

Song Lyrics for EP the Musical

Song 1 (sung by Sinister Man)

We dream of Eden's verdant fields
The present to the future yields
Our history hasn't yet begun
There's so much of our race to run

The old shall usher in the new
And we, the noble, eager few
Our privilege to pay the price
Of engineering paradise

It hovers slightly out of sight
We must not doubt that we are right
There can't be any compromise
We'll kill or die or trade in lies

The innocent are merely means
They decorate our battle scenes
Your principles you put on ice
While engineering paradise

Do what it takes to seize the day
And God will look the other way
Be ruthless for our cause is right
And nothing comes before this fight

A boil needs cutting – use the lance!
The time has come to take your chance
The Devil's here to roll the dice
For engineering paradise

This isn't work for feeble will
You cannot hesitate to kill
The way ahead is clear to see
And when we've won they'll all agree

There wasn't any other way
The priests, the Church, the *world* will say
How right we were to pay the price
For engineering paradise

Song 2 (sung by Father Walsh)

I merely try to keep a sense of order
And always do my duties as a priest
Civilised behaviour has a border
Humans have to rise above the beast

All living things are feeble and are mortal
But we live in eternity as well
We stand as moral agents at a portal
We freely choose our heaven or our hell

And all the easy choices are illusions
And everything we see will pass away
And the cleverest of scientists' conclusions
Will not take away that burden on that day

We stand before the lord as fallen angels
The sin of Eve has marked us from our birth
We're here to prove our worthiness to serve him
That's why the lord has placed us on this earth

And nothing else shall matter when we meet him
But how we have fulfilled his sacred trust
How hard have we endeavoured to defeat sin
And most of all, have we avoided lust?

And in the execution of this duty
Fulfilling every detail of this trust
Pursuing all this goodness truth and beauty
If someone must get hurt – then so they must
If someone must get hurt then so they must.

Song 3 (sung by Father Walsh)

Russia is a godless foreign country
Where Roman Catholic teaching has been banned
All instruments of mass communication
Are government controlled throughout the land

There isn't any freedom of assembly
And people watch each other night and day
And instant execution would await you
If from the party line you were to stray

Their atom bombs are trained on all our cities
Their rockets just await the button's press
And if we didn't have our own deterrent
The world would be one communistic mess

For Khrushchev is the servant of the Devil
The Anti-Christ incarnate, nothing less.

Song 4 (sung by Dr. Gallagher)

Engineering solutions are the answer
To the miseries that human kind surround.
You can always find the way to move things forward
If you'll only keep your feet upon the ground.

You've simply got to state the problem clearly
And adopt an analytic frame of mind.
A decision made in haste will cost you dearly
It's through reason the solutions you will find.

Nature speaks the language of mathematics
And religions are where lazy people hide.
Electronics, laws of motion, hydrostatics
When you've quantified things – then you can decide

Is the world the joke of some capricious being
Or the product of inexorable laws?
When it's innards we have found new ways of seeing
Will we understand its fundamental cause?

Are there reasons underlying every process?
Are there rules that hold the universe in check?
Or are spirits hiding out in every recess?
Has some demon been around to stack the deck?

I see no need of any hidden mover
The world is so much bigger than their god
There's a universe that's out there to discover
And I'm the blind man, tapping with his rod.

Song 5 (sung by Danny)

My father had a very special patient
I think she was a very special friend
I often wondered what they did together
And how their special friendship was to end

My father is a conscientious doctor
A model of connubial fair play
Unthinkable the smallest hint of scandal
Impossible that he could ever stray

And yet I wonder what they did together
He seemed to visit every single day
I often asked if she was getting better
He'd sadden – but of course he wouldn't say

I know they met before she was a patient
The civil war when Franco conquered Spain
I know they tended wounded troops together
I know they thought they'd never meet again

I know she had a family and children
I guess they must have known about Dad
And all the extra visits that were needed
To control whatever illness that she had

And now it seems the battles all are over
And victory has slipped away once more
My father's special patient didn't make it
And I know that it will cut him to the core

And yet I wonder what they did together
He seemed to visit every single day
I wonder if he managed to be with her
I wonder if I'll find the words to say
I wonder when his pain will pass away

Song 6 (sung by Dr. Gallagher)

NOTE: This is a pre-existing song, long out of copyright, and does not form part of the new material created for this musical.

1

The Last Rose of Summer

(Martha)

Sir John Stevenson (1761-1833)

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1833)

Voice and Piano

Andante
mf

'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; All her
leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the
soon may I fol - low When friend-ships de - cay, And from

Andante
mf

love-ly com-pan-ions Are fad-ed and gone. No flow-er of her
love-ly are sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them; 'Thus kind-ly I
love's shin-ing cir-cle The gems drop a-way! When true hearts lie

cresc.

kin-dred, No rose-bud is nigh, To re-lect back her
scat-ter Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the
wither-ed And fond ones are flown Oh! who would in-

mf

Public Domain

free-scores.com

Song 7 (sung by Danny)

It's way beyond what I should have to cope with
I don't know what to say or who to tell
Should I speak at Connor's trial as a witness
Should I talk to Pedro's family as well?

What would it change if I should make a statement,
Explain the lead-up to the dark event?
Can anything be learned from how it happened,
That similar disasters might prevent?

Would I be seen as seeking out the limelight
Pretending there was something that I knew?
Would I be making mountains out of mole-hills
My story adding nothing that was new?

I need to talk to someone more impartial
My father's mind is firmly made up.
I need to get perspective and some distance
To know if I've been served a poison cup.

It's way beyond what I should have to cope with
I don't know what to say or who to tell
There must be someone wise that I can turn to
With guidance he can offer me as well.
Someone who can help me to unburden
Someone I can trust to never tell...

Song 8 (sung by Big Jim)

Circumstances gave me this position,
Put the steering wheel of history in my hands
The barricades are rising in this city
And the rival groups are taking up their stands.

In a little while the taunting and the shouting
Will turn to something nastier by far
Bullets will replace the broken bottles,
Just watch them as they ratchet up the bar.

Once more the IRA will spring to action,
Once more the cause of freedom to the fore
Another chance for Irish liberation,
A united land to last for ever more.

And even if we fail in our objective,
Our heroes and their exploits will be sung
And future generations will revere us,
When the bell of freedom finally is rung.

Once more the fertile soil of chaos beckons
For revolution's seed is well prepared
The young are more than willing to come forward
I pray to god that some of them are spared
I pray to god that some of them are spared

Song 9 (sung by Danny)

That's the last examination I'll be sitting for a while
I wish I could believe that I might go the extra mile
Sail through to University and make my father proud
But I know I'm nothing special, just a face amongst the crowd.

My father says that talent isn't handed down intact
It's diluted and diminished when the genome is unpacked
And what's left is never quite as good as what it might have been
If we hadn't all been saddled with 'Regression to the Mean'.

So I never try to kid myself I'll rise above the pack
I'm aiming at the middle, not completely at the back
I only want to struggle through, avoiding a disgrace
Enough to keep my dignity, enough to save my face

But now it's summer holidays and freedom of a kind
I can go and seek adventure, take it easy and unwind
I can try to be an adult making choices of my own
Or even find a girlfriend so I needn't be alone

Growing up is scary and I mustn't get it wrong
It's not as if I hadn't seen it coming all along
But I wish that they had told me what it's really all about
Is there some elusive secret that I haven't yet found out?

Song 10 (sung by Joyce)

NOTE: This is a pre-existing traditional song and does not form part of the new material created for this musical.

Oh hard is the fortune of all woman kind.
She's always controlled. She's always confined.
Controlled by her parents until she's a wife,
A slave to her husband the rest of her life.

Oh, I'm just a poor girl my fortune is sad.
I've always been courted by the wagoner's lad.
He's courted me daily, by night and by day
And now he is loading and going away.

Oh, my parents don't like him because he is poor.
They say he's not worthy of entering my door.
He works for a living, his money's his own
And if they don't like it they can leave him alone.

Oh, your horses are hungry go feed them some hay,
And sit down here by me as long as you may.
My horses ain't hungry they won't eat your hay,
So fare thee well darlin', I'll be on my way.

Oh, your wagon needs greasing your whip is to mend,
And sit down here by me as long as you can.
My wagon is greasy, my whip's in my hand.
So fare thee well darling, no longer to stand.

Song 11 (sung by Danny)

The frightened little boy who came from Belfast
Has grown up in only seven days
The child whose worried eyes were always downcast
Has left behind those awkward childish ways

Like one who has uncovered hidden treasure
The point of my existence now is clear
Happiness exceeding mortal measure
Is mine whenever Joyce is standing near

Will this feeling really stay with me forever?
Is true love as eternal as they say?
Can those poets and those writers who are clever
Really promise it will never pass away?

I know what Joyce would say if I should ask her
She'd tell me not to analyse the dream
Love doesn't visit so we might unmask her
Accept that things are just the way they seem.

I've got to give our love affair a chance
This isn't just a holiday romance.

Song 12 (sung by Danny)

It's way beyond what I should have to cope with
I don't know how to make her understand
If only she had something more to live for
A vision of some golden promised land

What picture of the future can I show her,
To make her want to turn her life around?
To cut through all her festering self pity
And give her strength to fight another round?

If I was lying there in that condition
Not caring if I lived or if I died
Would anything be strong enough to reach me
Awaken some small vestige of my pride?

It's way beyond what I should have to cope with
I don't know how to make her understand
But perhaps I have the germ of an idea
The answer might be simple and to hand
A future I already have imagined
The one that in my daydreams I have planned

Song 13 (sung by Joyce)

Mother's home from hospital and hasn't said a word
And all of them are whispering but still I overheard
How will they ever tell me and just how will I react?
I'm not old enough to understand a very simple fact

That death can come to anyone on any night or day
That nothing is forever and we all must pass away
That some will have a century and some will have an hour
And to right this great injustice is beyond our human power

I'll never know you, sister, and I'll never hear you cry
I'll never take you walking and you'll never ask me why
We'll never share a secret or a pleasure or a pain
Or go playing when it's sunny or sit in and watch the rain

And I won't be a big sister or an auntie or a friend
For a little sis to turn to when some love affair will end
And we won't grow old together and we'll never have a fight
About how to bring up children or which politician's right

And for ever more I'll wonder what you might have been to me
The adventures that we might have had that never now can be
But I always will be grateful for what I have learned from you,
How to treasure every moment, try to live enough for two.

Song 14 (sung by Joyce)

NOTE: This is a pre-existing popular song recorded by Lesley Gore and used by permission. It does not form part of the new material created for this musical.

You don't own me, I'm not just one of your many toys
You don't own me, don't say I can't go with other boys

And don't tell me what to do
And don't tell me what to say
And please, when I go out with you
Don't put me on display, 'cause

You don't own me, don't try to change me in any way
You don't own me, don't tie me down 'cause I'd never stay

Oh, I don't tell you what to say
I don't tell you what to do
So just let me be myself
That's all I ask of you

I'm young and I love to be young
I'm free and I love to be free
To live my life the way I want
To say and do whatever I please

A-a-a-nd don't tell me what to do
Oh-h-h-h don't tell me what to say
And please, when I go out with you
Don't put me on display

I don't tell you what to say
Oh-h-h-h don't tell you what to do
So just let me be myself
That's all I ask of you

I'm young and I love to be young
I'm free and I love to be free
To live my life the way I want

Song 15 (sung by Joyce)

NOTE: This is a pre-existing traditional song and does not form part of the new material created for this musical.

Ben Bulben's wild and lofty height
Where evening setting sun was bright
Bestowed a flood of golden light
Across the Bay of Sligo

A bonny barque with glancing oar
And swelling sail was seen before
The waves that pound that lofty shore
Around the Bay of Sligo

And at the prow there sat a girl
With rosy lips and flaxen curl
And simple beauty like a pearl
The Orange maid of Sligo

And glancing o'er the vessel's side
She saw upon the waters glide
An orange lily, her golden pride
Upon the Bay of Sligo

Make haste, make haste, oh save that flower
I prize it more than rose or bower
No traitor must take it within his power
Around the Bay of Sligo

An Orange youth dived o'er the prow,
Brought back that flower and with a bow
Bestowed it on the gentle brow
Of the orange maid of Sligo

And soon she was his bonny bride
And oft they spoke at even tide
About that lily's golden pride
Around the Bay of Sligo

Come all true blues and fill your glass
A brighter toast will never pass
We'll drink unto that bonny lass
The Orange Maid of Sligo

Song 16 (sung by Danny)

Engineering solutions are the answer
To the problems that the keenest minds confound.
You can always find the way to move things forward
If you'll only keep your feet upon the ground.

You've simply got to state the problem clearly
And adopt an analytic frame of mind.
A decision made in haste will cost you dearly
It's through reason the solutions you will find.

There had to be an engineering weakness
I knew that I could beat them if I tried
This isn't either arrogance or meekness
In this I've every right to take a pride.

And really I'm doing them a favour
In pointing out their soft Achilles' heel
This never caused my confidence to waver
It just remains my victory to seal

The problem had an elegant solution
I cracked it very easily and in time
I've cleared the way for wealth redistribution
It's safe to carry out the perfect crime.

Song 17 (sung by Joyce)

Thank you for the moments when you walked a while with me
Full of joy and understanding when we gave our love for free
And you never tried to make me what I didn't want to be.

In a world that's ever circling round a slowly dying sun
The past alone is constant and can never be undone.
Every living person changes every moment of the day
But the past is always present, it can never go away
And we'll always be together now, no matter where we stray

All the people who have held me help to make me who I am
I remember every gentle touch, the passion and the calm.
We'll always have these moments that we've shared so tenderly
Though we may be separated by a mountain or a sea
We're a part of one another now – for all eternity.

Ever growing, ever learning, ever striving to be free
To create the man and woman that will soon be you and me.
There's a world beyond that's waiting, we're too young to settle down
It's our time to find our bearings, test the water, look around
But there's nothing that can take away the friendship that we've found.

There's no clause of limitation on the love I share with you
It will always be there waiting, ever eager, ever new.
The deepest love we'll ever find is love without demands
That doesn't ask for promises or bind with wedding bands
That can celebrate the freedom that the other one commands.

Love that asks for nothing but is given like a song
Love that doesn't wonder if it's right or if it's wrong
Love that doesn't stifle, doesn't limit, doesn't scold
Doesn't ask for grim assurances or suddenly run cold
Love that never judges, and resentment will not hold.

Thank you for the moments when you walked a while with me
Full of joy and understanding when we gave our love for free
And you never tried to make me what I didn't want to be.
No you never tried to make me what I didn't want to be.

Song 18 (Duet)

MRS G No one ever told me there was any other way
 You find your one and only and you mustn't ever stray
 You find the man or woman who will mean the world to you
 And if ever you are tempted, well you know what you must do
 Yes, pretend it isn't happening, pretend it isn't true

DANNY And if your heart should flutter at the sight of someone's smile
 You're a monster and a villain that it's proper to revile
 They tell you what to wish for and the way you ought to feel
 Fidelity, monogamy, the matrimonial seal
 And all of your affection is included in the deal

MRS G Surrender to temptation and you'll pay a heavy price
 To act as nature tells you is abominable vice
 Your passion is a lion that you have to hold in check
 Put shackles on its legs and put a chain around its neck
 And if you kiss another it must only be a peck

DANNY But if you're overflowing with a love you want to share
 Does it matter, is it evil, should your partner even care?
 To deny our human nature, such a heavy price to pay
 To fit in with others' notions of the one and only way
 When everything within you says: Be happy! Love is play!

MRS G No one ever told me, but my teacher was my life
 And I wish I'd learned it sooner, I'd have been a better wife
 I'd have been a better mother, better lover, better friend
 I'd have learned be accepting of whatever fate might send
 I would not have needed alcohol reality to mend.

DANNY Are you hurting anybody, will you look back on each day
 And regret the love you shared with those you met along the way?
 Or as your life is ending will you smile and will you say:
 When I look at how I lived and the alternatives I weigh
 I wouldn't change a bit of it convention to obey

TOGETHER No I wouldn't change a bit of it, that's all I've got to say.
 I wouldn't change a bit of it, that's all I've got to say.

Song 19 (sung by Girl)

I'm a girl who gets around
Every corner of this town
And I know just how to please
These young men from overseas

Or if you're with the IRA
That is totally okay
For it's only night-time play
Just a different shade of grey
And I'm a girl who likes to get around

I'm a girl who gets around
In a very troubled town
Not a Catholic or a Prod
'Cause I don't believe in God
Which you may think rather odd

Convent school in sweet Tralee
But the sisters would agree
It just wasn't right for me
So to here I had to flee
I'm just a girl who likes to get around

I haven't any politics, don't cheer for any side
I haven't any hatred, my heart is open wide
I'm full of love for everyone
In this I take a pride
I'm just a girl who likes to get around

I'm a little like your mother
And a little like a priest,
So tell me what you've bottled-up that needs to be released
You can tell the girl that likes to get around

If you're lonely or unhappy you can always come to me
I can make your burden lighter for a very modest fee
You can tell the girl who likes to get around
Tell the girl who found a way to make her favourite hobby pay
You can tell the girl who likes to get around

Song 20 (sung by Joyce, Morgan and Rob)

NOTE: This is a pre-existing now traditional song attributed to the 17th century writer and political activist Gerrard Winstanley and does not form part of the new material created for this musical.

You noble Diggers all, stand up now, stand up now,
You noble Diggers all, stand up now;
The waste land to maintain, seeing Cavaliers by name
Your digging do disdain, and persons all defame.
Stand up now, Diggers all, stand up now.

Your houses they pull down, stand up now, stand up now,
Your houses they pull down, stand up now;
Your houses they pull down to fright poor men in town,
But the Gentry must come down, and the poor shall wear
the crown.
Stand up now, Diggers all, stand up now.

With spades and hoes and plows, stand up now, stand up
now,
With spades and hoes and plows, stand up now;
Your freedom to uphold, seeing Cavaliers are bold
To kill you if they could, and rights from you withhold.
Stand up now, Diggers all, stand up now.

The club is all their law, stand up now, stand up now,
The club is all their law, stand up now;
The club is all their law, to keep poor men in awe;
But they no vision saw to maintain such a law.
Stand up now, Diggers all, stand up now.

To conquer them by love, come in now, come in now,
To conquer them by love, come in now;
To conquer them by love, as it does you behove,
For He is King above, no Power is like to Love.
Glory here, Diggers all, stand up now!

The centuries go by, stand up now, stand up now,
The centuries go by, stand up now.
The centuries go by, but the vision will not die,
As to change men's hearts we try, reason our ally,
Stand up now, Diggers all, stand up now.

On a new St. George's Hill, stand up now, stand up now,
On a new St. George's Hill, stand up now.
On a new St. George's Hill, built with scientific skill,
Your words inspire us still, your dreams we'll yet fulfill.
Stand up now, Diggers all, stand up now.

Your vision long delayed, stand up now, stand up now,
Your vision long delayed, stand up now.
Your vision long delayed, all the plans that you have laid,
Will be manifold repaid, let the greedy be afraid,
Stand up now, Diggers all, stand up now.

Song 21 (sung by Girl)

NOTE: This is a pre-existing song which is included
by permission of Leon Rosselson who wrote it and does
not form part of the new material created for this musical.

History lesson, it's time to remember,
Time to remember the deeds of the great,
Please pay attention, don't let your minds wander,
Daydreams and playtime can wait.
Black the minnows that swarm in the water,
White the butterfly flits in the sun,
Red the blossom and pink the magnolia,
History lesson's begun.

Joan of Arc ended up as a cinder,
Henry VIII did for two of his wives,
Wish I could dive in the pond where the ducks are
Having the time of their lives.
Red the blood on the axe of the headsman,
Black the stake and the bodies that burn,
White the face of the priest and the hangman,
These are the facts you must learn.

Pitt paid a packet to patch out an empire,
Drake bowled the Spaniards out the first ball,
Just want to lie in the sun by the water
Down where the rushes grow tall.
Red the lines of Wellington's army,
White the ensign where Nelson held sway,
Crimson the cavalry Marlborough commanded,
History's heroes are they.

Which scrap of paper began the big bundle?
Which umbrella brought peace in our time?
Questions and answers dissolve in the sunshine,
Wait for the school bell to chime.
Green the gas as it gutters the trenches,
Black the smell of the smoke from a gun,
White the pain of a bombshell exploding,
History lesson's begun.

History lesson, please try to remember,
Time to remember the deeds of the great,
Theirs was the power, the glory, the honour,
They were the chosen of fate.
Black the minnows that swarm in the water,
White the butterfly flits in the sun,
Red the blossom and pink the magnolia,
History lesson is done.