

# CLOWN RIO!



MUSIC & LYRICS BY CHRISTO GRAHAM  
STORY BY TYRONE SAVAGE & CHRISTO GRAHAM  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY GINAR OGBIT



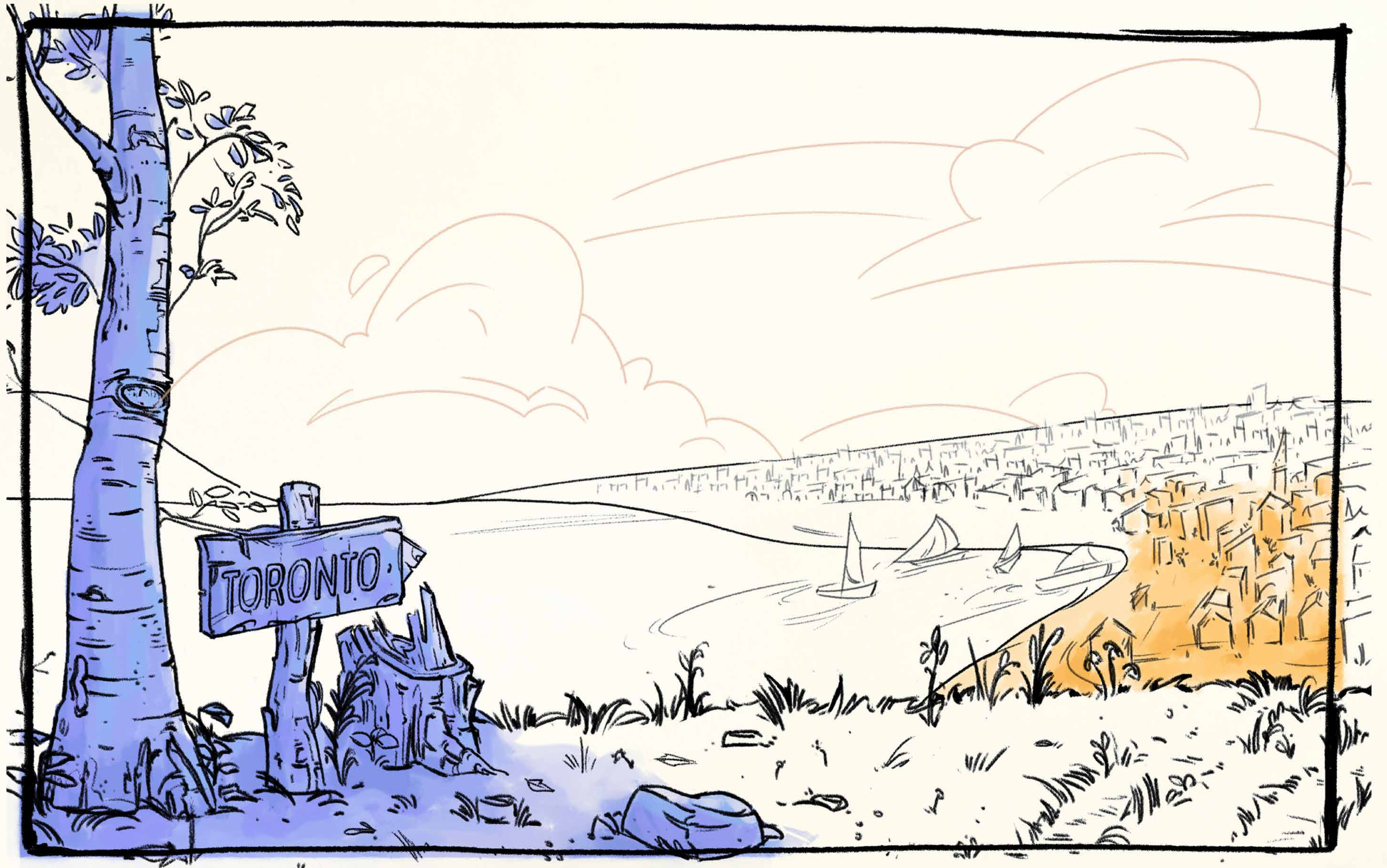
## CLOWN RIOT

Lyrics by Christo Graham

Story by Tyrone Savage & Christo Graham

Clown Riot tells the story of a bizarre event that occurred in Toronto in 1855. On the second Thursday of July that year, members of the Hook & Ladder Fire Brigade marched with their Orange Order brothers in celebration of the Twelfth. Also on this day, S.B. Howes' Traveling Circus came to town, prepared to provide the best in equestrian, gymnastic, and zoological entertainment. However, after the evening's performance, a brawl struck out between the clowns and the firemen at a downtown brothel leaving several firemen injured and humiliated.

The next day, Friday the 13th, the firemen and one thousand of their friends stormed the circus tent seeking revenge. They set fire to the Big Top, beat clowns with clubs and axes, and drove the wagons and animals into Lake Ontario. The only reported casualty of the riot was an 11-year-old boy named Lawrence Curley, and it is in him that we find our tragic hero: an orphan, sweeping floors and washing uniforms at the firehall where his father once worked. When the circus arrives, Curley sees the possibility of a bright and exciting future for himself, far away from a city on the bleak brink of industrial revolution. Caught between these two vastly different worlds, Curley finds himself faced with a choice: will he honour the memory of his father and become a well-respected fireman or abandon a life of security, embrace his talent and run away with the circus?



## WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG?

### CITIZENS

This is paradise  
This is home  
Neo Britannia  
Sing a Northern song

This is paradise  
This is home to so many  
What could possibly go wrong?

Sea to sea  
Skin for skin  
Skin, fur skin  
Brothers, that's the game  
You better deal yourself in!

Railroad's comin  
With a Gold Rush on its back  
I got a cousin  
Says he's bringin' me a sack back

This is progress  
Bound for home  
Peace and inclusion  
What could possibly go wrong?

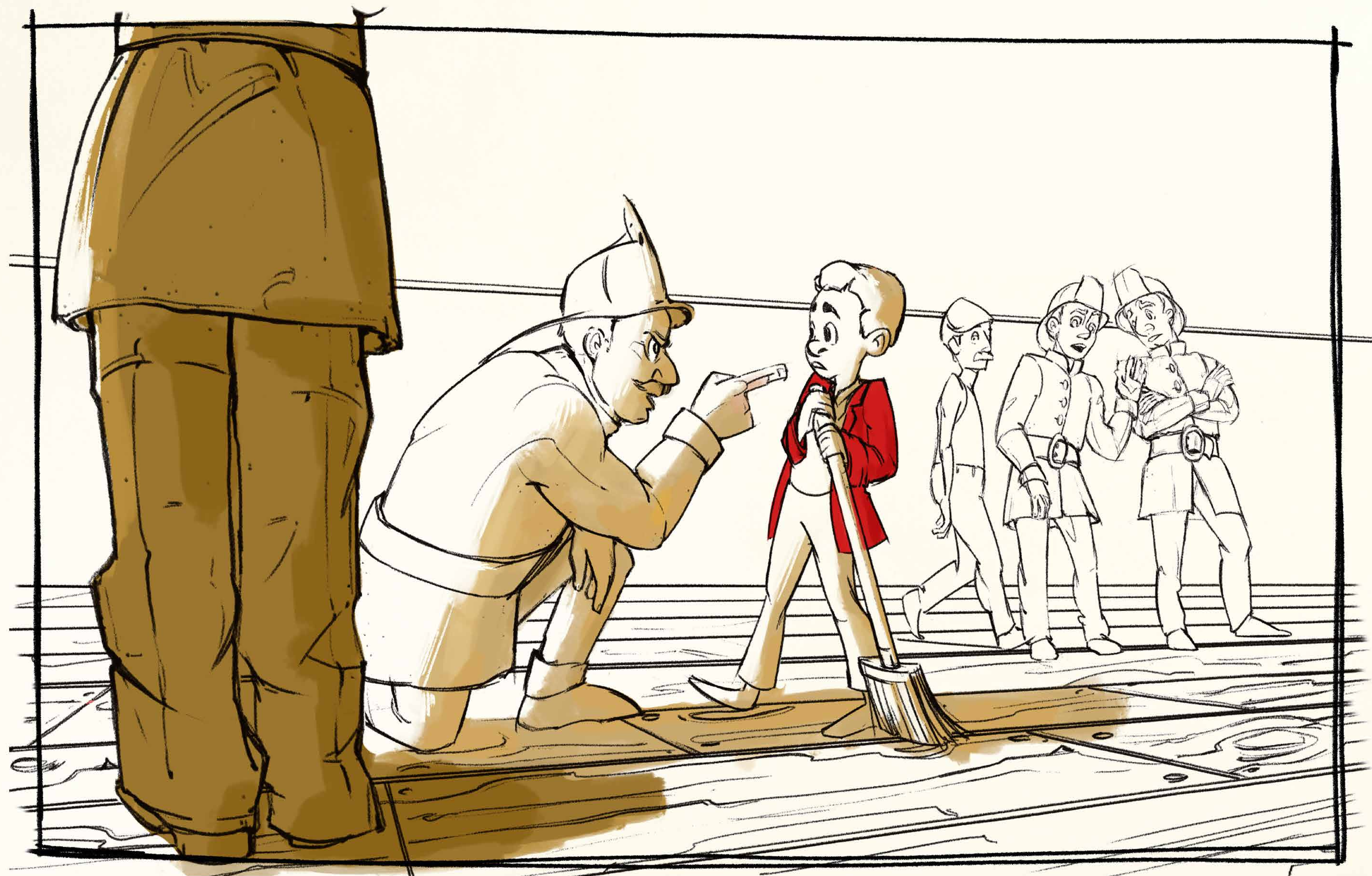
This is paradise  
This is home to so many  
What could possibly go wrong?

You'll be fine if you get in line  
Get in line!  
Brothers, we're all the same  
or didn't you read the sign?

Heaven on Earth  
Here in the North, we found a gem  
We don't know much,  
but sure know we ain't them!

This is progress  
Bound for home  
Peace and inclusion  
What could possibly go wrong?

This is paradise  
This is home to so many  
What could possibly go wrong?



## LUCKY BOY

### BIRD

Such a lucky boy  
Such a lucky boy  
With a roof overhead  
Three square meals and a bed  
Lucky boy  
Lucky birthday boy  
We don't ask much of you  
If you can't push a broom  
Then we haven't got room on our crew

Your father stood above the rest  
A paragon, the very best  
He led us 'til the bitter end  
He trusted me to raise you strong  
Know good from bad and right from wrong  
I proudly called that man my friend  
Lucky boy!  
You don't know how good you've got it  
It seems like you forgot it  
Don't try my patience now  
Lucky boy

### FIREMEN

Here at the firehall we work around the clock  
No time for idle talk  
We're Hook & Ladder Number 4  
But more like Number 1 without a doubt  
"The best at putting out!"  
Serving whoever pays us more

### BIRD

Your father, rest his soul  
Did things that you'd better learn  
Brothers brave side by side  
And I tried  
As the rest watched it burn  
I tried to save him, boy  
But houses crumble to ash  
We did all we could do  
Better next time pay upfront in cash  
I see him in you, boy  
That means there's nowhere better to be  
Just do good at your work  
And your work's gonna set you free  
Lucky boy!  
If all the world's a stage, you're on kid  
Lucky boy!  
Be the son your father wanted  
Your destiny awaits!  
Lucky boy!  
Come tomorrow, you'll work beside us  
Understand the pride inside plus  
You'll get a shiny hat  
How 'bout that  
Lucky boy?



## FAR AWAY

### CURLEY

Something isn't right  
I hear a voice all night  
And hold my breath  
When all the rest of my friends  
Are sleeping soundly

Somehow I'm all alone  
My destiny unknown  
And that voice keeps me awake  
It echoes off the Lake  
It echoes off the Lake

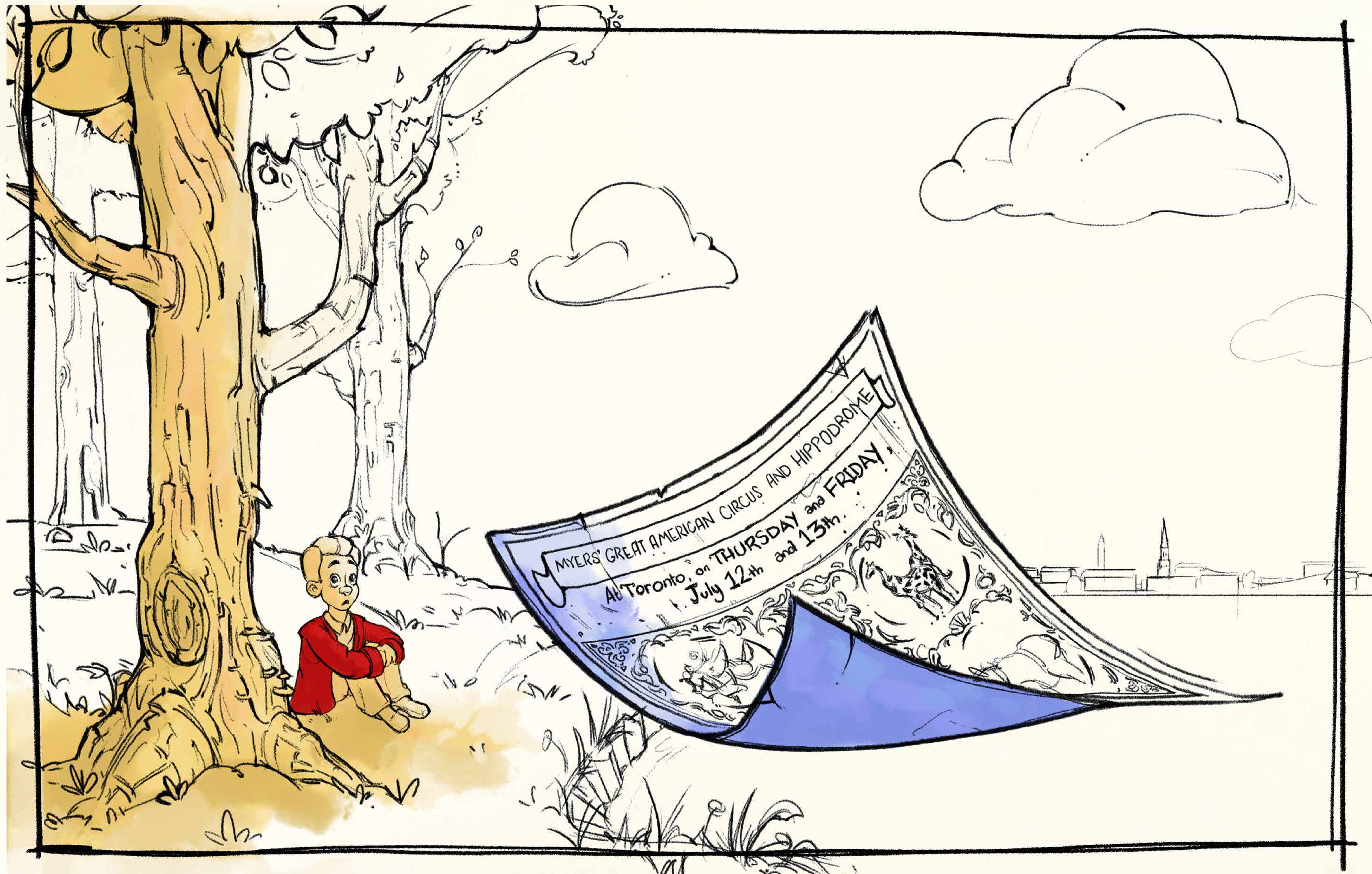
Far away  
Far away  
I'd board a boat or hop a train  
If only to get there, far away

There's nothing for me here  
The sky a smoky mirror  
The streets a muddy mess  
The sour sound of success  
A constant ringing

If I'm your lucky boy  
Why do I feel no joy  
When that fire bell rings all day  
I hear it and I say  
For whom does that bell toll?  
It's not for me

Far away  
Far away  
I'd walk through fire, wind and rain  
If only to get there, far away

Won't somebody please just tell me this is all a dream?  
Won't somebody please tell me I'm more than I seem  
I listen and I hold my breath...



# HOWES' MAGIC PANTOMIME

## CLOWNS

A grand pantomime will be performed  
Great attractions in Howes' Menagerie  
At Toronto on Thursday July 12 and Friday the 13th  
Myers and Madigan's Equestrian Troupe without extra charge  
Forming two exhibitions in one

## MYERS & ROSE

Howes' Magic Pantomime!  
Extraordinary Novelty!  
As Performed in Philadelphia for One Hundred Nights and more!  
Fun, wit, and waggersy will reign throughout the canopy!  
with five noted clowns including Jim Myers!

## CLOWNS

A wonderful troupe of dogs and monkeys  
and horses and ponies  
A Brazillian tiger  
Two African leopards  
North American bears  
A pair of English deer  
A Peruvian llama  
A kangaroo!

## CURLEY

Equestrian and gymnastic talent  
unequalled in the whole world's history!

**A GRAND PANTOMIME WILL BE**  
performed, in addition to other great attrac-  
tions, in S. B. Howes' CIRCUS and MENAGERIE com-  
bined.

At Toronto, on **THURSDAY and FRIDAY,**  
July 12th and 13th.

The Manager of these Exhibitions takes pleasure in an-  
nouncing, that in addition to the brilliant display of Horse-  
manship and other Feats, included in the regular per-  
formances, there will be presented at each **EVENING EN-  
TERTAINMENT**, an extraordinary novelty in the magnifi-  
cent Magic Pantomime of **THE MISER OF BAGDAD**, with  
all its superb appointments, rich costumes, costly prop-  
ties, and wonderful tricks and transformations, as per-  
formed in Philadelphia for upwards of 100 consecutive  
nights, to crowded and enthusiastic audiences. This be-  
ing the first instance of the representation of so compli-  
cated a piece in a Travelling Exhibition.

The piece will positively be played at the close of **THE  
EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.**  
For cast of characters, scenes, &c., see large bills.  
Toronto, July 7, 1855.

**TWO COMPANIES!**  
**Menagerie and Circus.**  
S. B. Howes, Propr'r.  
**MYERS & MADIGAN'S**

**EQUESTRIAN TROUPE!**  
Without Extra Charge, forming two  
**EXHIBITIONS IN ONE.**  
For One Day Only.—Afternoon and  
Evening.  
J. M. NIXON, Director of the Com-  
bined Exhibitions.  
At Toronto, Front Street, on Thurs-  
day and Friday, 12th, 13th,  
July, 1855.

In this Exhibition will be found  
the two greatest Living Curiosities  
in the Animal Kingdom, viz:—a  
**LIVING GIRAFFE**, and a **LIVING  
RHINOCEROS**,  
besides a full collection of other  
Wild Beasts, all in the most perfect  
health and condition.

**THE CIRCUS TROUPE**  
Consists of the following acknow-  
ledged talent.

**CLOWNS**..... **JIM MYERS.**  
**MISS ROSE MADIGAN,**  
The fearless, graceful and brilliant  
American Artiste, in her Matchless  
Scenes of Equitation. Messrs. T.  
King, LaRue, W. Armstrong, H. P.  
Madigan, Master Madigan, Thomp-  
son and Professor Nixon with his  
talented Pupils, in all their achieve-  
ments upon horseback, and in  
Gymnastics.

The following rare and beautiful  
Animals are among the collection  
belonging to this Exhibition:

A Brazilian Tiger, or South Ameri-  
can Jaguar, Two African Leopards,  
Two N. American Bears, a pair of  
English Deer, a beautifully marked  
Zebra, a Peruvian Llama, a White  
Camel, a Kangaroo, besides a  
variety of the Monkey Tribe, Par-  
rots, Pelicans, Swans, Birds of  
Paradise, &c., &c.

Admission to see the Combined  
Exhibitions:

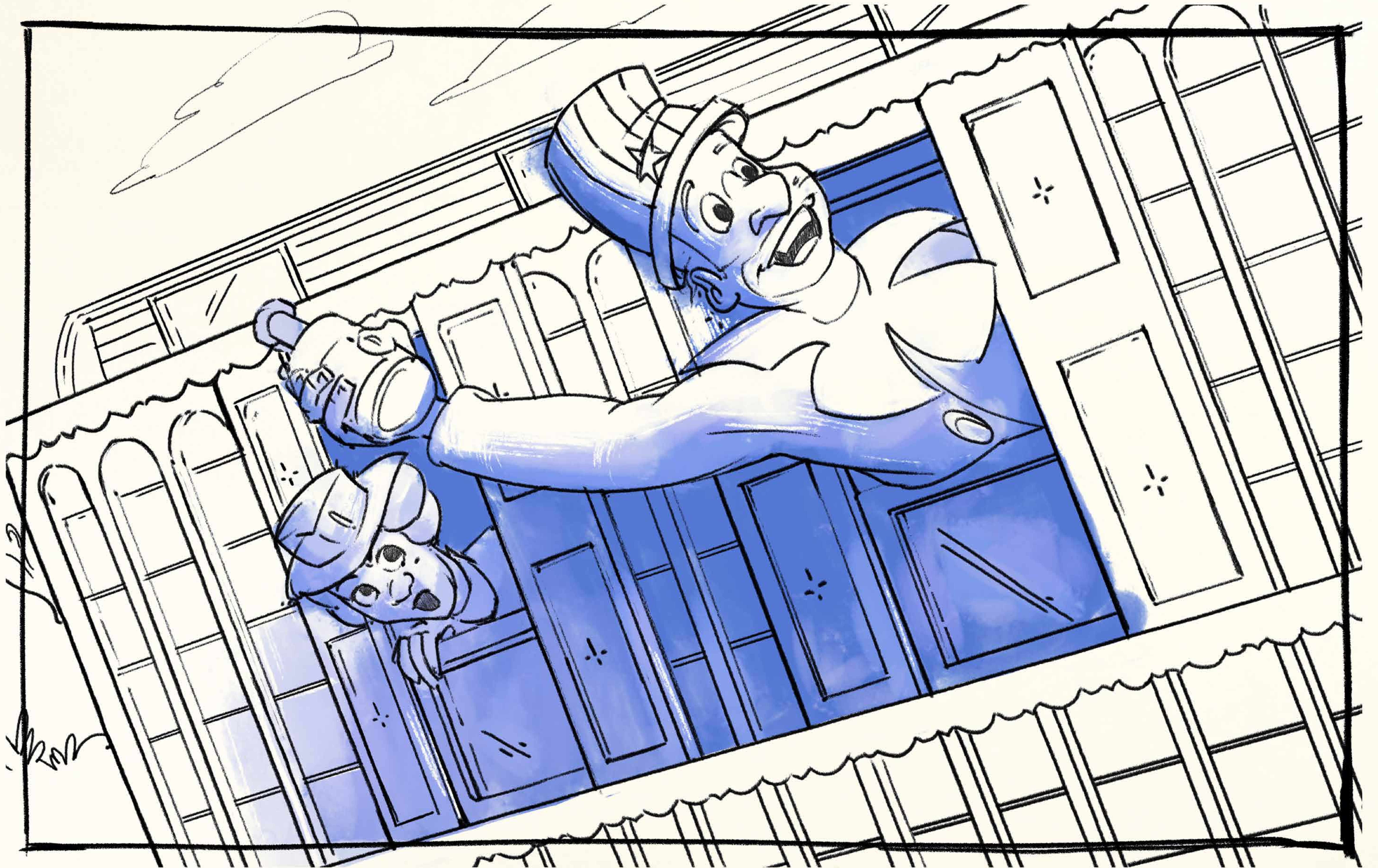
Reserved Seats, 50 Cents, Pit, 25  
Cents. Children under 9 years of  
age half-price. Doors open at 2  
and at 7. Performances commence  
at half-past 2 and quarter to 8.

This Company will Exhibit at  
Markham Village, July 10th; Richmond Hill, July 11th.

Toronto, June 21, 1855.



S. B. LEONARD.



## CATCH A RIDE

MYERS

The next town's up around the bend  
Thank God we left the last behind  
Another day in Hamilton and I know  
I woulda lost my mind

ROSE

They want to be "Toronto the Good"  
A bright upright monument  
But do their politicians stand up straight?  
Do the landlords never raise the rent?

MYERS

Back and forth on the bumpy road  
We've been hustling from town to town  
And Rosie's on my case, says I should sober up  
Or I'll end up some kind of clown  
"You should have stayed in school instead" my mama cried  
And I don't know if I would blame her  
But Momma see me now! I got my education as a lion tamer

CLOWNS

You wanna be a part of it  
Everybody's trying to catch a ride  
You think you got the art of it  
The Big Top's awfully shiny from outside

ROSE

Two more tomorrow and you'll get to eat  
We might even break even next week  
When you're fishin' for admission, 50 cents a rube  
Hope they pay to see a juggling freak!

MYERS

I hear they got a different tavern on every block  
And boast the best rye whiskey mall  
I gotta say that's mighty Good'a 'h'm  
I think I like Toronto, Worts and all!

CLOWNS

You wanna be a part of it  
Everybody's trying to catch a ride  
You think you got the art of it  
Maybe you just need a place to hide

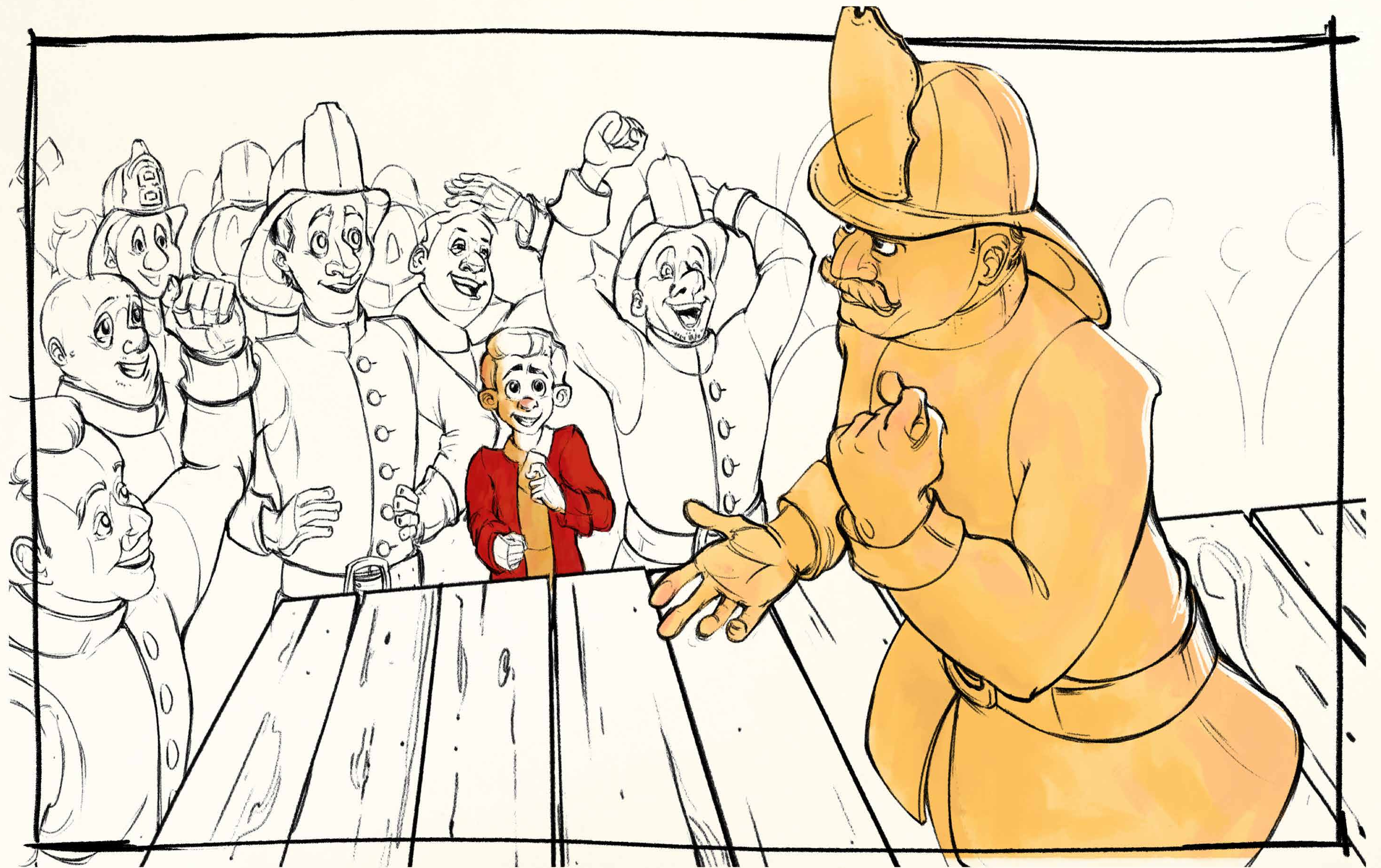
MYERS

I once knew a good Canadian girl  
Taught me how to say thank you and please  
She left me for some head of government  
Left me hanging up on my trapeze

CLOWNS

This life ain't for everyone  
But everybody still wants in  
You've never seen a crew of Ho-Bos like us  
Go to the places we've been

You wanna be a part of it  
Everybody's trying to catch a ride  
You think you got the art of it  
Well the Big Top's awfully shiny from outside



## THE TWELFTH

### BIRD

Gentlemen, out time again has come  
July the 12th, the day of our freedom  
The time to march and hand-in-hand we join  
To celebrate our ancestors at the Battle of the Boyne  
Yes the time has come to speak of many things  
This city needs our leadership  
from Cabbagetown to King  
All Firemen and Orangemen under God  
Will march today and trample every Roman Catholic fraud

### FIREMEN

Today is the day we march along the Harbourfront  
And sing our song for Lord and Land  
(and Private Civil Rule)  
Today is the date we commemorate the House of Orange  
And celebrate for Lord and Land  
(and Private Civil Rule)

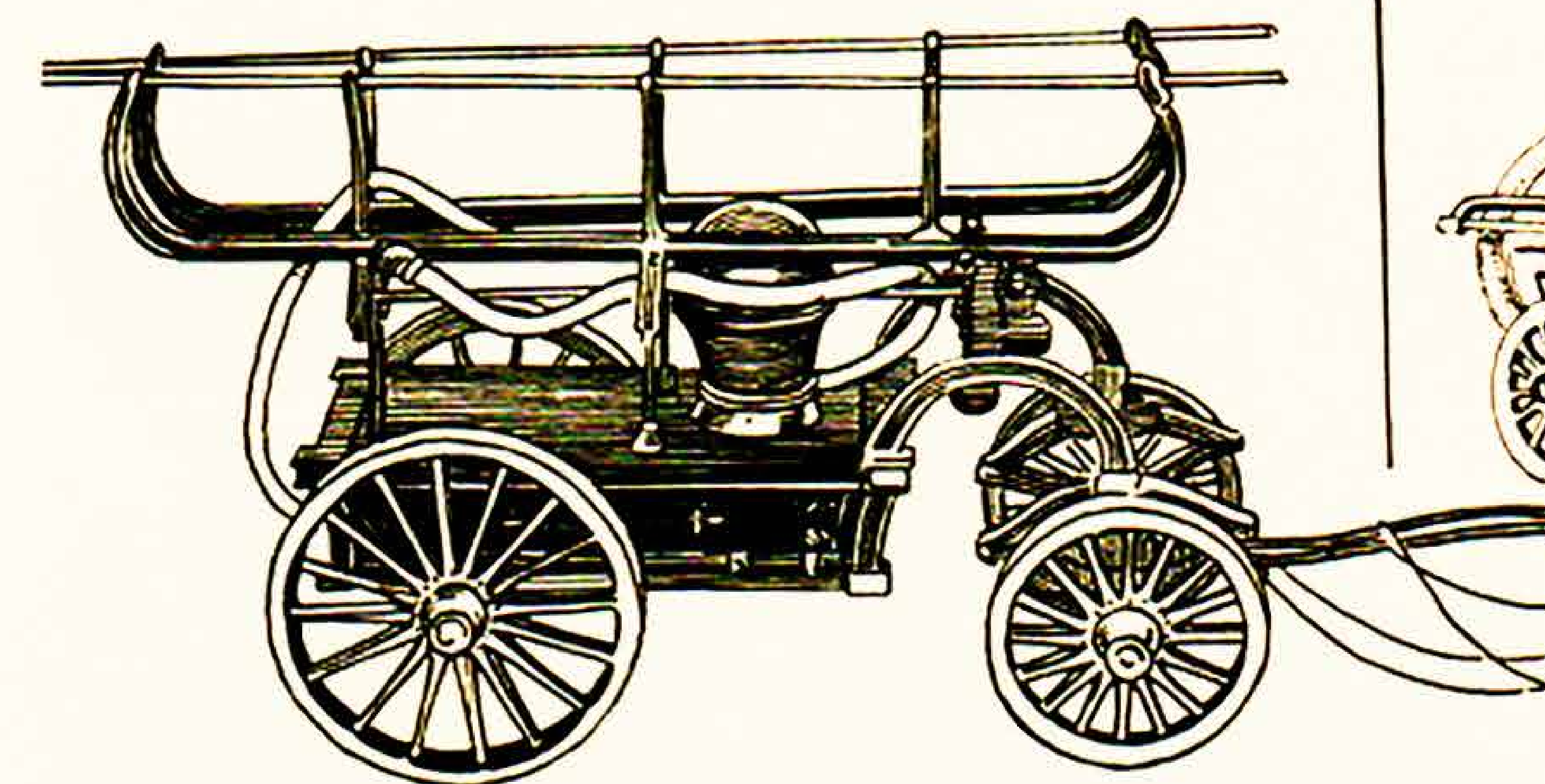
### CURLEY

A circus show has come to town today  
I'd like to go and see it  
For my birthday if I may  
They march along the street and entertain  
They just pulled into the station  
With a tent for shine or rain

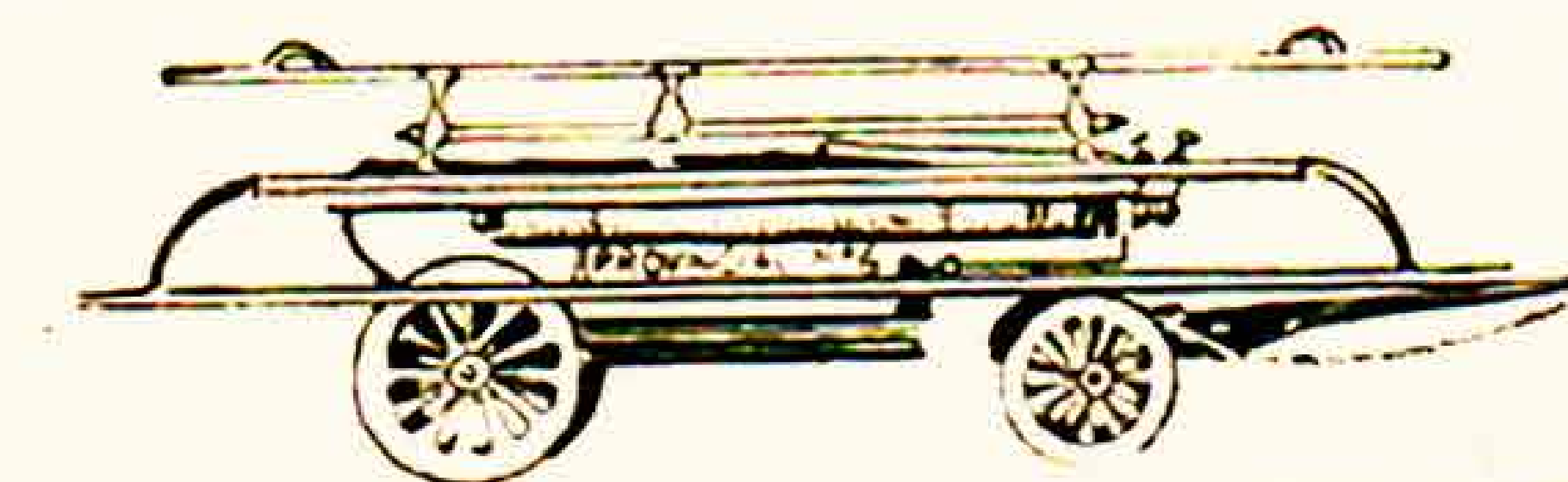
### BIRD

Boy, where ya been  
We've a march to begin  
Here's your hat  
Hold the flag, step in line  
Know if you go to that damn clowning show on the 12th  
You'll be no man of mine  
Pick up your head, we'll go marching instead  
On the 12th we leave no one behind

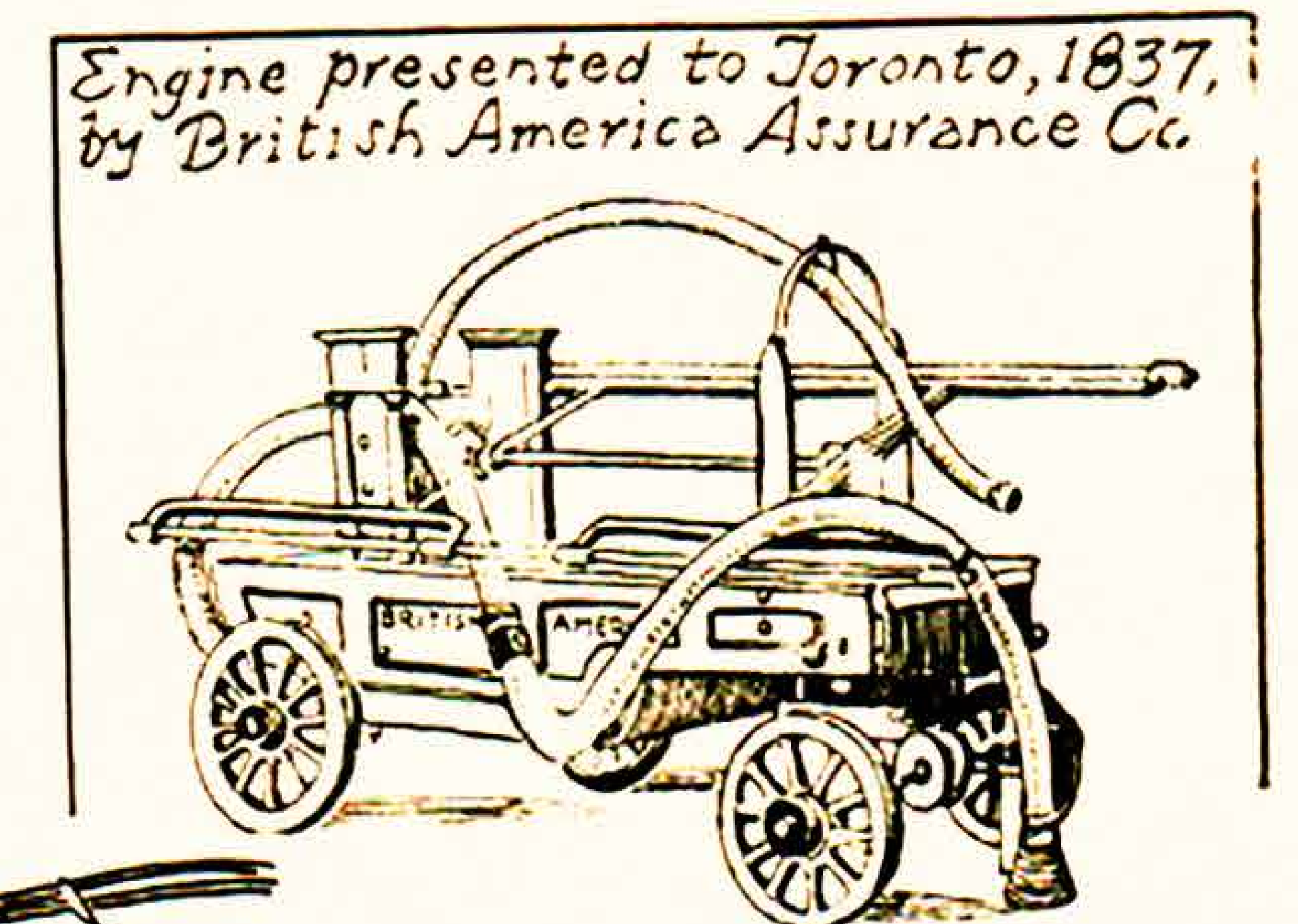
## FIRE ENGINES



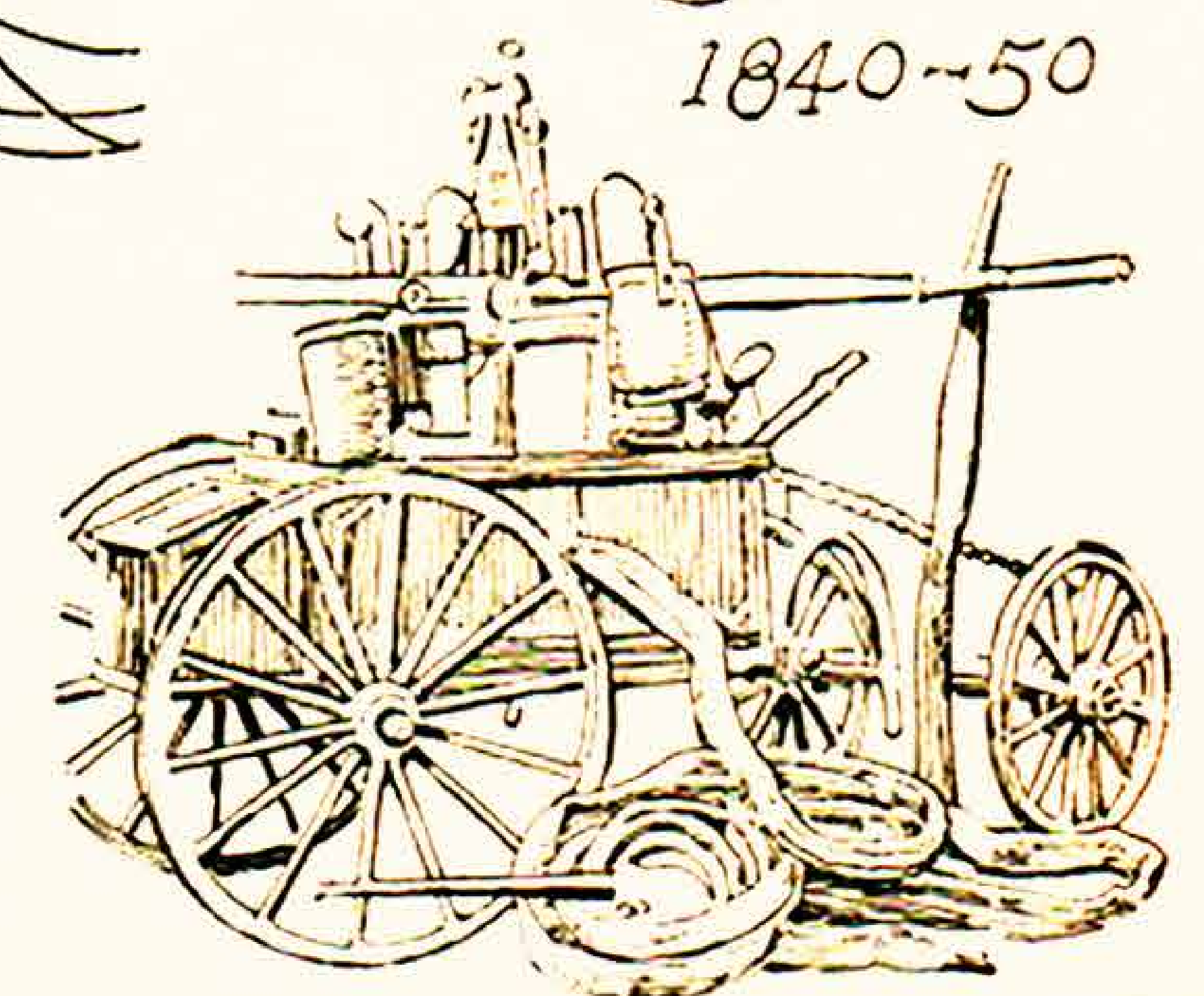
*First Engine in Toronto, the "York",  
1826, when Volunteer Department formed.  
Manned by 8 men on each side.*



*Fore and Aft  
Type  
1852*



*Engine presented to Toronto, 1837,  
by British America Assurance Co.*



*1840-50*

## THE ORANGE MARCH

### ORANGEMEN

Here we stand brother to brother  
Marching to the drum of a city's heartbeat  
Fearless, peerless, we're coming to save the day  
Kicking some Catholic ass on the way  
Oh hooray! for the Glorious Orangemen  
We took God's word and we made it better  
Timeless, rhymeless, leading Toronto the best!  
Orange is the word! Sucks to the rest!

### BIRD

Thank you all for being here  
It really means a lot  
You show up every year  
And watch us give it all we've got  
Forgive us while we slip away  
We're really all quite beat  
If you need us you know where we'll be  
Ms. Armstrong's down the street!

*Hurry home now, boy  
Stay far away from that crowd  
These are begging broke vagrants  
They cheat you, they're freaks, and too loud  
Start growing up now, boy  
And prove what you're meant to be  
You think my life is dull, but my pockets are full  
Play it right, and end up like me!*





## PEANUT PARADE

### CLOWNS

Peanut parade is coming to town  
Everybody knows it's the best show around  
Peanut parade we open today  
With a spectacle of great display  
We got the Lady on the Flying Trapeze  
World Class Clowns that are sure to please  
Creatures and animals big and small  
Lions and tigers and penguins and elephants  
We got 'em all!

For twenty five cents you can see it all  
Step right up and have a ball!

### CURLEY

*For twenty five cents you can see it all  
Step right up and have a ball!*



## STEP RIGHT UP

MYERS

Ladies and gentlemen! Girls and boys!  
Something for everyone! Trinkets and toys!  
Everyone's a winner! Every brave joe blo!  
In the colourful magical mystery show!  
Step right up!

CURLEY

It's a feast for all the senses every way I turn  
So much to see and hear now  
So much to watch and learn  
With peanuts and popcorn  
Harlequin and buffoon  
A technicolour explosion  
I'm over the moon

CLOWNS

(Step right up)  
To see a spectacle of wonder  
(Step right up)  
To see it right before your eyes  
(Step right up)  
Bright as lightning, loud as thunder  
(Step right up)

Spin the wheel!  
Courtesy of S.B. Howes!  
Madame Zeller the Fortune Teller  
will see you now!

ROSE

You unlucky boy  
Your past is full of pain  
I see your father alone engulfed in flame  
His brothers in Orange  
Standing safely away from the blame  
Now I can tell you boy  
The future you've got in store  
You've marked your last Twelfth, lucky boy,  
Half a cent to hear more!

CURLEY

If you could really see my past  
You'd know the ticket taker took my last  
So how can I believe you?  
How come I believe you?

CLOWNS

(Step right up)

CURLEY

How'd she know to much I wonder?  
Could she see it in my eyes?  
What's the lie I'm living under?

ROSE & MYERS

What we're about to do  
Is not some hokey act  
We spent a year in preparation  
Just to bring this one trick back  
What we're about to attempt  
Should not be tried at home  
We spent a year in meditation  
With a medicine man from Rome  
What you're about to see  
The vanishing hat reappear!  
Perfectly safe but we can't do it alone  
We're gonna need a volunteer...

CURLEY

Something feels so right  
Under this tent tonight  
I've heard this voice  
I've made this choice already

CLOWNS

(Step right up)

MYERS

And volunteer at the circus  
Think you got what it takes?  
A new career in the circus

CLOWNS

We go from Baltimore to Boston  
Syracuse to St Lou  
From Condord o'er to Cleveland  
Philadelphia too  
But we've never seen a town like this  
No we've never seen a town like this  
(what's the name again?)  
Never seen a town, never a town like this  
Thank you Toronto! And to our volunteer!  
Thank you Toronto! We think we'd like to stay here!  
Step right up!

ROSE

*How can you perform when you can barely stand  
Or is that now part of your act?  
You're drinking's made you lose your touch  
with sleight of hand  
How do you expect me to react?*

MYERS

*How am I to focus when you're at my throat  
Do you believe I really care what you think?*

CURLEY

*Hello Mr. Clown Man  
I wondered if you had some room  
for one more in the game  
I want to be part of the grand circus art  
I'd sell peanuts and work for the same*



# HOW TO SELL A PEANUT

MYERS

So you want to enlist  
You don't start at the top  
Peanut pushin's a coveted position  
You'd get handed a mop  
Our circus ain't no place for tres ordinaire  
But thanks for comin' out  
We require an appointment  
Booked years in advance  
Et curriculum vitae  
Favour given to those who dance  
We screen all our employees meticulously  
But thanks for comin' out  
When I was a boy like you, the age of five

CURLEY

I'm eleven!

MYERS

I sold my first peanut, never felt so alive  
I said no lie these peanuts let you travel through time  
The sign said two for a penny but she gave me dime  
When I was in the desert, Colorado I think  
I met a man who'd wandered lost and needed a drink  
I sold him thirty peanuts saying "Jim here's a tip:  
This salty snack's the first thing you'll want after you sip!"  
So you see, I can sell a peanut to most anyone. Can you?

You know, it takes a certain kind of loser to do what we do  
Visited the Vatican for to see the Queen  
I told her she looked nothin' like them pictures I'd seen  
That nun bought my whole stock for she had let out a curse  
And all I said was Corpus Christi and she opened her purse  
So you see, when you're as good as me  
You can sell a peanut to most anyone  
(ain't nothin holdin' me down)  
You can sell a peanut to most any nun  
(St. Genesius pray for me)  
You can sell a peanut to most anyone

# THE BOY'S GOT TALENT

CURLEY

I got nowhere to go  
Somehow I just know

ROSE

You won't find any enjoyment in our  
area of employment  
We're not hiring so don't hold your breath...

CLOWNS

The boy's got talent  
The boy's got lungs  
The boy's got a future  
At eleven years young

ROSE

Hang on a minute  
Why the change of heart?

MYERS

He'd be so lucky to say he got his start  
To learn the ropes,  
to train with you and me  
Besides, you heard him  
The boy will work for free!  
A fresh face and a mouldable mind  
Strong hands, no home to leave behind  
We need an act like a water escape  
This boy and his lungs  
Could be our big break!

ROSE

I remember when you started out  
Didn't have a pot to piss in  
No bed, no food, no talent  
And I gave you a chance, so listen

You and I had a dream  
We could do anything  
Break the cycle, our dream  
Is that the dream we're livin'?

This boy won't make that dream come true  
Won't make you love the job you do  
Groom him for this and he'll be just like you  
Angry, Afraid and Alone

Do you remember what you told me then  
When we were dumb and dreamin  
No time in the showtime day  
For nursin, whinin, changin, screamin

You and I were a team  
We could do anything  
Now it's a common theme  
This drinkin brawlin leavin

This boy needs more that you can give  
You think you've found a will to live  
But will you live to find he's just like you?  
Angry afraid and alone

MYERS

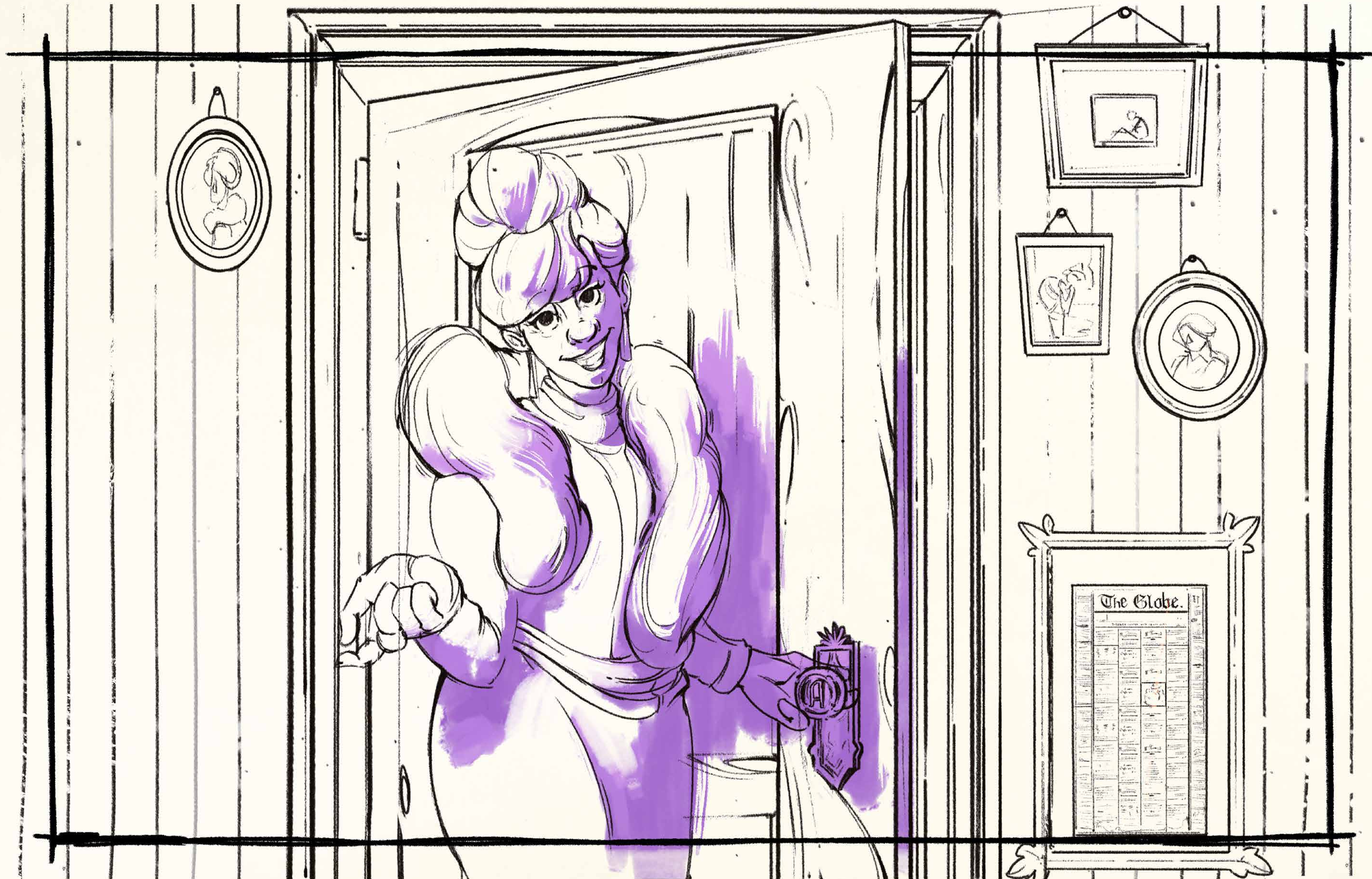
I see a clown  
A born entertainer  
A part-time cage-cleaner  
A chimpanzee trainer  
A sock darning cook  
And a grub-frying valet  
I see him the star of  
Sword-swallowing ballet!  
It's...

CURLEY

Curley!

MYERS

You're gonna look good as a clown  
Get ready for some world renown  
Now can you tell me where to get a drink around?



## MS. ARMSTRONG'S HOUSE OF ILL FAME

MARY-ANN

My boys come see me every single night  
Drink me dry and leave me at first light  
Ain't no watering hole like this

FIREMEN

Ain't no better host than our Miss!

MARY-ANN

Come to the place  
everyone knows your face  
And thirst comes first

ORANGEMEN

There's no better place to feel alive  
Nowhere else to go in Eighteen Fifty-Five  
Than Ms. Armstrong's House of Ill Fame

MARY-ANN

Every one of my girls is chosen specially by hand  
I'm running a business and your pleasure is my brand  
Aldermen, clergymen, mayors eat free  
I host city council each week in Room Three  
Leave your hat at the door  
See what we've got in store  
It's what you're all here for...

ORANGEMEN

There's no better place to feel alive  
Nowhere else to go in Eighteen Fifty-Five  
Than Ms. Armstrong's House of Ill Fame



## BIRD MEETS MYERS

BIRD

Good evening, gentlemen, I don't believe we've met  
I usually know every man who walks through that door  
Joseph Bird is the name, it's not easy to forget  
Did you come for a drink or did you come for more?

MYERS

Forgive me and my boys, my name is Myers  
You've likely seen it printed on our flyers

BIRD

May I ask you what your line of work is?

MYERS

Can't you see we're from the circus?

BIRD

Please take off that hat, it's what we expect  
As a sign of manners and a sign of due respect

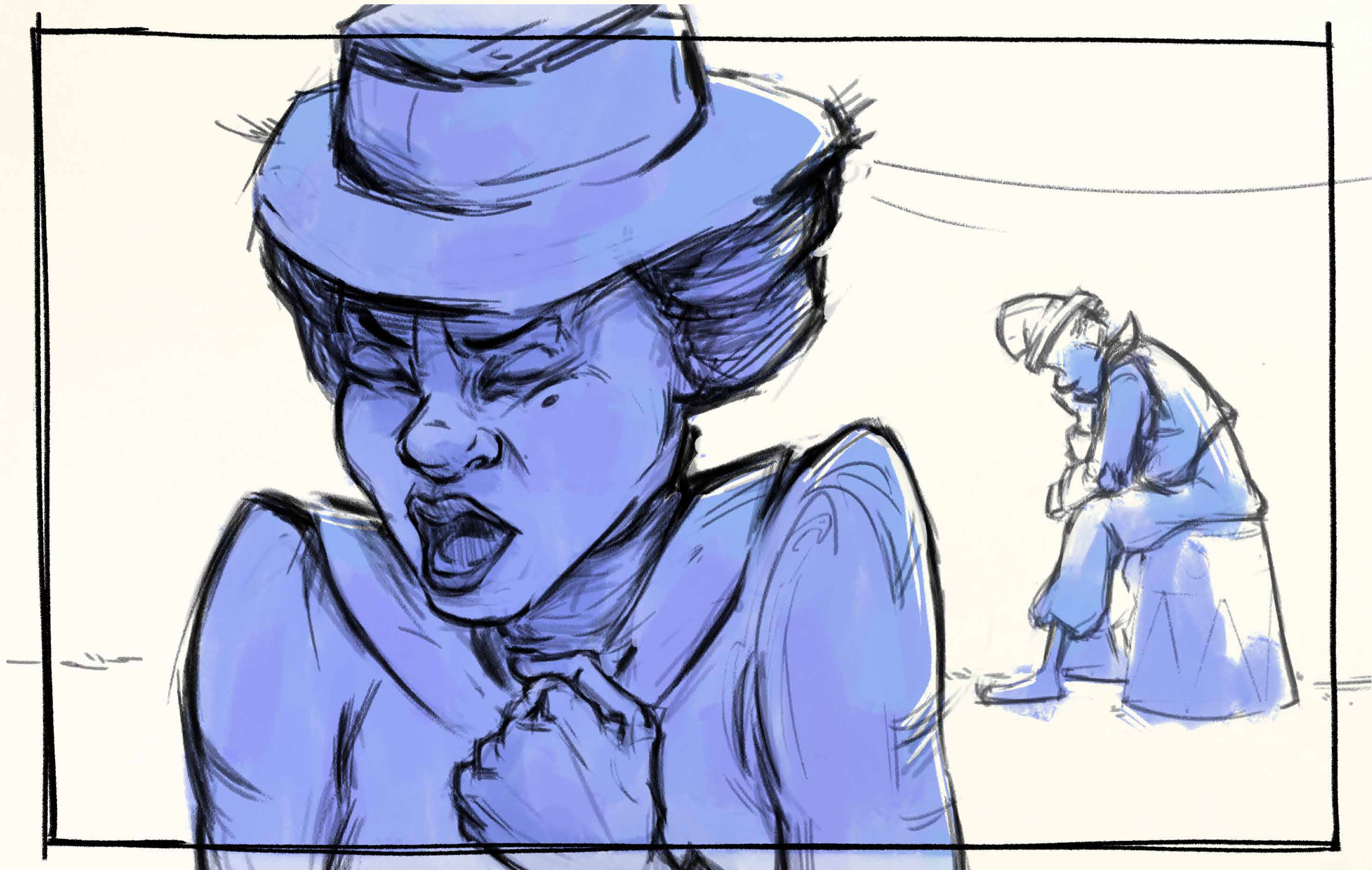
MYERS

We just got in to your new little station  
Hoping for a post-show rye libation  
We heard this was the place to be for our humble band  
Nice to meet you, will you shake my hand?

BIRD

You think you can come in here acting like a clown  
Disrespect our hospitality and mess around  
You're a stranger here, you understand my point  
You're stinking up what once was a classy joint  
Wash off that cake, you made a big mistake  
now for the Good Lord's sake  
You better take off that hat if you know what's good for you  
Take off that hat, you don't know what I will do!

*You disrespectful boy  
You disobeyed what I said  
If you're not on our wagon at sun up, you'll wish you were dead  
So you're all grown up, boy?  
You wanna act like a clown?  
I raise you in my home and you thank me by razing it down*



## ONLY A CLOWN

ROSE

You're down and you're out  
Of your mind  
Left behind and left to doubt  
I'll try to understand

So you're wounded inside  
On the street in defeat  
So you catch a ride  
Though it isn't as you planned

And I wonder every day  
But I never say

What kind of man never clues in?  
Finds pleasure in confusin'?  
And bets the house on losin'  
His key repeatedly?  
What kind is he?

I knew you well  
I thought  
Maybe not  
It's hard to tell  
Maybe you're a mystery

Maybe I'd get a glance  
In your head if you said  
I stood a chance  
But you're still so far from me

But I read you endlessly  
And I want you to see

But you just keep me guessin'  
I thought I learned my lesson  
To stop myself obsessin'  
Over you  
'Cause all you do

Is you keep me at the wayside  
Even after all the ways I'd  
Surprise myself and stay tied  
Up to you  
Guess I am too  
Only a clown



## FRIDAY THE 13TH

ROSE

*Myers, you fool  
You've really done it  
There's a price on our head  
Every Orangeman wants you dead  
You've got to go  
If you're seen in our show this afternoon  
You'll be murdered where you stand  
Or worse, be panned*

CITIZENS

*I can't sleep  
And I can't eat  
On account of this city heat  
I'd set fire to this whole town  
So the ol' Hook and Ladder would come and  
Hose me down*

*Nothing good ever comes on this day  
Friday the thirteenth  
Dogs run for shade  
And the neighbours move away*

*TGIF does not apply  
We thank God if we can make it by*

*This past April we had it again  
Fox got in my coop  
And ate nine hen  
October last, my Tommy got put in jail  
Had a hole in the roof  
Couldn't post his bail and he's still there*

*When it's this hot this city's out of whack  
People jump in the lake  
And sometimes they don't come back  
TGIF does not apply  
We thank God if we can make it by*

BIRD

*You bet this joker's gonna pay his dues  
Just wait til he sees this morning's news  
These damn Yankees think they can cheat this town  
I'm hell-belt their tent city's comin' down*

CURLEY

*This feels like living in some bad dream  
My daddy's story ain't what it seemed  
Now I've crossed the line and I played a fool  
Who knew eleven could be so cruel*

CITIZENS

*Nothing good ever comes on this day  
Friday the thirteenth  
Dogs run for shade  
And the neighbours move away*

*TGIF does not apply  
We thank God if we can make it by  
TGIF is something we ain't seen  
We thank God if we can see fourteen*

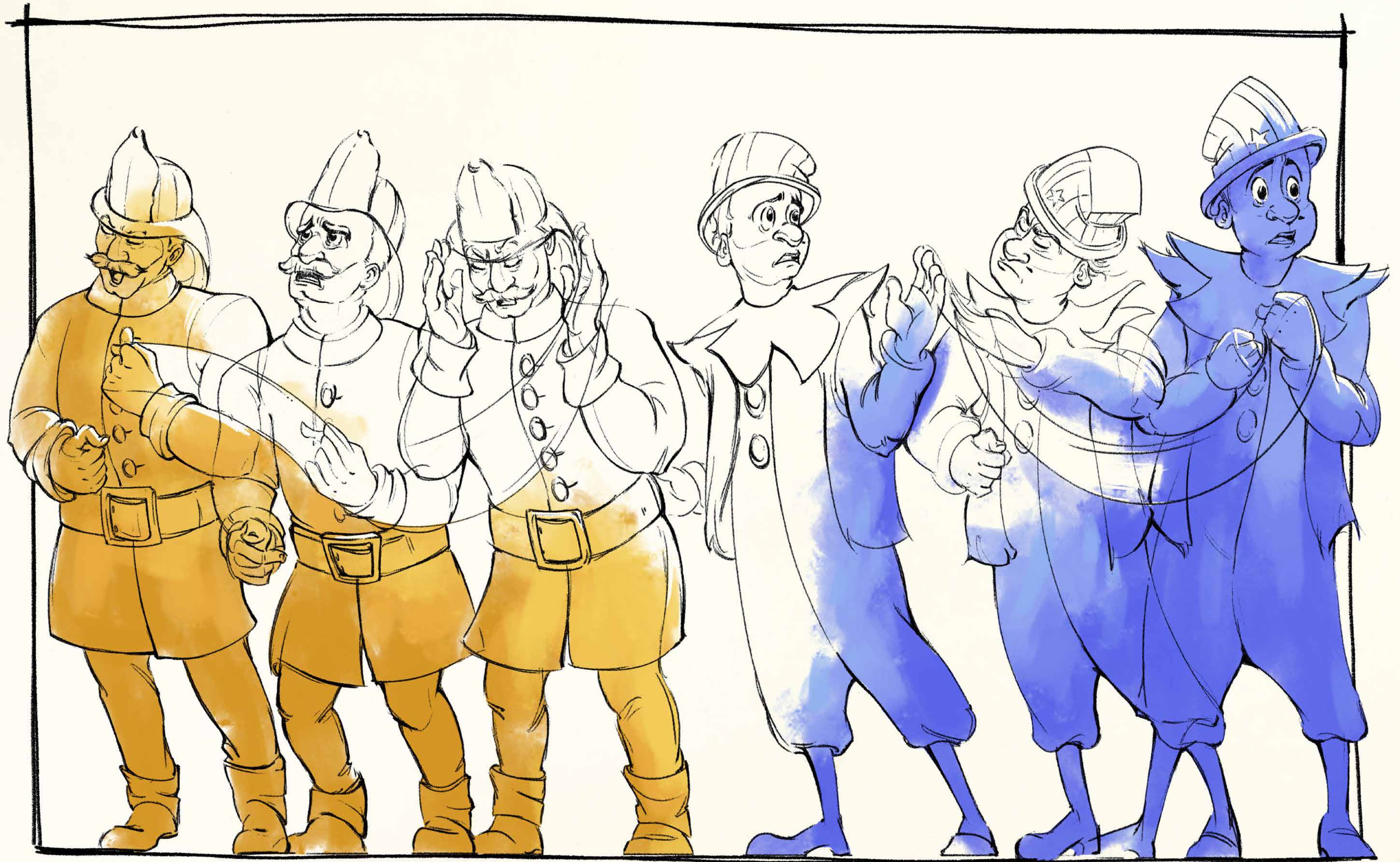
*Did you hear about what happened last night?  
Did you hear about the fight?*

*Last night*

*An affray in a house of ill fame  
Clowns belonging to Howe's Menagerie  
Mr Myers refused to remove his hat  
And was politely asked to leave  
At which point his Clownship  
Began to lash out  
Swinging wildly with force  
And intent to cause harm  
Then the clown and his cronies  
Threw tumblers about  
And rushed out shouting "scram!"  
Running into the night*

ROSE

*So Myers needs a place to hide  
And Brampton should be nice this time of year*



## SOMETHING WRONG

BIRD & MYERS

I'm a fool  
Everybody says it's true  
I never thought I'd get to where I am  
What did I do?  
I was given a part  
That was doomed from a start  
And I'm just playing along  
But I'm doing something wrong

Did I dream  
That I was underwater  
Then I saw a child  
Someone's son, or someone's daughter  
He stayed right by my side  
'Til he got taken by the tide  
And I tried my best to swim  
But I soon lost sight of him

Dare I run  
Escape a fate that I can see  
Deny a uniform that suits me well  
A tailored destiny  
If I do, my father's son  
Would be forfeit, undone  
I've been playing for too long  
But still I'm doing something wrong

So I'll go  
I must end what I began  
What enemy is greater than myself?  
I must face him man to man  
And with my God as my guide  
I'll be tested and tried  
It's trivial and trite  
But I'm doing something right



## BURN THE BIG TOP

BIRD

Come on men, we've got to take action  
Let that fire station bell sound  
Our boy was taken this morning  
Kidnapped by that dirty clown

FIREMEN

He's the one from Ms. Armstrong's last night  
Making headlines in the paper today

BIRD

I'm going down to the bigtop  
You bet this Myers will pay!

Get your children inside and let the Orangemen unite  
This is no laughing matter, they have asked for a fight!  
Them versus all of Toronto!  
They'll be sorry they came!  
They brought this on themselves!  
Now, we'll play their little game

March with me!  
Come, my friends!  
To the tent!  
Where this ends!

CITIZENS

This big top must come down!  
Death to all circus clowns!

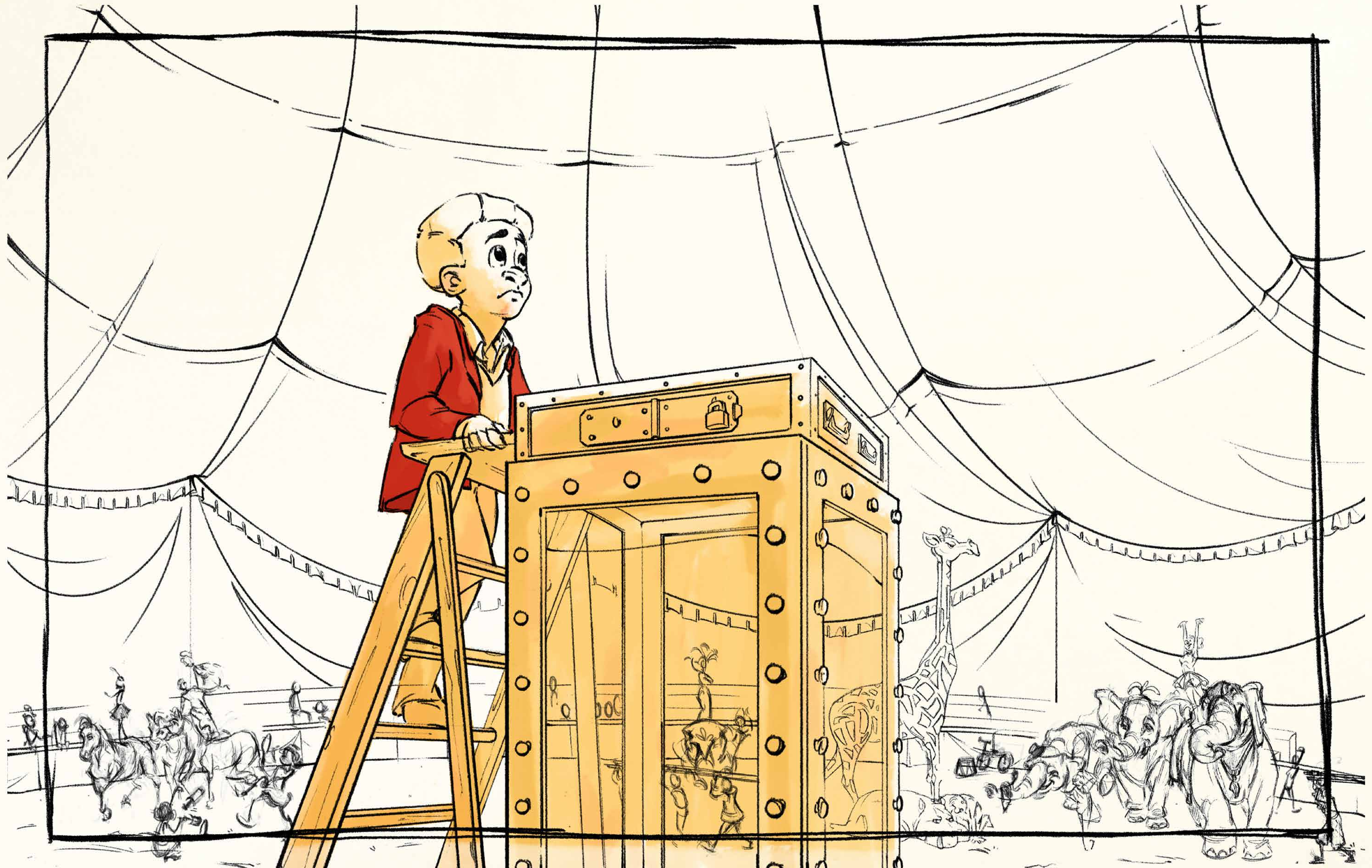
BIRD

Come on men, we've got to take action  
Let that fire station bell ring!  
Gather up your bats and your axes  
As many as you can bring

There's not use now being quiet  
No forgiveness for the deed that was done!  
I think it's time for a riot  
I think we might have some fun

CITIZENS

Burn the big top, burn the big top down!  
Burn the big top, burn the big top down!  
Burn the big top, burn the big top down!  
Burn the big top, burn the big top down!



## THE SHOW MUST GO ON

CURLEY

Meanwhile, back at the Big Top  
Things aren't shaping up to hot for show number one  
With Myers, the main act, in exile  
The Rubes start to shuffle on in  
For the show must go on  
The show must go on

Hear that? That's the half-call  
Every single act has been promoted up the line  
Me and my water escape act  
The finale, where I hold my breath

CLOWNS

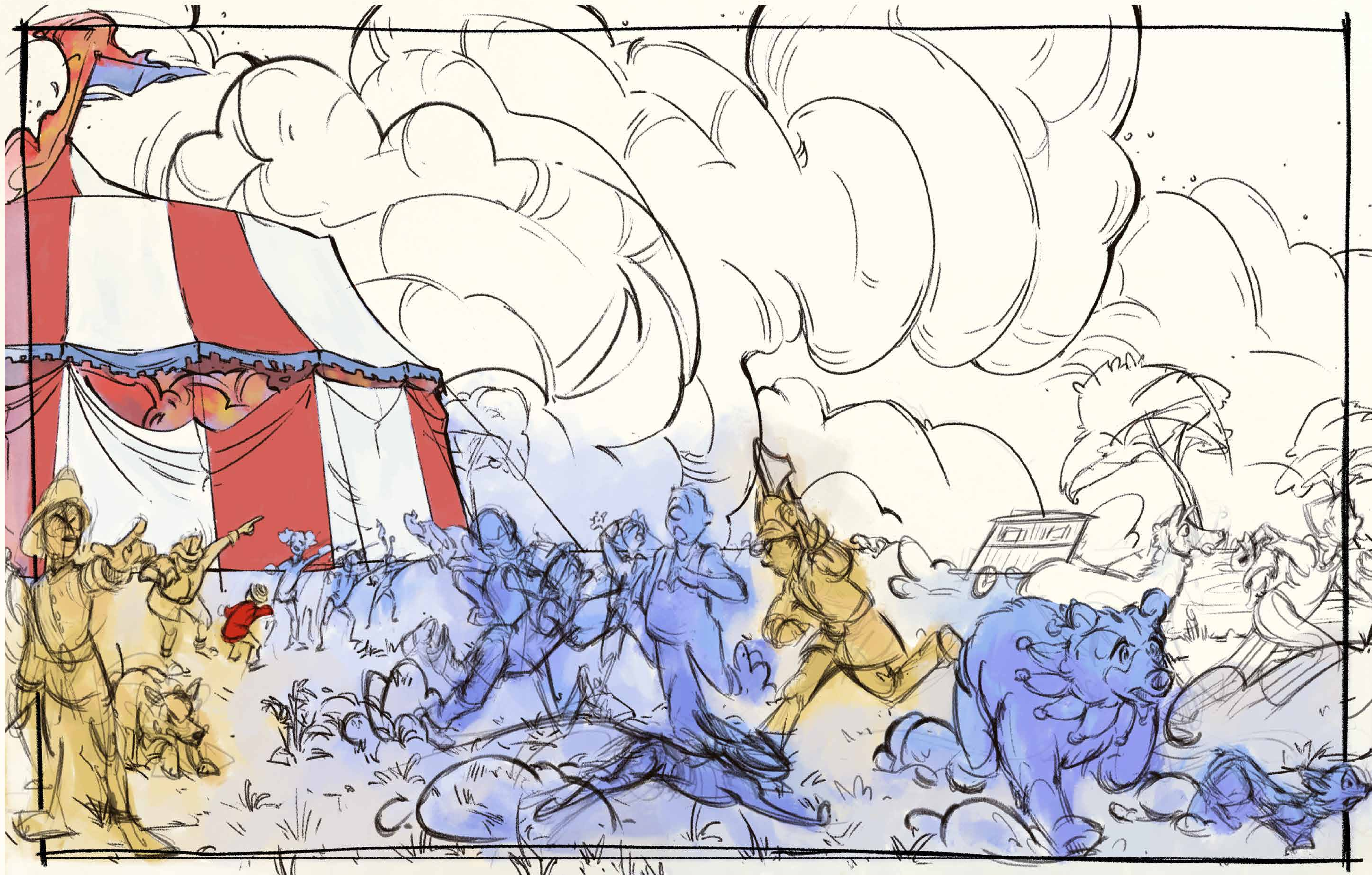
For the show must go on  
The show must go on

CURLEY

First up, Harry's trampoline  
A triple backflip, a lethal feat  
Kids, don't try this at home  
Rose led the horses into formation  
And the band improvised something new

CLOWNS

For the show must go on!  
The show must go on!



## THE RIOT

BIRD

Where is your fearless leader?  
Where is Myers?  
How can the show go on  
When you've got nothing to show?

CLOWNS

Hey Rube! Hey Rube!

BIRD

You beasts and freaks  
Animals  
You're weak  
You wreak!  
Your wagons, your tent  
You devils  
You're spent  
Repent!  
Pickpockets  
Taigs  
Ratbags  
Cleggs  
Beg!  
The tent

CITIZENS

Into the lake

BIRD

The wagons

CITIZENS

Into the lake

BIRD

The beasts

CITIZENS

Into the lake

CURLEY

You've been telling me lies  
You'll never recognize  
That I won't any enjoyment  
In your area of employment  
So give it up, I've found my destiny

BIRD

Hurry home now, boy  
Don't mess around with this lot  
If you're looking to find  
A new family here, you will not  
So come on home, my boy

ROSE

The boy's got talent  
The boy's got lungs!  
The boy's got a future  
At eleven years young

CURLEY

You've been telling me lies  
You'll never recognize  
That I won't any enjoyment  
In your area of employment  
So let me go, I've found my destiny

ROSE

The boy's got talent  
The boy's got lungs!  
The boy's got a future  
At eleven years young

BIRD & ROSE

The boy's got talent  
The boy's got lungs!  
The boy's got a future  
At eleven years young!

MYERS

You think you can march in here  
And run us out of town  
Does it take a thousand of your friends  
To take on thirteen clowns?  
If you want a fight, that's how it's gonna be  
If you want the boy  
You'll have to get through me  
Come on and ring my bell  
You're gonna be so busy in hell!  
I'll take care of this one  
Into the lake  
Go now, run!

BIRD

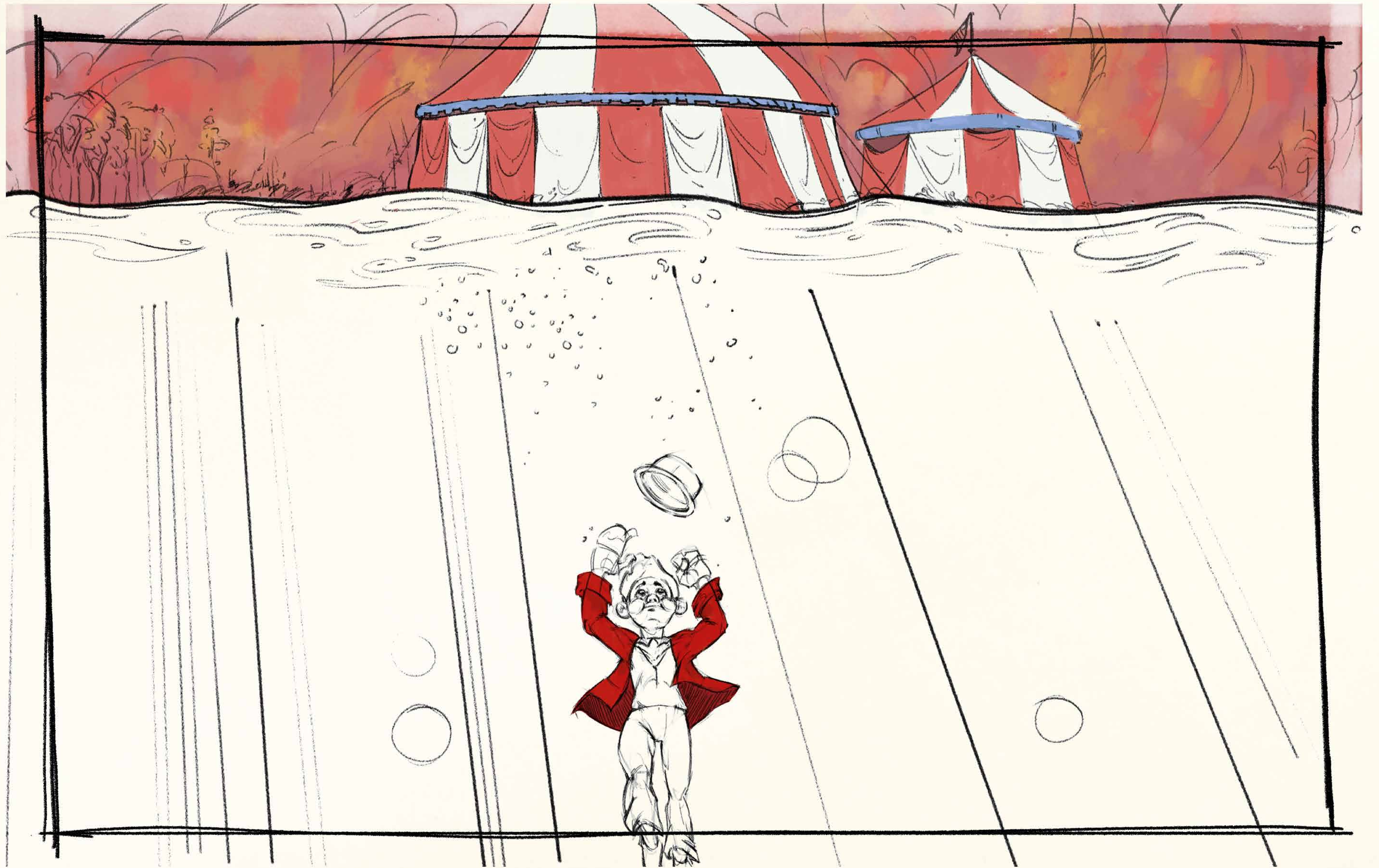
I've raised you like my own son  
Escape to the lake  
Go now, run!

ROSE

Curley, go, and I'll keep them  
Escape to the lake  
Go no, swim!

CLOWNS

Into the lake!  
Into the lake!  
Into the lake!  
Into the lake!



## FROM BELOW

CURLEY

The view from below  
Is the view from above  
And I see it so clear  
All I was afraid of

From the view up above  
I see what you can't see  
And it all looks so small  
You're a child just like me

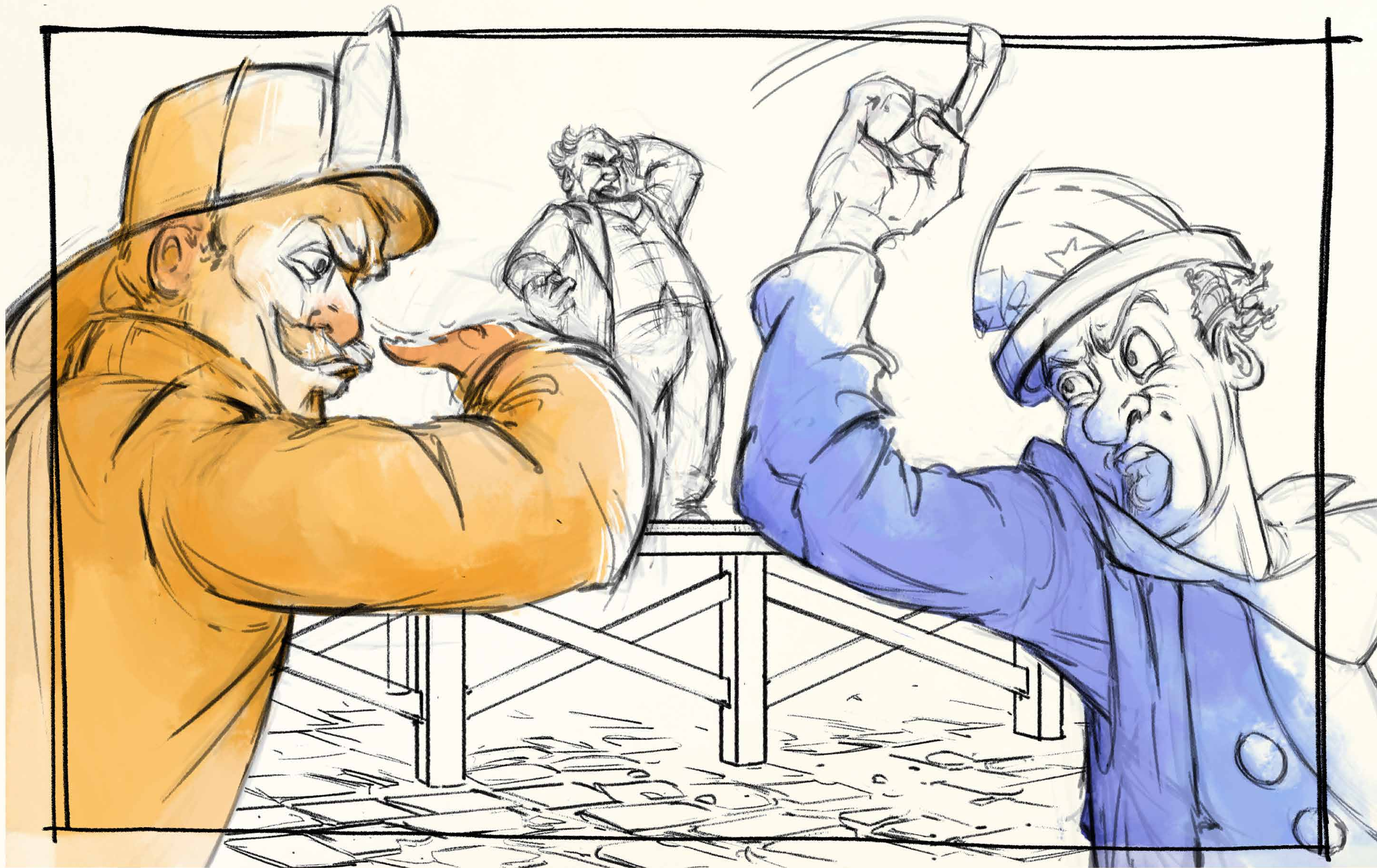
You fight and pick a side  
And say you tried  
But is it just or just a game?  
That's all I see

The view from below  
It's so dark but so plain  
All you've been fighting for  
Would you fight for again?

And I can't believe my eyes  
Am I closer now  
To that kind of freedom  
I wished for my whole life?  
Or have I got it all wrong?  
Was I in too deep?  
Too far away?

For a chance at a dream  
Would you give up your soul  
I can't change what I see  
And I've lost all control

Two far from perfect worlds collide  
Where men, like boys, will fight  
Amongst themselves  
That's all I see  
From below  
From below  
From below



## THE END

### THE MAYOR

I'm perplexed the explanation  
For this din lies in a hat  
I do not comprehend  
how so much damage stems from that

Enemies too close to kin  
For justifying cause  
Not to mention a police brigade  
That counters with applause

And since you woke me up  
And I am moody when I'm tired  
Exit clowns and firemen  
Every officer hereby fired

### MYERS & BIRD

I'm not sorry!  
I'm not sorry!

### CURLEY

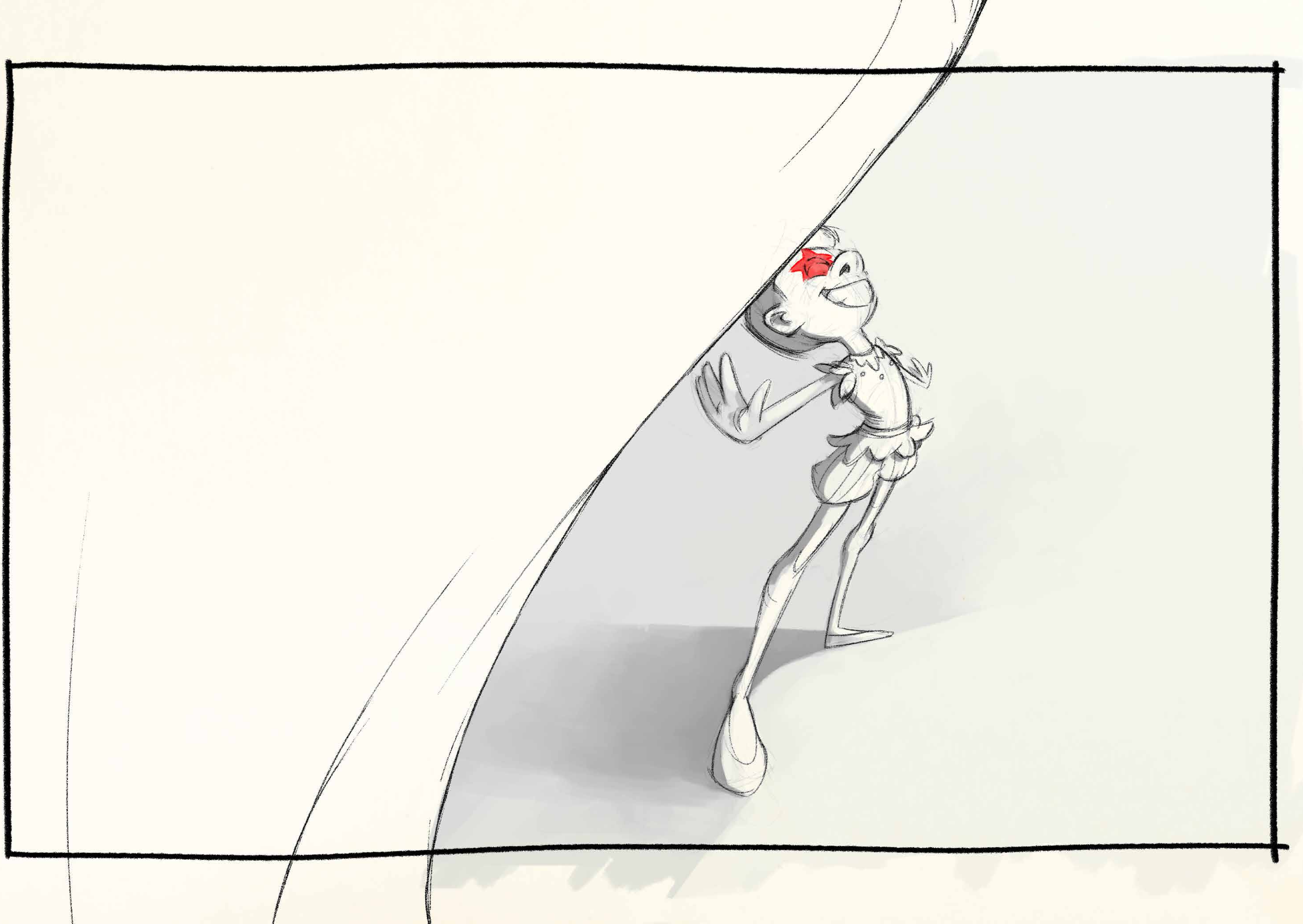
Can't stop the rain  
Can't hold the wind  
Can't keep the tide from goin' out or comin' in  
Can't feel the pain  
I must be in  
Can't keep from cryin' and why  
Where do I begin?  
Where do I begin?  
Got a clown to the left of me  
Thinks he's in the right  
Quite a mess I made  
What a sad sorry sight

### MYERS & BIRD

I'm not sorry!  
I'm not sorry!  
I'm not sorry and I'd do it again!

### ROSE

Curley  
I don't know him  
Eleven year old boy  
That's not familiar  
Nothing to do  
No words  
The next town awaits 'round the bend  
For the show must go on



## WHERE DO I BEGIN?

### CURLEY

I'm the flying space ship  
floating past the stars  
I'm the submariner son  
That's what I are  
I'm the braided balance  
Sun and moon combined  
Fall awake  
Into your lighted mind

Far away and far ahead  
Light'ning day like pulling thread  
I'm the circle in the ring  
The magic making magic sing  
I'm the greatest with the latest thing!

I'm the dancing constellations in the sky  
I'm the light of light  
Projecting from your eye  
Like the rock formations  
Sleeping o'er the isle  
Follow, wake  
And join me for a mile

Water lives the death of flame  
Man's monuments give god a name  
I'm the circle in the ring  
The magic making magic sing  
I'm the greatest with the latest thing

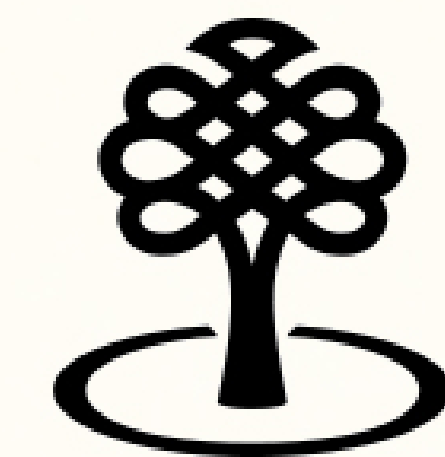
Play the game to the change it  
Do it right to rearrange it  
How peculiar now and strange it  
Is to be here at the end  
Here at the end  
Now at the end  
Where do I begin?



Thanks to the following:

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for the Arts        du Canada

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**CHRISTO GRAHAM** is a composer, actor, and graphic designer from Bishop's Mills, Ontario. He has performed across Canada as an actor and musician, recorded eight self-produced albums, as well as designed posters for over fifty theatrical productions. He composed, produced and performed the music and voice for Margaret Atwood's *Angel Catbird*, and earned a META nomination for his performance as Jerry Lee Lewis in *Million Dollar Quartet* at the Segal Centre. His latest albums, *Turnin'* and *Graham's General Store* are available on We Are Busy Bodies' label.

He lives in Lansdowne, Ontario with his wife Kelly and their son Reaney.



**TYRONE SAVAGE** is an actor, director and writer based in Stratford, Ontario. He co-created and directed the Award-Winning musical *Chasse-Galerie* for Storefront Theatre and Souleppper. Other directing credits include *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*, *The Zoo Story*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*. As an actor, Tyrone has spent eight seasons at the Stratford Festival and worked at theatres across the country.

He's a avid dog lover, gardener, baker and traveller.



**GINAR OGBIT** is an artist and animator based in Ottawa, Ontario. She is a graduate of Algonquin College's Animation program and now works as a 2D animator at Mercury Filmworks. Her love of art is borne out of its ability to communicate the profound, and she aims to help others bring their vision to life.

Outside of animating, she feeds her love of storytelling by reading copious amounts of books, taking photographs, and listening to movie soundtracks that inspire all sorts of stories in her imagination.