1719!

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

SCORE
1719!

Allan Dunn

Prologue

James Stuart

Old

\(\text{\textcopyright}\) James Stuart

A

Scot-land is a love-ly land, but ma-ny a war she's seen. So

rit.

listen now and travel back to Seventeen nine-

rit.
George of Hanover a German man sat on Great Britain's throne. But that made many unhappy, so they chose a king of their own (spoken) Me! James Stuart. My father once had been the king and his own father before So
ma-ny in Scot-land and else-where wan-ted a Stu-art king once more but

George had a-no-ther e-ne-my the King of Spain And he a-greed to

help James Stu-art take the throne a-gain.
Three royal men
James Stuart and my Jacobites

Three royal men
and

King Philip

Three royal men
King George and my Hanoverians.

King George

I Philip! the king of Spain!

James Stuart

Will

King Philip

Will

King George

Will
battle using other's lives to see which one would reign
Song 1

If the Crown Fits

\( \frac{q.}{mf} \approx 130 \) with urgency
Eve-ry bo-dy dreams of a day
Eve-ry bo-dy dreams of a night
When our swords and guns are a-

way
fight

Then we could stand
Happy we’d be
hand in hand
blessed and free

peace to us bring?
peace to us bring?

Our

king!
Sheep graze upon our hills
Sweet voiced the Jacobites

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
Every body 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 for -

Hanoverians

swear it ______ mp Peace is naught but a word Have your peace I'll

subito p

have my ff sword

ff

ff

E All Groups

Eve-ry bo-dy dreams of a day When our swords and guns are a-
way Then we could stand hand in hand Who can peace to us bring? Our king!
Eve-ry bo-dy dreams of a day
Eve-ry bo-dy's dreams fade a way Eve-ry bo-dy dreams of a
day

Every body's dreams fade away

subito ff
Recit:

The Clans Assemble

James Stuart: My loyal Scotch Jacobites, each woman, child and man is
faithful to our Stuart line and faithful to their clan

King George: My trusted Scotch royalists what gifts of faith they bring Their clansmen's swords and muskets to
My Jacobites will follow the clan MacDonald's chief me, their rightful king

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

Prepare yourselves now, Jacobites rise up my friends let's go! To

James Stuart

King George
day's the day that we a - venge The ma-ssa- cre_ at Glen - coe!
Song 2

The Battle of Sheriffmuir

Let the dead mourn the sad but defiant
Let the dead mourn the sad but defiant

Til tomorrow when we're avenged But to-
Til tomorrow when we're avenged But to-

day Let each brave Jacobite fight
day Let each brave Jacobite fight

James Stuart
Gladly fight 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

a little faster
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 to-day Let them die like dogs we say On-ward, on-ward to the fray

Let the re-bels die to-day Let them die like dogs we say On-ward, on-ward

King George

The Battle

Let the re-bels die to-day

to the fray Let the re-bels die!(shout)

poco accel.
We win! Aaaaargh!

We're hungry, we're tired. We're thirsty, we're scared. Let's go home.
Recit:

After the Battle

King George

My red-coats came

Stuart's men to tame

U-pon the She riff - muir

James Stuart

My High-land clans

The fight be-gan

had o ther plans

That day at She-riff-muir

The bat-tle
it ran and ran but in the end we won!

waged for long hours raged but in the end we won!

But when to Scotland I returned, I found my troops had gone, they just could not go on

James Stuart

So back to France I went again but next time

King Philip next time you'll be re-in-
forced By Phi-lip! The King of Spain! (shout) O la!
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 To-ro see my cape To-ro you cannot escape Die To-ro die you must

When my blade I thrust You'll like this fear-less bunch

You'll see that they pack a punch Jun-tos y un-i-dos con-qui-sta-re-
When this little war we have won

W""e""ll show you how the Span""ish like to have fun

Then, per-chance your lives we'll enhance
heard the command

By teaching you some Spanish dance.

Amigos we

mp

Con moto

D
(shout) O-lé! O-lé!

now let's all set sail for Scotland!

ff

ff
**The Storm**

There's an ill__ wind a__-__ blow__ ing Clouds de__-__ scen__-__ ding rip tides flow__-__ ing

Hace vi__-__ en__-__ to mis a__-__ mi__-__ gos Up and down the an__-__ gry sea goes

Things look pre__-__ ty grim swim Trust in God and

fear not death but hold your breath.

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**King Philip** *(shouts)* “Vamos Amigos a Escocia!”
King Philip, exhausted, spoken: "Ola Escocia!" (collapses in the sea)
Recit:

King George Makes His Move

So Spain has joined the struggle now

But little use he'll be

My ships are sailing now for

Donnan's castle by the sea.

And the Ja-co-bites are ar-guing
one against the other A soldier's fight is harder When 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 ff Tomorrow on Glen Shiel
Song 4

This Time It's The End

It's time to go

E-nough of wat-ching and wai-ting
E-nough of weak spe-cu-la-ting

It's time to go

We're tired of bait-ing and sla-ting let us go
We'll have no more he-si-ta-ting

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.

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

poco accel.

Draw your musket, load your musket Aim your musket wait, wait for it God attend us
this time it's the end.
The war has been lost, my friends at such cost
It's over the blood-lust is satisfied.
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.
Now it's the end and time to re-build, We'll start a-gain
Gather our scattered flock

Sit down and just take stock Wars waged, we en- ded win- ning
Now it's a new be- ginning

Peace now for- e-ver more They shall re-bel no more!
Our king has fled  

Our hopes now dead

What lies ahead?

Now it's the end and time to re-build, We'll start a-gain  
Gather our scattered flock

Jacobites and Hanoverians

Spaniards

Now it's the end and time to re-build, We'll start a-gain  
Gather our scattered flock
Sit down and just take stock

Spaniards

Se no res a dios, good luck to you.

Hanoverians

It's o ver Ja cobites We were too smart

Jacobites

This is just the start

C

All Groups

Now it's the end and t ime to re build, we'll start a gain, the struggle will not have been in
Strike camp now March home, we could not have given any more Quick march though, this is not the end! This time was wrong for us but we can rise to-morrow, may-be
And so I set my sword and hope upon this little baby.

For often in fortune's plan to-day's a day too early.

So now we place our hopes upon this bonnie new Prince Charlie.
This is not the end

James Stuart

This is not the end

King George and King Philip

This is not the end

poco rall.

poco rall.