

Under Milk Wood : Audition Pieces (7)

REVEREND ELI JENKINS AND MR WALDO

Reverend Eli Jenkins: Partial to poetry, which he recites in the manner of a sermon. He has a misty-eyed view of the little town of Llareggub, as though it is heaven on earth.

Mr Waldo: A widower and hardened drinker at the Sailor's Arms. Has fathered many children out of wedlock and is Polly Garter's latest flame.

REV ELI J:

Dear Gwalia! I know there are
Towns lovelier than ours,
And fairer hills and loftier far,
And groves more full of flowers,

And boskier woods more blithe with spring
And bright with birds' adorning,
And sweeter bards than I to sing
Their praise this beauteous morning.

By Cader Idris, tempest-torn,
Or Moel yr Wyddfa's glory
Carnedd Llewelyn beauty born,
Plinlimon old in story

By mountains where King Arthur dreams,
By Penmaenmawr defiant
Llarggub hill a molehill seems,
A pygmy to a giant.

By Sawdde, Senny, Dovey, Dee,

Edw, Eden, Aled, all,
Taff and Towy broad and free,
Llyfnant with its waterfall,

Claerwen, Cleddau, Dulais, Daw,
Ely, Gwili, Ogwr, Nedd,
Small is our River Dewi, Lord,
A baby on a rushy bed.

By Carreg Cennen, King of Time,
Our Heron Head is only
A bit of stone with seaweed spread
Where gulls come to be lonely.

A tiny dingle is Milk Wood
By Golden Grove 'neath Grongar,
But let me choose and oh! I should
Love all my life and longer

To stroll among our trees and stray
In Goosegog Lane, on Donkey Down,
And hear the Dewi sing all day,
And never, never leave the town.



(Please recite Mr Waldo's song, as we don't have the music yet)

MR WALDO:

In Pembroke City when I was young
I lived by the Castle Keep
Sixpence a week was my wages
For working for the chimbley-sweep.
Six cold pennies he gave me
Not a farthing more or less
And all the fare I could afford
Was parsnip gin and watercress.
Did you ever hear a growing boy
To live so cruel cheap
On grub that has no flesh and bones
And liquor that makes you weep?
Sweep sweep chimbley sweep,
I wept through Pembroke City
Poor and barefoot through the snow
Till a kind young woman took pity.
Come and sweep my chimbley
Come and sweep my chimbley
She sighed to me with a blush
Come and sweep my chimbley
Come and sweep my chimbley
Bring along your chimbley brush!