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A Princess of Meath

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A Princess of Meath

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THE URSULINES OF ST. TERESA.
Preface

Judging that this legend, told by the late Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, in the "Fate of the Dane," also in a poem, "The Daughter of Meath," afforded material for a little drama for girls' schools only, or for mixed characters in amateur entertainments, we present this arrangement to the educational public. Girls can take the male characters owing to the flowing robes of that period.

Fairies or elves are introduced to afford amusement to those who delight in seeing little ones on the stage, also to embellish the play and give food for a deeper thought than the mere story by having the "Sunburst" and attendants to represent the poetic temperament of the Celt, the "Shamrocks" the religious, and the "Shillalahs" the humorous and combative spirit inherent in every child of Erin.

The Shillalahs would be better represented by boys as brownies, as having more humor, naturally, than girls.

Familiar songs are introduced, for the "old songs" are always welcomed by an audience in which the Irish element predominates.

Lines drawn from Moore, D. F. McCarthy, Lover, and Goulding's lines to "Una" will be recognized and welcomed.
Costumes

The description of costumes is not arbitrary, merely suggestive. Taste and consulting pictures of the period or a regular costume is advised.

Suggestions.—King Malachy tunic or kilt and blouse of brown, cloak of green or tight sleeves with shoulder flaps to elbow lined with green, plain gold circlet or band on head. White or flesh-colored stockings, brown sandals with bands crossed over feet and legs half way to knees. Hair white and flowing.

Turgesius, same style throughout, but of rich red, trimmed with gold, a helmet of gold with wings in first and second appearance, but in the last a purple cloak trimmed with ermine, crown of gold points, a broad collar of gold, vandyke points, nearly a cape, very showy.

Ingomar and other Celts same as King but of light green and silver, caps of silver, breast plates, belts and swords, no cloaks.

Sintram and Sigmund and other Danes same as Turgesius but no cloaks; gold skull caps, belts and swords. The fifteen knights of the Danes in yellow and silver; those of the Celts white and gold, same style as those of Ingomar, etc.

Leatha's first dress of green and pearls with hair-net of gold and pearls, hair flowing, dress made with long flowing sleeves and train, pointed girdle or bodice of white. Last scene, all white, long white veil over face.

Nana, dress of brown, shoulder shawl to suit taste, also turban, long white apron.

Ladies in waiting in white, with colored scarfs to taste.

Herald, tunic of light brown trimmed with red,
round sugar loaf cap with quill at side, belt and horn, sandals, etc.

_Shillalahs_, dark brown blouses and kilts, if girls, with brown "tams" (jacket and knickerbockers if boys). Brown (light) stockings, drawn up over shoes to represent bare feet. The clubs must be cushions in shape of shillalahs.

_Shamrocks_, three large leaves, one to form a pinafore or bib, the others, down over white dresses, black shoes and stockings, shamrock wreaths on head, garlands or rings of green.

_Four-leaf Shamrocks_ the same (but four leaves).

_Sunburst_, yellow tarleton dress, spangled, also crown; stockings and shoes white spangled.

_Ariel and Mista_, pure white; white or silver wreaths on head.

Rainbow sprites, with (each two) a color of the rainbow; therefore, there should be fourteen sprites so as to form each side of Sunburst the prism of seven colors.

N. B.—Fifteen maidens, _i.e._, knights, are called for; therefore, there should be thirteen Danes for the sword exercise, which, with Turgesius, Sintram and Sigmund, make the sixteen required to meet Ingomar and the fifteen knights; but, if the school has not sufficient numbers, fewer will answer for the combat.

There should be seventeen sprites, six Shillalahs, three Shamrocks, three Four-leaf Shamrocks, or six Shamrocks, _in all_, though less can be used or many more if desired.
Characters

Celts.
MALACHY, KING OF MEATH.
LEATHA...His Daughter, the Princess of Meath.
INGOMAR...............His Adopted Son.
NANA....................Nurse to Leatha.

ROSALEEN
MOIREEN
KATHLEEN
EILEEN
Ladies Attending Leatha.

Fifteen knights of King's court and two warriors.

Danes.
TURGESIUS..............The Danish Chieftain.
SINTRAM
SIGMUND.............His Generals.

FIFTEEN WARRIORS.

HERALD.

Fairies.

SUNBURST.
ARIEL.
MISTA.
RAINBOW SPRITES........As many as required for
Scarf Dance.

SHAMROCKS, elves, .........As many as required
FOUR-LEAF SHAMROCKS, elves, for ring or garland
dance.

SHILLALAHs, brownies, as many as required for Indian
club exercise.
A Princess of Meath

Scene I.—Fairy Rath. Time, before dawn, then sunrise. Enter Shillalahs, flourishing clubs and giving the gestures as the others speak.

First Shill. On the beautiful banks of the Shannon there grows such an elegant tree
And the fruit is shillalah
I'm a sprig of it as you may see.
(Twirls club).
I'm a friend that ne'er plays a trick
You'd be wise to lose half your supportin'
Than part with such an illigant stick.

Second Shill.
I was a delicate sprig in the summer
When first I was cut from the tree
And here I am yet through all the cold weather
Faix this sprig of Shillalah is me.

Third Shill.
I'm a friend both so true and so constant,
Its constancy pen cannot paint
For I'm always there when I'm wanted
And sometimes, sure, when I aint.
I beat all your guns and your rifles
For I go off when e'er I desired
And I'm sure to hit what I aimed at
For shillalahs sure never miss fire.

Fourth Shill.
I'm a talisman so sprightly and honest
An argument striking I'm there
For with the help of stones and we sprigs of the Shannon
We'll see things go all right and square.
And its no use in opposing the Shilla-lah
*For I'm sure to come down on some poll.*

(Then follows club exercise with shillalahs to the tune of "Rory O'Moore," varying with other similar airs ending in a jig and dancing to side flourishing shilla-lahs. The music changes to a pretty lilt and the Shamrocks dance in, the Shillalahs giving signs of approval. When the lilt is finished the Shamrocks sing or recite).

**First Shamrock.**

I'm that dear little plant that grows in our Isle;
'Twas St. Patrick himself sure that set it.
And the sun on his labors with pleasure did smile
And with dew from his eyes did wet it.
I thrive thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mireland;
And he called me the dear little sham-rock of Ireland.

**Refrain (Sung by all).**

The sweet little Shamrock
The dear little Shamrock
The sweet little, dear little Sham-rock of Ireland.

**Third Shamrock.**

I'm a dear little plant
That springs from our soil
When my three leaves are ex-tended
Denotes from one stalk we together should toil
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.
And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mireland
From one root should branch as the Shamrock of Ireland.

Refrain. The sweet little Shamrock, etc.

Enter Four-leaved Shamrocks.

First Four-leaf Shamrock.
Should mortals seek me ever
In all the fairy dells
And find my charmed leaves,
Oh, how I'll weave the spells.
They should not waste my magic might
On diamond, pearl or gold,
For treasure tires the weary sense—
Such triumph is but cold;
But I would have the enchanter's gift
In casting bliss around
Oh, not a tear nor aching heart
Should in this world be found.

Second Four-leaf Shamrock.
To worth, I would give honor!—
I'd dry the mourner's tears
And hearts that had been long estranged
And friends that had grown cold
Should meet again—like parted stream.
Oh, thus I'd play the enchanter's part
In casting bliss around,
And not a tear nor aching heart
Should in this world be found.

Music (Waltz time). (Shamrocks step back forming a semi-circle in front of Shillalahs, who stand at sides).
Enter Sunburst, Ariel, Mista, and Rainbow sprites dancing with scarfs, finishing with tableau, Sunburst raised in center, with Ariel and Mista each side. Rainbow's scarfs to be held by Sunburst and spread like rays by sprites.

(CURTAIN.)

End Scene I.

Scene II.—Ladies' Room in King Malachy's Castle. Discovered Kathleen, Rosaleen, Eileen and Moireen with embroidery, books, musical instruments, harp, guitar, mandolin, if possible.

Kathleen. Where is the Princess Leatha that she joins us not? Have any of you maidens seen her this morning?

Eileen. O, no doubt she tarries dreaming of her lover far away.

Rosaleen. A worthy object of dreams, nay of serious meditation, truly, is the noble Chief of Inveray.

Moirëen. I thought she effected the handsome Ingomar; that he is devoted to her is patent.

Eileen. Yes, all can see that; but she thinks of him only as a brother.

Moirëen. Who is he, Eileen? He is not of Irish blood, more of the Greek or Spanish, I should say.

Kathleen. You, Eileen, have been of King Malachy's household so long, you must know his history.

Rosaleen. Do tell us, Eileen.

Eileen. All I know is that he came here a boy about 20 years ago—but here is Nana, who loves him as her own.

Enter Nana.

Moirëen. Oh, Nana, do tell us all about Ingomar.

Rosaleen. Yes, do; there's a dear.
KATLEEN. There's a good Nana, now do tell us.
EILEEN. Sit down, Nana, and tell us.
NANA. Ah, my beautiful boy; yes, I'll tell you all I know. A pirate vessel was cast upon this coast and the only thing alive on the wreck was a dark-haired boy about four years old. He said his name was "Ingomar" but could tell nothing more. Our king, being then childless, adopted him, and when our dear Princess came to bless the declining years of the good king, she was taught to look upon him as a brother; and a better, braver brother she could not have.
EILEEN. Yes, yes, 'tis true.
ROSALEEN. Thank you, Nana.
KATHLEEN. Yes, yes; thanks, Nana.
MOIREEN. Where is the Princess this morning, Nana?
NANA. Has she not been with you yet? Then I think she has gone to the King to cheer him; he has been so dejected of late, and my sweet child watches him closely.
ROSALEEN. Why is the King dejected now more than usual?
NANA. He fears now, the Danish chief who has built his castle so near to this, that the same moat serves for both; that he will be intrusive and that he can not protect the Princess and you, dears, from unpleasant, if not rude, course visits from him and his officers.
KATHLEEN. O, dear; I wish there was some chance for visitors of some kind; it is so dull here.
EILEEN. Have a care, Kathy; you may have more than you want. The Danes are not bashful, so I hear.
NANA. No, indeed, they are not, for every homestead must entertain a Dane. Turgesius, the chief, is a tyrant. Know you what is meant by "nose money?"
KATHLEEN. (Laughing). "Nose Money"? How queer!
MOIRLEEN. Tell us, Nana.

NANA. Well, it is this: if the tax of an ounce of gold is not paid to the Chief every year, the debtor must suffer his nose to be cut off or become a bondsman.

ALL. (Putting hands to noses). Oh! oh! ugly! my! (laughing).

NANA. It is nothing to laugh at, I assure you. Now, I must run off to look for the Princess. (Exit).

EILEEN. A good soul is Nana.

KATHLEEN. (Sighing). When will these times end? Come, let us go out to the tower. I'm dying to see outside of these gloomy walls. Come. (Exeunt).

(Curtain).

End of Scene II.

Scene III.—Room in Castle. (Arm chairs, stools and divans). KING MALACHY seated (L. B.) in arm chair in attitude of dejection.

KING. Enslaved—enslaved—enslaved! A prisoner of the Danes! It has indeed been a long-contested, a cruel, hopeless struggle from the beginning. In vain the best blood of Erin was poured out in her defence—in vain the flower of the land fell like the leaves of autumn before the winter's blast—we are a vanquished people. Now the will of our barbarian conqueror becomes our law, and now even my home must be invaded by this foul Turgesius, and my daughter, my beautiful Leatha, subjected to his coarse gallantries.—But I will conceal my peerless darling! (Bows his head, draws hand over eyes, starts up).

What! tears? away with such signs of weakness! Take them, Mighty Father, gather them into the hollow of Thy Hand, which meeteth out the vengeance
He repays to those who oppress and wound his people. *(Sits down and buries face in hands)*.

*Enter Leatha (L. F.), looks anxiously around, is about to depart; King sighs; she turns and sees King, approaches noiselessly, stands gazing fondly at King)*.

**Leatha.** Can all hope of deliverance have perished? Lord, not while Thou livest, shall I cease to hope, for Thou art mighty and strong to deliver; I offer Thee myself a victim and a peace offering for my country. *(Goes to King, kneels and takes his hand carressing-ly)*.

**King.** *(Looks at Leatha)*. Leatha, my child!

**Leatha.** My father! my king!

**King.** Better thou hadst never been born. *(Carressing)*.

**Leatha.** My father! who else would have comforted thee?

**King.** And yet Heaven, our refuge, were a safer place than this. Hast thou seen Ingomar to-day?

**Leatha.** No, my king; he is not yet returned. Heaven forbid any harm should befall Ingomar.

**King.** Forbid it, indeed. At the risk of his life through the subterranean passage of the moat he almost daily brings me tidings and messages from without. He is the only medium I have through which I correspond with friends beyond these walls. What if that secret passage has been discovered! *(Leatha rises and stands beside King)*.

*Enter Herald.*

What now, what tidings bring you? Speak!

**Herald.** The Danish king, Turgesius, comes! *(Exit)*.

*(Leatha clings to King Malachy, who rises and comes L. front standing before Leatha).*
Enter Turgesius (R. F.), walks pompously to center, turns as King comes forward; sees Leatha, starts, bows low with mock courtesy, bows carelessly to King, throws himself carelessly in divan (C. B.)

Turgesius. So! so! (sneeringly) King Malachy's solitude is cheered by the smiles of the fair! Truly it is no wonder thou art so patient.

King (with dignity). This maiden is my daughter, the Princess Leatha, Chieftain.

Turgesius. Thy daughter! So! Thy daughter! I am glad thou hast so fair a comforter. How fares it otherwise with thee? Well, I hope. (Sneering).

King. Captivity and a free soul agree but ill together, my lord.

Turgesius. It is one of thy prerogatives to complain! but I knew not on my honor, that anything so lovely e'er had birth in this bleak isle or that such a gem flashed under shadows of this fortress. (Looks rudely at Leatha, who turns away).

King. My child, Leatha, retire.

(Leatha turns to go).

Turgesius. Fly not, fair maiden.

Leatha. Pardon me, sir; my fealty is due my father and king. I will no longer interrupt this interview thou hast sought. (Makes a low courtesy, goes out L. B.)

Turgesius (looking after Leatha). Thou hast been like a miser with thy jewel, King Malachy. By my sword, my eyes never rested on ought so fair.

King. She has been well guarded, Chieftain, because she is like my soul and honor, a dear and sacred gift from Heaven. I love her as did the Roman who slew his daughter in the Forum. (Looks proudly and defiantly at Turgesius).
TURGESIUS. Henceforth I will share thy cares for her safety. (Smiles sardonically, watching KING).

KING (aside). What cares this robber chieftain for the sacred ties which unite father and child! But in this instance I must not be precipitate—(to TURGESIUS) I have been tardy in my thanks for thy sudden interest in my child; impute it not to distrust in thyself, but to the bitter lessons which experience has taught me.

TURGESIUS. Nay—nay—trust me—the maiden shall fare bravely. But how is this fair bird lodged? Have my people, who, I confess, are rude in their manners, molested her or deprived her of a single luxury? If so, I will punish with death whomsoever has been guilty of this or any other offense against one who hath found favor in my eyes.

KING. She is well lodged, and has everything befitting her state—except—Freedom!

TURGESIUS. The fortunes of war are inevitable—but this bright bird which our destiny has snared—her cage shall be so fine, so gilded, so large, so beautiful, and such fond devotion shall wait on her, that she will forget Freedom.

KING (aside). Then will she be recreant to her blood. (To TURGESIUS). It is true that women are often beguiled by gew-gaws and the like—but it is only the jewel of an honorable love that could win response from the daughter of Erin's kings—we are thy captives, Chief—thy honor be our safe-guard.

TURGESIUS. Fear no harm, my lord Malachy. Salute thy daughter for me, and tell her I will offer my homage tomorrow. (Bows lightly, exit R. F.).

Enter INGOMAR (R. B.) stands till KING sees him, then advances to (C. F.)

KING (turns, extends hands to INGOMAR). Ingomar! I am glad thou art here—I have strange, sor-
rowful tidings for thee. Turgesius has been here, has seen my Leatha, and by his insolent leer I know the misery that these signs bode. I must conciliate this fiend, if possible, and if there be a spark of honor left, I will appeal to it by a seeming trust in his intentions. It will at least postpone the evil day—a day, which, if it come, will be the blackest and direst the earth ever knew—Hast thou no word for me, Ingomar?

INGOMAR. What should I say? Although I swear by my life and soul that Turgesius shall never harm the Prince. I can not at once see how it is to be prevented. But there is a how and may He whom we have faithfully served enlighten us!

KING. I am cheered by thee, Ingomar—this is an hour of deepest gloom—yet how know we but that this darkness may not prelude the dawn—what meaneth it? Enter SUNBURST & CO., C. B.; form tableau. Soft music).

INGOMAR. Perchance one of the strong angels of God stands by to aid us—may the God of Hosts deliver us. Meanwhile, my royal master, our plans must be matured, as the dark schemes of Turgesius develop themselves. The whole country is ready for a decisive blow, let who will, strike first. I narrowly escaped the moat. I had barely plunged into the ravine into which the subterraneous passage opens ere they were in hot pursuit of me—I heard the trampling of their horses over my head and the blare of their trumpets, but in my dark and silent path I laughed them to scorn. The Chief of Inveray is now in the hands of Turgesius.

KING. Ha!—Maurice of Inveray! Keep this, I pray thee, from Leatha—the poor child hath enough to bear without this news of her lover's disaster.

INGOMAR. Aye, no breath of mine shall waft a cloud towards her—I only beg the privilege of guarding her.
KING sits, (center) INGOMAR kneels, takes KING's hand as the fairies encircle them. Music (a lullaby).

(CURTAIN.)
End of Scene III.

SCENE IV.—Same as Scene II. Discovered NANA with sewing.

Enter LEATHA, (looks around, then runs to NANA).

LEATHA. Nana! Nana! (sits beside her, holding her).

NANA. What is it, my Princess?

LEATHA. Oh, Nana, I have seen that horrid Turgesius. I am so afraid of him. I do wish Maurice was home, and Ingomar here. Why do they not come?

NANA (aside). Alas, poor dove; she knows not her Maurice is in the hands of the tyrant. (To LEATHA). There, cushla, Ingomar is here. I heard his voice but now as he came through the passage. (A knocking is heard. NANA goes out, LEATHA listens).

Enter NANA.

LEATHA. What is it, Nana? Speak!

NANA. Ingomar is here, my Princess, craving an interview. Shall I bid him enter?

LEATHA. Yes, yes. (Exit NANA, enter INGOMAR).

Oh, Ingomar, I am so glad you are here. I am so frightened.

INGOMAR. Nay, nay, my Princess; no harm shall come to thee if Ingomar retains his life and strong right arm. I know your fears are well grounded, but we must be patient and prudent, and await the moment of vengeance; it will surely come, for,

*Too long we've borne the servile yoke
Too long the slavish chain,
Too long in feeble accents spoke

* D. F. McCarthy.
And ever spoke in vain!
Our wealth has filled the spoilers net
And gorged the Danish crew,
But oh, my friend, we'll teach them yet,
What Irish men can do.

(During this speech the Shillalahs pass across rear of stage, stand "on guard," at close flourish clubs, and pass out opposite).

Leatha. You give me hope, Ingomar. I will pray for victory over these Danes.

Ingomar.

**"I soon shall be gone;--
But my name may be spoken
When Erin awakes and her fetters are broken
Some minstrel will come in the summer's eve gleaming
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beam-ing
To bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion
Where the sweet rivers seek the kisses of ocean,
And plant a wild wreath from the banks of those rivers
O'er the heart and the sword that are silent forever.

(During this the Shamrocks pass back across the stage holding wreaths and garlands of shamrock. Stand, (music, pathetic). At close, kneel as if placing wreaths on graves, then pass out opposite).

Leatha. Not so, Ingomar, will you leave us. You'll return and be my father's prop and stay; for whom has he but you?

Ingomar. Ah, well, my Princess (approaches and kneels to kiss her hand; rises) come weal, come woe to me, to thee, may joy be thine forever. (Exit).

* * J. J. Callahan.
LEATHA. A loyal, brave heart is Ingomar; but oh! Inveray, Maurice! where art thou now? Not at the mercy of the tyrant, I trust. Protect him, Heaven, and send him to my frightened heart. (*Sits and sings* "Come Back to Erin.")

Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back Aroon, to the land of thy birth
Come with the Shamrocks, and spring time,
Mavourneen,
And all nature shall ring with our mirth.
Oh, but my heart sank when war came between us
Like a grim river blood flowing on
Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the green
Far, far, where my Colleen had gone.

(*Refrain as in song*).

(*During the song, the Shamrocks return and group around Leatha, holding garlands above her and laying some at her feet, forming tableau at refrain*).

(*Curtain*).

End of Scene IV.

SCENE V. (Same as III).—Discovered King and Leatha seated center.

King. Alas, my child, I fear the dread hour approaches when Targesius will demand my treasure and I, shorn of dignity and authority, am powerless.

Leatha. My king, my father, I should indeed fear his rudeness did I not know that Ingomar from his niche yonder watches unseen, and will protect me in case of need.

King. I can trust only in God, my child; but oh, betimes my faith and trust are clouded and fears, like tempests dire, sweep over my soul. Sing to me, cushla, that my soul may have respite from the strain.
(Leatha sings some plaintive melody).

Enter Turgesius (boisterously).

Turgesius. A fine bird, truly, to chirp such a doleful ditty to a doting old father; come, give us a rollicking tune. (King looks indignant).

Leatha (with dignity). I know naught, sir, that will please you.

Turgesius. Then you must learn something. For I want no long faces and funeral dirges in my cage, my pretty warbler, and, fair lady, thy coyness has been humored long enough, methinks. My lord Malachy, I am a rude warrior and unused to dangle after the footsteps of dainty maidens. I am weary of this waiting; so weary that it must cease. When wilt thou give me thy daughter? Say, maiden, when shall I call thee mine?

Ingomar (outside). Never!!

Turgesius (starts, looks around). Do thy sentiments echo the word, my lord Malachy?

King. Age is cautious, my lord; my daughter is my sole comfort; deem it not strange then that I am slow to pronounce sentence of separation between us, even for the honor of associating her with thee in thy power and riches. (Bows head in sadness).

Turgesius. What sayst thou, Leatha? When wilt thou be mine?

Leatha. Never, Chief—never on the terms thou sekest me.

Turgesius. There are terms then? Name them; if thou dost not require too much. I would rather win thee by fair means than foul.

Leatha. The terms on which I will consent to link my fortune with thine in marriage, O Dane, are these: Restore the freedom of my country; lead back to their bleak homes near the sea the monsters who swarm over and lay waste the land, that its oppressed inhabitants
may breath in peace. Restore my father to his throne and crown; then, when these conditions are complied with, I am ready to become thy bride, to wander away where e'er thou willest, a willing victim, but faithful to my vows and thee, so that which I love is saved.

TURGESIUS (growing angry as she speaks). Thy words, captive maiden, are as lofty as the flight of an eagle on the wing. Methinks thou art dreaming! I can not argue with one so full of heroic visions. But, as I have won this base Isle to subjection by force and the skill of war, so shall I keep possession of it and thee. Forget not that I rule here; my will is the law of all who are subject to me; therefore, exasperate me no longer by delay or, by Thor! I will tear this dove from thy eyerie, my lord Malachy, and separate ye forever. Tomorrow, then, I demand her—tomorrow. Forget it not!

KING (rises and draws Leatha to him). Dane, thou hast robbed me of my kingdom and crown; thou hast stripped me of dignities and honors; thou hast reduced me to the mean condition of thy vassal; was not this enough, that thou shouldst come and rob me of my daughter, for,

* "How blest is the hearth notwithstanding its woes
That can boast of such virtue, such tender devotion;
Every feeling of love which the breast can awake
And whose soul is enkindled by Liberty's fires,
And whose purpose for Erin's redemption naught can shake.

Great Heaven! how long ere these fetters are sundered
That link our dear country to tyranny's chain?
How long ere her days of oppression are numbered,
And Erin becomes a proud nation again?

TURGESIUS (impatiently). Tut! tut! Tomorrow I demand your daughter.

* Adapted from L. G. Goulding.
KING. Consider, great chief, consider; there are many as noble and more beautiful in my kingdom than my daughter, who would suit thee better. Seek them, therefore, my lord, and leave an old man, and royal captive, in peace.

TURGESIUS. Thy daughter or none, Malachy. Baffle me no longer.

KING. I throw myself and my griefs on thy honor, Turgesius.

TURGESIUS. My honor (laughs scoffingly) shall not harm thee, old man, rest assured. Tomorrow be prepared.

LEATHA. We will be prepared, Turgesius. And be thou prepared as well, tyrant and oppressor, for the servants of God never call on Him in vain.

TURGESIUS. It is well. As to thy God, I fear Him not.

KING. Turgesius, I implore one day's delay.

TURGESIUS. In vain; I will not brook the delay of another day. By Thor! dost take me for a fool? Be ready, beautiful one, to return with me to thy new home tomorrow eve.

LEATHA. Nay, Turgesius; I implore also a single day's freedom. Consider how many thousand things a maiden has to attend to on the eve of her bridal (archly).

TURGESIUS. I yield to thy entreaties, maiden, and thy wishes, king; but on these conditions: at this moment there are fifteen of my bravest officers and noblest captains, who, having been prodigies of valor in these wars, come to me for well-earned reward. Honors and riches I shall heap upon them, but, me-thinks, all will be incomplete unless I provide for them a happiness equalling my own. They are my guests; and I charge thee, King Malachy, to provide fifteen maidens as beautiful as Leatha to mate with them.
Let them come as her ladies of honor; thus her attendants will be of her own choice.

INGOMAR (outside) laughs in loud, derisive tones. TURGESIUS draws sword and stands in attitude of defense; LEATHA clings to KING).

INGOMAR (outside). Thy behest shall be granted. Fifteen of the fairest of Erin's maids shall attend the Princess of Meath, the noble Leatha, to her bridal banquet.

TURGESIUS (alarmed). Where is the hiding place of thy spy?

KING. Thy own spy, perchance, Turgesius—we are too hemmed in by thy bold barbarians and fierce sentinels to have a hiding place left for a spy; however, this one seems friendly to thy interest.

TURGESIUS. True, true; but forget not. (Turns to embrace LEATHA, but she waves him off. He shakes a warning finger. Exit).

LEATHA (throwing herself into KING's arms). O, my father, what shall we do?

KING. My child, we must trust in God to send us help.

LEATHA. Was not that Ingomar's voice that laughed?

Enter INGOMAR.

INGOMAR. Yes, my Princess, I was there in the niche and heard the ruffian's proposal, or rather, demand, and when he gave the order for the fifteen attendants I laughed, for it is I that will supply the attendants. Be ready, my Princess, to attend this would-be bridegroom and you, my king, muster all your servants, arm them and await the signal I shall give. Now I must go to arrange my plans. I will be with you ere another sun has set. (KING and LEATHA seize INGOMAR's hands and stand as in prayer).
"Yes, my Lord, Tho' sweet are my home recollections,
Tho' sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall,
Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all."

(During this Sunburst & Co., Shamrocks, may come in and form tableau in back; music).

(Curtain).

End of Scene V.

Scene VI.—Same as II. Discovered Leatha (C front) Kathleen, Eileen, Rosaleen, Moireen each side.

Eileen. You seem happy, my Princess, and yet you are going to leave us. Why have you not taken us for your attendants?

Kathleen. Yes, dear Princess, I should like some gayety and I am sure these Danes, rough though they seem, may be very gallant upon occasion.

Moireen. I care not for these Danes; but, dear Princess, I would fain bear you company, too.

Rosaleen. But who are the maidens you have chosen; that have supplanted us in your favor; that you prefer to bear you company to your new home?

Leatha (laughing). O, what curious creatures you all are! But I thank you for your affection; and believe me, I insure your happiness better by not selecting you as my attendants. You will soon learn who my ladies of honor are, and appreciate them too, I warrant. I wish you to hold yourselves in festival attire, as I shall bid you join me very soon. Now, whilst we await Nana's summons, let us sing our favorite song for the last time, perhaps, as happy maidens.

(They sing first and fourth verses of "Killarney").
During this conversation, Nana passes quickly several times to and fro with piles of white drapery over her arms, then a long box or basket, covered, which she seems anxious to hide. During the singing Sunburst and Ariel, Mista and Rainbows enter, form semi-circle in rear of maidens, giving gestures to the song. Form “rainbow” over maidens as they sing “All rich colors,” etc. When the song is finished, fairies glide softly to rear and remain till curtain falls. During tableau and song the King comes in (L. F.), stands and looks tenderly at maidens. When the song is finished, Leatha approaches King, they embrace, then Leatha retires (Left Ba), looks back and throws kisses to King and maidens. Slow, cheerful music is played. Nana enters (R. F.), stands with arms akimbo, while Ingomar, disguised as a matron, enters, followed by a train of veiled figures led by Leatha, veiled. They pass King and kneel around him. Ingomar stands beside them.

King. My children, receive an old man’s blessing. (Holds hands spread over them; looks up). God speed and protect you.

Ingomar. My father and King, fear not; ere another sun rises o’er the blue wave, Erin will have burst her chains. (During the above, the maidens look on in surprise, whispering to one another).

*Till then in the justice of Heaven confiding
Our efforts for Freedom no waning shall know;
Till then in the strength of our purpose abiding,
We’ll keep terrorizing our merciless foe.

(Ingomar gives signal, the procession passes to the same music. The Shillalahs come in and walk with Ingomar, making threatening gestures

*L. G. Goulding.
with clubs to imaginary foes ahead. The Sham-rocks follow procession with wreaths held over heads. Maidens and Nana look after them till curtain).

End of Scene VI.

SCENE VII.—Room in Turgesius’s Castle. Sumptuous and brilliant with lights and flowers. Turgesius crowned and with a golden collar, very conspicuous, seated on a dais (L. B.) surrounded by gaily dressed warriors, and pages so standing at sides as to give impression of a crowd outside. Sintram and Sigmund nearest to Turgesius. Here may be sung a wild Danish “war song” or “drinking song” selected from one of Wagner’s Norse operas. The Shillalahs preceded the procession of maidens, so they enter (R. B.) and distribute themselves around the dais and give threatening pantomime to conversation, sometimes a blow to a bystander, etc.

Sintram. Turgesius, your maidens tarry.

Sigmund. So, so; they come not; how long they stay away from this goodly company.

Turgesius (angrily steps down and paces to and fro). Ha! they come not early; so, so, but, by Thor, if they tarry long, we will hence and drag them hither. (Looks off). Aha! here they come, led by a veritable Valkyrie of noble mein. Strike up the music and let us welcome the fair ones to these halls. (Triumphant music, warriors range themselves in line in front of dais behind Turgesius, who advances to meet Ingrid (as matron, who enters R.B.) in Center Front, leading Leatha, veiled. The other veiled figures
range themselves in line opposite warriors behind In-
Gomar).

InGomar (leads Leatha forward and sternly says). Turgesius, receive from her foster mother Leatha, Princess of Meath, chaste daughter of our captive King—and mayst thou rue the day thou first saw her.

Turgesius. We can allow thee a little spite, foster mother. It must be hard to be reft of one so peerless as Leatha. But lift the envious veil which conceals the fairest face on earth from my eyes. (Draws veil from Leatha, while she stands with eyes cast down). Now, comrades, take each a maiden without ceremony of unveiling to prevent jealousy and rivalry, then let us hie to the banquet hall.

(Each warrior approaches a veiled figure; a loud blast on a bugle sounds and clashing music. InGomar and figures throw off robes, draw swords and presents shields. Then follows a sword exercise between Danes and InGomar and Celts. Leatha runs behind Celts and is met by King Malachy, followed by Nana, Eileen, Kathleen, Rosaleen, Moireen, who close around Leatha (R. B.) Other Celts, warriors, enter and stand near entrance to give effect of a crowd outside. Music continues loud and fierce during contest, during which Shillalains run around combatants, playing pranks, digging, etc., making humorous imitations of the sword passes. Shamrocks remain with Leatha. When the exercise is finished it should end with tableau each Celt holds a Dane down as conquered. InGomar throws Turgesius down and stands over him while two Celts bind his arms, then make him stand while InGomar removes his “golden collar” and crown, which InGomar takes to King, presenting them kneeling. Leatha places them upon King Malachy and
leads him to (R. front centre). Inomar leads Turgesius to L. front centre. The Celts lead Danes and range (L. B.) Shillalas teasing Danes. Leatha R. of King and maidens and Nana behind her. Shamrocks in semi-circle R. Back. Music changes after the combat to joyful music till all are in place, then to the song. ("Let Erin remember," etc.) Chorus of Celts. (Shillalas coming L. F. giving appropriate gestures).

1. Let Erin remember the days of old
   Ere her faithless sons betrayed her
   When Malachy wore the "collar of gold"
   Which he won from the fierce invader
   When her kings, with her standard of green unfurled

   (Shamrocks wave their garlands and wreaths).

   Let the Red branch knights to danger;
   Ere the emerald gem of the western world
   Was set in the crown of the stranger.

2. On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays
   When the clear cold eve's declining,
   He sees the round towers of other days
   In the waves beneath him shining!
   Thus shall memory often in dreams sublime
   Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
   Thus sighing, look through the wave of time
   For the long faded glories they cover.

   (During Chorus Sunburst and fairies come in Back and form tableau as in Scene VI over all).

   (Curtain).

   End Scene VII.

   FINALE.