

DE LA SALLE COLLEGE

PRESENTS

MY FAIR LADY

IN THE

**THEATRE
ROYAL,
WATERFORD**

at 8.00p.m.



ON

**Wed. Thur. Fri. & Sat.,
March 7, 8, 9, 10 1984.**

Souvenir Programme

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

Scene One:	<i>Why Can't The English? Wouldn't It Be Loverly?</i>	Higgins Eliza & Costermongers
Scene Two:	<i>With A Little Bit of Luck</i>	Doolittle, Harry & Jamie
Scene Three:	<i>I'm An Ordinary Man</i>	Higgins
Scene Four:	<i>With A Little Bit Of Luck</i>	Doolittle & Friends
Scene Five:	<i>Just You Wait The Rain in Spain I Could Have Danced All Night</i>	Eliza Higgins, Eliza & Pickering Eliza, Mrs. Pearce & Maids
Scene Seven:	<i>Ascot Gavotte</i>	Spectators / Chorus
Scene Eight:	<i>On The Street Where You Live</i>	Freddy

ACT TWO

Scene One:	<i>You Did It</i>	Higgins, Pickering, Mrs. Pearce & Servants
Scene Two:	<i>Show Me</i>	Eliza & Freddy
Scene Three:	<i>Get Me To The Chruuch On Time</i>	Doolittle, Harry, Jamie & Chorus
Scene Four:	<i>A Hymn To Him</i>	Higgins
Scene Five:	<i>Without You</i>	Higgins & Eliza
Scene Six:	<i>I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face</i>	Higgins

DE LA SALLE COLLEGE

PRESENTS

MY FAIR LADY

A MUSICAL PLAY IN TWO ACTS

Based on "Pygmalion"

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Music by

FREDERICK LOEWE

Words by

ALAN JAY LERNER

OUR SIXTH PRODUCTION

1979	"Joseph and The Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat"
1980	"Jesus Christ Superstar"
1981	"Oliver!"
1982	"Fiddler on the Roof"
1983	"Oklahoma!"
1984	"My Fair Lady"



Cast

Higgins	GARY POWER
Eliza	GERALDINE TWAMLEY
Pickering	NIALL McDERMOTT
Doolittle	MICHAEL MITCHELL
Mrs. Higgins	ELAINE DAVITT
Freddy	LIAM FLYNN
Mrs. Pearce	MARY MURPHY
Harry	MICHAEL FOSKIN
Jamie	ANDREW SULLIVAN
Mrs. Eynsford Hill	FIONA O'DONNELL
Lord Boxington	ERNIE BRENNER
Lady Boxington	RACHEL WHITE
Costermongers	MICHAEL FOSKIN, ARTHUR SEALY, BRIAN GRIMES, JOHN FITZGERALD.
Mrs. Hopkins	PAMELA FLYNN
Bartender	GRAHAM WALSH
Mrs. Higgin's Chauffeur	MICHAEL CONNOLLY
Constable	BRIAN FLYNN
Mrs. Higgin's Maid	LISA BARRY

SERVANTS : Lisa Barry, Martha Cheasty, Laura Doody, Siobhan Power, John Fitzgerald, Brian Grimes, Arthur Sealy.

DANCERS : Siobhan Power, Fiona O'Donoghue, Michael Connolly, Michael Joye, David Power.

ASCOT LADIES:

Lisa Barry, Caroline Beamish, Miriam Bell, Martha Cheasty, Grace Colbert, Paula Flynn, Claire Foley, Karen Galvin, Ann O'Brien, Fiona O'Donoghue, Siobhan Wadding, Rachel White

ASCOT GENTLEMEN:

Ernie Brenner, John Fitzgerald, Michael Foskin, Brian Grimes, Thomas Grimm, Mark McDonnell, Michael Moylan, Vincent Nolan, David Power, Noel Prendergast, Arthur Sealy, Andrew Sullivan.

Chorus

GENTLEMEN:

Ernie Brenner, Michael Connolly, Michael Finn, John Fitzgerald, Brian Flynn, Michael Foskin, Brian Grimes, Thomas Grimm, Michael Joye, Mark McDonnell, Donal Murray, Michael Moylan, Vincent Nolan, David Power, Noel Prendergast, Pat Redmond, Arthur Sealy, Andrew Sullivan, Graham Walsh, Paul Browne, Tom Byrne, Shay Clancy, John Cowey, Owen Cullinane, Eoghan Dunphy, Brian Flynn, Aidan Grogan, Niall Hughes, Edmund Kearney, Fergal Murphy, Mickey O'Donoghue.

LADIES:

Lisa Barry, Caroline Beamish, Miriam Bell, Martha Cheasty, Grace Colbert, Elizabeth Deegan, Laura Doody, Pamela Flynn, Paula Flynn, Claire Foley, Karen Galvin, Audrey McCarthy, Ann O'Brien, Fiona O'Donoghue, Siobhan Power, Gillian Quinn, Mary Reale, Jacinta Treanor, Siobhan Wadding, Rachel White.

Behind the Scenes

Producers	GARY POWER	FR. SEAN MELODY
Musical Director	BR. BENEDICT, F.S.C.	
Choreography	MAVIS WALLACE	
Wardrobe	MARY AYLWARD	
Make-up	PADDY KENNEDY	
Assisted by	TERESA CULLINANE	JOAN ROCHE
	ALMA O'CALLAGHAN	FRANK LLOYD
	MARY MORRISSEY	CHRIS MORRISSEY
Set Construction	TONY STUBBS	
Painting	FR. STEPHEN O'BRIEN	
Lighting	KEVIN MURRAY	PAT BREEN
Stage Manager	BRENDAN DROHAN	
Assisted by	Ann Dunphy, Paula Hewison, Dermot Connors, Peadar Hanratty, Kevin Mullins, Frank O'Callaghan, Eddie Brennan, Ray Cody, Brian Drohan, Tom Drohan, Patrick English, Nicholas Garvey, Nicholas Kearney, John Lonergan, Michael Maher, Brian Moran, Joe Moran, Des Murphy, Jimmy O'Neill, David Phelan, Joseph St. John, Edmund Vaughan, Richard Walsh.	
Costumes	WATTS of Manchester	
Cloths	The Border Studio	

INTERVAL 15 MINUTES

RAFFLE

TICKETS: 10 p. EACH OR 15 FOR £1.00

To help defray the cost of staging this production there is a nightly raffle for a beautiful piece of Waterford Glass. We express our thanks to Waterford Crystal Limited for the sponsorship of this raffle.

Orchestra

Conductor	BR. BENEDICT, F.S.C.
Violins	DEIRDRE SCANLON (Leader)
	PASCHAL MAHER CIAN O'CARROLL LORRAINE WALLACE
Bass	PATRICK KAVANAGH
Piano	JOHN KISSANE
Oboe	KEVIN KAVANAGH
Clarinet	BRENDAN DOYLE CATHAL KAVANAGH
Flute	GERARD DOWER
Trumpet	JOHN CAREY
Trombone	LIAM WALSH
Percussion	MICHAEL O'BRIEN



"Higgins" GARY POWER



"Pickering" NIALL McDERMOTT



It is an evening in 1912, and London's smart society is emerging from the fog. A restrained stampede for hansom cabs and a swift motor car collides with Eliza Doolittle, a ragged flower girl, and scatters her wares. When Eliza makes a vain attempt to sell her wilting wares to a bystander, a gentleman is making notes behind a pillar. It is, of course, Professor Higgins, a cockney, "such depressing and disgusting sounds" he cheerfully declares, and he boldly boasts to the rapidly-growing crowd of bystanders that in six months he will have her as the Season's most glittering event. By a chance remark, Higgins dismisses them. They march off arm in arm into the rain, but not before Higgins has secured his puddles rapturously, hardly daring to believe her good fortune.

As day dawns over Covent Garden, now alive with the bustle of commerce, Higgins is cadging some money for a 'breakfast' drink. Eliza, dazzled by her new-found success, is herself at Higgins' Wimpole Street house in her Sunday finery. Ushered into lessons so that she may become a lady in a flower shop. The astounded Professor is tempted to take her on, spurred by Pickering's wager that he cannot do so. But he is tempted to take her on, spurred by Pickering's wager that he cannot do so.

Alfred Doolittle delightedly learns of his daughter's defection and then, with Higgins, he arrives in Wimpole Street to bully the Professor. He points out the morality for the rest of his life, he merits at least five pounds in exchange for this dustman, surely one of the most original moralists in England, who has made his daughter work poor Eliza half to death, using every sort of tortuous means to get her to master the principles of the language.

But at last comes the day when "the rine in Spine sties minely in the presence of joy and victory for all. Especially Eliza."

Now the time has come to present her in public. Stunningly gowned, her pronunciation and limiting her conversation to the weather and even to recognise her as the erstwhile Covent Garden flower girl. Everything she says is met with a stoic phlegm of the rest of the observers, causes her to forget herself. In the blink of an eye, she is 'blinkin' arsel'!"

Three ladies faint. Higgins refuses to be daunted by this setback, and redoubles his efforts. Freddy Eynsford-Hill meanwhile, has fallen in love with Eliza. He has written her a love-letter. But Eliza's feelings, ambivalent though they may be, are not so easily won.

The night of the Embassy Ball arrives and Eliza is a vision. Her performance is so perfect that even duchesses and even dances with a crown prince, not to mention Zoltan, no imposter escapes.

In triumph Higgins, Colonel Pickering and Eliza return home. The triumph is entirely and ignominiously ignored. As the Professor retires for the night, a quarrel that follows, Eliza accuses Higgins of picking her up from the gutter and ingratitude, Higgins commits the unpardonable sin of losing his temper.

She runs straight into the arms of the indefatigable Freddy and with the people to whom she once belonged. Her father arrives, resplendently dressed up and delivering me into the hands of middle-class morality". Having been ruined. And the deepest cut of all is that Eliza's 'stepmother' wants to marry him.

Back at Higgins' home, the professor is infuriated to discover that he is irritated by her coolness towards him. They quarrel violently and Higgins shows him the door, telling him that he will not be seeing her again.

Thunderstruck, Higgins walks home, making the sudden, terrifying discovery. But, as he sits dejectedly alone in his study, Eliza walks softly into the room. Higgins leans back in his chair with a contented sigh. "Eliza", he says, "you are a lady."

Garden Opera House into a torrential downpour. In the elegant melee which
 ning of umbrellas, handsome young man-about-town Freddy Eynsford-Hill
 n the mud.
 Colonel Pickering, she is horrified to discover that she is being "spied on".
 Higgins, an authority on the science of speech who is delighted by Eliza's
 es them. Eliza is outraged and a little frightened. The professor confi-
 could pass Eliza, with her guttersnipe English, as a duchess at the Embassy
 s that Colonel Pickering, a student of Indian dialects, is in London to meet
 mperiously thrown Eliza a handful of coins which she gathers up from the

ongers, Alfred P. Doolittle arrives in search of his daughter in the hope of
 wealth, gives him enough for a celebration drink with his cronies.
 er off as a lady in six months, and summoning all her courage, presents
 a disapproving Mrs. Pearce, the housekeeper, Eliza offers to pay for speech
 irascible professor almost throws "the baggage" out for her presumption.
 l his boast. He orders Mrs. Pearce to shuttle the wailing Eliza off to the

he may be able to make a little capital out of the fact that she has moved in
 t that since he is one of the undeserving poor and is up against middle-class
 s daughter. Higgins, much taken with Doolittle's philosophy, recommends
 come a lecturer with the Moral Reform League.
 phonetic machines, marbles in the mouth, and withholding lunch, dinner and

is transformed into "the rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain". It is a time

e is the guest of Higgins' mother in her box at Ascot. Carefully guarding
 dy's health, Eliza captivates Freddy Eynsford-Hill, who of course does not
 swimmingly until the big race when Eliza's excitement, in contrast with the
 Cockney accent of her birth she screams, "Come on Dover, move your

prepare Eliza for the Embassy Ball, which is to be his final triumph.
 e Professor's house in the hope of seeing her and deluges her with flowers
 d on her tutor.

at the ball is impeccable. She evokes admiring comments from dukes and
 thy, a linguistics expert and former pupil of Higgins, from whose detection

en congratulate one another while Eliza, exhausted by the strain of the ball,
 ill flushed with smug success, Eliza hurls his slippers at him. In the bitter
 nd now being ready to throw her back. Enraged by what he considers her
 packs her suitcase and storms from the house.

ung man in tow, she returns to Covent Garden, feeling alone among the
 or a wedding, and curses Professor Higgins for ruining his life—"tying me
 ft a fortune by the founder of the Moral Reform Society, his happiness is
 n!

a has bolted. He eventually finds her at his mother's home and is further
 s forced to admit that he wants her back—but only on his own terms. Eliza

very that he has grown accustomed to her face.

"I washed my hands before I come, I did" she says gently.

pping his hat over his eyes, "Where the devil are my slippers?"

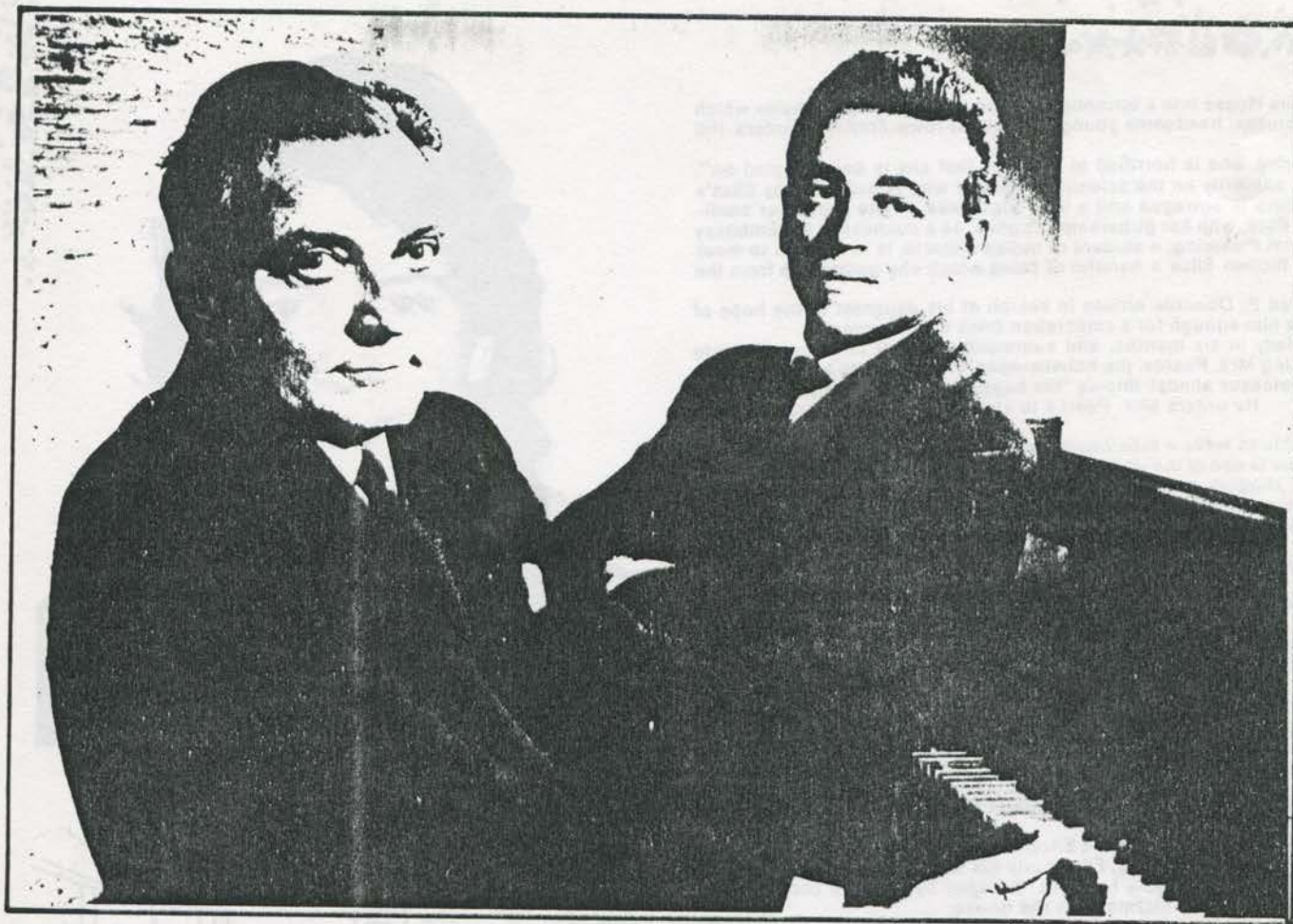


"Eliza" GERALDINE TWAMLEY



"Alfie Doolittle" MICHAEL MITCHELL





The Genius of L & L . .

"Lady" elevated these highly gifted men to a place where they were acclaimed the best writer-composer team in the American musical theatre.

High acclaim, indeed. Yet aside from the immediate popular acceptance of the "Fair Lady" music, the high quality of their work, the durability of the songs and their international appeal have shown conclusively that Lerner and Loewe brought something to the musical theatre that may never be matched.

Who else but Alan Lerner could have written: "*A pensive man am I/Of philosophic joys/Who likes to meditate/Contemplate/Free from humanity's mad, inhuman noise . . .*"?

And who else but Frederick Loewe could have set to enchanting music the petulant indignation of a phonetics professor trying to justify his eccentricities by proclaiming that he's just an ordinary man?

In their collaborative work, Lerner came up with the song title and usually the first line (avoiding, incidentally, 's' sounds), after which Loewe took over and started putting the music together. Lerner's lyrics have been described as being like expertly cut glass, while Loewe thinks of music in terms of color.

The Lerner-Loewe union began more than 40 years ago with a show called "The Life of the Party" which they

The stunning collaboration of Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe for "My Fair

wrote in 12 days and which ran for nine weeks in Detroit. Their first Broadway production was "What's Up?" presented in 1943, followed two years later by "The Day Before Spring," which ran for five months. "Brigadoon" appeared in 1947 and "Paint Your Wagon" in 1951. The tremendous success of "My Fair Lady" in 1956 was followed by another great success in "Camelot."

Lerner wrote the screenplay of "An American in Paris," for which he won an Academy Award, and Lerner and Loewe joined talents for the motion picture, "Gigi," for which they won three Oscars between them.

Their twinship ends with the melding of their words and music—for, as men, they represent, as do all men, distinct personalities. Reared in a Park Avenue apartment (his father founded the chain of apparel stores that bears the family name), Lerner is self-contained, mannered and fastidious. He is witty, elusive and social. His Manhattan office is, or was, embellished with a Ben Shahn painting of a bird, and a handsome Chinese horse.

Loewe was born to the musical theatre in Vienna. His father, Edmond, a tenor, was the first Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow" and the first Chocolate Soldier in Berlin. His mother, Rose, was an actress. Loewe is given to emotion and flamboyance. He is, he says, too old to be modest; therefore, he is willing to acknowledge his genius. Presently, he lives in sand-duned splendor in Palm Springs, the sequined resort whose charities the Loewe purse has greatly enriched.

POPULAR LYRICS

GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME!

DOOLITTLE: How much time do I have left?

JAMIE, HARRY, AND FRIENDS:

There's just a few more hours.
That's all the time you've got.
A few more hours
Before they tie the knot.

[DOOLITTLE bows his head in despair.]

DOOLITTLE: There are drinks and girls all over London, and I have to track 'em down in just a few more hours.

I'm getting married in the morning!
Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.
Pull out the stopper!
Let's have a whopper!
But get me to the church on time!

I gotta be there in the mornin'
Spruced up and lookin' in me prime.
Girls, come and kiss me;
Show how you'll miss me.
But get me to the church on time!
If I am dancin'
Roll up the floor.
If I am whistlin'
Wheut me out the door!

For I'm gettin' married in the mornin'
Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.
Kick up a rumpus
But don't lose the compass;
And get me to the church,
Get me to the church,
For Gawd's sake, get me to the church on time!

DOOLITTLE AND EVERYONE:

I'm getting married in the morning
Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.

DOOLITTLE:

Drug me or jail me,
Stamp me and mail me.

ALL:

But get me to the church on time!

I gotta be there in the morning
Spruced up and lookin' in me prime.

DOOLITTLE:

Some bloke who's able
Lift up the table,

ALL:

And get me to the church on time!

DOOLITTLE:

If I am flying
Then shoot me down.
If I am wooin',
Get her out of town!

ALL:

For I'm getting married in the morning!
Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.

DOOLITTLE:

Feather and tar me;
Call out the Army;
But get me to the church.

ALL:

Get me to the church . . .

DOOLITTLE:

For Gawd's sake, get me to the church on time!!

HARRY AND EVERYONE:

Starlight is reelin' home to bed now.
Mornin' is smearin' up the sky.
London is wakin'.
Daylight is breakin'.
Good luck, old chum,
Good health, good-bye.

DOOLITTLE:

[Solemnly shakes hands with all. In deepest gloom.]

I'm gettin' married in the mornin'
Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime . . .
Hail and salute me
Then haul off and boot me . . .
And get me to the church,
Get me to the church . . .
For Gawd's sake, get me to the church on time!



"Harry" MICHAEL FOSKIN

"Jamie" ANDREW O'SULLIVAN

I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT!

ELIZA [lost on an errant cloud only hears her from far below]:

Bed! Bed! I couldn't go to bed!
My head's too light to try to set it down!
Sleep! Sleep! I couldn't sleep tonight!
Not for all the jewels in the crown!

I could have danced all night!
I could have danced all night!
And still have begged for more.
I could have spread my wings
And done a thousand things
I've never done before.

I'll never know
What made it so exciting;
Why all at once
My heart took flight.
I only know when he
Began to dance with me.
I could have danced, danced, danced all night!



"Mrs. Pearce"
MARY MURPHY

ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE

FREDDY:

I have often walked down this street before;
But the pavement always stayed beneath my feet before.
All at once am I
Several stories high,
Knowing I'm on the street where you live.

Are there lilac trees in the heart of town?
Can you hear a lark in any other part of town?

Doesn't anything pour
Down from the sky?
Doesn't it rain on the street where you live?

And oh! the towering feeling
Just to know somehow you are near!
The overpowering feeling
That any second you may suddenly appear!
People stop and stare, They don't bother me.
For there's nowhere else on earth that I would rather be.
Let the time go by,
I won't care if I
Can be here on the street where you live.



"Freddy"
LIAM FLYNN

WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK

DOOLITTLE: Goodnight, Eliza! You're a noble daughter! [He turns to his friends smugly] You see, boys, I told you not to go home! It's just Faith, Hope, and a little bit of luck!

The Lord above gave man an arm of iron
So he could do his job and never shirk.
The Lord above gave man an arm of iron - but
With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
Someone else'll do the blinkin' work!

THE THREE:

With a little bit . . . with a little bit . . .
With a little bit of luck

DOOLITTLE:

The Lord above made liquor for temptation,
To see if man could turn away from sin.
The Lord above made liquor for temptation - but
With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
When temptation comes you'll give right in!

THE THREE:

With a little bit . . . with a little bit . . .
With a little bit of luck
You'll give right in.

DOOLITTLE:

Oh, you can walk the straight and narrow;
But with a little bit of luck
You'll run amuck!
The gentle sex was made for man to marry,
To share his nest and see his food is cooked.
The gentle sex was made for man to marry - but
With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
You can have it all and not get hooked.

THE THREE:

With a little bit . . . with a little bit . . .
With a little bit of luck
You won't get hooked.

[An ANGRY WOMAN pokes her head out of the upstairs window of the mews.]

ANGRY WOMAN: Shut your face down there! How's a woman supposed to get her rest?

DOOLITTLE: I'm tryin' to keep 'em quiet, lady!

[The voice of an ANGRY MAN is heard down the street.]

ANGRY MAN: Shut up! Once and for all, shut up!

ANOTHER ANGRY MAN: One more sound, so help me, I'll call a copper!

DOOLITTLE: Here, here, here! Stop that loud talk! People are tryin' to sleep! [He turns to his friends] Let's try to be neighbourly-like boys. After all . . .

[Sings softly]

The Lord above made man to help his neighbour,
No matter where, on land, or sea, or foam.
The Lord above made man to help his neighbour - but
With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
When he comes around you won't be home!

JAMIE AND HARRY:

With a little bit . . . with a little bit . . .
With a little bit of luck,
You won't be home.

DOOLITTLE:

They're always throwin' goodness at you;
But with a little bit of luck
A man can duck!

Oh, it's a crime for man to go philanderin'
And fill his wife's poor heart with grief and doubt
Oh, it's a crime for man to go philanderin' - but
With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
You can see the bloodhound don't find out!

THE THREE [at the top of their lungs]:

With a little bit . . . with a little bit . . .
With a little bit of luck
She won't find out!
With a little bit . . . with a little bit . . .
With a little bit of luck!

WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY

ELIZA [leaning against the pillar]:

All I want is a room somewhere,
Far away from the cold night air;
With one enormous chair . . .
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

Lots of choc'late for me to eat;
Lots of coal makin' lots of heat;
Warm face, warm hands, warm feet . . .
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

Oh, so lovely sittin' absobloominlutely still
I would never budge till spring
Crept over me winder sill.

Someone's head restin' on my knee,
Warm and tender as he can be,
Who takes good care of me . . .

Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?
Lovely! Lovely!
Lovely! Lovely!

I'VE GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO HER FACE

HIGGINS: Damn!! Damn!! Damn!! Damn!! [A sudden terrifying discovery] I've grown accustomed to her face!

She almost makes the day begin.
I've grown accustomed to the tune
She whistles night and noon.
Her smiles. Her frowns.
Her ups, her downs,
Are second nature to me now;
Like breathing out and breathing in.

[Reassuringly.]

I was serenely independent and content before we met;
Surely I could always be that way again -

[The reassurance fails.]

and yet

I've grown accustomed to her looks;
Accustomed to her voice;
Accustomed to her face.

[Bitterly] Marry Freddy! What an infantile idea! What a heartless, wicked, brainless thing to do! But she'll regret it! She'll regret it. It's doomed before they even take the vow!

I can see her now:

Mrs Freddy Eynsford-Hill,
In a wretched little flat above a store.

I can see her now:

Not a penny in the till,
And a bill-collector beating at the door.

She'll try to teach the things I taught her,
And end up selling flow'rs instead;
Begging for her bread and water,
While her husband has his breakfast in bed!

[Fiendishly pleased]

In a year or so

When she's prematurely grey,
And the blossom in her cheek has turned to chalk,
She'll come home and lol

He'll have upped and run away

With a social climbing heiress from New York!

[Tragically]

Poor Eliza!

How simply frightful!

How humiliating!

[Irresistibly]

How delightful!

[He walks to his door]

How poignant it will be on that inevitable night when she hammers on my door in tears and rags. Miserable and lonely, repentant and contrite. Will I let her in or hurl her to the wolves? Give her kindness, or the treatment she deserves? Will I take her back, or throw the baggage out?

[With sudden benevolence]

I'm a most forgiving man;

The sort who never could,

Ever would,

Take a position and staunchly never budge.

Just a most forgiving man.

[With sudden vindictiveness]

But I will never take her back,

If she were crawling on her knees.

Let her promise to atone!

Let her shiver, let her moan!

I will slam the door and let the hell-cat freeze!

Marry Freddy! Ha! [he takes out his keys to open the door but stops in despair]

But I'm so used to hear her say

Good morning every day.

Her joys, her woes,

Her highs, her lows

Are second nature to me now;

Like breathing out and breathing in.

I'm very grateful she's a woman

And so easy to forget;

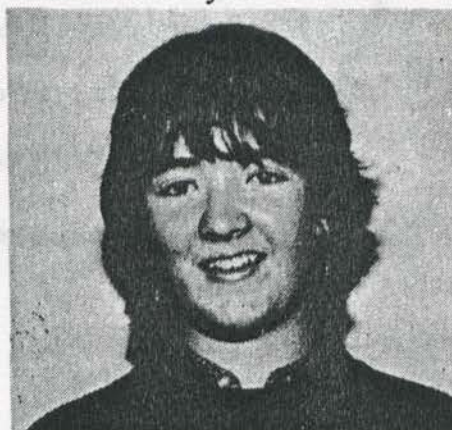
Rather like a habit

One can always break - and yet

I've grown accustomed to the trace

Of something in the air;

Accustomed to her face.



"Mrs. Eynsford-Hill"
FIONA O'DONNELL



"Mrs. Higgins"
ELAINE DAVITT

This Souvenir Programme
has been kindly sponsored by
Allied Irish Banks



who are pleased to be associated
with this production of
MY FAIR LADY