

**DION
BOUCICAULT**

THE COLLEEN
BAWN

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The Colleen Bawn

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Dion Boucicault

The Colleen Bawn / or, the Brides of Garryowen

CAST OF CHARACTERS. – [The Colleen Bawn.]

Myles na Coppaleen	Mr. Dion Boucicault.
Hardress Cregan	Mr. H. F. Daly.
Danny Mann	Mr. Charles Wheatleigh.
Kyrle Daly	Mr. Charles Fisher.
Father Tom	Mr. D. W. Leeson.
Mr. Corrigan	Mr. J. G. Burnett.
Bertie O'Moore	Mr. Henry.
Hyland Creagh	Mr. Levick.
Servant	Mr. Goodrich.
Corporal	Mr. Clarke.
Eily O'Connor	Miss Agnes Robertson.
Anne Chute	Miss Laura Keene.
Mrs. Cregan	Madam Ponisi.
Sheelah	Miss Mary Wells.
Kathleen Creagh	Miss Josephine Henry.
Ducie Blennerhasset	Miss Hamilton.

COSTUMES. – Period, 179 –

Hardress. – Green broad-skirted body coat of the time; double-breasted light silk waistcoat, leather pantaloons, top boots, hair rather long, steeple-crowned gold-laced hat, and white muslin cravat.

2nd Dress: Blue body coat, white waistcoat, white kerseymere breeches, silk stockings, and shoes.

Daly. – Brown coat, etc., same fashion as above. *2nd Dress:* Full dress.

Creagh, O'Moore, and Gentlemen. – Evening dress.

Father Tom. – Broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, faded black suit, black riding boots, and white cravat.

Danny. [*A hunchback.*] Blue frieze jacket, corduroy breeches, yellow waistcoat, gray stockings, shoes and buckles, and old seal-skin cap.

Myles. – Drab great coat, with cape, red cloth waistcoat, old velveteen breeches, darned gray stockings, and shoes.

Corrigan. – Black suit, top boots, and brown wig.

Mrs. Cregan. – Puce silk dress of the time, white muslin neckerchief and powdered hair. *2nd Dress:* Handsome embroidered silk dress, jewels and fan.

Anne. – Gold-laced riding habit, hat and veil. *2nd Dress:* White embroidered muslin dress, and colored sash.

Eily. – Blue merino petticoat, chintz tuck-up body and skirts, short sleeves, blue stockings, hair plain, with neat comb, red cloak, and hood.

ACT I

SCENE I. – [Night.] —Torc Cregan, the Residence of Mrs. Cregan, on the Banks of Killarney. House, L. 2 E.; window facing Audience – light behind – light to work in drop at back. Stage open at back. Music – seven bars before curtain

Enter Hardress Cregan, from house, L

Hard [Going up C.] Hist! Danny, are you there?

Danny appearing from below, at back

Danny Is it yourself, Masther Hardress?

Hard Is the boat ready?

Danny Snug under the blue rock, sir.

Hard Does Eily expect me to-night?

Danny Expict is it? Here is a lether she bade me give yez; sure the young thing is never aisy when you are away. Look, masther, dear, do ye see that light, no bigger than a star beyant on Muckcross Head?

Hard Yes, it is the signal which my dear Eily leaves burning in our chamber.

Danny All night long she sits beside that light, wid her face fixed on that lamp in your windy above.

Hard Dear, dear Eily! after all here's asleep, I will leap from my window, and we'll cross the lake.

Danny [Searching.] Where did I put that lether?

Enter Kyrle Daly from house, L

Kyrle [L.] Hardress, who is that with you?

Hard [C.] Only Mann, my boatman.

Kyrle That fellow is like your shadow.

Danny [R.] Is it a cripple like me, that would be the shadow of an illegant gintleman like Mr. Hardress Cregan?

Kyrle [L.] Well, I mean that he never leaves your side.

Hard [C.] And he never *shall* leave me. Ten years ago he was a fine boy – we were foster-brothers, and playmates – in a moment of passion, while we were struggling, I flung him from the gap rock into the reeks below, and thus he was maimed for life.

Danny Arrah! whist aroon! wouldn't I die for yez? didn't the same mother foster us? Why, wouldn't ye break my back if it plazed ye, and welkim! Oh, Masther Kyrle, if ye'd seen him nursin' me for months, and cryin' over me, and keenin'! Sin' that time, sir, my body's been crimpin' up smaller and smaller every year, but my heart is gettin' bigger for him every day.

Hard Go along, Danny.

Danny Long life t'ye, sir! I'm off.

[Runs up and descends rocks, C. to R

Kyrle Hardress, a word with you. Be honest with me – do you love Anne Chute?

Hard Why do you ask?

Kyrle Because we have been fellow-collegians and friends through life, and the five years that I have passed at sea have strengthened, but have not cooled, my feelings towards you. [*Offers hand.*]

Enter Mrs. Cregan, from house, L

Hard [L.] Nor mine for you, *Kyrle*. You are the same noble fellow as ever. You ask me if I love my cousin Anne?

Mrs. C [C., *between them.*] And I will answer you, Mr. Daly.

Hard [R.] My mother!

Mrs. C [C.] My son and Miss Chute are engaged. Excuse me, *Kyrle*, for intruding on your secret, but I have observed your love for Anne with some regret. I hope your heart is not so far gone as to be beyond recovery.

Kyrle [L.] Forgive me, Mrs. Cregan, but are you certain that Miss Chute really is in love with Hardress?

Mrs. C Look at him! I'm sure no girl could do that and doubt it.

Kyrle But I'm not a girl, ma'am; and sure, if you are mistaken —

Hard My belief is that Anne does not care a token for me, and likes *Kyrle* better.

Mrs. C [C.] You are an old friend of my son, and I may confide to you a family secret. The extravagance of my husband left this estate deeply involved. By this marriage with Anne Chute we redeem every acre of our barony. My son and she have been brought up as children together, and don't know their true feelings yet.

Hard Stop, mother, I know this: I would not wed my cousin if she did not love me, not if she carried the whole county Kerry in her pocket, and the barony of Kenmare in the crown of her hat.

Mrs. C Do you hear the proud blood of the Cregans?

Hard Woo her, *Kyrle*, if you like, and win her if you can. I'll back you.

Enter Anne Chute, from house, L

Anne [L. C.] So will I – What's the bet?

Mrs. C Hush!

Anne I'd like to have bet on *Kyrle*.

Hard Well, Anne, I'll tell you what it was.

Mrs. C [C.] Hardress!

Anne [L. C.] Pull in one side aunt, and let the boy go on.

Hard [R.] *Kyrle* wanted to know if the dark brown colt, Hardress Cregan, was going to walk over the course for the Anne Chute Stakes, or whether it was a scrub-race open to all.

Anne I'm free-trade – copleens, mules and biddys.

Mrs. C How can you trifle with a heart like *Kyrle*'s?

Anne Trifle! his heart can be no trifle, if he's all in proportion.

Enter Servant, from house, L

Servant Squire Corrigan, ma'am, begs to see you.

Mrs C At this hour, what can the fellow want? Show Mr. Corrigan here. [*Exit Servant into house, L.*] I hate this man; he was my husband's agent, or what the people here call a middle-man – vulgarly polite, and impudently obsequious.

Hard [R.] Genus squireen – a half sir, and a whole scoundrel.

Anne I know – a potatoe on a silver plate: I'll leave you to peel him. Come, Mr. Daly, take me for a moonlight walk, and be funny.

Kyrle Funny, ma'am, I'm afraid I am —

Anne You are heavy, you mean; you roll through the world like a hogshead of whisky; but you only want tapping for pure spirits to flow out spontaneously. Give me your arm. [*Crossing, R.*] Hold that glove now. You are from Ballinasloe, I think?

Kyrle I'm Connaught to the core of my heart.

Anne To the roots of your hair, you mean. I bought a horse at Ballinasloe fair that deceived me; I hope you won't turn out to belong to the same family.

Kyrle [R. C.] What did he do?

Anne Oh! like you, he looked well enough – deep in the chest as a pool – a-dhiol, and broad in the back as the Gap of Dunloe – but after two days' warm work he came all to pieces, and Larry, my groom, said he'd been stuck together with glue.

Kyrle [R.] Really, Miss Chute! [*Music.—Exeunt, R. 1 E.*]

Hard [*Advancing, laughing.*] That girl is as wild as a coppleen, – she won't leave him a hair on the head. [*Goes up.*]

Enter Servant, showing in Corrigan, from house, L

[*Exit Servant, L*]

Corrigan [L.] Your humble servant, Mrs. Cregan – my service t'ye, 'Squire – it's a fine night, entirely.

Mrs. C [C.] May I ask to what business, sir, we have the honor of your call?

Corrig [*Aside, L. C.*] Proud as a Lady Beelzebub, and as grand as a queen. [*Aloud.*] True for you, ma'am; I would not have, come, but for a divil of a pinch I'm in entirely. I've got to pay £8,000 to-morrow or lose the Knockmakilty farms.

Mrs. C Well, sir?

Corrig And I wouldn't throuble ye —

Mrs. C Trouble me, sir?

Corrig Iss, ma'am – ye'd be forgettin' now that mortgage I have on this property. It ran out last May, and by rights —

Mrs. C It will be paid next month.

Corrig Are you reckonin' on the marriage of Mister Hardress and Miss Anne Chute?

Hard [*Advancing, R.*] Mr. Corrigan, you forget yourself.

Mrs. C Leave us, Hardress, a while. [*Hardress retires, R.*] Now, Mr. Corrigan, state, in as few words as possible, what you demand.

Corrig Mrs. Cregan, ma'am, you depend on Miss Anne Chute's fortune to pay me the money, but your son does not love the lady, or, if he does, he has a mighty quare way of showing it. He has another girl on hand, and betune the two he'll come to the ground, and so bedad will I.

Mrs. C That is false – it is a calumny, sir!

Corrig I wish it was, ma'am. D'ye see that light over the lake? your son's eyes are fixed on it. What would Anne Chute say if she knew that her husband, that is to be, had a mistress beyant –

that he slips out every night after you're all in bed, and like Leandher, barrin' the wettin', he sails across to his sweetheart?

Mrs. C Is this the secret of his aversion to the marriage? Fool! fool! what madness, and at such a moment.

Corrig That's what I say, and no lie in it.

Mrs. C He shall give up this girl – he must!

Corrig I would like to have some security for that. I want, by to-morrow, Anne Chute's written promise to marry him, or my £8,000.

Mrs. C It is impossible, sir; you hold ruin over our heads.

Corrig Madam, it's got to hang over your head or mine.

Mrs. C Stay; you know that what you ask is out of our power – you know it – therefore this demand only covers the true object of your visit.

Corrig 'Pon my honor! and you are as 'cute, ma'am, as you are beautiful!

Mrs. C Go on, sir.

Corrig Mrs. Cregan, I'm goin' to do a foolish thing – now, by gorra I am! I'm richer than ye think, maybe, and if you'll give me your *personal* security, I'll take it.

Mrs. C What do you mean?

Corrig I meant that I'll take a lien for life on *you*, instead of the mortgage I hold on the Cregan property. [*Aside.*] That's nate, I'm thinkin'.

Mrs. C Are you mad?

Corrig I am – mad in love with yourself, and that's what I've been these fifteen years. [*Music through dialogue, till Anne Chute is off.*]

Mrs. C Insolent wretch! my son shall answer and chastise you. [*Calls.*] Hardress!

Hard [*Advancing.*] Madam.

Enter Anne Chute and Kyrle, R

Corrig Miss Chute! }

Hard Well, mother?} [*Together.*]

Anne Well, sir? }

Mrs. C [*Aside.*] Scoundrel! he will tell her all and ruin us! [*Aloud.*] Nothing. [*Turns aside.*]

Corrig Your obedient.

Anne Oh! [*Crosses with Kyrle and exit, L. U. E. —Music ceases.*]

Corrig You are in my power, ma'am. See, now, not a sowl but myself knows of this secret love of Hardress Cregan, and I'll keep it as snug as a bug in a rug, if you'll only say the word.

Mrs. C Contemptible hound, I loathe and despise you!

Corrig I've known that fifteen years, but it hasn't cured my heart ache.

Mrs. C And you would buy my aversion and disgust!

Corrig Just as Anne Chute buys your son, if she knew but all. Can he love his girl beyant, widout haten this heiress he's obliged to swallow? – ain't you sthriven to sell him? But you didn't feel the hardship of being sold till you tried it on yourself.

Mrs. C I beg you, sir, to leave me.

Corrig That's right, ma'am – think over it, sleep on it. To-morrow, I'll call for your answer. Good evenin' kindly.

[Music.—Exit Corrigan, in house, L

Mrs. C Hardress.

Hard What did he want?

Mrs. C He came to tell me the meaning of yonder light upon Muckcross Head.

Hard Ah! has it been discovered? Well, mother, now you know the cause of my coldness, my indifference for Anne.

Mrs. C Are you in your senses, Hardress? Who is this girl?

Hard She is known at every fair and pattern in Munster as the Colleen Bawn – her name is Eily O'Connor.

Mrs. C A peasant girl – a vulgar, barefooted beggar!

Hard Whatever she is, love has made her my equal, and when you set your foot upon her you tread upon my heart.

Mrs. C 'Tis well, Hardress. I feel that perhaps I have no right to dispose of your life and your happiness – no, my dear son – I would not wound you – heaven knows how well I love my darling boy, and you shall feel it. Corrigan has made me an offer by which you may regain the estate, and without selling yourself to Anne Chute.

Hard What is it? Of course you accepted it?

Mrs. C No, but I will accept, yes, for your sake – I – I will. He offers to cancel this mortgage if – if – I will consent to – become his wife.

Hard You – you, mother? Has he dared —

Mrs. C Hush! he is right. A sacrifice must be made – either you or I must suffer. Life is before you – my days are well nigh past – and for your sake, Hardress – for yours; my pride, my only one. – Oh! I would give you more than my life.

Hard Never – never! I will not – can not accept it. I'll tear that dog's tongue from his throat that dared insult you with the offer.

Mrs. C Foolish boy, before to-morrow night we shall be beggars – outcasts from this estate. Humiliation and poverty stand like specters at yonder door – to-morrow they will be realities. Can you tear out the tongues that will wag over our fallen fortunes? You are a child, you can not see beyond your happiness.

Hard Oh, mother, mother! what can be done? My marriage with Anne is impossible.

Enter Danny Mann, up rock, at back

Danny [R. C.] Whisht, if ye plaze – ye're talkin' so loud she'll hear ye say that – she's comin'.

Mrs. C Has this fellow overheard us?

Hard If he has, he is mine, body and soul. I'd rather trust him with a secret than keep it myself.

Mrs. C [L. C.] I can not remain to see Anne; excuse me to my friends. The night perhaps will bring counsel, or at least resolution to hear the worst! Good night, my son.

[Music.—Exit into house, L

Danny [R. C.] Oh, mather! she doesn't know the worst! She doesn't know that you are married to the Colleen Bawn.

Hard Hush! what fiend prompts you to thrust that act of folly in my face?

Danny Thru for ye, mather! I'm a dirty mane scut to remind ye of it.

Hard What will my haughty, noble mother say, when she learns the truth! how can I ask her to receive Eily as a daughter? – Eily, with her awkward manners, her Kerry brogue, her ignorance of the usages of society. Oh, what have I done?

Danny Oh! vo – vo, has the ould family come to this! Is it the daughter of Mihil-na-Thradrucha, the old rope-maker of Garryowen, that 'ud take the flure as your wife?

Hard Be silent, scoundrel! How dare you speak thus of my love! – wretch that I am to blame her! – poor, beautiful, angel-hearted Eily.

Danny Beautiful is it! Och – wurra – wurra, deelish! The looking-glass was never made that could do her justice; and if St. Patrick wanted a wife, where would he find an angel that 'ud compare with the Colleen Bawn. As I row her on the lake, the little fishes come up to look at her; and the wind from heaven lifts up her hair to see what the divil brings her down here at all – at all.

Hard The fault is mine – mine alone – I alone will suffer!

Danny Why isn't it mine? Why can't I suffer for yez, mather dear? Wouldn't I swally every tear in your body, every bit of bad luck in your life, and then wid a stone round my neck, sink myself and your sorrows in the bottom of the lower lake.

Hard [*Placing hand on Danny.*] Good Danny, away with you to the boat – be ready in a few moments; we will cross to Muckcross Head. [*Looks at light at back.*]

[*Music.—Exit Hardness into house, L*]

Danny Never fear, sir. Oh! it isn't that spalpeen, Corrigan, that shall bring ruin on that ould place. Lave Danny alone. Danny, the fox, will lade yez round and about, and cross the scint. [*Takes off his hat – sees letter.*] Bedad, here's the letter from the Colleen Bawn that I couldn't find a while ago – it's little use now. [*Goes to lower window, and reads by light from house.*] “Come to your own Eily, that has not seen you for two long days. Come, acushla agrah machree. I have forgotten how much you love me – Shule, shule agrah. – Colleen Bawn.” Divil an address is on it.

Enter Kyrle and Anne, L. U. E

Anne [C.] Have they gone?

Kyrle [L. C.] It is nearly midnight.

Anne Before we go in, I insist on knowing who is this girl that possesses your heart. You confess that you are in love – deeply in love.

Kyrle I do confess it – but not even your power can extract that secret from me – do not ask me, for I could not be false, yet dare not be true. [*Exit Kyrle into house, L.*]

Anne [L. C.] He loves me – oh! he loves me – the little bird is making a nest in my heart. Oh! I'm faint with joy.

Danny [*As if calling after him.*] Sir, sir!

Anne Who is that?

Danny I'm the boatman below, an' I'm waitin for the gintleman.

Anne What gentleman?

Danny Him that's jist left me, ma'am – I'm waitin' on him.

Anne Does Mr. Kyrle Daly go out boating at this hour?

Danny It's not for me to say, ma'am, but every night at twelve o'clock I'm here wid my boat under the blue rock below, to put him across the lake to Muckcross Head. I beg your pardon, ma'am, but here's a paper ye dropped on the walk beyant – if it's no vally I'd like to light my pipe wid it. [*Gives it.*]

Anne A paper I dropped! [*Goes to window – reads.*]

Danny [*Aside.*] Oh, Misther Corrigan, you'll ruin mather will ye? aisy now, and see how I'll put the cross on ye.

Anne A love-letter from some peasant girl to Kyrle Daly! Can this be the love of which he spoke? have I deceived myself?

Danny I must be off, ma'am; here comes the signal. [*Music.*]

Anne The signal?

Danny D'ye see yonder light upon Muckcross Head? It is in a cottage windy; that light goes in and out three times winkin' that way, as much as to say, “Are ye comin'?” Then if the light in that

room there [*points at house above,*] answers by a wink, it manes No! but if it goes out entirely, his honor jumps from the parlor windy into the garden behind, and we're off. Look! [*Light in cottage disappears.*] That's one. [*Light appears.*] Now again. [*Light disappears.*] That's two. [*Light appears.*] What did I tell you? [*Light disappears.*] That's three, and here it comes again. [*Light appears.*] Wait now, and ye'll see the answer. [*Light disappears from window, L.*] That's my gentleman. [*Music change.*] You see he's goin' – good night, ma'am.

Anne Stay, here's money; do not tell Mr. Daly that I know of this.

Danny Divil a word – long life t'ye. [*Goes up.*]

Anne I was not deceived; he meant me to understand that he loved me! Hark! I hear the sound of some one who leaped heavily on the garden walk. [*Goes to house L. —looking at back.*]

Enter Hardress, wrapped in a boat cloak, L. U. E

Danny [*Going down, R. C.*] All right, yer honor.

[Hardress crosses at back, and down rock, R. C

Anne [*Hiding, L.*] It is he, 'tis he.

[Mistaking Hardress for Daly —closed in

SCENE II. —*The Gap of Dunloe. [1st grooves.] Hour before sunrise*

Enter Corrigan, R. 1 E

Corrig From the rock above I saw the boat leave Torc Cregan. It is now crossing the lake to the cottage. Who is this girl? What is this mysterious mistress of young Cregan? – that I'll find out.

[Myles sings outside, L

“Oh! Charley Mount is a pretty place,
In the month of July – ”

Corrig Who's that? – 'Tis that poaching scoundrel – that horse stealer, Myles na Coppaleen. Here he comes with a keg of illicit whisky, as bould as Nebuckadezzar.

Enter Myles, singing, with keg on his shoulder, L

Is that you, Myles?

Myles No! it's my brother.

Corrig I know ye, my man.

Myles Then why the divil did ye ax?

Corrig You may as well answer me kindly – civility costs nothing.

Myles [*L. C.*] Ow now! don't it? Civility to a lawyer manes six-and-eight-pence about.

Corrig [R. C.] What's that on your shoulder?

Myles What's that to you?

Corrig I am a magistrate, and can oblige you to answer.

Myles Well! it's a bolster, belongin' to my mother's feather bed.

Corrig Stuff'd with whisky!

Myles Bedad! how would I know what it's stuff'd wid? I'm not an upholsterer.

Corrig Come, Myles, I'm not so bad a fellow as ye may think.

Myles To think of that now!

Corrig I am not the mane creature you imagine!

Myles Ain't ye now, sir? You keep up appearances mighty well, indeed.

Corrig No, Myles! I am not that blackguard I've been represented.

Myles [*Sits on keg.*] See that now – how people take away a man's character. You are another sort of blackguard entirely.

Corrig You shall find me a gentleman – liberal, ready to protect you.

Myles Long life t'ye sir.

Corrig Myles, you have come down in the world lately; a year ago you were a thriving horse-dealer, now you are a lazy, ragged fellow.

Myles Ah, it's the bad luck, sir, that's in it.

Corrig No, it's the love of Eily O'Connor that's in it – it's the pride of Garryowen that took your heart away, and made ye what ye are – a smuggler and a poacher.

Myles Thim's hard words.

Corrig But they are true. You live like a wild beast in some cave or hole in the rocks above; by night your gun is heard shootin' the otter as they lie out on the stones, or you snare the salmon in your nets; on a cloudy night your whisky-still is going – you see, I know your life.

Myles Better than the priest, and devil a lie in it.

Corrig Now, if I put ye in a snug farm – stock ye with pigs and cattle, and rowl you up comfortable – d'ye think the Colleen Bawn wouldn't jump at ye?

Myles Bedad, she'd make a lape, I b'lieve – and what would I do for all this luck?

Corrig Find out for me who it is that lives at the cottage on Muckcross Head.

Myles That's aisy – it's Danny Mann – no less and his ould mother Sheelah.

Corrig Yes, Myles, but there's another – a girl who is hid there.

Myles Ah, now!

Corrig She only goes out at night.

Myles Like the owls.

Corrig She's the mistress of Hardress Cregan.

Myles [*Seizing Corrigan.*] Thurra mon dhiol, what's that?

Corrig Oh, lor! Myles – Myles – what's the matter – are you mad?

Myles No – that is – why – why did ye raise your hand at me in that way?

Corrig I didn't.

Myles I thought ye did – I'm mighty quick at takin' thim hints, bein' on me keepin' agin the gaugers – go on – I didn't hurt ye.

Corrig Not much.

Myles You want to find out who this girl is?

Corrig I'll give £20 for the information – there's ten on account.

[Gives money]

Myles Long life t'ye; that's the first money I iver got from a lawyer, and bad luck to me, but there's a cure for the evil eye in thim pieces.

Corrig You will watch to-night?

Myles In five minutes I'll be inside the cottage itself.

Corrig That's the lad.

Myles [*Aside.*] I was goin' there.

Corrig And to-morrow you will step down to my office with the particulars?

Myles To-morrow you shall breakfast on them.

Corrig Good night, entirely. [*Exit Corrigan, L.*]

Myles I'll give ye a cowstail to swally, and make ye think it's a chapter in St. Patrick, ye spalpeen? When he called Eily the mistress of Hardress Cregan, I nearly sthretched him – begorra, I was full of sudden death that minute! Oh, Eily! acushla agrah asthore machree! as the stars watch over Innisfallen, and as the wathers go round it and keep it, so I watch and keep round you, avourneen!

Song.– Myles

Oh, Limerick is beautiful, as everybody knows,
The river Shannon's full of fish, beside that city flows;
But it is not the river, nor the fish that preys upon my mind,
Nor with the town of Limerick have I any fault to find.
The girl I love is beautiful, she's fairer than the dawn;
She lives in Garryowen, and she's called the Colleen Bawn.
As the river, proud and bold, goes by that famed city,
So proud and cold, without a word, that Colleen goes by me!
Oh, hone! Oh, hone!

Oh, if I was the Emperor of Russia to command,
Or, Julius Cæsar, or the Lord Lieutenant of the land,
I'd give up all my wealth, my manes, I'd give up my army,
Both the horse, the fut, and the Royal Artillery;
I'd give the crown from off my head, the people on their knees,
I'd give my fleet of sailing ships upon the briny seas,
And a beggar I'd go to sleep, a happy man at dawn,
If by my side, fast for my bride, I'd the darlin' Colleen Bawn.
Oh, hone! Oh, hone!

I must reach the cottage before the masther arrives; Father Tom is there waitin' for this keg o' starlight – it's my tithe; I call every tenth keg "his riverince." It's worth money to see the way it does the old man good, and brings the wather in his eyes, the only place I ever see any about him – heaven bless him!

[Sings. *Exit* Myles, R. —*Music*

SCENE III. —*Interior of Eily's Cottage on Muckcross Head; fire burning, R. 3 E.; table, R. C.; arm chair; two stools, R. of table; stool L. of table; basin, sugar spoon, two jugs, tobacco, plate, knife, and lemon on table*

**Father Tom discovered smoking in arm chair,
R. C. – Eily in balcony, watching over lake**

Father Tom [Sings.] “Tobacco is an Injun weed.” And every weed want’s wathering to make it come up; but tobacco bein’ an’ Injun weed that is accustomed to a hot climate, water is entirely too cold for its warrum nature – it’s whisky and water it wants. I wonder if Myles has come; I’ll ask Eily. [Calls.] Eily, alanna! Eily, a suilish machree!

Eily [Turning.] Is it me, Father Tom?

Father T Has he come?

Eily No; his boat is half a mile off yet.

Father T Half a mile! I’ll choke before he’s here.

Eily Do you mean Hardress?

Father T No, dear! Myles na Coppaleen – cum spiritu Hiberneuse – which manes in Irish, wid a keg of poteen.

***Enter* Myles, R. U. E., down C**

Myles Here I am, your riverince, never fear. I tould Sheelah to hurry up with the materials, knowin’ ye be dhry and hasty.

***Enter* Sheelah, with kettle of water, R. U. E**

Sheelah Here’s the hot water.

Myles Lave it there till I brew Father Tom a pint of mother’s milk.

Sheelah Well thin, ye’ll do your share of the work, an not a ha’porth more.

Myles Didn’t I bring the sperrits from two miles and more? and I deserve to have pref’rence to make the punch for his riverince.

Sheelah And didn’t I watch the kettle all night, not to let it off the boil? – there now.

Myles [Quarreling with Sheelah.] No, you didn’t, etc.

Sheelah [Quarreling.] Yes, I did, etc.

Eily No, no; I’ll make it, and nobody else.

Father T Aisy now, ye becauns, and whist; Myles shall put in the whisky, Sheelah shall put in the hot water, and Eily, my Colleen, shall put the sugar in the cruiskeen. A blessin’ on ye all three that loves the ould man. [Myles takes off hat– Women curtsey – they make punch.] See now, my children, there’s a moral in everthing, e’en in a jug of punch. There’s the sperrit, which is the sowl and strength of the man. [Myles pours spirit from keg.] That’s the whisky. There’s the sugar, which is the smile of woman; [Eily puts sugar.] without that life is without taste or sweetness. Then there’s the lemon,

[Eily *puts lemon.*] which is love; a squeeze now and again does a boy no harm; but not too much.
And the hot water [Sheelah *pours water*

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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