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ASAÓ AN TSUGÁIN;
OR
THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

AN CRAOIBHÍN
DO SGRIOGH

mod

TRANSLATED BY
LADY GREGORY.

real, 51s.

mob.

PB

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1902

CASADH AN TSUGADAIN

DRAMA AON-ÉNIOMA.



NUA DAOINE:—

TOMÁS O H-ANNRACÁIN, file Connachtach atá ari geadarán, máire ní RÍOGÁIN, bean an tigé.

ÚNA, ingean Máire.

SEAMUS O H-LARAINN, atá iuaidte le Úna.

SÍGLE, comhairle do Máire.

PIOBDAIRE, comhairle agus raoine eile.

AIC:—

Téad feilmeirí i gCúige Máirían céad blianaðan ó roin. Tá rír agus mná ag dul tríd a céile in ran tigé, no 'na gearamh coir na mballa, amhail agus rír dha mbeidh dámha epiocnuigte aca. Tá Tomáir O h-Annracáin ag caint le Úna i bpríomh-choraí na ríaróid. Tá an piobaire ag fárgaod a piobairí airi, le toruigad ari feinm ariú, aict 'oo beiril Seamus O h-Larainn deoc cunige, agus ríaróid rí. Tagann feair ós go h-Úna le n-a tábhairt amach ari an uirláir cum dámha, aict 'dúiltann rí ós.

ÚNA.—Ná bi m'bhodhrúigad anoir! Náic bheiceann tú go bpuil mé ag eirteácl le n-a bpuil reilgean rí a ríodh liom. [leir an h-Annracáin] : Lean leat, caid é rin do bi tú 'ríodh ari ball?

TOMÁS O H-ANNRACÁIN.—Caid é 'oo bi an bodaíc rin rí a iarrainn oiri?

ÚNA.—Ais iarrainn dámha oírm, 'oo bi rí, aict 'ná chluibhainn do é.

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Ir cinnte náic dtiubhrtá. Ir doig, ní meadair ann tú go leigfíonn-pe do bhuine ari bith dámha leat, comh fad agus rír mire ann ro. A! a Úna, ní ríodh ríoláir ná ríocáinil agam le fada go dtáinig mé ann ro aonoc agus go bpacaird mé turá!

ÚNA.—Caid é an ríoláir duit mire?

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Nuairí atá mairte leat-óigíste in ran teine, náic bpháisann rí ríoláir nuairí óigítear uifhse airi?

ÚNA.—Ir doig, ní'l turá leat-óigíste.

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Tá mé, agus tá trí ceathramhna de mo chroíde, óigíste agus loingse agus caitte, ag tríor leir an raoisgal, agus an raoisgal ag tríor liom-ra.

ÚNA.—Ní fíoscann tú comh rinn!

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Uc! a Úna ní Ríogáin, ní'l aon eolair agadair ari beata an báitro boict, atá gan téad gan téagair gan tios-

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,

Capað an trugðin.

Úar, acht é ag imteacð agus ag riðir-imteacð le fán ari fud an traoðair mór, gan duine ari bít leir acht é féin. Ni'l maidin in ran treacstmáin nuairi ériugsim ruar nac n-abhrain liom féin so mb'feárr ðam an uairi 'ná an reacðán. Ni'l aon fud ag reacðam ðam acht an bionntanur do fuairi mé ó Óia—mo éito abhrán. Nuairi toraigim orra rím, imtigéann mo ðrón agus ag uthaidead Óiom, agus ní eumhigim níor mó ari mo gheal-érláð agus ari mo mi-áð. Agus anoir, ó connac mé tura, a Úna, cím so ðfuiil fud eile ann, níor binne 'ná na n-abhrán féin!

ÚNA.—Ir iongantac an bionntanur ó Óia an uthauidiseacð. Comh fada agus tā rím agad nac ðfuiil tú níor fariðbhe na luict riuic agus rtóir, luict bð agus eallair.

MAC UI N-ANN.—A! a Úna, iñ mór an beannacð acht ir mór an mallað, leir, do uthine é do uthit 'na uthro. Feuc mire! ðfuiil capard agam ari an raoðair ro? ðfuiil feari beð ari mait leir mé? ðfuiil gráð ag uthine ari bít oíim? Bim ag imteacð, mo caðan doct aonraðanað, ari fud an traoðair, mar Oírin andais na féinne. Bionn fuat ag n-uhile uthine oíim, ni'l fuat agad-ra oíim, a Úna?

ÚNA.—Ná n-abhair fud marí rím, ní féidirí go ðfuiil fuat ag uthine ari bít oírt-ra.

MAC UI N-ANN.—Tári liom agus fuirðimiro i gcuimne an tighe le céile, agus tdearifaird mé uthit an t-abhrán do minne mé uthit. Ir oírt-ra minnearf é.

[Imtigéann riad go dtí an coimheall ir fadte ón rtáid, agus fuirðeann riad anaice le céile.]

[Tig Sígle airtéacð.]

SÍGLE.—Táinig mé cugad comh luat agus o'feudo mé.

MÁIRE.—Céad fáilte nómád:

SÍGLE.—Cao tā ari miúbal agad anoir.

MÁIRE.—Ag toruðað atámuio. Bí aon þoist anáin agaínn, agus anoir tā an piobaire ag ól tighe. Torðcaid an dañra ari nuairi bérdearf an piobaire nérí.

SÍGLE.—Tá na daoinne ag bairiuðað airtéacð go mait, beroð dañra bheag agaínn.

MÁIRE.—Beroð a Sígle, acht tā feari aca ann agus o'feárr liom amuis ná airtig é! Feuc é.

SÍGLE.—Ir ari an uthairi fada donn atá tú ag caint, nac ead? An feari rím atá ag cónráð comh olút rím le Úna in ran scoimheall anoir. Cá'n b'ar é, no cia n-é féin?

MÁIRE.—Sín é an uthairte ir mór táinig i n-Éirinn ariam, Tomáir O n-Annraðain cugann riad ari, acht Tomáir Róisairi budo cibír do bairtead ari, i gceairt. Óra! nac riab an mi-áð oíim, é do teact airtéacð cugainn, eorí ari bít, anocé!

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 sc, 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.

Capað an trugðin.

SÍGLE.—Cia'n rópt duine é? Nac feap déanta aðrán ar Connacataibh é? Cualaird mé caint aip, ceana, agur deipri riad nac ӯfuiil dámhóir eile i n-Éirinn comh maic leip: buð maic liom a feicimint ag dámhra.

MÁIRE.—Bháin go neod aip an mbiteamhna! Tá'r agam-ra go nō maic cia'n cineál atá ann, mar b'í rópt capitanair iorí é réin agur an céad-feap vo b'í agam-ra, agur is minic cualaird mé o Óriamhúid bocht (go n-déanair Dia trócaire aip!) cia'n rópt duine b'í ann. B'í ré 'na máigírtír rgoile, riog i gConnacataibh, acht b'ioth h-uile cleap aige buð meara ná a céile. Ag riop-déanamh aðrán do b'ioth ré, agur as ol uirge beata, agur as cupí impur aip bun amearg na gceomháirín le n-a chuid cainte. Deipri riad nac ӯfuiil bean in rna c'uis c'uisib nac meallfád ré. Ir meara é ná Dómnall na Sphéine fad o. Acht buð é deipreád an r'gairí gúr júaidis an r'gairí amac aip an bpráppairte é aip fad. B'uaipí ré áit eile ann rín, acht lean ré do na cleapannaib céadna, gúr júaidgead amac aipír é, agur aipír eile, leip. Agur anoir ní'l áit ná teac ná r'adair aige acht é beit ag gábal na tíre, ag déanamh aðrán agur as r'gairí ioríntír na h-oiríde o na daoineib. Ni' díul-tócaidh duine aip b'ic é, marí tá fainteoir oírla foimé. Ir mór an file é, agur b'éríorí go n-déanfaró ré iann opt do Sphéamhcaidh go neod 'nuit, ná gcuimhnead feairis aip.

SÍGLE.—Go ӯfóiríodh Dia oírlainn: Acht c'read do tuis airtéad aonach é?

MÁIRE.—B'í ré as taipreáil na tíre, agur cualaird ré go riad dámhra le beit ann ro, agur támis ré airtéad, marí b'í eolair aige oírlainn,—b'í ré mór go leor le mo céad-feap. Ir iongantac marí tá ré as déanamh amac a r'físe-Beata, éor aip b'ic, agur gan aige acht a chuid aðrán: Deipri riad nac ӯfuiil áit a h'acaird ré nac dtugann na mná ghrád, agur nac dtugann na fír fuaé tó.

SÍGLE [as b'raic aip gualainn Máire].—lompuis do ceann, a máine, feuch é anoir; é réin agur d'ingean-ra, agur an d'á cloisgionn buailte aip a céile. Tá ré tar éir aðrán do déanamh d'í, agur t'á múnad d'í as cogairpuit in a cluair. Óra. an b'iteamhna! b'eo ré as cupí a chuid riúthreóis aip Una anoir.

MÁIRE.—Oc ón! go neod! Nac mí-áðamhail támis ré! Tá ré as caint le Una h-uile móimh o támis ré airtéad, triu uaire o foim: Rinne mé mo dícteoirí le n-a r'gairid o céile, acht ceip ré oírl: Tá Una bocht tuigta do h-uile rópt rean-aðrán agur rean-páiméir do r'gáelataibh, agur is binn leip an gceáeatúir beit ag éirtead acht leip, marí t'á b'eo aige rín do ӯréasfaró an r'gáelach de'n chraobh. Tá'r agad go ӯfuiil an pobaird neidte roimhiste

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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

Córas an trugáin.

íomhánna agus Séamus O h-Íarainn ann rín, páistí ó'n lá inaonáin. Feúc Séamus docht ag an dothúr agus é ag páistí oifíla. Tá bhrón agus ceannraoi airi. Ír fúthu a feicfínt go mbuadh maití le Séamus an tSíráirde rín do taobhach an móimhío reo. Tá páistíoch mór oifíl go mbéid an ceann iompuigte ari Úna le n-a éiríodh bláth. Aireadóist. Cómh cinnte a'ír tá mé beo, tuisceáidh oileáin ari an oideach reo:

SÍGLE.—Agus náicé uthéadraí a chuir amach?

MÁIRE.—Ó fheáthairinn; níl duine ann ro do chuid eisíodh leir, muna mbeidh bean no ro. Aictír ír file móir é, agus tá mallaist aige do rgoiltpeastaí na cíainn agus do neabhradh na clocha. Deipí ríad go lobtann an fiol in ian talamh, agus go n-imigéann a gcuimhne óna bat nuairi é tagann file mar é rín a mallaist doibh, mala iugaiseann duine ari an teacáil. Aictír tá mbeidh ré amuise, mire mo bannuinde náicé leisginn aitheach ari é.

SÍGLE.—Tá nácaidh ré périn amach go toileamhail, ní beit aon bhris in a éiríodh mallaist ann rín?

MÁIRE.—Ní beit. Aictír ní nácaidh ré amach go toileamhail, agus ní tig liom-ra a iugadh amach ari eagla a mallaist.

SÍGLE.—Feúc Séamus docht. Tá ré duil anonna go h-Úna.

[Eigilgeann Séamus ag tairdeann ré go h-Úna.]

SÉAMUS.—An nuaíthreóid tú an pil reo liom-ra, a Úna, nuairi bérídear an riobairle píreó.

MAC UI H-ÁNI [ag éiríse].—Ír mire Tomáir O h-Annraicáin, agus tá mé ag labhairt le Úna Ni Riogáin aonair, agus cómh fad agus bérídear fonn uirge-re ré beit ag caint liom-ra ni leisgíodh mé ó aon duine eile do teacáil eadairainn.

SÉAMUS [gán aithe ari Mac Uí h-Annraicáin].—Náicé nuaíthreóid tú liom, a Úna?

MAC UI H-ÁNI [go fiosmáir].—Náir óubhairt mé leat aonair gur liom-ra do bhrí Úna Ni Riogáin ag caint? Imníodh leat ari an móimhío, a bodaig, agus ná tóig clámpair ann ro.

SÉAMUS.—A Úna—

MAC UI H-ÁNI [ag bhéicil].—Fág rín!

[Imigéann Séamus agus tig ré go dtí an bheirt fean-mhaoi.]

SÉAMUS.—A tháipe Ni Riogáin, tá mé ag iarrhaíodh cead oifíra an tSíráirde mí-áthairí meirgeamhail rín do chaitéamh amach ari an tig. Má leigheann tú dám, cuigríodh mire agus mo bheirt bhearr-bhádair amach é, agus nuairi bérídear ré amuise roisbheáidh 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.

Carað an trugdáin;

MÁIRE.—O! a Séamair, ná d'éan: Tá fáitcior oírr níomh. Tá mallact aige rín do fgoiltfeadh na clainn, deirí ríad:

SÉAMAS.—Ír cuma liom má tá mallact aige do leasgaradh na rpéartha. Ír oírr-ja tutfiridh ré, agus cuimh mo dúbhlán faoi. Tá marbhócadh ré mé ari an móimhín ní leisfiridh mé do a chuid pír-tribeodh do chur ari Úna. A Máire, tábaír 'm cead:

SÍSLE.—Ná d'éan rín, a Séamair, tá cónaiple níor feadhrí 'ná rín agam-ja.

SÉAMAS.—Cia an cónaiple i rín?

SÍSLE.—Tá rúise in mo ceann agam le n-a chur amach. Tá leanann ríb-ře mo cónaiple-ře jaicíodh re fén amach comh rocasair le uan, o'á tol fén, agus nuair geobaird ríb amuig é, buailidh an dojur aip, agus ná leisfiridh aipaird aipír go bhráct é:

MÁIRE.—Ráit ó Óis oírt, agus innír d'am caid é tá in do ceann.

SÍSLE.—Déanfhamaito é comh d'ear agus comh rímplíde agus rí connaitc tú ariamh. Cuimhimid é ag carað rúsgán go bfuigimíodh amuig é, agus buailímidh an dojur aip ann rín:

MÁIRE.—Ír fojur a pád, aict ní fojur a déanamh. Déanfharidh re leat "d'éan rúsgán, tú fén."

SÍSLE.—Déanfhamaito, ann rín, nád bfuacaird duine aip bict ann ro rúsgán féirí ariamh, nád bfuil duine aip bict an fán tig aip féríodh leir ceann aca déanamh.

SÉAMAS.—Aict an gceisteoiridh ré rúsd mar rín—nád bfuacamaír rúsgán nuamh?

SÍSLE.—An gceisteoiridh ré, an ead? Ceisteoiridh ré rúsd aip bict, ceisteoirfeadh ré go rai'b ré fén 'na mís aip Éirinn nuair aca glaine ólta aige, mar aca anoirí.

SÉAMAS.—Aict caid é an crioiceann cuimhfeadh rinn aip an mbriéis feo,—go bfuil rúsgán féirí ag teairgtáil uainn?

MÁIRE.—Smuaín aip crioicíonn do chur aip rín, a Séamair.

SÉAMAS.—Déanfharidh mé go bfuil an gaoth ag eiríse agus go bfuil cúnodaí an tigé o'á rúsgádair leir an ftoimh, agus go gcaitímidh rúsgán tarrthaint aip:

MÁIRE.—Aict má éirteann ré ag an dojur b'éidh fíor aige nád bfuil gaoth ná ftoimh ann. Smuaín aip crioicíonn eile, a Séamair.

SÍSLE.—'Noir, tá an cónaiple ceart agam-ja. Abairí go

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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

Cárad an t-úrúgáin:

Úrúil cóbhre leagtha ag bun an chnuic, agus go úrúil riad ag iarrthairt rúgáin leir an gcobhre do leasúgáin. Ní fheicfíodh ré comhfhada rín ó'n dorúr, agus ní bhéid fíor aige nach fíor é.

MÁIRE.—Sin é an rúéal, a Sígle. 'Nóir, a Séamus, gáibhimearús na h-udaoine agus leis an rún leó. Inniú d'obadh caidhneadh tá aca le páth—nach bhracairt duine aip bít rán típ feo rúgán fíor riad—agus cuipeachtais maití aip an mbphéig, tú féin.

[Imníseann Séamus ó dhúine go duine ag coisarphais leó. Tóraígeann curid aca ag gáire. Tagann an piobaire agus toruigéann ré ag reinnm. Éiriúgeann trí no ceathair dé cíuplacláibh, agus toruigéann riad ag daomhrá. Imníseann Séamus amach.]

MÁC UI H-ANN. [Ag éiriúse tar éir a bheit ag féacáint oifíla aip feadáin cíupla móimhniú.]—Rúuit! Rútoparais! An dtugann tú daomhrá aip an rútoparais aistí rín! Tá tú ag bualaodh an uirláir mar bheit an oiread rín o'callac. Tá tú comhthom le builláin, agus comh ciotáil le aghaidh. Ío dtacátar mo phioabán dá mb'fheadh liom bheit ag féacáint oifílaibh 'ná aip an oiread rín laochair bacaí, ag réimhneach aip leat-cois aip fudo an tigé! Fágaird an t-uirláir fá tháinéar Ni Ríogáin agus fum-ra.

FÉAR [atá túl ag daomhrá].—Agus caidh fáid a bhrághfhamadoir an t-uirláir fút-ra?

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Tá an eala aip bhrúas na coinne, tá an phoenicear Riochá, tá pearsaíla an bhróllais báin, tá an Bénur amearús na mbán, tá tháinéar Ni Ríogáin ag reagairt ruair liom-ra, agus áit aip bít a n-éiriúgeann ríre ruair úmhlúigéann an ghealaic agus an ghrúan fénim dí, agus úmhlócaidh ríb-re. Tá rí ní áluinn agus ní ríre aithníl le h-aon bean eile do bheit 'na h-aice. Aictí fan go fóil, rul tarbheáin aon d'obair mar ghnídeann an buaileann bheag Connachtach pinnce, dearrfáidh mé an t-ábhrán d'obair do pinnce mé do Reult Cúige Mumhan—o' tháinéar Ni Ríogáin. Éiriú, a ghrúan na mbán, agus dearrfhamadoir an t-ábhrán le céile, gáid le bhearrá, agus ann rín mánfhamhais d'obair caidh é i fínnce fíreannach ann:

[Éiriúgeann riad ag fáid a bhrághfhamadoir.]

MÁC UI H-ANN.

'Si tháinéar, na ghrúasige buidhe,
An cíulbhíonn 'éiríodh in mo lár mo chroiðe,
Ír ipe mo rún, 'ír mo cumanach go buan,
Ír cuma liom ciorcée bean aictí fí:

THÁINÉAR

A bhrághfhamadoir na fáile buidhe, ír tá
Fuaileadh buaird in rán raoíghaird a'f clá;
Doibhim do bheal, a'f molaim tú fén;
Do chuirfí mo chroiðe in mo cléidh amach.

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 phœnix, 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.

Carað an t-ruigáin:

MAC UI N-ANN:

'Si úna báin ná ghrusáidse óir,
Mo fhearc, mo cumann, mo ghláð, mo róir,
Racaird rí féin le n-a báirí i gceáin,
Do loit rí a chroíde in a cléibh go móir.

ÚN.A.:

Níor Úfáraid oróce liom, ná lám,
Ais éirtealéct le do cónáirád bheag.
Ír binne do béal ná feinm na n-éan,
Óm' chroíde in mo cléibh do fuaifír ghláð.

MAC UI N-ANN:

Do fiúbair mé féin an domhan iomlán,
Sacrafa, Éire, an Fhainc 'r an Spáin,
Ní facaird mé féin i mbairle ná 'gceáin
Aon ainnír fa'n uigreáin maraí úna báin.

ÚN.A.:

Do éuálaíodh mire an cláiríreacá binn
San tráthair rín Coircaig, ais reinnim linn,
Ír binne go móir liom féin do ghlór,
Ír binne go móir do béal 'ná rín.

MAC UI N-ANN:

Do b' mé féin mo éadaon bocht, tráth,
Níor léir Úam oróce tair an lám,
Go úfácaíodh mé i, do ghoir mo chroíde,
A'r do díbír Úiom mo Úrón 'r mo chláð.

ÚN.A.:

Do b' mé féin ari maroim inmhe
Ais fiúbair coir coille le fáinne an lám,
B' eun ann rín ais reinnim go binn,
‘mo ghláð-ra an ghláð, a'r nac' aluinn e!’

[Glaodh agus toíann agus buaileann Séamus O h-Uarainn an doirír airtéac.]

SÉAMUS.—Ob ob ú, oé ón i ó, go neá! Tá an eoirte móir leagtha ag bun an énuic: Tá an mala a úfuit litrieadha na tíre ann pleárgáid, agus ní'l gheans ná téad ná róra ná dadaidh aca le na ceangailt ariú. Tá riad ag glaothas amaic ariúr ari ruigáin féin do déanamh d'oidh—cibé rórt riad é rín—agus neáir riad go mbéir ná litrieadha é an eoirte caillte ari earrbuiúr ruigáin féin le n-a gceangailt.

MAC UI N-ANN.—Ná b' 's ari mboóruigáid! Tá ari n-aibhlán pháidte agaínn, agus ariúr támáoiúr d'ail ag daomra: Ní tagann an eoirte an bealaic rín ari aon 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.

Capað an truagðin.

SEAMUS.—Tágaðan ré an bealað rím aonair—áct is dónis gur
trupainfreári éuarga, agur naé uthuil eðlar agðað aip. Naé tðaðan
an cónrte tari an genoc aonair a cónmárranna?

1AO UILE.—Tágaðan go cinnite.

MAC UI H-ANN.—Ir cuma liom, a teacit no gan a teacit.
Áct b'fealpí liom fíce cónrte veit uthriste aip an mbótar ná go
geumíffed réðarla an uthollais báin ó ðamhra dúninn. Abair leir
an gscóirteoiri róra do capað vðó fém.

SEAMUS.—O murðeir, ní tig leir, tð an oíreasat rím ve
fúinneamh agur de tearf agur de rþreacastu agur de lét in fna
caplaib aigeanta rím go scraitid mo cónrteoiri voct uthriste aip a
geinn. Ir aip éigin-báir ir férðir leir a gcearað ná a gcongðáil.
Tð fáitcior a onam' aip go n-eirþedcaid ríao in a mullað, agur
go n-imteobcaid ríao uairi de ríauig. Tð gac uile fáitþeac aifta,
ní fácaid tð ríam a leitcior de caplaib fiaðáine!

MAC UI H-ANN.—Má tð, tð daoinne eile inr an gscóirte a
ðeanaðar róra m'aír éigin do'n cónrteoiri veit að ceann na
scapall: fáð rím agur leig dúninn ðamhra.

SEAMUS.—Tð; tð tríuñi eile ann, áct mairi le ceann aca,
tð ré aip leat-láim, agur feap eile aca,—tð ré að erit agur að
spácaid leir an rðanórrað fuairi ré, ní tig leir feapam aip a vð
cónr leir an eagla atá aip; agur mairi leir an tríomáð feap
ní'l duine aip bít rím tig do leigfead an focal rím "róra" aip a
beul in a fiaðnuig, mairi naé le róra do erioðað a atáir fém
anuiflais mairi gseall aip éaoríig do góto.

MAC UI H-ANN.—Capað feap agðair fém rúgán vðó, mairi rím,
agur fáðair an t-urplárfúinn-ne. [Le Úna]’Nóir, a nealt namban,
tarþeán dónis mairi imtigéann lúnd imearð na nreite, no ñelen
fáði rðmiorð an Træoi. Þær mo láim, ó ’éag Þeirþor, fáði
cúigeað ñaoiðe mac Úrgaðs éum báir, ní'l a hoitóre i nreipinn
nóin áct tu fém. Torgðamáorid.

SEAMUS.—Na torðaig, go mbéir an rúgán agðainn. Ni tig
linn-ne rúgán capað. Ni'l duine aip bít annro aip férðir leir róra
ðeanað!

MAC UI H-ANN.—Ni'l duine aip bít ann ro aip férðir leir róra
ðeanað!

1AO UILE.—Ni'l:

SÍSLE.—Agur ir fíor ðaois rím. Ni ðeapnairdu duine aip bít
inr an tig reo rúgán fíri ariam, ni mearam go uthuil duine in
ron tig reo do connac ceann aca, fém, áct mire. Ir mairi
cúimhniðim-re, nuairi naé mairi ionnam áct síppreac ðeas go uthacað
me ceann aca aip ñabari do ríus mo fean-ataip leir aip 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; its 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

Capað an trugáin.

TAIB. Biodh na daoine uile ag piád, "Ara! cia 'n tóirte tuid é rín eorpi ari bict?" agus tuibhait pírean guri rugáin do bhi ann, agus go gníordír na daoine a leitíordh rín píor i gConnaclataibh. Tuibhait rí go piád feapair aca ag congáil an fíri agus feapair eile d'a capað. Congbóiscáidh mire an fíri agus feapair eile d'a capað.

SEAMUS.—Béarffaird mire glac fíri ari teac.

[Imciseann ré amach.]

MAC UI H-ANN [ag gábháil].—

Déanfarbó mé cárneadh císe Mumhan,
Ní fágann piad an t-úpláir fáinn;
Níl ionnta capað rugáin, fén!
Císe Mumhan gan rnaí gan reún!

Siáin go deo ari císe Mumhan,
Nac bhágann piad an t-úpláir fáinn;
Císe Mumhan na mbailíreoirí mbriéan,
Nac dtig leo capað rugáin, fén!

SEAMUS [ari aif].—Seo an fíri anoir.

MAC UI H-ANN.—Tabhair 'm ann ro é. Taibhseánpaird mire. Óaoisí cadh déanfarb an Connachtac deas-mhúinte deaspáimach, an Connachtac coidh círe cíallmáir, a bhfuil lút agus ián-rtuaim aige in a láimh, agus cíall in a ceann, agus copairte in a chroíde, aét guri feol mi-ád agus mbriúilíreoir an traoisail é amearg leibidíni císe Mumhan, atá gan doiríde gan uairfe, atá gan eolair an an eala tarp an lacaíon, no ari an ór tarp an bhráir, no ari an lile tarp an bhrótanán, no ari neult na mbán ós, agus ari péapla an bhróllais báin, tarp a gcuimhneoir agus siobháil fén. Tabhair 'm cipín!

[Sineann feapair mairde ód, cuireann ré pop fíri timcheoil ari; torairgeann ré ó a capað, agus Sigle ag tabhairt amach an fíri ód.]

MAC UI H-ANN [ag gábháil].—

Tá péapla mná 'tabhairt roinnt dáinn,
Ír i mo siáin, ír i mo rún,
'S i úna báin, an piog-bean cíuin,
'S ní cuigír na Muimníng leat a rtuaim.

Atá na Muimníng reo dallta ag Dia,
Ní aitnísíodh eala tarp laca liat,
Aét tuisceáidh rí liom-ra, mo hÉlen bhréaghs
Mar a molfar a peapra 'r a gseimh go bhráit.

Ara! muire! muire! muire! Nac é reo an baile bhréaghs lágáid, nac é reo an baile tarp báin, an baile a mbionn an oícheadh rín

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

Capað an trugáin.

Trugáire crosctá ann ná mbíonn aon earráinibh iuba ari ná daonáinibh,
leir an méad iuba goidseann riad ó'n gcroscáire. Cráisteaðán
atá ionnta. Tá na iuba aca agur ní tuisann riad náca iad—
áct go gcuirpeann riad an Connachtach docht ag capað rugáin dónibh!
Níor éar riad rugán féin in ran mbaile reo ariam—agur an
méad rugán cnáibe atá aca de bárr an croscáire!

Goidseann Connachtach ciallmáir
Rópa thó féin,
Áct goidseann an Muirínead
Ó'n gcroscáire é!
So bfeicidh mé iuba
Ureibh cnáibe go fóill
Ó'á fárgasadh ari tsgóisibh
Gac daoinne ann ro!

Mai gseall ari aon mnaoi amáin o'mtíseadair na hÉireann, agur
níor rtopadair agur níor mór-cóimhneadhair no guri tsgúmaraðair
an Tír, agur mai gseall ari aon mnaoi amáin bhéid an baile reo
damanta go neid na ndeirí agur go bhuinne an bhráca, le Dia na
nghrár, go riordáinthe rútam, nuaíri náir tuisgeadair guri ab i Úna
ni Ríogáin an dara Helen do rugadh in a meair, agur go rug
ri bárr áille ari Helen agur ari Bénur, ari a dtáinig riomhri agur
ari dtiucfarr 'na diais.

Áct tiucfarió rí liom mo phéarla mná
Go cùise Connacht na nuaione ureibh;
Seoðairó rí phéarla fion a'ír feoil,
Rinnceanna árda, trórta a'ír ceoil.

O! muire! muire! náir éiríseáidh an tSírian ari an mbaile reo, agur
náir láraind pháalta ari, agur náir—

[Tá ré ran am ro amuisé éarí an dorúr. Éiríseann na píp uite
agur dúnair é o'aon pháis amáin ari. Tuisann Úna leim éum
an dorúr, áct bheithid na mná uillpi. Téideann Séamus anonn
cúici.]

ÚNA.—O! O! O! ná cuiríseidh amach é. Leig ari ari é. Sin
Tomáir O h-Annraðain, iñ file é, iñ bárr é, iñ feair iongantach
é. O leig ari ari é, ná d'éan rín ari!

SÉAMUS.—A Úna bán, agur a cuirle dilear, leig ro. Tá
ré imtíse anoir agur a éirí pírtreós leir. Bhéid ré imtíse
ari do ceann amáras, agur bhéid turá imtíse ari a ceann-ran.
Náid bhusi fíor agat go maist go mb'feapí liom tu 'ná céad mile
Déiríre, agur guri turá m'aon phéarla mná amáin o'á bhusi in
ran dómán.

MÁC UI h-ANN [amuisé, ag bualað ari an dorúr].—Forfáil!
Forfáil! Forfáil! Leigidh arteas mé. O mo feast gcead mile
mallaet opprait,

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 everlasting, 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

Córas Ó an truagáin.

[Buaneann sé an doras ailiú agus ariú eile.]

Mallact na lág oppraitibh 'r na látoiri,
Mallact na rásairt agus na mbriádair,
Mallact na n-éarbáil agus an phára,
Mallact na mbaintreabád 'r na ngsairlásc.
Fógsaí! fógsaí! fógsaí!

SÉ AMUÍS.—Tá mé buirdéas díb a cónmaírráinna, agus b'eo idhí una buirdéas díb amuas. Buail leat, a rígráifte! D'ean do thairíra leat féin amuig ann fín, anoir! Ni bhfuigíodh tú aisteas ann ro! Dúra, a cónmaírráinna nád bheag é, duine do bheit ag eirteas leir an rítoimh caobh amuig, agus é féin go rocaip rírtá corp na teineadh. Buail leat! Síread leat. Cé uil Connacht 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)

