

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

Based on the novel by Richard Llewellyn
Music by Roger Ames
Book and Lyrics by Elizabeth Bassine

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ACT I

The theater is dark. The overture opens with a swell of HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY against a backdrop of idyllic, Welsh rolling green hills.

As the overture continues, we see slag begin to creep and cover the green. It approaches our view of the valley town in a sad downward portent of the future.

Then, with a final, hope-filled sound, HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY music resumes.

Blackout.

Scene 1

Split scene -- the hills above, the mine below.

We remain in darkness, hearing an eerie screeching, grinding, clanking of the mining cage as it drops into the mine pit. Soon streams of light beam from the miners' hats. Our eyes begin to discern half-naked bodies pounding coal, sweating, blackened and crouched in the belly of the mine. We hear low rumbling sounds.

MEN'S CHORUS SINGS above (*not the miners we are seeing*):

BENT AND BROKEN, MANGLED PARTS
GNARLED STRONG HANDS AND VALIANT HEARTS.
UNCOMMON HEROES, WE WORKING CLASS MEN,
FROM FATHER TO SON AND HIS SON AGAIN.

EXPLOIT US THEY MAY, RESIST THEM WE WILL.
IT'S INTO THE PIT, OUR LIFE'S BLOOD TO SPILL.
IT'S DOWN TO THE MINE FOR ALMOST NO GAIN,
THE PIT IS A LINK IN OUR MEMORY CHAIN.

THE EMPIRE'S BUILT ON THE BACKS OF OUR MEN,
TURN THE HOURGLASS OVER, START WORKING AGAIN.

UNCOMMON HEROES, IN NUMBERS WE SWELL.
OUR STRENGTH WE WILL SHOW THEM IN HEAVEN OR HELL!

*The men of the Morgan family are among those in the mine.
Suddenly we hear the steam whistle and DAVY'S cries...*

DAVY MORGAN
Watch, men!

We hear low rumbles again, like a structure giving way...and see the men quickly moving to avoid a cave-in!

IVOR MORGAN
Crawl back, lads! Back! She's giving way!

DAVY
Watch for the rock!

We see rocks fall...

Ivor, grab hold to a cog and a beam!
Water's rising fast! Damn, bloody hell of a mine!

IVOR
Davy, save your anger -- (*pointing, gesturing, commanding*)
Grab him now!

Ivor is clearly determined to save the men around him, although a barrage of sparks are shooting at shooting at him

DAVY
Your eyes, Ivor! Your eyes! You can't save the world, brother!

We hear the loud whistle sound its alarm!!

GWILYM MORGAN
I've got him, boys!

DAI BANDO
Quickly to the mine shaft!

CYFARTHA
Out of the way of the tram!

IVOR
Having joined his father's efforts to save a miner...

Here, boys! Over here!

We see a large beam giving way and falling, as water rushes in. DAI BANDO, CYFARTHA, GWILYM and IVOR struggle to rescue the miner now trapped under the tram.

Gwilym falls back, having attempted to lift the tram and holds his hurt arm.

The men enter the cage, carrying the injured miner. We hear the grinding of the winding wheel as the cage rises with the men – looking forlorn, outraged, devastated – inside it.

They surface and step from the cage, Dai Bando and Cyfartha carrying off the miner to be cared for.....

IVOR

I couldn't free him..... He'll not be able to work again!

DAVY

You can't save the world, man, not alone! We need changes here! The mine's now a bloody death trap!

GWILYM

Conditions are not good, boy, but work there is!

(to Ivor)

And, Aye, son. We tried, we tried. It's a hard life.

DAVY

Hard, Da? That is not the argument! Danger, man! We are in need of a Union, I say!!

GWILYM

No, boy! The men and the owners can come to agreement....as they always have. That is our way, boy.

WOMEN OF THE VALLEY

IN THIS VALLEY WE'RE BOUND TO STAY,
MEN STOOPED AND PALE, DOUBLED IN DUST.
AN ENDLESS JOURNEY THROUGH DARK OF DAY
'TIL NO COAL IS LEFT TO SCRAPE AWAY.

ON BELLIES THEY CREEP
WHILE PAIN STEALS THEIR SOUL.
WE ARE CURSED WITH THE RICHES
OF TOO MUCH COAL.

THE EARTH IS A CRADLE WITH NO LIGHT OR ROOM.
IT ROBS US OF BREATH, IT HURRIES OUR DEATH.
WE SCRAPE AND WE CRAWL TO OUR GOD-GIVEN DOOM,

NAKED AND ACHING IN THIS DARKENED TOMB.

DIG DEEP, DIG DEEP, THE EARTH ROCKS TO REPOSE.
TOGETHER WE SLEEP A SLEEP FOR ALL TIME,
IN THE MYSTERY OF THE MINE!

IVOR

Sleep for the dead, yes.....Back down now for the rest of us.....

DAVY

These mining methods are savage!...Another poor bastard maimed and nothing is done!
Wages are sure to be cut, you know, brother.....,
even more so when the iron workers arrive here ready to work in the pit for less.....

GWILYM

What would you have us do, Davy? We must work...as must all men. A man
must think of his family!

IVOR

Aye! We must keep at work, man!

DAVY

Work is part of it, but there is much more we must do – all of us together! Unions are
our weapon....Can you not see it?? Ah, man! And see more still, you will! You will see the slag
forever creeping round to our doors and blackening our hearts!

When you think of your family, do you not think of putting food in their
mouths and clothes on their bodies?

GWILYM

Good gracious, boy! That will never happen while there is coal!

*HUW MORGAN (age 10) and his mother, BETH, hearing the siren,
worried and breathless, appear on the cobbled road as it ends at the mine's entrance.*

BETH MORGAN

Gwil, are you alright then, love? *(She embraces him)*

GWILYM

Yes, my girl, don't fuss so. Go see young Owen's wife. She's sure to need your help, Beth.

Beth – with a sign, but resolute turns to a duty she's done before.

Huw and I will take a walk up the hills, eh, Huw?

GWILYM and HUW climb together to a green rise above the Valley and village.....

HUW

I heard you before, Da. Are you and Davy in an argument, then?

GWILYM

Yes and no, Huw....Your brothers take issue with the way the coal is being worked now....and they are right.

HUW

Why do they argue with you, then, Da, when you are both right?

GWILYM

Oh, you do have the best brain of the lot, Huw...
you must use it to think through the things you can change.

HUW

Like what, then? Ivor and Davy think, but they are strong, Da. I will not shrink from danger, if they do not!

GWILYM

Huw, lad.....(*sigh*)..Give us a minute.....

Weary, Gwilym stops to rest....

Yes, strong you are, my son, but look around you! Still green and fresh, and the winds off the fields... there the river and beyond, the sea. Preserve this, if you can, but preserve peace in the Valley, too, boy!

They take in the beauty in the hills.

HUW

(an innocent, again, for the moment.....)

We'll fish soon, Da?

GWILYM MORGAN

Yes, my son...(*distantly*) if the salmon return.

We were young then – your Mam and me....keen
to work to feed all the hungry little mouths we made!

HUW

And why did you make so many, Dada?

GWILYM

Well, that's what happens, boy -- babies!....when your wife's
a beauty.....

GWILYM

BENEATH THE SKY, THE SHADOWS LONG,

WILD AND HIGH, LIKE MY LOVE AND MY SONG...
FROM THE DARK AND THE DEEP TO THE ROAR OF THE SEA...
REMEMBER YOU, REMEMBER ME.

THE GREEN OF MY VALLEY DID SHINE IN HER EYES
LIKE THE HILLS ROUND THE VALLEY IN HER ARMS WHERE I'D LIE
AND WE'D LISTEN TO THE ECHOES OF THE MUSIC IN MY HEART,
MUSIC OF THE VALLEY THAT WOULD NEVER LET US PART.

ENSEMBLE

THROUGH A MISTY DREAM, THE VALLEY'S CLEAR
AS IT WAS IN THE LOVE OF ALL THAT WAS DEAR.
LET MEMORY SEE WHAT YOUR EYES WILL FORGET --
A TIME WHEN PAST AND FUTURE MET.

KEEP LIVE IN YOUR MIND HOW LUSH WAS OUR LAND.
LET THE SANDS OF LIFE RUN NOW, HELD SOFT IN YOUR HAND.
HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY. HOW IT WHISPERS CROSS THE SEA
REMEMBER YOU, REMEMBER ME.

BENEATH THE SKY, THE SHADOWS LONG
WILD AND HIGH LIKE MY LOVE AND MY SONG
FROM THE DARK AND THE DEEP TO THE ROAR OF THE SEA
REMEMBER YOU, REMEMBER ME!

The light shifts

GWILYM

Ah, Huw boy, there is no fence or hedge around Time that has gone.....
You will understand that one day, too...

We must ask of God the right way to get what we need, Huw.

Sad it is, boy. There is less reason and more greed. I'm afraid what is starting
now is going to give you plenty of trouble in Time to Come. The mine will have
nothing left to give you and your sons, Huw. You must learn new ways...

It will be for you to do, boy, not me.

HUW

But how can I stop the tailings from the mine? The dust at the tipping piers? And
the colliery sump making scum and slag along the river banks?

GWILYM

By changing the course of your life, boy.

HUW

I will go down the mine, Da, like you and Ivor and Davy!

GWILYM

Now listen, Huw, you must go to school and make something of yourself, you hear me? I can only work to keep life here from dying too quickly,...but die it will. The Valley and I are the past. You are the future, Huw!

Scene 2

IVOR'S wedding in the hills. A few days later.

BETH and ANGHARAD MORGAN are arranging flowers in BRONWEN'S hair, for her wedding to IVOR. Young HUW is with them.

ANGHARAD

Ah, Bron, you're a beauty today. You'd best stay that way to keep Ivor at home with you!

BETH

What a thing to say to Bron...and just before her wedding, you reckless girl! Ivor's a born family man and you know he is! He'll never leave you, Bron.

(as HUW begins to object)

Pay her no mind, Huw boy.

Huw is staring hard, mesmerized by Bron

ANGHARAD

Huw, boy, stop padding around Bron like a puppy!

BRONWEN

Oh, I won't worry, Mam. Ivor and I -- we're each other's strength, even now. He's true and steady, just like his Da.

ANGHARAD

Yes, yes. Ivor is steady indeed. You're marrying a solid fellow, Bron. He's a brute at work, and an angel at choir.

BETH

Like his Da, dear one -- he will live by fairness and prayer to his dying day.

ANGHARAD

God let them stay strong, then. The others are beginning to grumble over wages and safety. All is not quiet at the Evans mine. Things are stirring. And we are in the thick of it.

BETH

Oh, the strongest of men are the Morgans, little one! And the very best of them is Huw here!

Huw continues to star open-mouthed at the lovely Bron, following her every move....

ANGHARAD

And the new Reverend Mr. Gruffydd, as well, Ma. He's out and gone to all the villages, bringing God's word and collecting for the poor. His days are endless, I hear. He believes in the strength of prayer, but supports the miners in every way he is able. He listens to their concerns!

BETH and BRON stare open-mouthed at ANGHARAD'S passionate description of GRUFFYDD.

BETH

Well, my girl, we've yet to see if he listens to you!

BRON

Huw, lad! You'd follow me down the aisle, is it then?! *(as he continues to stick very close to her)*
Nice it might be, but you'll have to push your big brother out of the way first!!

Lights shift following them to the wedding, where all are congregated amidst abundant flowers, food and greenery.

GWILYM

THIS IS HER DAY OF DAYS, EYES WISE AND WIDE
NEW HOME AND SWEET NEW WAY, HUSBAND AND BRIDE

GRUFFYDD *(joins)*

SAVOR THE MOMENT WHEN LOVE COMES TO CALL
HOLD FAST YOUR DREAM OF LOVE, LOVE'S DREAM IS ALL.

Add BETH

BONNETS OF RIBBONS FLY, CLOUDS FLOAT ON HIGH.
ORCHIDS SMILE UP AT THEM, WIND DANCES BY.

Add ENSEMBLE

SOON THERE'LL BE BABIES' CRIES. LIFE RACES BY.
NEW HOME AND SWEET NEW WAY, HUSBAND AND BRIDE.

IVOR

Bronwen, my wife. I have promised to keep you and care for you, and that I shall do, Lass, 'til my dying day. Never will you be lonely, never will you be hungry, never will you think back on this choice you have made...and wonder why.

BRONWEN

Ivor, my husband, never shall there be another...and know I with all my heart that never shall I wonder, but at the wonder of Love. You shall be my heart from this day on....my heart and my home.

HUW, watching, is mesmerized by Bron's beauty, and sings these words at the end of ONCE TO EVERY MAN AND NATION under their vows.

HUW

OH, BRON, HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU ARE!

IVOR and BRON, GRUFFYDD and ANGHARAD dance to BUCKET AND BUCKETS OF FLOWERS, sung by family and guests.

GWILYM

GOD OF GRACE AND GOD OF GLORY, JOIN THEM AS WE SING THEIR PRAISE.

BETH *(add)*

GIVE THEIR LIFE A BLESSED STORY, HELP THEM MAKE SWEET YESTERDAYS.

GRUFFYDD *(joins)*

PRAY WE NOW THAT LOVE SURROUND THEM,

MEN'S CHORUS AND ANGHARAD *(joins)*

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS TODAY!

WOMEN'S CHORUS *(joins)*

JOINED FOREVER ON THIS WEDDING DAY!

MEN *(feet stomping, a joys song! Angharad and Gruffydd dance together)*

RAISE NOW YOUR GLASSES AND LET'S HEAR YOUR CRIES.
BUCKETS AND BUCKETS OF FLOWERS!
THREE BOYS AND THREE MEN HERE TO CARRY THE PIES
AND DANCING FOR HOURS AND HOURS!

AS YOU SOW, SO SHALL YOU REAP.
TAKE THIS WOMAN NOW TO KEEP.
COUNT THESE TWO THINGS: LIFE COMES, LIFE GOES.
WHEN IT WILL END, NOT ONE OF US KNOWS.
WHEN IT WILL END, NOT ONE OF US KNOWS.

WOMEN

WHITE MUSLIN CLOUDS COME ALIVE IN THE BREEZE.
BUCKETS AND BUCKETS OF FLOWERS!
WEDDING CAKE SITTING OUT UNDER THE TREES
AND DANCING FOR HOURS AND HOURS!

AS YOU SOW, SO SHALL YOU REAP.
WASTE NO MINUTE, NEVER WEEP.
COUNT THESE TWO THINGS: LIFE'S SHORT, NOT LONG.
LET THE BELLS RING! TO HIM YOU BELONG.
LET THE BELLS RING! TO HIM YOU BELONG!

ALL (*but Ivor and Bronwen*)

GOOD FOLK FROM THE VALLEYS WITH DRUM AND WITH FIFE--
BUCKETS AND BUCKETS OF FLOWERS!
HOLD NOTHING BACK AS THEY CELEBRATE LIFE.
HAPPY WE SING FOR THIS MAN AND HIS WIFE
WHILE DANCING FOR HOURS AND HOURS!

AS YOU SOW, SO SHALL YOU REAP.
WASTE NO MINUTE, NEVER WEEP.
COUNT THESE TWO THINGS: LIFE'S SHORT, NOT LONG.
LET THE BELLS RING, TO HIM YOU BELONG.

LET BELLS RING ABOVE
FOR YOU AND YOUR LOVE.

HUW hides beneath the cake-laden tables, stealing out for handfuls of sweets. MR. PARRY, the head deacon, watches with seething venom in his disapproving glance.

Across the stage, Evans the mine owner, requests permission of GWILYM for IESTYN, his son, to court ANGHARAD...

EVANS

Wonderful day, Morgan!

GWILYM

Yes, one son in good-keeping now, Mr. Evans!

EVANS

And just that I've come to speak about, Mr. Morgan...about your daughter, Angharad. My boy, Iestyn, asks me to ask permission to ask you for permission for him to call on...err..Angharad!

GWILYM

Well, she's a handful, Mr. Evans. Likely Iestyn will find himself requesting permission quite often, should he be courting her! Good luck to him!

EVANS

Well, fine, then, Morgan! ...(with slight hesitation).. And you and I will make our own luck at the mine then? Unions won't put things right, will they, man.

GWILYM

They would if crowds of men could learn to reason. I will always be on the side of reason, Evans (*pointedly*)...and so, pray God, will you. Let us drink to that now!

During this conversation, across the way DAVY catches HUW stuffing cake in his mouth, and pulls him up by the suspenders...

DAVY

Huw, if you continue to stuff your mouth like that with cake and toffee, I will pull down your trousers and smack your skinny bottom in front of all the girls!

HUW

Oh, no, Davy! You wouldn't!

MR. PARRY intrudes on the happily wrestling brothers...

THE DEACON, MR. PARRY

Enough, I say! You will come to no good, young Morgan! Your family is too easy, I fear. Too many sweets are food for the Devil!

DAVY

(angrily....not holding back)

There is little enough left here that is sweet, Mr. Parry. Leave the boy alone!

Fade to dark.

Scene 3

A winter night. The stage is darkened as snow falls quietly in the hills.

The ominous mood of GWILYM'S SOLILOQUY underscores as BETH and HUW hold one another as they trudge purposefully through the snow and cold.... BETH hell-bent on threatening any of the men who dare speak against her husband.

BETH

I should never have asked you bring me here, Huw. You should be home and in bed.

HUW

Mama, how could we stay away when Davy and the men are on one side of things, Dada on another, and them all looking black as the slag itself?

BETH

Yes, my little one, you understand, don't you. Your Dada is the best man in the Valley. Threatening to remove Dada as superintendent is a warning. Davy says those wanting Unions or a strike number twenty-thousand now...more...across the

Valleys.. He can't hold them off and even he himself is angry and ready to organize!.
Your Da is not the enemy! But the men meet tonight and we will be there.

(sternly)

Say nothing to him
when we return, Huw.

In the dark and freezing cold, BETH scrambles up the rocks. Her cloak drags in the snow. Beth and Huw slide across ice. When she reaches the top BETH turns toward HUW...

Wait for me here, son!

BETH continues up the mountain and finds DAVY addressing a group of miners who meet his words with fierce support...

DAVY

..and I have been working since I was twelve years old, like many of you! Work we want, but work we will have NOT unless we stand together, men! The old ways are failing us.....It is none of us that is failing the Valley, men, but the owners thinking they have no opposition! It is not the time to splinter, but time to unite. A strike will give us strength, men.

MINERS

Strike!

Other MINERS

In voices of violence!!

Flood the damn mine!

DAVY

For the good of us all, boys, let us...

Davy and the men stop – surprised -- and turn, seeing the figure of a woman.

BETH

Ready to speak what has been building inside her...

I am Beth Morgan and two things I hate: talking behind the back, and telling a lie.

Davy, son! You say no one failing the Valley when you know what these men have been saying about your own Da! If it is him they fault, they know nothing save to look for one to blame!

If you say nothing, men will never stand together! Speak the Truth, boy!

That these men think my Gwilym is in with the owners is ridiculous.

TO UNDERSTAND WHERE A MAN WALKS,

YOU MUST WALK IN HIS SHOES.
TO UNDERSTAND WHY HE WALKS THERE,
YOU MUST KNOW WHAT HE HAS TO LOSE.

BLAME HIM, DO YOU, FOR YOUR ANGER?
BLAME THE SMALLNESS OF YOUR MIND!
THEN BLAME YOUR GOD FOR ALL YOUR TROUBLE,
AND NO PEACE WILL YOU EVER FIND.

I AM BETH MORGAN
AND WELL YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE.
SHOULD ANY HARM COME TO MY MAN
I'LL DEAL WITH THE LIKES OF YOU.

HE'S SACRIFICED WHERE WE ALL HAVE,
HE HAS YEARNED FOR COMPROMISE
TO UNDERSTAND WHY HE STRUGGLES,
YOU MUST KNOW WHERE HIS DUTY LIES

A MORGAN I AM, THEN, AND DISAGREE YOU MAY
BUT YOU'LL NOT FAULT MY GWILYM NOW
JUST BECAUSE HE LEADS THE WAY
IT'S GWILYM LEADS THE WAY.

WE WALK IN EACH OTHER'S FOOTSTEPS
AS WE WALK HERE IN THE SNOW.
GWIL UNDERSTANDS WHY WE WALK HERE,
BUT HE FEARS WHERE THIS ALL WILL GO

I AM BETH MORGAN
AND WELL YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE.
SHOULD ANY HARM COME TO MY MAN
I'LL KILL THE LIKES OF YOU,
I'LL KILL THE LIKES OF YOU.

How you can sit in the same Chapel with him, I do not know. And I ask you that, too, Davy Morgan...But this I tell you...if any harm comes to my Gwil, I will find out the men, and I will kill them with my own hands!!

HUW – now at her side -- helps guide his mother down the hill as the snow continues to fall...and the men have grown silent.

HUW

Would you kill, Mama, when the Bible...

BETH

What is in the Bible, and what is out, are two different things, Huw.

*They try to make their way through the storm, but finally fall into the icy snow.
I AM BETH MORGAN underscores.*

Are you hurt, son?

HUW

No, but cold, Mama.

They try to stand, but fall again!...now through the ice and into the freezing water of the river. HUW calls out a scream of madness. Having left the other miners, DAVY hears HUW and hurries to him.....

DAVY

Huw! Oh, Huw!!

Some of the other men help DAVY as he struggles to carry BETH and HUW to safety.

Blackout.

Scene 4

The Morgan home, soon to be spring. Huw rests in bed.

In silhouette, we see ANGHARAD and GRUFFYDD approaching the house from the hill above, where they walk with their arms around one another.

HUW opens his eyes, attempts to speak, but cannot find his voice.

BRONWEN

Oh, Huw, little one! Are you hurting? *(She hurries to his bedside – Huw shakes his head “no”).*

You have been tossing and coughing and drinking your broth–
all with those big eyes of yours
closed these past weeks! We never knew if you could hear us around you or not, Huw!

She sits at the bed near HUW'S pillow. She gently puts Huw's hand on her stomach.

Look, Huw, soon another Morgan to comfort you!

HUW

(first words from his mouth...)

And will there be many then, Bron?

BRON

(laughing with relief)

What a question, Huw Morgan! And I don't have the answer, child, but many as there be, they will be lucky to have such a brave uncle as you. And we proud we'll be to share your name.

ANGHARAD and GRUFFYDD enter the house and move quickly to HUW'S bedside.

ANGHARAD

Little brother, what a fright you gave us!
What made you take on such a feat? But what a hero you are...

HUW *(in a still small voice)*

What has happened? Where is Mama then?

BRONWEN

You took your Mam to talk down those men blaming your Da for their problems, Huw...

ANGHARAD

..and all because he is level-headed and trying to keep them at their jobs!

HUW

The snow! I remember now...the cold...It felt black and the wind whipped through, and Mama said she would kill any who harmed Dada. You should have heard her!

ANGHARAD

We've heard about that alright, little one. And right from she who spoke those words!

HUW

Oh, Mama is well?! Where is she? Where is she, Bron?

BRONWEN

Your Mama is almost well, Huw. She is just now resting, as you are. You were strong for her and she is better.

HUW *(lovingly)*

And I will be strong for you, too, Bron...soon. Strong to help you with your little one ...just as you help me now.

*HUW beams at BRON. BRON brings Huw broth and fusses over him.
Angharad, too, is at Huw's side.....*

GRUFFYDD

Huw, lad. Strong indeed! Strong in limb, and stronger in mind. I can see it in you, son. Never let that light go out from those eyes. Strong and soon. You will

be well when the daffodils bloom, and we shall be there to see them in the hills.
Shall we then?

HUW

Oh, yes, Mr. Gruffydd! Indeed, sir!

ANGHARAD, GRUFFYDD

WILL IT EVER BE SPRING, I WONDER...
WHEN LIFE WILL START AGAIN
SWEETER AND BRIGHTER THAN EVER IT WAS
WHEN I WANDER THE HILLS AGAIN AGAIN
WHEN WE WANDER THE HILLS AGAIN

THE SNOW HAS KEPT A SECRET
AND NONE WILL KNOW 'TIL THEN
BUT OH HOW I'LL SING TO THE DAFFODILS
WHEN I WANDER THE HILLS AGAIN AGAIN
WHEN WE WANDER THE HILLS AGAIN.

HUW

But what is the secret, Angharad?

ANGHARAD

Never you mind, Huw Morgan!

GRUFFYDD

'Til then, Huw, you can wander far and wide through these books.
And don't forget your Bible. That is the book that will teach you most about the
man you will wish to become.

IVOR enters...

IVOR

And soon you will sing again in church, eh Huw?

GRUFFYDD

Yes, indeed he will!

ANGHARAD

And a fine day that will be...us all there together! (*unabashedly looking at
GRUFFYDD*)

GRUFFYDD

What troubles you, Ivor, your face betrays a sadness.

IVOR

If singing were all, Reverend...and a hymn's words obeyed....

The sadness is worry, sir. It is not fear of danger in the mine, but fear of helplessness that a man cannot bear...and do nothing about.

Look at Bron and Gareth here, Mr. Gruffydd. Could there be a better reason to do one's work gladly? There wouldn't be, but Evans has begun to cut down our shifts...and there's talk of a sliding scale for our wages. How can men treat their brothers so?

How am I to care for my little family? And the others for theirs?

Before GRUFFYDD can answer, IESTYN EVANS enters, bringing an awkward silence to the room.

ANGHARAD looks longingly at GRUFFYDD, he at her, and IESTYN at ANGHARAD.. Finally....

IESTYN

Angharad Morgan. Would you step outside the door and take a breath of air with me?

Angharad, again, looks helplessly at Gruffydd, as Iestyn takes her arm and leads her outside. Gruffydd speaks to Huw.

GRUFFYDD

(somewhat miffed)

A good time, boy, to find a verse for the day.

Let me see...here's a verse, a thought to keep in your mind always, Huw, as we are only as we treat others.

Remember, Huw, even when speaking from the Bible, prayer is only another name for good, clean, direct thinking. Think well what you are saying – and what you are doing --and you will have strength, strength in your mind, body, and spirit.

Alright, lad, a thought now from Job:

“The Almighty is beyond our reach and exalted in power; in his justice and great righteousness, he does not oppress.”

Remember, Huw, in God's great wisdom, He does not oppress..

Then GWILYM bursts through the door calling to IVOR and BETH, waving a piece of paper...

GWILYM

Beth, my little one, sweetheart mine! Get ready! Where is your shawl, my sweet wife? There's a surprise awaits.... and you, too, Ivor...a grand surprise!

BETH enters wrapped in her shawl. She first goes to HUW and hugs him long and hard, kissing the top of his head.

GWILYM takes her hand and leads her to the open door where we see a joyful gathering of men of the village (including those in attendance at the meeting in the snow).

A royal command it is...from Windsor Castle...for your choir, Ivor, to sing before the Queen!

IVOR AND THE MEN

God Save the Queen!

IVOR

Alright, boys! A song for the Queen...and our own Queen Beth here, who has the respect of us all!

THE MEN (*many of whom were at the meeting in the snow*)

Here, here! So say we all, Queen Beth!

MEN'S CHOIR

BRON and ANGHARAD pour beer to celebrate.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT REDEEMER,
PILGRIM THROUGH THIS BARREN LAND.
I AM WEAK, BUT THOU ART MIGHTY,
HOLD ME WITH THY POWERFUL HAND.

STRONG DELIVERER, STRONG DELIVERER,
BE THOU STILL MY STRENGTH AND SHIELD,
BE THOU STILL MY STRENGTH AND SHIELD.

ANGHARAD

And to you, Mr. Gruffydd (*handing him a glass, with a warm smile*)

The deacon MR. PARRY steps out from among the choir, glaring at GRUFFYDD.

MR. PARRY

Shame to be pouring drink on the Lord's day, Miss. And you, Mr. Gruffydd, a shame and a sin! To think such a man is teaching Sunday School...contaminating our children!

GRUFFYDD

You, Mr. Parry, you take your authority from the Bible, yet you are abusive in this house...on a day that celebrates a union of God-given beautiful voices...and celebrates courage....and forgiveness!

There are too many of your sort walking this earth, man! Go now before I take you by the neck and throw you out!

MR. PARRY slinks away as stage goes dark.

Scene 5

All are assembled in Chapel, one month later. We see Ivor and Bron walk into the Chapel. Bron's arms are around Huw, guiding him to a seat.

GRUFFYDD

Huw, lad, are you ready now to sing for us all?

The Congregation is happily expectant. HUW stands, clears his throat, and -- after one or two false starts --sings a heartfelt and surprisingly bold CYM RHONDDA.

HUW (*clears his throat*)

OPEN THOU THE CRISTAL FOUNTAIN,
WHENCE THE HEALING STREAMS DO FLOW;
LET THE FIRE AND CLOUDY PILLAR
LEAD ME ALL MY JOURNEY THROUGH
BREAD OF HEAVEN, BREAD OF HEAVEN,
FEED ME NOW AND EVERMORE
FEED ME NOW AND EVERMORE.

AMEN (*gazing at Bron lovingly*)

GRUFFYDD

Thank you, my boy!

Now, I understand there is some church business to conduct.

GRUFFYDD takes a step back, and MR. PARRY bounds up, thundering and pointing at a small, weeping girl...

MR. PARRY

Adulteress! Your lusts have found you out!

The deacons all viciously enjoying themselves; the congregation, pained.

Your body was the trap for the Devil, and you let Temptation in!

PARRY thumps hard on a pulpit railing for emphasis.

Thou shall not commit adultery! You shall be cast forth in the outer darkness!
Do you confess to your sin and do you wish to make peace with the Eternal
Father?!

MEILLYN LEWIS (*sobbing, fearful*)

Yes, oh I am sorry! I will never do it again, God knows!

MR. PARRY

Take the name of God in vain, girl, do you?

MR. PARRY AND DEACON ENSEMBLE

BEYOND OUR VALLEY, OVER THE MOUNTAIN,
IN THE NEXT VILLAGE, THE DEVIL AWAITS.
PERIL IN ALL PATHS!
FEAR GOD AND SHAME THE DEVIL,
DON'T PLAY HIS WICKED GAME.
ONCE YOU HAVE DANCED WITH HIM IN FIRE,
YOU'RE SPIT FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF FLAME!

DON'T UTTER GODLESS PHRASES
WITH LIPS SEARED BY THE DEVIL'S TONGUE.
YOUR SPIRIT'S SINGED, YOU SOUL'S CONSUMED.
THE FIGHT IS OVER, AND HE HAS WON!

WITH MATTERS OF FLESH YOU ARE OBSESSED,
FROM RIGHTEOUSNESS YOU HAVE DIGRESSED.
BY THE DEVIL'S TONGUE YOU HAVE BEEN KISSED.
MAY A WHIRLWIND SWEEP YOU INTO THE MIST!

YOU'RE CAST FROM THIS CHURCH, FROM THE VALLEY AND TOWN.
NEVER DARKEN THIS DOOR, EVER MORE, YOU'RE SHUT DOWN!
A GOOD GIRL WOULD RUN TO THE SEA THERE TO DROWN.
A GOOD GIRL WOULD RUN TO THE SEA THERE TO DROWN,
THERE TO DROWN!

HUW (*jumping up in alarm*)

Thou hypocrite! First cast out the beam of thine OWN eye! Ye serpents! Ye
vipers! In God's righteousness and justice, HE does not oppress! WE MAY NOT OPPRESS!

PARRY stares open-mouthed.

ANGHARAD reaches for MEILEN and moves her away from PARRY.

BRON goes to HUW, arms around him.

*GWILYM runs to HUW and takes his
shoulder, as GRUFFYDD also approaches...*

GRUFFYDD

Take him home, Morgan.
Huw, I will see you later.

Scene 6

A few minutes later. The Morgan home.

HUW

Did I do wrong, Dada?

GWILYM

Wrong? I could dig a pit for the two of us!

BRON

But this is a boy who stands up for the weak, sir!

HUW

Dada, Meilyyn Lewis was called a slut because she went up the mountain with Chris Jones, is it, Dada?

GWILYM

Yes, Huw. She was made an example.

HUW

But what about Chris Jones? He is a coward...and I know which of them is the worst!

GWILYM

But not for you to say, son.

HUW

They were too cruel, Dada.

GWILYM

Ah, Huw, my boy..What will become of you, I don't know...

DAVY enters the house.

DAVY(*fiercely*)

Well I do! He'll be a man, not like the others here! Shepherds, ha! The Church and the mine owners all treating men like sheep. Men are made in God's image, and only if god is a sheep, do I understand why we are all so damned stupid!

BETH enters, interrupting the conversation...

BETH

Good little one, Huw! I'm so proud of you, I could dance!

GWILYM

You've heard then? Now I know why I've got such a tribe of sons! It is your Mama's fault!

BETH

Proud I am! Huw is a bigger man than his Da, Mr. Morgan! He the only man among you to come to the aid of that poor girl! A big man he is!

GWILYM

Aye, that he is, Beth. And a good man for sure.

Boy, tomorrow you must start to make something of that big man and that big mind! You will make a difference in this world, son, where a difference can still be made. Tomorrow it's off to the National School with you...

ANGHARAD and GRUFFYDD enter...

ANGHARAD

Just in time, then? Is it school, Huw boy?

GRUFFYDD

Of course, it is, Huw!

HUW

Yes, sir.

GRUFFYDD

Good. Learn everything, Huw. Here is a pencil-box for you. It was mine and my father's and his father's.

HUW (*lovingly stroking the box*)

Oh, thank you, Mr. Gruffydd. I believe I can feel all those hundred years of writing and learning in this. Oh, thank you, sir!

Scene 7

The next day. The National School, outside HUW'S Valley.

HUW – just only well and having walked a long, hard way, enters the classroom to find a tight-wound, brutal but foppish teacher scrutinizing him...

MR. JONAS

You are not a cripple, are you, Morgan?

HUW

Oh, no, sir! A little thin in the leg, that is all.

MR. JONAS

And thin in the mind, Morgan? Did I hear Welsh? We speak English here!

MERVYN PHILLIPS, a student, takes the pencil-box from HUW'S hand and deliberately smashes it to the floor.

HUW (*picking up the pieces and cradling the box*)
I will fight you!

MR. JONAS
Are those tears, Morgan? What a dirty, little sweep! To think we were told it is an intellectual giant, children!

MERVYN
Fight me, will you?

HUW delivers two good punches, but MERVYN takes him down and is punching until both boys are exhausted. They finally help one another to stand. JONAS looks on, enjoying himself.

MR. JONAS
New boy! Here. Come. Your coal-mining ways are not wanted!
Phillips! Come forward and make a back! Morgan, please to bend across his back!

HUW limps to the front and drapes himself over PHILLIPS.

MR. JONAS
WHEN I SEE A BOY WHO NEEDS GROOMING AND TENDING,
SUCH A BOY NEEDS ME TO AVOID A BAD ENDING.
A BOY WHO'S OFFENDING NEEDS WHIPPING AND LASHING.
A BOY WHO IS BRASH ASKS FOR KICKING AND THRASHING.

JONAS raises his hand with a stick, and with joyful venom gives HUW a bad beating, but starting slowly, anticipating its consequences on the children. More blows.

WHEN YOUR KIN ARE BLACKENED BY WORK IN THE PIT
AND THEY'VE WASHED DOWN YOUR FACE WITH ONLY THEIR SPIT,
THEN WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THE CHILDREN?
WHAT HAVE THE WELSH DONE TO THEIR YOUNG!?

WHEN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH ARE YOUR HOMESTEAD
AND NO VOWEL GRACES YOUR TONGUE.
THEN WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THE CHILDREN?
WHAT HAVE THE WELSH DONE TO THEIR YOUNG?

*More blows, as he begins to tire.
HUW is given the last of his ferocious beating.
He sings –more a talky sneering – in counterpoint to the righteous marching music.*

HAIL ENGLAND AND EMPIRE, STUDY AND SCHOOL.
CORRECT THE DIRTY, DEFECTIVE, THE FOOL.
HIS BRAIN IS LESS USE THAN A BACK IS FOR BENDING.

SUCH A BOY NEEDS ME TO AVOID A BAD ENDING!

You're black as coal and look unclean, but speak English, you shall, boy, as English as our English Queen! Insolence will gain your naught – but tho it take years! -- I pledge you'll be taught.

Children, I believe you've had an instructive day of it. Leave! Now!

The classroom empties including MR. JONAS, except for MERVYN and HUW.

MERVYN

I am sorry you had the stick, Huw Morgan. Will I carry your books?

HUW

No matter.

MERVYN

Shall we shake hands then?

HUW

Right.

They shyly shake hands.

MERVYN

See you tomorrow, then.

HUW gives a slight nod. As they part, we see the extent of HUW'S injuries.

Lights fade...

Scene 8

The Morgan house, late that afternoon. BETH, BRON and ANGHARAD Talk, sweep and sing quickly and lightly.

BETH

THERE WERE TWO MAIDENS WHO LIVED NEAR THE WOOD;
ONE LIVED IN LEISURE, ONE WISHED THAT SHE COULD
ONE LABORED LONG TO KEEP A CLEAN HOME.
ONE WENT ABROAD TO TRAVEL AND ROAM.

BRON

ONE OF THE MAIDENS WAS FOND OF HER MATE,
BUT THE MAIDEN IN LOVE FOUND THAT LOVED TURNED TO HATE.
SOMEDAY WHEN YOUR BACK AND YOUR FINGERS ARE SORE,
REMEMBER THAT LOVE CAN BECOME YOUR WORST CHORE.

BOTH

TAKE TO HEART THESE WORDS, FAIR LADIES.
TAKE TO HEART MY WORDS.

BETH

MAIDEN, O MAIDEN, CHOOSE YOUR OWN PATH.
LIFE IS FAR SWEETER WHEN YOU CAN LAUGH.
LIVE ALL YOUR DAYS LIKE A BREEZE IN MAY.
LET NOT A MAN YOUR COMFORT BETRAY.

BRON and ANGHARAD

TAKE TO HEART THESE WORDS, FAIR LADIES.
TAKE TO HEART MY WORDS.

BETH

Oh, my back!

ANGHARAD:

MY TIME IS JUST BEGINNING
AND I'M GOING TO TAKE MY OWN LEAD.
MY BED MAY BE SEAWEEED OR SATIN,
MY MAN IS ALL I WILL NEED.
THE RIGHT MAN IS ALL I WILL NEED.

BETH:

DIZZYING DREAMS OF LOVE, ANGHARAD,
SLOW NOW YOU MAKE YOUR OWN BED.
DIZZYING DREAMS OF LOVE, ANGHARAD,
DON'T LET THIS MAN GO TO YOUR HEAD.

ANGHARAD:

HE'LL BE ALL I NEED, MAM, YOU'LL SEE.
MORE THAN A DREAM OF LOVE COULD BE.
MORE THAN A DREAM OF LOVE COULD BE.

BETH: (*underneath*)

WELL, I HOPE SO, ANGHARAD. IT'S CERTAIN TIME WILL TELL.

BRONWEN

Will we both be dancing with babes in our arms soon, then, Angharad?

BETH

She'd best marry first, Bron....and I suspect she'll have plenty of money for plenty of Evans babies!

BRONWEN

Not if she marries Mr. Gruffydd, eh, girl? I see the way you look at that man...preacher or no...

BETH

Who is it to be, Angharad?

BRONWEN

I know whom I'd want! Mr. Gruffydd's such a fine man...and fighting all the time for fairness.....while getting none of it himself.

Angharad, you'd best ask him to dinner before he decides to dine elsewhere!

HUW comes limping in from school bloodied...

Huw, boy, what is it?!

HUW can no longer stand and falls into a chair.

ANGHARAD

Let me see your back, Huw!

BETH

Huw, little one... *(taking off his shirt)*

GWILYM appears at the door with DAVY, DAI BANDO and CYFARTHA.

GWILYM

You are cut to the bone, my Huw!

HUW

I was fighting, Dada.

GWILYM

Did you win, boy?

HUW

We fought even, Da.

BRON

Oh, Huw, lad!

GWILYM

Five shillings in the box, Mama, for every fight. If it is against the rules, then a beating he must have...but he must learn to fight or they will not stop coming at him.

DAVY

Pay the boy to fight, Da? Learn from the child then! Fight with us against the owners, Da! Fight for our pay! How can you not see that injustice is all around us? Two sons already gone, sir! They couldn't stand by and watch what is happening!

GWILYM

Not now, boy!! This is about Huw...his fight to be a true Welshman...not your crusade for change!

BETH

(examining the extent of Huw's injuries)

Was it your teacher, then, Huw?

HUW nods his head yes.

To GWILYM...

Will you let a brute of a man beat your son like that?

DAVY

Allow yourself outrage, man!

DAI BANDO

A good man with a stick, is he, boy?

CYFARTHA

(slyly – not quite spoken in front of Huw -- suggesting a meeting to set Jonas straight ...)

Dai, we have business over that way, don't we now...

DAI BANDO

Ah, yes, my dear! How convenient to stop by for a wee social call on Mr. Jonas.

CYFARTHA

Huw, boy, leave this to us...but when you're not hurting, lad, come along our way, eh?

(with pride)

Look at his fists, Dai, dear. A fine boxer he'll make!

DAVY

I'll bring him to you MYSELF, lads. And right you are! Huw's a talented lad and a quick study!

DAI BANDO and CYFARTHA leave the house. DAVY turns to GWILYM...

The men in all the Three Valleys are out.

GWILYM

Aye, I'd only just come from a meeting with the owners... *(coughs, trying to clear his throat)* I am ashamed, boy...to have done nothing.

DAVY

And do you know we are out now, too, since half past three?

HUW

Will we win?

DAVY

Not a chance, boy. But we must try anyway, Huw. We must rally in number to be reckoned with. We stand together and do what we must down the mine.....That is what we must do in the light, boy. We must be counted!

GWILYM

I could see you all day in my mind, boys, while we were arguing with the owners. You. Your sons. What is to happen to you, I cannot tell. The ground has been taken from under our feet.

There is nothing to be done, Davy. What we must do for wages today brings hardly enough for food anymore. And what we do destroys the earth for tomorrow. I see no good reconciliation.

DAVY

Has age blinded you, man?! If we can't see it...we will surely not ever reach it!!

Scene 9

A few days later. Ivor leads his chorus as they practice for the Queen...while at the same time, we see a silhouette of DAI BANDO and CYFARTHA beating MR. JONAS.

IVOR

Men! Give this your all! To Windsor Castle!

IVOR

IN THIS VALLEY, WE WERE SOLDIERS,
FIGHTING FOR OUR FIELDS AND VALLEYS
TURNING STREAMS TO BLOOD RED ALLEYS
SOUNDING BATTLE'S CRY!

MEN IN CHOIR

SWORD AND AXE WE CARRY!
FLAG WE HOLD ON HIGH!
THEN SMOTE OUR FOE FOR CENTURIES
NO BRAVER MEN DID DIE.

FIGHT FOR NOW THE VALLEY NEEDS US

FIGHT NO MATTER HOW IT BLEEDS US
FOLLOW HIM WHO PROUDLY LEADS US
FREEDOM, GOD AND WALES!!

FIGHT FOR NOW THE VALLEY NEEDS US
FIGHT NO MATTER HOW IT BLEEDS US
FOLLOW HIM WHO PROUDLY LEADS US
FREEDOM, GOD AND WALES!!

In their enthusiasm, the men repeat the last stanza, as we see DAI BANDO and CYFARTHA lay their final blows on MR. JONAS, who has been thrown over DAI BANDO'S back and is getting a sample of what he'd given HUW.

Blackout

Scene 10

The hills. A few days later. ANGHARAD and HUW are parting.

ANGHARAD

It's getting late, Huw. Off with you now. I'll be home soon.

HUW

Won't you come with me, Angharad?

ANGHARAD

Soon, Huw. Go carefully and I'll be there in a bit.

HUW begins his descent, but sees GRUFFYDD approaching ANGHARAD from the other direction. Fearing something amiss, he lingers out of their sight.

GRUFFYDD

I have thought and thought, Angharad, and still it seems wrong.

ANGHARAD

I am not tied to Iestyn.

GRUFFYDD

Your mam is happy thinking you'll have plenty, dear.

ANGHARAD

It's not plenty I want. If I wanted him, I could have him. It is you I want.

GRUFFYDD

Angharad, you're shameless!

(He tries to find the words to explain himself)

I am afraid you will go threadbare all your life, Angharad. Do you think I want to see white in your hair twenty years before its time? I am a man and can bear such a life for the sake of my work,....but I think I would start to kill if I saw it hurting you.

ANGHARAD

Why? *(moving closer to him)*

GRUFFYDD

Well...because. Only because...

ANGHARAD *(spoken)*

I could be..... *(softly)* Mrs. Gruffydd... it would be enough just to be...

ONE TEAR CAUGHT IN YOUR EYELASH
ONE DIMPLE IN YOUR SMILE
ONE CORNER OF YOUR KERCHIEF
ONE HALF YOUR LONGEST MILE ...
I'd never ask for more...

GRUFFYDD

COMES THE DAY MY LIFE COULD START ANEW.
COMES THE WOMAN I COULD LOVE.
COMES THE ONE COULD OWN MY HEART ANEW
PERFECT WOMAN, PERFECT FATE.....

ANGHARAD AND GRUFFYDD *(internal)*

SOMEONE WHO LETS ME SPEAK MY MIND -
SOMEONE WHOSE EYES ARE ALWAYS KIND -
A MARRIAGE MADE OF UNDERSTANDING --
I'D BE, SIMPLY, ONE OF TWO.

ANGHARAD

YES, THAT WILL DO.

GRUFFYDD: *(fighting himself)*

NO, IT WILL NOT DO, ANGHARAD.
LET IESTYN COME TO CALL.
YOU DON'T KNOW THIS LIFE AT ALL.

ANGHARAD *(nearly pleading)*

WHY CAN'T I BE...

GRUFFYDD:

Angharad... Angharad...

ANGHARAD

ONE BUCKLE ON YOUR BOOTSTRAP
ONE RAP UPON YOUR DOOR
ONE SMALL THOUGHT IN EVERY WHISPER,
I'D NEVER ASK FOR MORE.

GRUFFYDD

YOUR LOVE'S TOO GRAND A GIFT, ANGHARAD.
YOU ARE A GIFT I DON'T DESERVE.

ANGHARAD

ONE HAIR AS IT GROWS SILVER,
ONE LIGHT AS DAY GROWS DIM,
ONE FINGER OF YOUR TATTERED GLOVE,
JUST ONE WOMAN THAT YOU LOVE?

GRUFFYDD

Oh, Angharad...if only...

ANGHARAD

JUST ONE WORD IN EVERY PSALM,
ONE NOTE IN EVERY HYMN,
JUST ONE BEAT INSIDE YOUR HEART,
ONE LIGHT AS DAY GROWS DIM. (*growing more desperate with each phrase*)

A LOVE FOR ALL OF TIME...
JUST ONE BEAT INSIDE YOUR HEART,
YOU'RE EVERY ONE OF MINE.
WE SHARE A LIGHT BETWEEN US
THAT MAKES OUR LOVE DIVINE.
WHY CAN'T I BE THE WOMAN
YOU WOULD LOVE FOR ALL OF TIME?
YOUR LOVE, FOR ALL OF TIME?

GRUFFYDD

COMES THE DAY MY LIFE COULD START ANEW.
COMES THE WOMAN I COULD LOVE.
COMES THE ONE COULD OWN MY HEART ANEW.
PERFECT WOMAN, PERFECT FATE,

BUT HOW MANY YEARS TOO LATE?

I LONG AGO EMBRACED A CALL,

THEN, THE SIMPLE NEED TO GIVE UP ALL.
IT WAS EASIER TO SACRIFICE,
IT WAS EASY TO SAY NO.
NOW I'VE KNOWN YOU AND IT'S PARADISE
IT WILL BE HELL TO LET YOU GO.

COULD I BE FALSE, COULD I BE CRUEL,
COULD I DECEIVE OR PLAY THE FOOL,
I'D LOVE TO LOVE YOU, I'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU,
AND LET YOU LOVE ME AND BE FREE.

BUT IT CANNOT BE, ANGHARAD. IT CANNOT BE.
I LONG AGO EMBRACED A CALL,
THEN, A SIMPLE NEED TO GIVE UP ALL.
NOW I'VE KNOWN YOU AND IT'S PARADISE.
THROUGH MY TEARS, I MUST SAY NO.
IT WILL BE HELL TO LET YOU GO.

ANGHARAD weeps as GRUFFYDD helps her on her way home.

Lights fade...

Scene 11

HUW and BRONWEN on the cobbles, later that day.

HUW

Poor Angharad.

BRONWEN

Why, Huw?

HUW

Mr. Gruffydd won't have her. Why, Bron?

BRONWEN

Ah, little one...It's only ten shillings a week he gets. And that, only when they decide to pay him at all.

HUW

Ten shillings only?? For Mr. Gruffydd?!

BRONWEN

Striking and pay cuts have swallowed the money in the Valley, Huw. Folk haven't the means to be generous to the Church as they used to be. And Mr.

Gruffydd is not a man to ask.

Now, Iestyn Evans is a rich man...Oh, hard it will be on Mr. Gruffydd, Huw.
There is sorry I am...

HUW

But how can he leave Angharad, Bron? I don't believe I could leave a true love
....Does Mr. Gruffydd love
Angharad too much? Would she love him if he were not so kind a man? I don't
think I could be that good and kind, Bron.
I would have neither the will nor the strength to go away.

BRONWEN

I think you would, Huw Morgan. I believe you could. I know you could, dear. Ever since I met
you, Huw, you've done what you knew to be right.

WOMEN of ensemble (*sing softly behind them*)

All in love is lost. All in love is found.

Scene 12

Outside the colliery. A few weeks later, in the rain.

DAVY

It's getting worse, Da. Too many at work from the other valleys. You see now?
Too much labor, too little in wages...

GWILYM

But there's a minimum, Davy..

DAVY

That minimum will dwindle...They've put even YOU out to count coal in the rain,
Da. Can you not see what they'll do to the rest?!

GWILYM

I wish I didn't. Even the Evanses are selling out since Iestyn's life was threatened.
And conditions in the mine threaten us all. What is to come next I do not know.

DAVY

I do. I've been paid short, Dada.

GWILYM

What, son?! You, the best of the workers all these years?!

We see IVOR in the pit below, hard at work...

DAVY

Aye, and I'd like to see the wages Ivor brings home tonight.....Him pounding the coal below for his family. Damn it all.

DAVY leaves in a fury. GWILYM remains, in the rain.

GWILYM

I SEE GOOD MEN ALL, WORKING LIKE ANTS,
SOMETIMES IN RISING WATERS,
SOMETIMES IN MOUNTAINS OF GRIME.
LOOKING SMALL AND FEELING LOST,
TOSSED IN THE DUST OF TIME.
NOW WALKING THROUGH A WORLD OF ROCK,
IT'S HARDER NOT TO FALL.
NOW WALKING THROUGH A WORLD OF ROCK,
IT'S EASY TO FEEL SMALL.

DID I THINK MY BOYS COULD DO BETTER THAN I?
AND DID I THINK THAT THEY WOULD?
WHEN I'VE BEEN WORKING MY WHOLE BLOODY LIFE
AND IT HASN'T DONE ANY GOOD.

MY WORLD'S CRUMBLING 'ROUND,
LIKE ROCK IN THE MINE,
NOT LIKE IT COULD HAVE BEEN.
MY SONS AND DAUGHTER ARE TURNING AWAY.
IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME TO TAKE IN!

I SEE YOUNG BOYS ALL, SLAVING AWAY,
PUSHED TO THE EDGE OF DARKNESS,
TESTED BY LIMITS OF FEAR -
OVERWROUGHT AND FEELING CAUGHT
WATCHING THEIR YOUTH DISAPPEAR!

NOW LOOKING AT MY YOUNGEST SON
IT'S HARD TO THINK THAT HE
IS WALKING TOWARD THAT MINE BELOW
TO END UP JUST LIKE ME.

THE PLAN WAS SIMPLE - I'D FIND A GOOD WIFE,
LIVE HIGH ON A BREEZY KNOLL.
WE'D BE RICH WITH BABIES, EMBRACING THEM ALL,
NOT HUGGING THESE BARRELS OF COAL.
INSTEAD, I'M SPENDING MY LIFE IN THIS PIT,
A MARRIED MAN - MARRIED TO COAL.
I'VE SWUNG THIS DAMN PICK UP AND DOWN DAY BY DAY
AND TRIED TO HOLD ON TO MY SOUL.

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED IS THAT LIFE MARCHES ON

IN WAYS THAT I NEVER KNEW,
SAVE ONE LUMP OF COAL - MY NUGGET OF GOLD -
MY YOUNGEST SON, MY HUW.

IVOR seems to beat at the coal with his hammer with ever increasing energy, matching the rising anger of GWILYM.

STAND TALL, HUW! MAKE LIFE COUNT!
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SHOULD WORK IN THE LIGHT.
STAND TALL, BOY! TAKE YOUR SHARE, HUW!
CHOOSE THE ROAD THAT'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT.
LISTEN NOW, SON, THIS IS YOUR CHANCE -
REACH HIGH FOR A LOFTIER GOAL.
GET OUT BEFORE IT CONSUMES YOU.
THIS MINE CAN SWALLOW GOOD MEN WHOLE!

The mine explodes.

Ivor!! Oh God!!! Ivor!!

Black out.

Scene 13

Chapel. IVOR'S funeral. The next day. HUW walks BRON into Chapel, his arms about her.

HUW

Holding BRON'S arm and whispering. BRON is weeping aloud.

Bron, please. I will take care of you now.

BRONWEN

IVOR, HUSBAND, HOW I MOURN

BETH

IVOR, IVOR, MY FIRST BORN

GRUFFYDD, DAI, GWILYM'

THOUGH THE CAUSE OF EVIL PROSPER
YET 'TIS TRUTH ALONE IS STRONG

BETH, ANGHARAD

SOME GREAT CAUSE, GOD'S NEW MESSIAH
OFFERING EACH THE BLOOM OR BLIGHT.

ENSEMBLE

AND THE CHOICE GOES BY FOREVER
'TWTXT THAT DARKNESS AND THE LIGHT.

With increasing intensity-

ONCE TO EVERY MAN AND NATION
COMES THE MOMENT TO DECIDE.
IN THE STRIFE OF TRUTH WITH FALSEHOOD,
FOR THE GOOD OR EVIL SIDE.

HUW

STANDETH GOD WITHIN THE SHADOW,
' TWIXT THAT DARKNESS AND THE LIGHT.

GRUFFYDD (*sad, thundering voice*)

Where has Grace gone? Where, people? I see it not any longer in this Valley.

When a good man like Ivor Morgan dies because conditions are unsafe and men are selfish, there must be change! Change, I say. Change that will only come through a union -- not just of prayer, in church, when death comes -- but a union of minds, thought, courage!

And How shall we fight? It is simple. Think.
Think long and well how to conquer your enemy. It is only when men forget to fight for right that they fail!

(eyes closed and fists upon the Bible)

Beloved God, give courage. Give light! Rouse us with fire, O God! Send upon us thy flames to rid our sluggish minds!

CHURCH CONGREGANT

Tell us what to do!

GRUFFYDD

Prepare to fight, men...with order and thought. Make representation for yourselves in Parliament! And fight!

DEACON MR. PARRY

You are coming outside your position! Your business is spiritual only!

GRUFFYDD (*losing patience*)

My business is anything that comes between men and the spirit of God. The Lord Jesus saw people being corrupted and becoming themselves corrupt! Use Sense,

people! Would Ivor Morgan want to see you here to mourn others? To mourn his nephew, his son? To see you walk in hungry idleness? To die of want?

Come unto the Lord or – behold! – the night will come!

Blackout.

Scene 14

At the Morgan home, Beth and Huw, two weeks after the funeral.

BETH

Oh, Huw...What a sad lot we are, boy. I think I will see Ivor sitting here at the table every night of my life. My rugged boy, dressed a miner, but looking a king. And I am sure Bronwen feels the same.

HUW

And more, Mam. She takes his clothes from the cupboard and holds them so gently...much as he were in them, Mam! She holds them, then puts them out on the bed as if he were going to dress in the morning....but I will help her, Mam. I will help her.

Beth embraces Huw.

ANGHARAD enters to say goodbye to BETH, as she leaves to marry IESTYN in London.

ANGHARAD (*stiff back, empty eyes*)

How can I say goodbye, Mam? It is not only my home I leave....It is can I have a home in any other place?

BETH

With great sighs, but fighting to stop her tears....

You will make your home, my beauty. You can do anything you put your mind to, Angharad Morgan.

ANGHARAD

Yes, Ma....my mind, but my heart....

BETH

Do not find an end to what has not yet begun, child. There may be daffodils yet...

(BETH gives ANGHARAD a reassuring hug.)

Angharad holds her Mam tight, then abruptly breaks away before her tears can fall.

Say goodbye to your Da, girl. And no tears.
We will see you here again to walk the hills.....

*ANGHARAD leaves the house. BETH sits down to cry.
We see Angharad approach Gwilym sitting nearby. They fall into each other's arms.*

Scene 15

Early morning, a day later. GWILYM sits on a stone wall outside the colliery, head hanging, fists clenched...

HUW (*approaching*)

We must do more, Dada. We must!

GWILYM

You're a good boy, Huw. You'll be the man Mr. Gruffydd was calling for....an educated man to work with the government.

HUW

But he said Fight, Da!

GWILYM

And so you will, son. You will fight for the right of the men, and the good of the Valley....all the Valleys!

HUW

First I must fight to help Bron, Da. She and the baby must eat. I will fight by going down the mine to earn....whatever the wage!

GWILYM

It will kill your Mama. You'll do no such thing, Huw!

I'VE SEEN MEN AND BOYS ALL WORKING LIKE ANTS
ALWAYS IN MOUNTAINS OF GRIME.
DAMN, WHAT A DAMN BLOODY CRIME.

DID I THINK MY BOYS WOULD DO BETTER THAN I?
AND DID I THINK THAT THEY COULD?
I'VE BEEN WORKING MY WHOLE BLOODY LIFE,
AND IT HASN'T DONE ANY GOOD!

HUW

You still work, Da. I will go down the colliery with you!

GWILYM

Be guided, Huw! Be your own master in decency and quiet!

HUW

I will cut coal!

GWILYM

Then you shall have only yourself to blame in Time to Come! If I hear complaining from you, boy, I will hit you to the ground!

HUW

I'll go down the mine, Da.
With Ivor gone, Bron needs me.
I'll go down the mine.

GWILYM

Hope will go down with you! In time to come, boy, you will remember... I loved you so much as to plead. Will you not use your life for something better?

HUW

The mine, Da.

GWILYM

ALL I KNOW NOW IS THAT NOTHING WILL BE
ANYTHING LIKE WE KNEW.
NO HOPE LEFT AT ALL,
A DIM, DARK PALL COVERS EVEN MY HUW.

The best, HUW, I want the best for you.
If you do this thing, you are bound to it!

*The village moves onstage, men dressed for their work in the mine,
women in their everyday clothes. The lights brighten on GWILYM.*

ALL (*but* GWILYM)

ONCE TO EVERY MAN AND NATION
COMES THE MOMENT TO DECIDE.

ANGHARAD

I'M GOING, DA.
I'M GOING TO LONDON, DA.
I'LL BE IESTYN'S BRIDE – I'LL NEVER FORGET MY VALLEY.
NEVER.

Lights shift away from GWILYM, slumped and in thought.

AND THE CHOICE GOES BY FOREVER,
'TWIXT THAT DARKNESS AND THAT LIGHT

The Miners file by, on their way to their shift

MINERS

DOUBLE-QUICK, MAN, DON'T BE TRAPPED

HUW (*enthusiasm covering his fear as he joins the miners*)

OR IN LINEN YOU'LL BE WRAPPED!

MINERS

PROUD WE ARE TO EARN OUR WAGE
BOYS ARE MEN AT ANY AGE!

They start their descent down the mine shaft

HOIST THAT ROPE, BOY, WHERE'S YOUR PLUCK?
KISS YOUR WOMAN FOR GOOD LUCK!
FROM THE PIT, I HEAR A WAIL
THAT'S THE MINER'S DARKEST TALE

WORKING HARD WILL GET US THROUGH
AND THE MINER WILL PREVAIL!

WOMEN (*singing over the work song*)

GO DEEP, GO DEEP, FEAR AND CALM ARE ALIGNED
DIG DOWN, DIG DOWN, TO THE HEART OF THE MINE!

MINERS (*and HUW*)

DOUBLE QUICK MAN, DON'T BE TRAPPED.
OR IN LINEN YOU'LL BE WRAPPED!
OUR BOYS ARE MEN AT ANY AGE
INTO THE DEPTHS, INSIDE THE CAGE.
PROUD WE ARE TO EARN OUR WAGE.

DOUBLE QUICK MAN, DON'T BE TRAPPED.
OR IN LINEN YOU'LL BE WRAPPED!
OUR BOYS ARE MEN AT ANY AGE
INTO THE DEPTHS,
INSIDE THE CAGE.

WOMEN

WITHIN THE MYSTERY OF THE MINE,
FEEL THE HEAT, THE SWEAT, THE TEARS
IN THE DARK, NO LIGHT NEAR.
THE MINE, THE MINE TO THE END OF OUR YEARS...

MINERS

FROM THE PIT I HEAR A WAIL,
BUT THE MINER WILL PREVAIL!

ALL

GO DEEP, GO DEEP, FEAR AND CALM STILL ALIGN.
DIG DOWN, DIG DOWN TO THE HEART OF THE MINE!

We see HUW follow and go below in the cage, the winding wheel grinding.

Blackout.

ACT TWO

Scene 1

It is eight years later. Split scene -- the mine and the hills above. Tailings and slag heaps have grown dramatically. Winter snow covers some of the grey. First, there is silence. Then the men walk through the snow, beginning their sad song.... building into rage!

MEN'S AND WOMEN'S CHORUS

NOW WE MOVE AS IN A DREAM,
LIFE A SAD AND GRAVE EXTREME.
WE WALK LIKE SHADOWS ON THE SNOW,
USED UP MEN, NO PLACE TO GO.

THE FULL WIND CARRIES 'ROUND THE SNOW
AND SWEEPS US HARD INTO THE ICE.
BLACKNESS IS ALL WE CAN SEE BELOW.
THERE'S NO END WITHOUT SACRIFICE.
THERE'S NO END WITHOUT SACRIFICE.

Enter HUW, now 18, and GARETH, 8, searching out lumps of coal in the snow for BETH MORGAN'S house.

HUW (*pointing out coal*)

There, boy --

Good little man, Gareth. And there's another....Get it first, will you?!

(they race and dive in the snow for the lump of coal)

Bron, are you too cold? Take my jacket, dearest. Gareth and I can make a good game of this, but it is not amusement for you, Bron....nor should it be.

BRONWEN

Oh, Huw, I'm fine, I'm fine. You take good care of us...like Ivor did.

HUW

And I will – always – Bron.

BRON

I know you will try, dear boy.....but things are bleak...

Off-stage VOICES

SHADOWS ON THE SNOW...NO WORK BELOW...

GARETH

(running to them)

Here, Mama – coal! And I can find more down the mine, I bet! I'd like to go there and then we'll be warm, Mama!

BRONWEN

Gareth Morgan! What a thought! I'll not lose you right under my very nose...under my very feet where we stand! *(petulantly)* Oh, you don't give a thought to your Mama! What a sorry thing.....Huw, it's you, too! You should be home with your mother now..even as we speak! Your poor mam...so unhappy....

HUW

Why, Bron? What is it that worries her, Bron? Women know these things before the rest of us do.

BRONWEN

Huw, Huw *(shaking her head)*...two of your eldest brothers now in Patagonia...And 'though it's been eight years, she misses Ivor no less.

HUW

Aye, a sorrow, Bron, for us all....for you.

BRONWEN

And have you not seen the letter, then, from Angharad in London?

HUW shakes his head No.

Iestyn has been drinking...and a nasty drunk he is. Angharad will be coming home to their house, Huw, while he goes off to South Africa on mining business. Thank the Almighty she'll at least have a change.

HUW

Painful it is, Bron, to think of Angharad sad...

BRONWEN

And lonely, Huw.

HUW

(after a slight pause.....)

Do you feel lonely, Bron?...

BRONWEN

(a sigh of resignation...)

Oh, lonely, Huw.....but poor Angharad's loneliness is for a man here yet out of reach...but whom she has always loved dearly.

HUW

Bron! Mr. Gruffydd is ist?! You say that aloud?

BRONWEN

And why not, Huw? Is love something that should be whispered..and kept a secret? Love that is heartfelt and true...and has stood the test of time?

HUW

(First silent, then breathing deep..Huw takes Bron's hand)

You give me courage, dear. Hear me now.

A CHILD I WAS WHEN I FELL IN LOVE,
I CAN SEE HER BRIGHT AS DAY.
A CHILD I WAS, WITH THE HEART I HAVE STILL.
I LOVED HER THEN AND I ALWAYS WILL.
FROM A WORLD GONE: THE GIRL ON THE HILL.

THERE WAS EVERYTHING SO BEAUTIFUL,
LOVELIER I HAVE NEVER SEEN.
SCENT OF LAVENDAR IN THE AIR
MY DAY DREAMS ALWAYS FIND ME THERE.
FAIR, BRON. BEAUTIFUL AND FAIR.

THERE'S A LOOK IN THE EYES OF A MAN IN LOVE,
ANYONE CAN SEE IT. EVERYONE KNOWS.
YOU'VE KNOWN THE UNKNOWABLE
OR THE LONGING TO. YOU CAN'T HIDE IT,
AND SO IT GOES. SO IT GOES.

WHILE MUCH FOR ME IS TANGLED MEMORY,
SHE STANDS BEFORE ME, YOUNG.
THE CHILD I WAS WHO FELL IN LOVE
IS THE MAN WITH THAT LOOK IN HIS EYES.
I LOVE THE GIRL WITH A LONG-AGO HEART
AND A LONGING THAT TIME CAN'T DISGUISE.

THERE WAS EVERYTHING SO BEAUTIFUL,
LOVELIER I HAVE NEVER SEEN.
A CHILD I WAS, WITH THE HEART I HAVE STILL.
I LOVED HER THEN, AND I ALWAYS WILL.
IT WAS YOU, BRON, THE GIRL ON THE HILL.
YOU, BRON, THE GIRL ON THE HILL.

HUW

You must let me care for you and for Gareth, Bron. Ivor would want it.

BRON

Sweet comfort you have been to me. Like Ivor you are...In you,
I see him. In your voice, I hear him.

Interrupted by Davy

DAVY

Huw! Huw! They've done it, man! The bloody English soldiers have been called in...
Now there's no telling what these lads will do, so crazed with hunger and fury....This will come
to no good.....

HUW

Bron, take Gareth now. I will come to you later.

Bron exits with Gareth.

This time it is Davy who is interrupted by a gang of miners.....

MINERS

TEN SHILLINGS A WEEK WAS NEVER MUCH, MIND;
THEY TOOK US OFF GUARD WHEN IT BECAME NINE.
BY SEVEN THERE WAS NEITHER COAL NOR BREAD,
NOW DOWN TO FIVE AND WE'RE CLOSE TO DEAD.

EIGHT YEARS DOWN THE MINE AND WE'VE NOTHING TO SHOW
BUT TIME THROWN AWAY AS WE AGE.
FRUSTRATION AND TENSION BOTH PULL US APART,
THERE'S LITTLE TO KEEP US ALIVE EXCEPT RAGE.

EIGHT YEARS BREAKING BACKS AND OUR CHILDREN GROW PALE.
STARVATION HAS COME TO OUR STREET.
THE VALLEY'S A PLACE WHERE NOW MEN HAVE NO VOICE
SAVE TELLING OUR CHILDREN THERE'S NOTHING TO EAT.

DAVY

EIGHT YEARS OF LOW WAGES, BLEAK SEASONS, NO HOPE.
' TELL ME GOD WHAT WE SHOULD DO!
HOW SMALL IS A MAN WHO CAN'T CARE FOR HIS OWN;
AND WORTHLESS TO GOD, IF TO MAN HE'S UNTRUE.

1st MINER

Tell that to your father, Davy Morgan!

2nd MINER

Christ, man! Us wanting to work even for so little and the owners locking us out! Don't tell
me your da isn't protecting his precious mine!

MINERS

GWIL MORGAN GIVES NOT A DAMN IF WE WIN

NOW THAT EVANS IS HIS DAUGHTER'S KIN!

DAVY

Watch yourself, man! It's time to strike, I say! It's the look of an angry mob that has done this, not Gwilym Morgan. It's you men pushed the owners too far!

MINERS

MORGAN STINKS LIKE THE MINE OWNER'S RAT.
HE'LL WALK AWAY BOTH RICH AND FAT!

1st MINER

Flood the mine! Flood the mine!

DAVY

No! Strike, I say! Strike, men....We can still hit them where it hurts! Think, men! Destroy the mine and there will be nothing!!

TWO MINERS (*exiting*)

STRIKING WON'T END THE HUNGER AND THIRST.
MAYBE GWIL MORGAN WILL BREAK HIS NECK FIRST!

MINERS

To the pit, men! To the shaft! Sink the bloody mine! And find Morgan!!

DAVY

Stop! Stop, I say!

The mob of miners push Davy to the ground and exit.

Gwilym enters. Davy rises and shelters him and pulls him to safety around a corner.

Outside the colliery, the men from this Valley and others, English soldiers, are all embroiled in action and shouting!

HUW

They are calling for revolution, Davy! It is happening as you said...and none of us has been of any use! There is no reason here!

DAVY

Aye, Huw lad... there are none left talking any sense at all....and talk has not won.

GWILYM

Do you hear their cries? The world has gone mad, boys. Mad.

Noise, shouting, confusion behind them, off-stage

Off-stage CROWD

Anarchy!
Stop the pumps!

FLOOD WE SAY FLOOD!!

Off-stage SOLDIERS

Away you! Back back, men!

DAVY

They're calling out 'Marx' like a newly risen Christ!

GWILYM (*angrily*)

What did you expect, boy?! ! You've all been drunk with unreason.....and given the owners no alternative but to act the same! Headstrong you are, my son.....and now a revolution on our hands!

DAVY

The men...a mob now they are! Never had I thought to incite a mob....Was fairness only I wanted! We've got to stop them. They're Hell-bound – and will take us all with them!

DAI BANDO

They have sworn to flood the pits this time. Nobody do know where the orders are coming from exactly...but hear them, hear them!

CYFARTHA

And Mr. Churchill sending soldiers to keep the peace...not likely that, with our miners and them from the valleys around angry and looking for a fight...

HUW

...and those of us like Da trying to keep the mine from collapse!

DAI BANDO

Bloody English soldiers! They'll be no help now!

Soldiers' shots ring out in the air! More shouting from the crowd

DAVY

I hear it now...God Jesus help us! (*anguished*) They call to flood the pit! Damn Bloody stupid way to go....

More shots!

I'll one more try to make them stop. (*In apparent desperation, he starts toward the crowd*)

GWILYM

Flooding they say?! Then I'm down the pit!...Those boilers must keep the pumps draining! No water will flood our mine and our men.....Not while I'm alive, I vow!

HUW

I'm with you, Dada.

GWILYM

No, you go with your brother, lad! And, Davy! This is your job, man! Stop this insanity or don't come home!!

DAVY

Don't come home, you tell me?! Me, Da, who has stayed and tried to speak reason?! And you wonder why my brothers did go.....when there is no winning in this war....and there is no pleasing you, sir!

Come, Huw! It's time all the Morgan boys were gone! We'll meet up with Ianto and Evan! Away from here!

HUW

Walk away now, Davy? Don't...oh don't! We must keep trying...This is home!

DAVY

Not any more, boy.

Davy embraces Huw – not his father – and walks off.

GWILYM is lowered into the pit amidst cries to flood it. More shots ring in the air as HUW disappears into the crowd.

Blackout.

Scene 2

Split scene -- The Morgan house, a few days later; Gwilym at the mine.

BRONWEN

I can't believe that Davy has really gone, Mam.
Of a sudden then?

BETH

Ah, no, Love. He was crazy with frustration....leading the men for change and fighting this fight long before the rest of us, you know. He's gone off to South America, too. He tried to show me on the map, but it doesn't matter.

He wanted Huw to go with him. But Huw would have nothing of it. I'm afraid he's only thinking of his Da and me...and that I should have made him go.

BRONWEN

Huw is grown now, with a mind of his own, Mam.

(giving BETH a comforting hug)

And your Gwilym?

BETH

Gwil says things are likely to be worse than ever this winter...and when it comes to the worst, he'll not sit idle. He'll never stop, dear, never. And he'll not forgive himself for allowing the boys to go...a martyr he'll be now to the mine...as he doesn't feel he's much of a father.

BRONWEN

It wasn't for him to keep them here, Mam.

(gingerly) I've heard that Angharad is back...

BETH

I've not seen her, Bron. She holds up in the Evans great house and sees not even her ma...*(pause)*. The boys gone...and now my girl....What's to become of us, dear one? You, little Gareth, Huw?

Lights come up on GWILYM, suffering under the weight of his burdens, standing pick in hand, resting from work in the mine...talking to himself

GWILYM

SOMETIMES I THINK I'M ALREADY GONE,
WHEN I'M LIVING PROOF THAT DEAD MEN CARRY ON.
I'D LIKE A SOFT PLACE TO LAY MY HEAD UPON.

WE BEGIN ALONE AND END SO, NO KINDER WAY TO GO.
SO IT MAKES NO SENSE TO CRY AND MOAN.
THESE ARE AN OLD MAN'S TEARS, JUST WATER FROM A STONE.

THE DAFFODILS ARE OUT NO MORE. OLD AGE ISN'T KIND.
I THINK I'M GETTING ON.
WHAT WAS I THINKING? I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW.
WHAT WAS I THINKING MY WHOLE DAMN LIFE?
DID I THINK MY DAVY WOULDN'T GO?
I'M DAMN SURE THAT I DON'T KNOW.

DID I BELIEVE THAT LIFE WASN'T STRANGE?
HOW COULD I HAVE THOUGHT THAT SO?
THAT TIME AND THE VALLEY WOULD NEVER CHANGE...
I THOUGHT THAT TOO, LONG AGO.
NOW I'M SURE THAT I DON'T KNOW.

DAI BANDO *(calling to Gwilym from off-stage)*

Gwil man! Call it a night, will you! We need you safe!

GWILYM

MY HEAVY BOOTS SLOG THROUGH DARKENED WATER,
I'M STUCK IN A WORLD SAD AND LONELY, AND COLD.
I'M BOUND TO THE WHEEL, HAND AND FOOT,
COVERED IN SOOT, GROWING OLD.

DID I EVER THINK OF SETTING A GOAL,
ONE THAT MEANT MORE THAN SHOVELING COAL?
I OUGHT TO HAVE DONE,
I OUGHT TO HAVE DONE SOMETHING FOR MY SOUL.
DID I EVER THINK OF SETTING A GOAL
THAT MEANT MORE THAN SHOVELING COAL?
NO! I'VE LIVED MY LIFE, A MOLE.

Blackout.

Scene 3

The Evans' mansion, those eight years later. A great stone edifice...great from the mining works, but standing alone and cold as the stone itself. Grand, but barren. We see an older ANGHARAD, alone, too...and lost..in that big house... looking out the window, but not seeing...Staring into the past..... She sits at her desk and begins to write a note.....

GRUFFYDD (*voice from off-stage*) singing.

The Evans big house. MRS. NICHOLAS, the housekeeper, and servants, set for tea, and revel in gossip!

MRS. NICHOLAS

I'M NOT ONE TO GOSSIP MIND, BUT SOMETHING'S VERY WRONG.
IN THIS HOUSE THERE'S MUCH AMISS,
MASTER AND MISTRESS NEVER KISS.
THEY GO ABOUT QUITE INDEPENDENT,
NOW I'LL SAY THIS, MIND:
THOUGH DEAF AND DUMB AND MUTE AND LOYAL,
I'M NOT EXACTLY DUMB AND BLIND

COOK (*joins*)

I'M NOT ONE TO GOSSIP, BUT THERE'S EVEN MORE WRONG HERE
THAN I MIGHT HAVE EARLIER SAID.
THERE'S A SHUT-TIGHT DOOR BETWEEN THEM
WHEN THEY'RE OFF TO BED,
NOT LIKELY THAT THE STORK'S INCLINED
TO LEAVE A BUNDLE THERE BEHIND.
NOT THAT I'D WISH TO BE UNKIND!

SCULLERY MAID (*joins*)

AND THE MADAM EATS NOTHING I FIX ON HER TRAY.
IT STAYS THERE UNEATEN, SHE'S FRAGILE AND GREY
FOR A WELSH GIRL SHE'S PALE, SHE EATS NEVER ONE COURSE.
THERE'S ONLY ONE WORD THAT EXPLAINS THIS: DIVORCE!

Servants exit.

Enter ANGHARAD, moving aimlessly about the house.

ANGHARAD

TO BE WARM, IT TAKES A CLOAK OF VELVET,
LONG AND LINED WITH FUR.
TO BE WARM, IT TAKES A PAIR OF BOOTS
OF LEATHER, TALL AND FINE.
TO BE WARM, IT TAKES A POT OF TEA
OF SILVER, GOLD AND MYRRH.
ALL THIS AND MORE HAVE I,
BUT COLD MY HEART, COLD MY HEART.

TO BE GRAND, IT TAKE A GARDEN
FULL OF ROSES WITHOUT THORNS.
TO BE GRAND, IT TAKES SOME JEWELS,
GEMS OF EVERY COLOR.
TO BE GRAND, IT TAKES A DIAMOND CROWN
ON MY HAIR ADORNED.
ALL THIS AND MORE HAVE I,
BUT POOR MY HEART, POOR MY HEART.

I HAVE A LOVE THAT ONE WAY FLOWS,
A SPLENDID LIFE, A WOMAN'S DREAM,
A HANDSOME MAN WITH WEALTH SUPREME,
BUT SO EMPTY AM I, NO ONE KNOWS.
SO EMPTY AM I, NO ONE KNOWS.

TO STAY YOUNG, IT TAKES A LOVE
THAT MAKES YOUR HEART FEEL NEW.

TO WEAR A SMILE, IT TAKES A LOVE
THAT WARMS YOU THROUGH AND THROUGH.
TO BE TRUE, IT TAKES A LOVE WHO ASKS
YOU LOVE HIM, TOO.
THIS I HAVE NOT, AND OLD MY HEART,
OLD MY HEART.

HUW and GARETH are then met at the door by ANGHARAD -- white in her hair and a deadness in her face. HUW and ANGHARAD kiss, but HUW can't look away from her face...

ANGHARAD

I know, Huw...say it. I look as though I'm ill.

HUW

It is inside you, Angharad.

ANGHARAD looks from HUW to GARETH.

ANGHARAD

And Gareth! How big you've grown...

HUW

You've been away a long time, Angharad. *(pause)*

I've been staying with Bron ...to help. She has not had an easy time of it, you know...but she is strong...so much like Mama.

MRS. NICHOLAS, the housekeeper, enters with a tray.

ANGHARAD

Thank you, Nicholas. I will pour. *(dismissive)* You may go now!

(to HUW)

Been with the Evanses forty-seven years...and there's nothing to be done.

NICHOLAS exits.

Tell me, Huw...how is everyone?

HUW

Sadder at heart, Angharad. I know you are an Evans now, but there is little good left that comes from the mines. Wages are small and danger is great. The Valley is not what it was.

ANGHARAD

And Mr. Gruffydd, Huw...How is he?

HUW

Still first up, and last to bed. *(pause)*
But he has changed, too. Inside. Like you.

ANGHARAD

(breaking into tears)

Oh, Huw boy...You will think me awful, but...I know! I've seen him. I couldn't be here, in this Valley, without him. I hadn't the strength to stay away...But he is firm in resolve. He hasn't changed.

GARETH has wandered off, out of hearing distance, but NICHOLAS listens closely, out of sight.

HUW

(pulls away in surprise)

I am surprised! You are still married to Iestyn!

(moves back to embrace his sister)

But don't cry, Angharad. Maybe it is but human that we try so to fill our emptiness. I've been tested too, you see.

ANGHARAD

You, Huw?

HUW

Has it never shown, then, whom I've loved? and who I love still?

ANGHARAD *(whispered)*

Bron then? Oh, Huw! *(She crumples in his arms)*

GARETH returns.

You'd best go now. You were right. I am ill, after all. And you, my little one, no longer a baby...be well.

ANGHARAD watches as HUW, GARETH exit, then puts on her shawl and leaves, as well.

Transition to NICHOLAS and servants resuming GOSSIP

MRS. NICHOLAS

DID YOU SEE HOW SHE PINES AT THE WINDOW, MY DEAR,
WHILE STRAINING TO LOOK AT THE VILLAGE BELOW?
OH, SHE DOESN'T DARE WALK WHERE THE OTHERS WILL GO,
NOR SHOULD SHE EXPOSE GENTLE FOLK TO HER WOE.

COOK

OH, SHE LONGS FOR A MAN WHO IS MUCH MORE LIKE SHE
THOUGH WALK AWAY HE DID, SHE CAN'T LET HIM BE.

CHAMBER MAID

THIS MISTRESS IS SURE OF A DIFFERENT CLOTH.
THE MINISTER BRIGHTENS THE FLAME FOR THIS MOTH!

The rumors spread to other women in the town, as scene transitions to cobbles

I'M NOT ONE TO GOSSIP, MIND,
THOUGH HEAVEN STRIKE ME DOWN,
BUT WHAT WAS THE MASTER THINKING
WHEN HE BROUGHT HER BACK TO TOWN?

OF COURSE SHE WAS A LOOKER,
IN HER WILD AND WANTON WAY...
WHAT DOES A MAN FEEL OR CRAVE?
WELL – IT'S NOT FOR ME TO SAY!

IT'S NOT FOR ME TO SAY, FOR I'M NOT ONE TO GOSSIP,
MIND, NOT FOR ME TO SAY, MY DEAR,
NOT FOR ME TO SAY RIGHT HERE,
IT'S NOT FOR ME TO SAY, FOR I'M NOT ONE TO GOSSIP, MIND,
BUT I'M NOT DEAF AND DUMB, NOR BLIND!

IT'S NOT FOR ME TO SAY, MY DEAR
NOT FOR ME TO SAY RIGHT HERE
FOR I'M NOT ONE TO GOSSIP, MIND,
BUT I'M NOT DEAF AND DUMB, NOR BLIND!

*Transition to NICHOLAS with MR. PARRY in church. She is
whispering animatedly into his ear.*

DEACON MR. PARRY
AND WITH THE PREACHER, MRS. NICHOLAS?!

MRS. NICHOLAS
(nodding her head wildly in the affirmative)
MANY A RIDE IN THE TRAP, MR. PARRY!

*We see GRUFFYDD and ANGHARAD clinging to one another atop the hills, singing the
contrasting truth.*

ANGHARAD
THEN THERE'LL BE NO MORE RIDES IN THE HILLS?

(with resignation)
YOU WILL NOT CHANGE.

DEACON MR. PARRY
A COLLIERY GIRL AND OUR OWN PREACHER?

ANGHARAD
WHY MUST I LOVE SO UNSELFISH A MAN?

GRUFFYDD
ANGHARAD...

MRS. NICHOLAS
THEY'LL GET WHAT'S COMING, MR. PARRY?

GRUFFYDD
ANGHARAD...

ANGHARAD
YOU WILL LIVE IN MY EYES FOREVER

THEN TOGETHER WE WILL ALWAYS BE

MR. PARRY

NO MORE. NO LESS.

ANGHARAD

BUT IN THE END, IT IS GOD YOU LOVE
GREATER THAN ME.

MR. PARRY

SHE WILL HAVE NOTHING FROM GOD THE FATHER
AND HE WILL HAVE NOTHING FROM US!
TO THINK WE SPENT ALL THESE YEARS PAYING HIM TEN SHILLINGS!

ANGHARAD

THE OATH THAT YOU'VE TAKEN
HAS TAKEN YOU FROM ME

MR. PARRY

HE NEVER DESERVED THOSE TEN SHILLINGS!
THEY ARE TWO OF A KIND!
LET THEM CONFESS!

GRUFFYDD

I CONFESS I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU.
BUT THIS MUST BE GOODBYE.

MR. PARRY

GRUFFYDD WILL GET NOTHING MORE FROM US!

GRUFFYDD

THIS MUST BE GOODBYE, ANGHARAD.
MY HEART CRIES, TOO.
GOODBYE

DEACON MR. PARRY

HE'LL BE CAST FROM THIS CHURCH,
FROM THE VALLEY AND TOWN.
NEVER DARKEN THIS DOOR,
EVER MORE, HE'S SHUT DOWN!

MRS. NICHOLAS AND MR. PARRY

THE PREACHER MUST BE DRIVEN OUT!
DRIVEN FROM THIS TOWN!
THE MISSUS MUST BE TURNED AWAY!
SHUNNED BEFORE ANOTHER DAY!

FEAR GOD! FEAR GOD!

HUW

(on his way home from seeing Angharad, with Gareth at his arm, enters the church and confronts Parry and Nicholas..)

All these many years you have served
Only to corrupt and never comfort!
Where there is respect and restraint and love
You readily seek to vilify!

ANGHARAD AND GRUFFYDD

(most tenderly and slowly)

GOODBYE!
GOODBYE!

HUW

Your evil mind has no place to dwell

(turning to MRS. NICHOLAS)

To Hell with you, Mam!

(turning again to Mr. Parry)

And to you, as well! *(At which Huw delivers a great blow to Parry's jaw)*

Scene 4

*Parting in the hills, at dusk, the next day.
HUW and GWILYM bid a sad farewell to GRUFFYDD.*

GRUFFYDD

Goodbye, old friend.

GWILYM

Gruffydd, son, how can such injustice be? Are those devils sending you away? Are you leaving us?

This Valley has not seen such a man as you in our lifetime -- one of rock and flame and gentleness.

GRUFFYDD

Ah, no, dear man...I came to you in weakness and in fear.
My preaching was not with words of wisdom, but in God's Spirit ...so that your faith would not rest on the wisdom of men, but on the power of God.
And how you need His power, man...How do we all.

Goodbye, old friend.

HUW

Mr. Gruffydd, is there nothing I can do?

GRUFFYDD

I am glad you have come to meet me, Huw, but no... You have done everything, boy, and been more than that to me. *(pause)*

Meanness and poverty of mind, Huw....that is what I have left here. I am sorry to go with nothing done. Maybe I will do more good somewhere else, lad.

He takes a watch from his pocket.

I am giving you this watch my father gave to me, boy. It has marked Time that I have loved.

No need for us to shake hands, Huw, as we will live in the minds of each other.

They embrace.

HUW

There is someone waiting for you, sir.

Gruffydd turn and embraces Gwilym and speaks to him....

GRUFFYDD

May I, sir? May I have your permission to go to Angharad...who has taught me more than I could ever teach?

GWILYM

Hell's bells, Gruffydd lad...! Out of the frying pan...! But, Yes, she is waiting!

Gwilym and Gruffydd walk to either side of the stage.

HUW walks up into the hills.

HUW

WHERE GREEN WAS MY VALLEY, I THINK ABOUT FLIGHT,
FOR A PLACE WITHOUT SCARS, FOR A PLACE THAT IS LIGHT.

DARE I SPEAK OF LEAVING, OF FLYING AWAY?
FOR A PLACE THAT WILL WELCOME MY CHILDREN SOME DAY?

OH, FOR A PLACE WITHOUT SCARS, FOR A PLACE WITHOUT SCARS.

SCARS THAT COVER THESE MEN, LIKE SLAG COVERS THE LAND.
SCARS THAT HARDEN A MAN'S WORKING HANDS,
THAT DRIVE AWAY LOVE, AND SOFTNESS, AND LIFE.
I'LL RID US OF SCARS, CUT THEM OUT WITH A KNIFE.

NOT A GHOST OF THIS WAR, A TRUE WELSHMAN I'LL BE.
LIKE GREAT GUSTS FROM THE SEA,

LIKE A DRAGON'S FLAMING BREATH.
STRENGTH, BE HERE WITHIN ME,
BREATHE NEW LIFE IN THIS PLACE OF DEATH,
BREATHE NEW LIFE IN THIS PLACE OF DEATH.

I'VE NOT CURED ILLS, I'VE NOT HEALED THE SICK.
I'VE NOT WRITTEN LAWS, NOR HAVE I STOPPED THE FIGHTS.
I'VE NOT RIGHTED THE WRONGS THAT I'VE WITNESSED,
AND OFTEN I'VE NOT SEEN THE LIGHT.

I'VE BEEN NOTHING OF THE DRAGON,
I'VE BEEN NOTHING OF THE KING.
NO HEROIC POET-WARRIOR WITH WILD IMAGININGS.
I'VE BEEN ONLY A BOY IN A WEEPING WORLD,
ON THE EDGE OF AWAKENING.

IF I COULD BUILD THE SHIP TO TAKE ME,
AND SAIL IT BY THE STARS,
IF A BETTER MAN IT MADE ME,

WITH THE SEABIRDS AS MY GUIDE,
I'D CALL ON FATE TO CHURN THE WATERS,
AND THE MOON TO TURN THE TIDE
AND I WOULD RAISE THE WIND!
I WOULD RAISE THE WIND.

MY TIES TO THIS PLACE, THIS PLACE THAT I LOVE
ARE GRAVEN IN THE EARTH.
I'LL ONE DAY RETURN TO THIS PLACE THAT I LOVE,
TO THIS SADDENED LAND OF MY BIRTH.

I'VE NOT SOWN SEEDS IN THE BARREN FIELDS,
I'VE NOT PLAYED PROUDLY ON FIDDLE AND HARP,
BUT LOUDLY I'LL HAIL FROM MY WELSHLAND
WHEREVER I FOLLOW MY HEART.

I'M BOUND TO THOSE WHO STAY BEHIND
BY ANCIENT TIES TO HEART AND MIND.
KNOW YOU WHO OWN THIS PLACE AND TIME:
WITH YOU MY SOUL IS INTERTWINED!

*GWILYM and GRUFFYDD join the last rousing, determined verse of
HUW'S song...bequeathing the spirit of their confidence in HUW and
finally allowing their own spirits to soar.*

GRUFFYDD, GWILYM, HUW
IF I COULD BUILD THE SHIP TO TAKE ME
AND SAIL IT BY THE STARS,

IF A BETTER MAN IT MADE ME,
WITH THE SEABIRDS AS MY GUIDE,
I'D CALL ON FATE TO CHURN THE WATERS
AND THE MOON TO TURN THE TIDES
AND I WOULD RAISE THE WIND!

*We see ANGHARAD waiting for GRUFFYDD on the cobbles...
He goes to her, first with hesitation, then runs and takes her in his arms...*

ANGHARAD

Yes, my love...You would not have come to me now if you thought I'd let you go alone.

GRUFFYDD

Will you forgive me, Angharad, for being such a fool?

ANGHARAD

Not a fool. Only a man. And a fine one. But you will learn that we can do more for this world together.....so let us begin.

They go off together.

Scene 5

BRON and GARETH together on the cobbles. The same day.

*GWILYM begins his descent down the mine, as GARETH runs to him,
lunch pail in hand.*

GARETH

Da Sir...your lunch! I'd like to go with you, sir.

GWILYM

No, Gareth. This is not for you, son. Go now....

(He kisses the top of Gareth's head and slowly enters the mine.....)

GARETH

(back to Bron)

I'll go down the mine, Mam. I'm old enough. Uncle Huw was my age when he went down the colliery.

BRONWEN

No, boy! Yes, your Da and his Da before him -- miners to be sure. But Uncle Huw -- he still has a chance to be something else...

GARETH

But there is nothing else I want to be!

BRONWEN

You don't know that, Gareth. There are many things a man can be. Time is not as it was, boy...There is a world for you and choices you can make.

BETH (*from off-stage*)

IN ONLY A MOMENT, LIFE IS RE-ARRANGED.
THE AIR IS STILL, BUT THE WINDS BLOW CHANGE.

ONE CHILD GOES, THEN THE OTHERS TOO.

BRONWEN

MY FUTURE, GARETH, LIVES IN YOU.

In only a moment, son!
Take your moment!

HUW enters.

HUW

Gareth, lad, do I hear you right? Have you not seen the struggle here...and the little good it has done the Valley?

BRONWEN

Tell him again, Huw!

HUW

THE FUTURE, GARETH, LIVES IN YOU!

Gareth, you must go to school and learn everything! You can change the world, boy, by changing the course of your life. Listen, Gareth, you must go to school and make something of yourself, you hear me? I should have done, boy. Now this I say to you, as I say it to myself...

Raise the wind, boy! That's what folks who are not afraid have done, Gareth. They set out in ships for a new world...where they can build a good life for themselves. They raise the wind, boy! They build their boat and they build their life. I should have done.

Think on it, boy. Think of sailing by the stars. Always I can see this with my heart. You think on it, boy.

GARETH

I will, Uncle Huw.
(*to Bron*) Is that right, Mam?

BRON

Yes, dearest. That is right.

GARETH

Then I will think on it.

GARETH walks off...thinking seriously for a boy of 8

BRON

Make him hear you, Huw.

HUW

I'll tell him so again and again...

BRON

The Valley is dead, Huw,
for those who are young. There is nothing left...not for you... not for Gareth.
Not when there are places beyond. If only there were a way for him to grow in a safe world...

Interrupted as the earth rumbles...

*DAI BANDO and CYFARTHA seek out HUW as he starts to leave BRON
and return to the colliery.*

CYFARTHA

Huw, lad, have you seen your Dada?

HUW

You know our Gwil, he went again to check the gauges on the pumps.

CYFARTHA

There is fouling down there, boy.

BRONWEN

I'll get your Mam.

BRON exits.

HUW

Fouling? Flooding?! No!

Transition to colliery...and the men lose no time jumping into the cage.....
Lower the cage!

DAI BANDO

I'm with you, Huw boy!

As the three descend, they hear voices...

MEN'S VOICES

We'll send your guts to Churchill, if you come near!

We hear their voices in the dark and make out their efforts to find Gwilym

CYFARTHA

Out of the way, man! I'll help you...

(as he sends one of the mob to the ground with a heavy punch to the jaw)

DAI BANDO

God help us!

CYFARTHA

Come now...A better man than him needs us now!

DAI BANDO

Gwil! Gwil!

HUW

His coat I have found!

CYFARTHA

Give me the bloody pick!

DAI BANDO

Back out, boy! Back out!

HUW

Dada! Dada! Are you near!

DAI BANDO

Stay clear, boy!

HUW

No! I am going in more! Dada...it's your Huw!

Dada! Oh, Da.....

A long silence.

Then, we hear the winding wheel turn and slowly the cage emerges with DAI BANDO, CYFARTHA, and HUW -- holding his father's body in his arms.

CYFARTHA

Hard old bloody luck. *(pause)*...What a good man he was.

Fade.

Scene 7

The Morgan house. It is dark. Men and women and BRON watch from the doorway. BETH sits with GWILYM's body, gently

washing the coal away...HUW watches. Beth, with a burst of anger...

BETH

Go! Go! All of you! What did you think would happen?! Out! Leave me here with my husband...

All obey. HUW starts, then stands back out of Beth's sight.

Softly, quietly, BETH begins what sounds like a lullabye to GWILYM, as she washes the soot from his body...

(softly, quietly, to herself and to GWILYM)

ALL IN LOVE IS LOST
ALL IN LOVE IS FOUND

Oh, Gwil, Gwil, there is empty I am without you, my little one. Sweet love of my heart, there is empty.

(quietly)

AMPLE BOSOM, EMPTY NEST,
USELESS APRON ON MY BREAST.
NOW DA'S PUT HIS HEAD TO REST.

(in pained confusion of loss and time)

WHERE DID MY BABIES GO, WHERE DID MY BABIES GO?

(BETH softly washes GWILYM'S face)

GOOD WELSH STOCK AND GOOD STRONG HANDS,
KNEADING DOUGH AND CANNING JAMS.
LIFE WAS HARD BUT IT FILLED MY HEART.
SO HARD IT IS, LIKE THIS WE PART.
WHERE DID MY BABIES GO?

(BETH gains some comfort, talking to GWILYM, believing that their years together allow him to hear her even now..)

LET THIS BIG OLD BOSOM COMFORT YOU,
WE DON'T NEED WORDS, WE KNOW, WE TWO.
WE ONCE WERE YOUNG ON THAT GRASSY PLACE,
SHARING A LONG EMBRACE, SHARING A LONG EMBRACE.

(She continues to wash his body)

SO LOVE ME NOW, YOUR OLD GIRLS NEEDS A SMILE.
I REMEMBER THE SMILE IN YOUR EYES.

WHAT I'D GIVE FOR A SMILE LIKE LONG AGO.
I WILL HOLD YOU AS ALL THE BABIES GO...

(She holds him against her chest).

THERE, THERE, DA, NOW REST YOUR HEAD,
MY BOSOM YOUR PILLOW, SURE AS WE'RE WED.
BLESS YOU, DA, YOU'VE DONE YOUR BEST.
GOD KNOWS YOU'VE EARNED A PEACEFUL REST.

(She now gently closes his eyes)

TELL ME, DA, DO YOU KNOW, WHERE DO OUR BABIES GO?

BETH

(with anger)

God could have had him in a hundred ways, and he took him like that, Huw. (intuitively knowing he is still there) Like a beetle under the foot..

(she commands Huw forcefully)

Huw, go...go to your brothers...or go to America! There is nothing here! Your father and the Valley were one. They are dead now. Our future, son, now lives in you. You must go, boy! GO!

(pause..and then shrieks)

Get out!!!!

HUW runs from the house.

Scene 8

Huw at Bron's door.

With tears in her eyes, BRON stands before HUW...GARETH behind her skirt.

HUW

BRON, WE MUST GO...GO AWAY! YOU WERE RIGHT. THERE IS NOTHING HERE.

LET US LEAVE, BRON.

BRONWEN

MY POOR HUW, THERE'S TOO MUCH HURT....AND FOR YOU WHO DESERVES TO HAVE NONE.

HUW

PLEASE, BRON.

BRONWEN

THERE IS A PART OF ME THAT WOULD GO WITH YOU, HUW.

HUW turns immediately to take her arm, but she backs away...

BRONWEN

IVOR! OH, HUW, LISTEN TO ME, DEAR...

HUW

Having been given even the slightest hope...

BRON, BRON, ANY SMALL THOUGHT...AND YOU TAKE ME FROM HELL TO HEAVEN

....

'GO WITH YOU, HUW' YOU SAY...AND I CAN FACE EVERYTHING....

YOU ARE EVERYTHING SO BEAUTIFUL LOVELIER I HAVE NEVER
SEEN

As they sing, he refuses to give up this renewed hope..

BRONWEN

OH NO, HUW

HUW

I LOVE THE GIRL WITH A LONG AGO HEART
AND A LONGING THAT TIME CAN'T DISGUISE

(He moves closer to BRON)

I LOVED YOU THEN AND I ALWAYS WILL

BRONWEN:

I LOVED HIM THEN AND I ALWAYS WILL

HUW:

FOR THE SAKE OF THE FUTURE, COME AWAY.
FOR THE SAKE OF GARETH, DO NOT STAY.
FOR THE SAKE OF US ALL, COME AWAY!

BRONWEN:

WHEN I CAME HERE, A STRANGER,
I KNEW THEN I'D LOVE YOU.
BUT THE LOVE WAS A LOVE FOR THE MORGAN IN YOU,
THE MORGAN THAT WAS IVOR, TOO

I'VE LOVED YOU FOR BEING STEADY,
I'VE LOVED YOU FOR BEING TRUE.
BUT NEVER WILL I BE READY
TO DO WHAT YOU ASK ME TO.

I CAME HERE TO MARRY AND I'LL STAY HERE A WIFE,
I AM MARRIED TO IVOR FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.

HUW:
WHILE MUCH FOR ME IS TANGLED MEMORY,
YOU STAND BEFORE ME YOUNG

BRONWEN:
WHILE MUCH FOR ME IS TANGLED MEMORY,
HE STANDS BEFORE ME, YOUNG

HUW:
COME WITH ME, BRON!

BRONWEN:
I CAN'T GO, HUW. I CAN'T GO.

I will stay with your mam. She will need me.

HUW
What are you saying?? What are you saying??

BRON
(fighting tears, summoning all her strength and resolve)

I am saying this, Huw Morgan:
Take my son. And you will have part of me with you forever.

(and turning to Gareth)

Go with your uncle, Gareth, like we talked about. He'll take good care of you.
You'll have adventures, Gareth! No darkness. What you remember will be
happy...Your memories will stay with you, my child. And your future will be
bright! I will see you, again.....

She hands HUW a bundle of GARETH'S belongings

Australia! America! Imagine - there's a whole world out there.

ALL IN LOVE IS LOST
ALL IN LOVE IS FOUND

Do you remember, Huw? I believed you could love that much. Show me you do!

Go, lad --

HUW reluctantly, slowly, turns to leave, then steps back toward GARETH.

HUW looks back. HUW hoists GARETH onto his shoulders and starts for the hills...

BRONWEN

The two best Morgans now! Don't forget us!

The scenery begins to shift. The green mountains of Act 1 reappear, the mine recedes, the stage is as we first saw it.

GWILYM (*in shadow*)

THROUGH A MISTY DREAM THE VALLEY'S CLEAR
AS IT WAS IN THE LOVE OF ALL THAT WAS DEAR.
HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY, HOW IT WHISPERS 'CROSS THE SEA

BRON

I'LL REMEMBER YOU

BETH, ANGHARAD, ENSEMBLE WOMEN

WE'LL REMEMBER YOU

GWILYM, DAI BANDO, GRUFFYDD, CYFARTHA

WE'LL REMEMBER YOU

HUW

REMEMBER ME.

YOUNG HUW

STANDETH GOD WITHIN THE SHADOW,
TWIXT THAT DARKNESS AND THE LIGHT

ENSEMBLE

(*except OLDER HUW*)

ONCE TO EVERY MAN AND NATION
COMES THE MOMENT TO DECIDE.
SOME GREAT CAUSE, SOME GREAT DECISION
OFFERING EACH THE BLOOM OR BLIGHT

YOUNG HUW

AND THE CHOICE GOES BY FOREVER,
TWIXT TAHT DARKNESS AND THE LIGHT.

OLDER HUW

IF I COULD BUILD THE SHIP TO TAKE ME,

AND SAIL IT BY THE STARS.
IF A BETTER MAN IT MAKES ME,
WITH THE SEABIRDS AS MY GUIDE,
I'LL CALL ON FATE TO CHURN THE WATERS
AND THE MOON TO TURN THE TIDE
AND I WILL RAISE THE WIND!

FULL ENSEMBLE

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY
SINGS THE SONG OF MY HEART
THE MUSIC OF THE VALLEY
THAT WILL NEVER LET US PART

BENEATH THE SKY, THE SHADOWS LONG
WILD AND HIGH, LIKE MY LOVE AND MY SONG,
MY SONG!

END