

Iain Gillie

Born in Edinburgh, Iain Gillie caught the theatre bug when he appeared in the Edinburgh Scouts Gang Show as a pierot in 1978. He soon graduated to Edinburgh's Broughton Youth Theatre, again initially appearing on stage, but latterly turning his hand to more administrative matters due to the laziness and lack of discipline that he encountered within the performing arts. As his career blossomed he realised that his hunger for the arts could not be sated in the Scottish capital so, taking a leaf out of Mr. Boswell's book, he travelled south to England's capital London. Mr. Gillie would like to thank his wife and father-in-law, Jackie Morrison and Peter Morrison for permitting the use of their music before and after the show (available from www.corbanrecordings.co.uk).

He hopes that you enjoy the show, which was his idea.

Devised by Mr STEWART LEE - Directed by Mr OWEN LEWIS
Performed by Mr SIMON MUNNERY and Mr MILES JUPP
Piper & Drummer Mr NEIL MACLURE - Percussion Advice Mr MAC

Scottish Tour Produced by STAND OUT COMEDY AGENCY

Originally Produced by BLUE BOX, ANTHONY FIELD ASSOCIATES, FESTIVAL HIGHLIGHTS, SKULLDUGGERY, WEASEL & SONS AND ELEANOR LLOYD

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell's clothes by Miss MIA FLODQUIST
Stage Manager Mr KENNY O'BRIAN
Buckets by www.GilliesBuckets.co.uk

For tour dates list please visit www.StandOutComedy.com

Iain Gillie Presents

JOHNSON & BOSWELL Late But Live



SCENE 1 - AN OPENING MONOLOGUE FROM MR JAMES BOSWELL

SCENE 2 - AN INFORMAL CHAT WITH MR BOSWELL AND DR JOHNSON

SCENE 3 - SOME DRAMATIC READINGS FROM 'A JOURNEY TO THE WESTERN ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND' AND 'THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES' WITH MR BOSWELL AND DR JOHNSON

SCENE 4 - A VOYAGE TO THE ISLE OF SKYE
WITH MR BOSWELL AND DR JOHNSON

SCENE 5 - CLOSING REMARKS FROM MR JAMES BOSWELL

THE SKYE BOAT SONG

Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward, the sailors cry
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunder clouds rend the air;
Baffled our foe's stand on the shore
Follow they will not dare

Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward, the sailors cry
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep
Ocean's a royal bed
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head

Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward, the sailors cry
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye

Many's the lad fought on that day
Well the claymore could wield
When the night came, silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field

Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward, the sailors cry
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye

Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men
Yet, e'er the sword cool in the sheath,
Charlie will come again.

(Repeat whole song as required)