

***HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY***

Based on the novel by Richard Llewellyn

Music by Roger Ames

Libretto by Elizabeth Bassine



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ACT I

Overture

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

*As the overture continues, we see slag begin to creep and cover the green.*

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

Scene 1

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

*We are again in the dark, and hear a screeching, grinding, clanking of the mining cage as it drops into the pit. Then streams of light beam from the miners' hats as they pound coal, sweating and crouched in the belly of the mine.*

*Suddenly we hear the steam whistle and DAVY'S cries...*

DAVY MORGAN

Watch, men!

*We hear low rumbles, like a structure giving way...*

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 mine!

IVOR

Davy, save your anger -- grab him now!

*Sparks are shooting at IVOR.*

DAVY

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

*[Music UP: DEFIANCE / THE MINE]*

MEN ABOVE

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

OUR BOYS AND OUR MEN, LEAVING WIFE, CHILD, AND THEN --  
A RUMBLE, THEN SILENCE...IN THE DARK, 'NEATH THE GLEN...

DAI BANDO

Quickly to the shaft, boys!

CYFARTHA

Out of the way of the tram!

DAVY

Here, boys! Over here!

MEN ABOVE

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.

*As we see a beam fall and water rush in, DAI BANDO, CYFARTHA, and  
Ivor rescue GWILYM MORGAN.*

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!

IVOR

Aye, here we are now.

*DAI BANDO cradles GWILYM, as CYFARTHA wraps a bandage around a small cut on GWILYM'S arm.*

GWILYM MORGAN

Nothing at all...Don't look so damned worried!

DAVY

Up then, Da.

IVOR

Let's take him atop for a breather now.

*The men help GWILYM into the cage. We hear the grind of the winding wheel as they rise toward the surface and find a spot to rest...*

*[DEFIANCE morphs into MYSTERY OF THE MINE, sung by the women of the Valley.]*

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.

ALL *(but GWILYM)*

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

BENEATH THE HEAVENS, BESET BY GRIME,  
MINES IN THE DARK, HILLS IN THE LIGHT.  
ALL THAT WE'VE LOVED, FOR ALL OF OUR TIME,  
A VALLEY THAT BURIES AS CHURCH BELLS CHIME.

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!

GWILYM

What is wrong then, Davy? You look as if you've just brought your old Da up a corpse!

DAVY

It's not you, Dada. It's everything else! The mining methods are savage...And, bad as they are, we must fight to keep doing the job! Wages are sure to be cut even more when the iron workers arrive here to work in the pit.....and yet we do nothing! Nothing!

GWILYM

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

IVOR

Aye!

DAVY

And when you think of your family, do you not think of putting food in their mouths and clothes on their bodies? Soon that will be no more, Dada.

GWILYM

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

*HUW MORGAN (age 10) and his mother, BETH, have quickly heard of GWILYM'S accident, and 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.

Off you go now, Beth, while Huw and I take a walk up the hills, eh, Huw?

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

HUW

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

GWILYM

No, Huw....It is only that 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

Don't worry your head about this, son. You have the best brain of the lot...and you must use it to think through the things you can change.

HUW

Like what, then?

GWILYM

Oh, Huw, give us a minute, lad.....Look around us! Green, fresh, and the winds off the fields... there the river and beyond, the sea.

*They stop to take in the beauty that is still in the hills.*

HUW

We'll fish soon, Da?

GWILYM MORGAN

Yes, my son...(distantly) if the salmon return. We've had such treasure here.

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.

I should have shared this with your brothers, as well...but I was young then...keen to work to feed all the hungry little mouths your Mam and I made!

HUW

And why did you make so many, Dada?

GWILYM MORGAN

Well, Huw, your mother was a beauty, she was. Of course, a beauty she still is...but we were young then, and we'd come up here to breathe God's clean air and bathe in his crystal waters.

And all we asked was the good work the mine had to give, proper wages,...and lots of babies to watch grow up!

*[Music UP: HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY]*

GWILYM MORGAN

THE GREEN OF MY VALLEY DID SHINE IN HER EYES  
LIKE THE HILLS OF 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.

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY, SANG THE SONG OF MY HEART,  
MUSIC OF THE VALLEY THAT'D NEVER LET US PART...

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*

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

The Valley was a different place then. There was plenty of coal, and we didn't  
 abuse the hills. There was no slag creeping into the Valley, and no talk of unions  
 or striking against the mine owners. We must ask of God the right way to get  
 what we need, Huw.

Sad it is, Huw. 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...and  
 change. 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, Da?

*[RAISE THE WIND underscores.]*

GWILYM

By changing the course of your life, my son. 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 ends with a swell of HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY.]*

Scene 2

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

*[GIRL ON THE HILL underscores.]*

*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.

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 MORGAN

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.

BETH MORGAN

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

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!

*[TOO LATE underscores.]*

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

BETH MORGAN

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

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

*[Music UP: THE WEDDING SONG]*

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

NEW HOME AND SWEET NEW WAY, HUSBAND AND BRIDE  
SUN SHINING DOWN, BLESSING OUR TOWN.

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

*[Vows are said over ONCE TO EVERY MAN AND NATION]*

IVOR MORGAN

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 MORGAN

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

BETH MORGAN *(add)*

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

GRUFFYDD *(joins)*

PRAY WE NOW THAT LOVE SURROUND THEM,

MEN'S CHORUS *(joins)*

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS TODAY!

WOMEN'S CHORUS *(joins)*

JOINED FOREVER ON THIS WEDDING DAY!

MEN

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 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 MORGAN

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 MORGAN

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 MORGAN

They would if crowds of men could learn to reason. I will always be on the side of reason, Evans...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 MORGAN

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 MORGAN

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

*Fade to dark.*

### Scene 3

*Winter night. The stage is darkened as snow falls in the hills.*

*[The ominous mood of GWILYM'S SOLILOQUY underscores as BETH and HUW hold one another as they trudge through the snow and cold...]*

BETH MORGAN

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 MORGAN

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. The men meet tonight and we will be there. Your Da isn't their enemy. 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. They slide across ice. When she reaches the top, she turns toward HUW...*

Wait for me here, son!

*BETH finds DAVY addressing the miners*

DAVY

..and I have been working since I was twelve years old, like many of you! It is not the time to splinter, but time to unite. For the good of us all, let us...

*Davy and the men stop and turn, seeing the figure of a woman.*

*[Music UP: BETH alternately speaks and sings I AM BETH MORGAN.]*

BETH

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

That you 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

WE ALL HAVE CHILDREN WE MUST THINK OF,  
WE'VE WORN OUR CLOTHES THREADBARE  
BUT THINK OF BEARING THE BURDEN OF  
EVERY FAMILY'S CARE.

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.

YES, IT'S OUR RIGHT TO FIGHT FOR A WAGE  
 THAT FILLS OUR CHILDREN'S BOWLS.  
 YES, IT'S OUR RIGHT TO FIGHT FOR RESPECT  
 THAT FEEDS OUR CHILDREN'S SOULS.

WHEN THOSE THINGS ARE AT ODDS  
 YOU GATHER HERE TO BE UNKIND?  
 WHILE GWILYM'S WORN OUT HIS BODY  
 HIS HEART, HIS SOUL, AND HIS MIND...

WE WALK IN EACH OTHER'S FOOTSTEPS  
 AS WE WALK HERE IN THE SNOW.  
 HE 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 I tell you...if any harm comes to my Gwil, I will find ou the men, and I will kill them with my own hands!!

*HUW 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.  
 I AM BETH MORGAN underscores.*

Are you hurt, son?

HUW

No, but cold, Mama.

*Again, they fall...now through the ice and into the freezing water of the river. HUW calls out a scream of madness. 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.*

*[GWILYM'S Soliloquy underscores.]*

Blackout.

#### Scene 4

*The Morgan home, soon to be spring. BRON is dancing about, pregnant. HUW rests in a bed nearby.*

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

*[Music UP: Bronwen sings FAERIES FEATHER BALL]*

BRONWEN

NOW THAT YOU'VE BLESSED ME,  
NOTHING BAD CAN BEFALL..  
I WILL DANCE THEE TO SLEEP  
IN MY NIGHTGOWN AND SHAWL  
AND WHISPER HOW I LOVE THEE  
AT THE FAERIES FEATHER BALL.

REST NOW YOUR SWEET HEAD  
ON THIS PILLOW OF DOWN.  
FROM THE BREAST OF THE EIDER MAM,  
SOFTTEST IN TOWN.

MURMURING LOW, TO SLEEP YOU GO  
LULLABYE LOW, LULLABYE LOW,  
SINGING LOW, TO SLEEP YOU GO.  
SINGING LOW, TO SLEEP YOU GO...

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

BRONWEN

Oh, Huw, little one! Are you hurting? 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! He will be lucky to have such a brave uncle as you. And, I, Huw, proud 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 *(finding a 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 was 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.

*[GIRL ON THE HILL underscores.]*

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*

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!

*[Music UP: GRUFFYDD and ANGHARAD sing WILL IT EVER BE SPRING?]*

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

In the meanwhile, 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*)

HUW

But never will I sound like Ivor!

IVOR

Listen here, Huw! A song to lift you from your bed!

*[Music UP: Ivor sings ONCE TO EVERY MAN AND NATION in Welsh]*

DYMA GARIAA FELY MORO EDD;  
TOSTURI AITHAU FELY LLI:

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

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

AND THE CHOICE GOES BY FOREVER  
‘TWIXT THAT DARKNESS AND THE LIGHT.

GRUFFYDD

A profoundly beautiful sound comes from you, Ivor, but your face betrays you with a sadness.

IVOR

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

Look at Bron and Gareth here, Mr. Gruffydd. Could there be a better reason to do one's work gladly? And 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 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, as well. Finally....*

IESTYN

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

*Angharad, again, looks helplessly at Gruffydd, but allows herself to walk outside with Iestyn's arm at her elbow...as Gruffydd speaks to Huw.*

GRUFFYDD

A good time, boy, to find a verse for the day! Let me see...here's a verse...now 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 your thought will have strength, strength in your mind, body, and spirit.

From Job, Huw:

“The Almighty is beyond our reach and exalted in power; in his justice and great righteousness, 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, boy, 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

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

MEN'S CHOIR

*[Music UP: Led by Ivor, they sing CYM RHONDDA]*

*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.

*They put their backs to the Welsh verse, singing full out.*

WELE'N SEFYLL RHWNG Y MYRTWYDD  
 WRTHDDRYCH TEILWNG O FY MRYD;  
 ER O'R BRAIDD 'RWY'N EI ADNABOD  
 EF UWCHLAW GWRTHRYCHAU'R BYD:  
 HENFLFYCH FORE! HENFFYCH FORE!  
 DAF EI WELED FEL Y MAE,  
 DAF EI WELED FEL Y MAE.

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.*

DEACON 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.*

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)*

WELEN SEFYLL RHWNG Y MYRTWYDD  
WRTHDDRYCH TEILWNG O FY MRYD;  
ER O'R BRAIDD 'RWY'N EI ADNABOD  
EF UWCHLAW GWRTHRYCHAU'R BYD:  
HENFLFYCH FORE! HENFFYCH FORE!  
DAF EI WELED FEL Y MAE,  
DAF EI WELED FEL Y MAE.

CONGREGATION *(joins)*

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.

HUW

AMEN *(full throated, the Congregation gives him his moment)*

GRUFFYDD

Thank you, my boy!  
Now, I understand there is some church business to conduct.

*[WITCH TRIAL music underscores.]*

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

DEACON 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?!

YOUNG WOMAN *(sobbing, fearful)*

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

DEACON MR. PARRY

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

*[Music UP: THE DEACONS' WITCH TRIAL]*

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!

*PARRY stares open-mouthed. GWILYM runs to HUW and takes his  
shoulder, as GRUFFYDD also approaches...*

GRUFFYDD

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

*Scene ends with WITCH TRIAL underscore.*

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!

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

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!

GWILYM

Aye, that he is, Beth.

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 the Valley.*

*HUW enters the classroom to find a tight-wound, 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.*

*[Music UP: A BAD ENDING]*

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, almost happily. J*

HAIL ENGLAND AND EMPIRE, STUDY AND SCHOOL!  
CORRECT THE DIRTY, DEFECTIVE, THE FOOL!  
HIS BRAIN IS LESS USE THAN HIS BACK IS FOR BENDING.  
SUCH A BOY NEEDS ME TO AVOID A BAD ENDING!

*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 CAN WE 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 DO WE DO WITH THE CHILDREN?  
WHAT HAVE THE WELSH DONE TO THEIR YOUNG?

THE WELSH CHILD IS WANTING IN COUTH AND IN KNOWLEDGE.  
HIS COAL MINING WAYS WILL NOT GET HIM TO COLLEGE.

*More blows, as he begins to tire of this*

A MISDIRECTED BOY IS HE  
WHO LOVES BLACK COAL AND LOOKS UNCLEAR.  
BUT HEAR ME NOW! YOU SHALL SOUND  
MORE ENGLISH THAN OUR ENGLISH QUEEN!

*HUW is given the last of his ferocious beating.*

HAIL ENGLAND AND EMPIRE, STUDY AND SCHOOL.  
CORRECT THE DIRTY, DEFECTIVE, THE FOOL.  
HIS BRAIN IS LESS USE THAN HIS BACK IS FOR BENDING.  
SUCH A BOY NEEDS ME TO AVOID A BAD ENDING!

*(spoken)*

This dirty urchin has made his way here. Could it be you seek relief from your plight? You have found yourself a teacher to set things aright. Insolence will gain your naught, but should 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 and sing.*

*[Music UP: TWO MAIDENS]*

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

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 SEAWEED 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.  
ALL THAT A DREAM OF LOVE COULD BE.  
ALL THAT A DREAM OF LOVE COULD BE.

BETH: *(underneath)*

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

*[Music shifts into an underscore of GOSSIP]*

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 in from school bloodied...*

Huw, boy, what is it?!

*HUW can no longer stand straight.*

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.

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 him then! Fight with us against the owners, Da! Fight for our pay! How can you not see that injustice is all around us?

BETH

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

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

DAVY

I'll bring him to you myself, lads. And not to worry. Huw's a quick study!

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

DAVY

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 we are out now, too, since half past three.

HUW

Will we win?

DAVY

Not a chance. Not a hope. But we must try anyway, Huw. We must rally in number to be reckoned with. And look to a more democratic way. That is all we can do. And we must! We must!

GWILYM

I could see you all day, 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, lads. I see no good reconciliation.

DAVY

If we can't see it...we will not ever reach it!!

*[Scene ends to underscore of WORK SONG, shifting into THE MINE.]*

### 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 brutalizing MR. JONAS.*

IVOR

Men! Give this your all! To Windsor Castle!

*[Music UP: MEN OF HARLECH.]*

MEN'S CHOIR

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

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!!

GAN FANLIEFAU TYWYSOGION  
LIAIS GELYNION, TRWST ARFOGION  
A CHARLAMIAD Y MARCHOGION  
CRAID AR GRAG A G RYN.

*In their enthusiasm, the men repeat the last stanza with full-throated enthusiasm, 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 HUW'S beating.*

*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.*

*[underscore of THE LOVE DUET.]*

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...

*[Music UP: LOVE DUET]*

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  
WHY CAN'T I BE...  
ONE TEAR CAUGHT IN YOUR EYELASH?  
ONE DIMPLE ON YOUR SMILE?  
ONE CORNER OF YOUR KERCHIEF,  
ONE HALF YOUR LONGEST MILE?  
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 Bron 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

I don't believe I would leave a true love, Bron....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.

BRONWEN

I think you could, Huw Morgan. I believe you could.  
All in love is lost. All in love is found.

*[TOO LATE underscores, shifting into HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY.]*

## Scene 12

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

*[WHITE ON WHITE underscores.]*

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 these sixteen 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. GWILYM remains, as it starts to rain.*

*[Music UP: GWILYM'S SOLILOQUY.]*

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 CRUMBLINGN '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.*

Black out.

Scene 13

*Chapel. IVOR'S funeral. The next day. Lights on HUW, BRON, and BETH*

HUW

*Holding BRON'S arm and whispering; BRON is holding GARETH and crying softly*

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

*[Music UP: ONCE TO EVERY MAN AND NATION]*

BRONWEN, BETH

IVOR, HUSBAND, HOW I MOURN  
IVOR, IVOR, MY FIRST BORN

DYMA GARIAA FELY MORO EDD;  
TOSTURI AITHAU FELY LLI:

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  
'TWIXT 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.

ENSEMBLE

PWY ALL BEIDIO'A CNO FIO'AM DA NO?  
PWY ALL BEIDIO'A THRAE THU'I GLOD?

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!

How shall we fight? It is simple. Think.  
Think long and well how to conquer your enemy.  
And your enemy is coal!

CHURCH CONGREGANT

Coal? What are you saying, man?!

GRUFFYDD

To you, it is coal. To others it is credit notes, loans.  
Behold, the night is coming!  
You must prepare and fight!

CHURCH CONGREGANT

Tell us what to do!

GRUFFYDD

With order, men, make representation for yourselves in Parliament! And fight with order!

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?

The night is coming!

Blackout.

Scene 14

*At the Morgan home, ANGHARAD bids 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

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...

*[Music UP: REPRISE]*

IT WILL ONE DAY BE SPRING, ANGHARAD  
WHEN LIFE WILL START AGAIN  
SWEETER AND BRIGHTER THAN EVER IT WAS  
WHEN YOU WANDER THE HILLS AGAIN AGAIN  
WHEN YOU WANDER THE HILLS AGAIN

THE SNOW WILL KEEP ITS SECRET  
AND NONE WILL EVER KNOW  
BUT OH HOW YOU'LL SING TO THE DAFFODILS  
WHEN YOU FIND YOUR HEART AGAIN AGAIN  
WHEN YOU FIND YOUR HEART AGAIN.

*(BETH gives ANGHARAD a reassuring hug.)*

ANGHARAD

I once knew the secret, Mama. I don't know there is one now...or ever will be

....

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

BETH

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.*

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 Gareth 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 do 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!

I'LL GO DOWN THE MINE, DA.  
BRON LIVES IN A SHRINE NOW.  
WITH IVOR GONE, SHE 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

I'll go down 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.  
PWY ALL BEIDIO'S CHO FIO'AM DA NO?  
PWY ALL BEIDIO'S THRAETHU'L GLOD?

*Lights shift away from GWILYM, slumped and in thought.*

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

*The Miners file by, on their way to their shift*

*[Music shifts to THE WORK SONG]*

MINERS

DOUBLE-QUICK, MAN, DON'T BE TRAPPED

HUW (*enthusiasm covering his fear*)

OR IN LINEN YOU'LL BE WRAPPED!

MINERS

PROUD WE ARE TO EARN OUR WAGE  
OUR 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!

*[Music shifts to MYSTERY OF THE MINE]*

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, WORKING HARD WILL GET US  
THROUGH. 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 seven 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 to sing through their plight... building into rage!*

*[Music Up: WHITE ON WHITE]*

MEN'S AND WOMEN'S CHORUS

WHITE ON WHITE O'ER HILL AND VALE,  
 NOT ONE SMILE; NONE FIT NOR HALE.  
 ANGHISHED HEARTS QUIETLY TWIST AND FLAIL.  
 SILENCE LOOMS, AS BEYOND THE PALE.  
 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.  
 SHADOWS ON THE SNOW. NO WORK BELOW.

DAVY AND A FEW STRIKING 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.

MEN'S CHORUS

TEN 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.  
 TEN 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.

TEN YEARS OF LOW WAGES, BLEAK SEASONS, NO HOPE  
 TIL STRIKING WAS ALL WE COULD DO.  
 HOW SMALL IS A MAN WHO CAN'T CARE FOR HIS OWN;  
 AND WORTHLESS TO GOD, IF TO MAN HE'S UNTRUE.

## OTHER STRIKERS

GWIL MORGAN IS NOT THE MAN THAT WE THOUGHT,  
HE'D HAVE US RETURN TO MINING FOR NAUGHT.  
HE DOESN'T GIVE A DAMN IF WE LOSE OR WIN,  
NOW THAT EVANS IS HIS DAUGHTER'S KIN.  
MORGAN STINKS LIKE THE MINE OWNER'S RAT.  
HE'LL WALK AWAY BOTH RICH AND FAT!

TWO MINERS (*exiting*)

ENDING THE STRIKE WON'T END HUNGER OR THIRST.  
MAYBE GWIL MORGAN WILL BREAK HIS NECK FIRST!

*Enter HUW, now 20, and GARETH, 7, 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 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.

## 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! Oh, you don't give a thought to your Mama's! 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 ten 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 have a change.

*[Underscore of TOO LATE duet, becoming GIRL ON THE HILL]*

HUW

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

BRONWEN

And lonely, Huw.

HUW

You feel what Angharad feels...

BRONWEN

Yes, but it is not Iestyn she misses.

HUW

Aye, but you say that aloud, Bron?

BRONWEN

And why not?! Always I'll keep a loving memory of my dead husband...because of the love we had, not the years. Angharad has had years only, and nothing she's wanted. I'd not trade my time with Ivor.....

*HUW puts his arm around BRON'S shoulder. They walk a few steps to where GARETH inspects a lump of coal. HUW lets go BRON'S hand and with a fatherly gesture, swings little GARETH up onto his own shoulders. The three walk off into the white.*

All:

THE FULL WIND CARRIES AROUND 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.

Scene 2

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

*[Music underscores with DEFIANCE]*

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.

HUW

Do you hear their cries? I hear them now!

*Noise, shouting, confusion behind them, off-stage*

CROWD

Anarchy! Stop the pumps!

DAVY

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

GWILYM

All the Valleys out on strike -- again, lads -- drunk with unreason.

DAVY

I can't hold them off any longer. The men...a mob now they are! 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 strangers angry and looking for a fight...

HUW

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

DAI BANDO

Bloody English soldiers! They'll be no help!

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

DAVY

I hear it now, men! They call to flood the pit! Bloody stupid way to go....

*More shots!*

I've one more try to make them stop. *(As he enters the crowd)* Wish me luck!

GWILYM

And I'm down the pit....Those boilers will be giving steam tomorrow or you won't see me until they do!

HUW

I'm with you, Dada.

GWILYM

No, you go with your brother, lad!

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

*(Blackout.)*

### Scene 3

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

*[Music Up: Underscore of BETH MORGAN'S LAMENT]*

BRONWEN

I can't believe that Davy has really gone, Mam.

BETH

Yes, Love. He was half crazy with frustration. He fought 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.

BRONWEN

Mam, 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, Huw, little Gareth?

*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*

*[Music Up: GWILYM'S SOLILOQUY underscores]*

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 4

*We see ANGHARAD in the big house... looking out the window....  
Then sitting at a desk, beginning to write a note.....*

*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.*

*[Music Up: Underscore of GOSSIP here.]*

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?

*[Music Up: LOVE DUET underscores]*

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?

*[Music Up: GIRL ON THE HILL underscores]*

HUW

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

ANGHARAD

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 the boy...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  
cobblestones*

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.*

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 AND IN MY VOICE 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

SHE SHALL HAVE NOTHING FROM GOD THE FATHER  
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..)*

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 5

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

GRUFFYDD

Goodbye, old friend.

GWILYM

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

GRUFFYDD

Ah, 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.

*GWILYM embraces him and walks off.*

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.

HUW

There is someone waiting for you, sir.

*[Music Up: RAISE THE WIND underscores]*

*They embrace. HUW walks up into the hills.*

*[Huw, in the hills, is thoughtful, then Music Up: RAISE THE WIND]*

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 runs to her 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 as...*

Scene 6

BRON and GARETH together on the cobbles.

*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....

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.

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

BETH *(joins from off-stage)*

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 10*

BRON

Make him hear you, Huw.

HUW

I'll tell him so again and again...and this I say to you, dear...

*Music Up: GIRL ON THE HILL*

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.

BRONWEN

Oh, Huw, Huw...sweet comfort you have been to me. Like Ivor you are...In you,  
I see him. In your voice, I hear him. I could be a fool, Huw...but only to think  
Ivor back again.

HUW

And I, then, a fool, Bron, to think Ivor would not always be with us.

BRONWEN

Ivor is still my world, sweet boy, as this is my world, here. But the Valley is dead for those who are young. There is nothing left...not for you... not for Gareth. Not when there is a world beyond.

*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...*

HUW

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 as Music Up: DEFIANCE underscores]*

CYFARTHA

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



*(as he sends him to the ground with a heavy punch to the jaw)*

DAI BANDO

God help us!

CYFARTHA

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.....

*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 8

*The Morgan house. It is dark. BETH sits with GWILYM's body, gently washing the coal away...HUW watches. The men stand quietly by...with a burst of anger...*

BETH

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

*The men 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.

*{Music up to: BETH MORGAN'S Lament}*

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 crosses his hands together on his 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. Like a beetle under the foot..

*(seeing Huw, she commands him 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 9

*HUW furiously, chaotically throws belongings into his old blue kerchief.  
There is a knock on the door.  
With tears in her eyes,BWON stands before HUW...GARETH behind her skirt.*

HUW

Bron?! Again?! Another goodbye. I've had enough...enough! You must leave here!

BRONWEN

My poor boy, Huw.....There is too much hurt ...and for you who deserves to have none.

HUW

Leave, 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

Let me explain...

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 new 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.*

*[Music Up: softly HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY].*

ENSEMBLE

REMEMBER YOU....REMEMBER ME

*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.*

*[Music Up: Finale swells, HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY, ensemble sings off-stage]]*

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