

		LENGT H	WHO	LOCATION/TIME	SONG
ACT 1	SC 1		LEADER	STAIRS UP FROM THE PIT	<i>The Hills of Ixopo (Leader)</i>
			SINGERS	Kumalo's SITTING ROOM	<i>Thousands of Miles (Kumalo)</i>
			KUMALO		
			GRACE		
			NITA		
ACT 1	SC 2		STATIONMASTE R	Carrisbrooke Station	<i>Train to Johannesburg</i>
			ZULUS	Group of Zulus say good bye to of their own	
			LEADER		
			CHORUS		
			ARTHUR		
			JARVIS		
			EDWARD		
			KUMALO		
			GRACE		
ACT 1	SC 3		JOHN KUMALO	Johannesburg. John Kumalo's tobacco shop.	<i>14 Krause Street Textiles Company (Kumalo and Chorus)</i>
			PAULUS		<i>The Search (Chorus of characters)</i>
			WILLIAM		
			JARED		
			KUMALO		
			ALEX (GERTRUDE'S SONE)		
ACT 1	SC 4		KUMALO		
			ALEX		
			FOREMAN		
			CHORUS		
			MRS. MKIZE		
			HLABENI (Taxi Driver)		
			ELAND (Parole Officer)		

ACT 1	SC 5		ALEX	Squalid rented room in shanty town. Very small and not clean	<i>The Little Grey House (Kumalo)</i>
			STEPHEN KUMALO		
			CHORUS		
ACT 1	SC 6		LINDA	Dive in Shanty Town (flashback?)	<i>Who'll Buy (Linda)</i>
			MATHEW KUMALO		
			JOHANNES PAFURI (house boy)		
			ROSE		
			SUTY		
			ABSALOM		
			2 DANCERS		
			IRINA		
ACT 1	SC 7		ELAND	Irina's hut in Shanty Town	<i>Trouble Man (Irina)</i>
			IRINA		
			KUMALO		
ACT 1	SC 8		SERVANT	Arthur Jarvi's Home	<i>Murder in Parkwood</i>
			JOHANNES		
			MATHEW		
			ABSALOM		
ACT 1	SC 9		ELAND	Arthur Jarvis' Library	<i>Fear (Chorus)</i>
			JARVIS		
ACT 1	SC 10		WHITE WOMAN	Street in Shanty Town	
			WHITE MAN		
			POLICE MAN		
			WHITE CHORUS		
			BLACK CHORUS		
ACT 1	SC 11		ELAND	Prison cell	

			STEPHEN KUMALO		
			ABSALOM		
ACT 1	SC 12		STEPHEN KUMALO	Back in squalid Shanty Town room	<i>Lost in the Stars (Kumalo)</i>
			ALEX		

		LENGT H	WHO	LOCATION/TIME	SONG
ACT 2	SC 1		LEADER	Chorus re-enters onto the stage	<i>The Wild Justice (Chorus and Leader)</i>
			CHORUS	John's Tobacco shop	<i>The Soliloquy (Stephen Kumalo)</i>
			JOHN		
			STEPHEN	Jarvi's well kept residence.	
ACT 2	SC 2		IRINA	Irina's hut	<i>Stay Well (Irina)</i>
			STEPHEN KUMALO		
ACT 2	SC 3		BURTON (Defense lawyer)	Courtroom. Judge's bench. Prisoner's dock.	<i>The Wild Justice (reprise)</i>
			JOHANNES		
			IRINA		
			LINDA		
			JOHN		
			STEPHEN		
			JOHN		
			STEPHEN		

			SERVANT		
			ZULUSPECTATORS		
			JAMES JARVIS		
			ELAND		
			WHITE SPECTATORS		
ACT 2	SC 4		CHORUS	Prison Cell	<i>Cry the Beloved Country</i>
			STEPHEN KUMALO		
			IRINA		
			ABSALOM		
			GUARD		
			WOMAN		
ACT 2	SC 5		ALEX	Interior of chapel	<i>Big Mole (Alex)</i>
			BLACK BOY		
			BLACK GIRL		<i>A Bird of Passage (Villager, and Chorus)</i>
			EDWARD JARVIS		
			ARTHUR JARVIS		
			STEPHEN		
			PARISHONERS		
ACT 2	SC 6		STEPHEN KUMALO	Kumalo's Sitting Room	<i>Four O'Clock</i>
			IRINA		
			JARVIS		
				Finale	

NOTES

August 9, 1949. St. Mark's Church,
Ndotsheni, Natal, South Africa

When people go to Johannesburg they
never come back

You are thinking of Absalom. Go to
J'sburg and find him.

Black man go to Johannesburg - Never
come back, never come back

But in our village one does not go out
of his way to speak to a black.

It is my first long journey. And a happy
one - I go to see my son!

Chorus begins to imitate approaching
train.

They pile up mountains of gold, and
they pay our sons three shillings a
day... no, it is not fair.

Then why do you wear their Anglican
clothes and read their Testament?

Tell me about the house. Why is it grey? Becuae it has not been painted.
What do you see, child with the shining eyes, among the broken hopes of Shanty Town?
What are you thinking old man among the broken boxesof Shanty Town?
Some strange harmonies have crept into the last few bars.
Another song from another part of the stage
And then by God, we'll live like men.
handkerchiefs over their faces.
iron bar and revolver
among the great houses, among the lighted streets and wide gardens
I had quarreled with my son. It was serious. Over Negro equality.
Let us not blame the whole race
Yes, we fear them. For they are many and we are few!
Yes, we fear them, though we are many and they are few!
Fear of the few for the many, Fear of the many for the few!
Absalom is accused of killing Arthur Jarvis?

Because I am guilty.
My son Absalom will nevery come home.
...you are an umfundusi, and you can ask God to help you...
for the little dark star on the wind...and he stated and promised he'd take special care so it woldn't get lost again.
We're lost out here in the stars

NOTES
The wild justice is not found in the haunts of men!
Must he tell a lie and live or speak the truth and die?
It shall not profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul.
O Tixo, Tixo, help me! To whom can I appeal?
It was my son that killed your son.
I think that he did not mean evil, umnumanza. And to die - when he is loved -
A terrible thing has fallen our people. We are lost.
This would not have happened if there were not the gold mines, and the great city your people have built, and the little hope we have.
Irina is hanging clothes on clothes line.
The trial begins tomorrow.
I will wait for him.
I will tell him that you wish the marriage.
There is no lie in it, for I said to myself, I shall not lie any more, all the rest of my days, nor do anything more that is evil.
...a man who has killed takes breath with the fear of death in his face, fear of death for death, and are the terms of justice clearly met?
I have only this to say, that I killed this man, but I did not mean to kill him, only I was afraid.
Asalom Kumalo, I sentence you to be... hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may the Lord have mercy upon your soul.

Cry, the beloved land, the wasted childhood, the wasted youth, the wasted man! ... the right and wrong forsaken, the greed that destroys us, the birds that cry no more!
Cry, the lost tribe, the lost son.
Marriage ceremony
Cry the unborn son, the inheritory of oru fear
Playing with a toy
Kumalo sits watching the clock.
My daughter, I am glad he found you and no other.
I am glad he found me, my father.
I will help you...I will do whateer my son would have done.
When I heard you yesterday I knew that your grief and mine were the same.
I shall take your hand...May I sit here with you?
If I stayed here, do you know what I would preach?
That good can come from evil, and evil from good!

...if there is a God He is hidden and has
not spoken to men! That we are all lost
her, black and white, rich and poor, the
fools and the wise!

Let us forgive each other.

Let us be neighbors. Let us be friends.

Each lives alone in a world of dark,
crossing the skies in a lonely arc, Save
when love leaps out like a leaping
spark over thousands, thousands of
miles!