



Romulus and Remus

Characters

Romulus
Remus
She-wolf

Woodpecker
Youth 1
Youth 2

Setting

Our story begins on the banks of the Tiber River in the year 771 B.C. The action then moves years ahead, when Romulus and Remus are grown and leave home in search of answers to long-held family secrets.



Act I

She-wolf: Woodpecker, do you hear crying?

Woodpecker: Yes, She-wolf, it sounds like human crying.

She-wolf: It is coming from the banks of the powerful Tiber River. Why . . . it is a human-made basket cradling twin baby boys!

Woodpecker: Holy Zeus! Imagine that. What should we do with them?

She-wolf: They look hungry and frightened. We must feed them and care for them, for that is what the gods would want.

Woodpecker: You are right, She-wolf! I will look for something tasty that humans would like.

She-wolf: And I will feed them some milk to nourish them. Humans like milk, they say.

Woodpecker: Here are some berries for the little ones. How do you suppose they came to be at the river's edge?

She-wolf: There is a terrible rumor among the people that our new king, Amulius, exiled the children of Rhea. In fact, some say he wanted the children dead! And look at the fine clothes they are wrapped in. I believe that the rumor is true!



The Early Morning by Hilaire Belloc

The moon on the one hand, the
dawn on the other;
The moon is my sister, the dawn is
my brother.
The moon on my left and the
dawn on my right—
My brother, good morning; my
sister, good night.



My Four Little Johnny-Cakes Traditional



Hurrah for the Lachlan, boys, and join me in a cheer;
That's the place to go to make a check every year.
With a toadskin in my pocket, that I borrowed from a friend,
Oh, isn't it nice and cozy to be camping in the bend!

Chorus:

With my little round flour-bag sitting on a stump,
My little tea-and-sugar bag looking nice and plump,
A little fat codfish just off the hook,
And four little johnny-cakes, a credit to the cook.

I have a loaf of bread and some murphies that I shook,
Perhaps a loaf of brownie that I snavelled off the cook,
A nice leg of mutton, just a bit cut off the end,
Oh isn't it nice and jolly to be whaling in the bend!

Chorus

This song has been abridged.