



Lympstone Entertainments **DRUMBEAT**

essential reading for those who don't want to miss the best of What's On in Lympstone

coming to you early with all the details of our exciting *al fresco* presentation

On Saturday 11th July in the beautiful grounds of Ellenthorpe, Lympstone
by kind permission of Judith and Robin Telfer

The Cygnet Theatre's production of

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

A witty and seductive comedy by the eighteenth century French playwright Pierre de Marivaux.

Directed by **Alistair Ganley**

What is a princess to do when she is in love with the handsome prince who hates her because her father usurped his father's throne? The answer is simple - dress up as a boy and woo the prince, his tutor and the tutor's sister who have all renounced love.

Enlightenment reason is challenged by those most basic of human instincts - love and desire - in this delightful and playful romp.



Bring your own chairs: the performance will begin at 6pm – but why not come at 5pm and bring a picnic!

Here's how to get there: head for the village car park in Underhill.

Pedestrian entrance through the gateway beside the stable.

No access from Church Road.

In the Village Hall at 7pm if it's raining!

Tickets (£10 adults, under 16s £3 – family ticket £30) can be obtained from
the LympEnts Box Office c/o Demelza Henderson
2 Brookfield Cottages, The Strand. Telephone: 01395 272243 or 07516 322853

POST SCRIPT: don't forget there's another event with a Gallic theme next Sunday when the Starling Octet will be singing French music *ANCIENNE & MODERNE* in the Parish Church from 7pm. Tickets, to include a glass of wine or a soft drink, will be available at the door: £8 adults, under 16s £1.

TREAD SOFTLY *by Harland Walshaw*

I once stood in the middle of a river in County Galway to photograph Thoor Ballylee, the Norman tower that W B Yeats bought for his summer home, to illustrate an essay by Seamus Heaney.

*An ancient bridge, and a more ancient tower,
A farmhouse that is sheltered by its wall,
An acre of stony ground,
Where the symbolic rose can break in flower,
Old ragged elms, old thorns innumerable...*



Yeats was born 150 years ago, and it is wonderful to hear the cadences of his verse being recited in his memory almost daily on the radio. Lymphstone Entertainments will be bringing them to you on the poetry boards this summer.

If Galway was the symbolic home of the older poet, it is County Sligo that is known as Yeats Country, and that is the landscape of the poems of his youth:

*I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.*

The wandering rhythm of these lines, as Seamus Heaney pointed out, owes something to the airs of Irish folksong, which Yeats also heard in Sligo, a rhythm which makes its presence felt in other poems:

*Down by the salley gardens, my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take life easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I being young and foolish, with her would not agree.*

Also in Sligo is the Georgian mansion of Lissadell, where Yeats as a young man had visited Constance and Eva Gore-Booth, long before Constance became a heroine of the 1916 Easter Rising:

*The light of evening, Lissadell,
Great windows, open to the south,
Two girls in silk kimonos, both
Beautiful, one a gazelle.*

Yeats never did make a permanent home in any one chosen spot – he once boasted that he had no home but friendship. He died in France. He had chosen where to be buried though, and that was back in County Sligo, in Drumcliff churchyard, with the mountain of Ben Bulbin looming in the background. He had already written his epitaph:

*Under bare Ben Bulbin's head
In Drumcliff churchyard Yeats is laid...
On limestone quarried near the spot
By his command these words are cut:*

*'Cast a cold eye
On life, on death.
Horseman, pass by!'*