

The Lawrence Arts Center Presents:  
**THE CHILDREN OF LÍR**

Featuring the Lawrence Arts Center's Irish  
Dancers

OCT 17 | 7pm  
OCT 18 | 10:30am, 2pm  
Blackbox Theatre

The background of the poster is a dark, textured landscape with large, rounded, brownish-grey rock formations. A bright, glowing yellow light source, possibly a sun or moon, is positioned in the upper left, casting a warm glow over the scene. Three white swans are depicted in flight, their wings spread wide, moving from the right towards the left. The overall atmosphere is ethereal and magical.

# Cast

## **Townspeople/Kings Court:**

Adelaide Desch, Lauren Enright, Annalise Janssen,  
Tsavo San Marco, Ania Metz Ramos, Maple Rossini

## **Children:**

Iris Metz Ramos, Flora Kamat, Faeryn Jones-Flemming

## **King:**

Kristina White

## **Queen:**

Katie Hanson

## **Death:**

Annalise Janssen

## **Aoife:**

Lauren Enright

## **Poem:**

Annalise Janssen

## **Water dancers**

Maple Rossini, Iris Metz Ramos, Flora Kamat,  
Adelaide Desch, Annalise Janssen, Lauren Enright  
Katie Hanson, Kristina White

## **Swans:**

Tsavo San Marco, Faren Jones-Flemming, Ania Metz  
Ramos, Lauren Enright, Annalise Janssen, Adelaide  
Desch, Katie Hanson, Kristina White, Annie Stark

## Scenes

### Scene 1:

The children of King Lír play together happily as their parents, the King and Queen, look on lovingly. When the queen tragically passes away, the King sees that his children need a mother.

### Scene 2:

The King remarries, the children have a new stepmother, Aoife. She grows jealous of the children and wants the king to herself. With the help of a druid, she thinks up a terrible spell and curses the children, turning them into swans.

### Scene 3:

The Wild Swans at Coole, by W.B Yeats, read by Annalise Janssen.

### Scene 4:

This dance depicts the waves seen around the Island of Tory, off the north coast of Donegal.

### Scene 5:

The swans spend 300 years on their home lake, 300 years on the cold and stormy Sea of Moyle between Ireland and Scotland, and 300 years on the Isle of Glora, until the spell is broken.

### Scene 6:

The curse is lifted, and the swans enter the afterlife

# The Song of Fionnuala

by Thomas Moore

Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water,  
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,  
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter  
Tell's to the night-star her tale of woes.

When shall the swan, her death-note singing,  
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?

When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,  
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,  
Fate bids me languish long ages away;  
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,  
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.

When will that day-star, mildly springing,  
Warm our isle with peace and love?

When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,  
Call my spirit to the fields above?

# The Wild Swans at Coole

By W.B. Yeats

The trees are in their autumn beauty,  
The woodland paths are dry,  
Under the October twilight the water  
Mirrors a still sky;  
Upon the brimming water among the stones  
Are nine-and-fifty swans.

The nineteenth autumn has come upon me  
Since I first made my count;  
I saw, before I had well finished,  
All suddenly mount  
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings  
Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,  
And now my heart is sore.  
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,  
The first time on this shore,  
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,  
Trod with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,  
They paddle in the cold  
Companionable streams or climb the air;  
Their hearts have not grown old;  
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,  
Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the still water,  
Mysterious, beautiful;  
Among what rushes will they build,  
By what lake's edge or pool  
Delight men's eyes when I awake some day  
To find they have flown away?



AN ORIGINAL IRISH DANCE  
PRODUCTION BY ANNIE  
STARK