

The White Cockade

Irish folk-history plays

Lady Gregory

1912

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Persons

Patrick Sarsfield . . . earl of lucan

King James II.

Carter . . . secretary to king james

A Poor Lady

Matt Kelleher owner of an inn at duncannon

Mary Kelleher his wife

Owen Kelleher . . . his son

First Sailor

Second Sailor

First Williamite

Second Williamite

A Captain and other Williamites

Act II

Scene I

Scene : A wood. James sitting on a camp stool. He is richly dressed, and wears an Order.
Carter standing beside him. *Sarsfield* pointing with sword to a map on the ground.

Sarsfield : If your Majesty will look at the plan I have marked on this map, you will see how we can make up for the defeat of the Boyne. The news we have had of William's march makes it very simple. He will be in our hands by morning. You know what we have to do to-night. To-morrow we shall be dictating terms from Limerick.

James : Yes, yes, you told me all that. I wonder if this wood is quite safe. (*Looks round.*)

Sarsfield : If our army had to fall back, it fell back in good order. We have guns, stores, horses. We have plenty of troops to strengthen Athlone. We can keep the mass of the enemy from passing the Shannon.

James : I hope the bridge we crossed that last little river by has been broken so that no one can follow us.

Sarsfield : Kilkenny must be strengthened too. Waterford is loyal. Munster and Connacht are safe. Our success will give us back Dublin. In half an hour our horses will be rested. We must be at Clonmel before midnight.

James : But there is a troop of William's men somewhere about. We might fall into their hands.

Sarsfield : They are in small divisions. We and our few men will be more than a match for them.

James : Of course, of course ; but we must not risk our lives.

Carter : Not a doubt of it ! The King's life must not be put in danger!

Sarsfield : Danger ! Who says that ? Who said it at the Boyne ? Was it you drove the King from the battle ? Bad advisers ! Bad advisers ! He who says “ danger ” is a bad adviser.

Carter : I did nothing—it was His Majesty's own doing.

James : Yes, yes, of course. I am more than a soldier. I have the whole kingdom to think of.

Carter : Not a doubt of it. But you and I, Sarsfield, have only ourselves to think of.

Sarsfield : You and I—may be—this dust (*Striking himself*)—that dust of yours—has the King's livery made us of the one baking ? No, no ; there is some leaven in this dough. (*To the King.*) Rouse yourself, sir. Put your hand to the work.

James : I suppose I must carry out this plan of a surprise.

Sarsfield : That is right, sir. Carry it out and the Boyne will be forgotten.

James : Is that some noise ? (*Starts.*)

Sarsfield : It is but the trampling of our own horses.

James : Just go, Sarsfield, and see to the breaking of that bridge. If we are caught here by those murderous Dutch, your plans will be ended with a rope or a scaffold.

Sarsfield : I will send orders on to Clonmel. The Boyne will be forgotten !—forgotten !
(*Goes out.*)

James : I hope Sarsfield knows what he is talking about.

Carter : H'm—he may.

James : If we are sure of winning——

Carter : Just so.

James : He says we are sure.

Carter : He does.

James : I hope there will be not much more fighting.

Carter : Or any.

James : That would be best ; if they would give in without a fight.

Carter : Best, indeed.

James : But if there is danger.

Carter : There is always danger.

James : Of another battle

Carter : Or a surprise.

James : I would prefer to be elsewhere. It is all very well for those who have a taste for fighting. I had it once myself—when I was a boy. But it has gone from me now with the taste for green apples.

Carter : Not a doubt of it.

James : A king's life does not belong to himself.

Carter : He must not let it be taken.

James : He must not let it be risked.

Carter : That is what I meant.

James : Now if we had come to the sea——

Carter : We would be handy to it.

James : If there were a French ship——

Carter : And a fair wind.

James : We might—what is that ?
(*Owen's voice heard singing "The White Cockade."*)

Carter : It is a friend—he is singing "The White Cockade."

Owen : (*Comes in singing*) —

The heavy cloud is on the Gael,
But comely James will bring content.

James : Where are you going, boy ?

Owen : I am going looking for news of King James. (*Sits down and wipes his face.*) I'm after wringing my shirt twice, with respects to you. I would not have walked so far for any one living but the King ! And it is bad news of him I am after getting.

James : Then the defeat is known. What did you hear ?

Owen : I heard a great clattering of horses, and then I heard a fife and drum—a tune they were playing like this.

(*Whistles "Lillibulero"*)

James : The rebels are here ! It is "Lillibulero" !

Owen : Then I saw a troop of men and of horses.

James : Were they Dutch ?

Owen : They were not. They were as good speakers as myself. Men from the north they were, and they were giving out as they passed that William had gained the day, and that King James was running, and if they got him, they would give his legs rest for a while.

James : Heavens ! What a terrible threat !

Carter : Terrible, indeed ! Is there no place where we could be safe ?

Owen : If you belong to King James, you would be safe where I come from, and that is the inn at the harbour of Duncannon.

James : The harbour ! Do many ships come in there ?

Owen : There do not. But there is one in it presently.

James : An English ship?

Owen : It is not, but a ship from France. But if it is itself, it is not long it will be in it. It will be sailing at sunrise. There will be a boat coming from it after midnight, for the meat my mother has them promised.

James : I must go to Duncannon ! Look here, boy, would it be safe if I—if the King himself were to go there to-night ?

Owen : Now that he is down, I think there is not one in the place but would carry a hurt dog if it belonged to King James.

James : But tell me—if—I only say if the King should come and should be seen by anyone—is there any chance he would be known ?

Owen : Every chance. Sure he is well known by the songs.

James : By the songs ?

Owen : (*Singing*) —
Curled locks like Angus of the Sidhe,
Friendly, brave, bright, loving, fair ;
High hawk that gains the mastery,
Cupid in peace, a Mars in war !

James : (*To Carter.*) It will be safer not to go till after dark. We must go quite quietly—we must leave our men and horses at a distance.

Carter : That will be best.

James : You must keep the inn clear, boy. You must keep the French boat till I come—till the King comes. He will knock at the door before midnight.

Owen : Believe me he will get a good welcome ! If it was known he was coming there would be a candle lighted in every harbour.

James : No, no candles.

Owen : I may as well be going now to make all ready. (*Goes out singing*)—

Three times the fairest of the Scots,
My prince and my heart-secret, James,
Our treasure and our only choice—
The darling Cæsar of the Gael !

James : That was a good chance. We can go on board at once, and slip away to France. I have done with this detestable Ireland.

(Kicks the ground.)

Carter : And I. *(Kicks the ground.)*

James : It might be as well——

Carter : Well ?

James : Not to mention anything——

Carter : I won't

James : That is, nothing more than the sending of despatches to—here he is coming.

(Puts his finger to his lips. Carter nods. Sarsfield comes in.)

Sarsfield : I have sent orders to Clonmel, sir. A thousand of our men will have gathered there to meet us at midnight.

James : I have changed my mind. I have had messages. I knew France would not desert me. There is a ship at Duncannon. I have despatches to send to King Louis. I will go to Duncannon to-night, and not to Clonmel.

Sarsfield : We cannot afford that delay, sir. We should lose the chance of surprising the Dutch troop.

James : That is enough, General Sarsfield. You will obey orders.

Sarsfield : Are they, sir, what is best for Ireland ?

James : Yes, yes, of course. She is a very good rod to beat England with.

Sarsfield : Whatever use you may put her to, sir, you are bound to do your best for her now.

James : Yes, yes, of course.

Sarsfield : The troops coming to us must not be left to scatter again. They believe yet in the King. They are sure he will not betray them again

James : I am not betraying them, I am getting them help from France. You need say no more. When I think well of fighting I will fight ; when I think well of retreating I will retreat.

(He walks to end of stage and looks at himself in a hand-mirror.)

Carter : Not a doubt of it ! I hope General Sarsfield will loyally follow your Majesty's orders.

Sarsfield : Obey them? And what about Ireland—the lasting cry ? Am I giving heed to the lasting cry of luckless Ireland ? Am I listening to that ?

Carter : You have sworn to obey the King.

Sarsfield : Just so, just so, we have sworn.—He is our King—we have taken the oath. Well, is not a feather in a hat as good a cry as another ? A feather in a hat, a King in a song :

The darling Cæsar of the Gael,
The great Cuchulain of the War !
(*Fife and drum heard playing “ Lillibidero ”*)

James : (*Rushing back.*) That is Lillibulero ! Oh, the rebels are coming !

Sarsfield : It is that troop we knew of. They are not many. We have enough men to stand against them. (*Music heard right.*)

James : They are coming very close !

Carter : Here, sir, let us hide in the wood !
(*They run left.*)

James : They are coming this way !
(*They cross to right. Music follows.*)

Carter : Is it an army or an echo ?
(*They run left again.*)

James : (*Clinging to Sarsfield.*) It is all around

Sarsfield : (*Taking up cloak which James has dropped.*) I can offer your Majesty’s ears the protection of this cloak. (*Holds out cloak over them, as music dies away.*)

Act III

Scene : *The pier at Duncannon the same night. James and Carter talking together.*

James : Upon my word, I am as glad to escape from that dark cellar as I was to get into it an hour ago.

Carter : I wonder how long Sarsfield will be away gathering his men.

James : It should take him a little time ; but one never knows with him when he may appear. He makes me start up. He has no feeling for repose, for things at their proper time, for the delicate, leisurely life. He frets and goads me. He harries and hustles. I hear him now !
(*Starts.*)

Carter : It is only the French sailors taking away another barrel of their meat from the cellar.

(*French sailors enter from left, singing as before. They roll a barrel away to right.*)

James : The long and the short of it is, it will not be my fault if I spend another night in this abominable island.

Carter : That is good news indeed.

James : The only difficulty is how to get away.

Carter : Why, your Majesty has but to get into the ship.

James : Ah, if I could once get into it ! But the question is how am I to escape—from Sarsfield ? Of course he is under my orders. I made him obey orders when we left the Boyne. But since then there is something about him—some danger in his eye, or in the toss of his head. Of course, I am in no way afraid of him.

Carter : Of course not, indeed.

James : But for all that, when he begins drawing maps with a flourish of his sword (*Mimics Sarsfield*) or talking as if he were giving out the Holy Scriptures, there is something—a something—that takes away my strength, that leaves me bustling, marrowless, uncertain.

Carter : Not a doubt of it.

James : I am resolved I will strike a blow for myself. I will take my own way. I will be King again. I will be my own master ! I am determined that here, this moment, before he has time to come back, before I cool, before my blood goes down, I will make these sailors take me into their boat and row me out to the ship.

Carter : Well said, indeed.

James : When Sarsfield comes back to this pier, if he wants to preach to me again, he will have to swim for it !

Carter : Ha, ha, very good !
(*Enter sailors from right.*)

James : (*To sailors.*) Here, my men. I must go to the ship at once. You must take me in your boat.

First sailor : Boat not ready yet, sir. More meat, more pork, more sau-sa-ges.

James : I must go at once. Here, I will give you money if you will take me at once.

Sailor : Give it now, sir, and I will take you (*James gives it*)— after one more barrel.

James : At once!

Sailor : At once, sir. Only *one* more barrel. I will not be two, three minutes. You go, sir, wait in the boat. We will follow you very quick.
(*They go left.*)

James : Come to the boat at once, Carter. We shall be safe there. Oh, once at sea I shall be King again !

Carter : Not a doubt of it !

James : Come, come, no time to lose !
(*They turn right. Music is heard from right, “ Lillibulero ” suddenly turning into “ White Cockade.” The two Williamites appear playing fife and drum, Owen with them.*)

First Williamite : That is right ! We are changing the tune well now. We had to keep up the old one so long as our Newry comrades were within hearing. That they may have a quick journey to Wexford ! Now for the white cockade !

(Owen gives them each one, and they put them in their hats.)

Owen : You did well, getting leave to come back and to watch the pier.

Second Williamite : So we will watch it well

James : Let me pass if you please.

First Williamite : Where are you going, my little priest ?

James : I am going on my own business. Let me pass.

First Williamite : I don't know about that. I have orders to watch the pier. Double orders. Orders from King William to let no one leave it, and orders to let no one come near it, from King James.

James : I tell you I am going on King James's business.

First Williamite : He will be here in a minute. He is gathering men and horses below to the west of the town. Wait till he comes.

James : No, no, I cannot wait. *(Tries to get through.)*

First Williamite : You will have to wait. No hurry ! The Mass can't begin without you !

James : I can make you let me go with one word.

Second Williamite : *(Catching hold of him.)* Faith, I can hold you without any word at all.

James : *(Wrenching himself free.)* Back, fool, back. I am the King !

Both the Williamites : Ha, ha, ha ! Ho, ho, ho !

Second Williamite : the liar !

Carter : You must believe His Majesty.

First Williamite : I do, as much as I believe you yourself to be Patrick Sarsfield.

Owen : That Patrick Sarsfield !

Carter : How dare you doubt that this is the King ?

First Williamite : I don't. I have no doubt at all upon the matter. I wouldn't believe it from Moses on the mountain.

James : You common people cannot recognise high blood. I say I am the King. You would know it quickly enough if you could see me in my right place !

First Williamite : We might. Your reverence would look well upon the throne. Here, boys, make a throne for His Majesty. *(They cross hands and put him up as if on a throne.)* Hurrah ! This is the third King we have shouted for within the last six hours !

James : Let me down, I say !

First Williamite : Throw out gold and silver to the crowd ! Every King throws out gold and silver when he comes to the throne !

Second Williamite : Give us our fee ! Give us an estate ! I would like mine in the County Meath.

First Williamite : Can you touch for the evil ? Here is a boy that has the evil ! We'll know you are a King if you can cure the evil !

All : Ha, ha, ha ! Ho, ho, ho !

James : Let me down, traitors !
(*A sound of keening heard.*)

Owen : Here is the poor Lady.
(*She comes in keening. They put down the King.*)

James : Here is a witness for me. She knew me last night.

Carter : She knew the true King's hand.

James : Lady Dereen, you knew me last night. Tell these fools what they will not believe from me, that I am the King.
(*She begins keening again.*)

James : (*Touching her arm.*) Look at me . Am I not a Stuart ? Touch my hand. Am I not the King?
(*He holds out his hand; she takes it, looks vacantly at it, drops it, and is silent for a minute.*)

Lady : (*Crying out.*) The King ! There is no King ! The King is dead ; he died in the night ! Did you not hear me keening him ? My lord is dead, and my kinsmen are dead, and my heart is dead ; and now my King is dead ! He gave his father a bad burying ; we will give him a good burying—deep, deep, deep. Dig under the rivers, put the mountains over him ; he will never rise again. He is dead, he is dead ! (*She sits down rocking herself and sings.*)

Ochone, ochone, my pleasant Stuart ;
Ochone, heart-secret of the Gael !

(*Sarsfield comes in hurriedly, motions them all back. Speaks to James.*)

Sarsfield : All is well, sir. Our men are coming in fast. There are two hundred of them to the west of the harbour. We are late for the surprise—that chance is gone ; but we can bring good help to hearten Limerick. The King's presence will bring out the white cockade like rush-cotton over the bogs.

James : Yes, yes ; very good, very good.

Sarsfield : Are you ready, sir ?

James : Oh, yes, ready, very ready—to leave this place.

Sarsfield : This way, sir, this way!

James : I know the way ; but I have left my papers—papers of importance—in that cellar. I must go back and get them.

Sarsfield : Now William's troop has left, I will have the horses brought to the very edge of the pier—all is safe now.

James : Yes, yes, I am sure there is no danger. Yes, go for the horses ; take care they are well saddled.

(He goes out left; Sarsfield right. Matt and Mrs. Kelleher come on from left.)

Mrs. Kelleher : And is it true, Owen, my son, that you are going following after the King ?

Owen : It is true, surely.

Mrs. Kelleher : You that would never stir from the hearth to be taking to such hardship ! Well, I wouldn't like to be begrudging you to the King's service. What goes out at the ebb comes in on the flood. It might be for profit.

Matt : Here is the belt your grandfather owned, and he fighting at Ross ; pistols there are in it. Do your best now for the King. I'll drink—no, I swore I would never drink another drop till such time—

Mrs. Kelleher : There is my own good cloak for you—there is something in the pocket you will find no load. *(Owen puts on cloak and belt.)* And here's cakes for the journey—faith, you I'll be as proud now as a cat with a straddle !

Owen : You will hear no story of me but a story you would like to be listening to. Believe me, I will fight well for the King.

(Sailors come from left, rolling a very large barrel ; they are singing their song. Carter is walking after it.)

Matt : Stop there ! What is that barrel you are bringing away ?

Sailor : It is one bacon-barrel.

Matt : It is not. It is one of my big wine barrels.

Sailor : Oh, ah ! I assure you there is meat in it.

Matt : *(Putting his hand on it.)* Do you think I would not know the size of one of my own barrels if I met with it rolling through the stars ? That is a barrel that came from France, and it full of wine.

Carter : *(To sailors.)* Go on with the barrel.

Matt : I will not let it go ! Why would I let my good wine go out of the country, even if I can have no more than the smell of it myself ? Bring it back to the cellar, I say, and go get your meat.

Carter : It must be taken to the ship. It is the King's wish.

Matt : The King's wish ? If that is so—where is the King, till I ask him ? *(Looks around.)*

Carter : I tell you it must go. I will pay you for it—here is the money. What is its worth ?

Matt : Well, if you pay fair, I have nothing to say. If it was to the King himself it was going, I would take nothing at all. He would be welcome.

Carter : (*Giving money.*) Here, here. (*To sailors.*) Go on, now ; hurry ! Be careful !

First Williamite : It is a pity now, to see good wine leaving the country, and a great drouth on the King's good soldiers.

Second Williamite : He should not begrudge us a glass, indeed. It will strengthen us for all we will have to do at Limerick. (*Puts his hand on barrel.*)

Carter : This belongs to me ! This is my property. If you commit robbery, you must account to the King !

Matt : Look here, I have still-whiskey in a jar. I brought it out to give you a drop to put courage into you before you would go. That is what will serve you as well.

First Williamite : We will let the barrel go, so.

Second Williamite : We could bring away the jar with us. I would sooner have wine now to drink the King's health.

Lady : (*Standing up, suddenly, and coming in front of barrel.*) Wine, wine, for the King's wake !

Second Williamite : Listen to her ! That is a good thought. We will drink to the King living, and she will drink to him dead.

Lady : (*To Matt.*) Wine, wine, red wine ! Do you grudge it for the King's wake ? White candles shining in the skies, red wine for the King's pall-bearers !
(*She lifts up her hands.*)

First Williamite : She is right, she is right.
(*To Matt.*) Since you yourself turned sober, you are begrudging wine for the King ! Here !
(*Tilts up barrel. A muffled groan is heard from inside.*)

Second Williamite : That is a queer sort of a gurgling the French wine has—there is ferment in it yet. Give me an awl till I make a hole.
(*Another stifled groan.*)

Carter : Oh, oh, oh, oh !
(*Puts his cloak over his ears, and retires to back.*)

First Williamite : (*Taking out bayonet.*) Here, let me at it !
(*Knocks head off barrel ; Carter giving short groans at every stroke.*)

Carter : Oh ! be gentle.

First Williamite : Never fear. I have no mind to spill it. (*Takes off top.*)
(*The King stands up, pale and shaking. His cloak has fallen off, and chain and Order are displayed*)

First Williamite : It is the little priest !

Second Williamite : Is he King yet ? Or fairy ?

Matt : (*Looking in*) Would any one, now, believe that he has drunk the barrel dry !

First Williamite : I wish I had been in his place.

Mrs. Kelleher : It is trying to desert he was. That's as clear as a whistle.

Owen : The traitor ! Wanting to desert the King !

Matt : But will any one tell me now, what in the wide world did he do with all the wine ?

Lady : Is not that a very strange coffin, a very strange coffin to have put about a King ?

Mrs. Kelleher : Here is King James !

(*They all turn to right. Sarsfield comes in. He stands still.*)

Owen : Deserting your Majesty, he was !

Matt : Making away in my barrel !

First Williamite : Having drunk all the wine !

Mrs. Kelleher : Let a goat cross the threshold, and he'll make for the altar !

Sarsfield : (*Taking off his hat.*) Your Majesty !

James : I wish, General Sarsfield, you would control this dangerous rabble

All : Sarsfield !

Mrs. Kelleher : Who are you at all ?

Sarsfield : I am Patrick Sarsfield, a poor soldier of King James.

Mrs. Kelleher : And where, in the name of mercy, is King James ?

Sarsfield : You are in His Majesty's presence.

(*He goes to help James out of barrel.*)

All together : *That* His Majesty !

Mrs. Kelleher : It seems to me we have a wisp in place of a broom.

Owen : Misfortune on the fools that helped him !

First Williamite : Is it for him we gave up William ?

Matt : And that I myself gave up drink !

Sarsfield : (*Who has helped the King out of the barrel, takes him by the hand.*) Any roughness that was done to the King was done, I am sure, unknowingly. But now, if there are any little whisperings, any hidden twitterings, as to what His Majesty has thought fit to do, it is I myself who will give a large answer ! (*He unsheaths sword.*)

James : I have business in France. You may stay here, General Sarsfield, if you will. But I will lead you no longer ; I will fight no more for these cowardly Irish. You must shift for yourselves ; I will shift for myself.

Carter : Not a doubt of it !

James : (*Going off, stops and turns.*) When I come back as a conqueror, with my armies and my judges, there are some I may pardon—my servants who deserted me, my daughters who turned against me. But there are some I will never forgive, some I will remember now and ever, now and for ever—those of you who stopped the barrel, those who tilted it up, and those who opened it !

(*He goes out right followed by Sarsfield and sailors. Owen, throwing off cloak and belt, and tearing cockade from his hat, throws himself down and begins to play jackstones as in First Act.*)

Lady : (*Turning to face the other way.*) Where is the sun ? I am tired of looking for it in the east. The sun is tired of rising in the east ; it may be in the west it will rise to-morrow !

Mrs. Kelleher : Gone is he ? My joy be with him, and glass legs tinder him ! Well, an empty house is better than a bad tenant. It might be for profit.

Matt : (*Taking up jar.*) Well, I am free from my pledge, as the King says, now and ever, now and for ever ! (*Drinks from jar.*) No more pledges ! It's as well to be free. (*He sits down beside Owen.*)

First Williamite : Which King are we best with ; the one we left or the one that left us ?

Second Williamite : Little I care. Toss for it.
(*Tosses a penny.*) Heads, William ; harps, James !

First Williamite : (*Picking it up.*) Heads it is. (*Taking cockade from his hat.*) There's good-bye to the white cockade.

(*He and the others throw cockades on the ground, and walk off.*)

Mrs. Kelleher : (*To Owen.*) And what will you be doing, Owen ? You will hardly go fighting now.

Owen : What business would I have fighting ? I have done with kings and makings of kings. (*Throws up jackstones and catches all.*) Good, that's buttermilk !

Mrs. Kelleher : You are right ; you are right. It's bad changing horses in the middle of a ford. (*She takes back her cloak.*) Is all safe in the pocket ? It's long before I'll part with it again—once bit, twice shy. It might all be for profit.

(*Sarsfield comes back. Stands still a minute, holding hat in his hand. Lets sword drop on the ground.*)

Sarsfield : Gone, gone ; he is gone—he betrayed me—he called me from the battle—he lost me my great name—he betrayed Ireland. Who is he ? What is he ? A King or what ? (*He pulls feathers one by one from cockade.*) King or knave—soldier—sailor—tinker—tailor—beggarman—thief ! (*Pulls out last feather.*) Thief, that is it,—thief. He has stolen away ; he has stolen our good name; he has stolen our faith ; he has stolen the pin that held loyalty to royalty ! A thief, a fox—a fox of trickery ! (*He sits down trembling.*)

Mrs. Kelleher : (Coming to him.) So you have thrown away the white cockade, Sarsfield, the same as Owen.

Sarsfield : (Bewildered.) The same as Owen ?

Mrs. Kelleher : Owen threw away the King's cockade the same as yourself.

Sarsfield : Threw it away ! What have I thrown away ? Have I thrown away the white cockade ?

Mrs. Kelleher : You did, and scattered it
(*Sarsfield lifts his hat and looks at it.*)

Mrs. Kelleher : If you want another, they are here on the ground as plenty as blackberries in harvest. (*Takes up a cockade.*)

Sarsfield : Give it here to me. (He begins putting it in his hat, his hand still trembling.)

Matt : You will go no more fighting for King James ! You are free of your pledge ! We are all free of our pledge !

Sarsfield : Where is my sword ?
(*Mrs. Kelleher gives it. He puts it in sheath.*)

Mrs. Kelleher : Look, now, the skin is nearer than the shirt. One bit of a rabbit is worth two of a cat. It's no use to go looking for wool on a goat. It's best for you fight from this out for your own hand and for Ireland. Why would you go spending yourself for the like of that of a king ?

Sarsfield : (*Buckling on his sword-belt.*) Why, why ? Who can say ? What is holding me ? Habit, custom. What is it the priests say ?—the cloud of witnesses. Maybe the call of some old angry father of mine, that fought two thousand years ago for a bad master ! (*He stands up.*) Well, good-bye, good-bye. (*To Mrs. Kelleher, who is holding out cakes.*) Yes, I will take these cakes. (*Takes them.*) It is likely I will find empty plates in Limerick. (*Goes off.*)

Lady : (*To Mrs. Kelleher.*) Is not that a very foolish man to go on fighting for a dead king ?

Mrs. Kelleher : (*Tapping her forehead.*) Indeed, I think there's rats in the loft !

Lady : (*Tapping her forehead.*) That is it, that is it—we wise ones know it. Fighting for a dead king !—ha ! ha ! ha ! Poor Patrick Sarsfield is very, very mad !

Curtain

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