, pulling his whiskey barrel behind him and accompanied by four girl dancers and singers.

SONG: "The Whiskey Maker"

Sung by LITTLE WILLY:

"The Whiskey Maker"

I am the whiskey maker, matchmaker, poteen maker
I make people happy when they're sad and low.

Whiskey is the cure-all, the be-all, the end-all,
Sick when you're well, and better when you're sick

If you have a toothache, a gum boil, a belly ache
A pain in your left leg, or a pimple on the bum
Whiskey is the cure-all the be-all, the end-all
Sick when you're well, and well when *you're sick*

Sung by WILLY'S GIRLS – the drinking gang:

So Willy is the music maker, merrymaker, whiskey maker;
A drop of Willy's whiskey will have you feeling great.
I've seen crippled men go walking, and walking men crippled.
So, let's forget our troubles and our worries and our strife.

He is the whiskey maker, matchmaker, poteen maker
Makes people happy when they're sad and low
Whiskey is the cure-all, the be-all, the end-all
Sick when you're well, and better when you're sick

So, we are the happy gang, Willy's whiskey drinking gang.
We mix it up with a cordial to help us through the night,
Squeeze in the juice of lemon fruit, a touch of honey too.
Sure, if God made anything nicer, he kept it for himself,
He's not giving it to you

*They stop dancing and singing in awe when they hear a plaintive
voice and song.*

SONG: SIOBHAN BUCKLEY:

"King of My Heart"

There's a king of my heart,
and he lives within me,
I will be waiting, waiting here 'till the day that
he'll return to me, till then,
I'll hold him here in my heart.

He lives in my sleep,
and here in my dreams,
I know that goodbye,
Is so much harder to say, now,
now that I feel this way,
I, hold him still in my heart

I will be, hopelessly,
waiting here, still for..

CHORUS: the king, the king of my heart,
you'll always be.
and I'll wait, forever here for you
still your queen..

and now that he's so far from home,
I'm lonely like I've never known,
I'll wait in my castle alone,
for the king of my heart,
I will be, hopelessly, waiting here, still for..

CHORUS:

.And now that he's so far from home,
I'm lonely like I've never known,
'll wait in my castle alone,
for the king of my heart,

(Wondering)

LITTLE WILLY:

What a beautiful voice, sure it's the voice of an angel
that could lull the fiercest giant to sleep. I know that
voice? Who is it?? Ah Yes. I know it. It can only
be...Siobhan Buckley, a voice as pure as whiskey itself.

*The song ends and Willy and the girls make their way over to Siobhan
who is still crying and inconsolable.*

LITTLE WILLY:

What's wrong mavourneen? [my dear]

SIOBHAN BUCKLEY:

My father is arranging a marriage for me to a man I can't
stand... Can you believe it Willy? Darby Gallagher of all
people.

(Willy places a fatherly hand around her shoulders)

LITTLE WILLY:

We all know who you really love - Sure Isn't Sean
McDonagh..... am I right, or am I wrong?
Don't worry. Leave it to little Willy.
I'm the matchmaker around here.
No one is matched unless I sanction it.
Here's a little drop of the cure-all It will either
kill ya or cure you, but it'll relieve the pain.....
Be happy now, let's go dancing young one.

They walk towards the preparations for the Fire Festival singing and dancing.

CHORUS OF GIRLS AND LITTLE WILLY SINGING:

I am the matchmaker, merrymaker, poteen maker
I make people happy when they're sad and low
Whiskey is the cure-all, the be-all, the end-all
Sick when you're well, and better when you're sick

Darby is a toothache, a gum boil, a belly ache
A pain in your left leg, or a pimple on the bum
Whiskey is the cure-all, the be-all, the end all
Sick when you're well and well when you're sick

With everyone having fun, Siobhan joins in the merriment, making her forget her troubles for a while.

SIOBHAN:

He's just a Gombeen, a squireen, a shauneen
A gouger, a usurer, and I won't marry him
Whiskey is the cure-all, the be-all, the end-all
I don't care what they say, I'll never marry him!

The whiskey starts to make Little Willy tipsy. He stops the song and stands on a large boulder at the side of the road as if taking to a pulpit.

WILLY:

Ssssshhhh. Hear, ye, Hear ye, Hear ye, order in Lord Willy's courts, my good ladies.

GIRL 1:

Yes your honour, Judge Willy

WILLY:

*Last week, in court, the judge heard the case of my
empty barrel of whiskey*

GIRL 1:

What was his judgement Willy?

WILLY:

He said there's nothin' in it.

The girls giggle and laugh including Siobhan.

WILLY:

What about the poor man who was condemned by the judge. The judge said you'll be hanged by your neck until you die. The man started weeping and the judge said, and I hope this'll be a warning to you!

(More giggles as Willy takes a slug from the barrel and passes it to the girls who willingly take a polite sip)

WILLY:

Remember, girleens thousands drink themselves to death before they die of thirst! When I had the flu, I took so much of the cure-all that I was sick for a long time after I got better!

If you have a cold or FLU, what do you get?

GIRLS SHOUT:

WHISKEY

WILLY:

*When you had colic as a wee one, what did your mammy
give you?*

GIRLS SHOUT:

WHISKEY

WILLY:

if ye drink too much whiskey what do you get?

GIRLS SHOUT:

A HANGOVER

WILLY:

I met the judge only last week, he had me up for
hittin' a man outside Gallaghers.

GIRLS SHOUT:

WHAT DID YA SAY TO HIM?

WILLY:

I said to him, I didn't hit him your honour, the
ground jumped up and hit **HIM** in the face...

Ah you can't beat a drop of the pure. Behold My only
true love. holy water! Iska baha!

The cast of girls sing:

Time marches on through the hills and the valleys
Time never healed the feuds of the fathers
Fermenting hate not knowing how it started
Wars of the past, find peace in the future
Changing, whispering the winds of tomorrow
Watching, wondering will true love blossom on?
Passing moments; sins of our fathers
Are slowly washed away in the well of forgiveness
Time marches on through the mountains and the valleys of Ireland

The cast of boys sing:

This is the wheel of life, the great big wheel.
Shrot moor an down
Great big wheel goes spinning, spinning round and around.
Tell me what the future brings
Will we be poor or rich as kings?
Will there be love and happiness?
Will my life be a great success?

Round and round the circle goes
all the answers no one knows
mysteries of life unfold
Day by day the story's told

Twists and it turns the crooked road
ups and down as life goes round
The great wheel of life is spinning, spinning,
round and round
Round and round the circles go; mysteries of life unfold
what comes next we'll never know
Future of our life's unknown
Round and round the circle goes, all the answers no one knows
the mysteries of life unfold, day by day, the story's told to all

Scene 6: Fire Dance Festival, The Drowning | Darby's Deceit

Setting: The Crosswords, Bealtaine Festival
The stage opens up with many young people coming on set, preparing for the pattern. They are building bonfires and decorating the Maypole for the Bealtaine festival (festival of Fire). Willy calls the partners to the floor and conspires to match-make by coupling them up.

WILLY:

All partners to the dance area. Come on!

(He calls them out one-by-one in a rhyme)

WILLY:

Calling all partners:
Bridget Burke and Michael Rourke,
Paddy Ryan and Josie Brien.
Mary Gallagher and Seamus Kelleher.
John Kelly & Muldoon,
Babs Danaher and Darby Gallagher.
We'll come and dance the midnight fire
Come on and dance away,
Let's all dance the night so gay!

Babs Danaher grabs Darby by the hand:

BABS DANAHER:

Let's dance Darby.....Show me your best jig!

Darby treads on Babs toes, and they dance over to Willy.

BABS:

Look Willy everyone has a partner and there's only two people left unpaired! it's Sean McDonagh and Siobhan Buckley. They'll have to partner up for the trials. What d'ya think?

(This was already Willy's plan and he smiles broadly with a knowing grin.)

(Cajoling)

BABS DANAHER:

Come on, Willy dance for us! Let's have the craic tonight!

WILLY:

You know I can't dance...

BABS DANAHER:

Yes you can!

WILLY:

I know I can't

Willy starts to sing a song, joined by the chorus of boys and girls.

WILLY & CHORUS:

"I can't dance"

I can't dance, but I can do most anything
Anything that life will bring
Everything and anything
But I can't dance.

Boys and Girls Chorus (No, he can't dance)

No, I can't dance
I can whistle and I can sing
I can make poteen fit for a Queen
Wake up in the morning,
Light a fire as hot as hell

I can cast a spell as you know well
Grow great spuds and cook them well
Or play a tune for fun or for a dance or ball

But I can't dance
Boys and Girls Chorus (No he can't dance)
Boys and Girls Chorus (No he can't dance)
Well well well well well well well who can tell
Everybody knows that's how it goes

No, I can't dance
But I can do most anything
Anything that life will bring
Do everything and anything
But I can't dance
Boys and Girls Chorus (No, he can't dance)
Boys and Girls Chorus (No, I can't dance)

I can light a fire if I so desire
I can ride a wild horse across the mire
I can talk with the fairies.
Or catch a sunbeam at the dawn
Chase and catch a rainbow's end
or drink down whiskey with my friends
Or work out a magic trick with a Leprechaun

Boys and Girls Chorus (But he can't dance)
No I can't dance
Bells are tolling, Drums are rolling
Trumpets blowing, fiddles scraping

Boys and girls are dancing, fires and bonfires blazing now
Bright the night the stars do shine, we'll dance beneath the moon in time
Keep your partners now for everyone

But I can't dance
Boys and Girls Chorus (No, he can't dance)
No, I can't dance

WILLY:

Keep your partners and dance away.

(The crowd cheer at each partner's dance. Finally, only two people remain on opposite sides of the dance floor. Two separate spots shine on these two beautiful figures. One tall and handsome, the other beautiful, proud but determined.)

MUSIC: Traditional orchestral piece, played on harp, fiddle and strings: "**The Hare in the heather**"

WILLY:

Come on Sean! ...Come on Siobhan - join the dance... join the dance...

TOGETHER!

(shyly and walking away slowly to the centre)

SIOBHAN BUCKLEY:

No Willy, I don't want to.

(winks)

WILLY:

Come on Siobhan! You can do it! I've seen you dance in your mother's kitchen. Come on girl, ye are as light as a feather on those feet. Go on!

(Seeing her reluctance, Sean offers Siobhan his hand and helps steady her nervousness as he leads her to the centre of the floor) At first, they dance reluctantly... checking each other out, hesitating, Unsure. Moving cautiously. Siobhan is coy and graceful. Sean is confident and reassuring. They both gain confidence and joy from each other's abilities. They dance together as if they are the perfect match, anticipating each other's moves. They are so good that everyone else stops to look and admire the dance. It is a dance like a river flowing. The full group of dancers join in at the end and dance behind Sean and Siobhan. A climax is reached as the village dances in unison to the rhythm of the driving music, the fire and the dancing.

(Darby Gallagher senses the connection between Sean and Siobhan and is suddenly jealous and interrupts their dance.)

DARBY GALLAGHER:

Siobhan, don't lower yourself! A labourer's son! A McDonagh to boot! You're better than that!

(He grabs her by the waist possessively)

DARBY GALLAGHER:

Siobhan McDonagh, you'll dance with ME at the May ball...

(pulling away violently)

SIOBHAN:

And who are you to tell me who I partner withI'll dance with Sean if I like....or anyone elseWillie....

COME DANCE with me!

PARAIC MCNIFF (THE ROGUE) :

Well, you can't pick partners for the May Ball.

BABS DANAHER:

Why's that McNiff?

MCNIFF..(THE ROGUE) :

Because right now, Big Dan is matchmaking a deal with Jamie Gallagher and his daughter Siobhan. There'll be a wedding soon my old friend Darby here and for this beautiful colleen. They're on a promise.

SIOBHAN:

What rat told you that?

I'll not stay here and be insulted

Siobhan's face betrays her emotions, telling a different story to her words: she is embarrassed and horrified. She pulls away from the crowd and dashes towards the bog at the edge of town where there is a treacherous bog hole. After the recent heavy rains, it is deep and waterlogged with heavy mulch and sediment.

(The crowd shout out to warn her)

ONLOOKER 1:

Watch out Siobhan

ONLOOKER 2:

Don't go there! The Boghole!

ONLOOKER 3:

Watch out!

ONLOOKER 4:

Not that way!

Siobhan is deaf to all outcries and runs straight into the boghole that swallows her up like quicksand.

BABS DANAHER:

*Jesus, Mary and Joseph – she's fallen into the bog hole
Quick! Lads, Do something! Somebody Help HER!*

There is panic among the group. No one knows what to do. They are frozen in fear.

WILLY:

Siobhan is sinking fast to her inevitable death.

(Darby shows his true colours as he offers to run to the Sheebeen for help, rather than risking his life to jump in.)

DARBY GALLAGHER:

I'll run for help to the village

The others watch as Siobhan sinks fast. Her HEAD becomes immersed in the brown mulch, her mouth struggling for air... and panic in her eyes as she does her best to fill her lungs. She takes a last-minute gasp and a last look at her homeland. Her head disappears into the brown abyss.

Without hesitation, Sean springs to immediate action. He grabs a long piece of bogwood to span the hole. He takes off his Cota mor (big coat), gathers some of the cloaks from the girls and ties them together like a rope.

(Calm and commanding, he fires orders like gunshots)

SEAN McDONAGH:

- Quick give me your cloaks...
- Willie hold this?

- Quick - we must work fast or she'll be gone forever.
- Hold the end of the long stick of bogwood... Don't let it go. Come on! Come on! Faster!

He places the bogwood so it straddles the full width of the hole and prevents him from sinking. He then wades into the treacherous bog hole, holding onto the wood, as he feels for Siobhan's body.

SEAN MCDONAGH:

- Quick Willy pull on the cloaks!
- Pull me out...I have her!
- I have her. Siobhan is in my grasp,
I'm pulling her up.

Little Willy uses his full weight to hold onto the bogwood as he pulls the chain of cloaks to drag his friends to safety.

SEAN MCDONAGH:

Keep going Willy!
That's it! Pull. I can feel solid ground now.

Sean pulls Siobhan out and tenderly carries her and lays her head on a nearby rock and places one of the cloaks around her to give her warmth. He starts to use a cloak to clean her passageways. Both Sean and Siobhan are covered in brown and black bog mulch. The crowd start to gather around her. They look on in disbelief. It was thought that she had drowned, but Sean had located her in the exact spot where she had disappeared and had rescued her.

LITTLE WILLY:

Siobhan, Siobhan can you hear us? Are ya alright? Can she hear us Sean? Is she breathing?

(Willy blesses himself, In the name of the father and the son and the holy spirit and looks up to the sky asking God to grant him his wish. Siobhan's eyes open weakly as she comes back to life in the arms of the man she was forbidden to love and thinks to herself, indeed I have died and gone to heaven.)

LITTLE WILLY:

Thank the Lord, She's moving...

SIOBHAN:

Where am I? Where is this? Am I dead?

SEAN:

No, you're in good old Kilturk, Siobhan, please rest for a moment...you're safe now.....we'll take you home.

LITTLE WILLY:

We must get her home

Scene 6: At Gallagher's Sheebeen

Darby runs into the Sheebeen, grabs Buckey by the arm, who is a little unsteady from the whiskey. (He is bullish and angry that his whiskey drinking has been disturbed)

BUCKEY:

What's going on? What d'ya want?

(Filling him in)

DARBY GALLAGHER:

Buckey, brace yourself, tis' the worst accident that has befallen us - Siobhan is at death's door. That bowsey Sean McDonagh forced her to dance with him. Sure, wasn't she running away and she fell into the bog hole, you know the big one? Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Come on!

Buckey's heart races in panic and fear: He rushes from the sheebeen to the crowd of young people. As he reaches the crowd, he parts them and sees her body with a black cloak spread over her like a raven's wing. His worst fears are almost realised.

(Touching her brow lovingly, he hunkers down)

BUCKEY:

Siobhan, my girl are you alright?

(Weakly)

SIOBHAN:

Yes Father.....

(her eyes close again and Babs gives her some water from a pail.)

(Misinformed of the true situation, when Buckey's sees Sean McDonagh standing by Siobhan's side he starts to see red mist.)

BUCKEY:

Get your dirty scummy hands off me daughter McDonagh.
I'll teach you a dance lesson you'll never forget. Trying
to force yerself onto my girleen, did-ya now?

SEAN:

You're mistaken Mr. Buckley. Calm down. This is not the
time or the place.

(Buckey doesn't listen and hits Sean in the jaw and Sean loses his balance. But his punch fails to derail the tall and muscular Sean McDonagh and this annoys him.)

BUCKEY:

You'll get more than that for causing this misfortune.
Tis a beatin' you deserve, just like your Da, McDonaghs -
the scum of this earth.

(Sean doesn't retaliate. He takes the higher ground and stares at Buckey defiantly almost daring him to hit him again.)

(roaring)

LITTLE WILLY:

Let him alone Buckey! - he saved her for God's sake.

ONLOOKER:

Hold on Willy it's not your fight!

LITTLE WILLY:

For God's sake Buckey, Sean saved her - you amadawn
[idiot}

DARBY:

*That foolish little maneen thinks he can tackle the
world...*

LITTLE WILLY:

Everyone watch out for THEMSELVES - as the ass said when
he jumped among the chickens...whawhoo...(shouting)

*(Willy jumps on Darby's back as if mounting a horse and tries to
pull him to the ground.)*

LITTLE WILLY:

Woah Boy, I'll pull the truth out of you Darby - you
barefaced liar!

*(However, Willy is no match for Darby and in no time, Willy is on
his back, winded.)*

DARBY:

So much for your fightin' skills Little Willy!

(Buckey continues to hit Sean, who is refusing to fight)

LITTLE WILLY:

Buckey - Leave Sean alone he's saved Siobhan from her
certain death you... you...big gawky galoots...I'll have you's
all killt for sure.

(One of Buckey's friends joins in on the action and little Willy kicks him in the butt. They start to roll over like a barrel on the ground.

LITTLE WILLY:

God's curse on you all. May the devil break yer bones!

SEAMUS KELLEHER:

Leave Willy alone

BABS DANAHER:

Leave him alone you bullies! Stop this!

(Darby sees an opening and makes his way over to Siobhan. He crouches beside her, fixing the cloak over her protectively. Siobhan brushes the cloak off and continues to defend Sean.)

SIOBHAN:

What's wrong with you lads? Sean saved my life. He jumped in and got me. He saved me from my death.

DARBY:

The shock's got to ya Siobhan. Didn't I try to save ye? Didn't I get your Da? I'm the one you should be thanking.

(Siobhan doesn't acknowledge him and turns her head away, looking for Babs.)

(Whispers to Babs)

SIOBHAN:

Babs, Get him away from me. I don't want to talk to him. I need to go home. All I remember is blackness and that thick muck smothering my life away with its heaviness. I kept trying to fight, but I kept sinking. I was drifting away into darkness - never-ending darkness. I can't get it out of my head. Please get me home?

(standing up with her hands on her hips and rising into action)

BABS DANAHER:

All right, everyone now, on your way. Including you Darby Gallagher. The commotion is over. Go on now. I'm taking her home. Off yee all go.

(Intercedes)

BUCKEY:

NO, I'll take her home. She's suffering shock...
Now out of me way. Take care of your own business. Let me
look after me own family, Babs.

(Buckey helps her stand up, but she is weak as a kitten, so he carries her in his arms. The crowd disperses. Sean watches wistfully as Buckey carries her away - wishing he could accompany them. Willy notices and says to him.)

LITTLE WILLY:

Don't' worry mo bookall [my boy], It'll all come right.
Your Day will come Seaneen, For God's sitting on your
side of the fence.

Scene 7. An Impossible Love

Setting: *We are at the Buckley cottage. Night falls on the village. Siobhan walks outside to look at the moon. Alone with her feelings, she starts to dance in the moonlight dreaming of her love for Sean and their family's feud. She thinks about her impossible dream to marry Sean, her one true love.*

SIOBHAN:

Why is this an impossible dream? Why do I have feelings
of love for a man who is part of a family my father
hates? Why is our love the victim of our father's sins?

(Sean also cannot sleep either and walks outside his cabin. He begins to sing a song of love.....Siobhan joins in his song. This

*becomes a love duet lamenting for their hopeless, forbidden love.
Both are alone with their thoughts)*

SONG: "Feelings of Love" (Sung by Sean)

"Feelings of Love"

"As I roved out on this May morning I heard a blackbird sing
She sang to me a song of love...she had a feeling;
I had a feeling.
She has a feeling,
feelings of love"

(Siobhan dances while he sings. He dances and moves closer until they catch a glimpse of each other. Lost in the movements and at one with nature, he gazes at her and is fascinated by her beauty and grace in the moonlit night. He moves to join her, but upon seeing him she stops. Sean tries to explain how sorry he is for his manners and for disturbing her.)

SEAN:

I'm so sorry, I'll go. I shouldn't have interrupted your solitary moment... I couldn't help but watch you dance. Tis' a delight and compliment unto the earth when your feet caress it...you're so graceful, just like the swans on the pond, or the gentle mist rollin' over the hills. I better go. I'll go now.

SIOBHAN:

No, No. Will you stay please?

(Their movements are shadowing each other, gradually melting into one fluid movement. The music and dance bring them together and, on this night, they find the love they always knew they had)

Singing Together:

"She has a feeling
He has a feeling...
She has a feeling.....
feelings of love.
She had a feeling.
He had a feeling,
We had feelings of love

My king and my hero. My heart beats with feelings, wonderful feeling's of love
My love and my princess my beautiful princess, two hearts together in love

As we ramble by day through this lonely life we stray
Its sweeter to have loved along the way

Not visible on stage: (in the background, Ned Rincca sings a love song)

“Misty Foggy Dew”

Oh, come all ye young and fair
And those who are in Love
I'll sing for you the many joys of love
From your first love to your last
Love is bitter sweet and sad
Love is gentle love is strong and love is kind

Like a stream that's rushing wild
Or the mischief of a child
Or the gentle river slowly flowing by
Love is deeper than the seas and is taller than the trees
And brighter than the stars up in the sky

As we ramble by day through this lonely life we stray
Its sweeter to have loved along the way
Like the dew upon the rose or the fairy wind that blows
As we ramble through life misty Foggy dew

I had a feeling a wonderful feeling
I had a feeling of love

Sometimes love I have won
and sometimes I have lost
But it's better to have lost than never loved
There's a love that can be false that goes knawing at your heart
or true love that is sweeter than a rose

As we ramble by day through this lonely life we stray
It's sweeter to have loved along the way
Like the dew upon the rose or the faery wind that blows
As we ramble through life Misty Foggy dew

(The love dance ends with an embrace. They are wrapped in each other's arms after years of wanting and wishing.)

SEAN:

I want you to be my love forever and ever, through good, bad and sad times. Since we were four years of age playing in the woods, my heart has been always with you, Siobhan. You with that dark long hair and those bluest of eyes. All

those Summers I dreamt of you, but I thought it could never be. That your family hate me. That you are too good. Would never consider me. Now I want to celebrate my love for you, mo Gra [my love]

(Holding her hand and touching her beautiful face)

SIOBHAN:

You've broken death's wall before me
The grave's cold caress around me
Yet take one sweet kiss my darling
True love, forever making

SEAN:

I'm so excited you've confirmed our love. Love's despair had left me low. It's a delight even more when your sweet voice blesses it.

SEAN:

Now I know not night from day
Nor thrush from the cuckoo grey
But I know that I love you so
My Siobhan, my love.

SONG: Sean McDonagh Sings

"Siobhan"

Eyes of blue
Sparkle like the morning dew
especially in the summertime
when I know you're really mine?
my Siobhan mm mm
My Siobhan

When you smile
The whole world seems to stop awhile
Like the river stops to flow
Then you set the world aglow
My Siobhan mm mm My Siobhan

A blossom that grows on a bleak winter's morning
and brightens the darkness in the sky

Birds in a tree
seem to whisper soft to me
of a love that's born to me
and you know you always be
my Siobhan mm mm My Siobhan

Eyes of blue
Sparkle like the morning dew
especially in the summertime
when I know you're really mine?
my Siobhan mm mm My Siobhan

They embrace and kiss in the moonlight and the stage becomes dark.

Scene 8

The Great Hunger, Incantation

Dawn breaks. Little Willy is dancing mysteriously in a potato field invoking spirits, Gods, little people and faeries. Sean arrives for a day of labouring and asks Willy about his strange dance.

SEAN:

Why are you dancing that strange dance mo bookill?

LITTLE WILLY:

Can't you see boy? Are you blind with love? It's the potatoes. They've failed. Look at the stalks... They're starting to go black. Everyone of them rotten with decay. It's damnation and ruination for sure. God help us. Jesus, Mary and Joseph help us!

(Little Willy continues his ritual dance and incantations, muttering under his breath)

SEAN:

Willy, what's the awful stench? It smells so bad...and the mist? What demons are loose this morning? There is something frightening happening. We'll have to alert the village. Can anything be saved?

They both pull up potato stalks frantically hoping they can find a silver lining.

WILLY:

*All diseased. All black. No food. No hope.
Everything's destroyed.....*

SEAN:

*There **has** to be a way, we'll find a way to get over this.
We can't give up hope. Keep looking. We'll find a good
cutting and plant again.*

WILLY:

I pray to the spirits of our ancient ancestors.
For help on this day
Gods of past and present
Gods of the underworld
Mary mother of God help us
St. Patrick help us
Spirits of the underworld
Spirits of the mountains
Spirits of the Celts.
Spirits of the heavens,
Help us

Willy walks around aimlessly, staring at the skies and waving his hands as if conjuring up spirits and forces. His face is ashen grey.

WILLY:

HEAR THE WIND AND SEA
HEAR THE ROOLING BILLOW
HEAR THE ROAR OF OCEANS
HEAR THE SEVEN COHARTS
HEAR THE OLD OX BLEATING
HEAR THE ROCK BORNE OSPREY
HEAR OUR PRAYER THIS DAY
SEE THE FLASH OF SUNLIGHT
SEE THE RAYS OF MAZES

SEE THE WILD BOAR RUSHING
SEE THE RIVER SALMON LEAPING
SEE THE FLASH OF LIGHTNING
SEE THE STRENGTH OF SONGBIRDS

SEE OUR CROPS ALL FAILING
SEE THE CROPS ALL PERISHING

GODS OF PAST AND PRESANT
GODS OF OLD AND NEW
GODS OF SNOW CLAD MOUNTAINS
GODS OF MIGHTY SEAS
GODS OF FAIRY HILLSIDES
GODS OF FAERY MOUNTAINS
GODS OF THE UNDERWORLD
MAKE THE POET THE PROPHET PRAY'RFUL
BRING ME WEAPONS OF MAGICAL POWERS
HELP ME SLAY THESE EVIL SPIRITS
IN TRIUMPH WILL OUR VICTORY SOAR

OH GODS OF PAST AND PRESANT
SAVE US FROM THIS CALAMITY
ON THIS DAY PLEASE PLEASE HELP

“The Great Hunger”

It was in the year 1845.
A Great Hunger came ore the land
and the neglect of the rulers that be,
That the people had starved and died

Yet the farmer he tilled, he tilled and he sowed,
and planted with his strong hand,
A Great hunger came o'er the land

The moon it shone bright
O'er the late autumn skies
Oh the finest a harvest moon

Yet was not a sight of joy to be seen for them again to soon
Crop failure had turned the sweetness all sour
In the hearts of all Ireland,
A Great Hunger came o'er the land

The men they grow weak and the women are pale
And the children are dying now
The cold winter months will soon pass us by without hope in the early spring

And the people will cry with a hungry plea
Without hope of a helping hand,
A Great hunger came o'er the land

The birds they are singing way out of tune
as the cart pulls the donkey along
The crops they have failed us again in this year
oh, then tell me what's caused this wrong
Was it the course of a witch that caused this bad deed?

Or the work of a devil's hand?
A Great Hunger came o'er the land

Not a devil or witch had a hand in this deed and this I assure you now
But a cuckoo of men, oh a crippling foe, though its little that you might have
He exploited the work of the laboring man
and while his belly expands
A Great Hunger came o'er the land

*Willie and Sean look straight out ahead, holding hands as they face
directly into the audience with tears rolling down their
faces.*

A bolt of thunder and lightning and the scene ends.

* * * * END OF FIRST HALF * * * *

ACT TWO

1847

* * * *

Scene 9: Panic in Kilturk Town

*The town is engulfed in panic. They rush from their cabins to
the village square. People are numb and in panic. Willy is at
the centre of the stage and summoning the villagers.*

WILLY:

Come gather all. Check your crops. See if you have this rot we found in Gallagher's field. Everything is rotten. There - not one screed of pratty. What is this darkness coming over us? Lord help us. What lies ahead only Hunger, eviction, starvation and death's steely hand.

WOMEN 1:

May God on high protect us from harm

(Women are in tears. Shrieks of horror, wailing and keening come from the women of the town, who are joined by the three banshees. [banshees are female spirits who herald death]. Voices are shrill and panicked, The air is filled with the stench of musty, heavy rotten crops.)

JOSIE O'BRIEN:

Ochone ochone

VOICES:

Ochone ochone

(The men kick the rotten potato stalks, women cry on their knees. Lightning strikes - blackness - then the famine theme commences.)

MUSIC: The Famine Overture

(The famine theme music has a heavy deep bass that will engulf the theatre with its low resonating frequency. The hands of the people are pleading and begging those in heaven to intercede and help them. The cast move from one side of the stage to the other in frustration and anger. Banshees dance with the village folk. Gowns are blowing in the breeze as the banshees encircle them.)

MALE VOICE:

Famine... hear the cries of a hungry land...

Famine... hear the cries of a hungry land.

(The loss of the potato crop is a death sentence to most of the people of the townland. When the music ends, the village gathers around Little Willy, Sean McDonagh and Father Mahon to see if anything can be done. People are angry about their hopeless situation.)

(to Father Mahon)

BABS DANAHER:

Father, maybe you can go to the landlord's agent? Make a special arrangement with him? They might listen to you - a man of the cloth.

(crying)

ROSIE O'BRIEN:

How can we meet the next gale when we put all our money into seed for this harvest? We can't pay our rent which means eviction. This is hopeless. They'll have to do something, help us... or we're doomed.

FR MCMAHON:

I'll go see McWilliams.He might listen to a man of faith. Though he's not one to listen. He told me before he wanted to reduce the number of tenants on the land, and consolidate it - He said. Turn it over to pasture more money...less trouble.... The people here are ungrateful he said. Too many people on too little land. He kept going on about the Drysville Murderers...He's obsessed.

JOSIE O'BRIEN:

Oh sorrow.... Sorrow on us all..... THEY must make an allowance. Not one of us here can pay our rent. As sure as God's in Heaven, they'll evict us. These people know nothing of hardship...How can we live without potatoes? What will we do without our home?

FATHER MCMAHON:

I'll make an appointment and see him. Just be patient.

SEAN MCDONAGH:

They'll do nothing for us.....BE patient and we'll all
SURELY die.....

(Everyone leaves the set.)

Scene 10: A hopeless Future

Setting: Kilturk crossroads late in the evening as the sun is setting. *Sean is waiting patiently: he looks left, then right in anticipation of the arrival of Siobhan. She runs to him, glancing over her shoulder just in case she has been followed or they will be seen. They embrace and kiss.*

SIOBHAN:

My Father keeps on about this marriage to Darby. Because of the bad times, he's reduced my dowry to 6 gold sovereigns and says if things get worse here, we'll need money to go to America. I keep telling them to wait until this time passes, so we can have a merry day out, but I can't keep holding it off. He needs the money now.

Siobhan puts her arms around him and looks into his eyes:

SIOBHAN:

Please Sean, we must get away, we must elope ...Mary Doyle eloped and went to America and all the families are happy about it now it's done.

Sean is devastated because he lacks finances and because he must continue to support his parents, who have very no income.

SEAN:

There isn't as much as a cross in my pocket to keep the devil from dancing in it...Siobhan Movourneen. I don't have the money to emigrate..... Even if I had, how could I leave my parents, they're too weak to travel?

SIOBHAN:

Then what are we to do? I'd rather die than marry Darby Gallagher. It would've been better had you left me to drown in the bog.

SEAN:

Oh my love - I wish we could elope and I would this very minute, except my parents need me and I have a duty to see my brothers get away safely. It's not a fair choice but my mind is torn between love and duty...

I do have an idea.....

Siobhan puts her hands to her face and sighs in sorrow.

SIOBHAN:

What will we do? How sorrowful is life? How sorrowful is love? Love should be joyful but not in this land.

SEAN:

Don't fret my love. Here's my plan - There's a Dancing Championship in Dublin next week - no famine there. The prize is 12 gold sovereigns for the winners. I think we have a good chance. Just think, if we win, we'll have more than enough money for America and some left over to take our parents too. Just be patient. SOON my love.

SIOBHAN:

I keep our love close to my heart to help me through these hard times. There's no future for us here in Ireland. Oh I feel so hopeless.

SEAN:

Don't my love, don't feel that way. Look at this beautiful butterfly - She'll die off before the winter sets in, but she returns in Summer. So, where there's life, there's hope..... I know that God will hold us in the palm of his hand and keep our future safe.

Siobhan watches the butterfly fly away

SIOBHAN:

Go beautiful butterfly! Go to the freedom of the skies

Song "Butterfly"

SEAN: Red as the leaf of the autumn tree

SIOBHAN: True is the love that is given to me

TOGETHER: How deep is the ocean, how high is the sky?

SEAN: Those that gain nothing are those who don't try

SIOBHAN: I see the leaves in the bleak autumn sky

TOGETHER: But where is my love, my butterfly?

SEAN: White are the snowflakes that float in the wind

SIOBHAN: Chilling the stones and enlighten the mind

TOGETHER: Hiding the truth and disguising a lie

SEAN: The eagle's gone swimming, the whale it will fly

SIOBHAN: Talk to the stones and reach out for the sky

TOGETHER: But where are you now, my butterfly?

SEAN: Yellow's the colour of sunset in spring

SIOBHAN: Green are the pastures of hope it will bring

TOGETHER: What now, my beauty, come set yourself free

SEAN: For endless the road to eternity

SIOBHAN: Look to the future, the past is gone by

TOGETHER: But I see you now, my butterfly

SEAN: Blue is the sky where freedom abounds

SIOBHAN: Living a life by the old fairy mound

TOGETHER: The fire, it is kissing the Earth from the Sun

SEAN: And as we make love we're together as one

SIOBHAN: Flipping and flopping in the great summer sky

TOGETHER: Floating on high, my butterfly

(whispers)

SEAN:

I promise I'll find a priest in Dublin...we'll be married somehow. Then we'll dance for our livesBe strong, never forget, we can do it.....I've to head now to meet my brothers and esapte. In five days time, we'll set off for Dublin.

SIOBHAN:

Just like the butterfly, our love will never die. Stay safe my LOVE and be careful.

(Their conversation is overheard by McNiff, who immediately informs Darby who is outside Gallagher's sheebeen.)

MCNIFF:

Darby come quickThere's mischief afoot. I followed McDonagh as you asked and he met Siobhan, as you suspected..... I heard them planning a runaway marriage.

DARBY GALLAGHER:

.....I'LL KILL HIM

McNIFF:

..... NO.... NO...There might be an easier way!

DARBY GALLAGHER:

What's that rogue.....?

McNIFF:

He's planning to meet his brothers, y'know - the Drysville murderers?

DARBY GALLAGHER:

WHERE rogue Where?.....

McNIFF:

There's a reward and if they're all caught together....
well....

DARBY GALLAGHER:

Where McNiff.....I'LL KILL HIM!

MCNIFF:

I lost him there somewhere in the yellow bog. So I just
need to pick up the trail. He suspected he'd been
followed so he picked up little Willy to cover his tail.

DARBY GALLAGHER:

Well - tell me as soon as you find out! Now go quickly!

SCENE 11: We see a desk and a reporter at the side of the
stage, away from the main set.

(WH Smith, A reporter from the Illustration London News is
writing his report on the horrors of Famine in Ireland)

WH SMITH, REPORTER ILLUSTRATION LONDON NEWS

We must try and help Ireland in this calamity. I will
tell the world of the horrors I've seen in Ireland. They
must listen when they read this they will be moved. They
must act. They must! Listen all.

JANUARY 14TH 1847

A new year is welcomed by the hungry cries of children,
the torturous shrieks of mothers, and the pitiful efforts of fathers to feed their starving families.

It seems like more of the same this year.
 Ireland is gripped by one of the most severe, cold, bitter, icy winters in living memory.
 The cold - biting the outer layers of the body and the hunger biting into empty stomachs.
 The cruel harsh winter is only surpassed by the cruelty and harshness of landlords and rulers.
 Starving pleas falling on the deaf ears of landlords and politicians;
 NO heat, NO clothes, NO blankets, No turf, NO wood, NO fire, NO food except "yellow brimstone"
 uncooked, for the unfed, under-nourished masses of starving people.
 Guns, guns everywhere,
 Well-fed militia guarding food on its way to the ports to leave the country,
 Military guarding workhouses,
 oh those suffocating workhouses.
 Workhouses filled with disease,
 Workhouses stuffed with people.
 The cries and pleas to get in,
 the dead in chutes coming out,
 Hinged coffins,
 Holes in the ground,
 Tangled bodies,
 Mass graves,
 Early graves,
 quick lime graves.
 Police guarding food depots,
 Depots filled to the brim with food.
 People eating dogs,
 Dogs eating people, rats, cats, mice, worms,
 No food for the hungry.
 Protests, bereft rioting. Only for those with the energy to protest.
 Helpless, gaunt spectres,
 fleshless skin, hopeless eyes.
 Skin hanging from weary bones,
 bones gripped by pain,
 Young children look like old men,
 Crooked and bent.
 Old men look like corpses,
 Corpses beside the living,
 the living beside the dead.

 Road-works,
 Public works, piece work,
 No work for those who want it,
 Work for those who can't,
 Hungry men crawling to work,
 Unable to work,
 Breaking stones, aching bones, back-breaking soul-destroying aimless work,
 Big roads, small roads, endless roads leading nowhere,
 No pay, hypocrisy, bureaucracy for soup
 Fat officials everywhere.
 Endless greed,
 families to feed
 Legislation breeding resignation
 Change the laws,

Change the rules,
Change the food,
Change the works,
Change of mind,
Save money here,
Spend money there,
Doesn't anyone care?
Politicians arguing everywhere.
The Will of God will take its course,
Let them starve,
Let them cry,
Let them go,
Let them want,
Let them yearn,
Let us dictate,
Clear the land,
Let them emigrate.
let them Die!
Genesis in Exodus

The Greedy men,
The hungry men,
The middle men,
The landlord's men,
The gombeen men,
The fat men,
The tumbling men,
The sheriff's men,
The heartless men,
The police men,
Evictions, Evictions
Those Cruel Evictions
Hugging Crucifixions
Tumbled, Rumbled
Thousands thrown onto
Highways and byways, and roadways
Clinging Children
Nowhere to go,
Nowhere to stay,
No shelter, no home, no money, no food, no heart, no tears,
No one to heed their hungry cry.

A ticket for this,
A ticket for that,
A ticket to work,
A ticket to live,
A ticket to die.
A poorhouse ticket,
Oh how wicked
A doctor's ticket,
A ticket to sail,

A ticket for soup,
Soup kitchens,
Soup shops,
Bodies Drop
Good soup, bad soup, thin soup, thick soup, cruel soup,
Good nourishing Quakers soup,
Gruel soup, pea soup, soya soup, oats soup, No soup,
Dying for the want of soup.

In the shadow of hunger,
Disease stalks the land
Just as it pleases.
It's in the workhouse,
It's in the town,
It's in the village tumbling down.
It's on the farm,
It's in the hovel, where it finds a home,
There is always trouble.
It's on the roads,
It's on the roadworks,
It stalks the weak,
It stalks the poor,
It stalks the rich,
there is no cure,
It's in the big house and in the small,
It has no boundary,
It heeds no wall.

My God this land
A hungry hell,
Bloody hell is ringing
a silent bell for
Scurvy, Dysentery, Diarrhea,

In their yellow faces,
White faces,
Gaunt faces,
Young faces,
Old faces, Dirty faces, Bloated faces, Purple faces, Dead faces,
Typhus, Cholera, Relapsing fever,
Yellow fever, Red fever, Blue fever, Awful fever,
Consumptive fever,
Bloody flux, Sick stomach,
Swollen limbs, Endless cries,
Escalation, Isolation, desolation,
pain, pain, pain more pain.

Emigration, Consolation
America is salvation,
For those with money there is emigration,
A quick escape is emigration,

For the lucky one there is emigration,
a sailing ship is emigration,
a coach or horse is emigration,
Anywhere is emigration.
Anywhere is salvation,
The loss of mothers,
The loss of fathers,
The loss of children,
The loss of family,
The loss of homes,
The loss of land,
Villages wiped out, towns deserted,
lands cleared,
Oh God, this will be a hungry year!

Scene 12: McWilliams' Tyranny

Setting: The McDonagh Cabin

(The spotlight dims on the reporter and moves to centre stage where McWilliams appears with two redcoat soldiers. He searches for the McDonagh brothers. He has received information that they are in fact "the murdering whiteboys" and are in the locality)

MCWILLIAMS :

On good account, I have been informed that your boys are working with the Whiteboys - those vile vigilantes, and merciless murderous rebels, They've Drysville's blood on their hands. We'll catch them and hang them from the Oak tree. I will see to it that your boys burn in hell...

(Kicking the door down with the soldiers behind him)

MCWILLIAMS :

Now search this miserable, dishonourable cabin. Out of my way - McDonagh! Tear it apart! Ramshackle it! They are hiding here somewhere. Don't stop until you find them!

(The soldiers tear apart the cabin, throwing out the few morsels of furniture and possessions that the McDonaghs own.)

MCWILLIAMS :

I will bring YOUR TWO SCOUNDREL SONS to justice...I promise I will capture them..... or else this village will be no more. Remember your hanging gale McDonagh? You better have the next one, ...if not - you know the consequences.

REDCOAT:

They're not here Sir. There's nothing here. We've searched everywhere Sir.

(The soldiers walk away with McWilliams and NED and KATE pick up their bits of furniture and place them back in the cabin.)

SUNG BY GIRLS

Time marches on through the fair hills and the valleys
Time's not on the side of the people of Ireland
It's a race against time in the battle for survival
Will the heroes of today see the hangman of tomorrow?
Precious moments of love and affection
Moments of life that must never be forgotten
Changing, whispering sins of the oppressors
Generations of today must find a road forward
As time marches on through the mountains and valleys of Ireland

(Ned looks resigned but determined)

OLD NED RINNCA MCDONAGH:

We better find the lads fast and get them out of here before McWilliams catches them! If we can only raise the money to get them to America - At least there's hope for them there.

KATE MCDONAGH:

Ned, where will we get this money when the potato is blighted and we've nothing left to sell? Not even a cow or a chicken? My mother's delph is gone and your silver All Ireland Dancing Cup.

OLD NED RINNCA MCDONAGH:

And...no one can pay for dance lessons anymore, barely able to put food on the table. It going round in my

head...round and round... There's only one thing for it.
I'll take my chances when the landlord collects the rent
at the gale. There'll be lots of gold... I'll steal it!
That's my chance.

KATE MCDONAGH:

No Ned, No. They'll shoot you You'll do no such
thing... I have two outlaw sons already. I don't need an
outlaw husband. I'll have no more of mine steal what
doesn't belong to them.

OLD NED RINNCA MCDONAGH:

They steal from us every year! They charge us too much
for this little patch of land..... They took our land -
Twenty acres built up by myself! Didn't I clear it? And
manure it with MY own hands? Didn't I fence and wall it?
And built a fine house upon it? I loved that farm, with
the river and the woods. Those were golden days.

KATE MCDONAGH:

Ah, That's true Ned.

OLD NED RINNCA MCDONAGH:

After the fight with Buckey - I was reduced to this
pitiful cripple...a useless man...unable to work...they had no
mercy, or sympathy. I'll never forget the day they
evicted us with our young ones barely able to talk and we
slept under a hedge.

KATE MCDONAGH:

I remember, it hurts my heart - Generations of McDonaghs
put their hearts and souls into those rolling hills, and
they stole it and gave you nothing in returnno
compensation for your improvements. Our family condemned
to perpetual poverty. Ned, lose all these thoughts at
once. We'll find an honest way... a better way - God will
provide a gap for us...Now... I'll hear no more of this talk.

(Ned drops the subject in case he upsets her.)

This is the Great Big Wheel of life
Shrot mor an Donn
The Great big wheel goes spinning, spinning,
Round and around

Tell me what the future brings
Will we be poor or as rich as kings?
Will there be love and happiness?
Will I be a great success?
Round and round the circle goes
All the answers no one knows
Mysteries of life unfold
Day by Day, the story's told
Twists and it turns, the crooked road
Ups and downs, as life goes round
The great wheel of life is spinning, spinning, round and round
Round and round the circles go, mysteries of life unfold
what comes next we'll never know, future of our life's unknown
round and round the circle goes, all the answers no one knows
the mysteries of life unfold
day by day the story's told to all

Scene 13: Gale Day

(Gale Day has arrived and everyone has gathered to pay their rent or give an excuse. A table is placed in the centre of the townland, and one by one they walk up to McWilliams, who is guarded by two redcoat soldiers with guns.)

(First up is Big Dan 'Buckey'.)

BUCKEY:

As I said your honour I'm a good loyal tenant and I've never missed a gale. Here's my rent and in full. Twenty-eight pounds in gold pieces..... You'll find no man better than I for paying his debts.
If your ever needin' something or want someone remember me, Big Dan. Big Dan Buckley.

JAMIE GALLAGHER:

Here's my gold. The rent in full. You promised me a new lease on the eight acres by the river, if it pleases your honour, I would be obliged.

MCWILLIAMS :

We'll see about that.....
NEXT!

(Old Old Ned Rinnca McDonagh walks limply to the table, his clothes in rags, followed by Kate, who holds her head high).

OLD NED RINNCA MCDONAGH:

All my life I have struggled to keep meself and the family from the grave. I've worked honestly and hard and I have never asked for anything from anybody... But, I, well, I'm asking... please forgive the hanging gale, I only have one rent instalment. I'll make it good when the tide turns soon.

MCWILLIAMS :

McDonagh - Where are your two sons? If you hand them up you might get a listening.

MARK HIM DOWN.....

You've two weeks to the assizes

Mark him down.....

SECOND PART OF MUSIC:

“GOT TO GET AWAY “

**To get away, Got to go away
And leave this land behind me
Like a lightning flash {bolt}**

**(and leave this hungry land)
(the fever and the cold)**

Got to get away, got to go away

Now this land is blighted

(to save the wee one's lives)

And the crops have failed us

(seek a healthy land)

Got to go away, got to go away

Like a sudden clap of thunder

(before the hunger does consume us)

I got to get away, got to go away	(good)
Now the blight has come oer the land	
They've taken all our food	(the potato it has failed)
Got to get away, got to go away	
Everything Is gone	(the mist is on the land)
To meet our hanging gale	(a foul and evil smell)
Got to get away, got to go away	
Before the landlord will evict us	(we feel an evil approaching famine)

SCENE 14: THE WHITEBOYS TAKE ACTION

Setting: *Outside Kilturk, a lonely spot, halfway between the estate and town. It is evening or dusk.*

(We see a beautiful carriage. It is Lord Rosemount. He is en route to his manor home in England with the rent money. Suddenly, his party (one driver and one behind) are held up by three whiteboys who jump from behind the rocks and stop their passage. Shouting and holding a sword and a rifle, the three rebel whiteboys have white linen rags over their heads with two slits for eyes. Only their eyes can be seen.

(shouting)

WHITEBOY 1:

Out of the coach, in the name of Captain Rock, Captain Midnight and the people of the district of Kilturk, we're here to relieve your honour of the burden of our gold....Now hand over that box your honour or I'll shoot you.... Believe me!

(panicking and flustered, as Reilly stands frozen in panic and the driver is amused to finally meet a Whiteboy)

LORD ROSEMOUNT:

Reilly - give him the box
yes.... Reilly the box.....please...
Make haste!

(The Whiteboy places the gun at Lord Rosemount's head and holds it there between his eyes)

(begging for mercy, he closes his eyes expecting death)

LORD ROSEMOUNT:

No...No!

Reilly!

(Reilly procures the chest of gold from underneath the carriage seat and hands it to the Whiteboys. It is extremely heavy)

WHITEBOY 1:

Now Captain Midnight...ride with the gold..... we'll tie them up before we make our getaway.
Shinawil...{that's all}

*(Captain Midnight rides away with the gold.
While the two remaining Whiteboys are tying up Lord Rosemount and Reilly, McWilliams suddenly appears with six redcoat soldiers, catching them by surprise and surrounding them.)*

MCWILLIAMS:

The games up..... you scoundrels ha! Ah...we have them at last... disarm them Private Monks ... Untie the good Lord.....

LORD ROSEMOUNT:

It's too late - you incompetent fool - one of them GOT AWAY with the gold.....He took it all. Everything.

MCWILLIAMS:

Don't worry m'Lord we'll get him. I have my spies. First, let's see who hides behind the masks..

Snatching off the rags from over their heads, all is revealed

MCWILLIAMS:

Aha...It's a McDonagh. Now the other one. Yes, just as I suspected - McDonagh number two. We got them...at last. I

knew it! These are the murderers my lord.....These are the murderers of Drysville....String them from that tree Soldier get the rope...

LORD ROSEMOUNT :

..... NO WAIT We can extricate information about the third man from them.

MCWILLIAMS :

NO NO We must kill them NOW or the white boys could return and help them escape..... Don't worry My Lord, I know who the third man is..... It's their brother Sean the dancer!

LORD ROSEMOUNT :

By my word, they will suffer Mcwilliams... they wanted to murder me... These savages Make an example of them...AND those villagers who helped them hide.....make them suffer. Show these ignorant people not to mess with a respectable Lord. Oh, oh... the pain... It's my gout..... Ahhhh.

(lord Rosemount doubles over in pain)

MCWILLIAMS :

Let's take justice into our own capable hands. I'll shoot them now. Two less beastly barbaric murderers in this land. The people of Kilturk will be sorry they didn't give them up.

The soldiers aim their rifles at the whiteboys and get ready to fire on McWilliams's order.

PATRICK MCDONAGH (WHITEBOY 1) :

Go Ahead. Shoot me. We'll die for our people and our country. Our deaths will be avenged by the Whiteboys. Your day of reckoning will come! Watch out!

(kneeling down as ordered, he blesses himself)

BRENDAN MCDONAGH (WHITEBOY 2) :

We don't fear death, we welcome it. You're doin us a favour. When you've nothin' to lose, you've everything to

gain in death. The Whiteboys will be back for ye. See ye in hell.

MCWILLIAMS :

Shoot them at once. Hanging is too good for you two
Shoot them NOW! Ready! Fire!

(The WHITEBOYS stare McWilliams in the eyes defiantly and wait for that certain bullet.

Shots ring out and blackness.)

SONG: "Got To Get Away"

**Got to get away Now the spuds have failed
got to get away..... got to go away**

SCENE 15: A Town is Evicted

Setting: Kilturk Town

(It is dawn in Kilturk. This day will never be forgotten as an entire town is about to be evicted. This was commonplace during this time: in 1846, Over 300 people in the small village of Ballinglass were evicted at dawn.

McWilliams arrives with the peelers [policemen] and redcoat soldiers to tumble the houses and evict everyone from the village. The harrowing scenes that follow are unbelievable: the sick, the dying, the old and the young are dragged from their cabins; The roofs are destroyed and rendered useless. The whole townland is trashed and broken: reflecting the people who are also broken and damaged. McWilliams is accompanied by four peelers and fires out instructions in a cold, steely manner)

The Redcoats Sing:

"The Tumbling Men"

We're the tumbling men with the battering ram
We'll trash every house as quick as we can

with the landlords the Sherriff and magistrates too
the police and the soldiers make sure that we do
The pulvering ruffian, the gouger, the tumbler.
The wrecker, torcheror are burning us down
The tyrants are gloating at the hunger and suffering
As the once-happy family is consigned to the grave

They're firing the thatch roof, it lights up the sky
In a bright hellish blaze they're burning us down
All hope it's blighted we are barefoot and naked
The landlords that caused it insult our distress

MCWILLIAMS :

By the order of her Majesty's court, I am here to serve
notice on the Village of Kilturk. From this day, on the
eighteenth day of November 1847, all tenants must leave
their holdings and turn them over to their landlord, Sir
Thomas...or LORD ROSEMOUNT...I should say.

Men, first evict the McDonaghs and if there's any
resistance, shoot them!

*(Knocking on their cabin door with the butt end of a rifle banging
loudly. Knock ! knock!)*

(shouting)

PEELER :

Ned McDonagh ... give over your holding... by order of her
Majesty Queen Victoria ...

MCWILLIAMS :

Soldier, shoot at the door

(There is silence, so He summons them again.)_

MCWILLIAMS :

Come out McDonagh!

*(The door opens slowly and Ned limps out followed by Kate. A
tired and broken figure.)*

MCWILLIAMS :

You will not seek shelter anywhere and must leave the district forever by order. I have executed your thieving sons... we caught them in the act of stealing his lordship's gold. They were shot on the spot and their heads are staked on two poles at Maddens bridge.... Now search the cabin for the missing whiteboy..... Sean the dancer - HE has the gold.

(SOBBING)

KATE MCDONAGH:

Mcwilliams you'll burn in hell

OLD NED RINNCA MCDONAGH:

Hell is too good for that murdering monster

PEELER:

No one here sir... nothing-here sir...

MCWILLIAMS:

Break up his possessions..... leave them nothing.....
You're nothing but a murdering family of scoundrels

KATE:

How dare you say that about my family!

(McWilliams strikes her a blow with his whip across her face and she falls to the ground)

MCWILLIAMS:

That will keep you quiet.....you wicked woman.

(NED makes an effort to reply but is subdued and discouraged by the peeler.)

PEELER:

Don't be foolish old man...

MCWILLIAMS:

Teach your wife respect McDonagh.....now for the Widows Maguire.
Get her out and tumble it.....search everywhere for the
gold.....we're not leaving till we find it!

PEELER:

Widows now, next door

MCWILLIAMS:

McDonagh your son will not escape me.

PEELER:

in the name of law, give up your holdings...widow

(She comes out pleading and cursing)

WIDOW MAGUIRE

You'll all be dammed in hell. How could you do this to a poor
widow?

MCWILLIAMS:

Hold your mouth woman.....now the Buckley's.....

*(McWilliams pulls the half door from its hinge. The evictions
are happening like lightning, quickly and fast. The Dawn raid
ensures they are not ready to fight but still in their night
clothes)*

MCWILLIAMS:

Give over your holdings Buckley!

BUCKEY

My poor wife is very ill with the fever. She's in her bed. Too
weak to walk... just give me a little time

(shouting)

MCWILLIAMS :

Out of your cabin NOW!

BUCKEY :

Leave me alone.....I paid my rent.

(Buckey makes a gallant effort at resisting but is hit with the butt of a rifle)

MCWILLIAMS :

Get your wife out now Buckley, I don't want my men to touch her and catch your vile fever.

BUCKEY :

You can't do this to Big Dan. I always paid my rent and on time... YOU can't do this to me. I've done nothin'

MCWILLIAMS :

I said, get your wife out now!

Ellen is brought out on her sick bed by Dan and a villager. Little Willy single-handily tries to take on the might of the police and the soldiers but is held back by the villagers.....

LITTLE WILLY :

My curse upon you McWilliams ...my curse upon you and your seed, breed and generations. You will die tragically among the people you persecute. This I foretell..... a black cloud will follow you until the raven croaks...

MCWILLIAMS :

Shut him up!

(The redcoats fire a shot at Willy who falls to the ground wounded in the arm.)

MCWILLIAMS :

Tell Sean McDonagh he's a doomed man.....

(A gathering of stunned villagers convenes at the large Celtic cross in the town. The turmoil of the eviction leaves the inhabitants quiet, in shock and in despair. They watch McWilliams walk away.)

(Buckey whispers to Babs Maguire, who is beside him and Ellen)

BUCKEY:

Babs, get me my gun It's hidden under the cross, just
move the stone, hand it to me and I'll shoot that divil
of a man

(Babs walks over to the cross and moves the stone to find an array of guns and gives one of them to Buckey. Little Willy sees the guns and takes one for himself and starts distributing the other guns around the villagers discretely)

BUCKEY:

Take that you tyrant and go to where you belong - with the
DEVIL in hell!

(Buckey shoots McWilliams in the back as he's leaving the village. The redcoats and peelers answer by shooting randomly at the villagers killing and wounding people. The villagers use the guns from Willy and follow Buckey's lead, shooting back at the soldiers and peelers. It becomes a war scene. Two redcoats and three policemen are now dead, lying on top of McWilliams who has been shot in the back and the head. Buckey has also been injured and the widow McGuire is dead as is Rosie O'Brien)

BABS DANAHER

What's going to happen now?

BUCKEY:

There'll be more peelers and redcoats to follow when they hear
of the troubles and the shootings..

I must dream a scheme to get us away
And find a boat for Amerikay
I could go, if you would
And I would, if you could
Cross the Atlantic and escape this poor land
I've a dream a scheme to get us away
Before the hunger will take us away
The fight for survival.
The hunger and fever
the death or the grave will take us away

**We're the Tumbling men with the Battering Ram
We'll trash every house as quick as we can
The landlords, the Sherriff and magistrates too
Police and the army make sure that we do**

We're all be evicted thrown out of our homes
with nowhere to go but over the foam
to a land far and distant, and now we must go
find peace and find plenty and build a new home

**We've evicted the tenants, no mercy was shown
The landlord is happy we wrecked all the homes
We've evicted all tenants the young and the old
You must leave Ireland forever or go to the grave**

SONG: A LAMENT FOR THE VILLAGE

"Lost and alone"

Here am I lost and alone
I'm dispossessed of my land and of my home
And my people cry with a hungry plea
With nowhere to go sure there just like me
We're helpless souls without aid or a friend
Without help or food, our existence will end
I'll be doomed to starve on the roads to die
By a ditch or field will my body lie?
To be feasted on by the rats or the dogs
That ARE roaming wild by the fields and bogs.

And the people cry with a hungry plea
They have nowhere to go, they are just like me
And my heart cries out with anger and with pain
For our helpless hungry pleas are all in vain
Hear the hungry voice, hear their angry voices, hear their hungry cries.
Hear the hungry voice hear their angry voices hear their hungry cries
Hear the hungry voices, hear their cries

And the landlords decide if you live or if you die
And export all our food leaving nothing nearby
And the BANSHEES are screaming with a hungry eye
For the souls of old Ireland are lost in the sky
Hear the hungry voice, hear their angry voices, hear their hungry cries.
Hear the hungry voice hear their angry voices hear their hungry cries
Hear the hungry voices, hear their cries

Here am I evicted from my home
Where generations of my people have roamed
Green are these fields where our forefathers dwelt
We had a small little farm but some comfort we felt
But we lived in fear when our lease would expire
We're so attached to our land to our hearth and our fire

I'm forced from the place and the town where I was born
Thrown upon the world so all alone
my heartstrings play every mournful song
while a choir of angels with devils play along

And the people cry with a hungry plea
They have nowhere to go they are just like me
And my heart cries out with anger and with pain
For the helpless hungry pleas are all in vain
Hear the hungry voice hear their angry voices hear their hungry cries.
Hear the hungry voice hear their angry voices hear their hungry cries
Hear the hungry voices, hear their cries

Were a once happy people condemned now to die
And export all our food leaving nothing nearby
And the BANSHEES are screaming with a hungry eye
For the souls of old Ireland lost in the sky

SCENE 16: DANCE FOR OUR LIVES!

Dance Competition Scene. Dublin, Capital city of Ireland, A
Dance Hall.

*(We are in a beautiful dance hall with a stunning chandelier.
Many dancers are colourfully dressed except Sean and Siobhan-
both in black.)*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES:

And now we have Sean McDonagh and Siobhan Buckley on the
floor!

*The hall applauds and Sean and Siobhan take to the floor in
the dance of a lifetime. Their dance is otherworldly and
amazing. Everyone including the dancers watches with awe as
his strength and her grace create fire and ice. When they
finish, cheers and whoops fill the hall along with clapping
and a standing ovation. Siobhan is embarrassed and Sean rubs
her back gently to let her know that she is loved. The dancers
stand around as the judging takes place. Sean and Siobhan hold
hands, knowing they have danced for their lives. Sean looks at
Siobhan with pride, as no matter what, they have just danced
beyond even their own expectations.*

PRIEST (JUDGE) :

In these troubled times, of all the dancers here today from
all over Ireland, it is my privilege to announce that the
dancers from Kilturk, County Fermanagh are the winners of the

1847 mixed All Ireland doubles. We also crown Sean McDonagh as the All-Ireland Male Champion of 1847! Give them both a deserving round of applause!

(They receive the prize money from the priest who is the patron of the competition. Siobhan is all smiles and Sean is beaming from ear to ear.)

PRIEST (JUDGE) :

As patron of the feis, I am pleased to present you with twelve gold sovereigns for the mixed doubles and two pieces of gold to Sean as the single male champion of Ireland

SEAN :

May I thank you and all the other patrons and judges for your confidence in our abilities and we humbly accept the prize which is badly needed and will help us emigrate to America.

SIOBHAN :

Father, I have one request of you before you go. Could you marry us before we leave? We'll be off to America soon but first, we have to go home and bid farewell to our folks and parents in our village

PRIEST (JUDGE) :

These are sad days for Ireland. I've seen so many leaving the past few years. If it continues there'll be no Irish people left in Ireland. My heart goes out to all who have to leave this land..

THE PRIEST LEADS A SONG: "People of Ireland"

SEAN AND SIOBHAN :

Now that we're together as one, my heart flies on the wings of a dove
I may not have great riches or gold, but I'm the luckiest man and in love
The road may wind over mountain and glen and our struggles may all be uphill
For we'll be together forever and ever
Or whatever our dreams or our future will bring

FULL CHORUS SINGS

People of Ireland are lost to the wind
I can't be with you may the road rise to meet you
With gods hand to keep you from harm
I will be with always all the days
Till the sun and the moon
And the stars in the sky cease to shine
Ay ay I ay ay I ay oii ay I ay ay oii I ay ayn I ay ay oii ay ay ay I aya ay

PRIEST:

They left our homes so eerie, and still in silence they went on their way
From the town and then land, where we lived for so long
There's no laughter no harper no piper no song
They left the old, the sick and infirm, and no one to bury their dead or a grave
For the torture of hunger has torn us asunder now, there's no tears for family or friends

FULL CHORUS, PRIEST, SIOBHAN & SEAN SING

People of Ireland are lost to the wind
I can't be with you may the road rise to meet you
With gods hand to keep you from harm
I will be with always all the days
Till the sun and the moon
And the stars in the sky cease to shine
Ay ay I ay ay I ay oii ay I ay ay oii I ay ayn I ay ay oii ay ay ay I aya ay

SCENE 17: Leave to Live or Stay to Die | Confessions | Forgiveness

Kilturk Village, a broken, fractured town with houses in disarray. (Buckey is wounded and weak and speaks to the villagers who are all together by the cross)

BUCKEY:

I am wounded and sick with fever, my wife is close to death's door and I must make amends before I meet my God, my maker. Lying here as the fever builds within me, I've thought about my life and all the wrongs I have done. I was wrong about Darby - He's nothing but a thief and a blackguard.

(He turns to Ned McDonagh, his mortal enemy)

BUCKEY:

Ned Rincca, I beg forgiveness for the harm I caused you many years ago and I plead for your forgiveness.

NED:

I forgive you Buckey. It's time now for peace.

(They shake hands)

(Sean and Siobhan come back to the village in shock to see the village in tatters and their families and friends lying on the ground, tending to the wounded or sick. Buckey tries to stand up and greet them, but falls back with weakness.)

SEAN MCDONAGH:

Oh my God what's happened here?

OLD NED RINNCA:

The gougers have been very busy and evicted the entire town at dawn. Buckey shot McWilliams and then all hell broke loose when they started firing on us. Little Willy gave us some of Buckey's guns and now the Peelers and Redcoats and McWilliams are all dead. Josie O'Brien and the Widow dead. Those who can get away must leave before they come back and shoot us all.

BUCKEY:

My Siobhan, Mo Gra thank God you're here... I am for the Raven's book. The relapsing fever will come back again but while I'm in reprieve, I give you my full blessing to marry Sean.

SIOBHAN:

Father, it grieves me to see your fightin' spirit so. That means so much to get that blessing Father. But I must tell you We are already married. We got married in Dublin with Father Kennedy. I told you and mother a lie when I said I was going

to visit Auntie Maureen in Meath, I'm sorry about that... but you see, Sean and I had a plan and we won first prize at the Feis in Dublin. We've won fourteen gold sovereigns - even more than my dowry, We've enough money to start our life.

BUCKEY:

I've a confession too my daughter, A while back, I was thinking about all the faction fighting between us McDonaghs and Buckleys going back generations... Ye know we all shared a greater enemy? The landlords, their agents, and our English overlords...THEY made us slaves in our own land. So, I colluded and conspired with your two sons, NED.... yes I know, I know McDonaghs...Me and The Whiteboys worked together to get our gold back from the landlord.

(everybody is shocked and surprised)

I was the third man, the third Whiteboy. Unfortunately, McWilliams shot two great heroes. They fought for the people, for US. God rest your brothers and sons - Brendan and Patrick - they were good men. The gold is now back to the people and will help those strong enough to get to America.

(Buckey turns to Siobhan who is crying with emotion at his words and the villagers have gathered around him and Ellen)

Siobhan my beautiful girl, my colleen deas mo croi. Get the bag of gold - it's hidden under your mother's dying body. I knew they wouldn't search your mother for fear of catching the fever. So take the gold and share it with the young folk, Babs, Mary, Bridget, John and all those who need it to get to America. Take our memories and our love to the new world.

(relieved)

SEAN:

Thank God, it will take us all out of the misery and suffering ...This is the lot of our people in this unfortunate land. When all hope is gone, thank God for America.

BUCKEY:

This gold will take you all to the land of liberty..... A place without landlords. Sounds like heaven to me.

LITTLE WILLY:

A heaven on Earth...No tyrants! No McWilliams

(Little Willy dances with joy at the thought of it, despite his injured arm)

OLD NED RINNCA MCDONAGH:

Time's not on your side, they'll be back soon. Ye must make haste.

SEAN:

Let's go now, all of us to Belfast to the boat.
It's us against them, Survival or death from starvation..
Are we all up for the journey?
Willy, I know you took a shot in the shoulder - can ye make it?

LITTLE WILLY:

Don't worry Seaneen. little Willy is up to it.... remember the little wheels at the front of the carriage never let the big wheels at the back catch up..

(Ned calls his son over).

OLD NED RINCCA MCDONAGH:

Sean Son, you have to go with the villagers. You've got a full life ahead of you. A chance to live again. A new start in a brave, new world.

SEAN:

I'll only go if you both go. Father, Please come with us! I can't leave you both here. They'll send you to the poorhouse.

(Ned shakes his head to say No and Kate answers for him.)

KATE:

My beloved son, Your father and I have climbed the hill of life together.....and now, we must go down together. If we go to the poorhouse we'll be separated. Anyway, they tell me, they're full of death and disease and very few survive. We're too old, to survive that long sailing to America. No, we'll stay here and die in the place we love and know. It may be ruined, but this is our home, our dreams were always here.

OLD NED RINNCA MCDONAGH:

I've one last wish before you all leave. Sean, Dance, one last time for me and for those who can't travel.

Let us die with a happy memory. A proper and fitting wake for those who are dying, and for those who are departing their home forever more.

SEAN:

Of course, I'll dance my last dance in this once-happy village full of life and song. Thank you Father, the greatest teacher and the greatest dancer Ireland has ever known.

SIOBHAN:

Yes, Ned you are one of the greats! I learnt my steps from the best, so thank you for everything.

(The villagers agree and even Big Dan grunts his approval.)

BUCKEY:

Yeh, hmph....

VILLAGERS:

it's true, its true come on you know it!

LITTLE WILLY:

Here, I have some of my whiskey hidden here in the well. Let's drink it, so we can all share the water of life in the face of death...

(There is even laughter for a few minutes, as Willy passes around the whiskey punch but all too soon the happiness is overcome by reality. Sean dances, a bittersweet dance, making the town feel united and together in their final goodbye. The Banshees join Sean in his final dance in the town of Kilturk. Siobhan hugs her parents and cries with pride and emotion as she watches him dance)

SONG: Lonely the wind

Lonely the wind and the wild waves that roll
In the glimmering shades around Lough Erne
My heart beats at night for a love of my life
A love I had won and then had lost

By a wild rushing stream where the wild roses bloom
Hurt by the thorns but how sweet was the rose
You're my wild Irish Rose
The fairest in all of Fermanagh
The sweetest flower of all
Of all of the flowers that bloom in the land

We will walk hand and hand through a mid-summers night's dream
I'm the king of the world with his queen
You Smiled in the mist the moment that we kissed
But I awoke with a sigh to find you gone

By a wild rushing stream where the wild roses bloom
Hurt by the thorns but how sweet was the rose
You're my wild Irish Rose
The fairest in all of Fermanagh
The sweetest flower that all
Of all of the flowers that bloom in the land

(After the song, the villagers are quiet, overcome by sadness. Sean kisses his parents and places his Cota mor over his mother to keep her warm.)

BUCKEY :

I've had a good long life and there's nothing more certain in
life than death. There was no better man to smoke his dudheen
to drink his cruiskeen, and to flourish his alpeen and to
wallop a spalpeen...since Adam was a Boy

Siobhan and Sean get ready to leave and hug her mother, who is now dying and breathing her last breaths. Siobhan doesn't care

about the fever and kisses her brow.

SEAN:

I pray to God for his protection of those we leave behind.....
May the angels of Heaven who witnessed the crimes, cruelty and
destruction of THIS country by the TYRANTS..... blow the
trumpets of truth to God on high and bring to justice... the
murdering spoilers of our land.... and may the spectral army
arise in Judgement of the murderers.....

Most of the young people in this town were facing starvation
and death and thanks be for Buckey, and my two brothers, Bren
and Pat (lord rest them), who have given us all a means to
escape. I bid a final farewell to my village, my country my
parents and friends.

*(The young people walk away from the town. The set becomes
dark and the spot shines on the reporter at his desk writing)*

SCENE 18: The Destruction is almost complete

*A reporter from illustrated London news returns at his desk to
fill us in on the news of the day. The spot returns to the
side of the stage where he is sitting.*

Reporter: WH Smith: Illustrated London News

The destruction of Ireland is almost complete as masses of
Irish people scramble for survival. My report for the 15th day
of July, eighteen hundred and forty eight.

(spoken with passion)

A new journey commenced with disappointment, hunger, suffering, bankruptcy, despair,
death, disease, evictions, emigration and all the horrors that Is Ireland. Now only things are
worse. Famine fatigue had set in, people tired of horror stories, tired of giving, tired of
helping, tired of hunger, tired of struggling, tired of efforts leading to no results. The tide
against them, the wind against them, the landlord against them, government against them,
system against them, struggling up-hill, struggling against the hunger, struggling against
every element known to man, people too weak to struggle, everything is now up to God but
he had no help from government.

Ireland to strike a blow for resistance, strike a blow for revolution, strike a blow and fight.
But it was so weak, so undernourished, so hungry, so unarmed, so disorganized, so leaderless,
so unrealistic, it fizzled out in Mrs. McCormack's cabbage patch in Co Tipperary. And all
those bad landlords, those ruthless landlords, those heartless landlords, the absentee
landlords, good landlords, encumbered landlords, bankrupt landlords, who will have pity on
the landlords? Now there was the Acts of Government, The Act of Union, The Poor Law

Ireland Act, The Soup Kitchen Act, The Rate in Aid Act, The Passenger Acts, The Labour Rate Act, The Fever Act, The Encumbered Estate Court Act, Public Works Act, Poor Employment Act, Poor Relief Act, Poor Relief Extension Act, The Irish Banking Act, 1845, Temporary Relief of Destitute Persons Ireland Act, An Act of God, an Act of Providence, an Act of Love an Act of Hate, Acts of Charity, Good Hopeful Charitable Acts, Acts of Rebellion, Acts of Defiance, Acts of Violence, Acts of Militia, Acts of Police, Acts of Magistrate, Acts of Bailiffs, The Felony Treason Act, The Evicted Tenants Act, The Vagrancy Act, The Acts of Landlords, the Acts of evictions, the acts of evicted, the acts of the Whiteboys, the Molly Maguire's, and Ribbon Men, the acts of beggars, the acts of paupers, the acts of hunger, the acts of living, the acts of dying, , the Poor Law Rate Acts, helpful acts, hopeful acts, destructive acts, acts of folly, who acts for the people of Ireland.

Once again hunger visits Ireland, disease visits Ireland, cholera visits Ireland, Queen Victoria visits Ireland, Prince Albert visits Ireland, the whole royal family visits Ireland. Once again blight visits Ireland, death, misery, suffering visits Ireland and charity stops, the Quakers stop, the food stops, relief stops, the work stops, the soup stops, the heart stops, Ireland stops, emigration starts.

Whole towns, half towns, whole lands, half estates, whole people, half people, hungry people, half-starved people, sick people, dying people, diseased people, desperate people, rich people, pauperized people and bankrupt people all to the emigrant ships. big ships, small ships, tragic ships, good ships, bad ships, death ships, misery ships, weak ships, timber ships, sailing ships, coffin ships, all kind of ships, hulks, bulks, brigs, barks, clippers, schooners, anything that can sail the sea, merchant men, man o war, old ships, new ships, steam ships, total hardship, the best ship that sailed the sea, the fastest ship that sailed the ship, the slowest ship that sailed the sea, the worst ship that sailed the sea, the misery, the suffering, the lack of food, the lack of water, the lack of space, the lack of air, the lack of thought, the lack of crew, the lack of honest men, the lack of good captains, the lack of cooking facilities, the lack of any facilities, pigs in the hold, 500 people in the hold, the stench in the hold, the battened down hold, disease in the hold, death in the hold, rats in the hold, effluent in the hold, shit, piss, vomit in the hold. Six to ten weeks in the hold, misery and suffering in the hold, no escape from the hold except to a watery grave, death wrapped in an old canvas, sail or sacking thrown overboard without ceremony, a feast for the sharks. A weight, a stone or cannon ball, the last friend to accompany them to the bottom, no cross to mark the spot, no friend to say a prayer, no family to shed a tear.

A new land, a promised land, a rich land, a vast land, free land, a land of liberty and justice, a friendly land, a helping hand, a fertile land, a hungry land, a land of work, a land of food, a land of plenty, a strange land, a new town, a new city, a new beginning, new people, new faces, new ways and a new world. New heart, a new hope, a new way of life, a new struggle, a new land, a far-off land, a long way to come for some to find nothing but a shallow grave, God rest their souls, Oh God how they suffered, Grosse Isle, Partridge Isle, Staten Island, Manhattan Island, Quebec City, Montreal, St. Laurence River, St. John's, New Brunswick, St. John New Foundland, St. John Nova Scotia, New York Castle Garden, New Orleans, Mississippi, Boston City, quarantine, fever sheds, two in a bed, one dying one dead, not a word was spoken, but a prayer was said, a tear was shed, a nominee padre, the last rights in a new world.

Scene 19: The Crossing, Thank God For America

Setting: *We are on the boat to America. The spot turns to Siobhan, Sean and all the villagers on the boat as they look at Ireland for the last time. They are huddled together on the boat with the full cast heading to the new land.*

(sorrowfully)

SEAN:

I am sorrowful as I think of my father and mother and those, we left behind. Their days and nights will drag wearily and hopelessly on, while they recall the splendid fellowship of the past and are now blinded by tears, broken by age. and now have no fellowship but grief and sorrow.

The CHORUS (boys and Girls of the boat)
The Crossing

In these sad and lonely days for Ireland
Our people shipped across the ocean wide
They left their foot steps by the harbour walls
And their dreams are in the hills and the cabins that were home
In the fields and the towns of Ireland

But in our hearts we always will remember
the tragedy the hunger the death and pain
In our hearts we always will remember
All the millions that were lost all the lives that it cost
In those ships those coffin ships those ships of tears

In overcrowded ships not fit for people
The angel of death did cast its hungry eye
For many will die upon the ocean deep
And the children's hungry pleas from the thirst and disease
In those ships those coffin ships those ships of tears

In our hearts we always will remember
All the tragedy the hunger all the death the pain
In our hearts we always will remember
All the millions that were lost all the lives that it cost
In those ships those coffin ships those ships of tears

A naobh muire a mhatair de

Now their ghosts will dance upon the ocean
Their spirits are wandering on a lonely wave
The moon and stars will cast a loving eye
build a bridge across the sea place a cross in memory
For each life that was lost in that holocaust

It is now night-time and the stars are shining brightly in the sky on the boat as they get very close to America. Sean looks at Siobhan and starts to sing about what lies ahead in America for them both.

SONG : Sean & Siobhan

“WHAT LIES AHEAD”

Every star that ever shone is shining on us now.
Every star for every heart that's beats will show us how.
So take my hand you love of mine and I will keep you safe
For every dream that we have dreamed before us lies in wait,
What lies ahead so many dreams so many reasons to be a dreamer.
What lies ahead , just like everyone, that's come and gone
Was living for,
What lies ahead.

In sight of the land of liberty, where hopes and dreams shine bright,
A world that waits for you and me turns what was dark to light.
So dance with me now my angel of love and I will mind your heart
Seems what was an end for us has turned into the start,

What lies ahead (There is a future waiting now)
so many dances so many chances to be a dancer,
What lies ahead , (it will be everything we dreamed of)
its like every soul, we've ever known

Are bringing us home,
To what lies ahead.
All our sons and all our daughters out there waiting patiently for us
What lies ahead (nobody else I'd rather dream with)so many dreams so many reasons to be a dreamer.

What lies ahead, from what's left behind, all this love we'll find,

Is waiting for us now,
In what lies ahead.
What we hungered for, will be no more, in our world
That lies ahead

“KEEN FOR THE LOST MILLIONS”

We all keen for the souls of old Ireland
We all mourn for the loved ones we’ve lost
You’ll be missed in the heart of the village and townland
in the mountains and the valleys of home

The laughter of children is silenced and muted
The beautiful Women and men
I can hear their cries in the winds on the ocean
All their tears pour like rain from the sky up above

Brave were the hearts of the people of Ireland
Oh, Erin, my heart bleeds in sorrow for thee

The laughter of Children
It is silenced
No music. no dancing. no song.
The Shamrock is drowned and overcome with sorrow
Without help or relief, they starved them

I can hear their cries in the winds on the ocean
All their tears pour like rain from the sky up above
You’ll be missed in the hearts of old Ireland
Oh, Ireland, my heart grieves for thee.
The laughter of children is silenced forever more

KEEN FOR THE LOST MILLIONS

We all keen for the souls of old Ireland
We all mourn for the loved ones we’ve lost
You’ll be missed in the heart of the village and townland
in the mountains and the Valleys of Home
The laughter of Children is silenced and muted

The beautiful Women and men
I can hear their cries in the winds on the ocean
All their tears pour like rain from the sky UP above
Brave were the hearts of the people of Ireland
Oh, Erin my heart bleeds in sorrow for thee

The laughter of Children is silenced
No music no dancing no song
The Shamrock is drowned and overcomes with sorrow
Without help or relief, they starved them

I can hear their cries in the winds on the ocean
All their tears pour like rain from the sky up above dance
You’ll be missed in the hearts of old Ireland

oh, Ireland my heart grieves for thee
The laughter of children is silenced forever more

OR

Music up until the low famine team

FINAL SCENE: Thank God For America

Siobhan and Sean and little Willy and all the villagers see New York Harbour and the dazzling lights ahead. They are arm in arm and linked together and are excited about this new world. They are joined by the entire cast for the finale.

(This could be an immersive experience for theatregoers with everyone receiving a small souvenir flag (either Irish or American) and they become part of the experience waving their flags at the finale.)

SAILOR (SHOUTING):

Land ahoy...land ahoy...America. Here at last! Thank God For America!

The Entire cast joins the stage and the finale finishes with an ensemble dance. There will be more dancers tap dancing during the rap where every state in America is mentioned, the tap, tap, tap of the rap, complimenting the rhythmic dancing. This is river dance mixed with rap and the stars and the stripes flag is part of this extravaganza.

The full cast joins together to sing:

"Thank God for America"

Into the bowels of the cities and the towns there, the Irish made their way
Across the new horizons far away from the bitter sea
They left their homes in Ireland no more their land to sea
And made their homes all over the land and found a home,
all over the land

CHORUS:

Thank God for America for your country and your fertile shores.
Thank God for America for we love this land forevermore.
Each city each county all the wonders that we see,
We're all part of America This land is part of you and me,
Thank God for America.

They left the old world for the new and sailed across the sea
Driven from their homeland to the land of liberty
Driven by the tyrant's hand from Erin's land so green
They crossed the western ocean to find life's elusive dream.
Over the hills and the valleys and the plains
the Irish brought the railways there

Blazing the trails of America far away from the bitter sea
From the goldmines to the coalmines
Up and down the cattle trails

They found their way all over the land
and made a home all over the land.

CHORUS:

Thank God for America for your country and your fertile shores
Thank God for America for we love this land forevermore
Each city, each county, all the wonders that we see
We're all part of America
This land is part of you and me
Thank God for America

RAP: Alabama, Oklahoma, Sacramento, California, Sth Dakota, Nth Dakota, Manitoba and
Alberta Massachusetts, and Wisconsin, Maine

Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Indiana and Alaska, Utah, Iowa, Ottawa, Omaha, Idaho, New
Mexico, who Minnesota, Arizona, Carolina North and South, Nevada, Nebraska, Mississippi
and Missouri Whoo.

Louisiana and Montana Florida and Georgia, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York
Tennessee and Kentucky.

Michigan, Oregon, Washington Wyoming, Texas, Kansas, Arkansas, Delaware, and
Connecticut too.

Colorado, and Chicago, Ohio. Ontario Illinois Maryland and Rhode Island too.

ENTIRE CAST TAKE A BOW AND SAY TOGETHER

THANK GOD FOR AMERICA!!

*** * * * THE END * * * ***