

TURLOUGH

&

TADHG

*An Irish Independence Jukebox*

*Musical*

*By Bea Russell*

*Dedicated to my grandmother, Janet A. Harrington, who passed away on September 20th, 2024.*

*In honor of all of my deceased Irish relatives and ancestors, and everybody, everywhere, who  
died for something they believed in.*

## CHARACTERS

### THE HARRINGTONS

**TADHG HARRINGTON** - An Irish rebel and a poet, the eldest child of Turlough and Aoibhe.

**TURLOUGH HARRINGTON** - Tadhg's father, an Irish rebel, married to Aoibhe.

**AOIBHE HARRINGTON** - Tadhg's mother, married to Turlough.

**TUATHAL HARRINGTON** - Tadhg's younger brother, son of Turlough and Aoibhe.

**SEÁN HARRINGTON** - Tadhg's youngest brother.

**SIBÉAL HARRINGTON** - Tadhg's younger sister, the eldest daughter of Turlough and Aoibhe.

**BRIGIT HARRINGTON** - Tadhg's younger sister, the middle daughter of Turlough and Aoibhe.

**CEARA HARRINGTON** - Tadhg's youngest sister, the youngest daughter of Turlough and Aoibhe.

### THE REBELS

**\*PÁDRAIG PEARSE** - The leader of the Easter Rising, and a prominent member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

**\*JAMES CONNOLLY** - A commander of the Easter Rising, alongside Pearse. Founder of the Irish Citizen Army, which fought in the Irish War of Independence.

**\*TOM CLARKE** - One of the leaders of the military branch of the IRB, who helped plan and execute the Easter Rising.

**\*SEÁN MAC DIARMADA** - One of the leaders of the military branch of the IRB, assisted in planning the Easter Rising.

**\*JOSEPH PLUNKETT** - A leader of the Easter Rising.

**\*GRACE GIFFORD** - Plunkett's wife.

\***ÉAMONN CEANNT** - A leader of the Easter Rising.

\***THOMAS MACDONAGH** - A leader of the Easter Rising.

\***RICHARD MULCAHY** - A general who fought in both the Easter Rising and the Irish War of Independence.

\***CATHAL BRUGHA** - A commander during the Irish War of Independence.

\***ÉAMON DE VALERA** - A major figure of the Easter Rising who escaped execution, leader of Sinn Féin during the Irish War of Independence.

\***CONSTANCE MARKIEVICZ** - Member of the Irish Citizen Army during the Irish War of Independence, fought in the Easter Rising.

\***KEVIN BARRY** - A soldier for the Irish Republican Army, and a friend of Tadhg.

### **THE BRITISH**

\***LORD WIMBORNE** - Lieutenant Lord of Ireland during the Easter Rising of 1916.

\***LOVICK FRIEND** - Commander-in-Chief, Ireland, during the Easter Rising.

\***SIR JOHN MAXWELL** - An important figure in responding to the Easter Rising.

\***MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM LOWE** - British Army officer who commanded the British forces during the Easter Rising.

\***SIR HENRY WILSON** - The Chief of the Imperial General Staff during the Irish War of Independence, head of the British Army.

\***NEVIL MACREADY** - Commander-in-Chief, Ireland, during the Irish War for Independence. Loathes the Irish with a “depth deeper than the sea”.

\***HAMAR GREENWOOD** - Chief Secretary for Ireland during the Irish War for Independence, leader of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

## **OTHER CHARACTERS**

**FINN** - A friend of Maxwell.

**DEIRDRE** - A Scottish girl who fights alongside the rebels in the Irish War of Independence.

## **ENSEMBLE**

**IRISH CITIZENS** - Irish men and women, members of the general public throughout the musical. Part of the Irish Ensemble.

**IRISH VOLUNTEERS** - One of the key forces of the Easter Rising. Part of the Irish Ensemble.

**IRISH CITIZEN ARMY** - Connolly's army of the Easter Rising. Part of the Irish Ensemble.

**IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY** - A coalition of the Irish Volunteers and Irish Citizen Army that fights in the Irish War of Independence.

**BRITISH SOLDIERS** - Members of the British Army.

**ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY** - Also known as the "Black and Tans", the police force of Ireland up until independence.

**Members of the ensemble also play small speaking/singing roles.**

**\* A historical figure.**

## **SONGS**

**#1 - God Save Ireland/God Save the Queen** - TADHG, TURLOUGH, IRISH CITIZENS, BRITISH CITIZENS, BRITISH SOLDIERS

**#2 - The Grandfather** - PEARSE, CONNOLLY, CLARKE, MAC DIARMADA, PLUNKETT, CEANNT, MACDONAGH, TURLOUGH

**#3 - Grá Mo Chroí** - PLUNKETT, IRISH VOLUNTEERS, IRISH CITIZENS

**#4 - Grace** - CONNOLLY, GRACE

**#5 - Pádraig Pearse** - TURLOUGH, DE VALERA, HARRINGTONS, IRISH CITIZENS

**#6 - Come Out Ye Black and Tans** - TADHG, TURLOUGH, AOIBHE, TUATHAL, SIBÉAL,  
IRISH CITIZENS

**#7 - A Nation Once Again** - TADHG

**#8 - The Devil is Dead** - MULCAHY, BRUGHA, IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY

**#9 - The Broad Black Brimmer** - TADHG, AOIBHE

**#10 - You'll Never Beat the Irish** - TADHG, BARRY, IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY

**#11 - Kevin Barry** - MARKIEVICZ

**#12 - Tadhg's Song**- TADHG

**#13- Song of the Celts** - MARKIEVICZ, DEIRDRE

**#14 - Ireland my Ireland** - TADHG

**#15 - Women of Ireland** - DEIRDRE

**#16 - Women of Ireland (Reprise)** - AOIBHE

**#17 - Rifles of the I.R.A.** - IRISH ENSEMBLE

**#18 - Ireland Unfree** - TADHG, TURLOUGH

### **PRONUNCIATIONS**

*Please note that many of these words may have different pronunciations depending on several factors, such as accent and region.*

TADHG - TIE as in BOWTIE + Hard G as in GRIP

TURLOUGH - TUR as in TURRET + LOW as in BELOW

AOIBHE - Pronounced like the English name Eva.

TUATHAL - TOO + V + ULL as in FULL

SÉAN - Pronounced like the English name Sean.

SIBÉAL - SHE + BAIL

CEARA - K as in KEY + A as in FLAT + R as in RING + A as in FAR

PÁDRAIG - PA as in PAPA + DR as in DREAM + IG as in RIG

ÉAMONN - AY - MUHN

CEANNT - Pronounced like the English word “can’t”.

CAOIMHE - Like Aoibhe, but with a hard C at the beginning.

BAILE ÁTHA CLIATH - BALL - YUH + AH - HUH + CLEE - UCH, CH as in BACH, but lighter.

GO RAIBH MAITH AGAT - GO as in GO + RAH - V + MAH + AH + GAH (Hard G)

### **PIT ORCHESTRA**

*The pit should be visible throughout the entire show, preferably they are somewhere on the stage and dressed in clothing typical of early 20th century Ireland. The pit should consist of the following: 2 violins, 1 bodhrán, 1 piano, 1 banjo, 1 classical guitar, 1 acoustic guitar, 1 harp, 2 flutes, 1 mandolin, 1 tin whistle, and 1 uilleann pipes. Multiple instruments may be played by a singular person if necessary (e.g. whistle and pipes), and if instruments need to be replaced, they can be. Ordinary bagpipes may be used in place of the uilleann pipes, and a recorder in place of the tin whistle, though the whistle is much preferred. The pit may be shrunk to include just 1 violin, 1 bodhrán, 1 banjo, 1 harp, and 1 pipes. The bodhrán is by long and far the most important instrument to actually have, as it is the heartbeat of Irish music.*

### **NOTE FROM THE PLAYWRIGHT**

*This musical is a work of historical fiction — while it is based on events occurring on the island of Ireland between 1915 and 1922, and there are characters based off of historical figures, the*

*events and people have all been dramatized and modified to fit the format of the show. Not everything in this show is 100% historically accurate, nor does it claim to be. It is simply based on and inspired by history.*

### **A (HOPEFULLY) USEFUL TIMELINE**

*This timeline should help with character ages, development of costumes, setting and set pieces, etc. The first scene takes place in the 1890s, and TURLOUGH is 16. The second scene jumps forward to around 1914 — TURLOUGH is in his late 30s. TADHG is 14. The fourth scene jumps ahead to 1916, which remains the year until Act 1, Scene 12, which takes place in 1919. Act 2 takes place during the Irish War of Independence — Scenes 1-except for the last scene, which takes place in the 1980s.*

### **NOTES ON ACCENTS**

*Most characters should speak in the accent of the actor, unless the actor has done extensive and accurate research on early 20th century Irish accents. The characters are from all over Ireland, which complicates how accents would be done. Tadhg and Turlough should both speak in the actor's accent no matter what.*

# ACT I

## SCENE 1

*(A simple set, which can be easily transformed. Currently, it showcases the city of Dublin during the late 19th century. TADHG and TURLOUGH stand side by side as the curtain opens, with IRISHMAN #1 and IRISHWOMAN #1 behind them in the dark. Spotlight on TADHG.)*

**TADHG (OLD).** Our story begins many years ago, in the heart of Ireland, where a young lad was dedicated to securing the independence of his nation. That man was my father.

*(Spotlight on TURLOUGH, as the lights fade on TADHG while he exits.)*

**TURLOUGH (YOUNG).** *(Writing in his journal.)* May 2nd, 1890. My grandfather passed away today. I will carry his name with honor and pride. Turlough Harrington.

*(Lights fade on TURLOUGH, as IRISHMAN #1 and IRISHWOMAN #1 move to the front, standing side by side. Spotlight on IRISHMAN #1.)*

**IRISHMAN #1.** *(Writing a letter.)* Dear Caoimhe, I hope this letter finds you well. I have long loved you, since we were very young, in fact. However, I have cause to believe that soon I may die. I have been enlisted into the army of the British Empire, and will soon be off to fight in the north of Africa. I despair to tell you by letter of this troubling news, but I am left with no other choice, as I will have begun the journey by the time you shall receive this. I love you, Caoimhe, and I wish for you to live the happiest of lives without me. I shall look down upon you from Heaven. With utmost sincerity, Owen Connolly.

*(The lights fade on IRISHMAN #1, though he remains on stage, standing still. Lights up on IRISHWOMAN #1.)*

**IRISHWOMAN #1.** *(Reading a letter.)* Dear Mother, I should like to have you come over here, if you think that you would be strong enough to stand the voyage. I hope you will leave that

starved country and come over here in the spring. I am happy now but I should be still more happy if I could see you once more and have you here with me. I write these few lines to you hoping that you are now and will continue to be in good health when these shall reach you. How is Uncle and how are the children? Do they still continue to be in good health? And how is sister Margaret and brother Owen and brother Thomas? Do they all still enjoy good health? Please write back to me when you are able. With love, your daughter, Mary Garvey.

*(IRISHMAN #1 and IRISHWOMAN #1 join the IRISH CITIZENS as they slowly enter, while the instrumental begins for 'God Save Ireland'.)*

**IRISHMAN (BASS)**

*HIGH UPON THE GALLOWS TREE  
SWUNG THE NOBLE-HEARTED THREE,  
BY THE VENGEFUL TYRANT STRICKEN IN THEIR BLOOM;  
BUT THEY MET HIM FACE TO FACE,  
WITH THE COURAGE OF THEIR RACE,  
AND THEY WENT WITH SOULS UNDAUNTED TO THEIR DOOM.*

**ALL**

*"GOD SAVE IRELAND!" SAID THE HEROES;  
"GOD SAVE IRELAND!" SAID THEY ALL.  
WHETHER ON THE SCAFFOLD HIGH  
OR THE BATTLEFIELD WE DIE,  
OH, NO MATTER WHEN FOR ERIN DEAR WE FALL!*

*(The scene changes, as the IRISH CITIZENS move towards the sidelines of the stage, the BRITISH CITIZENS enter and take their place. The instrumental for 'God Save Ireland' changes to the instrumental for 'God Save the Queen', which continues to play behind the dialogue.)*

**BRITISH CITIZEN #1.** *(Writing a letter.)* My Dear Mother, I write this letter to you because I request that you write to me more frequently, as I have not received a letter from yours in several weeks, and you used to write me a letter every day. I am anxious about your health and wellbeing. I hope to hear from you soon. With love, Jonathan Williams, your son.

**BRITISH CITIZEN #2.** *(Reading a newspaper.)* In recent news, the people of Ireland, the territory of the British Empire, have escalated their protests against the crown.

*(The BRITISH CITIZENS exit. The BRITISH SOLDIERS enter, and move into a line. They march while they sing 'God Save the Queen'.)*

**BRITISH SOLDIER #1 (SOPRANO)**

*GOD SAVE OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN!*

**BRITISH SOLDIER #2 (TENOR)**

*LONG LIVE OUR NOBLE QUEEN!*

**BRITISH SOLDIERS #1 AND #2**

*GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!*

**BRITISH SOLDIER #3 (ALTO)**

*SEND HER VICTORIOUS,*

**BRITISH SOLDIERS #3 AND #4 (BASS)**

*HAPPY AND GLORIOUS,*

**BRITISH SOLDIERS #3, #4, AND #5 (SOPRANO)**

*LONG TO REIGN OVER US.*

**BRITISH SOLDIERS**

*GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!*

*(The instrumental transitions back into 'God Save Ireland', as the IRISH CITIZENS take the place of the BRITISH SOLDIERS, who fall back.)*

**IRISHMAN (TENOR)**

*GIRT AROUND WITH CRUEL FOES,*

*STILL THEIR COURAGE PROUDLY ROSE,*

*FOR THEY THOUGHT OF HEARTS THAT LOVED THEM FAR AND NEAR;*

*OF THE MILLIONS TRUE AND BRAVE*

*O'ER THE OCEAN'S SWELLING WAVE,*

*AND THE FRIENDS IN HOLY IRELAND EVER DEAR.*

**ALL**

*"GOD SAVE IRELAND!" SAID THE HEROES;*

*"GOD SAVE IRELAND!" SAID THEY ALL.*

*WHETHER ON THE SCAFFOLD HIGH*

*OR THE BATTLEFIELD WE DIE,*

*OH, NO MATTER WHEN FOR ERIN DEAR WE FALL!*

**IRISHWOMAN (ALTO)**

*CLIMBED THEY UP THE RUGGED STAIR,*

*RANG THEIR VOICES OUT IN PRAYER,*

*THEN WITH ENGLAND'S FATAL CORD AROUND THEM CAST;*

*CLOSE BESIDE THE GALLOWS TREE,*

*KISSED THEIR BROTHERS LOVINGLY,*

*TRUE TO HOME AND FAITH AND FREEDOM TO THE LAST.*

**ALL**

*“GOD SAVE IRELAND!” SAID THE HEROES;*

*“GOD SAVE IRELAND!” SAID THEY ALL.*

*WHETHER ON THE SCAFFOLD HIGH*

*OR THE BATTLEFIELD WE DIE,*

*OH, NO MATTER WHEN FOR ERIN DEAR WE FALL!*

*(Once again, the scene transitions, BRITISH SOLDIERS move to the front and continue their march.)*

**BRITISH SOLDIER #6 (TENOR)**

*THY CHOICEST GIFTS IN STORE,*

*ON HER BE PLEASED TO POUR.*

**BRITISH SOLDIERS**

*LONG MAY SHE REIGN!*

**BRITISH SOLDIER #7 (ALTO)**

*MAY SHE DEFEND OUR LAWS,*

**BRITISH SOLDIERS #7 AND #8 (SOPRANO)**

*AND EVER GIVE US CAUSE,*

**BRITISH SOLDIERS #1-8**

*TO SING WITH HEART AND VOICE,*

**BRITISH SOLDIERS**

*GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!*

*(Once more, the IRISH CITIZENS take the place of the BRITISH SOLDIERS, as the music transitions for the final time.)*

**IRISHWOMAN #3 (SOPRANO)**

*NEVER TIL THE LATEST DAY,  
SHALL THE MEMORY PASS AWAY,  
OF THE GALLANT LIVES THUS GIVEN FOR OUR LAND;  
BUT ON THE CAUSE MUST GO,  
AMIDST JOY AND WEAL AND WOE,  
TIL WE MAKE OUR ISLE A NATION FREE AND GRAND.*

**ALL**

*“GOD SAVE IRELAND!” SAID THE HEROES;  
“GOD SAVE IRELAND!” SAID THEY ALL.  
WHETHER ON THE SCAFFOLD HIGH  
OR THE BATTLEFIELD WE DIE,  
OH, NO MATTER WHEN FOR ERIN DEAR WE FALL!  
“GOD SAVE IRELAND!” SAID THE HEROES;  
“GOD SAVE IRELAND!” SAID THEY ALL.  
WHETHER ON THE SCAFFOLD HIGH  
OR THE BATTLEFIELD WE DIE,  
OH, NO MATTER WHEN FOR ERIN DEAR WE FALL*

*(Lights down.)*

**SCENE 2**

*(A dark stage. A spotlight on TADHG, standing at the center-front of the stage.)*

**TADHG.** My father grew up, and he married a woman named Aoibhe, who was my mother. They had six children — three boys, three girls. We were a relatively typical Irish family.

*(The spotlight comes off of TADHG as he moves to sit down at the table. Lights come up on a small household. An older TURLOUGH, now 40, sits at the head of the table, surrounded by his family. AOIBHE, his wife, TADHG, his eldest son, TUATHAL, his middle son, SEÁN, his youngest son, SIBÉAL, his eldest daughter, and BRIGIT and CEARA, his younger daughters. They are eating dinner.)*

**TURLOUGH.** *(Beginning to pray.)* Bless us, O Lord —

**ALL.** And these thy gifts, which we are about to receive from thy bounty, through Christ, Our Lord, Amen.

**TURLOUGH.** Let's all thank your mother for this wonderful dinner.

**THE CHILDREN.** *(Ad libitum.)* Thank you, mam. Go raibh maith agat, máthair.

*(They all begin to eat.)*

**TADHG.** This stew is perfect. Go raibh maith agat, Ma.

**TURLOUGH.** Tadhg. Tell me about your day.

**TADHG.** It was good, papa.

**TURLOUGH.** Son, I know by the tone of your voice that something is wrong. What worries you this evening?

**TADHG.** It's nothing, papa.

**TURLOUGH.** *(Sighs.)* I know you too well for you to lie to me, Tadhg.

**TADHG.** Fine. *(Beat.)* After church this morning, I was out in the neighborhood, delivering mam's stew to our neighbors, like you had asked me to, right? And I'm walking down the street,

I go to see Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, and I bring them the stew, they thank me, and as I'm leaving their house, I see the most beautiful girl I've ever seen.

**AOIBHE.** *(Unable to contain her excitement.)* My boy has found a woman, he's become a man!

**SIBÉAL.** *(Putting her hand on AOIBHE.)* Calm, mama.

**AOIBHE.** I'm sorry, Tadhg. Continue.

**TADHG.** So naturally, I go up to her. I tell her she looks nice, and I ask her for her name. And she says 'Elizabeth Wood'. So I'm here thinking, that's not a particularly Irish name, but no matter. So I keep talking, and then I ask her where she's from, and she tells me she's from England.

*(The family reacts; some with laughter, gasps, etc.)*

**TADHG.** *(Continues.)* I know. My heart sank. But I have one last trick, maybe, just maybe, I could still make this work. I ask her if she goes to church. She says aye. I say where. *(Pauses.)* She says, "St. Peter's".

*(The family reacts once more.)*

**TADHG.** I know, I know. So I'm frozen there, in front of some wealthy protestant lass, stuck between either abandoning all my values to be with her, or getting the hell out of there. And I just stand there, at a loss for words, until finally she asks me, "Are you okay?" And I say "Aye." And then, thank the Lord, Mr. Sullivan comes out to thank me for the soup, and he asks me to come in and have lunch with them. And I tell this lass, Elizabeth, that I hope to see her around town. And then I run into Mr. Sullivan's house as soon as I can.

**TURLOUGH.** Fascinating story, Tadhg.

**AOIBHE.** You know, Tadhg, I know it might seem counterintuitive to our beliefs, but if you really love this girl —

**TURLOUGH.** (*Cutting her off.*) No. I know where this is going. No way on earth that my son is going to court an English woman, or worse, a Protestant!

**AOIBHE.** Turlough, if he truly does love —

**TURLOUGH.** (*Standing up.*) What the devil are you talking about? (*Finally realizing his temper.*) Sorry, Aoibhe, my dear. I didn't mean to get so aggressive. I just don't want our son with — well, you know. With the enemy.

**AOIBHE.** (*Sighs.*) I understand, Turlough. No need to explain yourself.

**TURLOUGH.** (*Smiling.*) Thank you, dear.

**AOIBHE.** Turlough, tell me about your day.

**TURLOUGH.** Oh, you know, the usual. Documents, planning, that sort of thing. Pearse came in today, which was an exciting surprise.

**AOIBHE.** It's nice that he shows he cares.

**TURLOUGH.** It is.

**SEÁN.** Who's Pearse?

**TURLOUGH.** Son, Pádraig Pearse is a comrade of mine. He's a poet and a scholar, and he bravely leads our brotherhood. I hope someday you might meet him yourself.

**BRIGIT.** What's he like?

**AOIBHE.** He's a very kind man. Used to come around for dinner all the time. He'd bring us these extravagant, gorgeous, dishes — unlike anything you've ever seen cooked before. Doesn't come around too much any more, now that he's so much more busy. But he and your father have known each other since they were children. (*Beat.*) Did you finish your sewing project, Brigit?

**BRIGIT.** Not yet. (*Pointing her finger.*) Ceara kept distracting me!

**CEARA.** I did not!

**BRIGIT.** Aye, you did!

**CEARA.** Did not!

**BRIGIT.** Did too —

**TUATHAL.** Can you two stop arguing for a single second of your lives?

**TURLOUGH.** Tuathal, I haven't heard a word from you this evening. How goes it?

**TUATHAL.** I'm doing good, papa. Been catching up on some reading and schoolwork.

**TURLOUGH.** That's good to hear.

*(The family continues to eat as the lights fade on them.)*

### **SCENE 3**

*(A singular spotlight on TADHG, center-front of the stage.)*

**TADHG.** My father was not only a man dedicated to his family, but a man dedicated to his country. He wanted to free Ireland from the tyrannical rule of the British, and he did so by working with a coalition of Irish Republicans, which were Irish peoples who were for the creation of an Irish Free State, called the Irish Republican Brotherhood. They had been planning an uprising for months at this point, and they sat down to discuss it once more.

*(Lights down on TADHG, who exits. Lights up on a meeting room setup. A table in the center of the stage, decorated with the colors of the Irish flag. PEARSE sits at the head of the table.*

*TURLOUGH, CONNOLLY, CLARKE, MAC DIARMADA, PLUNKETT, CEANNT, and MACDONAGH are all in attendance.)*

**PEARSE.** I address the members of the Irish Republican Brotherhood as the Commander-in-Chief of our army, and as the soon to be president of the Irish Republic. I will state your names, and you will reply if you are with us. James Connolly of the Irish Citizen Army.

**CONNOLLY.** Aye.

**PEARSE.** Éamonn Ceannt of the Irish Volunteers, our Director of Communications.

**CEANNT.** Aye.

**PEARSE.** Joseph Plunkett, leader of the Volunteers.

**PLUNKETT.** In attendance.

**PEARSE.** Thomas Clarke, leader of our brotherhood.

**CLARKE.** Aye, sir.

**PEARSE.** Séan Mac Diarmada, leader of our brotherhood.

**MAC DIARMADA.** In attendance, sir.

**PEARSE.** Thomas MacDonagh, commandant of our Volunteers.

**MACDONAGH.** Aye.

**PEARSE.** Turlough Harrington, battalion commandant.

**TURLOUGH.** Aye, my friend.

**PEARSE.** *(The instrumental for 'The Grandfather' comes in during this speech.)* Let us begin.

All in attendance here know the plans of our Easter rising, which is set to begin two weeks from now. We shall seize Baile Átha Cliath while the English are off fighting the Germans, and we will proclaim our Irish Republic. *(Standing up.)* I remind you all of our purpose. The English have tormented our people for almost a millennia. Many attempts have been made to free our beautiful land, yet all have failed. We remember the heroes who have fought bravely in centuries past, and we fight in their names.

*(He sings.)*

*WE COULD BE AS FREE*

*AS THE WILDFLOWERS ON THE MOUNTAIN*

*AS THE BIRDS UPON THE OCEAN  
AS THE WAVES UPON THE SAND  
CALM THE WINTER'S GALE,  
LET'S SET THE WHEELS IN MOTION!  
RISE UP MY FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN,  
COME JOIN ALONG WITH ME.*

*(Spoken.)* Comrades, join me! We will finally be free from the Crown!

*BUILD A MOUNTAIN HIGH,  
BLOSSOMED WITH INTEGRITY.  
PROBLEMS NEVER DIE  
WITHOUT ANSWERING THE CAUSE.  
WE'LL SET THE HILLS ABLAZE  
WITH THE WORDS OF REVOLUTION.  
YE BUREAUCRATS AMAZED  
THE BIRDS HAVE FLOWN THEIR CAGE!  
**ALL**  
BUT WE COULD BE AS FREE  
AS THE WILDFLOWERS ON THE MOUNTAIN  
AS THE BIRDS UPON THE OCEAN  
AS THE WAVES UPON THE SAND  
CALM THE WINTER'S GALE,  
LET'S SET THE WHEELS IN MOTION!  
RISE UP MY FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN,*

*COME JOIN ALONG WITH ME.*

**CLARKE.** (*Standing up.*) We fight for our country, for our nation. We will show the Englishmen  
the power of the Irish!

(*He sings.*)

*BUT FRIENDS HAVE ACTED STRANGE,*

*MY MOTHER HAS FORSAKEN ME.*

*THE MAN IN BLACK HAS SPOKEN*

*WITH AN AWFUL EVIL TONGUE.*

*THE MAN WHO SPEAKS THE WORDS*

*OF LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING*

*HAS TURNED MY HUMBLE FLAME*

*TO THE DARKNESS OF HIS FIRE!*

**ALL**

*BUT WE COULD BE AS FREE*

*AS THE WILDFLOWERS ON THE MOUNTAIN*

*AS THE BIRDS UPON THE OCEAN*

*AS THE WAVES UPON THE SAND*

*CALM THE WINTER'S GALE,*

*LET'S SET THE WHEELS IN MOTION!*

*RISE UP MY FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN,*

*COME JOIN ALONG WITH ME.*

**PEARSE**

*BUT WILL YOU COME WITH ME*

*TO THE BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES?  
O'ER THE HILLS AND MOUNTAINS  
BENEATH THE SKY ABOVE?  
THE EARTH WILL BE OUR TRUTH  
WHEN THE TRUTH HAS BEEN OUR SORROW  
SO RISE UP MY FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN,  
COME JOIN ALONG WITH ME.*

**PLUNKETT**

*IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH,  
WE FIND OUR STRENGTH IN NUMBERS.  
LET'S ORGANIZE OURSELVES  
INTO A POWERFUL BAND.*

**MAC DIARMADA**

*IT IS DIFFICULT TO SEE  
THIS WORLD SO ILL-DIVIDED.  
IT IS HARD FOR YOU AND ME  
TO FACE THESE PROBLEMS SOLE.*

*(All stand.)*

**ALL**

*WE COULD BE AS FREE  
AS THE WILDFLOWERS ON THE MOUNTAIN  
AS THE BIRDS UPON THE OCEAN  
AS THE WAVES UPON THE SAND*

*CALM THE WINTER'S GALE,  
LET'S SET THE WHEELS IN MOTION!  
RISE UP MY FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN,  
COME JOIN ALONG WITH ME.  
WE COULD BE AS FREE  
AS THE WILDFLOWERS ON THE MOUNTAIN  
AS THE BIRDS UPON THE OCEAN  
AS THE WAVES UPON THE SAND  
CALM THE WINTER'S GALE,  
LET'S SET THE WHEELS IN MOTION!  
RISE UP MY FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN,  
COME JOIN ALONG WITH ME.*

*(The music stops. They all sit down.)*

**PEARSE.** All of you play vital roles in this revolution. Remember that. This meeting is adjourned.

*(All begin to leave. As TURLOUGH starts to leave, PEARSE speaks again.)*

**PEARSE.** Turlough, stay for a second, will you? I need to have a word with you.

*(TURLOUGH hesitantly goes back to his seat and sits down.)*

**TURLOUGH.** What is it, Pádraig?

**PEARSE.** *(Contemplating his words.)* I need to ask you something, Turlough. Something deeply important.

**TURLOUGH.** *(Listening intently.)* Anything, my friend.

**PEARSE.** I need you to promise me, Turlough. I need you to promise me that, no matter what, Ireland will be free. I appear confident in front of the brotherhood, aye, but in truth, I do not know if we will succeed. Promise me, if I die, you will continue to fight for our nation. For our freedom.

**TURLOUGH.** Until the day I die.

**PEARSE.** And your children, your ancestors, will you encourage them as well?

**TURLOUGH.** Aye. I promise, Pádraig.

**PEARSE.** Thank you. *(Beat.)* Then I will see you on April the 24th.

*(Exit TURLOUGH and PEARSE, opposite each other. The lights dim on the table as it is redecorated with the colors of the Union Jack. TADHG re-enters and a spotlight is placed on him once again.)*

**TADHG.** Across the sea, the English thought of ways to topple Irish rebellions, since Irish Republicanism had grown more popular in recent years.

*(Spotlight off TADHG as he exits. Enter WIMBORNE, FRIEND, MAXWELL, LOWE. They all sit at the table.)*

**WIMBORNE.** Regarded and loyal figures of the Empire, I apologize for the short notice on which I have gathered you all here, but the matter that I speak to you of is of utmost importance. I address you as the Lieutenant Lord of Ireland, and I tell you this. I have received word from a messenger of ours that the extremist idea of Irish Republicanism is on the rise. Protests in the streets, secret meetings, treacherous, traitorous, and treasonous organizations being manifested. We must put an end to this, quell this mob of bog-trotters, and restore our sovereignty over that insufferable land. I request the assistance of each of you. Major-General Sir Lovick Bransby Friend, Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Privy

Council of Ireland, and Commander-in-Chief, Ireland; General Sir John Grenfell Maxwell, Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Royal Victorian Order, Distinguished Service Order; and finally Major-General William Henry Muir Lowe, Most Honourable Order of the Bath. What say you?

**LOWE.** With respect to you, Lord Wimborne, lose the formalities. What do you need us for?

**WIMBORNE.** Major-General Lowe, I request your service most especially. I require you to be at the forefront of defence in case there is any more eruption of protest in that dreadful land.

**LOWE.** Deal. Where do you want me to stand guard?

**WIMBORNE.** Dublin, Major-General Lowe.

**LOWE.** Of course, my Lord.

**WIMBORNE.** General Sir Maxwell and Major-General Sir Friend, I request you to remain on the political side of things. Control the vile nation from within, and stop any resistance to the crown dead in its tracks.

**MAXWELL & FRIEND.** Yes, my Lord.

*(The lights fade on the table as the four exit.)*

#### **SCENE 4**

*(The house of the HARRINGTONS. Sitting around a small living room are the HARRINGTONS, excluding BRIGIT and CEARA, as well as PEARSE, PLUNKETT, and GRACE.)*

**PEARSE.** Thank you, Harringtons, for having us over.

**GRACE.** Aye, thank you.

**AOIBHE.** Oh, it's our pleasure. You're welcome anytime.

**PLUNKETT.** Where are Brigit and Ceara? I hope they're in good health.

**AOIBHE.** What do you mean? They're right next to — (*She looks over to where she thought BRIGIT and CEARA were sitting. She realizes they are not there.*) Damn children.

**TURLOUGH.** Oh, Aoibhe, I'm sure they're just playing somewhere around the neighborhood.

**AOIBHE.** I suppose.

**SIBÉAL.** Mama, I can go look for them.

**AOIBHE.** Thank you, Sibéal. That would be wonderful.

(*Exit SIBÉAL.*)

**PEARSE.** Well. How is everyone doing today?

**TURLOUGH.** I'm marvelous, Pádraig.

**PEARSE.** (*With a chuckle.*) You sound like an Englishman sometimes, you know?

**TURLOUGH.** (*Feigning disgust.*) Don't say that about me.

**PLUNKETT.** After the Brotherhood completes our upcoming...event. Me and Grace are planning on getting married.

**GRACE.** Aye, Joseph. It will be lovely. Of course, all of you are welcome to come. We'll have it at St. Patrick's.

**SÉAN.** Mam, can I go?

**AOIBHE.** Of course, Séan. (*To GRACE.*) We would be delighted to attend.

**GRACE.** Much appreciated.

**PEARSE.** And Tadhg! How are you doing? I haven't seen you since you were just a lad.

**TURLOUGH.** He's still a lad. He's sixteen.

**PEARSE.** Ah, nonsense. He's practically a man.

**TADHG.** (*To TURLOUGH.*) See, da'? Mr. Pearse thinks I'm mature enough.

**TURLOUGH.** (*Suspiciously.*) Mature enough for what?

**TADHG.** You know...*(He whispers into TURLOUGH's ear.)*

**TURLOUGH.** No. Maybe someday, when you're older. But I hope by then this will all be over anyway.

**TADHG.** Come on, papa.

**TURLOUGH.** The answer is a no.

*(Enter SIBÉAL, followed by BRIGIT and CEARA, who are play-fighting with each other and giggling.)*

**AOIBHE.** Girls.

*(BRIGIT and CEARA stop.)*

**BRIGIT AND CEARA.** Sorry, mama.

**AOIBHE.** You know what I've told you about fighting.

**BRIGIT AND CEARA.** Yes, mama.

**AOIBHE.** *(With a sigh.)* Sit down over here, girls. It's not often we have company over, and it's necessary that you're polite.

**SIBÉAL.** Would anybody like some tea?

**PEARSE.** That would be wonderful, thank you.

**GRACE.** Joseph and I will have some as well, please.

**SIBÉAL.** I'll start on it right away.

*(Exit SIBÉAL.)*

**GRACE.** Your family is so kind, Aoibhe. We really do appreciate it.

**AOIBHE.** Oh, thank you, Grace. That's sweet of you to say.

**TURLOUGH.** Joseph. Pádraig. Can I have a word with you outside?

*(TURLOUGH exits with PEARSE and PLUNKETT.)*

**AOIBHE.** *(With a sigh.)* Grace, do you ever wonder what's going to happen to them?

**GRACE.** What do you mean by that?

**AOIBHE.** *(To TADHG, BRIGIT, CEARA, SEÁN, and TUATHAL, who should all be sitting near her.)* Tadhg, why don't you take your siblings on a walk outside? They could use some fresh air. *(They exit. AOIBHE speaks to GRACE.)* You know. Their revolution.

**GRACE.** I'm sure they'll be fine, Aoibhe.

**AOIBHE.** I just wish there was some way I could help.

**GRACE.** You are helping, Aoibhe. Just by being there for your family.

**AOIBHE.** Not just for Turlough. For my country.

**GRACE.** Well, in that case, I actually have something for you. An organization created just a few years ago, Cumann na mBan.

**AOIBHE.** What is it?

**GRACE.** A council of women dedicated to freeing Ireland from the British.

**AOIBHE.** *(Sighs.)* It sounds neat, Grace, but I'm too focused on my young daughters right now to do something like that.

**GRACE.** I understand. But here's a pamphlet with more information. In case you ever reconsider. *(She hands AOIBHE the pamphlet. The lights fade on GRACE and AOIBHE, who freeze. Opposite them, PEARSE, PLUNKETT, and TURLOUGH enter, and the lights come up on them.)*

**PEARSE.** It's nice to get a chance to see your family again, Turlough.

**TURLOUGH.** *(He smiles at PEARSE, an expression that quickly changes.)* Pádraig —

**PEARSE.** Whatever you're about to say, stop. I don't want to think about that right now.

**TURLOUGH.** Fine.

**PLUNKETT.** *(Sensing that they know something he doesn't.)* What on earth are you two talking about?

**TURLOUGH.** It's nothing of importance, Joseph.

**PLUNKETT.** Well. Grace and I should probably get going soon. We have to prepare for a long trip tomorrow. Going to visit her parents down in Cork.

*(TURLOUGH and PEARSE exit as the lights fade on them. PLUNKETT goes to the opposite end of the stage, where GRACE and AOIBHE are sitting. The lights go up on the three of them.)*

**GRACE.** Dia duit, Joseph. You're back.

**PLUNKETT.** Aye. We should probably get going, Grace. We've got to visit your parents, remember?

**GRACE.** Of course. *(To AOIBHE.)* Thank you so much for having us over, Aoibhe. Your family has always been so kind and welcoming.

**AOIBHE.** Always! It's our pleasure.

*(Exit GRACE and PLUNKETT. AOIBHE sits alone. Enter SIBÉAL, holding a plate with cups of tea.)*

**SIBÉAL.** Where did the guests go?

**AOIBHE.** They're outside, Sibéal.

*(Exit SIBÉAL. The lights fade on AOIBHE as she exits. The lights come up on TADHG, sitting alone outside. Enter PEARSE.)*

**PEARSE.** Thought I might find you out here.

**TADHG.** Mr. Pearse!

**PEARSE.** *(Sitting down next to him.)* I think I know what you were talking to your father about earlier. You want to join the Brotherhood.

**TADHG.** How did you know?

**PEARSE.** I'm not an idiot, Tadhg. *(Beat.)* If you want to join, you can join.

**TADHG.** My father wouldn't like that.

**PEARSE.** Your father doesn't have to know.

**TADHG.** How? He'd find out eventually.

**PEARSE.** *(With a chuckle.)* Tadhg, your father has much more important things to attend to. You can fight in the outskirts of Dublin. Then, you'll get your chance to defend your country, while still staying safe from the center of the danger. Deal?

**TADHG.** Deal! Thank you so much, Mr. Pearse!

*(The lights fade on TADHG and PEARSE as they exit.)*

## SCENE 5

*(The lights come up on PEARSE, CLARKE, MACDONAGH, and CONNOLLY, walking the streets of Dublin. Dublin has slightly changed since the first scene — as the year is now 1916, the city seems more vibrant and colorful than before.)*

**PEARSE.** Men. You have the flyers ready.

**CLARKE.** Aye.

**PEARSE.** Then let's get going.

*(They walk up to a house. MACDONAGH steps forward and knocks. An IRISH CITIZEN opens the door.)*

**CITIZEN.** Hello?

**MACDONAGH.** Dia duit.

**CITIZEN.** *(With a smile on their face.)* Dia is Muire dhuit!

**MACDONAGH.** We come with news. A private organization is plotting a revolution. A rising that would free Érin from British rule. What I bring you today is an offer. You want to see your country free? Here's a sash. Become an Irish Volunteer, and fight for your country. We'll meet at the G.P.O on April the 24th.

**CITIZEN.** Thank you for the offer. I'll consider it. *(They close the door.)*

**MACDONAGH.** *(Sighs.)* I don't think they'll be there.

**CONNOLLY.** Why don't you?

**MACDONAGH.** No enthusiasm. Everybody likes the prospect of an Irish Republic, but few want to take part in creating it.

**PEARSE.** Now, Thomas, that isn't entirely true. There are just some who have families and businesses to attend to. What do you expect them to do?

**MACDONAGH.** I don't know, Pádraig, just something. Anything. That's all — I just want them to do something.

*(The lights come down as all exit.)*

## **SCENE 6**

*(Lights up on MAXWELL, sitting alone in his house. He sips his cup of tea. A knocking is heard.)*

*MAXWELL stands up and heads to the door. He opens it. Standing in the doorway is FINN, a friend of his. FINN speaks with a thick Irish accent, similar to that of modern Connacht accents.)*

**MAXWELL.** Finn! I haven't seen you in forever — come in!

**FINN.** It's good to see you, John.

**MAXWELL.** Sit down, sit down. I'll make us some tea.

*(FINN sits down. MAXWELL begins making the tea.)*

**MAXWELL.** What have you been up to lately?

**FINN.** Oh, nothing much. It's peaceful down in Galway.

**MAXWELL.** So I've heard.

**FINN.** Not so much on the East coast.

**MAXWELL.** Yes. I'm sorry for that. I hope you don't have any family over there.

**FINN.** I do. Most of my brothers live in Dublin.

**MAXWELL.** Oh.

*(He pours two cups of tea, carries them over to FINN, and sits down next to him. MAXWELL hands FINN a cup of tea, and drinks from the other.)*

**FINN.** Thank you.

**MAXWELL.** Of course. You're always welcome here, you know. You should come around to visit more often.

**FINN.** I would, but it's quite a long way.

**MAXWELL.** Well. What if you moved here?

**FINN.** To London? I'd be so far away from all my family and friends.

**MAXWELL.** But you'd be with me.

**FINN.** True.

**MAXWELL.** All we need is each other, Finn.

**FINN.** I suppose.

**MAXWELL.** Please, Finn. I can't live alone here forever.

**FINN.** I'm sure you won't. There are plenty of women in London.

**MAXWELL.** *(Sighs.)* You're right.

**FINN.** Listen, John. I need to talk to you about something.

**MAXWELL.** Anything.

**FINN.** I need you to stop.

**MAXWELL.** What?

**FINN.** Whatever you're planning for Dublin. For my country. Stop it.

**MAXWELL.** Finn, you know I can't do something like that. It's a territory of the Empire. It's my job to keep it that way. I'd be laid off in a minute if I didn't.

**FINN.** *(Standing.)* I don't care.

**MAXWELL.** *(Standing.)* Finn, please. Can we talk about something else?

**FINN.** If you promise me this.

**MAXWELL.** Promise you what?

**FINN.** Don't kill a single Irishman.

**MAXWELL.** Finn. I would never.

**FINN.** I need you to promise me.

**MAXWELL.** I promise. With every inch of my heart and soul.

*(The lights fade out as they exit. The set changes to the HARRINGTON household. Enter TADHG, alone. He unfolds a letter and proceeds to read it.)*

**TADHG.** From, Pádraig Pearse. To, Tadhg Harrington. Greetings, Tadhg. I hope you are doing well. I would speak to your father about your potential involvement in the rising, but I reason that he would be quite unhappy at the prospect. If you do choose to disobey your father and fight, I request that you stay on the outskirts of Baile Átha Cliath. Doing so will not only keep you away from your father, but also much safer than if you were to fight at the G.P.O. I wish you the very best, and I respect either decision you choose to make. However, I have a more important matter with which I send this letter to you. If both your father and I end up dead after this rising, which of course, I pray will not happen, I need you to keep the spirit of Ireland alive, for as long

as you live, no matter what may come your way. With much sincerity and respect, Pádraig Pearse.

*(The lights go down on TADHG as he exits.)*

### **SCENE 7**

*(The lights come up to reveal the streets of Dublin. There are four distinct groups on stage.*

*PEARSE, MAC DIARMADA, CLARKE, and the IRISH VOLUNTEERS comprise the most prominent group, TURLOUGH and the IRISH CITIZENS are another group, CONNOLLY and the IRISH CITIZEN ARMY are another, and LOWE, the BRITISH SOLDIERS, and the ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY create the final group. PEARSE stands at a podium with MAC DIARMADA to his left and CLARKE to his right. The brightest spotlight is on PEARSE, with slightly dimmer lights on MAC DIARMADA and CLARKE. The IRISH VOLUNTEERS are in dim light. The other groups are frozen and in darkness. He begins to speak. )*

**PEARSE.** People of Ireland! Today is the day that our 800-year struggle finally comes to an end, for we will revolt! We will take the city of Dublin from the English, and we will restore it for the Irish!

*(The crowd cheers.)*

**MAC DIARMADA.** We have planned our revolution for years now — and today is the day it all comes together. We have dozens of battalions across Dublin, and more scattered throughout the country.

**CLARKE.** We will march around the city, and we will gather with the other forces at Liberty Hall. Then, we march to the GPO, which will become our headquarters for the duration of the revolution.

**PEARSE.** Follow me, follow Mac Diarmada, and follow Clarke. Keep your head up, and remember what you fight for.

*(The lights dim on the first group of PEARSE, CLARKE, MAC DIARMADA, and the IRISH VOLUNTEERS, all of whom are now frozen. The lights go up on CONNOLLY and the IRISH CITIZEN ARMY. CONNOLLY stands before them, with a spotlight on him.)*

**CONNOLLY.** Members of the Irish Citizen Army! When I first recruited you, I dreamed that a day like this would come, but never did I guess that we would unite forces with thousands of other rebels. I will tell you now of our plans. First, we will gather at Liberty Hall and meet with the Irish Volunteers and any other groups willing to join us. Then, we will march to the GPO, and Pádraig Pearse, our leader, will take us from there.

*(The IRISH CITIZEN ARMY claps as the lights dim on them and CONNOLLY, who leads them offstage. The lights go up on LOWE and the BRITISH SOLDIERS. LOWE stands at the front as the spotlight hits him. Unlike the other groups of the Irish, the BRITISH SOLDIERS and ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY stand in an organized and orderly fashion.)*

**LOWE.** Soldiers of the British Army and esteemed members of the Royal Irish Constabulary! I appreciate your quick response to my request. Today, on the most holy Easter Monday, a group of Irishmen seek to “free” their “nation” from the “shackles” of the Empire. *(Under his breath.)* Those bog-trotting, unholy creatures of this vile land... *(Speaking to the audience again.)* We will crush them. They will receive punishment for their misdeeds. Fight for your country. Fight for your King!

**BRITISH SOLDIERS.** *(Saluting him.)* Yes, sir!

**LOWE.** Soldiers. Follow me — we will seek out the leaders of this revolution and capture them. Constables, lead your men through the streets to quell the unrest.

*(The ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY nods/salutes/gives affirmation to LOWE, and they leave. LOWE leads the BRITISH SOLDIERS offstage as well, while the lights dim on them. The lights go up on TURLOUGH and the IRISH CITIZENS. The citizens walk throughout the streets, paying little attention to TURLOUGH. The spotlight hits TURLOUGH.)*

**TURLOUGH.** Friends! Irishmen! May I have your attention please?

*(Some of the IRISH CITIZENS hear TURLOUGH and turn their attention to him. He continues speaking.)*

**TURLOUGH.** The time for revolution is now! Come join us!

*(More of the IRISH CITIZENS progressively stop and listen to TURLOUGH as he speaks.)*

**TURLOUGH.** Do you not want your nation to be free? Meet with our band of rebels at the GPO! Follow me!

*(The IRISH CITIZENS follow TURLOUGH as he marches offstage. The lights move to spotlight PEARSE, MAC DIARMADA, CLARKE, and the IRISH VOLUNTEERS once more.)*

**PEARSE.** March with us! Set your country free!

*(All march offstage. The lights change. Enter GRACE and PLUNKETT, on opposite ends of the stage. They see each other.)*

**PLUNKETT.** Grace!

**GRACE.** Joseph!

*(They run towards each other and embrace.)*

**PLUNKETT.** Grace. After this, it's all over. A new country. A new government. A free state!

We can get married, we can start a family —

**GRACE.** But what if it fails?

**PLUNKETT.** What?

**GRACE.** What if you don't succeed? What if — what if you lose? What then? How will your family live without you? How will your soldiers live without you? How will I live without you?

**PLUNKETT.** This revolution is the product of centuries of planning. Our ancestors put this in motion, and we will deliver. *(In a softer tone.)* Trust me, Grace. We've had this date set for years.

**GRACE.** Haven't you noticed that there are more soldiers around lately? What if they know?

**PLUNKETT.** The Brotherhood is an oath-bound organization. There is no potential for the English to have known about this.

**GRACE.** *(Considering her words.)* Just promise me this, Joseph. Promise me that you will be safe.

**PLUNKETT.** *(Beat.)* I promise.

*(The lights dim on them. Enter PEARSE, standing at the center-front of the GPO. CONNOLLY, CLARKE, MAC DIARMADA, PLUNKETT, CEANNT, and MACDONAGH stand on each side of him. The IRISH ENSEMBLE, all armed with rifles, enter and listen. The lights are fully dark, except for a single spotlight on PEARSE.)*

**PEARSE.** Irishmen and Irishwomen. In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom. Having organised and trained her manhood through her secret revolutionary organisation, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and through her open military organisations, the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army, having patiently perfected her discipline, having resolutely waited for the right moment to reveal itself, she now seizes that moment and supported by her exiled children in America and by gallant allies in Europe, but relying in the first on her own strength, she strikes in full confidence of victory. We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland and to the unfettered control of Irish

destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible. The long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and government has not extinguished the right, nor can it ever be extinguished except by the destruction of the Irish people. In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty; six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms. Standing on that fundamental right and again asserting it in arms in the face of the world, we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades in arms to the cause of its freedom, of its welfare, and of its exaltation among the nations. The Irish Republic is entitled to, and hereby claims, the allegiance of every Irishman and Irishwoman. The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens, and declares its resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation and of all its parts, cherishing all the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien Government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past. Until our arms have brought the opportune moment for the establishment of a permanent National Government, representative of the whole people of Ireland and elected by the suffrages of all her men and women, the Provisional Government, hereby constituted, will administer the civil and military affairs of the Republic in trust for the people. We place the cause of the Irish Republic under the protection of the Most High God, Whose blessing we invoke upon our arms, and we pray that no one who serves that cause will dishonour it by cowardice, inhumanity, or rapine. In this supreme hour the Irish nation must, by its valour and discipline, and by the readiness of its children to sacrifice themselves for the common good, prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it is called.

Signed on behalf of the Provisional Government. Thomas J. Clarke, Seán Mac Diarmada, Pádraig H. Pearse, James Connolly, Thomas MacDonagh, Eamonn Ceannt, Joseph Plunkett. We

have proclaimed our independence as the Irish Republic. I have received word that the British Army is here in an attempt to stop us. Do not falter in your strength. Strike now.

*(The BRITISH SOLDIERS enter, one group led by FRIEND, and another led by LOWE. Enter the ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY. They surround the Irishmen around the GPO.)*

**PEARSE.** *(Speaking to his soldiers.)* Fight back! Don't let them take our country!

*(The IRISH ENSEMBLE turns their rifles towards the BRITISH SOLDIERS and ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY, and they begin to shoot. PEARSE pushes his way to the front of the crowd, and shoots at LOWE, who shoots back. The stage darkens. In darkness, enter CONNOLLY, the IRISH CITIZEN ARMY, and the ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY. Lights up on the center of the stage where they all stand, in the midst of fighting. CONNOLLY steps towards the front and shoots at several of the constables. CONSTABLE #1 steps forward and shoots CONNOLLY in the foot, arresting him and dragging him offstage. Other members of the ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY arrest several members of the IRISH CITIZEN ARMY and drag them off stage. The remaining members of the IRISH CITIZEN ARMY disperse, heading offstage, and the remaining members of the ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY march towards them in pursuit, exiting. A group of BRITISH SOLDIERS led by FRIEND enter, and a group of IRISH VOLUNTEERS, including TURLOUGH, and led by MAC DIARMADA, enter opposite them. FRIEND points his rifle at MAC DIARMADA's head, threatening him, and proceeding to arrest him. He drags him offstage and then returns to the head of the BRITISH SOLDIERS, all of whom's rifles are pointed at the IRISH VOLUNTEERS. He speaks.)*

**FRIEND.** Leave now, Irishmen, and my men will not shoot.

*(TURLOUGH moves towards the center of the IRISH VOLUNTEERS and speaks)*

**TURLOUGH.** Do not falter! Fight for your land!

*(The IRISH VOLUNTEERS steady themselves and point their rifles towards the BRITISH SOLDIERS.)*

**FRIEND.** Fire.

*(The BRITISH SOLDIERS open fire. Some of the IRISH VOLUNTEERS attempt to seek cover, while others shoot back. Many of the IRISH VOLUNTEERS are captured and taken offstage, others run away. The remaining BRITISH SOLDIERS, with FRIEND, march towards TURLOUGH and three remaining IRISH VOLUNTEERS.)*

**FRIEND.** Irishmen. Surrender, or face the full might of the British Army.

**TURLOUGH.** Never.

**FRIEND.** Soldiers. Open fire.

*(They shoot. TURLOUGH runs to find cover and is chased offstage with the other IRISH VOLUNTEERS. FRIEND and the BRITISH SOLDIERS march after them. Blackout.)*

## **SCENE 8**

*(The lights follow TADHG as he runs onto the stage, being chased by three BRITISH SOLDIERS.)*

**TADHG.** *(Turning around with his rifle pointed at one of them.)* Go home, Englishman!

**SOLDIER #1.** Sir, he's just a boy.

**SOLDIER #2.** Oh Lord, he is! Boy, what are you doing with a volunteer sash? Go home to your family.

**TADHG.** No! I will fight for my nation! Run away back to London.

**SOLDIER #3.** *(Raising his rifle.)* Go home, boy. Or we shoot. *(He looks at the other two soldiers and nods. SOLDIER #2 pulls his rifle out hesitantly. TURLOUGH runs on stage, being*

*chased by yet another SOLDIER. He turns around and shoots the SOLDIER, who runs offstage. He spots TADHG and the SOLDIERS at a standstill.*

**TURLOUGH.** *(Running towards him.)* Tadhg! What on earth are you doing out here?

**TADHG.** Dad! I'm so sorry.

**TURLOUGH.** *(Facing the soldiers.)* Men.

**SOLDIER #3.** Harrington.

**TURLOUGH.** Leave my son alone, or I will shoot you where you stand.

*(SOLDIER #2 whispers into SOLDIER #3's ear.)*

**SOLDIER #3.** Fine. But believe me, Harrington. In just a matter of days, your leaders will be captured. You will have nowhere else to hide, and your rebellion will be crushed. *(He exits with the other SOLDIERS.)*

**TURLOUGH.** Tadhg.

**TADHG.** I'm sorry, dad.

**TURLOUGH.** *(Sighing.)* I'm just glad you're alive. Let me take you home.

*(The lights fade on TURLOUGH and TADHG. Exit TADHG. Enter PEARSE, in darkness. He sits next to TURLOUGH. The lights come up on them.)*

**PEARSE.** I'm sorry, Turlough.

**TURLOUGH.** What the hell were you thinking?

**PEARSE.** He wanted to fight! You wouldn't have denied him if you were —

**TURLOUGH.** He's sixteen, for Christ's sake! He's just a lad.

**PEARSE.** How old were you when you joined the Brotherhood?

**TURLOUGH.** That doesn't matter, Pádraig. *(Beat.)* We won't discuss this any further. Let's focus on the fight. I'll speak to you tomorrow. Goodbye, Pádraig. *(He exits.)*

**PEARSE.** Goodbye, Turlough. *(He sits, unmoving. The lights fade on him.)*

### **SCENE 9**

*(The lights go up as PLUNKETT enters with a battalion of IRISH VOLUNTEERS.)*

**PLUNKETT.** *(Speaking to the VOLUNTEERS.)* The British may have taken some of our commanders, but they have not taken all of us! I stand here before you to remind you what you fight for. Your country. Your families. *(He pauses, then speaks sentimentally.)* Your loved ones. *(He returns to his heroic tone.)* Fight with all of your strength. Show them that the Irish do not back down!

*(The instrumental begins for Grá Mo Chróí. PLUNKETT begins to sing. As he sings, IRISH CITIZENS enter and gather around, slowly joining the chorus.)*

### **PLUNKETT**

*LAST NIGHT I HAD A PLEASANT DREAM,  
THOUGH RESTLESS WHERE I BE,  
I DREAMT AGAIN BRAVE IRISHMEN  
HAD SET OLD IRELAND FREE.  
AND HOW EXCITED I BECAME  
WHEN I HEARD THE CANNON ROAR.  
OH, GRÁ MO CHRÓÍ, I LONG TO SEE  
OLD IRELAND FREE ONCE MORE.  
IT'S TRUE WE HAD BRAVE IRISHMEN,  
AS EVERYONE MUST KNOW.  
O'NEILL, O'DONNELL, SARSFIELD TRUE,  
LORD EDWARD AND WOLFE TONE,*

*AND ALSO ROBERT EMMETT  
WHO TILL DEATH DID NOT GIVE O'ER!*

**PLUNKETT & IRISH VOLUNTEERS**

*OH, GRÁ MO CHRÓÍ, I LONG TO SEE  
OLD IRELAND FREE ONCE MORE.*

**PLUNKETT.**

*NOW WE CAN'T FORGET  
THOSE FORMER YEARS,  
THEY'RE KEPT IN MEMORY STILL.  
OF THE WEXFORD MEN OF '98  
WHO FOUGHT AT VINEGAR HILL,  
WITH FATHER MURPHY BY THEIR SIDE,  
AND HIS GREEN FLAG FLYING O'ER —*

**PLUNKETT, IRISH VOLUNTEERS & CITIZENS.**

*OH, GRÁ MO CHRÓÍ, I LONG TO SEE  
OLD IRELAND FREE ONCE MORE.  
LAST NIGHT I HAD A PLEASANT DREAM,  
THOUGH RESTLESS WHERE I BE,  
I DREAMT AGAIN BRAVE IRISHMEN  
HAD SET OLD IRELAND FREE.  
AND HOW EXCITED I BECAME  
WHEN I HEARD THE CANNON ROAR.  
OH, GRÁ MO CHRÓÍ, I LONG TO SEE*

*OLD IRELAND FREE ONCE MORE.*

*OH, GRÁ MO CHRÓÍ, I LONG TO SEE*

*OLD IRELAND FREE ONCE MORE.*

*(The crowd cheers. The music calms, but remains in the background. LOWE and MAXWELL enter, with 5 BRITISH SOLDIERS on each side of them, and several members of the ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY behind them.)*

**LOWE.** Irishmen. I approach you in peace, and I bring you news. Throughout this week of brutal violence, we have captured your commanders. Patrick Pearse surrendered earlier today.

*(The crowd gasps. PLUNKETT lowers his head.)* You have no headquarters. I have an order for the arrest of you, Joseph Plunkett. You will be taken to Kilmainham Gaol, where your fate will be decided. Constables, arrest the others.

*(MAXWELL steps forward and puts his rifle against PLUNKETT's head.)*

**MAXWELL.** *(Whispering.)* At long last, your revolution is dead. *(He arrests PLUNKETT and begins to lead him offstage.)*

*(As PLUNKETT is led offstage, a light hits him. The music rises once more. He sings, much slower and more solemnly than he did previously.)*

**PLUNKETT**

*LAST NIGHT I HAD A PLEASANT DREAM,*

*THOUGH RESTLESS WHERE I BE,*

*I DREAMT AGAIN BRAVE IRISHMEN*

*HAD SET OLD IRELAND FREE.*

*AND HOW EXCITED I BECAME*

*WHEN I HEARD THE CANNON ROAR.*

*OH, GRÁ MO CHRÓÍ, I LONG TO SEE*

*OLD IRELAND FREE ONCE MORE.*

*OH, GRÁ MO CHRÓÍ, I LONG TO SEE*

*OLD IRELAND FREE ONCE MORE.*

*(Exit MAXWELL and PLUNKETT, followed by LOWE, arresting several IRISH VOLUNTEERS, the BRITISH SOLDIERS, taking away the others, and the ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY, taking away the CITIZENS. Lights down on the set.)*

### **SCENE 10**

*(Lights up on a prison cell, standing in it is PEARSE. He sits. Enter MAXWELL.)*

**MAXWELL.** Prisoner. Your fate has been decided. You are set to be executed two days from now, on May 3rd. *(He begins to walk away.)*

**PEARSE.** *(Coarsely.)* Why?

*(MAXWELL turns around.)*

**MAXWELL.** What?

**PEARSE.** Why do you hate us so much?

**MAXWELL.** I do not hate a soul on this Earth.

**PEARSE.** *(Standing.)* You lie. You hate the Irish.

**MAXWELL.** I condemn you. I do not hate you. And I only condemn those who are traitorous, such as yourself. *(Beat.)* Anything else you wish to say?

**PEARSE.** *(He pauses.)* What happened to Turlough?

**MAXWELL.** Who?

**PEARSE.** Turlough Harrington. He was a member of the Irish Volunteers.

**MAXWELL.** Only dangerous ringleaders of this operation, such as yourself, shall receive punishment.

*(PEARSE lowers his head.)*

**MAXWELL.** *(With genuinity.)* I'm sorry it came to this. *(Solemnly.)* But you brought this upon yourself.

*(Exit MAXWELL. PEARSE sits down. Lights down. The set changes to the execution chamber. PEARSE stands, with his head lowered. Lights up on the whole stage. Enter MAXWELL. He holds his rifle up, pointing at PEARSE. The spotlight hits PEARSE as he raises his head up.)*

**PEARSE.** Éirinn go Brách.

*(MAXWELL winces, then fires his rifle, shooting PEARSE in the heart. He falls to the ground.*

*The spotlight remains on him as MAXWELL exits. The stage darkens. Lights up on a prison cell containing PLUNKETT, his face hidden. Enter BRITISH SOLDIER #1, escorting GRACE.)*

**BRITISH SOLDIER #1.** Prisoner. Miss Gifford is here for you. *(They open the cell door.)*

*(PLUNKETT finally looks up, with a smile on his face.)*

**GRACE.** *(Running to embrace him.)* Joseph!

*(BRITISH SOLDIER #1 closes the cell door and exits. GRACE and PLUNKETT sit down next to each other.)*

**PLUNKETT.** *(The instrumental begins as he speaks.)* Grace. You're here.

*(He sings.)*

*AS WE GATHERED IN THE CHAPEL HERE,*

*IN OLD KILMAINHAM JAIL,*

*I THINK ABOUT THESE PAST FEW WEEKS,*

*OH WILL THEY SAY WE'VE FAILED?*

*FROM OUR SCHOOL DAYS THEY HAVE TOLD US*

*WE MUST YEARN FOR LIBERTY*

*YET ALL I WANT IN THIS DARK PLACE*

*IS TO HAVE YOU HERE WITH ME.*

*OH GRACE, JUST HOLD ME IN YOUR ARMS,*

*AND LET THIS MOMENT LINGER.*

*THEY'LL TAKE ME OUT AT DAWN*

*AND I WILL DIE.*

*WITH ALL MY LOVE I PLACE*

*THIS WEDDING RING UPON YOUR FINGER.*

*THERE WON'T BE TIME TO SHARE OUR LOVE,*

*SO WE MUST SAY GOODBYE.*

*NOW I KNOW IT'S HARD FOR YOU,*

*MY LOVE, TO EVER UNDERSTAND*

*THE LOVE I BARE FOR THESE BRAVE MEN,*

*MY LOVE FOR MY DEAR LAND.*

*SO WHEN PÁDRAIG CALLED ME*

*TO HIS SIDE DOWN IN THE GPO,*

*I HAD TO LEAVE MY OWN SICK BED,*

*TO HIM I HAD TO GO.*

*OH GRACE, JUST HOLD ME IN YOUR ARMS,*

*AND LET THIS MOMENT LINGER.*

*THEY'LL TAKE ME OUT AT DAWN*

*AND I WILL DIE.*

**GRACE**

*WITH ALL MY LOVE I'LL PLACE  
THIS WEDDING RING UPON YOUR FINGER.  
THERE WON'T BE TIME TO SHARE OUR LOVE,  
SO WE MUST SAY GOODBYE.  
NOW AS THE DAWN IS BREAKING,  
MY HEART IS BREAKING TOO  
ON THIS MAY MORN' AS I WALK OUT,  
MY THOUGHTS WILL BE WITH YOU.  
AND I'LL WRITE SOME WORDS UPON THE WALL  
SO EVERYONE WILL KNOW.  
I LOVED SO MUCH THAT I COULD SEE  
HIS BLOOD UPON THE ROSE.*

*(PLUNKETT falls into GRACE's arms.)*

**PLUNKETT**

*OH GRACE, JUST HOLD ME IN YOUR ARMS,  
AND LET THIS MOMENT LINGER  
THEY'LL TAKE ME OUT AT DAWN  
AND I WILL DIE.*

**GRACE**

*WITH ALL MY LOVE I'LL PLACE  
THIS WEDDING RING UPON YOUR FINGER.*

*THERE WON'T BE TIME TO SHARE OUR LOVE,  
SO WE MUST SAY GOODBYE.*

**BOTH**

*THERE WON'T BE TIME TO SHARE OUR LOVE,  
SO WE MUST SAY GOODBYE.*

*(The music comes to a stop. Enter BRITISH SOLDIER #1.)*

**BRITISH SOLDIER #1.** Miss Gifford. Your time with the prisoner is up. Prisoner. Your execution is scheduled to be one hour from now.

**GRACE.** Goodbye, Joseph.

**PLUNKETT.** Goodbye, Grace.

*(BRITISH SOLDIER #1 exits with GRACE. PLUNKETT sits alone, with a singular spotlight on him. It fades out.)*

### **SCENE 11**

*(A church. There are IRISH CITIZENS, ÉAMON DE VALERA, and the HARRINGTONS in the audience. TURLOUGH stands at the front, speaking.)*

**TURLOUGH.** On May 3rd, 1916, Pádraig Pearse, leader of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, poet, scholar, Irish revolutionary — and my best friend — was executed brutally by the cruel and tyrannical government of the Empire. Today we remember him.

*(He begins to sing.)*

*IN DUBLIN TOWN IN 1916,  
A FLAME OF FREEDOM DID ARISE.  
A GROUP OF MEN WITH DETERMINATION  
CAUGHT AN EMPIRE BY SURPRISE.*

*THROUGH THE STREETS OUR MEN WERE MARCHING,  
THEY RALLIED WITH THEIR HOPES AND FEARS.  
AND THE ENDA BOYS CAME SEARCHING  
FOR THEIR LEADER PÁDRAIG PEARSE.  
THE POET AND THE IRISH REBEL,  
A GAELIC SCHOLAR AND A VISIONARY.  
WE GAVE TO HIM NO FITTING TRIBUTE,  
WHEN IRELAND'S AT PEACE ONLY THAT CAN BE,  
WHEN IRELAND'S A NATION, UNITED AND FREE.*

**TURLOUGH.** *(The instrumental continues to play under his speech.)* Pádraig loved this land with every part of his being. I ask of this to those attending this funeral. Take that love and extend it to everyone around you. Your friends, your family. Fight for what you believe in, just as he did.

*(He continues to sing.)*

*ON EASTER MORN HE FACED THE NATION  
FROM THE STEPS OF THE GPO,  
AND READ ALOUD THE PROCLAMATION;  
THE SEED OF NATIONHOOD TO SOW.  
BUT SOON THE WORD HAD SPREAD TO LONDON  
OF AN INSURRECTION THERE AT HAND.  
AND THE DEEDS OF PÁDRAIG PEARSE  
WAS SET ABOUT TO FREE HIS LAND.*

*THE POET AND THE IRISH REBEL,  
A GAELIC SCHOLAR AND A VISIONARY.  
WE GAVE TO HIM NO FITTING TRIBUTE,  
WHEN IRELAND'S AT PEACE ONLY THAT CAN BE,  
WHEN IRELAND'S A NATION, UNITED AND FREE.*

*(The instrumental plays under the proceeding events. DE VALERA, sitting in the audience, stands.)*

**DE VALERA.** I was the only leader who escaped the execution. All my friends are gone. I have nothing left. But what would Pádraig think if I gave up on my mission?

*(He begins to sing.)*

*FOR FIVE LONG DAYS THE BATTLE RAGES,  
FOR FIVE LONG NIGHTS THE BATTLE WORE.  
WE WILL WATCH AS DUBLIN CITY BLAZES  
AND SEE OUR MEN FALL THROUGH THE FLOOR.  
NO, IRELAND'S PROUD OF HER EFFORT,  
FOR HER CAUSE WE FOUGHT WITH PRIDE  
BUT TO SAVE MORE LIFE AND TO SAVE OUR CITY,  
WE MAKE OUR PEACE WITH MCFAINIS CRIED.*

*(Others begin to join in, standing.)*

**DE VALERA, HARRINGTONS, & IRISH CITIZENS.**

*THE POET AND THE IRISH REBEL,  
A GAELIC SCHOLAR AND A VISIONARY.  
WE GAVE TO HIM NO FITTING TRIBUTE,*

*WHEN IRELAND'S AT PEACE ONLY THAT CAN BE,  
WHEN IRELAND'S A NATION, UNITED AND FREE.*

*(All sit back down. The music slows, and the stage darkens, except for a pool of light on  
TURLOUGH.)*

## **TURLOUGH**

*KILMAINHAM JAIL IN 1916,  
THEY BROUGHT YOUNG PEARSE TO HIS DEATH CELL,  
AND THEY TRIED HIM AS A TRAITOR  
TO SHOOT THIS MAN WHO DARED TO REBEL.  
HE ONLY TRIED TO FREE HIS COUNTRY  
OF THE SHACKLES OF 800 YEARS  
WHEN DAWN DID BREAK ON THAT MAY MORNING,  
THEY SHOT OUR LEADER PÁDRAIG PEARSE.  
THE POET AND THE IRISH REBEL,  
A GAELIC SCHOLAR AND A VISIONARY.  
WE GAVE TO HIM NO FITTING TRIBUTE,  
WHEN IRELAND'S AT PEACE ONLY THAT CAN BE,  
WHEN IRELAND'S A NATION, UNITED AND FREE.*

*(The song comes to an end. The stage darkens as all exit. Enter TADHG, who moves to the  
center-front of the stage as the spotlight hits him.)*

**TADHG.** And that was the end. The rebellion that was supposed to set our country free had failed. Our leaders were dead. Decades of work that our ancestors had done had led up to this moment, and it fell apart in a matter of days. My father was despaired. Eventually, a year had

passed since the Easter Rising, and the prospects of Irish independence seemed bleaker each day. Another year had passed. No signs of hope. Until the 1918 general election. The political party that was for the creation of an independent republic, Sinn Féin, had won. They declared a breakaway government, and the Irish Republican Army, formed by several Irish republican groups, including the Irish Volunteers that had fought in the Easter Rising, was formed. My dad was getting older, and it was clear he was in poor health, but he persisted. He remembered what Pádraig Pearse had told him. He continued to fight for what he believed in.

*(Lights down on TADHG as he exits.)*

## **SCENE 12**

*(The lights come up on an old Irish neighborhood. The instrumental for 'Come Out Ye Black and Tans' begins. Enter TADHG.)*

**TADHG.** The year was 1919. The English had begun expanding the Royal Irish Constabulary, the police force of Ireland, by recruiting their own citizens. They wore black and tan uniforms, and were known far and wide for their cruelty. Irish Republicanism was on the rise once more, and the spirit of Pádraig Pearse, as well as the other leaders of the Easter Rising, lived within each and every Irishman and Irishwoman.

*(TADHG sings.)*

*I WAS BORN ON A DUBLIN STREET  
WHERE THE ROYAL DRUMS DID BEAT,  
AND THOSE LOVING ENGLISH FEET,  
THEY WALKED ALL OVER US,  
AND EVERY SINGLE NIGHT,  
WHEN ME DA' WOULD COME HOME TIGHT,*

*HE'D INVITE THE NEIGHBOURS OUT WITH THIS CHORUS.*

*(On the line 'When me da' would come home tight...', TURLOUGH enters, and begins to sing.)*

**TURLOUGH**

*COME OUT YE BLACK AND TANS,*

*COME OUT AND FIGHT ME LIKE A MAN.*

*SHOW YOUR WIFE HOW YOU WON MEDALS DOWN IN FLANDERS.*

*TELL HER HOW THE IRA*

*MADE YOU RUN LIKE HELL AWAY*

*FROM THE GREEN AND LOVELY LANES OF KILLASHANDRA.*

*(Some IRISH CITIZENS begin to enter, as do some members of the ROYAL IRISH  
CONSTABULARY. TURLOUGH taunts them.)*

*COME LET US HEAR YOU TELL*

*HOW YOU SLANDERED GREAT PARNELL?*

*WHEN YOU THOUGHT HIM WELL AND TRULY PERSECUTED,*

*WHERE ARE THE SNEERS AND JEERS*

*THAT YOU LOUDLY LET US HEAR,*

*WHEN OUR LEADERS OF SIXTEEN WERE EXECUTED.*

*(The IRISH CITIZENS join in, as the rest of the IRISH ENSEMBLE enter.)*

**TURLOUGH & IRISH CITIZENS**

*COME OUT YE BLACK AND TANS,*

*COME OUT AND FIGHT ME LIKE A MAN.*

*SHOW YOUR WIFE HOW YOU WON MEDALS DOWN IN FLANDERS.*

*TELL HER HOW THE IRA*

*MADE YOU RUN LIKE HELL AWAY  
FROM THE GREEN AND LOVELY LANES OF KILLASHANDRA.*

**TURLOUGH**

*COME TELL US HOW YOU SLEW  
THEM OL' ARABS TWO BY TWO,  
LIKE THE ZULUS THEY HAD SPEARS AND BOWS AND ARROWS.  
HOW BRAVELY YOU FACED ONE  
WITH YOUR SIXTEEN POUNDER GUN,  
AND YOU FRIGHTENED THEM DAMN NATIVES TO THEIR MARROW.*

*(The IRISH ENSEMBLE joins in, all begin fighting with the ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.)*

**TURLOUGH & IRISH ENSEMBLE**

*COME OUT YE BLACK AND TANS,  
COME OUT AND FIGHT ME LIKE A MAN.  
SHOW YOUR WIFE HOW YOU WON MEDALS DOWN IN FLANDERS.  
TELL HER HOW THE IRA*

*MADE YOU RUN LIKE HELL AWAY  
FROM THE GREEN AND LOVELY LANES OF KILLASHANDRA.*

*(AOIBHE enters and joins in, fighting next to TURLOUGH.)*

**AOIBHE**

*NOW THE TIME IS COMING FAST,  
AND I THINK THEM DAYS ARE HERE,  
WHEN EACH ENGLISH SEÁNÍN, HE'LL RUN BEFORE US.  
AND IF THERE'LL BE A NEED*

*THEN OUR KIDS WILL SAY "GODSPEED!"*

*WITH A VERSE OR TWO OF SINGING THIS FINE CHORUS.*

**ALL**

*COME OUT YE BLACK AND TANS,*

*COME OUT AND FIGHT ME LIKE A MAN.*

*SHOW YOUR WIFE HOW YOU WON MEDALS DOWN IN FLANDERS.*

*TELL HER HOW THE IRA*

*MADE YOU RUN LIKE HELL AWAY*

*FROM THE GREEN AND LOVELY LANES OF KILLASHANDRA.*

*(The song ends. The fighting continues. CONSTABLE #1 duels with TURLOUGH, and is pushed to the ground. He runs away. CONSTABLE #2 comes up and manages to shoot TURLOUGH in the leg, before proceeding to bash his gun in on TURLOUGH's head as he screams for help.*

*Enter TADHG.)*

**TADHG.** Dad!

*(TADHG runs towards his father, attempting to throw the CONSTABLE off of him, but he does not succeed. The CONSTABLE shoots TURLOUGH for a final time in the chest.)*

**CONSTABLE #2.** Let this be a lesson to you, lad. Don't end up like your father — or this'll happen to you.

*(Exit CONSTABLE #2.)*

**TADHG.** *(Leaning over TURLOUGH.)* Dad? *(TURLOUGH lies, unmoving.)* Dad! *(Calling out.)*

Someone get help! Mom! Mr. Sullivan! Anyone! *(He leans over his father's lifeless body, sobbing.)*

*(A spotlight follows TADHG as he speaks. The stage around him fades to black as all exit.)*

**TADHG.** My father was taken home by my mother and the Sullivans. They attempted to bring him back to good health, but he was barely capable of speech. Before he passed, he told me how much he loved me — how much he would always love me, even past death. My father, Turlough Harrington, passed away on February 12th, 1919. He was the best father I could have asked for. I will carry the family name with honour and pride, just as my father did for his. After my father had passed, I was preoccupied taking care of my family alongside my mother — but revolution was brewing, and it would not be too long before the war would break out. I visited my father’s grave every single day. I still do.

*(The instrumental begins for “A Nation Once Again”. TADHG sings.)*

*WHEN BOYHOOD’S FIRE WAS IN MY BLOOD,  
I READ OF ANCIENT FREEMEN  
FOR GREECE AND ROME WHO BRAVELY STOOD;  
THREE HUNDRED MEN AND THREE MEN.  
AND THERE I PRAYED I YET MIGHT SEE  
OUR FETTERS RENT IN TWAIN,  
AND IRELAND, LONG A PROVINCE BE,  
A NATION ONCE AGAIN.  
A NATION ONCE AGAIN  
A NATION ONCE AGAIN  
AND IRELAND, LONG A PROVINCE BE  
A NATION ONCE AGAIN  
IT WHISPER'D TOO, THAT FREEDOM'S ARK  
AND SERVICE HIGH AND HOLY*

*WOULD BE PREPARED BY FEELINGS DARK  
AND PASSION VAIN OR LOWLY  
FOR FREEDOM COMES FROM GOD'S RIGHT HAND  
AND NEEDS A GODLY TRAIN  
AND RIGHTEOUS MEN MUST MAKE OUR LAND  
A NATION ONCE AGAIN  
A NATION ONCE AGAIN  
A NATION ONCE AGAIN  
AND IRELAND, LONG A PROVINCE BE  
A NATION ONCE AGAIN  
SO AS I GREW FROM BOY TO MAN  
I BENT ME TO THAT BIDDING  
MY SPIRIT OF EACH SELFISH PLAN  
AND CRUEL PASSION RIDDING  
FOR THUS I HOPED SOME DAY TO AID  
OH, CAN SUCH HOPE BE VAIN  
WHEN MY DEAR COUNTRY SHOULD BE MADE —*

*(The complete ENSEMBLE sings offstage, backing TADHG.)*

**TADHG & CHORUS (TENOR/SOPRANO)**

*A NATION ONCE AGAIN  
A NATION ONCE AGAIN  
A NATION ONCE AGAIN  
AND IRELAND, LONG A PROVINCE BE*

*A NATION ONCE AGAIN*

*(The ENSEMBLE cuts out. TADHG sings alone, and slightly slower.)*

*A NATION ONCE AGAIN*

*A NATION ONCE AGAIN*

*A NATION ONCE AGAIN*

*AND IRELAND, LONG A PROVINCE BE*

*A NATION ONCE AGAIN*

*(The instrumentals cut out. TADHG sings much slower, a capella.)*

*A NATION ONCE AGAIN*

*A NATION ONCE AGAIN*

*A NATION ONCE AGAIN*

*AND IRELAND, LONG A PROVINCE BE*

*A NATION ONCE AGAIN*

*(Fade to black.)*

# ACT II

## SCENE 1

*(1919. The lights go up on TADHG. He stands outside a military camp. Behind him, silent, and in the dark, are BARRY, MARKIEVICZ, BRUGHA, MULCAHY, and several members of the IRA. It is nighttime. Many of them are sleeping. MARKIEVICZ is in conversation with BRUGHA. MULCAHY, BARRY, and a few others, are eating. Others may be exercising, conversing, or playing games of some kind.)*

**TADHG.** In early 1919, the Irish War of Independence began. I wanted to join, but I couldn't bring myself to leave my mother. So, I stayed at home, while the IRA fought for a free Ireland. *(As the lights fade on TADHG, he walks to join the people in the camp, as the lights rise on the camp. When the focus is on a specific conversation, the rest of the crowd interacts silently.)*

**MARKIEVICZ.** *(To BRUGHA.)* Cathal. What's the plan?

**BRUGHA.** We head to Rathclarin — there's a patrol there. We're going to ambush them.

**MARKIEVICZ.** What do you need me for?

**BRUGHA.** I have to meet with Collins. I need you to lead eleven other volunteers in the ambush. If it's looking bad, retreat. Understood?

**MARKIEVICZ.** Aye.

*(BRUGHA walks over to MULCAHY, and begins a conversation with him. BARRY walks away from MULCAHY as MARKIEVICZ joins the crowd.)*

**BRUGHA.** Richard.

**MULCAHY.** Aye?

**BRUGHA.** Encourage our soldiers!

*(The instrumental for the Devil is Dead comes in.)*

**MULCAHY**

*SOME SAY THE DEVIL IS DEAD,  
THE DEVIL IS DEAD, THE DEVIL IS DEAD,  
SOME SAY THE DEVIL IS DEAD,  
AND BURIED IN KILLARNEY!*

*(BARRY stands up and joins him.)*

**BARRY**

*MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,  
MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,  
MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,  
AND JOINED THE BRITISH ARMY.*

*(ALL join in.)*

**ALL**

*SOME SAY THE DEVIL IS DEAD,  
THE DEVIL IS DEAD, THE DEVIL IS DEAD,  
SOME SAY THE DEVIL IS DEAD,  
AND BURIED IN KILLARNEY!  
MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,  
MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,  
MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,  
AND JOINED THE BRITISH ARMY.*

**BRUGHA.** Who do we fight for?

**ALL.** Ireland!

**BRUGHA.** Who do we die for?

**ALL.** Ireland!

**BRUGHA.** Then sing, soldiers!

*(More join in the excitement.)*

**MARKIEVICZ.**

*FEED THE PIGS AND MILK THE COW, MILK THE COW.*

**BRUGHA.**

*FEED THE PIGS AND MILK THE COW, SO EARLY IN THE MORNING.*

**IRA SOLDIER #1 (ALTO)**

*TUCK YOUR LEG UP, PADDY, DEAR. PADDY, DEAR, I'M OVER HERE!*

**IRA SOLDIER #2 (TENOR)**

*TUCK YOUR LEG UP, PADDY, DEAR, IT'S TIME TO STOP YOUR YAWNING!*

**ALL**

*SOME SAY THE DEVIL IS DEAD,*

*THE DEVIL IS DEAD, THE DEVIL IS DEAD,*

*SOME SAY THE DEVIL IS DEAD,*

*AND BURIED IN KILLARNEY!*

*MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,*

*MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,*

*MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,*

*AND JOINED THE BRITISH ARMY.*

*(Instrumental/Dance break.)*

*(Hey! etc. throughout.)*

**IRA SOLDIER #3 (SOPRANO)**

*MY MAN IS SIX FOOT TALL, SIX FOOT TALL, SIX FOOT TALL,*

*MY MAN IS SIX FOOT TALL, HE LIKES HIS SUGAR CANDY.*

**IRA SOLDIER #4 (ALTO)**

*GOES TO BED AT SIX O'CLOCK, GOES TO BED AT SIX O'CLOCK, GOES TO BED AT SIX  
O'CLOCK, HE'S LAZY, FAT, AND DANDY!*

**ALL**

*SOME SAY THE DEVIL IS DEAD,*

*THE DEVIL IS DEAD, THE DEVIL IS DEAD,*

*SOME SAY THE DEVIL IS DEAD,*

*AND BURIED IN KILLARNEY!*

*MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,*

*MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,*

*MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,*

*AND JOINED THE BRITISH ARMY.*

**BRUGHA.** (*Gesturing to the audience.*) With us, now!

**ALL + AUDIENCE**

*SOME SAY THE DEVIL IS DEAD,*

*THE DEVIL IS DEAD, THE DEVIL IS DEAD,*

*SOME SAY THE DEVIL IS DEAD,*

*AND BURIED IN KILLARNEY!*

*MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,*

*MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,*

*MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,  
AND JOINED THE BRITISH ARMY.  
SOME SAY THE DEVIL IS DEAD,  
THE DEVIL IS DEAD, THE DEVIL IS DEAD,  
SOME SAY THE DEVIL IS DEAD,  
AND BURIED IN KILLARNEY!  
MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,  
MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,  
MORE SAY HE ROSE AGAIN,  
AND JOINED THE BRITISH ARMY.*

**BRUGHA.** On your way now!

*(The lights fade on the camp.)*

## **SCENE 2**

*(Lights up on the house of AOIBHE HARRINGTON. TADHG is bringing her a cup of tea. He faces the audience.)*

**TADHG.** My father had passed on, and many of my siblings were busy with school now. It was just me and my mother, most of the time. *(He faces AOIBHE, and hands her the tea.)*

**AOIBHE.** Thank you, dear.

**TADHG.** Of course, Ma! *(He notices that she is more solemn than usual.)* How are you feeling?

**AOIBHE.** Oh, just missing your father, that's all.

**TADHG.** *(Sitting down next to her.)* I miss him too.

*(They sit in a lasting silence.)*

**AOIBHE.** Tadhg, son, I have something I have to show you. It's something your father carried.

*(The Broad Black Brimmer of the IRA begins.)*

**AOIBHE**

*THERE'S A UNIFORM THAT'S HANGING IN WHAT'S KNOWN AS FATHERS ROOM—*

*A UNIFORM SO SIMPLE IN ITS STYLE.*

*IT'S GOT NO BRAID OF GOLD, NOR SILK, NOR HAT WITH FEATHERED PLUME.*

**TADHG**

*BUT MY MOTHER HAS PRESERVED IT ALL THE WHILE.*

*ONE DAY, SHE MADE ME TRY IT ON, A WISH OF MINE FOR YEARS.*

**AOIBHE**

*THIS IS A MEMORY OF YOUR FATHER, SON*

**TADHG**

*SHE SAID,*

*AND WHEN I PUT THE SAM BROWN ON,*

*SHE WAS SMILING THROUGH HER TEARS,*

*AS SHE PLACED THE BROAD, BLACK BRIMMER ON MY HEAD.*

*IT'S JUST A BROAD BLACK BRIMMER WITH RIBBONS FRAYED AND TORN,*

*BY THE CARELESS WHISK OF MANYS ABOUT A BREEZE.*

*AN OLD TRENCH COAT THAT'S SO BATTLE-STAINED AND WORN,*

*AND BREECHES ALMOST THREADBARE AT THE KNEES.*

**AOIBHE**

*A SAM BROWN BELT WITH A BUCKLE BIG AND STRONG,*

*AND A HOLSTER THAT'S BEEN EMPTY MANY A DAY—*

**TADHG**

*BUT NOT FOR LONG.*

**AOIBHE**

*BUT WHEN MEN CLAIM IRELAND'S FREEDOM,  
THE ONE SHOULD CHOOSE TO LEAD THEM,  
WILL WEAR THE BROAD BLACK BRIMMER OF THE IRA.*

*(Softer.)*

**TADHG**

*BUT WHEN MEN CLAIM IRELAND'S FREEDOM,  
THE ONE SHOULD CHOOSE TO LEAD THEM,  
WILL WEAR THE BROAD BLACK BRIMMER OF THE IRA.*

**BOTH**

*BUT WHEN MEN CLAIM IRELAND'S FREEDOM,  
THE ONE SHOULD CHOOSE TO LEAD THEM,  
WILL WEAR THE BROAD BLACK BRIMMER OF THE IRA.*

*(They embrace. The song ends.)*

**AOIBHE.** I know you think I need help here at home, Tadhg. But what do you want to do?

**TADHG.** *(A long pause.)* I don't know.

**AOIBHE.** What's in your heart?

**TADHG.** Would you be okay? If I left?

**AOIBHE.** You'd have to leave eventually.

**TADHG.** I love you, mom. If I do not return, I will watch over you from above.

**AOIBHE.** I love you too. Goodbye, Tadhg.

*(Lights down.)*

### SCENE 3

*(The scene has changed from the Harrington home to the military camp. It is empty, and in darkness. The lights come up on TADHG, center-stage, speaking to the audience.)*

**TADHG.** And so, I departed from the home of my dear mother to fight in the war. I arrived at a camp just outside of Dublin that I was sent to once I had enlisted.

*(The lights come up on the camp behind him. Enter MARKIEVICZ and BARRY, conversing. TADHG goes up to them.)*

**TADHG.** Dia duit! I'm Tadhg.

**MARKIEVICZ.** Constance Markievicz, Minister of Labour, pleasure to meet you. This here is Kevin Barry.

*(She shakes TADHG's hand.)*

**TADHG.** How do you do?

**MARKIEVICZ.** I'm doing well, Tadhg. You?

**TADHG.** I'm ready to fight.

**MARKIEVICZ.** Not so fast. First, you have to meet some people. Let me take you to Cathal.

**BARRY.** Slán.

*(Exit MARKIEVICZ and TADHG. Enter BRUGHHA from the other side.)*

**BARRY.** Sir!

**BRUGHHA.** Dia duit, Barry.

**BARRY.** Dia is Muire duit, sir. Constance and the new one were looking for you.

**BRUGHHA.** Well, I'm confident they will return here eventually. *(He sits down next to BARRY.)*

How do you feel?

**BARRY.** I am feeling fine, sir. How are you?

**BRUGHA.** (*Chuckling.*) Doing well, Barry. Doing well. Tell me, Kevin, why did you choose to join us?

**BARRY.** To fight for my country, sir.

**BRUGHA.** An honorable reason, aye. But is there anything else?

**BARRY.** What do you mean by that?

**BRUGHA.** I want to know my soldiers well. Tell me, Barry. Why do you really fight? Who do you fight for?

**BARRY.** (*Beat.*) My mother, sir.

**BRUGHA.** *Do mhathair.* How is she?

**BARRY.** She was doing well, per the last letter I received from her.

**BRUGHA.** That's good to hear, Kevin.

(*Enter MARKIEVICZ and TADHG.*)

**MARKIEVICZ.** Cathal. There you are — we were looking for you. This is Tadhg Harrington.

**BRUGHA.** Tadhg. A pleasure to meet you.

**TADHG.** You as well, sir.

**BRUGHA.** Constance, I trust you have shown him around the camp?

**MARKIEVICZ.** Aye, sir.

**BRUGHA.** Well. I suppose it is time to feast. (*The others in the camp enter, and sit around the camp. BRUGHA stands.*) We join together here to dine. But we also welcome a new member of the Irish Republican Army today. Everybody, this is Tadhg Harrington! (*He gestures for TADHG to stand. He stands awkwardly and waves.*) Tadhg, you can sit back down and enjoy your meal. (*TADHG sits down, makes the sign of the cross, prays, makes the sign of the cross once more, and begins to eat. MARKIEVICZ and BARRY walk over to him.*)

**MARKIEVICZ.** Dia duit, Tadhg. May we sit here?

**TADHG.** Aye, of course!

*(MARKIEVICZ and BARRY sit across from him and eat with him.)*

**BARRY.** So, Tadhg. Why did you join the IRA?

**TADHG.** *(Beat.)* Me da' fought in the Easter Rising. His name was Turlough Harrington. I want to honor him. I want to fight for my country like he did.

**BARRY.** An honorable reason.

**MARKIEVICZ.** Indeed.

**TADHG.** I feel terrible though. Leaving my mother at home all by herself.

**BARRY.** I did the same, Tadhg.

**TADHG.** *(Beat.)* I appreciate you two sitting with me. It makes me feel welcome.

**MARKIEVICZ.** It's not a problem. You are an interesting person, Tadhg. We enjoy talking to you.

**TADHG.** Sláinte!

**MARKIEVICZ & BARRY.** Sláinte!

*(They cheers and drink. Lights down.)*

#### **SCENE 4**

*(A small table at the front of the stage. Lights up on WILSON, MACREADY, and GREENWOOD, all sitting at the table. The camp, behind them, is dark.)*

**MACREADY.** Men. The situation in Ireland has escalated beyond sporadic skirmishes. We have to end this, once and for all. That disgusting nation will forever be held in the clutches of our empire. The filthy Sinn Féin will be crushed, whether the minister likes it or not.

**WILSON.** He's a traitor!

**MACREADY.** Yes, sir. But luckily, the war is in our hands. You, of course, head the army. And Greenwood heads the Constabulary.

**GREENWOOD.** So what's the plan?

**MACREADY.** They escalate the fighting, we escalate back. Until it appears we have no choice but to show them the full might of the British Army. Until then, we block truces. We cannot allow a treaty to be reached.

**GREENWOOD.** I want to stop the Irish too, Nevil, but that plan would lead to the deaths of thousands of good Englishman.

**MACREADY.** *(Suddenly.)* Bah! I do not care about their lives.

**GREENWOOD.** God, Macready, do you detest the Irish more than you love your country? *(He stands up.)*

**MACREADY.** *(Relaxing himself.)* It is for the greater good, Hamar.

**GREENWOOD.** We both know that's not true. *(He storms offstage.)*

**MACREADY.** *(Sighs.)* Hamar, Hamar, Hamar. Always so close to understanding. Too much humanity in him, I say.

**WILSON.** I loathe him like you loathe the Irish. A liar and a dimwit.

**MACREADY.** But a necessary asset nonetheless.

**WILSON.** *(Beat.)* What if we don't have enough control? What if Lloyd George is so set on peace that we cannot contain Ireland?

**MACREADY.** I know the minister. He will come around eventually. Ireland is simply too important to the Empire to let go of.

**WILSON.** We can't negotiate peace. I can't, at least. I do not speak to murderers.

**MACREADY.** You lead an army, Henry. You are one.

*(Lights down.)*

## **SCENE 5**

*(Lights up on TADHG, alone at the front of the stage, while the set changes.)*

**TADHG.** It was September, and the year was 1920. In Dublin, the IRA planned an ambush.

There were British soldiers on church street, and we took action.

*(Lights up suddenly on the rest of the set, BRITISH SOLDIERS stand on a street, facing many IRA VOLUNTEERS, notably TADHG and BARRY. TADHG runs to join them. Gunshots and shouts. Music swells in.)*

### **TADHG**

*IN ELEVEN SIXTY-SEVEN THEY CAME TO IRELAND ON THE MAKE  
THEY WERE FOLLOWED BY INVASIONS AND BY CONQUESTS IN THEIR WAKE  
THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND MADE THE LAND A BATTLEGROUND,  
THEY TOOK THE LAND BY FRAUD, DEFEAT  
BY POISON, MURDER, AND DECEIT!*

### **ALL**

*MURDER, PLUNDER, FAUGH A BALLAGH, CLEAR THE WAY  
CHEATING, STEALING, DIDDLY-IDEL-DAY  
DUCKING, DIVING, FAUGH A BALLAGH, CLEAR THE WAY  
DIDDLY-AIDEL-DOH, DIDDLY-IDEL-DAY*

### **BARRY**

*THEN BY THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY THEY HELD PRECARIOUSLY TO THE PALE  
THE INVADERS WERE MORE IRISH THAN THE IRISH, THAT'S THE TALE  
A FAT GREEDY KING (CALLED HENRY)'S DICK WAS BIGGER THAN HIS BRAIN*

*IMPOSED A REFORMATION — CONFISCATING, USURPATION!*

*(Throughout the next verse, a British soldier arrests BARRY and begins to take him offstage.)*

**ALL**

*AND YOU'LL NEVER BEAT THE IRISH, NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO  
YOU CAN PUT US DOWN AND KEEP US OUT, BUT WE'LL COME BACK AGAIN  
YOU KNOW WE ARE THE FIGHTING IRISH AND WE FIGHT UNTIL THE END  
YOU KNOW, YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN:*

*YOU'LL NEVER BEAT THE—*

*(The music cuts out suddenly.)*

**TADHG.** Where's Barry?

*(The stage goes dark. Spotlight on BARRY, being detained by a BRITISH SOLDIER. All freeze.*

*The lights come back up on the full stage. TADHG notices BARRY.*

**TADHG.** *(Shouting.)* Barry! *(Agony.)* BARRY!

*(He runs after BARRY. It is too late. BARRY is dragged offstage.)*

**TADHG.** *(Sorrowful.)* Barry...

*(The music sways back in, but is slower, and much more solemn. TADHG sings softly.)*

**TADHG**

*AND YOU'LL NEVER BEAT THE IRISH, NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO  
YOU CAN PUT US DOWN AND KEEP US OUT, BUT WE'LL COME BACK AGAIN  
YOU KNOW WE ARE THE FIGHTING IRISH AND WE FIGHT UNTIL THE END  
YOU KNOW, YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN:*

*YOU'LL NEVER BEAT THE IRISH.*

*(The song ends. The lights fade out as all exit, except for TADHG. The lights come up on TADHG, standing alone on the street. Enter MARKIEVICZ.)*

**MARKIEVICZ.** So this is where he was arrested.

**TADHG.** Constance.

**MARKIEVICZ.** They killed him today.

**TADHG.** I know.

**MARKIEVICZ.** He was hung.

**TADHG.** I know.

**MARKIEVICZ.** You can't wallow in your grief all day, Tadhg.

**TADHG.** Then how am I supposed to honor the deceased?

**MARKIEVICZ.** How they would have wanted you to honor them.

**TADHG.** To be frank, I do not know what Barry would have wanted.

**MARKIEVICZ.** Then do what makes you feel like you're honoring him.

**TADHG.** I wish we knew where he was buried.

**MARKIEVICZ.** We can search.

**TADHG.** No, no, I don't think that would do me any good.

**MARKIEVICZ.** You need to do something, Tadhg.

**TADHG.** Like what?

**MARKIEVICZ.** *(Sighs.)* I don't know. *(She sits down. TADHG sits down next to her.)* I miss him.

**TADHG.** I do too.

*(They sit in silence.)*

**TADHG.** I'm going to go home.

**MARKIEVICZ.** What?

**TADHG.** I can't deal with all of this. I just watched one of my best friends die. One of my only friends. What am I supposed to do now? If I can't 'wallow in my grief' then I'm going to visit my mother.

**MARKIEVICZ.** Go, then.

*(TADHG stands up and begins to walk away. Then he suddenly turns around.)*

**TADHG.** Constance? *(Beat.)* I saw who shot the soldier. It wasn't Kevin.

**MARKIEVICZ.** Who was it, then?

**TADHG.** I don't know his name. But I was with Kevin the whole time. The bullets didn't even match up. *(He turns around once more and walks offstage.)*

*(A balladic tune fades in.)*

**MARKIEVICZ**

*IN MOUNTJOY JAIL ONE MONDAY MORNING*

*HIGH UPON THE GALLOWS TREE*

*KEVIN BARRY GAVE HIS YOUNG LIFE*

*FOR THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY*

*JUST A LAD OF 18 SUMMERS*

*YET THERE'S NO ONE CAN DENY*

*AS HE WALKED TO DEATH THAT MORNING*

*HE PROUDLY HELD HIS HEAD ON HIGH*

*JUST BEFORE HE FACED THE HANGMAN*

*IN HIS DREARY PRISON CELL*

*BRITISH SOLDIERS TORTURED BARRY*

*JUST BECAUSE HE WOULD NOT TELL  
THE NAMES OF HIS BRAVE COMRADES  
AND OTHER THINGS THEY WISHED TO KNOW  
'TURN, INFORMER, OR WE'LL KILL YOU!'  
KEVIN BARRY ANSWERED, 'NO!'  
ANOTHER MARTYR FOR OLD IRELAND  
ANOTHER MURDER FOR THE CROWN,  
WHOSE BRUTAL LAWS MAY KILL THE IRISH,  
BUT CAN'T KEEP THEIR SPIRITS DOWN.  
LADS LIKE BARRY ARE NO COWARDS,  
FROM THE FOE THEY WILL NOT FLY.  
LADS LIKE BARRY WILL FREE IRELAND,  
FOR HER SAKE THEY'LL LIVE AND DIE.*

*(The music fades out. MARKIEVICZ sits, crying, as the lights close in on her, and then go out.)*

### **SCENE 6**

*(The lights come up on TADHG, walking alone on a path in the outskirts of Dublin.)*

**TADHG.** *(Turning to face the audience.)* Truthfully, I was barely getting by after the death of my father, so I could not handle the death of my friend. I couldn't do anything else but go home. As I walked through the lonely outskirts of Dublin, at night, I reminisced on my life.

*(Music in. It is soft and slow throughout.)*

*HIGH UPON THE GALLOWS TREE  
SWUNG THE NOBLE-HEARTED THREE,  
BY THE VENGEFUL TYRANT STRICKEN IN THEIR BLOOM;*

*BUT THEY MET HIM FACE TO FACE,  
WITH THE COURAGE OF THEIR RACE,  
AND THEY WENT WITH SOULS UNDAUNTED TO THEIR DOOM.*

*ON EASTER MORN HE FACED THE NATION  
FROM THE STEPS OF THE GPO,  
AND READ ALOUD THE PROCLAMATION;  
THE SEED OF NATIONHOOD TO SOW.  
BUT SOON THE WORD HAD SPREAD TO LONDON  
OF AN INSURRECTION THERE AT HAND.  
AND THE DEEDS OF PÁDRAIG PEARSE  
WAS SET ABOUT TO FREE HIS LAND.  
THE POET AND THE IRISH REBEL,  
A GAELIC SCHOLAR AND A VISIONARY.  
WE GAVE TO HIM NO FITTING TRIBUTE,  
WHEN IRELAND'S AT PEACE ONLY THAT CAN BE,  
WHEN IRELAND'S A NATION, UNITED AND FREE.*

*SO AS I GREW FROM BOY TO MAN  
I BENT ME TO THAT BIDDING  
MY SPIRIT OF EACH SELFISH PLAN  
AND CRUEL PASSION RIDDING  
FOR THUS I HOPED SOME DAY TO AID  
OH, CAN SUCH HOPE BE VAIN  
WHEN MY DEAR COUNTRY SHOULD BE MADE*

*A NATION ONCE AGAIN.*

*(Music out.)*

**TADHG.** *(Speaking to the audience.)* I didn't go home that night like I planned to. I wandered, and I wandered, and I wandered. Throughout the country, I took rides from strangers. I didn't know what I was looking for, I just wanted to find it.

*(Lights down on TADHG.)*

**SCENE 7**

*(Lights up on a street in Dublin, controlled by the IRA. Many IRA VOLUNTEERS stand around, including MARKIEVICZ and DEIRDRE.)*

**MARKIEVICZ.** *(To DEIRDRE.)* So. You're the new volunteer.

**DEIRDRE.** I am!

**MARKIEVICZ.** You're a Scot.

**DEIRDRE.** True.

*(MARKIEVICZ sighs and tries to walk away. DEIRDRE follows her.)*

**DEIRDRE.** Why so gloomy?

**MARKIEVICZ.** Why are you not? We're at war.

**DEIRDRE.** That doesn't mean you have to walk around all stiff and emotionless all the time.

**MARKIEVICZ.** Why are you even here?

**DEIRDRE.** I didn't like what the British were doing here, so I came to help.

**MARKIEVICZ.** Seriously?

**DEIRDRE.** Well, yes!

**MARKIEVICZ.** You are a strange individual.

**DEIRDRE.** I'm going to take that as a compliment, Miss Markievicz.

**MARKIEVICZ.** How do you know my name?

**DEIRDRE.** You're a prominent figure in Ireland. You're the Minister for Labour and a Member of Parliament.

**MARKIEVICZ.** And how would you know that, Scot?

**DEIRDRE.** I think it is relatively common knowledge who you are, across the British Isles. I really look up to you, actually.

**MARKIEVICZ.** Go raibh maith agat.

**DEIRDRE.** What does that mean?

**MARKIEVICZ.** Thank you.

**DEIRDRE.** You're welcome!

**MARKIEVICZ.** Why?

**DEIRDRE.** What?

**MARKIEVICZ.** Why do you look up to me?

**DEIRDRE.** Well, you're a brave individual who fights for what she believes in, you're one of the only women who hold a major position of power in these islands, you're a brilliant artist—

**MARKIEVICZ.** Okay, okay. I get it. Maybe you're not so bad.

**DEIRDRE.** Did I mention I'm a member of the Church of England?

**MARKIEVICZ.** You did not.

**DEIRDRE.** Do you mind?

**MARKIEVICZ.** No.

**DEIRDRE.** Well, that's a relief. There were some volunteers I met earlier who seemed to want to kill me once I offhandedly mentioned it.

**MARKIEVICZ.** That's just how it is here. Don't know if it'll ever change. Catholics and Protestants have fought each other for centuries here. It's stupid, if you ask me. If people actually want a Republic, they should want unity within it's peoples as well. *(Beat.)* I suppose part of it is that most Protestants tend to be wealthy. But we can't let that divide us. That's how the British win, and it's how they've won for centuries. *(Beat.)* Sorry for ranting.

**DEIRDRE.** Oh, it's no problem. It's nice to talk to someone with a little common sense.

**MARKIEVICZ.** I never asked for your name.

**DEIRDRE.** It's Deirdre.

**MARKIEVICZ.** *(Shaking her hand.)* Nice to meet you, Deirdre. What else do you believe in?

**DEIRDRE.** *(Beat.)* Celtic unity.

**MARKIEVICZ.** Ah, so now I understand why you joined! Celtic unity, I can get behind.

*(Music surges in.)*

**MARKIEVICZ**

*THERE'S A BLOSSOM THAT BLOWS, THAT SCOFFS AT THE SNOWS*

*AND IT FACES ROOT FAST THE RAGE OF THE BLAST*

**DEIRDRE**

*IT SWEETENS THE SOD, NO SLAVE EVER TROD*

*SINCE MOUNTAINS UPREARED THEIR ALTAR TO GOD*

**BOTH**

*THE FLOWER OF THE FREE, THE HEATHER, THE HEATHER*

*THE BRETONS AND SCOTS AND IRISH TOGETHER*

*THE MANX AND THE WELSH AND CORNISH FOREVER*

*SIX NATIONS ARE WE, PROUD, CELTIC AND FREE*

**DEIRDRE**

*OUR BLOSSOM IS RED AS THE LIFE'S BLOOD WE SHED  
AND FOR LIBERTY'S CAUSE AGAINST ALIEN LAWS  
WHEN LOCHIEL AND O'NEILL AND LLEWELLYN DREW STEEL  
FOR ALBA AND ÉRIN AND CAMBRIA'S WEAL*

*(Hand in hand.)*

**BOTH**

*THE FLOWER OF THE FREE, THE HEATHER, THE HEATHER  
THE BRETONS AND SCOTS AND IRISH TOGETHER  
THE MANX AND THE WELSH AND CORNISH FOREVER  
SIX NATIONS ARE WE, PROUD, CELTIC AND FREE*

**MARKIEVICZ**

*LET THE SAXON AND DANE BEAR THE RULE O'ER THE PLAIN  
AND THE HEM OF GOD'S ROBE IS OUR SCEPTRE AND GLOBE  
AND THE LORD OF ALL LIGHT, REVERED IN HIS HEIGHT  
FOR HEAVEN AND EARTH ROSE UP IN HIS SIGHT*

**BOTH**

*THE FLOWER OF THE FREE, THE HEATHER, THE HEATHER  
THE BRETONS AND SCOTS AND IRISH TOGETHER  
THE MANX AND THE WELSH AND CORNISH FOREVER  
SIX NATIONS ARE WE, PROUD, CELTIC AND FREE*

*(They embrace.)*

*(Music fades out. Lights down.)*

## SCENE 8

*(Lights up on TADHG, front and center, speaking to the audience. Behind him, in darkness, is a small town in Southwest Cork.)*

**TADHG.** I wandered across rivers and through forest, taking any method of transport I could find, until I stumbled into a small town in Cork. There, I saw an inn called Harrington's. My father's name. All over the town, I met people with the name Harrington. And then I saw it.

*(Lights up on a small stone cottage—the Harrington family crest and a yellow rose emblazoned above the entrance.)* A place I vaguely remembered — my grandmother's old home. *(TADHG walks towards it, full of wonder. He feels the walls, cracked and mossy. He opens the door. It is empty. All that used to exist there has been cleaned out. He notices some wildflowers growing around it. He picks up an oxeye daisy, a dodder, wild thyme, and eyebright. He sets them down on the front porch of the cottage and closes the door, sighing. He walks back to the front of the stage.)* I had found what I was looking for. It was time to go home. *(TADHG returns to the town, and begins to walk through it.)*

*(Music creeps in.)*

### **TADHG**

*IN MY DREAMS, I KNOW THAT I CAN FLY*

*JUST LIKE THE SMALL BIRDS AND THE FREE BIRDS*

*I CAN FLY JUST LIKE THE BIRDS ON HIGH*

*IN THE FREEDOM OF THE SKIES*

*(The scene transitions to a more natural setting, a terrain that is both rocky and green.)*

*I CAN SOAR ACROSS THE HEAVENS*

*HOW EASY NOW IT SEEMS  
LIKE THE BIRDS I'LL HAVE NO CARES OR SORROWS*

*IN THE SHADOW*

*THE SHADOW OF MY DREAMS*

*(TADHG stops, and looks around him. He spreads his arms.)*

*IRELAND*

*MY IRELAND*

*SEEMS TO ME THAT ALL THE TREES*

*ARE SIGHING IN THE BREEZE*

*IRELAND*

*I CRY FOR MY LAND*

*(A large hill slides onto the center of the stage. TADHG begins to hike it. As he hikes, the area around the hill fills with greenery, cities, farmland, ruins, etc.)*

*LEADERS OF YOUNG IRELAND HAVE BEEN BANISHED TO THE SEAS*

*AS I WANDER THROUGH THIS LONELY LAND*

*MY HEART IS FILLED WITH PAIN*

*FOR OUR PEOPLE HAVE NO FREEDOM*

*ARE IMPOVERISHED AND ENCHAINED*

*I SEE THEM FIGHT AND STRUGGLE*

*AGAINST THE HUNGER AND THE STONY HEARTS OF MEN*

*IRELAND*

*YOUNG IRELAND*

*BANISHED TO THE LAND BEYOND THE SEAS*

*AS I GAZE UPON THE BEAUTY OF THIS LAND  
I CAN SEE A RICH AND FERTILE LAND  
I FEEL THE SPIRIT OF THE NATION  
A YOUNG MAIDEN WEEPS UPON A HARP  
I SEE TUMBLING TOWNS AND TOWERS  
IN A LAND THAT'S FULL OF BEAUTY  
FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE SEAS  
BUT THE WILDFLOWERS DROWN THEIR HEADS IN SORROW  
IN THIS VALLEY, THIS VALLEY FILLED WITH TEARS.*

*(Anguish.)*

*IRELAND  
MY IRELAND  
SEEMS TO ME THAT ALL THE TREES ARE SIGHING IN THE BREEZE  
IRELAND  
I CRY FOR MY LAND  
LEADERS OF YOUNG IRELAND HAVE BEEN BANISHED TO THE SEAS  
AS I FLY ACROSS THIS LONELY LAND  
SEE GOLDEN FIELDS OF CORN  
I SEE A LAND THAT'S FILLED WITH PLENTY  
YET THE PEOPLE STARVE AND DIE  
IRELAND NOW IS SILENCED  
TO THE LAND BEYOND THE WAVES NOW THEY'RE GONE*

*(TADHG reaches the top of the hill, looks around him, and spreads his arms as he sings.)*

*IRELAND*

*YOUNG IRELAND*

*BANISHED TO THE LAND BEYOND THE SEAS*

*AS I GAZE UPON THE BEAUTY OF THIS LAND*

*(He falls to his knees as the music stops.)*

**TADHG.** *(Standing up and facing the audience.)* I knew it was time to return home.

*(Lights down.)*

**SCENE 9**

*(Lights up on DEIRDRE, sitting alone at a table. Enter two male IRA VOLUNTEERS.)*

**VOLUNTEER #1.** Hey, look at Deirdre, sitting alone. Sad, isn't it?

**VOLUNTEER #2.** *(Chuckling.)* So lonely. Hilarious.

**VOLUNTEER #1.** Hey Deirdre, you mind if we sit down with you?

**DEIRDRE.** Uh, no. I don't mind.

*(The VOLUNTEERS sit across from her.)*

**VOLUNTEER #1.** *(Whispering, intentionally at a volume so that DEIRDRE can clearly hear him.)* A lass and a Scot, huh? No way she lasts longer than a month here.

*(Enter MARKIEVICZ.)*

**MARKIEVICZ.** *(Stomping over to the table.)* You two shut the hell up before I shoot you.

**VOLUNTEERS.** *(Shocked and scrambling, ad libitum.)* Yes, ma'am, aye, Markievicz, so sorry, it won't happen again.

*(Exit VOLUNTEERS, frantically.)*

**DEIRDRE.** Constance!

**MARKIEVICZ.** Dia duit, Deirdre.

**DEIRDRE.** Dia is Muire duit! How do you do?

**MARKIEVICZ.** (*Laughing heartily.*) I'm doing well, Deirdre. And there's no need to be so formal — you're my friend.

**DEIRDRE.** Thanks for having my back.

**MARKIEVICZ.** Anytime. Listen, I have to attend to some boring government stuff, but if you need me, just shout.

**DEIRDRE.** Have fun!

**MARKIEVICZ.** (*Walking away.*) I won't!

(*Exit MARKIEVICZ.*)

(*Music fades in as DEIRDRE begins to sing, remaining seated.*)

**DEIRDRE**

*WOMEN, WOMEN OF IRELAND*

*YOUR GLORY'S IN THE SHADE*

*YOUR DREAMS, THEY HAVE GONE AND DECAYED*

*THE DEEDS YOU HAVE DONE*

*THEY ALL WENT UNSUNG*

*BY NO BARD OR NO ONE.*

**DEIRDRE.** (*Writing a letter.*) To: Constance Markievicz. Dear Constance — I hope you are well. I write this letter to you in case I die before I see you again. After all, war is a depressingly dangerous game. I do not care for any fancy burial services, but I do have one request for you.

**DEIRDRE**

*FOR WITHOUT YOU, THERE IS NOTHING*

*EXCEPT LOVE SONGS IN THE WIND*

*AND ALL OF YOUR STRUGGLES AND DESPAIR*

*AND THERE WERE CASTLES IN THE AIR*

**DEIRDRE.** I have left my parents in my homeland, a decision which I anguish over, but do not regret. I do not care if I fade from your memory, but if I do die, there is one thing I need you to do. Protect the women of Ireland. Speak for us, for your daughters and your friends and your mother and yourself. Bring us courage. And serve women, everywhere.

**DEIRDRE**

*SHOUT IT FROM EVERY MOUNTAIN*

*FROM EVERY MOUNTAIN ON HIGH*

*AND THE FALL WINDS WILL SIGHS*

*FOR IRELAND*

*FOR IRELAND, IRELAND'S YOUR GLORY*

*AND YOUR MONUMENTS BUILT*

*ON YOUR SORROW AND PAIN*

*FOR IF EVER THE SEAS AND THE OCEANS RUN DRY*

*TEARS OF STRUGGLES AND OF JOY*

*AND ALL OF YOUR SADNESS AND YOUR PAIN*

*WOULD FILL THE OCEANS UP AGAIN*

**DEIRDRE.** I do not know if we will ever be regarded in the same light as the man.

**DEIRDRE**

*DAUGHTERS, DAUGHTERS OF ÉRIN*

*TO THE CUMANN NA MBAN*

*YOUR DREAM WAS TO SEE IRELAND FREE  
THROUGH AGRARIAN STRUGGLES  
WERE DETERMINED TO WIN  
AND FROM THERE TO BEGIN  
THERE YOU WERE DRESSED FOR REBELLION  
BUT YOUR BEAUTY COULD NOT HIDE  
YOUR SORROW AND SUFFERING AND DESPAIR  
AND THERE WERE CASTLES IN THE AIR*

**DEIRDRE.** But I dream of a day when a young girl can dream of being a leader, a fighter, and a hero, and her dreams can come true.

**DEIRDRE**

*SHOUT IT FROM EVERY MOUNTAIN  
FROM EVERY MOUNTAIN ON HIGH  
AND THE FALL WINDS WILL SIGH  
FOR IRELAND, IRELAND'S YOUR GLORY  
AND YOUR MONUMENTS BUILT  
ON YOUR SORROW AND PAIN  
FOR IF EVER THE SEAS AND THE OCEANS RUN DRY  
TEARS OF STRUGGLE AND OF JOY  
AND ALL OF YOUR SADNESS AND PAIN  
WOULD FILL THE OCEANS UP AGAIN*

**DEIRDRE.** Constance, I love you. I hope you know that. And I hope that even if you do not remember me, you remember our cause, and that which we fought for. What we continue to fight for.

**DEIRDRE**

*WOMEN, WOMEN OF COURAGE  
YOU SUFFERIN YOUR SILENCE  
YOU KEEP IRELAND'S SPIRIT ALIVE  
YOU WERE IMPRISONED, YOUR PEOPLE ENCHAINED  
BUT YOU NEVER GAVE IN  
IN TROUBLED DAYS OF OLD IRELAND  
YOU WERE BRAVE ONES WHO FOUGHT  
THROUGH OPPRESSION AND FAMINE AND DESPAIR  
AND THERE WERE CASTLES IN THE AIR  
SHOUT IT FROM EVERY MOUNTAIN  
FROM EVERY MOUNTAIN ON HIGH  
AND THE FALL WINDS WILL SIGH  
FOR IRELAND, IRELAND'S YOUR GLORY  
AND YOUR MONUMENTS BUILT  
ON YOUR SORROW AND PAIN  
FOR IF EVER THE SEAS AND THE OCEANS RUN DRY  
TEARS OF STRUGGLES AND OF JOY  
AND ALL OF YOUR SADNESS AND PAIN  
WOULD FILL THE OCEANS UP AGAIN*

*(Slower.)*

*AND ALL OF YOUR SADNESS AND PAIN*

*WOULD FILL THE OCEANS UP AGAIN.*

**DEIRDRE.** Thank you for everything, Constance. With love, your friend, Deirdre.

*(Music slowly fades out.)*

*(Lights down.)*

### **SCENE 10**

*(Lights up on AOIBHE, alone in her house. A knocking. She stands up and walks to the door, opening it. Enter TADHG.)*

**AOIBHE.** Son!

*(They embrace.)*

**TADHG.** Dia duit, Ma.

**AOIBHE.** Come in, come in! I'm so sorry that the house isn't in the best shape, but I didn't know you were coming, and — oh, I'm just so happy to see you!

**TADHG.** I quit the war, Ma.

**AOIBHE.** *(Beat.)* Oh, thank the Lord! I was worried sick over here, barely receiving any letters from you, I thought you might have been killed out there!

**TADHG.** I'm glad that you're not angry, Ma.

**AOIBHE** Angry to see my son? Never in a million years, Tadhg.

**TADHG.** *(Pointing to a stack of letters.)* Are you going to open these?

**AOIBHE.** They're for you.

**TADHG.** *(Rifling through them.)* Some letters from Constance. I hope she's well.

**AOIBHE.** I'll make you a cup of tea.

*(Exit AOIBHE.)*

**TADHG.** *(Reading the first letter.)* Dear Tadhg, I hope you are well. It has been lonely here without you. However, I met a new recruit today. She somewhat reminds me of Kevin, when he first joined. Her name is Deirdre. At first, I was off-put by her friendly demeanor, as I was mourning Barry, and I felt isolated without you, but she has come to be an exceptionally dependable and extraordinarily caring friend. Sending well-wishes to you and your family,

Constance Markievicz. *(He tears open another letter in the stack.)* Dear Tadhg, I pray that you and your family are well. Deirdre was being bullied by some men in the army. Can you believe it? Fellow Irish soldiers, harassing one of their own? Well, I suppose Deirdre is Scottish, and a Protestant as well, but she is still a volunteer for the IRA like the rest of us. I told them off, but then I had to go to a government meeting. Sending prayers for you and your family, Constance

Markievicz. *(Another letter.)* Dear Tadhg, how do you do? I myself am not doing too well. I cannot find Deirdre anywhere. I hope she is safe. I don't know what I would do without her.

With love, Constance Markievicz. *(Another.)* Dear Tadhg, I have found a letter from Deirdre on her bed. It entails what I am to do if she passes away in the war. It was never enclosed, nor sent to me. I don't know what to make of it. I don't know why I'm writing to you. I just feel the need to talk to someone. Thank you, Constance Markievicz. *(A final letter. Enter MARKIEVICZ, in the*

*darkness. The lights dim on TADHG. Spotlight on MARKIEVICZ. She speaks.)* Dear Tadhg —

Deirdre is dead. She passed away last Sunday morning. She was shot by a member of the Constabulary. I swear on my father's grave that I will end this war, no matter what the cost. I have lost too many friends. I will shoot every Black and Tan myself, if I have to. Pray for her.

With love, your closest friend, Constance Markievicz. *(Lights dim on MARKIEVICZ as she exits, lights back up on TADHG. Enter AOIBHE, holding a cup of tea.)*

**AOIBHE.** (*Setting down the tea next to TADHG.*) Is everything okay? You're pale.

**TADHG.** I'm fine, ma. Just worried about my friend, that's all.

**AOIBHE.** What do you mean?

**TADHG.** A friend of hers passed away.

**AOIBHE.** I'm so sorry, Tadhg.

**TADHG.** I think I should pay her a visit.

**AOIBHE.** Do what you need to. I love you, Tadhg. Stay safe.

*(Exit TADHG.)*

**AOIBHE.** I hope his friend's okay...

*(Music fades in.)*

**AOIBHE**

*WOMEN, WOMEN OF IRELAND*

*YOUR GLORY'S IN THE SHADE*

*YOUR DREAMS, THEY HAVE GONE AND DECAYED*

*THE DEEDS YOU HAVE DONE, THEY ALL WENT UNSUNG*

*BY NO BARD OR NO ONE*

*FOR WITHOUT YOU, THERE IS NOTHING*

*BUT LOVE SONGS IN THE WIND*

*AND ALL OF YOUR STRUGGLES AND DESPAIR*

*AND THERE WERE CASTLES IN THE AIR*

*SHOUT IT FROM EVERY MOUNTAIN*

*FROM EVERY MOUNTAIN ON HIGH*

*FOR IRELAND, IRELAND'S YOUR GLORY*

*AND YOUR MONUMENTS BUILT  
ON YOUR SORROW AND PAIN  
FOR IF EVERY THE SEAS AND THE OCEANS RUN DRY  
TEARS OF STRUGGLES AND OF JOY  
AND ALL OF YOUR SADNESS AND YOUR PAIN  
WOULD FILL THE OCEAN UP AGAIN  
AND ALL OF YOUR SADNESS AND YOUR PAIN  
WOULD FILL THE OCEAN UP AGAIN.*

*(Music fades out.)*

*(Lights down.)*

### **SCENE 11**

*(Lights up on a bench in Dublin, where TADHG and MARKIEVICZ sit.)*

**TADHG.** I read your letters, Constance. I'm so sorry.

**MARKIEVICZ.** It is the nature of war.

**TADHG.** That doesn't make it any easier.

**MARKIEVICZ.** True.

**TADHG.** Do you know why I first joined the war, Constance? It was because of my father. The only thing I cared about was honoring him, and remembering him. And of course, those things are important. But I kept fighting because of you, and because of Barry. I learned that I should remember the past, but I needn't dwell on it. The present is what matters. It is the only thing that's true. The past is irreversible and the future is unknown. The only thing you can change, or that you can affect, is your present. Remember Deirdre, and honor her, and fight for what she believed in. But also honor yourself, and fight for yourself, Constance. Live your life the way

you want to live it. As a wise woman once told me, you can't wallow in your grief. *(Beat.)* I don't know if I'm speaking more to myself or to you.

**CONSTANCE.** *(Chuckling.)* It can be both.

**TADHG.** I miss my father. And I miss Pearse, and I miss Plunkett, and I miss Barry.

**CONSTANCE.** I miss him too, and I miss my father. And I miss Deirdre.

**TADHG.** I wish they were here right now. All of them.

**CONSTANCE.** But they aren't. And there's nothing you can do that will change that, Tadhg.

**TADHG.** I know.

**CONSTANCE.** I loved her. I love her still, of course, she's watching over us. Looking down from above. But I loved her, Tadhg. Once you and Barry left, I had nothing. And then I found her. And now she's gone.

**TADHG.** Do you want me to comfort you?

**CONSTANCE.** No need.

**TADHG.** I wonder if my father would be proud of me. If he is proud of me. If he would have wanted me to go off to war, or to stay with my mother. If he would have wanted me to quit, or to keep fighting.

**CONSTANCE.** I met him once, you know.

**TADHG.** You did? You never mentioned it.

**CONSTANCE.** During the Easter Rising. I didn't know him well, but he was very kind. He talked about you. I didn't really even realize it was your da' until now. But he was proud of you. And I'm sure he still is.

*(They sit in silence together, for several minutes, as the lights dim on them, and then fade to black.)*

## SCENE 12

*(The streets of Dublin are filled with both CITIZENS and IRA VOLUNTEERS. Some are cheering, whereas others seem more gloomy. BRUGHHA and the other leaders of the army sit together. MARKIEVICZ and DE VALERA sit together, apart from the IRA, not in uniform.)*

**TADHG.** *(Front and center.)* The year was 1922, and the Anglo-Irish Treaty had been signed. For some, it was a moment of joy, and for others, a moment of despair. Our nation became a Republic, but it was not free. It was divisioned into two sections, and Northern Ireland would remain as part of the Empire. *(TADHG walks to sit with MARKIEVICZ and DE VALERA.)*

**DE VALERA.** This treaty is a piece of shit. I can't believe people voted on it.

**MARKIEVICZ.** We're not free until we're free.

*(TADHG sits down next to them.)*

**DE VALERA.** Turlough's boy?

**MARKIEVICZ.** You know him?

**DE VALERA.** Of course!

**TADHG.** Éamon de Valera! I remember you. What are you two discussing over here.

**MARKIEVICZ.** The treaty.

**TADHG.** I don't know how to feel about it.

**MARKIEVICZ.** Well, me and Éamon here are in strong opposition to it.

**TADHG.** Fair. We could have done better.

**MARKIEVICZ.** We will do better. We're going to take back Ulster, and we're going to have a unified and free Republic. I promise you, Tadhg.

**TADHG.** Well, I wish you luck. But I should visit my mother. *(Exit TADHG.)*

**DE VALERA.** Well, the war with the Empire has been settled for now, at least.

**MARKIEVICZ.** That's true.

*(Music in.)*

**DE VALERA**

*IN NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN*

*THE FORCES OF THE CROWN*

*TO TAKE THE ORANGE, WHITE AND GREEN, BOMBARDED DUBLIN TOWN.*

**MARKIEVICZ**

*BUT IN TWENTY-ONE, BRITANNIA'S HUNS*

*WERE FORCED TO EARN THEIR PAY!*

**MARKIEVICZ + IRA VOLUNTEERS**

*AND THE BLACK AND TANS*

*LIKE LIGHTNING RAN*

*FROM THE RIFLES OF THE IRA!*

**BRUGHA**

*THEY BURNED THEIR WAY THROUGH MUNSTER*

*AND LAID LEINSTER ON THE RACK.*

*IN CONNACHT AND IN ULSTER,*

*MARCHED THE MEN OF BROWN AND BLACK*

*THEY SHOT DOWN WIVES AND CHILDREN*

*IN THEIR OWN HEROIC WAY!*

**BRUGHA + IRA VOLUNTEERS**

*AND THE BLACK AND TANS*

*LIKE LIGHTNING RAN  
FROM THE RIFLES OF THE IRA!*

**MARKIEVICZ**

*THEY HANGED YOUNG KEVIN BARRY HIGH,  
A LAD OF EIGHTEEN YEARS*

**MULCAHY**

*CORK CITY'S FLAMES LIT UP THE SKY  
BUT THE BRAVE BOYS KNEW NO FEAR*

**DE VALERA**

*THE CORK BRIGADE, WITH HAND GRENADES,  
IN AMBUSH WAITING LAY*

**ALL**

*AND THE BLACK AND TANS  
LIKE LIGHTNING RAN  
FROM THE RIFLES OF THE IRA!*

**MARKIEVICZ**

*THE TANS WERE GOT, TAKEN OUT AND SHOT  
BY THE BRAVE AND THE VALIANT FEW  
SEÁN TREACEY, DINNY LACEY  
AND TOM BARRY'S GALLANT CREW*

**DE VALERA**

*THOUGH WE'RE NOT FREE YET  
WE WON'T FORGET UNTIL OUR DYING DAY*

**ALL**

*HOW THE BLACK AND TANS*

*LIKE LIGHTNING RAN*

*FROM THE RIFLES OF THE IRA!*

*(Lights down.)*

**SCENE 13**

*(Lights up on a small cottage. TADHG, now in his 80s, sits down. A painting of Pádraig Pearse, with a harp and a shamrock, and the words “Ireland unfree, shall never be at peace.” enshrined beneath it is hung above him.)*

**TADHG.** *(Writing in a journal.)* The date is April 24th, 1986. The 70th anniversary of the Easter Rising. I recall those days, when I stood beside Pearse and Connolly and my father, and I look upon my younger self with pride. But it was also so sorrowful. Most of my friends have passed on — some were killed by the British, and others simply passed away sooner than I. I miss my father. I miss Constance, and Barry, and even though I never met her, I miss Deirdre. My children and grandchildren will remember me, and then I will slowly fade from history forever. Just as so many others who fought for Éirín will. Ireland is still split in two, and I do not know if it will ever be reunified. It is not just a geographical divide between us, but an intrinsic political and cultural rift that keeps us apart. Maybe someday, my descendants will bring us to freedom. After all, it took us 800 years just to get some of our Republic. It could take another 800 to claim the rest.

*(Music in.)*

**TURLOUGH (VOICE)**

*IN A DIMLY LIT ROOM,*

*BY THE SMOULDERING FIRE  
SAT AN OLD MAN SO LONELY,  
SO SAD AND SO TIRED.  
ONCE HE STRUGGLED FOR FREEDOM,  
NOW HE STRUGGLES TO LIVE.  
WITH HIS FEW SMALL POSSESSIONS  
AND HIS PAST TO RELIVE.*

**TADHG**

*THERE'S A FADED OLD PICTURE  
ON THE WALL ALL ALONE  
A DUSTY OLD PICTURE,  
THE PRIDE OF HIS HOME.  
WITH A HARP AND A SHAMROCK  
AND THESE WORDS UNDERNEATH:*

*IRELAND UNFREE  
SHALL NEVER BE AT PEACE*

**TURLOUGH (V)**

*AND HIS THOUGHTS WANDER BACK  
TO THE DAYS OF HIS PRIME  
FOR IT SEEMS NOW THERE'S NOTHING  
GOES FASTER THAN TIME  
TO HIS COMRADES OF OLD*

*HE REMEMBERS THE DAY  
WHEN HE MARCHED BEHIND PEARSE AND THE BOLD IRA.*

**TADHG**

*THERE'S A FADED OLD PICTURE  
ON THE WALL ALL ALONE  
A DUSTY OLD PICTURE,  
THE PRIDE OF HIS HOME.  
WITH A HARP AND A SHAMROCK  
AND THESE WORDS UNDERNEATH:  
IRELAND UNFREE  
SHALL NEVER BE AT PEACE.*

**TURLOUGH (V)**

*AND IT'S TO EASTER WEEK  
AND HIS THOUGHTS WANDER BACK  
OH, THOSE LEADERS OF MEN  
SURE NO COURAGE DID LACK  
BUT NOW HE'S JUST LEFT  
WITH HIS MEMORIES OF OLD  
FOR HIS NAME NOR HIS STORY WILL NEVER BE TOLD*

**TADHG**

*THERE'S A FADED OLD PICTURE  
ON THE WALL ALL ALONE  
A DUSTY OLD PICTURE,*

*THE PRIDE OF MY HOME.  
WITH A HARP AND A SHAMROCK  
AND THESE WORDS UNDERNEATH:*

*IRELAND UNFREE  
SHALL NEVER BE AT PEACE.*

**TURLOUGH (V)**

*HE GAZED AT THAT PICTURE  
AND HE GAVE A SAD SMILE  
FOR EACH WRINKLE AND LINE  
TOLD A STRUGGLE OF TIME  
THEN HE GAZED ONCE AGAIN  
AND HIS EYES FILLED WITH TEARS  
FOR THE MAN IN THAT PICTURE WAS HIS FRIEND PÁDRAIG PEARSE.*

**TADHG**

*THERE'S A FADED OLD PICTURE  
ON THE WALL ALL ALONE*

**TURLOUGH**

*A DUSTY OLD PICTURE,  
THE PRIDE OF HIS HOME.*

**TADHG**

*WITH A HARP AND A SHAMROCK  
AND THESE WORDS UNDERNEATH:*

**BOTH**

*IRELAND UNFREE*

*SHALL NEVER BE AT PEACE.*

*(Music ends while the final note is held. Blackout.)*

**THE END.**