1719!

Music by David Munro  Lyrics by Allan Dunn
Additional music and new orchestration by Alan Penman

LYRICS
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GROUP 1:
Jacobites

GROUP 2:
Hanovarians

GROUP 3:
Spaniards

Characters played by Scottish Opera cast:
James Stuart
George of Hanover
King Philip of Spain

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PROLOGUE

JAMES STUART
Old Scotland is a lovely land, but many a war she’s seen
So listen now, and travel back to Seventeen-nineteen.

George of Hanover—a German man
Sat on Great Britain’s throne *(William rises and puts on crown)*
But that made many unhappy—so they chose a king of their own.

*(Spoken)* Me!

*(Sung)* James Stuart

*(James puts on his crown)*

My father once had been the king, and his own father before
So many in Scotland and elsewhere, wanted a Stuart king once more.

But George had another enemy: the King of Spain
*(Philip rises and puts crown on)*

KING PHILIP
Ola!

JAMES STUART
And he agreed to help James Stuart take the throne again.

ALL 3 KINGS
Three Royal men:

GEORGE
King George and my Hanoverians.

JAMES
James Stuart and my Jacobites.

PHILIP
And I, Philip, the King of Spain...

ALL 3 KINGS
Will battle using others' lives to see which one would reign!
SONG 1 – If The Crown Fits

ALL
Everybody dreams of a day
When our swords and guns are away
Then we could stand, hand in hand
Who can peace to us bring?

Everybody dreams of a night
When we need no longer to fight
Happy we’d be: blessed and free
Who can peace to us bring?
Our king!

JACOBITES
Sheep graze upon our hills
Sweet voiced the river trills
Wind borne, the eagle’s on the wing
Though winds of change may blow
Rivers of blood may flow
We, only we, shall choose our king.

ALL
Everybody dreams of a day
When our swords and guns are away
Then we could stand, hand in hand
Who can peace to us bring?
Our king!

If the crown fits, wear it!
It’s no easy task to bear it
If the crown fits, wear it
Come the day you may forswear it.

HANOVERIANS
Peace is naught but a word
Have your peace, I’ll have my sword.

ALL
Everybody dreams of a day
When our swords and guns are away
Then we could stand, hand in hand
Who can peace to us bring?
Our king!

Everybody dreams of a day
Everybody’s dreams fade away
Everybody dreams of a day
Everybody’s dreams fade away.
Recit — The Clans Assemble

JAMES
My loyal Scottish Jacobites—each woman, child and man
Is faithful to our Stuart line, and faithful to their clan.

GEORGE
My trusted Scottish royalists—what gifts of faith they bring:
Their clansmen’s swords and muskets—to me, their rightful king.

JAMES
My Jacobites will follow the clan MacDonald’s chief.

GEORGE
My Scots will follow the Campbell clan—and give those traitors grief.

JAMES
Prepare yourselves now, Jacobites—rise up my friends, let’s go!
Today’s the day that we avenge
The massacre at Glencoe.
SONG 2 — The Battle of Sheriffmuir

JAMES
Let the dead mourn the dead
‘Til tomorrow when we’re avenged
But today let each brave Jacobite fight
Gladly fight.

JACOBITES
On the red rock of Glen Coe
Fell our kin to the foe
Like sad drops, sad drops of snow
Yesterday, dear friends.

But today, blood will be spilled
Till the killer is killed
And the spirits of our dead sleep fulfilled
Revenge!

HANOVERIANS
Let the rebels die today
Let them die like dogs we say
Onward, onward to the fray
Let the rebels die today

Let the rebels die today
Let them die like dogs we say
Onward, onward to the fray
Let the rebels die today.

(Battle)

JACOBITES
We win!

HANOVERIANS
We win!

JACOBITES
We win!

HANOVERIANS
We win!

BOTH
Aargh!

JACOBITES
We’re hungry, we’re tired
We’re thirsty, we’re scared
Let’s go home.
Recit — **After the Battle**

*(George and James survey the battlefield from opposite ends.)*

**GEORGE**
My Redcoats came, Stuart’s men to tame—upon the Sheriffmuir.

**JAMES**
My Highland clans, had other plans, that day at Sheriffmuir.

**GEORGE**
The fight began—it ran and ran, but in the end we won.

**JAMES**
The battle waged—for long hours raged, but in the end we won.

*(They stare at each other for a while then George walks away — James steps forward.)*

**JAMES**
But when, to Scotland, I returned, I found my troops had gone
They just could not go on.

*(Pause)*

So back to France I went again...

*(Pause as he thinks. Then, resolution.)*

But, next time...

**PHILIP**
Next time... you’ll be reinforced... by Philip, the King of Spain! Ola!
SONG 3 – *Take the Bull by the Horns*

**SPANIARDS**
This time we’re going to take that big old bull right by the horns
The pretty head of England’s rose we’ll pull from its sharp thorns
We’ll bring El Toro to his quaking knees, he’ll feel the sword
He’ll weep with sorrow when our might he sees—on that, our word.

Come Toro, see my cape,
Toro, you cannot escape
Die Toro, die you must
When my blade I thrust.

**PHILIP**
You’ll like this fearless bunch,
You’ll see that they pack a punch.

**SPANIARDS**
_*Juntos y unidos conquistaremos*_
When this little war we have won
We’ll show you how the Spanish like to have fun
Then, perchance, your lives we’ll enhance
By teaching you some Spanish dance.

(Dance section)
*Olé! Olé! Olé!*

**SPANIARDS**
This time we’re going to take that big old bull right by the horns
The pretty head of England’s rose we’ll pull from its sharp thorns
We’ll bring El Toro to his quaking knees, he’ll feel the sword
He’ll weep with sorrow when our might he sees—on that, our word.

Come Toro, see my cape
Toro, you cannot escape
Die Toro, die you must
When my blade I thrust.

**PHILIP**
You’ll like this fearless bunch
You’ll see that they pack a punch.

**SPANIARDS**
_*Juntos y unidos conquistaremos*_
When this little war we have won
We’ll celebrate beneath the hot Spanish sun.

Amigos, we heard the command
So now let’s all set sail for Scotland!
PHILIP
(Shout) "Vamos Amigos a Escocia!"

SPANIARDS
There's an ill wind a-blowing
Clouds descending, riptides flowing
Things look pretty grim.

Hace viento mis amigos
Up and down the angry sea goes
Wish that I could swim
Trust in God and fear not death
But hold your breath.

(Storm section)

PHILIP arrives in Scotland, exhausted.

PHILIP
(Spoken) 'Ola Escocia!

(PHILIP collapses in the sea)

Recit — King George Makes his Move

KING GEORGE
So, Spain has joined the struggle now, but little use he'll be
My ships are sailing now for Donan's Castle by the sea.

And the Jacobites are arguing one against the other
A soldier's fight is harder if contending with his brother.

And so I'll make my move, let those rebels feel my steel
The grass will flood with traitor's blood - tomorrow on Glen Shiel.
SONG 4 – **This Time It’s The End**

**HANOVERIANS**

Enough of watching and waiting—it’s time to go
We’re tired of baiting and slating—let us go
Enough of weak speculating—it’s time to go
We’ll have no more hesitating—let us go!

We’ll bash ‘em, we’ll smash ‘em, we’ll watch ‘em crying
We’ll fight ‘em, we’ll smite ‘em, there’s no denying
We’ll whack ‘em and crack ‘em till they stop trying
We’ll shoot ‘em and loot ‘em the dead and dying.

Strike camp, up arms—this time it’s the end
Strike camp, up arms—this time it’s the end.

D’you feel it? Just feel it? It’s so exciting,
Heart thumping, blood pumping, we’ll soon be fighting
We’ll beat ‘em, defeat ‘em—we’ll show we’re willing
So forward and onward, let’s earn our shilling.

Hup, two, three, four, steady
Left, right, left, ready
Hup, two, three, four, steady
Left, right, left, ready.
Hup, two, three, four, steady
Left, right, left, ready
Hup, two, three, four, steady
Left, right, left, ready.

Draw your musket, load your musket
Aim your musket, wait, wait for it
God attend us this time it’s the end.

(Battle)

**JAMES**

The war has been lost, my friends, at such cost
It’s over, the bloodlust is sated.
It’s back to the croft and the doorway where oft
Your sweetheart would weep as she waited

Look up at the sun a new day’s begun.
SONG 5 — A New Beginning

ALL
Now it’s the end and time to rebuild
We’ll start again
Gather our scattered flock
Sit down and just take stock.

HANOVERIANS
Wars waged, we ended winning
Now it’s a new beginning
Peace now for evermore
They shall rebel no more!

JACOBITES
Our king has fled
Our hopes now dead
What lies ahead?

ALL
Now it’s the end and time to rebuild
We’ll start again
Gather our scattered flock

JACOBITES AND HANOVERIANS
Sit down and just take stock.

SPANIARDS
Senores adios, good luck to you.

HANOVERIANS
It’s over Jacobites
We were too smart.

JACOBITES
This is just the start.

ALL
Now it’s the end and time to rebuild
We’ll start again, the struggle will not have been in vain.

Is there a just war?
What would you fight for?
Fight if you choose—you might lose.

Hands we extend—friend unto friend
Shall we contend—is this the end?
ALL
Strike camp now
March home, we
Could not have given any more.
Quick march though, this is not the end!

(James brings forward a baby wrapped up in blankets)

JAMES
The time was wrong for us—but we can rise tomorrow, maybe
And so I set my sword and hope upon this little baby
For often in fortune’s plan, today’s a day too early
So now we place our hopes upon this bonnie new prince Charlie.

ALL
This is not the end!