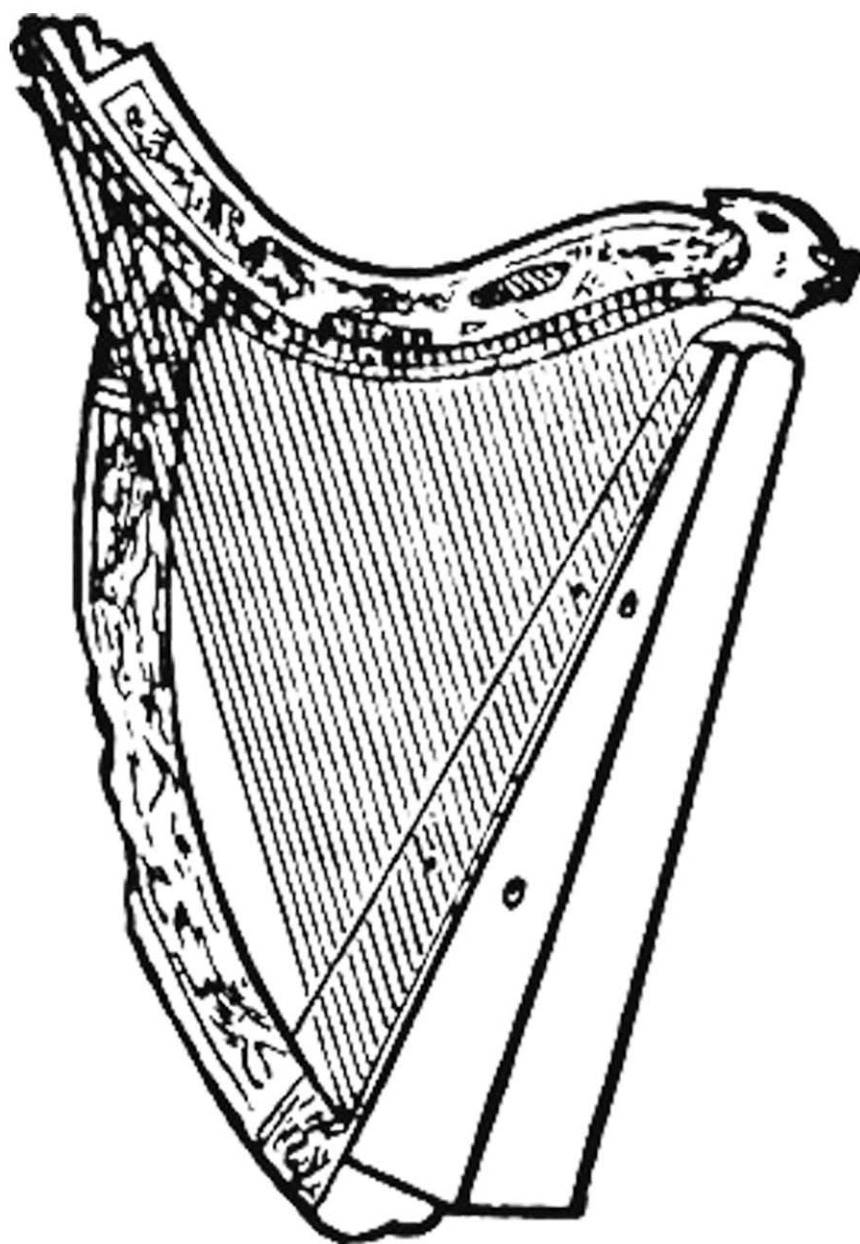


Free the people
AF ANDERS FROST BERTELSEN



FESTIVAL 2005

Historiefortælleren

Historiefortælleren er en poetisk person, der altid elsker den store fortælling. Han sætter gerne sig selv i centrum, men kun hvis det giver den bedste historie. Han har blik for både den enkelte situation, og den overordnede historie, men kan til tider blive så optaget af at fortælle og skabe historier, at han glemmer både fakta og sine egentlige mål. Han er kendt som en drømmer, men af den slags der trækker andre med i sine drømme, så de føler det er deres egne. Han er således typisk både vellidt og karismatisk, og tit i godt humør.

Metaevner

- Tre gange i hver historie kan du ændre på en detalje, hvis du mener, at det vil give en bedre historie.
- En gang i hver historie kan du bede en anden spiller fortælle om sin rolle. Det kan være om rollens tanker, hans fortid eller en helt tredje ting.
- En gang i hele scenariet kan du sætte en fortællescene ind i en historie. Du bestemmer selv, hvad sekvensen skal repræsentere.

Hjælperen

Hjælperen er kendetegnet ved at sætte sig selv i baggrunden for at hjælpe andre frem. Han arbejder lige så meget for at andre kan excellere, som for at han selv skal gøre det. Det gør ham ikke nødvendigvis til en dårlig leder, da han tit kan motivere andre til at yde deres ypperste. Han står typisk last og brast med sine venner uanset hvor mørkt alt måtte synes, og er villig til at sende dem frem på bekostning af sig selv. Han sætter det større mål over personlig succes, og er altid god at have med på sin side.

Metaevner

- **T**re gange i hver historie kan du tilægge en hvilken som helst rolle et bestemt positivt karaktertræk. Det behøver ikke være den samme person, eller på samme tidspunkt det sker.
- **E**n gang i hver historie kan du finde på en rolle, som enten en spiller eller scenens spilleleder skal spille. Dog skal den nye rolle være i position til at hjælpe en anden rolle.
- **E**n gang i hele scenariet kan du skrive en vigtig person ud af historien og skabe en ny. Der er ingen restriktioner på hvad der må komme ind.

Lurendrejeren

Lurendrejeren er en listig ræd, der er vant til at få sin vilje gennem list og måske en enkelt løgn i ny og næ. Han er ikke noget dårligt menneske, han er bare lidt for god til at manipulere andre til hvad der er godt for ham. Han går sjældent så meget op i form, takt og tone, men er til gengæld altid god for en vits eller et krus øl – som han sjældent selv betaler! Han er alles ven, og selvom de fleste godt ved, at han er lidt flosset i kanten kan de stadig lide ham. Han er næppe guds bedste barn, men hans tricks og hans charme skal nok få ham igennem selv meget store problemer.

Metaevner

- **T**re gange i hver historie kan du bruge en anden spilpersons metaevner, som allerede har været brugt i løbet af den historie. Det gælder dog ikke spilpersonens tredje evne.

- **E**n gang i hver historie kan du bruge en anden spilpersons metaevne, som allerede har været brugt i løbet af scenariet. Det gælder dog ikke spilpersonens tredje evne.

- **E**n gang i hele scenariet kan du bytte spilperson med en anden spiller for resten af den historie. Du har dog ikke adgang til dennes tredje metaevne.

Tænkeren

Tænkeren er en rolig og velovervejet type, der typisk også er visionær. Han har et stærk blik for detaljer, og iscenesætter sine omgivelser, så de stemmer overens med hans vision. Han er tit en leder, der står forrest fordi han har et mål, tit også ved hvordan han vil opnå det. Han er ikke nødvendigvis det mest charmerende menneske, og folk respekterer i højere grad hans analytiske evner end hans sociale færdigheder. Men han er dygtig til at formidle sine tanker, og derfor kan han øve stor indflydelse på andres

Metaevner

- **T**re gange i hver historie kan du ændre på en detalje, hvis du mener, at det vil fremme en rolles dagsorden. Det behøver ikke være din egen rolles.

- **E**n gang i hver historie kan du ændre på selve scenens opbygning. Det kan dreje sig om lokation, tid eller konkrete magtforhold.

- **E**n gang i hele scenariet kan du sætte en scene ind i en historie. Den må ikke bryde væsentligt med resten af historiens stil

Ulykkesfuglen

Ulykkesfuglen er en sær skabning. Han vil typisk meget gerne gøre det rigtige, men han er altid uheldig. Derfor er det ikke altid, at han vil have så meget succes med sine forehavender, da der altid er et eller andet der går galt. Samtidig spreder han tit kaos og uheld omkring sig, til stor kviðe for både venner og fjender, typisk gennem mislykkede forsøg på at udrette noget selv - problemer følger overalt han går. Ulykkesfuglen ved godt, at han er uheldig og sågar til skade for sine nærmeste, og derfor er han tit melankolsk eller humørsvingende.

Metaevner

- **C**re gange i hver historie kan du tilføje en hvilken som helst rolle et negativt karaktertræk eller en problematisk situation.

- **E**n gang i hver historie kan du finde på en rolle, som enten en spiller eller scenens spillede skal spille. Dog skal den nye rolle være i position til at skabe problemer for en anden rolle.

- **E**n gang i hele scenariet kan du skabe en situation der skaber næsten uløselige problemer for en eller flere roller.

Skibbereen

"O, father dear and I often hear you speak of Erin's Isle
Her lofty scenes, her valleys green, her mountains rude and wild
They say it is a lovely land wherein a prince might dwell
Then why did you abandon it, the reason to me tell"

"My son, I loved my native land with energy and pride
Then a blight came over all my crops and my sheep and cattle died
The rents and taxes were to pay and I could not them redeem
And that's the cruel reason I left old Skibbereen

'Tis well I do remember the bleak November day
When the bailiff and the landlord came to drive us all away
They set the roof on fire with their cursed English spleen
And that's another reason I left old Skibbereen

Your mother, too, God rest her soul, lay on the snowy ground
She fainted in her anguishing seeing the desolation round
She never rose, but passed away from life to immortal dreams
And that's another reason I left old Skibbereen

Oh you were only two years old and feeble was your frame
I could not leave you with my friends for you bore your father's name
I wrapped you in my cóta mór at the dead of night unseen
And I heaved a sigh and I said goodbye to dear old Skibbereen"

"Oh father dear, the day will come when on vengeance we will call
And irish men both stout and tall will rally unto the call
I'll be the man to lead the band beneath the flag of green
And loud and high we'll raise the cry: Revenge for Skibbereen"

Historisk baggrund

I løbet af det nittende århundrede var det irske folk i vid udstrækning undertrykt. Stort set alt land var ejet af engelske adelsmænd, og irerne led meget. Der var adskillige epidemier, bl.a. kolera og tyfus, og ikke mindst den frygtede kartoffelpest, der i flere omgange ødelagde den vigtigste afgrøde for irerne. Udbredt hungersnød fulgte, mange døde og flere emigrerede, bl.a. til USA. Irland blev støt affolket, men kårerne blev ikke meget bedre for dem, der blev tilbage. Blandt de der emigrerede var der megen støtte til det gamle land. Nogle sendte penge, mad og våben. Andre tog tilbage for at kæmpe i diverse opstande.

Sceneforslag:

Selve sangen er en stærk scene, men den er måske spillet tilstrækkelig meget ud, til at det bliver sjovt at spille igen. Derfor er det måske mere oplagt at tage fat i forskellige andre muligheder:

Du kan eventuelt lade spillerne spille de begivenheder faderen fortæller sin søn om, for at illustrere elendigheden tilbage i Irland. Spillerne kan så spille faderen, hans kone, herremanden og hans foged.

En anden mulighed er at tage fat i sønnen. Måske sidder han på et værtshus i Boston og fortæller vennerne om alle de bedrifter han skal udøve når han tager hjem til Irland og kæmper. Måske er de ikke så imponerede. Eller måske kan han få dem lokket med.

Irland bliver først uafhængigt en del år senere, så det kan næsten kun gå galt for vores unge helt hvis han tager afsted. Måske ender han i en ussel lade, en kold novemberdag, et sted i Irland, omringet af engelske tropper. Måske har han endda sine venner med, der alle ser ham som en leder, og vender sig mod ham for at få råd. Skal de overgive sig eller angribe overmagten?

Skibbereen

”O, father dear and I often hear you speak of Erin’s Isle
Her lofty scenes, her valleys green, her mountains rude and wild
They say it is a lovely land wherein a prince might dwell
Then why did you abandon it, the reason to me tell”

”My son, I loved my native land with energy and pride
Then a blight came over all my crops and my sheep and cattle died
The rents and taxes were to pay and I could not them redeem
And that’s the cruel reason I left old Skibbereen

’Tis well I do remember the bleak November day
When the bailiff and the landlord came to drive us all away
They set the roof on fire with their cursed English spleen
And that’s another reason I left old Skibbereen

Your mother, too, God rest her soul, lay on the snowy ground
She fainted in her anguishing seeing the desolation round
She never rose, but passed away from life to immortal dreams
And that’s another reason I left old Skibbereen

Oh you were only two years old and feeble was your frame
I could not leave you with my friends for you bore your father’s name
I wrapped you in my cóta mór at the dead of night unseen
And I heaved a sigh and I said goodbye to dear old Skibereen”

”Oh father dear, the day will come when on vengeance we will call
And irish men both stout and tall will rally unto the call
I’ll be the man to lead the band beneath the flag of green
And loud and high we’ll raise the cry: Revenge for Skibbereen”

Skibbereen

”O, father dear and I often hear you speak of Erin’s Isle
Her lofty scenes, her valleys green, her mountains rude and wild
They say it is a lovely land wherein a prince might dwell
Then why did you abandon it, the reason to me tell”

”My son, I loved my native land with energy and pride
Then a blight came over all my crops and my sheep and cattle died
The rents and taxes were to pay and I could not them redeem
And that’s the cruel reason I left old Skibbereen

’Tis well I do remember the bleak November day
When the bailiff and the landlord came to drive us all away
They set the roof on fire with their cursed English spleen
And that’s another reason I left old Skibbereen

Your mother, too, God rest her soul, lay on the snowy ground
She fainted in her anguishing seeing the desolation round
She never rose, but passed away from life to immortal dreams
And that’s another reason I left old Skibbereen

Oh you were only two years old and feeble was your frame
I could not leave you with my friends for you bore your father’s name
I wrapped you in my cóta mór at the dead of night unseen
And I heaved a sigh and I said goodbye to dear old Skibereen”

”Oh father dear, the day will come when on vengeance we will call
And irish men both stout and tall will rally unto the call
I’ll be the man to lead the band beneath the flag of green
And loud and high we’ll raise the cry: Revenge for Skibbereen”

Skibbereen

”O, father dear and I often hear you speak of Erin’s Isle
Her lofty scenes, her valleys green, her mountains rude and wild
They say it is a lovely land wherein a prince might dwell
Then why did you abandon it, the reason to me tell”

”My son, I loved my native land with energy and pride
Then a blight came over all my crops and my sheep and cattle died
The rents and taxes were to pay and I could not them redeem
And that’s the cruel reason I left old Skibbereen

’Tis well I do remember the bleak November day
When the bailiff and the landlord came to drive us all away
They set the roof on fire with their cursed English spleen
And that’s another reason I left old Skibbereen

Your mother, too, God rest her soul, lay on the snowy ground
She fainted in her anguishing seeing the desolation round
She never rose, but passed away from life to immortal dreams
And that’s another reason I left old Skibbereen

Oh you were only two years old and feeble was your frame
I could not leave you with my friends for you bore your father’s name
I wrapped you in my cóta mór at the dead of night unseen
And I heaved a sigh and I said goodbye to dear old Skibbereen”

”Oh father dear, the day will come when on vengeance we will call
And irish men both stout and tall will rally unto the call
I’ll be the man to lead the band beneath the flag of green
And loud and high we’ll raise the cry: Revenge for Skibbereen”

Skibbereen

”O, father dear and I often hear you speak of Erin’s Isle
Her lofty scenes, her valleys green, her mountains rude and wild
They say it is a lovely land wherein a prince might dwell
Then why did you abandon it, the reason to me tell”

”My son, I loved my native land with energy and pride
Then a blight came over all my crops and my sheep and cattle died
The rents and taxes were to pay and I could not them redeem
And that’s the cruel reason I left old Skibbereen

’Tis well I do remember the bleak November day
When the bailiff and the landlord came to drive us all away
They set the roof on fire with their cursed English spleen
And that’s another reason I left old Skibbereen

Your mother, too, God rest her soul, lay on the snowy ground
She fainted in her anguishing seeing the desolation round
She never rose, but passed away from life to immortal dreams
And that’s another reason I left old Skibbereen

Oh you were only two years old and feeble was your frame
I could not leave you with my friends for you bore your father’s name
I wrapped you in my cóta mór at the dead of night unseen
And I heaved a sigh and I said goodbye to dear old Skibbereen”

”Oh father dear, the day will come when on vengeance we will call
And irish men both stout and tall will rally unto the call
I’ll be the man to lead the band beneath the flag of green
And loud and high we’ll raise the cry: Revenge for Skibbereen”

The Ballad of James Larkin

In Dublin city in 1913,
The boss was rich and the poor were slaves,
The women working, the children starving,
Then on came Larkin like a mighty wave.
The workers cringed when the bossman thundered.
Seventy hours was his weekly chore.
He asked for little and less was granted,
Lest getting little the, he'd ask for more.

In the month of August the bossman told us
No union man for him could work.
We stood by Larkin and told the bossman
We'd fight or die, but we wouldn't shirk!
Eight months we fought and eight months we starved,
We stood by Larkin through thick and thin,
But foodless homes and the crying of children
They broke our hearts; we just couldn't win.

Then Larkin left us – we seemed defeated.
The night was black for the working man,
But on came Connolly with new hope and counsel
His motto was that we'd rise again.

In 1916 in Dublin city,
The English soldiers they burnt our town.
They shelled the buildings and shot our leaders;
The harp was buried 'neath the bloody crown.
They shot McDermada and Pearse and Plunkett,
The shot McDonagh and Clarke the brave.
From bleak Kilmainham they took their bodies
To Arbour Hill and a quick lime grave.
But last of all, of the seven heroes,
I'll sing the praise of James Connolly,
The voice of justice, the voice of freedom,
Who gave his life that men might be free.

Historisk baggrund

James Larkin var den ledende figur da "Irish Transport Workers Union" blev stiftet i 1909. Han var socialist, og organiserede hurtigt og effektivt de irske arbejdere, især i Dublin hvor forholdene var forfærdelige. Dødsraten svarede til Calcuttas, arbejdsugen var på 70 timer, for meget små lønninger. Huslejen var dog stadig højere end i resten af Storbritannien, og mere end 20.000 familier var tvunget til at bo i et værelse. Det var grundet disse kår, at arbejderne organiserede sig, for at forsøge at stå sammen mod de undertrykkende arbejdsforhold. I midten af 1913 startede the Dublin Lockout of 1913, da arbejdsgiverne lukkede arbejdspladserne for at tvinge arbejderne til at træde ud af fagforeningen. Dette udløste modstrejker, og konflikten var igang.

Larkin blev tidligt arresteret, da han holdt tale, og selvom han hurtigt blev løsladt trappede konflikten op. Flere strejkende blev banket ihjel af politiet, en fagforeningsleder tortureret til døde i en politicelle, og en 16-årig pige skudt og dræbt da hun cyklede hjem med mad fra fagforeningskontoret. Dette blev mødt med hævn i form af mord på flere politimænd.

Maden var i det hele taget et stort problem for de strejkende og ikke mindst deres børn. Den katolske kirke ville ikke støtte den socialistisk ledede strejke, og gav derfor ikke mad, og stoppede også en plan om at sende børn til engelske familier, der tilbød at huse fattige børn til konflikten var slut. Argumenterne drejede sig om frygt for protestantisk indoktrinering, og en bekymring for, at børnene skulle vænne sig til at spise tre gange om dagen. Larkin tog rundt i resten af Storbritannien for at få udvidet konflikten til nationalt forbundsniveau, men led nederlag, da forbundets top sørgede for, at de delegerede ved en afstemning angående deltagelse i konflikten blev de mest reaktionære kræfter, og forslaget faldt. Efter disse nederlag, og grundet den enorme sult, måtte arbejderne til sidst opgive kampen. James Larkin tog derefter til USA for at samle støtte til fremtidige kampe. James Conolly overtog lederskabet med fagforeningen. Han var blandt de syv medlemmer af den såkaldte "provisoriske regering for den Irske Republik", der alle blev henrettet efter påskeopstanden tre år senere. De andre var Thomas Clarke, Sean MacDermada, Thomas McDonagh, Pdraig Pearse, Eamonn Ceannt og Joseph Plunkett.

Sceneforslag

Der er, som jeg ser det, ikke nogen specielt indlysende scene i forhold til denne sang. Omvendt er der mange muligheder for den kreative spilleleder. Et fagforeningsmøde kunne være en mulighed, for spillerne kan spille forskellige medlemmer, med hver deres holdning til konflikten.

Man kunne også tage fat i en brandtale på en åben plads, hvor politiet bryder det hele op med hårdhændede metoder.

En anden mulighed er en lille familie, hvor faderen skal hjem og forklare, hvorfor de stadig ikke har noget mad, og at de heller ikke kan få noget i morgen.

Eller måske en engelsk familie, der diskuterer om de skal tage et irsk barn ind under konflikten. Det kan illustrere den groteske kontrast mellem de velhavende (og velmenende) engelske familier og så den dybe armod i Dublin.

En anden vinkel kunne være, at tage fat i en gruppe mennesker, der ser den 16-årige Alice Brady blive skudt. De nærmere omstændigheder må du i givet fald improvisere, og så give spillerne nogle passende roller.

The Ballad of James Larkin

In Dublin city in 1913,
The boss was rich and the poor were slaves,
The women working, the children starving,
Then on came Larkin like a mighty wave.
The workers cringed when the bossman thundered.
Seventy hours was his weekly chore.
He asked for little and less was granted,
Lest getting little the, he'd ask for more.

In the month of August the bossman told us
No union man for him could work.
We stood by Larkin and told the bossman
We'd fight or die, but we wouldn't shirk!
Eight months we fought and eight months we starved,
We stood by Larkin through thick and thin,
But foodless homes and the crying of children
They broke our hearts; we just couldn't win.

Then Larkin left us – we seemed defeated.
The night was black for the working man,
But on came Connolly with new hope and counsel
His motto was that we'd rise again.

In 1916 in Dublin city,
The English soldiers they burnt our town.
They shelled the buildings and shot our leaders;
The harp was buried 'neath the bloody crown.
They shot McDermada and Pearse and Plunkett,
The shot McDonagh and Clarke the brave.
From bleak Kilmainham they took their bodies
To Arbour Hill and a quick lime grave.
But last of all, of the seven heroes,
I'll sing the praise of James Connolly,
The voice of justice, the voice of freedom,
Who gave his life that men might be free.

The Ballad of James Larkin

In Dublin city in 1913,
The boss was rich and the poor were slaves,
The women working, the children starving,
Then on came Larkin like a mighty wave.
The workers cringed when the bossman thundered.
Seventy hours was his weekly chore.
He asked for little and less was granted,
Lest getting little the, he'd ask for more.

In the month of August the bossman told us
No union man for him could work.
We stood by Larkin and told the bossman
We'd fight or die, but we wouldn't shirk!
Eight months we fought and eight months we starved,
We stood by Larkin through thick and thin,
But foodless homes and the crying of children
They broke our hearts; we just couldn't win.

Then Larkin left us – we seemed defeated.
The night was black for the working man,
But on came Connolly with new hope and counsel
His motto was that we'd rise again.

In 1916 in Dublin city,
The English soldiers they burnt our town.
They shelled the buildings and shot our leaders;
The harp was buried 'neath the bloody crown.
They shot McDermada and Pearse and Plunkett,
The shot McDonagh and Clarke the brave.
From bleak Kilmainham they took their bodies
To Arbour Hill and a quick lime grave.
But last of all, of the seven heroes,
I'll sing the praise of James Connolly,
The voice of justice, the voice of freedom,
Who gave his life that men might be free.

The Ballad of James Larkin

In Dublin city in 1913,
The boss was rich and the poor were slaves,
The women working, the children starving,
Then on came Larkin like a mighty wave.
The workers cringed when the bossman thundered.
Seventy hours was his weekly chore.
He asked for little and less was granted,
Lest getting little the, he'd ask for more.

In the month of August the bossman told us
No union man for him could work.
We stood by Larkin and told the bossman
We'd fight or die, but we wouldn't shirk!
Eight months we fought and eight months we starved,
We stood by Larkin through thick and thin,
But foodless homes and the crying of children
They broke our hearts; we just couldn't win.

Then Larkin left us – we seemed defeated.
The night was black for the working man,
But on came Connolly with new hope and counsel
His motto was that we'd rise again.

In 1916 in Dublin city,
The English soldiers they burnt our town.
They shelled the buildings and shot our leaders;
The harp was buried 'neath the bloody crown.
They shot McDermada and Pearse and Plunkett,
The shot McDonagh and Clarke the brave.
From bleak Kilmainham they took their bodies
To Arbour Hill and a quick lime grave.
But last of all, of the seven heroes,
I'll sing the praise of James Connolly,
The voice of justice, the voice of freedom,
Who gave his life that men might be free.

The Ballad of James Larkin

In Dublin city in 1913,
The boss was rich and the poor were slaves,
The women working, the children starving,
Then on came Larkin like a mighty wave.
The workers cringed when the bossman thundered.
Seventy hours was his weekly chore.
He asked for little and less was granted,
Lest getting little the, he'd ask for more.

In the month of August the bossman told us
No union man for him could work.
We stood by Larkin and told the bossman
We'd fight or die, but we wouldn't shirk!
Eight months we fought and eight months we starved,
We stood by Larkin through thick and thin,
But foodless homes and the crying of children
They broke our hearts; we just couldn't win.

Then Larkin left us – we seemed defeated.
The night was black for the working man,
But on came Connolly with new hope and counsel
His motto was that we'd rise again.

In 1916 in Dublin city,
The English soldiers they burnt our town.
They shelled the buildings and shot our leaders;
The harp was buried 'neath the bloody crown.
They shot McDermada and Pearse and Plunkett,
The shot McDonagh and Clarke the brave.
From bleak Kilmainham they took their bodies
To Arbour Hill and a quick lime grave.
But last of all, of the seven heroes,
I'll sing the praise of James Connolly,
The voice of justice, the voice of freedom,
Who gave his life that men might be free.

The Foggy Dew

As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I
There Armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by
No fife did hum nor battle drum did sound it's dread tatoo
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell rang out through the foggy dew

Right proudly high over Dublin Town they hung out the flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Sulva or Sud El Bar
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through
While Britannia's Huns, with their long range guns sailed in through the foggy dew

'Twas Britannia bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free
But their lonely graves are by Sulva's waves or the shore of the Great North Sea
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugha
Their names we will keep where the fenians sleep 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew

But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide in the springing of the year
And the world did gaze, in deep amaze, at those fearless men, but few
Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine through the foggy dew

Historisk baggrund

Påskemandsdag, 24. april 1916 besætter lige over tusind irske mænd og kvinder adskillige bygninger i Dublin. Påskeopstanden er skudt i gang. Der har været en del usikkerhed op til selve opstanden, da en af de to vigtigste ledere for ”The Irish Volunteers” Eoin McNeill forsøger at afblæse hele operationen. Det skyldes bl.a. at oprørerne in spe kun har ca. tusind rifler, og ingen tungere våben, da et forsøg på at smule tyske våben ind mislykkes. Den katolske kirke modsatte sig desuden opstanden, og folkestemningen var generelt heller ikke specielt positiv, da irske fødevarer er i høj kurs på grund af verdenskrigen. Desuden er den engelske regering begyndt at tale om øget selvstyre til irerne så snart første verdenskrig er slut. På den anden side øjner oprørske kræfter også muligheder i situationen, da Englands bedste soldater alle kæmper på fastlandet, og ikke mindst er tropperne i Irland under særdeles inkompetent lederskab. Samtidig kæmper mange irske soldater i den engelske hær, hvilket ikke var specielt populært. Ikke desto mindre er der masser af engelske tropper i Irland, og der er ingen tvivl hos oprørerne om, at de kæmper forgæves.

Første dag lykkes det oprørerne at isolere en del engelske tropper i Dublin ved at kappe deres kommunikationslinjer. Fire divisioner bliver imidlertid sendt mod byen, og allerede to dage senere er oprørerne i undertal med én til hver tyve engelske soldater. Den engelske hær går enormt brutalt til værks, og da oprørerne af indlysende årsager ikke er uniformerede skyder soldaterne på alle mandlige civile. Store dele af byen bliver smadret af artilleribeskydning, og opstanden får karakter af en reel krig. Om lørdagen er det hele imidlertid slut, da den sidste lomme bliver knust, og de overlevende overgiver sig. Efterfølgende bliver lederne henrettet, men da englænderne også henretter William Pearse – bror til Patrick, den invalide Joseph Plunkett og folkehelten James Conolly, der er så hårdt såret, at hans retssag bliver afholdt på hospitalet, og at han må sættes på en stol da han skal skydes, begynder folkestemningen at ændre sig. Så selvom påskeopstanden var et knusende nederlag for oprørerne, banede det vejen for den konflikt, der senere ledte til uafhængighed.

Sceneforslag

Det vigtigste påskeopstanden udrettede var at opflamme de, der ikke kæmpede. Derfor mener jeg, at det er oplagt at tage udgangspunkt i alle mulige andre end de, der kæmper i Dublin. I sangen er det også en civil fortæller, der ikke selv deltager i kamphandlingerne, men blot hylder de der gør det. Måske en familie fra Dublin, med scener både før og efter et holdningsskift.

En anden mulighed kunne være at tage fat i nogle af de irske soldater, der kæmper på fastlandet. Måske sidder de og diskuterer om de hellere ville blive skudt et andet sted end en belgisk mark eller en tyrkisk strand.

Man kunne også tage fat i nogle af de folk, der skal foretage henrettelserne. Måske synes de ikke, at det er særlig spændende at skulle skyde en invalid.

The Foggy Dew

As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I
There Armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by
No fife did hum nor battle drum did sound it's dread tatoo
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell rang out through the foggy dew

Right proudly high over Dublin Town they hung out the flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Sulva or Sud El Bar
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through
While Britannia's Huns, with their long range guns sailed in through the foggy dew

'Twas Britannia bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free
But their lonely graves are by Sulva's waves or the shore of the Great North Sea
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugha
Their names we will keep where the fenians sleep 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew

But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide in the springing of the year
And the world did gaze, in deep amaze, at those fearless men, but few
Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine through the foggy dew

The Foggy Dew

As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I
There Armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by
No fife did hum nor battle drum did sound it's dread tatoo
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell rang out through the foggy dew

Right proudly high over Dublin Town they hung out the flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Sulva or Sud El Bar
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through
While Britannia's Huns, with their long range guns sailed in through the foggy dew

'Twas Britannia bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free
But their lonely graves are by Sulva's waves or the shore of the Great North Sea
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugha
Their names we will keep where the fenians sleep 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew

But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide in the springing of the year
And the world did gaze, in deep amaze, at those fearless men, but few
Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine through the foggy dew

The Foggy Dew

As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I
There Armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by
No fife did hum nor battle drum did sound it's dread tatoo
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell rang out through the foggy dew

Right proudly high over Dublin Town they hung out the flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Sulva or Sud El Bar
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through
While Britannia's Huns, with their long range guns sailed in through the foggy dew

'Twas Britannia bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free
But their lonely graves are by Sulva's waves or the shore of the Great North Sea
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugha
Their names we will keep where the fenians sleep 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew

But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide in the springing of the year
And the world did gaze, in deep amaze, at those fearless men, but few
Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine through the foggy dew

The Foggy Dew

As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I
There Armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by
No fife did hum nor battle drum did sound it's dread tatoo
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell rang out through the foggy dew

Right proudly high over Dublin Town they hung out the flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Sulva or Sud El Bar
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through
While Britannia's Huns, with their long range guns sailed in through the foggy dew

'Twas Britannia bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free
But their lonely graves are by Sulva's waves or the shore of the Great North Sea
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugha
Their names we will keep where the fenians sleep 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew

But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide in the springing of the year
And the world did gaze, in deep amaze, at those fearless men, but few
Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine through the foggy dew

Johnson's Motor Car

'Twas down by Brannigan's Corner, one morning I did stray
I met a fellow rebel there, and this to him did say
"We have orders from the captain to assemble at Dunbar."
"But how are we to get there, without a motor car?"

"Oh, Barney dear, be of good cheer, I'll tell you what we'll do
The specials they are plentiful, and the I.R.A. are few
We'll wire him just an order, and before we'll get that far
we'll give the boys a bloody good ride in Johnson's Motor Car"

When doctor Johnson got the news he soon put on his shoes
He said this is an urgent case, and there is no time to lose
He then put on his castor hat and upon his breast a star
You could hear the din go through Glenfin of Johnson's Motor Car

But when he got to the railway bridge, the rebels he saw there
He knew the game was up with him, for at him they did stare
He said "I have a permit, to travel near and far"
"You can stick your English permit, we want your motor car"

"What will my loyal brethren say, when ever they hear the news?
-My car it has been commandeered, by the rebels at Dunluce"
"We'll give you a receipt for it, all signed by Captain Barr
And when Ireland gets her freedom, you'll get your motor car"

We set the car in motion and filled it to the brim
With rifles and with bayonets which made old Johnson grim
And Barney hoisted the Sinn Fein flag, and it fluttered like a star
And we gave three cheers for the I.R.A. and Johnson's Motor Car

Historisk baggrund

Efter påskeopstanden ændrede holdningen sig markant til tanken om et længerevarende oprør, og det kulminerede i januar 1919, da en ny konflikt brød ud. I 1918 vandt republikanske partier et flertal af de irske pladser i det engelske parlament, men i stedet for at tage til London erklærede de Irland uafhængigt, og krigen brød omgående ud. Den skulle komme til at vare over to år, og blev primært ført med guerillametoder, både på landet og i byerne, primært Dublin. De engelske tropper kunne formentlig have vundet krigen, hvis man var blevet ved længe nok, men til sidst fandt den engelske regering konflikten for omkostningsfuld, dels økonomisk, og dels politisk, og en fredsaftale blev forhandlet i 1921. Den irske republik var født, men landet var blevet delt i to. I de to efterfølgende år rasede en borgerkrig angående spørgsmålet om Nordirland, men til sidst sluttede også den.

Sceneforslag

Sangen kan sagtens spilles direkte, dvs. lade spillerne påtage sig rollerne som fortælleren, hans ven Barney, Captain Barr og Doctor Johnson. De kan så få lov til at lokke hinanden ud til broen, konfiskere bilen og more sig med det. Det kan blive en sjov scene, men på den anden side er det ikke sikkert, at der kommer mere frem end i sangen, og det kan måske være lidt kedeligt

En anden mulighed er, at tage fat i hvad der egentlig sker, når Johnson skal forklare sine fæller, hvorfor han ikke længere har sin bil. Måske bliver han nødt til at gå til deres ugentlige bridge-spil?

Man kunne også forestille sig at sangteksten var den historie, som hovedpersonen fortalte videre bagefter. Men hvis du ikke synes om komdiegenren, kan du jo prøve at tage fat i, hvad den *rigtige* historie var. Den var måske ikke så sjov, og en kende mere grum.

Og hvad er det egentlig der kommer til at ske, når hovedpersonerne når til Dunbar? Der må være en eller anden aktion de skal deltage i, som man også kan tage fat i.

Johnson's Motor Car

'Twas down by Brannigan's Corner, one morning I did stray
I met a fellow rebel there, and this to him did say
"We have orders from the captain to assemble at Dunbar."
"But how are we to get there, without a motor car?"

"Oh, Barney dear, be of good cheer, I'll tell you what we'll do
The specials they are plentiful, and the I.R.A. are few
We'll wire him just an order, and before we'll get that far
we'll give the boys a bloody good ride in Johnson's Motor Car"

When doctor Johnson got the news he soon put on his shoes
He said this is an urgent case, and there is no time to lose
He then put on his castor hat and upon his breast a star
You could hear the din go through Glenfin of Johnson's Motor Car

But when he got to the railway bridge, the rebels he saw there
He knew the game was up with him, for at him they did stare
He said "I have a permit, to travel near and far"
"You can stick your English permit, we want your motor car"

"What will my loyal brethren say, when ever they hear the news?
-My car it has been commandeered, by the rebels at Dunluce"
"We'll give you a receipt for it, all signed by Captain Barr
And when Ireland gets her freedom, you'll get your motor car"

We set the car in motion and filled it to the brim
With rifles and with bayonets which made old Johnson grim
And Barney hoisted the Sinn Fein flag, and it fluttered like a star
And we gave three cheers for the I.R.A. and Johnson's Motor Car

Johnsons Motor Car

‘Twas down by Brannigan’s Corner, one morning I did stray
I met a fellow rebel there, and this to him did say
”We have orders from the captain to assemble at Dunbar.”
”But how are we to get there, without a motor car?”

”Oh, Barney dear, be of good cheer, I’ll tell you what we’ll do
The specials they are plentiful, and the I.R.A. are few
We’ll wire him just an order, and before we’ll get that far
we’ll give the boys a bloody good ride in Johnson’s Motor Car”

When doctor Johnson got the news he soon put on his shoes
He said this is an urgent case, and there is no time to lose
He then put on his castor hat and upon his breast a star
You could hear the din go through Glenfin of Johnson’s Motor Car

But when he got to the railway bridge, the rebels he saw there
He knew the game was up with him, for at him they did stare
He said “I have a permit, to travel near and far”
“You can stick your English permit, we want your motor car”

“What will my loyal brethren say, when ever they hear the news?
-My car it has been commandeered, by the rebels at Dunluce”
“We’ll give you a receipt for it, all signed by Captain Barr
And when Ireland gets her freedom, you’ll get your motor car”

We set the car in motion and filled it to the brim
With rifles and with bayonets which made old Johnson grim
And Barney hoisted the Sínn Fein flag, and it fluttered like a star
And we gave three cheers for the I.R.A. and Johnson’s Motor Car

Johnson's Motor Car

'Twas down by Brannigan's Corner, one morning I did stray
I met a fellow rebel there, and this to him did say
"We have orders from the captain to assemble at Dunbar."
"But how are we to get there, without a motor car?"

"Oh, Barney dear, be of good cheer, I'll tell you what we'll do
The specials they are plentiful, and the I.R.A. are few
We'll wire him just an order, and before we'll get that far
we'll give the boys a bloody good ride in Johnson's Motor Car"

When doctor Johnson got the news he soon put on his shoes
He said this is an urgent case, and there is no time to lose
He then put on his castor hat and upon his breast a star
You could hear the din go through Glenfin of Johnson's Motor Car

But when he got to the railway bridge, the rebels he saw there
He knew the game was up with him, for at him they did stare
He said "I have a permit, to travel near and far"
"You can stick your English permit, we want your motor car"

"What will my loyal brethren say, when ever they hear the news?
-My car it has been commandeered, by the rebels at Dunluce"
"We'll give you a receipt for it, all signed by Captain Barr
And when Ireland gets her freedom, you'll get your motor car"

We set the car in motion and filled it to the brim
With rifles and with bayonets which made old Johnson grim
And Barney hoisted the Sinn Fein flag, and it fluttered like a star
And we gave three cheers for the I.R.A. and Johnson's Motor Car

Johnsons Motor Car

‘Twas down by Brannigan’s Corner, one morning I did stray
I met a fellow rebel there, and this to him did say
”We have orders from the captain to assemble at Dunbar.”
”But how are we to get there, without a motor car?”

”Oh, Barney dear, be of good cheer, I’ll tell you what we’ll do
The specials they are plentiful, and the I.R.A. are few
We’ll wire him just an order, and before we’ll get that far
we’ll give the boys a bloody good ride in Johnson’s Motor Car”

When doctor Johnson got the news he soon put on his shoes
He said this is an urgent case, and there is no time to lose
He then put on his castor hat and upon his breast a star
You could hear the din go through Glenfin of Johnson’s Motor Car

But when he got to the railway bridge, the rebels he saw there
He knew the game was up with him, for at him they did stare
He said “I have a permit, to travel near and far”
“You can stick your English permit, we want your motor car”

“What will my loyal brethren say, when ever they hear the news?
-My car it has been commandeered, by the rebels at Dunluce”
“We’ll give you a receipt for it, all signed by Captain Barr
And when Ireland gets her freedom, you’ll get your motor car”

We set the car in motion and filled it to the brim
With rifles and with bayonets which made old Johnson grim
And Barney hoisted the Sínn Fein flag, and it fluttered like a star
And we gave three cheers for the I.R.A. and Johnson’s Motor Car

The Town I Loved So Well

In my memory I will always see
the town that I have loved so well
Where our school played ball by the gasyard wall
and we laughed through the smoke and the smell
Going home in the rain, running up the dark lane
past the jail and down behind the fountain
Those were happy days in so many, many ways
in the town I loved so well

In the early morning the shirt factory horn
called women from Creggan, the Moor and the Bog
While the men on the dole played a mother's role,
fed the children and then trained the dogs
And when times got tough there was just about enough
But they saw it through without complaining
For deep inside was a burning pride
in the town I loved so well

There was music there in the Derry air
like a language that we all could understand
I remember the day when I earned my first pay
And I played in a small pick-up band
There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth
I was sad to leave it all behind me
For I learned about life and I'd found a wife
in the town I loved so well

But when I returned how my eyes have burned
to see how a town could be brought to its knees
By the armoured cars and the bombed out bars
and the gas that hangs on to every tree
Now the army's installed by that old gasyard wall
and the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher
With their tanks and their guns, oh my God, what have they done
to the town I loved so well

Now the music's gone but they carry on
For their spirit's been bruised, never broken
They will not forget but their hearts are set
on tomorrow and peace once again
For what's done is done and what's won is won
and what's lost is lost and gone forever
I can only pray for a bright, brand new day
in the town I loved so well

Historisk baggrund

Sangen handler om Derry – eller Londonderry som englænderne kalder den. Derry ligger i udkanten af Nordirland, og har en stor andel af irske katolikker. Byen var en industriby i starten af det tyvende århundrede, med en driftig klædesproduktion, der dog senere er lukket ned.

Desuden har byen været kendt for nogle store slumområder, hvor katolikkerne typisk har boet.

Samtidig har byen været hjemsted for nogle af protestanternes orangemarcher. I 1968, da borgerrettighedsbevægelserne begyndte at tage form var en af de første katolske marcher i Derry. Den protestantiske, britisk orienterede regering var ikke begejstret, og marchen blev brudt op med vold.. I januar 1969 blev endnu en march startet i Derry. Marchen blev angrebet af protestantiske moddemonstranter, og i august blev militæret sat ind. Søndag den 30. januar 1972 blev endnu en march brat afbrudt. Engelske faldskærmstropper sat ind for at blokere marchens adgang åbnede pludselig ild mod demonstranterne. Mange blev skudt mens de forsøgte at hjælpe sårede, og i alt 14 døde af de skudsår de pådrog sig den dag. Massakren blev i vid udstrækning fortiet i britiske medier, men menes dog at have været medvirkende til at den nordirske regering blev opløst, og magten centraliseret til London. I mange år bagefter var der militær i Derry, og på mange bygninger kan man stadig se skudhuller den dag i dag.

Sceneforslag

Umiddelbart ville jeg foreslå at tage fat i situationen med en mand, der kommer tilbage til byen efter mange år andre steder. Lad ham gå rundt og se byen, og møde nogle af sine gamle venner, der måske heller ikke er, hvad de har været.

For at det skal blive stærkt nok når han vender tilbage vil jeg til gengæld også foreslå, at man inden da spiller et par scener fra før han tog afsted. Det kan sætte byen i et godt lys, som så kan fungere som kontrast til den smadrede by han vender hjem til. Hvis du har lyst kan du overdrive kontrasten, så det ser meget ekstremt ud. Solen skinner ikke længere, vennerne bliver blinde og senile, de unge kan ikke spille musik længere – den slags.

Det kunne også være interessant at tage fat i fortællerens afrejse. Hvorfor tog han afsted? Noget må have gjort, at han forlod byen. Hvad med hans kone, som han jo netop mødte der. Tog hun med ham? Var det i virkeligheden ham der tog med hende? Og hvorfor kom han tilbage?

The Town I Loved So Well

In my memory I will always see
the town that I have loved so well
Where our school played ball by the gasyard wall
and we laughed through the smoke and the smell
Going home in the rain, running up the dark lane
past the jail and down behind the fountain
Those were happy days in so many, many ways
in the town I loved so well

In the early morning the shirt factory horn
called women from Creggan, the Moor and the Bog
While the men on the dole played a mother's role,
fed the children and then trained the dogs
And when times got tough there was just about enough
But they saw it through without complaining
For deep inside was a burning pride
in the town I loved so well

There was music there in the Derry air
like a language that we all could understand
I remember the day when I earned my first pay
And I played in a small pick-up band
There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth
I was sad to leave it all behind me
For I learned about life and I'd found a wife
in the town I loved so well

But when I returned how my eyes have burned
to see how a town could be brought to its knees
By the armoured cars and the bombed out bars
and the gas that hangs on to every tree
Now the army's installed by that old gasyard wall
and the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher
With their tanks and their guns, oh my God, what have they done
to the town I loved so well

Now the music's gone but they carry on
For their spirit's been bruised, never broken
They will not forget but their hearts are set
on tomorrow and peace once again
For what's done is done and what's won is won
and what's lost is lost and gone forever
I can only pray for a bright, brand new day
in the town I loved so well

The Town I Loved So Well

In my memory I will always see
the town that I have loved so well
Where our school played ball by the gasyard wall
and we laughed through the smoke and the smell
Going home in the rain, running up the dark lane
past the jail and down behind the fountain
Those were happy days in so many, many ways
in the town I loved so well

In the early morning the shirt factory horn
called women from Creggan, the Moor and the Bog
While the men on the dole played a mother's role,
fed the children and then trained the dogs
And when times got tough there was just about enough
But they saw it through without complaining
For deep inside was a burning pride
in the town I loved so well

There was music there in the Derry air
like a language that we all could understand
I remember the day when I earned my first pay
And I played in a small pick-up band
There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth
I was sad to leave it all behind me
For I learned about life and I'd found a wife
in the town I loved so well

But when I returned how my eyes have burned
to see how a town could be brought to its knees
By the armoured cars and the bombed out bars
and the gas that hangs on to every tree
Now the army's installed by that old gasyard wall
and the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher
With their tanks and their guns, oh my God, what have they done
to the town I loved so well

Now the music's gone but they carry on
For their spirit's been bruised, never broken
They will not forget but their hearts are set
on tomorrow and peace once again
For what's done is done and what's won is won
and what's lost is lost and gone forever
I can only pray for a bright, brand new day
in the town I loved so well

The Town I Loved So Well

In my memory I will always see
the town that I have loved so well
Where our school played ball by the gasyard wall
and we laughed through the smoke and the smell
Going home in the rain, running up the dark lane
past the jail and down behind the fountain
Those were happy days in so many, many ways
in the town I loved so well

In the early morning the shirt factory horn
called women from Creggan, the Moor and the Bog
While the men on the dole played a mother's role,
fed the children and then trained the dogs
And when times got tough there was just about enough
But they saw it through without complaining
For deep inside was a burning pride
in the town I loved so well

There was music there in the Derry air
like a language that we all could understand
I remember the day when I earned my first pay
And I played in a small pick-up band
There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth
I was sad to leave it all behind me
For I learned about life and I'd found a wife
in the town I loved so well

But when I returned how my eyes have burned
to see how a town could be brought to its knees
By the armoured cars and the bombed out bars
and the gas that hangs on to every tree
Now the army's installed by that old gasyard wall
and the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher
With their tanks and their guns, oh my God, what have they done
to the town I loved so well

Now the music's gone but they carry on
For their spirit's been bruised, never broken
They will not forget but their hearts are set
on tomorrow and peace once again
For what's done is done and what's won is won
and what's lost is lost and gone forever
I can only pray for a bright, brand new day
in the town I loved so well