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# Hugh Roe O'Donnell

A SIXTEENTH CENTURY  
IRISH HISTORICAL PLAY.

BY  
STANDISH O'GRADY.



Belfast:  
NELSON & KNOX, LTD.  
1917  
MCMXVII.



# Hugh Roe O'Donnell

A SIXTEENTH CENTURY

## Irish Historical Play.

WRITTEN BY

STANDISH O'GRADY.

*To be performed in the Woods of Sheestown, in the  
County of Kilkenny, 15th August, 1902,*

BY THE

**NEOPHYTES.**

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*Ardrie,*

*Belfast.*

*Easter, 1902.*

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TO

*AN IRISH PRINCE IN EXILE,*

**THE O'NEILL**

**D. JORGE O'NEILL-O'NEILL,**

*HEREDITARY PRINCE OF TYRONE  
AND CLANNABOYE,*

*COMTE DE TYRONE,*

*Grand Officer of the Royal House of  
H.M. the King of Portugal,*

*THIS PLAY IS DEDICATED.*

## S C E N E S.

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- I. Court-yard of Dublin Castle in the year 1587,  
during the Lord Deputyship of Sir John Perrott.
- II. The MacSwines, with Hugh Roe O'Donnell  
leaving Doe Castle, Co. Donegal, and journeying  
through the woods to Rathmullan, hunting as  
they go.
- III. On board the "Popinjay," with Captain Berming-  
ham in Lough Swilly, off Rathmullan.
- IV. The Landing of the Captives at the Ringsend,  
Dublin.
- V. The Hostages in the Castle chamber on  
Christmas Eve.
- VI. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Art and Henry O'Neill  
in chains in Bermingham Tower.
- VII. The Escape of Hugh Roe and the O'Neills  
from Bermingham Tower.
- VIII. The Wicklow mountains—Death of Art O'Neill.
- IX. The O'Byrne's Castle at Ballinacor in Glenmalur.
- X. The Flight to the North of Hugh Roe with  
Turlough O'Hagan.
- XI. Battle between O'Donnell and the English.  
Triumph of Hugh Roe.
- XII. The Installation of Hugh Roe as The O'Donnell,  
on Kilmacrenan.

# MUSIC.

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HARPERS. PIPERS. WIND INSTRUMENTS. DRUMS.

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I. On Board Ship at Rathmullan:

*O'Donnell Aboo.*

*Kitty Magee.*

An Irish jig to the tune of *Garryowen* on the pipes, danced by two young princes

*Nora Crionna.*

II. Dublin Castle Chamber:

*The White Cockade,* The Piper.

*Little Red' Lark.* Sung by Henry O'Neill.

*Brian Boru's March.* The Harper.

*The Morrin.* ... Sung by Henry O'Neill.

*O'Donnell Aboo.* ... The Piper.

III. Battle Scene:

English military trumpets and side drums.

*Cruachan na Feinne.*

*O'Donnell Aboo.*

IV. Installation Scene:

*O'Donnell Aboo.*

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## Conductors.

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The Play ...	...	...	STANDISH O'GRADY.
Stage Management	...	...	CAPT. THE HON. OTWAY CUFFE.
Acting ...	...	...	THOMAS BROOKE.
Costumes ...	...	...	MRS. O'GRADY.
Music ...	...	...	HERBERT HUGHES.
Characters (arrangement of)			FRANCIS JOSEPH BIGGER.

## *Dramatis Personæ.*

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Hugh Roe O'Donnell	...	...	SAMUEL TURNER.
Sir John Perrott	...	...	GORDON PARROTT.
Art O'Neill	Sons of Shane an Diomas	JOHN ROBINSON.	
Henry O'Neill			FRED HUGHES.
Dudall, owner of the ship "Popinjay"			FRED HUGHES.
Captain Bermingham	...	...	PHILIP REYNOLDS.
Art Kavanagh	...	...	
Sir Hugh O'Donnell, Lord of Tir-Connall			
Garland (Secretary to Perrott)	...	...	HERBERT HUGHES.
Franciscan Abbot	...	...	
MacSwine's Seneschal	...	...	
Turlough O'Hagan, Lord of Tullahoge	...	WILLIAM FOSTER.	
The MacSwine of Fanat			
The Lady O'Donnell (Eileen dhu)	...	...	HERBERT GRANT.
The Lady Rose O'Byrne	...	...	
Maplesdeane, the Gaoler	...	...	HAROLD MACDONALD.
Hostages in the Castle	...	...	ALL THE NEOPHYES.
Soldiers, Drummers, etc.	...	...	KILKENNY BOYS.
Horse Boy	...	...	DAVIN.
Harper	...	...	OWEN LLOYD.
Piper	...	...	R. L. O'MEALY.
Reciter of Pedigree	...	...	STANDISH O'GRADY.

## SCENE I.

*The Castle Yard, Dublin.*

*Sir John Perrott and his Secretary, Garland.*

---

SIR JOHN PERROTT—Garland!

GARLAND—Your Honour.

PERROTT—Thou hast ere this conducted for me with secrecy and discretion divers veiled projects of State, and I think thou hast not found me ungrateful.

GARLAND—Indeed, your Honour, I desire no better service, of which the glory and reputation are better than any other reward; for all men speak well of you, and how you govern this martial people as a rider doth his horse. And her Highness, the Queen, thy sister—

PERROTT—Tut, tut, my friend; no more of that. It is not the time; it is not the time— (*Stands silent for a few moments looking into vacancy*). As thou knowest, when I got sure intelligence of the sailing of the Spaniard from the Groyne I bade the great ones of all Ireland to send me hostages for the fidelity of their separate nations; not as misdoubting their loyalty, but as a sign to the Spaniard that he should have here no following did he bend his course hitherward. All, on the instant, sent me good and approved hostages, save only that strong party in the north-west, of which Sir Hugh O'Donnell is captain, but only in seeming, for his wife, the Dark Daughter of the Isles, having more than a man's spirit and resolution, and wielding at will a great party of the gentlemen of Tir-Connall, to whom she is chief counsellor and adviser, would send me no hostages,

though very earnestly solicited thereto by me, both by letter and otherwise. In this strait I wrote to her Highness (*removes his cap while speaking of the Queen*), advertising her that I was equally prepared to go thither with an army, and take thence by the stong hand such hostages as I would, or that, if she preferred it, I would get them by a stratagem, at a small cost, and amongst them the chief hope and treasure of all that party, amongst the which I count Tyrone, who hath a treaty and alliance with the Dark Daughter, and her following of O'Donnells, MacSwines, O'Gallaghers, and others, potent nations in those parts.

GARLAND—It is rumoured that the Dark Daughter aims at securing the reversion of the O'Donnellship for he boy.

PERROTT—Truly. And there is not in Ireland a chief's son of his years who by his qualities promiseth to become either the greatest pillar of the State or one of its chiefest and worst enemies. For already, though he hath not fulfilled his fifteen years, he is known and praised by all for discretion, eloquence, and valour, and all the accomplishments that become his years. Therefore, in my possession the lad will be a signal stay, not only on his own country, but, through Tyrone, upon all Ulster in general. Now, her Highness preferring that I should take him by a stratagem, and at a little cost, I go on now to unfold to you the same. There is in Dublin one George Dudall, the owner and master of a ship of good burthen. Him find and practise with to fill his ship with a cargo of good wines and proceed with the same to Rathmullan, on Lough Swilly, where I have sure intelligence that within the month Hugh Roe, with

his foster-father, will be the guests of Mac Swine, Lord of Fanat. He, Dudall, is to so carry matters that Hugh Roe shall come into his ship, when he shall on the instant weigh anchor and set sail. Hold out to him such large promises and expectations as you think will persuade him, but forget not that my hand is not to be observed at all in the matter. Draw upon my treasurer for all the needful moneys, and, prithee, use despatch.

GARLAND—I seek the man on the instant, your Honour. I shall use secrecy and despatch.

*Exit Sir John Perrott.*

*Enter George Dudall and Garland.*

DUDALL—I would I had the Lord Deputy's signed scripture for all this. It is a great undertaking for a plain man.

GARLAND—Out on thee for a witless unambitious knave. I tell thee, man, that Sir John Perrott would rather have Hugh Roe in his safe-keeping, these perilous times, than the hostages of half Ireland. Thy reward, I tell thee, will be great, and for life thou shalt have the friendship and countenance of him who will be King of England as well as Ireland, and who was never known to forget any who served him. Here is money for thee. Wage soldiers. Thou knowest Captain Bermingham. He is unemployed at this present. Wage him and half a company's swordmen and shot.

DUDALL—Say no more, good Master Garland. I know Bermingham, an honourable gentleman and a good soldier. I shall wage him. Tell the Lord Deputy that I shall lose my head to the MacSwines, or bring to him here in Dublin that little royal hawk out of Tir-Connall. *Aside.*—This is for the beginning of

great things. Carry thyself more proudly—assume a consequence—friend and benefactor of Sir John Perrott.

### SCENE II.

*The MacSwine's and Hugh Roe leaving Doe Castle for Rathmullan.*

MACSWINE (*pointing with his hand*) My kinsman's castle shows through the trees there!

HUGH ROE (*looking in another direction*)—The sea is over yonder; and look! a ship upon it.

MACSWINE (*looking in Red Hugh's direction*)—A ship—a goodly merchant vessel.

HUGH ROE—O, let us go aboard! I have longed many times to see all the inside and equipment of a great ship. Let us hasten forward!

MACSWINE (*meditatively*)—I would I knew what brought the vessel hither.

HUGH ROE—Our good fortune, dear foster father. What else? And yet methinks I shall never see Doe Castle again—home of my youth and of my dearest friends.

*Seneschal approaches.*

SENECHAL.—My lord, the wine is giving out; only the refuse left; after which nought but heady *ishka vaha*, the country's product, not fit to set before persons of this quality.

MACSWINE (*passionately*).—How now, Seneschal? Our fair fame will be blackened, our honour 'minished. All these things were in thy province.

SENESCHAL.—My Lord, a far greater retinue than ever hitherto hath this time accompanied thy noble kinsman, for Hugh Roe is already drawing many eyes after him, and wherever he is not only the unwaged swordmen of the Dominion, but rhymers and harpers and Shanachies continue to multiply. Also, as thou knowest, there have come hither to meet him, without warning, Black Hugh of Belleek and his people, and Nial Garrif, son of O'Donnell, a most forward lad, rough and loud beyond endurance, with all his people. So blame me not, my lord, and the more so because I see a good way of escape from all that disgrace. To-day I boarded that ship lying abroad in the bay to purchase wines, and the super-cargo, a very well spoken gentleman, one Bermingham, of the noble tribe of MacPherris, told me that he had none left to sell, and that if he had he would not sell to a gentleman of your quality; but that he would be proud and glad to entertain you and all the principal gentlemen, your guests, on board his poor ship at dinner this day and supply good cheer to all. A very presentable and well-spoken gentleman. I have messengers abroad through the country and to-morrow we shall have wine enow of our own, and the guests will leave on the third day.

MACSWINE—Good Seneschal, thy hand. Thou hast done well. I hear them all coming out of the great inch where they have been racing their horses. Whose voice is that, rough, uncivil, rising above the clamour?

SENESCHAL—That is Nial Garrif's. Doubtless his horse was beaten in the racing and he chargeth some one with foul play. He and Hugh Roe had words last night and there is a challenge of battle between them to be fought after they assume arms.

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MACSWINE—Be patient with him; let him have nought here but courtesy and fair dealing. See to the boats; lade one with thy meats and pasties and what else thou knowest.

SENECHAL—Yea, my lord.

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### SCENE III.

*The Ship "Popinjay" in Lough Swilly off Rathmullan. Banquet on board. Songs, improvised jokes, badinage, &c., &c. The Tirconnallians fling away their swords and belts, and sit down joyfully. Bermingham sits at head of table. MacSwine at the foot. Bermingham pledges him and the guests. Much conversation and merriment. Dudall, in back-ground, stands waiting, with eyes on Bermingham. At a sign from him Dudall and his men quietly steal away the weapons.*

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DUDALL—*(From the door)*—A word with Captain Bermingham.

BERMINGHAM—My lord and gentlemen, pardon me for one moment. I return on the instant. Just some small matter, my Lord. *(Exit.)*

*The door slammed and locked, noise and shouting, song of the sailors weighing the anchor. Despair of the captives.*

## SCENE IV.

*The landing of the Captives in Dublin. Quay, giving long-shore population. Reception by Perrott of Red Hugh and Dudall. Dudall, full of pride, approaches Perrott.*

DUDALL—Your Honour, I am George Dudall, skipper and owner of the good ship “Popinjay,” just returned from the Swilly, where, by a stratagem, I captured Hugh Roe, eldest son of the Lord O’Donnell, whom I here present to your Honour, to use, withall, as may seem best to yourself—and I am glad and proud to have been and done this service to your Honour and the Government, and her Gracious Highness the Queen, to whom and to yourself, God grant prosperity and length of days.

PERROTT—And who gave thee, George Dudall, of the good ship “Popinjay,” licence and authority to deprive of their natural liberty any of her Highness’s subjects? Much more—Zounds!—the children of one of the great gentlemen of this realm. S’lids, thou scurvy knave! how daredst thou do it! (To the halberdiers)—Take the fellow away, and keep him under ward, there to await my pleasure.

“Tarry One” breaks out in loud speech.

Hold thy prate, man, lest a worse thing befall thee. (Turns graciously to the boys)—You, young gentlemen, and especially to you, Hugh Roe, I offer my sharp regrets for this untoward thing that hath befallen you at the hands of so base a rascal. (To Hugh Roe)—Hath the fellow entertained thee with all courtesy and consideration of your rank during the voyage.

HUGH ROE—*Neel bayrla oggum.*

PERROTT (*smiling*)—You will have English ere you leave.

PERROTT (*turning to his chief officer*)—Take you charge of these young gentlemen. They are to dine with me at my own table at noon. (*Exit Red Hugh and chief officers.*)

PERROTT (*calls Master Maplesdeane*)—Master Maplesdeane, these young gentlemen are the hostages of Tirconnell. Keep them like the rest—at your peril.

MAPLESDEANE—Aye, your Honour, I'll keep them.

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#### SCENE V.

*Christmas Eve in Bermingham Tower. All the Hostages present, namely:—Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Henry and Art O'Neill, Cathal O'Rorke, Philip O'Reilly, Randolph MacDonnell, Theabod Burke, Garret Fitzgerald, Tygue MacMahon, Owen Clancarty.*

*Enter Sir John Perrott.*

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SIR JOHN PERROTT—Noble gentlemen, son of O'Donnell, and you sons of Shane, there is no man in Ireland to whom this untowardness is such a sorrow as to myself. Mighty reasons of State and the coming of the Spaniard have compelled me, unwillingly, to require the hostages of all Ireland in order that the ship of which I am captain may ride safe through the storm. The villainy of a sea-merchant, a scurvy double-dealing knave, now in prison, with good store of irons, hath by an accident placed thee, Hugh Roe, in my hands; also the in-

credible negligence of thy guardians, whom if I were thy father, by the Queen's pantoufle, I would hang out of hand.

HUGH ROE—Your Honour, the man's wine was most excellent and as good truly as that for which we are beholden to your Honour in this great Doon: nay, I all but think of the same brand.

SIR JOHN PERROTT—The man had friends enow here in Dublin and good advisers. But—a most scurvy knave! Gentlemen, your captivity will be but of most short durance, and you will lack nothing while here save liberty, and in six weeks or eight that too shall be yours. Through my successor, the noble Lord Fitzwilliam, I shall direct your liberation at the first arising opportunity, for I go now to the Court of the Queen to order many things that have fallen a-wry there in my absence. Then, in my dealings hereafter with the North, I promise not to be unmindful of what you three have severally endured in furtherance of my government.

Your request to entertain this night your fellow hostages having heen brought to me by Master Maplesdeane, I granted it on the spot, and bade him furnish forth your table with the best in this Castle. When I come back into Ireland it will not be as Deputy but something mightier and more uncontrolled; it may be to conclude several treaties with each of you, grown from lads into famous and powerful captains, in that brave North land of yours, and it may well be with thee, Hugh Roe, as my Deputy, vice-ruler of all Ireland, or thee Henry, or thee Art. Captivity! durance! hostageship!—tut—out on it! What are such in the life of a brave man? If there were not

clouds and wet days who would care for or enjoy the dull, tame, never-ending sunshine? Be strong, bold, merry; to-morrow the sun shines. I too in my time have had worse days and nights than are yours now; and may again, according to the blind throws of fortune, or the purpose of the most High. Brave lads, my good friends, you shall be often in my thoughts. Fare you well.

HUGH ROE—Noble gentlemen, highborn scions of the Clanna Gael and of the Fair Strangers—stranger indeed—but now in thought and speech long since one with us, who are of the seed of the ancient Gael, you are most welcome. Sir John Perrott, whose courtesy therein we gratefully acknowledge, hath licensed me and my companions to bid you all this night to our poor quarters and this our poor feast.

*The Hostages—Bweeachas lath, Bweeachas Shiv, Ber bannacht agus bua, &c.*

Gentlemen, this is Henry and this is Art, true born sons both of the renowned Shane an Diomas (Shane the Proud), who was O'Neill by right, and by the Sword lord of all Ulster. I am Hugh, surnamed the Red, Son of O'Donnell.

*A voice*, Noble names both, none nobler in all the earth: O'Neill, O'Donnell.

*Voices*: O'Neill, O'Donnell.

Gentlemen, if it be your pleasure, declare to us now your own names both those proper to yourselves and those of the famous tribes and nations, for whom ye are here like ourselves in bitter bondage; such being the will of the chief captain of the great Queen.

CATHAL O'ROURKE—I am Cathal, son of O'Rourke,

Brian of the Ramparts, lord of West Breffne. Many a morning from the shining battlements of Dromahaire have I looked down on the waters of Loch Gill, that lake of brightness—but now—Bingham—Bingham.

PHILIP O'REILLY—I am Philip, son of O'Reilly, lord of East Breffne. No more—for my speech is apt to become a torrent—therefore I set a guard upon my mouth.

RANDOLPH MACDONNELL—I am Randolph, son of Sorley Boy MacDonnell, lord of Dunluce and all Antrim, and thy own near kinsman, O'Hugh. Often in my quaking bed at night have I heard the storm-demons screeching, and the crash and roar of the billows of the great sea breaking upon Carrig Usnach—fatal rocks—bemoaned by Deirdre—Benmore towers high guarding well the good brothers of Saint Francis within the walls of Bun-na-Margie, where my ancestors sleep.

THEOBOD BURKE—I am Theobod, son of Rickard in Iron, Captain of the low Burkes, and of Granuwaile, the renowned, and the blood of him whom the Rhymers name William, and conqueror, and son of Adelm. Our territory looketh out across the sea towards thine own, son of O'Donnell.

GARRETT FITZ-GERALD—I am Garrett, son's son of Thomas of the Silken Corselets. We stood against Ireland's Sovereign lord: and did not prosper.

HUGH ROE—There are discomfitures more glorious than victories, O Garret Mac-an-Erla. Blessing and victory, and power, and sway, to thee and thine yet, son of Kildare's Earldom.

TYGUE MACMAHON—I am Tygue, son of MacMahon.

When Ulster is on the march we carry the Standards of the North as proudly as eagles' pennons.

OWEN CLAN-CARTY—I am Owen, Son of Clan-Carty surnamed the great. I am here for the obedience of all the South-West of Erin, from Dunboy of O'Sullivan eastward to the people of O'Keefe and Condon's Country and the waters of Avonmore.

HUGH ROE—Noble gentlemen all, you are most welcome!

ART O'NEILL—O would I were in Clannaboye amongst the hills and valleys or through the woods, the fairest lands in all Erin and to me the most dear. O to think of the times we had chasing the deer through Killultagh or spearing the salmon in the rapids of the Bann or holding revelry at Eden-duff-Carrig when my father had assembled the clansmen all. Will I ever forget the prey we took from the Saxon at Carrig-Fergus. Brian MacPhelime Baccagh headed that foray and the Clan O'Gallagher was there. I remember it well. We started from Shane's Castle at sunset and before dawn were on the Knockagh above Carrig-Fergus, where the English churls had their cattle in a strong enclosure. 'Twould have done your heart good to have seen the booty we drove off, for the boddagh knaves, when they heard us getting over the bawn, ran for the town without even waiting to do on their hose. So we drove the creaght upon the path to Belfast thinking to get into Killultagh before sunrise. Well we had hardly got them clear of the bawn when we heard the guns in Carrig Castle firing for pursuit. We pricked the bullocks with our spears, sending back

Brian and his brother Neale with twenty men to cover the rere. By the time we were on the rise of Carnmoney we heard the drums of the English in the hollow behind, but they were off our track. We could not top the ridge however with the heavy driving until our pursuers had come to blows with us. Again and again we had to reinforce our rear guard before we crossed the valley between Carnmoney and BenMadighan—our own Cave Hill. For we had left the shore and were heading into the country to the great bog on the Bouchaill behind Colin Ward. I, being only a boy, was not allowed before, but now I had to take my weapon and play my part as best I could, for we were overmatched for a while. The cattle were running on through mere terror, taking what path they pleased. The hard ground was confined by a bog at either side, too soft to attempt a passage, for many of the cattle had already sunk up to their bellies, having strayed from the path—when—hullaloo!—we were at the end of the hard land.

*Dar dionl*, we have taken the wrong road, said Neale MacPhelime, nevertheless prick them on with spear and sword, stab them flank and brisket. If the bog were a mile to the bottom we have bullocks enough to bridge it over. It was the only resource left us, to fight through a column twenty men deep and armed to the teeth was not to be thought of by the few exhausted gallowglasses that were left. We drove the poor brutes in. God knows it was a horrible sight to see the black pit heaving like a pot of boiling pitch as they wallowed and writhed through it, moaning and bellowing—dreadful to hear. Many of

our men were lost, for they were slippery stepping stones. I rolled through, sticking once or twice, but got over at last. Brian, too, escaped and Manus, but Neale was trodden down by the cattle and never got out more. That was the only prey I was ever at the driving of.

HENRY O'NEILL—For my part I think lifting cattle no such heroic achievement. Bearing away a fair Saxon damsel, or dragging off a score of noble hostages seems to me a more worthy exploit; but meeting the enemy in the light of day and winning our rights at the point of the sword on the open field, that is the service in which I would fain strike a blow before I die.

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### SCENE VI.

*The Hostages in Dublin Castle. A room in the top of Birmingham Tower. Hugh Roe, and Art, and Henry O'Neill—all in chains.*

---

ART—Oh! this long, never-ending misery!

HENRY—Misery, indeed. God grant me to be even yet with the wretches who haled me hither.

HUGH ROE—Misery! Out on you both! Old Fitzwilliam, who keeps us, has more than our share of it—his poor, old body stuffed with aches and pains, gout, and dropsy, and I know not what else. The gaoler told me yesterday that there are people in this proud city who are glad to get one meal in the twenty-four hours. You don't look starved, good Art.

ART—And that's the worst of it. I am becoming a show and a laughing-stock.

HUGH ROE—Rouse yourself; stir yourself; shake yourself, son of Shane. Walk up and down the dungeon. Brandish your chains; curse Fitzwilliam; invoke the spirits of your sires; chant your great pedigree—Art, the Fat, the Undistinguished, as yet—son of Shane, son of lame Con, the Earl. *(Aside)*—Poor thing, an Earldom. Tir-Connall, Lord of Tir-Connall, King of Ulster, High King of all Ireland, and thereafter, as may be—Son of lame Con—listen, Art, it is your great pedigree I am chanting—son of Henry, son of Owen, son of Nial Oge, son of—but I think I know the glittering chain better than you do yourself, son of Shane. Chain! chains! Well, these chains don't glitter. Shake them, O Art, nevertheless, till you grow thin and hard again. *(Sings a Gaelic song to the accompaniment of the noise of the chains).* Then comrades both, we shall be exchanged and that ere long. Hostages, like meats, become unprofitable with keeping. Their kindred forget them. My mother, now—*(Soliloquises).* Mater mea, four long years—*(Pauses, looks into vacancy.)* Mater mea, mater mea, *(Aloud).* Sursum Corda, oh, sons of Shane, we shall be exchanged.

*Enter gaoler, accompanied by guards.*

HUGH ROE—Thou art our new gaoler. I like thy looks. Hast letters, gaoler?

MAPLESDEANE THE GAOLER—None, young master. No more than this loaf—this loaf *(looks hard at Hugh Roe)* and this butter, and this pitcher of prison beer.

HUGH ROE—Thy name, gaoler?

MAPLESDEANE—I am Brian, son of Brian of the Early Rising, grandson of MacClanche, Lord of Lough Melvin, in East Breffne.

HUGH ROE—Why, then! Look now; by lineage thou art my follower: and a swordman. Sit here at our table, grandson of the son of MacClanche. Eat and drink with us.

MAPLESDEANE—*Gratiscum a tigearna og.* But, not too fast, little eagle of Tir-Connall. Thou art not O'Donnell yet. Permit me, *a tigerna*, and you, sons of Shane, while I unshutter and unbar the windows, for methinks the room is over close, and needeth air.

*Aside—opens the window. Whistles into the night—*  
Snow, snow, heavy falling. *Exit, followed by the guards.*

HUGH ROE—Art, Henry, sons of Shane, there is salvation forward this night—Christ's Night—Friend of all captives and prisoners. Stand back from the window both, Henry and Art—back, I say, at your peril. Now the loaf—surely there is something here in the bready heart of the loaf. (*Divides the loaf, takes out and holds aloft a file.*)

*At the same instant an arrow flies into the room.*

HUGH ROE—Henry, feel behind the feathers of the arrow. Thou wilt find a thread there; draw it to thee, good Henry, tenderly, most gently, most affectionately, grandson of Conn. A twine follows the thread; a rope follows the twine. Art, hither with thy chains, and gyves, the file is with me. I cut them through while you count a hundred. To-night I have the strength of ten men. Coil the rope, dear Henry; so Art. Hither, Henry. Art, make fast the rope round the table's four legs. Knot it so. Art, go first. Henry follows. I shall be myself free in a twinkling. (*Filing.*)

**SCENE VII.**

*The escape of Hugh Roe and the O'Neills. Outside of Castle Tower—Hugh Roe and the O'Neills on the summit—Art Kavanagh awaiting them below.*

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HUGH ROE—Smash down through those heads of the Brown Geraldine and his kindred. Mind them not. We are alive; they are dead. You next, Henry. Are you for Feagh?

HENRY—No, for Ulster; where I rouse the North against the proud, usurping earl.

HUGH ROE—He is my sister's husband; but nevertheless, let the brave win. On the ground? I follow.

*Descends by the rope, the timber bar between his teeth. Thrusts the timber through one of the links of the chain, and across the door and door-posts.*

*Enter Art Kavanagh and the clansman.*

HUGH ROE—Thou—who?

ART KAVANAGH—Art Kavanagh.

HUGH ROE—Guard us well, Art Kavanagh. (*To the clansman*)—A sword! Guard us well, or answer it with thy head. So, away; God and His Son protect us on this, His own night, God and His Son—*(aside)* and our swords, our swords.

*Scene changes to outside of Castle in Dublin street, snow upon the ground, and falling; the boys hastening; Hugh Roe behind with hand upon sword-hilt, followed by the clansman, and Art Kavanagh.*

## SCENE VIII.

*The Wicklow mountains. Death of Art O'Neill. The boys in a snowy hollow.*

ART (*waking from sleep*)—Where is Art Kavanagh?

HUGH ROE—Gone on to Feagh.

ART—Where is thy clansman?

HUGH ROE—Gone on to Feagh.

ART—Where is Henry?

HUGH ROE—Passed into the North.

ART—We are all alone, then, let me sleep again.

HUGH ROE—Nay, sleep not, dear Art; from the next sleep is no awaking; sleep not. Sit up! stand; bestir thy self; sleep not; from thy next sleep is no awakening; sleep not, at thy peril.

ART—I am hungry and sleepy.

HUGH ROE—Keep in thy standing and thy walking to and fro. Feagh's men will be with us anon. I go seek food.

*Art walks about for a while, then sinks down.*

HUGH ROE (*returning*)—I have found no food, dear Art, only these holly leaves; eat them, Art; in them is no nutriment, truly, but the eating of them will keep the inner energies and vitalities in action, so when Feagh's men come to us with good food and drink thou wilt be able to hold and retain them, and they will make thee strong, dear Art. See, I eat these leaves; eat, dear Art, eat; try to eat. Just one leaf.

*Art refuses the leaves and sinks down.*

*Hugh walks up and down chewing and swallowing the*

*leaves; sits down by Art; lies down and sleeps; the snow falls.*

*Enter Feagh's men. They uncover the boys, make them sit up, hold them sitting, ply them first with metheglin, then with uisce aaha. Art O'Neill sinks down. Hugh Roe swallowing the drink, sits up strongly, and demands food. They give him food and drink.*

HUGH ROE—Art, Art, sit up, sit up; drink a little first; then eat. Art, Art, thou art not dead; dear, sweet, kind, gentle, loving Art; thou art not dead. Say thou art not dead. Dead, and I so strong.

*Stands on his feet and falls down.*

*Feagh's men make a litter with cloaks and spears, and carry Hugh Roe over the hills.*

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### SCENE IX.

*A room in Ballinacor, in Glenmalur, with Red Hugh in bed. Lady Rose beside him singing in a low voice. A page stands at the door. A servant enters and strews fresh rushes silently. Loud knocking outside and voices. The lady bids the page go and enjoin silence. He returns and they speak together.*

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HUGH ROE (*awaking*)—Where am I? This is not the Tower. How beautiful, bright and pure is everything here. And—who art thou?

LADY ROSE—Dost not remember, dear Hugh?

HUGH ROE—O, Lady Rose, and have I once again fallen into thy gentle hands.

*The Lady signals to the page, who goes out, and returns with salver bearing food and drink.*

LADY ROSE—Talk no more; thou shalt tell me all about that first escape from the Tower, and all those happenings when thou art strong.

HUGH ROE—But I am strong. *Tries to sit up to his food but falls back.* Oh, I am weak. Shame. A little marching, a little cold, a little famine—and they conquered me. Shame. Shame.

*The Lady Rose adjusts pillows, and lifts him to sitting. He eats and drinks.*

HUGH ROE—What was that knocking?

LADY ROSE—The coming of a messenger from the Earl of Tyrone.

HUGH ROE—Who is he?

LADY ROSE—Turlough O'Hagan, Lord of Tullahoge.

HUGH ROE—A noble gentleman and a valiant, and my own good friend. May I have talk with him? for my sake truly is he here. I am stronger now—much stronger. *(Exit Lady Rose.)*

*(Aside)* Oh, these aches; those flames of fire in my feet.

*Enter Turlough O'Hagan and others. O'Hagan kneels on one knee before the lad, who raises him with a gesture.*

O'HAGAN—I come to bear thee company to thine own Tir-Connall—I will take thee there to thine own kindred—or die for thee.

*Scene changes to Castle Yard.*

*Horsemen in armour with shields and lances before the gate of Castlecor. Men bringing out Hugh Roe in their arms and lift him to the back of the horse. The cavalcade starts, and disappears into the night.*

## SCENE X.

*Flight north of Hugh Roe and the O'Hagan, both on horseback, with guards and horse-boys.*

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HUGH ROE—And that is Slieve Gullion, my benefactor—the spirit of Cuchullin broods over it this night—I feel stronger as the bracing air through the Gates of the North strikes my brow.

O'HAGAN—My Prince, God be praised, we are in Ulster now, far from Dublin and the cruel Castle chains—dost pain thee, lad—let us halt a little, we are safe here, methinks! friends abound on every side—the mountains are thy friends and the dark clouds this night. Loved one, I feel for thee, thy wounds are mine and every brave man's in Ulster—beat up a while, the holy men at Armagh will soon open wide their portals for us, and in a night or two thine own brave mother shall kiss thee whole again, in thine own halls at Donegal.

HUGH ROE—Oh, how I suffer, and yet what a joy possesses me—the joy of liberty—for years have I borne the gyves of the cruel Sassenach in his head-crowned Castle, and now I am free—in Ulster—free—thank the Lord and His Blessed Mother—and you too, my brave good friend—Oh, how I long to be at home to rest these burning aching limbs—to see my mother—noblest—truest—most loving woman in the world. Oh, how I long to kiss her once again—and then, O'Hagan, and then! when I am strong and the clansmen gather round me, we'll break the battle on the traitors' crew, and send them flying like the spray at Glencolumbille before the storm. Let us home, O'Hagan, let us home.

## SCENE XI.

*Battle between O'Donnell and the English to be acted behind the scenes preceded by short parting scene between Hugh Roe and his father and mother.*

*Before the Battle.—A room in the Castle by Donegal.—Hugh Roe on a couch, his mother sitting beside him, others standing around.—Sir Hugh O'Donnell stands at the foot of the couch.*

HUGH ROE—And so, mea mater, Maguire brought us with great honour down the shining Erne, and evermore he gave me his right hand, the which they tell me within Fermanagh he would not give to any Prince in the world. He is a great lord, truly, right valiant too, and very eloquent, of mighty stature, and, they say, the best horseman in Ireland.

MANUS O'DONNELL—Would that he came hither and drove from our Abbey those red frocked churls, Bingham's proud beggars, with their calivers and their trumpets.

SIR HUGH—Hold thy prattle, child.

HUGH ROE (*starting up*)—Father—Mother—what is this? Bingham's men—in the Abbey—in the very house of the holy men—calivering and trumpeting.

*Noise of trumpets and firearms.*

HUGH ROE—Hark—I hear them—Father, I charge thee, tell me all.

SIR HUGH—My son, the reed bends to the storm and winds. O'Donnell yieldeth to violence with which he cannot cope. Within the se'nnight, companies of Sir Richard Bingham's people have come up out of Connacht, and taken possession of the Abbey, from which the holy men first fled, and they are levying

rent and tribute in the country. And we fear to resist them, being few—divided. This is the truth of it, my son.

HUGH ROE—Give me the command, father. Give me the Guards just for one day. Let me send for friends. I will drive those knaves back to Connacht. Thy hand need not be seen in the matter, father.

SIR HUGH—Nay, lad. It were too perilous.

THE LADY O'DONNELL—O'Donnell; let the boy have his will. Let him strike now, and hard, and before that with their hostages these captains shall have strengthened their hands upon the Principality. Then the lad will conquer. I am sure of it. He hath no enemies yet. Let him send the word round, and in three days he will have force enough for even greater enterprise than this.

SIR HUGH—Ineen Dhu—I grow old apace. I have not thy wisdom, thy daring spirit. Direct all, thou and the lad, as seems best to thy judgment. When the holy men return, methinks, I shall join them and spend my last years in their pious company, and relinquish the stern labours of government and war to the young and strong, the prudent and bold.

HUGH ROE—Mother—Messengers on this instant to O'Boyle, O'Gallagher, O'Doherty, and to the three MacSwines, bidding them make what force they can and be here on the third day at their peril.

*Battle takes place ending in Hugh Roe returning home in triumph surrounded by his clansmen.*

**SCENE XII.**

*Installation scene at Kilmacrenan—Advance of Red Hugh and all his followers—men at arms, bards, harpers, pipers, clerics, etc.*

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*Hugh Roe takes the customary oath:—*

I, Hugh Roe O'Donnell, on this sacred Rock of Kilmacrenan, upon which my forefathers have been installed as The O'Donnell for countless years, swear upon Holy Cross, that I will preserve inviolable the ancient customs and laws of my people, and will deliver the succession peaceably and untarnished to my Tanist—so help me, God!

*A book containing the laws and customs is then handed to the chief.*

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*The Abbot O'Fearghail, hands O'Donnell a long white wand, saying:—*

ABBOT—Receive, Sire, the auspicious ensign of your dignity and remember to imitate in your government the whiteness, straightness, and unknottedness of this rod, to the end, that no evil tongue may find cause to asperse the candour of your actions with blackness, nor any kind of corruption of friendship be able to pervert your justice; therefore, in a lucky hour take the government of this people, to exercise the power given you with freedom and security.

*The Aurdhcinnech solemnly addresses Hugh Roe* :—Thou art

Hugh Roe, son of	Eochaيدh Moighmeodhoin, son of
Aodha, son of	Muireadhach Tireach, son of
Magnus, son of	Fiachadh Sreabhtainne, son of
Aodha Dubh, son of	Cairbre Lipheachair, son of
Aodha Roe, son of	Cormac Ulshada, son of
Niall Garbh, son of	Art Aonfir, son of
Turlough an Fiona, son of	Conn Cead Chathach, son of
Niall Garbh, son of	Feidhlime Reachtmar, son of
Aodha, son of	Tuathal Thachtmar, son of
Donall Oge, son of	Fiachadh Fiannla, son of
Donall More, son of	Fearadhach Fionn, son of
Eighneachain, son of	Crionehthan Niadhnar, son of
Donogh, son of	Lugh Riabhdearg, son of
Donall, son of	Mac na Tri Fincamhua, son of
Aodha, son of	Eochaيدh Feidhlioch, son of
Teige, son of	Finn, son of
Conn, son of	Finnlogha, son of
Cathbhar, son of	Roighnein Roe, son of
Giolla Criost, son of	Easa Eamha, son of
Cathbar, son of	Blathachta, son of
Donall (from whom O'Donall took that name), son of	Labhradh Lorck, son of
Eighneachain, son of	Eadna Aighnach, son of
Dalaig, son of	Aongus Tuirmheach Teamhrack, son of
Mortough, son of	Oiliolla Caisfiacula, son of
Feargus, son of	Conla Cruadh Chealgach, son of
Seadhna, son of	Jaran Gleofathach, son of
Feargus Ceannfada, son of	Mailge Molbthach, son of
Conull Gulban, son of	Cobhthaig Caolmbreag, son of
Niall, of the nine hostages, son of	Ugaine More, son of

Duach Laghrach, son of	Lamhfionn, son of
Fiacha Tolgrach, son of	Adnamoin, son of .
Muireadhach Bolgrach, son of	Taith, son of
Simon Breac, son of	Ogamhain, son of
Faobhar Glas, son of	Becgaghain, son of
Nuadha Fionsail, son of	Heber Scot, son of
Giallacha, son of	Sru, son of
Oiliolla Foltchaoi, son of	Easru, son of
Siorna Saogalach, son of	Gadelas, son of
Dein Reothcachta, son of	Niull, son of
Maoin, son of	Feniusa Farsa, King of Scythia, and first founder of the Uni- versal Schools, of the plain of Magh Seanair, son of
Aongus Olmuchach, son of	Baath, son of
Fiachadh Labhrui, son of	Magog, son of
Smiorgaill, son of	Japhet, son of
Eanbhotha, son of	Noah, who was the son of
Tighcrnmas, son of	Lamech, who was the son of
Follain, son of	Methuselah, who was the son of
Eithriall, son of	Enoch, who was the son of
Heremon, son of	Jared, who was the son of
Milesius, King of Spain, son of	Mahalaheel, who was the son of
Bille, King of Spain, son of	Cainan, who was the son of
Bratha, son of	Enos, who was the son of
Deagatha, Lord of Gothia, son of	Seth, who was the son of
Alloid, Lord of Gothia, son of	Adam, who was the son of
Nuagatt, Lord of Gothia, son of	GOD.
Niannall, Lord of Gothia, son of	
Faobhar Glas, Lord of Gothia, son of	
Heber Glunnfionn, Lord of Gothia, son of	

*Installation Speech of Hugh Roe O'Donnell :—*

Father, Mother, Aurdhcinnech, and you, Captains of the Nations, and you gentlemen of Tir-Connall, you have this day made me O'Donnell, Captain over the Captains, leader in war, defender of the laws, Prince of all this proud principality; me, a boy, for I have not yet attained to my 18th year. I thank you all for your great trust, and I think it has not been misplaced or that you will ever repent of what you have done this day in exalting me to the O'Donnellship. I am young, indeed, and lack four full years of instruction in all the accomplishments that become a Prince; but the sufferings and the solitude of that captivity which I endured with the great Queen have made me wise. I am wiser than my years. Suffering has hardened my heart and illuminated my mind. The snows of Tir-Cullen lamed me in the feet: my understanding is not lamed. I halt when I would walk, but war-horses will bear me whithersoever O'Donnell ought to be; here: or in any of the Five Provinces in Ireland. As there is light in my mind, there is fire in my blood, so that rest and ease are hateful to me; for my soul is like an ever-blazing flame, and my activity and vigilance are without a rival.

I am true Gael. As the mackerel comes from the sea without taste or flavour of the brine I come out of the great city and strength of the Saxon without his speech, without his manners, and without his thoughts. I am the Gael.

Thereunto I have authority; the gift of mastery and control. The thing that I ordain, the same must be done according as I command it with the word of my mouth.

The gift of poetry is not with me, but I honour and love the poets, and during my reign all their rights, honours, and privileges shall be advanced—shall be advanced.

I am O'Donnell.

I am brave. Since my father gave me my arms I have not feared the face of man, or his right hand.

I am eloquent. Almighty God, maker of all the worlds, gave me as my own the gift of speech and the power of persuasion.

I am nobly, most nobly born, and sprung from great and high blood. I am true O'Donnell, and well-begotten. From my mother I derived understanding and courage, and from my father gracious manners and a gentle loving heart. The O'Donnell-ship will not lose its lustre by me; I shall conquer and rule far and wide and take the preys and the hostages of Ireland. I shall die young, after a victorious career. So it was prophesied to me by a man whom I saw in the night in the great Queen's Doon in Bal-ath-a-Cleea. He said that many should weep on account of me, and that many should rejoice; also that my memory and name will remain in Erin, and that I shall be renowned while I live, and more renowned when I die.

I thank you all collectively and one by one.

There is a feast prepared by my orders in the Monastery whither you are all invited. You, dear

foster-father, MacSweeney of the Battle-Axes, will sit over against me, and you dearest father and mother on my right hand and on my left—let us go.

Rory, Cathbar, lift me on to the great horse, Nuala, you, Rory and Cathbar ride after me. Manus, you and your pony come next all by yourselves.

THE END.



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