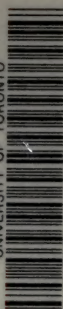


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Casadh an t-súgáin

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1902





ASAÖ AN TSUŽÁIN;  
OR  
THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

AN CRAOIBÍN  
DO SGRIOB.

*msb*

TRANSLATED BY  
LADY GREGORY.

réat, glan.





mob.



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1902

CASA D AN TSUGÁIN

DRAMA AON-GHÍOMÁ.



na Daoine:—

TOMÁS O h-ANNRACÁIN, file Connactaí atá ar feachán  
máire ní RÍOGÁIN, bean an tíge.

ÚNÁ, iníean Máire.

SÉAMUS O h-IARÁINN, atá luaithe le ÚNA.

Síle, cómharrá do Máire.

Piobaíre, cómharranna agus daoine eile.

ÁIT:—

Teac feilméir i gCúige Múmáin céad bliadan ó foin. Tá pín  
agus mná as tuit tóir a céile in ran tíg, no 'na fearaí coir  
na mbaila, amail agus dá mbeir dampra criochnuighe aca.  
Tá Tomás O h-Annraicáin as caint le Úna i bfiór-tóir na  
rtaíre. Tá an piobaíre as fársad a piobairí air, le toruighe  
ar feinn amár, áit do beir Séamús O h-Iarainn deoch cúige,  
agus rtaírean ré. Tagann fear ós go h-Úna le n-a tabairt  
amair ar an uirlár cum dampra, áit díulcann pí dó.

ÚNÁ.—Ná bí m'boirughe anoir: Nac bfeiceann tú go bfuil  
mé as éirteat le n-a bfuil feircean d'a ráid liom. [Leir an  
h-Annraicáin]: lean leat, cao é rin do bí tú 'ráid ar bail?

TOMÁS O h-ANNRACÁIN.—Cao é do bí an boirac rin d'a  
iarrair oir?

ÚNÁ.—As iarrair dampra oim, do bí ré, áit ní tiúbairinn  
dó é.

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—I cainte nac tiubairtá. Ir dóig, ní meirann  
tú go leirfinn-re do duine ar bit dampra leat, com fáo agus  
tá mire ann ro. Á! a Úna, ní raib rólar ná rócamail agam le  
fao go rtaíre mé ann ro anoir agus go bfeairt mé tura!

ÚNÁ.—Cao é an rólar duit mire?

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—Nuair atá maire leat-dóighe in ran  
teine, nac bráigann ré rólar nuair dóirtear uirge air?

ÚNÁ.—Ir dóig, ní'l tura leat-dóighe.

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—Tá mé, agus tá trí ceatramna de mo  
cnoide, dóighe agus loirghe agus cainte, as tóir leir an  
raogal, agus an raogal as tóir liom-ra.

ÚNÁ.—Ní féicann tú com dona rin!

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—Ué! a Úna ní Ríogáin, ní'l don eólar agao-  
ra ar beata an báir d'oir, atá san teac san téagar san tíg-



## THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

HANRAHAN.—*A wandering poet.*

SHEAMUS O'HERAN.—*Engaged to OONA.*

MAURA.—*The woman of the house.*

SHEELA.—*A neighbor.*

OONA.—*Maurya's daughter.*

*Neighbors and a piper who have come to Maurya's house for a dance.*

SCENE.—*A farmer's house in Munster a hundred years ago. Men and women moving about and standing round the wall as if they had just finished a dance. HANRAHAN, in the foreground, talking to OONA.*

*The piper is beginning a preparatory drone for another dance, but SHEAMUS brings him a drink and he stops. A man has come and holds out his hand to OONA, as if to lead her out, but she pushes him away.*

OONA.—Don't be bothering me now; don't you see I'm listening to what he is saying. [*To HANRAHAN*] Go on with what you were saying just now.

HANRAHAN.—What did that fellow want of you?

OONA.—He wanted the next dance with me, but I wouldn't give it to him.

HANRAHAN.—And why would you give it to him? Do you think I'd let you dance with anyone but myself as long as I am here. Ah, Oona, I had no comfort or satisfaction this long time until I came here to-night, and till I saw yourself.

OONA.—What comfort am I to you?

HANRAHAN.—When a stick is half-burned in the fire, does it not get comfort when water is poured on it?

OONA.—But sure, you are not half-burned?

HANRAHAN.—I am, and three-quarters of my heart is burned, and scorched and consumed, struggling with the world and the world struggling with me.

OONA.—You don't look that bad.

HANRAHAN.—Oh, Oona ni Regaun, you have not knowledge of the life of a poor bard, without house or home or havings,



## Capaó an trugáin.

bap, áct é ag imteacht agus ag ríor-imteacht le fán ar fuo an traoḡail mhóir, san duine ar bit leir áct é féin. Ní'l maidin in ran treachtmain nuair éirugim fuar nac h-abraim liom féin go mb'feairi dam an uais 'ná an reachán. Ní'l don fuo ag fearaí dam áct an bponntanur do fuair mé ó Dia—mo éuro abrán. Nuair toraigim oíra rin, imtígeann mo bhrón agus mo buairdeao díom, agus ní éiríngim níor mó ar mo géar-éirí agus ar mo mí-áó: agus anoir, ó connaic mé tura, a úna, éim go bfuil fuo eile ann, níor binne 'ná na h-abraim féin!

ÚNA.—Ír iongantac an bponntanur ó Dia an bárouigeacht. Com fada agus tá rin agao nac bfuil tú níor rairbhe na luét ruiac agus ríoir, luét bó agus eallaiḡ.

MAC UÍ h-ANN.—A! a úna, ír móir an beannaacht áct ír móir an mallacht, leir, do duine é do beir 'na báro. Feuc mire! bfuil capaó agam ar an traoḡal ro? Bfuil fear beó ar maic leir mé? Bfuil gráó ag duine ar bit oim? Bim ag imteacht, mo cadan boct donránac, ar fuo an traoḡail, mar oirín anuiaiḡ na féinne. Bíonn fuat ag h-uile duine oim, ní'l fuat agao-ra oim, a úna?

ÚNA.—Ná h-abair fuo mar rin, ní féidir go bfuil fuat ag duine ar bit oir-ra.

MAC UÍ h-ANN.—Tar liom agus ruidrímir i gcúinne an tige le céile, agus déarfair mé duit an t-abrán do pinne mé duit. Ír oir-ra pinnear é.

[Imtígeann ríao go dtí an coirneull ír fairde ón ríao, agus ruidéann ríao anaice le céile.]

[Tis Sígle arteaó.]

SÍGLE.—Táimís mé eugao com luat agus o'fearo mé.

MÁIRE.—Céao fáilte ríomao:

SÍGLE.—Cao tá ar ríubal agao anoir.

MÁIRE.—Ag toruḡao atámuir. Bí don popt amáin agaimn, agus anoir tá an píobaire ag ól díge. Torócáó an dampra aríur nuair beirdear an píobaire péir.

SÍGLE.—Tá na daoine ag bailuḡao arteaó go maic, beir dampra bpeaḡ agaimn.

MÁIRE.—Beir a Sígle, áct tá fearo aca ann agus b'feairi liom amuis ná arciḡ é! Feuc é.

SÍGLE.—Ír ar an bfeair fada donn atá tú ag caint, nac eao? An fear rin atá ag cóiríao com díút rin le úna in ran scoirneull anoir. Cá'r b'ar é, no eia h-é féin?

MÁIRE.—Sin é an ríurarte ír mó táimís i n-éirínn aríam, Tomár O h-Annracáin eugann ríao aip, áct Tomár Rógaire buó cóir do bairteaó aip, i gceart. Óra! nac ríao an mí-áó oim, é do teacht arteaó eugaimn, cóir ar bit, anoct!



### *The Twisting of the Rope.*

but he going and ever going a-drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself. There is not a morning in the week when I rise up that I do not say to myself that it would be better to be in the grave than to be wandering. There is nothing standing to me but the gift I got from God, my share of songs; when I begin upon them, my grief and my trouble go from me, I forget my persecution and my ill luck, and now, since I saw you Oona, I see there something that is better even than the songs.

OONA.—Poetry is a wonderful gift from God, and as long as you have that, you are more rich than the people of stock and store, the people of cows and cattle.

HANRAHAN.—Ah, Oona, it is a great blessing, but it is a great curse as well for a man, he to be a poet. Look at me! have I a friend in this world? Is there a man alive who has a wish for me, is there the love of anyone at all on me? I am going like a poor lonely barnacle goose throughout the world; like Usheen after the Fenians; every person hates me. You do not hate me, Oona?

OONA.—Do not say a thing like that; it is impossible that anyone would hate you.

HANRAHAN.—Come and we will sit in the corner of the room together, and I will tell you the little song I made for you: it is for you I made it. [*They go to a corner and sit down together. SHEELA comes in at the door.*]

SHEELA.—I came to you as quick as I could.

MAURYA.—And a hundred welcomes to you.

SHEELA.—What have you going on now?

MAURYA.—Beginning we are; we had one jig, and now the piper is drinking a glass. They'll begin dancing again in a minute when the piper is ready.

SHEELA.—There are a good many people gathering in to you to-night. We will have a fine dance.

MAURYA.—Maybe so, Sheela, but there's a man of them there, and I'd sooner him out than in.

SHEELA.—It's about the long brown man you are talking, isn't it? The man that is in close talk with Oona in the corner. Where is he from and who is he himself?

MAURYA.—That's the greatest vagabond ever came into Ireland; Tumaus Hanrahan they call him, but it's Hanrahan the rogue he ought to have been christened by right. Aurah, wasn't there the misfortune on me, him to come in to us at all to-night.



## Capad an t-ruigáin.

**SÍGLÉ.**—Cia'n póirt duine é? Nac fear déanta abhán ar Connactaib é? Cualaib mé caint aisi, céana, agus deir riatu nac bfuil damphóir eile i n-Eirinn com maic leis: buo maic liom a feicrimt as dampra.

**MÁIRE.**—Spáin go deo ar an mbiteamhnao! Tá'r asam-ra go ró maic cia 'n cineál atá ann, mar bí póirt captanair roir é féin agus an céao-fear vo bí asam-ra, agus ir minic cualaib mé ó 'Diammuir boct (go ndéanair Dia trócaire aisi!) cia 'n póirt duine bí ann. Bí ré 'na máigirtir rgoile, píor i gConnactaib, aet bíor h-uile éleap aise buo méara ná a céile. As píor-déanamh abhán vo bíor ré, agus as ól uirge beata, agus as cup impir ar bun amearg na gcómharran le n-a cúro cainte. Deir riatu nac bfuil bean in rna cúis cúisib nac meallpaó ré. Ir meara é ná 'Dóinnall na Spéine paó ó. Aet buo é deirpaó an rseil sup ruais an pasait amac ar an bparpáirte é ar paó. Fuair ré áit eile ann rin, aet lean ré vo na cleapannaib céana, sup ruaisgeao amac aisi é, agus aisi eile, leis. Agus anoir ní't áit ná teac ná daoraib aise aet é beir as gabail na tíre, as déanamh abhán agus as pásail loirtin na h-oirde ó na daoinib. Ní diúl-tócaib duine ar bit é, mar tá paicior orpa noime. Ir móir an file é, agus b'éirir go ndéanpaó ré rann or vo greamócaó go deo duir, dá gcuirpaó fearg aisi.

**SÍGLÉ.**—Go bfuir Dia orpáinn: Aet créao vo tús arteaó anoet é?

**MÁIRE.**—Bí ré as taírteal na tíre, agus cualaib ré go raib dampra le beir ann ro, agus táinis ré arteaó, mar bí eólar aise orpáinn,—bí ré móir go leór le mo céao-fear. Ir iongantac mar tá ré as déanamh amac a flige-beata, cor ar bit, agus san aise aet a cúro abhán: Deir riatu nac bfuil áit a paóar ré nac otugann na mná gráó, agus nac otugann na píir ruat óó.

**SÍGLÉ** [as bpeir ar gualáinn máire].—Iompais vo céann, a máire, feuch é anoir; é féin agus o' ingean-ra, agus an dá éloigionn buailte ar a céile. Tá ré tar éir abhán vo déanamh ví, agus tá ré o'á múnat ví as cogairnuig in a cluair. Óra. an biteamhnao! beir ré as cup a cúro pírtreós ar una anoir.

**MÁIRE.**—Oo ón! go deo! Nac mí-ádamhail táinis ré! Tá ré as caint le una h-uile móimio ó táinis ré arteaó, trí uairpe ó foim: Rinne mé mo vitcioll le n-a rpaó ó céile, aet teir ré orim: Tá una boct tugta vo h-uile póirt rean-abhán agus rean-ráiméir ve rsealtaib, agus ir binn leis an gcréatáir beir as éirteaet leis, mar tá beal aise rin vo bréaspaó an rmólaó ve'n éraoib. Tá'r asao go bfuil an póraó péirde poerpuigte



### *The Twisting of the Rope.*

SHEELA.—What sort of a person is he? Isn't he a man that makes songs, out of Connacht? I heard talk of him before, and they say there is not another dancer in Ireland so good as him. I would like to see him dance.

MAURYA.—Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is, because there was a kind of friendship between himself and the first husband I had, and it's often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht, but he used to have every trick worse than another, ever making songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbours with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people. Nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.

SHEELA.—God preserve us, but what brought him in to-night?

MAURYA.—He was traveling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here, and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with nothing but his share of songs. They say that there is no place that he'll go to that the women don't love him and that the men don't hate him.

SHEELA (*catching MAURYA by the shoulder*).—Turn your head, Maurya, look at him now, himself and your daughter, and their heads together; he's whispering in her ear; he's after making a poem for her and he's whispering it in her ear. Oh, the villain, he'll be putting his spells on her now.

MAURYA.—Ohone, go deo! isn't a misfortune that he came? He's talking every moment with Oona since he came in three hours ago. I did my best to separate them from each other, but it failed me. Poor Oona is given up to every sort of old songs and old made-up stories, and she thinks it sweet to be listening to him. The marriage is settled between herself and

roir ūna agus Séamur O h-lapainn ann rin, páite ó'n lá mórú. Feuc Séamur boct as an doimur agus é as faire oirra. Tá bhrón agus ceannraoi air. Is purpur a feicirint go mhuo mair le Séamur an rsgairde rin do taectad an móimio reo. Tá paitcior móir oim go mbéir an ceann iompugite ar ūna le n-a curo blaodairaeat. Com cinnte a'r tá mé beo, tiucfaió oic ar an oirde reo:

SÍGLE.—Agus nac b'féatpá a cur amac?

MÁIRE.—O'féatpáinn; ní'l duine ann ro do curoedcáir leir, muna mbeir bean no do. Aet ip file móir é, agus tá mallact aise do rsgoiltead na chainn agus do réabpá na cloca. Deir ríao go lobtánn an ríol in ran talam, agus go n-imtígeann a gcuro dainne ó na bat nuair tógann pile mar é rin a mallact doib, má ruaisgeann duine ar an teac é. Aet dá mbeir ré amuis, mire mo dannuird nac leigfánn arteach a'pí é.

SÍGLE.—Dá ruadair ré féin amac go toileamail; ní beir don b'pí in a curo mallact ann rin?

MÁIRE.—Ní beir. Aet ní ruadair ré amac go toileamail, agus ní tís liom-ra a ruasat amac ar eagla a mallact.

SÍGLE.—Feuc Séamur boct. Tá ré dul anonn go n-ūna.

[Éirígeann Séamur 7 téirdeann ré go n-ūna.]

SÉAMUS.—An n'raiprócáir tú an píl reo liom-ra, a ūna, nuair béirdear an p'obairé p'ér.

MAC UI h-ANN [as éirge].—Is mire Tomár O h-Annpacáin, agus tá mé as labairt le ūna Ní Ríogáin anoir, agus com p'ao agus béirdear ponu uirre-re beir as caint liom-ra ní leigfíó mé d'ao duine eile do taect eadpáinn.

SÉAMUS [gan aipe ar m'ac ui h-Annpacáin].—Nac n'raiprócáir tú liom, a ūna?

MAC UI h-ANN [go p'ioemair].—Nár d'ubairt mé leat anoir gur liom-ra do bí ūna Ní Ríogáin as caint? Imtís leat ar an móimio, a b'odais, agus ná tós clampar ann ro.

SÉAMUS.—A ūna—

MAC UI h-ANN [as béicir].—Fás rin!

[Imtígeann Séamur agus tís ré go dtí an beirt fean-m'naoi.]

SÉAMUS.—A m'áipe Ní Ríogáin, tá mé as iarrair ceat oir-ra an rsgairte mí-d'adair meirgeamail rin do caiteam amac ar an tís. Má leigean tú d'ad, cuirfíó mire agus mo beirt d'ear-b'rácar amac é, agus nuair béirdear ré amuis prócáiró mire leir.



### *The Twisting of the Rope.*

SHEAMUS O'Herin there, a quarter from to-day. Look at poor Sheamus at the door, and he watching them. There is grief and hanging of the head on him; it's easy to see that he'd like to choke the vagabond this minute. I am greatly afraid that the head will be turned on Oona with his share of blathering. As sure as I am alive there will come evil out of this night.

SHEELA.—And couldn't you put him out?

MAURYA.—I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two; but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he were once out, I'll go bail that I wouldn't let him in again.

SHEELA.—If himself were to go out willingly, there would be no virtue in his curse then?

MAURYA.—There would not, but he will not go out willingly, and I cannot rout him out myself for fear of his curse.

SHEELA.—Look at poor Sheamus. He is going over to her. [SHEAMUS gets up and goes over to her.]

SHEAMUS.—Will you dance this reel with me, Oona, as soon as the piper is ready?

HANRAHAN (*rising up*).—I am Tumaus Hanrahan, and I am speaking now to Oona ni Regaun, and as long as she is willing to be talking to me, I will allow no living person to come between us.

SHEAMUS (*without heeding HANRAHAN*).—Will you not dance with me, Oona?

HANRAHAN (*savagely*).—Didn't I tell you now that it was to me Oona ni Regaun was talking? Leave that on the spot, you clown, and do not raise a disturbance here.

SHEAMUS.—Oona—

HANRAHAN (*shouting*).—Leave that! (SHEAMUS goes away and comes over to the two old women).

SHEAMUS.—Maurya Regaun, I am asking permission of you to throw that ill-mannerly, drunken vagabond out of the house. Myself and my two brothers will put him out if you will allow us; and when he's outside I'll settle with him.

## Capaó an tPugáin

MÁIRE.—O! a Séamair, ná déan: Tá faicéoir oim joime. Tá mallact aise rin do rgoilteasó na cpainn, deir riao:

SÉAMAS.—Ir cuma liom má tá mallact aise do leasraó na rpeápta. Ir oim-ra tuitiú ré, asur cuirim mo úúplán paol. Dá marbócaó ré mé ar an móimio ní leigsiú mé do a cuio pír-creós do cup ar úna. A Máire, tabair 'm ceao:

SÍGLE.—Ná déan rin, a Séamuir, tá cómairle níor feárr 'ná rin asam-ra.

SÉAMUS.—Cia an cómairle i rin?

SÍGLE.—Tá riúe in mo ceann asam le n-a cup amac. Má leanann rib-re mo cómairle-re pacaió re féin amac com rocair le uan, o'a toil féin, asur nuair geobair rib amuis é, buailiú an doipur air, asur ná leigsiú arteac air go briat é:

MÁIRE.—Rat ó Dia oir, asur innir dam cao é tá in do ceann.

SÍGLE.—Déanpamaoio é com deap asur com rimpliúe asur connaic tú ariam. Cuirimio é as capaó pugáin go bfuigimio amuis é, asur buailimio an doipur air ann rin:

MÁIRE.—Ir forur a páo, acé ní forur a déanam: Déanraio ré leat "déan pugán, tú féin."

SÍGLE.—Déanpamaoio, ann rin, nac bfacaió duine ar bit ann ro pugán féir ariam, nac bfuil duine ar bit an ran tig ar féioir leir ceann aca déanam.

SÉAMUS.—Acé an gceiofiú ré ruo mar rin—nac bfacamar pugán ruam?

SÍGLE.—An gceiofiú ré, an eaó? Ceiofiú ré ruo ar bit, ceiofeao ré go raib ré féin 'na riú ar éipinn nuair atá glaine ólta aise, mar atá anoir.

SÉAMUS.—Acé cao é an cpoiceann cuirfeap rinn ar an mbriús reo,—go bfuil pugán féir as teartál uainn?

MÁIRE.—Smuain ar cpoicionn do cup air rin, a Séamuir.

SÉAMUS.—Déanraio mé go bfuil an gaot as eirúe asur go bfuil cúmhac an tise o'a rguabaó leir an rtoim, asur go gcaifimio pugán tarrainst air:

MÁIRE.—Acé má éirteann ré as an doipur béir fiór aise nac bfuil gaot ná rtoim ann. Smuain ar cpoicionn eile, a Séamuir.

SÍGLE.—'Noir, tá an cómairle ceap asam-ra. Abair go



*The Twisting of the Rope.*

MAURYA.—Sheamus, do not; I am afraid of him. That man has a curse, they say, that would split the trees.

SHEAMUS.—I don't care if he had a curse that would overthrow the heavens; it is on me it will fall, and I defy him! If he were to kill me on the moment, I will not allow him to put his spells on Oona. Give me leave, Maurya.

SHEELA.—Do not, Sheamus. I have a better advice than that.

SHEAMUS.—What advice is that?

SHEELA.—I have a way in my head to put him out. If you follow my advice he will go out himself as quiet as a lamb, and when you get him out slap the door on him, and never let him in again.

MAURYA.—Luck from God on you, Sheela, and tell us what's in your head.

SHEELA.—We will do it as nice and easy as ever you saw. We will put him to twist a hay-rope till he is outside, and then we will shut the door on him.

SHEAMUS.—It's easy to say, but not easy to do. He will say to you, "Make a hay-rope yourself."

SHEELA.—We will say then that no one ever saw a hay-rope made, that there is no one at all in the house to make the beginning of it.

SHEAMUS.—But will *he* believe that we never saw a hay-rope?

SHEELA.—Believe it, is it? He'd believe anything; he'd believe that himself is king over Ireland when he has a glass taken, as he has now.

SHEAMUS.—But what excuse can we make for saying we want a hay-rope?

MAURYA.—Can't you think of something yourself, Sheamus?

SHEAMUS.—Sure I can say the wind is rising, and I must bind the thatch, or it will be off the house.

SHEELA.—But he'll know the wind is not rising if he does but listen at the door. You must think of some other excuse, Sheamus.

SHEAMUS.—Wait, I have a good idea now; say that there is

## Capaó an tPugáin:

bpuil cóirte leagta ag bun an énuic, agus go bpuil ríad ag iarraíó pugáin leis an gcóirte do learpugáó. Ní feicfidó ré com fáda rin ó'n doipur, agus ní beiró fíor aige nac fíor é.

MÁIRE.—Sin é an rgeal, a Sígle. 'Noir, a Séamuir, gab imears na ndaoine agus leis an pán leó. Innir doib cad tá aca le ríad—nac b'facaíó duine ar bit san tiri reo pugán féir riam— agus cuir crioicíonn maí ar an mbreís, tú féin.

[Imtígeann Séamuir ó duine go duine ag cogasnaís leó. Toraisgeann cuir aca ag gáire. Tagann an píobaire agus toruisgeann ré ag reimm. Éirígeann t'pí no ceat'par de cúplaíab, agus toruisgeann ríad ag dampra. Imtígeann Séamuir amach.]

MÁC UÍ h-ANN. [Ag éiríge tar éir a beir ag féadaint orra ar fead cúpla móimíó.]—Pruit! rtopasairó! An t'pugáin ríó dampra ar an r'p'ap'ap'eadt rin! Tá ríó ag bualaó an uplár mar beir an oipead rin d'eallac. Tá ríó com t'p'om lé bulláin, agus com ciotaó le arail. Go t'p'actar mo píobán dá mb'feapp liom beir ag féadaint orraíó 'ná ar an oipead rin laóain bacac, ag léimníó ar leat-coir ar fuo an tige! Fágairó an t-uplár fá úna ní Ríogáin agus fúm-ra.

FEAR [atá dul ag dampra].—Agus cad fát a b'fá'famaoir an t-uplár fát-ra?

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—Tá an eala ar bpuac na toinne, tá an phoénic Ríogó, tá péarla an b'p'ollaís báin, tá an b'énur amearó na mban, tá úna ní Ríogáin ag pearam ruar liom-ra, agus áit ar bit a n-éirígeann ríre ruar úmhuígeann an gealaó agus an g'pian féin ví, agus úm'lócaró ríó-pe. Tá ríó níó áluinn agus níó r'p'p'eamáil le h-aon bean eile do beir 'na h-aice. Áct san go fóit, r'ul t'airbeánaim daoib mar g'nrídeann an buacáil b'p'éag Connaóac r'innce, b'earp'airó mé an t-abrán daoib do r'innce mé do Reult Cúige Múman—o'úna ní Ríogáin: Éiríó, a g'pian na mban, agus b'earp'amaoiró an t-abrán le céile, gac le b'earp'a, agus ann rin múin'fímíó doib cad é ir r'innce r'p'p'eamnac ann:

[Éirígeann ríad 7 g'abairó abrán.]

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.

'Sí úna bán, na g'puaige buirde,  
An c'áil'fíonn 'c'p'ad in mo lár mo ép'oirde,  
Ir ire mo r'ún, 'r mo cumann go buan,  
Ir cuma liom cóiróce bean áct í:

ÚNA:

A báiró na r'úile buirde, ir tú  
Fuair buairó in san r'aozal a'r clá;  
Soirrim do béal; a'r molaim tú féin;  
Do cuirir mo ép'oirde in mo cléib amás.



### *The Twisting of the Rope.*

a coach upset at the bottom of the hill, and that they are asking for a hay-rope to mend it with. He can't see as far as that from the door, and he won't know it's not true it is.

MAURYA.—That's the story, Sheela. Now, Sheamus, go among the people and tell them the secret. Tell them what they have to say, that no one at all in this country ever saw a hay-rope, and put a good skin on the lie yourself. (SHEAMUS goes from person to person whispering to them and some of them begin laughing. The piper has begun playing. Three or four couples rise up.)

HANRAHAN (*after looking at them for a couple of minutes*).—Whisht! Let ye sit down! Do ye call such dragging as that dancing? You are tramping the floor like so many cattle. You are as heavy as bullocks, as awkward as asses. May my throat be choked if I would not rather be looking at as many lame ducks hopping on one leg through the house. Leave the floor to Oona ni Regaun and to me.

ONE OF THE MEN GOING TO DANCE.—And for what would we leave the floor to you?

HANRAHAN.—The swan of the brink of the waves, the royal phoenix, the pearl of the white breast, the Venus amongst the women, Oona ni Regaun, is standing up with me, and any place where she rises up the sun and the moon bow to her, and so shall ye. She is too handsome, too sky-like for any other woman to be near her. But wait a while! Before I'll show you how the fine Connacht boy can dance, I will give you the poem I made on the star of the province of Munster, on Oona ni Regaun. Rise up, O sun among women, and we will sing the song together, verse about, and then we'll show them what right dancing is! (OONA rises).

HANRAHAN.—She is white Oona of the yellow hair,  
The Coolin that was destroying my heart inside me;  
She is my secret love and my lasting affection,  
I care not for ever for any woman but her.

OONA.—O bard of the black eye, it is you  
Who have found victory in the world and fame;  
I call on yourself and I praise your mouth;  
You have set my heart in my breast astray.

## Carad an t-rugáin:

### MÁC UI N-ANN:

'Si úna bán na sruaige óir,  
Mo fearc, mo cumann, mo sgráð, mo ródor,  
Racaíod sí féin le n-a báird i gcéin,  
Do loit sí a éiríde in a éleib go mór.

### ÚNA:

Níor bfaoda oirde liom, ná lá,  
As éirteact le do cómpáid bneádh.  
Ír binne do béal ná reinm na n-éan,  
Óm' éiríde in mo éleib do fuair sgráð.

### MÁC UI N-ANN:

Do fíúbaíl mé féin an domhan iomlán,  
Sacraida, Éire, an ffrainc 'r an Spáin,  
Ní facaíod mé féin i mbaile ná 'gcéir  
Don ainmhir fa'n ngréin mar úna bán.

### ÚNA:

Do éulaíod mife an élaipreac binn  
San ttráid rin Corcaigh, as reinm linn,  
Ír binne go mór liom féin do glór,  
Ír binne go mór do béal 'ná rin.

### MÁC UI N-ANN:

Do bí mé féin mo cadán boct, trát,  
Níor léir dam oirde tar an lá,  
Go bfaceaíod mé i, do goir mo éiríde,  
A'r do díbir díom mo bhrón 'r mo éraí.

### ÚNA:

Do bí mé féin ar maroin inbé  
As fíúbaíl coir coille le páinne an laé,  
Bí eun ann rin as reinm go binn,  
'Mo sgráð-ra an sgráð, a'r nac áluinn é!"

[Glaod asur torann asur buaileann Séamur O n-lapainn an  
doir ar teac.]

SÉAMUS.—Ob ob á, oé ón i ó, go deó! Tá an cóirte mór  
leagta as bun an énuic: Tá an mála a bfuil litreacha na tíre  
ann pléargta, asur ní'l rreang ná téad ná rópa ná daiaíod aca  
le na ceangailt arís. Tá ríad as glaodac amaé anoir ar rugán  
féir do déanam díob—cibé rórt muid é rin—asur deir ríad go  
mbéir na litreacha 7 an cóirte cailte ar earbuid rugáin féir  
le n-a sceangailt:

MÁC UI N-ANN.—Ná bí 's ar mboirugad! Tá ar n-abrán  
ráirte againn, asur anoir támaoio dul as dampra: Ní tagann  
an cóirte an bealac rin ar don éor:



*The Twisting of the Rope.*

HANRAHAN.—O fair Oona of the golden hair,  
My desire, my affection, my love and my store  
Herself will go with her bard afar;  
She has hurt his heart in his breast greatly.

OONA.—I would not think the night long nor the day,  
Listening to your fine discourse;  
More melodious is your mouth than the singing of birds,  
From my heart in my breast you have found love.

HANRAHAN.—I walked myself the entire world,  
England, Ireland, France and Spain;  
I never saw at home or afar  
Any girl under the sun like fair Oona.

OONA.—I have heard the melodious harp  
On the street of Cork playing to us;  
More melodious by far did I think your voice,  
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

HANRAHAN.—I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose,  
The night was not plain to me more than the day  
Until I beheld her, she is the love of my heart,  
That banished from me my grief and my misery.

OONA.—I was myself on the morning of yesterday  
Walking beside the wood at the break of day;  
There was a bird there was singing sweetly  
How I love love, and is it not beautiful.

*(A shout and a noise, and SHEAMUS O'HERAN rushes in.)*

SHEAMUS.—Ububu! Ohone-y-o, do deo! The big coach is  
overthrown at the foot of the hill! The bag in which the  
letters of the country are is bursted, and there is neither tie  
nor cord nor rope nor anything to bind it up. They are  
calling out now for a hay sugaun, whatever kind of thing that  
is; the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay  
sugaun to bind them.

HANRAHAN.—Do not be bothering us; we have our poem  
done and we are going to dance. The coach does not come this  
way at all.

## Carad an t-rugán:

**SÉAMUS.**—Tasann ré an bealaic rin anoir—acé ir dóig sup rrainnéar tura, agus nac bfuil eolair agat air. Nac utasann an cóirte tar an genoc anoir a cómharranna?

**1A'D uile.**—Tasann, tasann go cinnte.

**MAC UÍ N-ANN.**—Ir cuma liom, a taeat no san a taeat. Acé b'feair liom fice cóirte beit bhuirte ar an mbótar ná go scuipfeá péarla an bhollais bán ó damra dúinn. Abair leir an gcóirteoir rópa do carad dó féin.

**SÉAMUS.**—O murder, ní tuis leir, tá an oirlead rin de fuinneam agus de tair agus de rreacat agus de lút in rna caplaib aigeanta rin go scaitir mo cóirteoir boet bheir ar a gcinn. Ir ar éigin-bair ir féoir leir a gcearad ná a gcongbail. Tá faicéoir a sham' air go n-eiréadair ríad in a mullaic, agus go n-imtéadair ríad uair de ruais. Tá gac uile feirthead arda, ní facair tú ruam a leicéir de caplaib ríadaine!

**MAC UÍ N-ANN.**—Má tá, tá daoine eile inr an gcóirte a déanfar rópa má'r éigin do'n cóirteoir beir ag ceann na gcapall: fás rin agus leis dúinn damra.

**SÉAMUS.**—Tá; tá tuiir eile ann, acé maiuir le ceann aca, tá ré ar leat-láim, agus fear eile aca,—tá ré ag cur agus ag cratad leir an rsgannad fuair ré, ní tuis leir fearam ar a dá cóir leir an eagla atá air; agus maiuir leir an tríomad fear ní'l duine ar bit rin tír do leigthead an focal rin "rópa" ar a beul in a fíadnuir, mar nac le rópa do crócat a atair féin anurpaig mar gail ar éaduis do goir.

**MAC UÍ N-ANN.**—Carad fear agais féin rugán dó, mar rin, agus fásair an t-urliar fúinn-ne. [Le úna]'Noir, a réalit namban, tairbeán dóib mar iméigeann lúnd imear na noéite, no Helen fáir rsguorad an t-raoi. Dar mo láim, ó d'éas Déiríre, fá'r cuirthead naoire mac Uirnis cum bair, ní'l a hoirde i néirinn noir acé tu féin. Torócamaoid.

**SÉAMUS.**—Ná torais, go mbéir an rugán agaim. Ní tuis linn-ne rugán carad. Ní'l duine ar bit annro ar féoir leir rópa do déanam!

**MAC UÍ N-ANN.**—Ní'l duine ar bit ann ro ar féoir leir rópa déanam!!

**1A'D uile.**—Ní'l:

**SÍGLE.**—Agus ir fíor daoib rin. Ní dearnair duine ar bit inr an tír reo rugán féir ariam, ní mearaim go bfuil duine in ran tuis reo do connaic ceann aca, féin, acé mire. Ir maic cuimnísim-re, nuair nac ruib ionnam acé gíthead beas go bfacair mé ceann aca ar gabair do ruig mo fear-atair leir ar Connac-



### *The Twisting of the Rope.*

SHEAMUS.—The coach does come this way now, but sure you're a stranger and you don't know. Doesn't the coach come over the hill now, neighbors?

ALL.—It does, it does, surely.

HANRAHAN.—I don't care whether it does come or whether it doesn't. I would sooner twenty coaches to be overthrown on the road than the pearl of the white breast to be stopped from dancing to us. Tell the coachman to twist a rope for himself.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, murder, he can't. There's that much vigor and fire and activity and courage in the horses that my poor coachman must take them by the heads; it's on the pinch of his life he's able to control them; he's afraid of his soul they'll go from him of a rout. They are neighing like anything; you never saw the like of them for wild horses.

HANRAHAN.—Are there no other people in the coach that will make a rope, if the coachman has to be at the horses' heads? Leave that, and let us dance.

SHEAMUS.—There are three others in it, but as to one of them, he is one-handed, and another man of them, he's shaking and trembling with the fright he got; it's not in him now to stand up on his two feet with the fear that's on him; and as for the third man, there isn't a person in this country would speak to him about a rope at all, for his own father was hanged with a rope last year for stealing sheep.

HANRAHAN.—Then let one of yourselves twist a rope so, and leave the floor to us. [*To OONA*] Now, O star of women, show me how Juno goes among the gods, or Helen for whom Troy was destroyed. By my word, since Deirdre died, for whom Naoise, son of Usnech, was put to death, her heir is not in Ireland to-day but yourself. Let us begin.

SHEAMUS.—Do not begin until we have a rope; we are not able to twist a rope; there's nobody here can twist a rope.

HANRAHAN.—There's nobody here is able to twist a rope?

ALL.—Nobody at all.

SHEELA.—And that's true; nobody in this place ever made a hay sugaun. I don't believe there's a person in this house who ever saw one itself but me. It's well I remember when I was a little girsha that I saw one of them on a goat that my

## Carad an t-rugáin.

taib. Bíod na daoine uile ag ráð, “ara! cia 'n róirt ruid é rin cor ar bit?” agus dubhairt peiréan gur rugán do bí ann, agus go gnuíir na daoine a leicéir rin fíor i gConnactaib. Dubhairt ré go raad fear aca ag congáil an féir agus fear eile o’a carad. Congbócaró mire an fear anoir, má téirdeann tura o’a carad.

SÉAMUS.—Béarfaró mire glac féir arteaó.

[Imtígeann ré amac.]

MAC UÍ h-ANN [ag gabáil].—

Déanfaró mé cáinead cúige Múman,  
Ní fágann ríad an t-uilár fúinn;  
Ní’l ionnta carad rugáin, féin!  
Cúige Múman san rnar san reun!

Gráin go deó ar cúige Múman,  
Nac b’fágann ríad an t-uilár fúinn;  
Cúige Múman na mbailireóir mbrean,  
Nac otig leó carad rugáin, féin!

SÉAMUS [ar air].—Seó an fear anoir.

MAC UÍ h-ANN.—Tabair ’m ann ro é. Tairbéanfaró mire daoib cad déanfar an Connactaó deag-múinte dearlámaó, an Connactaó cóir clirte ciallmair, a bfuil lút agus lán-rtuaim aige in a lámh, agus ciall in a ceann, agus coráirte in a éiríde, aó gur feól mi-ad agus mórbuairéaró an traogail é amearg leibitíní cúige Múman, atá san doirde san uairle, atá san eólar an an eala tar an laóain, no ar an ór tar an bhrár, no ar an lile tar an b’ótanán, no ar reult na mbán ós, agus ar péarla an b’ollais bán, tar a gcuir r’raoille agus gíobac féin. Tabair ’m cipín!

[Sineann fear maide oó, cuireann ré rop féir timcioll air; toraígeann ré o’a carad, agus Sígle ag tabairt amac an fear oó.]

MAC UÍ h-ANN [ag gabáil].—

Tá péarla mná ’tabairt foluir dúinn,  
Ir í mo gráó, ir í mo pún,  
’S í úna bán, an ríge-bean ciuin,  
’S ní tuigro na Muimnig leat a rtuaim:

Atá na Muimnig reo dallta ag Dia,  
Ní aicnigro eala tar laóa liat,  
Aó tuceparó rí liom-ra, mo hélen breag  
Mar a molpar a pearra ’r a r’gém go b’rát:

Ara! muire! muire! muire! Nac é reo an baile breag lágac,  
nac é reo an baile tar bárr, an baile a mbíonn an oiréaró rin



*The Twisting of the Rope.*

grandfather brought with him out of Connacht. All the people used to be saying: Aurah, what sort of thing is that at all? And he said that it was a sugaun that was in it, and that people used to make the like of that down in Connacht. He said that one man would go holding the hay, and another man twisting it. I'll hold the hay now, and you'll go twisting it.

SHEAMUS.—I'll bring in a lock of hay. [*He goes out.*]

HANRAHAN.—I will make a dispraising of the province of Munster:  
They do not leave the floor to us,  
It isn't in them to twist even a sugaun;  
The province of Munster without nicety, without  
prosperity.  
Disgust for ever on the province of Munster,  
That they do not leave us the floor;  
The province of Munster of the foul clumsy people.  
They cannot even twist a sugaun!

SHEAMUS (*coming back*).—Here's the hay now.

HANRAHAN.—Give it here to me; I'll show ye what the well-learned, handy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, who has activity and full deftness in his hands, and sense in his head, and courage in his heart, but that the misfortune and the great trouble of the world directed him among the *lebidins* of the province of Munster, without honor, without nobility, without knowledge of the swan beyond the duck, or of the gold beyond the brass, or of the lily beyond the thistle, or of the star of young women and the pearl of the white breast beyond their own share of sluts and slatterns. Give me a kippeen. [*A man hands him a stick. He puts a wisp of hay round it, and begins twisting it, and SHEELA giving him out the hay.*]

HANRAHAN.—There is a pearl of a woman giving light to us;  
She is my love; she is my desire;  
She is fair Oona, the gentle queen-woman.  
And the Munstermen do not understand half her courtesy.  
These Munstermen are blinded by God.  
They do not recognise the swan beyond the grey duck,  
But she will come with me, my fine Helen,  
Where her person and her beauty shall be praised for ever.

Arrah, wisha, wisha, wisha, isn't this the fine village, isn't this the exceeding village! the village where there be that

## Capaó an t-rugáin.

rógaire croícta ann nac mbionn don earbuid rópa ar na daoineib,  
leir an méao rópa goirdeann ríao ó'n gcroíaire Cnáioteacáin  
atá ionnta. Tá na rópaib aca agus ní tugann ríao uata iad—  
aet go gcuireann ríao an Connaétae boet as capaó rugáin doib!  
Níor éar ríao rugáin féir in ran mbaile reo ariam—agus an  
méao rugáin cnáibe atá aca de bárr an croíaire!

Smídeann Connaétae ciallmair

Rópa do féin,

Aet goirdeann an Muimneac

Ó'n gcroíaire é!

Go bfeicid mé rópa

Breágh cnáibe go fóill

D'a fárgaó ar ríogisib

Sac doinne ann ro!

Marí geall ar don mnáoi amáin o'imeitgeadair na Spéasaigh, agus  
níor ríopaóar agus níor móir-cómnuitgeadair no sup rímuopaóar  
an Traoi, agus marí geall ar don mnáoi amáin beir an baile reo  
damanta go deo na ndoer agus go bhuinne an bpáta, le Dia na  
nspár, go ríorruirde rúctain, nuair náir cuigeadair sup ab í ūna  
ní Ríogáin an dara Helen do rúgaó in a mears, agus go rúg  
rí bárr áille ar Helen agus ar Vénur, ar a dtáinig poimpir agus  
ar dtuicfar 'na diaigh.

Aet tuicfaid rí liom mo péarla mná

Go cúige Connaet na ndoine breágh;

Seobaid rí féarta fion a' rí feoil,

Rinnceanna árda, ríorrt a' rí ceol:

O! múire! múire! náir éirigid an spian ar an mbaile reo, agus  
náir lapaíó réalta air, agus náir—

[Tá ré ran am ro amuis éar an doirur. Éirigeann na ríir uile  
agus dúnair é o'don ruais amáin air. Tugann ūna léim cum  
an doiruir, aet beirid na mná uirri. Téirdeann Séamur anonn  
cuici.]

ŪNA.—O! O! O! ná cuirigide amac é. Leis ar air é. Sin  
Tomár O h-Annpacáin, ir fíle é, ir bárr é, ir fear iongantac  
é. O leis ar air é, ná deán rin air!

SÉAMUS.—A ūna bán, agus a cuirle díleap, leis do. Tá  
ré imitgite anoir agus a cuirle dírtreós leir. Beir ré imitgite  
ar do ceann amápac, agus beir túra imitgite ar a ceann-ran.  
Nac bfuil fíor asat go maic go mb'fearr liom tu 'na céao míle  
Déiríore, agus sup túra m'don péarla mná amáin o'd bfuil in  
ran doimán.

MAC UÍ h-ANNN [amuis, as bualaó ar an doirur].—Forsail!  
forsail! forsail! leigid arteac mé. O mo feact gcéao míle  
mallaet orraib,



### *The Twisting of the Rope.*

many rogues hanged that the people have no want of ropes with all the ropes that they steal from the hangman!

The sensible Connachtman makes  
A rope for himself;  
But the Munsterman steals it  
From the hangman;  
That I may see a fine rope,  
A rope of hemp yet  
A stretching on the throats  
Of every person here!

On account of one woman only the Greeks departed, and they never stopped, and they never greatly stayed, till they destroyed Troy; and on account of one woman only this village shall be damned; go deo, na ndeór, and to the womb of judgment, by God of the graces, eternally and everlastingly, because they did not understand that Oona ni Regaun is the second Helen, who was born in their midst, and that she overcame in beauty Deirdre and Venus, and all that came before or that will come after her!

But she will come with me, my pearl of a woman,  
To the province of Connacht of the fine people,  
She will receive feast, wine and meat,  
High dances, sport and music!

Oh wisha, wisha, that the sun may never rise upon this village, and that the stars may never shine on it, and that——. [*He is by this time outside the door. All the men make a rush at the door, and shut it. OONA runs towards the door, but the women seize her. SHEAMUS goes over to her.*]

OONA.—Oh, oh, oh, do not put him out, let him back, that is Tumaus Hanrahan; he is a poet, he is a bard, he is a wonderful man. Oh, let him back, do not do that to him.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, Oona bawn, acushla deelish, let him be, he is gone now, and his share of spells with him. He will be gone out of your head to-morrow, and you will be gone out of his head. Don't you know that I like you better than a hundred thousand Deirdres, and that you are my one pearl of a woman in the world.

HANRAHAN (*outside, beating on the door*).—Open, open, open, let me in! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you, the curse of the weak and of the strong, the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you! The curse of the priests on you

Caraó an trugáin.

[Buailteann ré an doimhir arís agus arís eile.]

Mallaé na las oirrib 'r na láirib,  
Mallaé na ragaib agus na mbácaib,  
Mallaé na n-earbail: agus an pápa,  
Mallaé na mbaintneadaí 'r na ngailé.  
Forsail! forsail! forsail!

SÉAMUS.—Tá mé buídeac díb a cómharranna, agus beirí úna  
buidéac díb amaraí. Buail leat, a rghairte! Déan do dháir  
leat féin amuis ann rin, anoir! Ní bfuigir tú ardeac ann ro!  
Óra, a cómharranna nac breáí é, duine do beirí ag éirteac leir  
an rtoirín taob amuis, agus é féin go rocair páirta com na tein-  
eac. Buail leat! Sprea leat. Cá 'uile Connac anoir?



*The Twisting of the Rope.*

and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you and the children! Open! [*He beats at the door again and again.*]

SHEAMUS.—I am thankful to ye, neighbors, and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there by yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire? Beat away, storm away! Where's Connacht now?











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Hyde, Douglas  
Casadh an t-súgáin  
(Twisting of the rope)

