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21 Dec 14

HOME TO TIPPERARY

BY

A TIPPERARY WOMAN

Ba. 3088	
LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE.	
Name of Play	Home to Tipperary
Where	Con. Theatre
Date of License	Dec 14-1914

A Play for Mothers and Wives.

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For Amateur Performance Only.

MS 400847



LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE,

ST JAMES'S PALACE, S.W.

Dec. 11th, 1914.

HOME TO TIPPERARY - by a Tipperary Woman, a play in 3 scenes, to be produced at the Court Theatre, on Dec. 21st, 1914.

A capital recruiting play. In the first scene Sir Dennis the landlord, and Patsy, the peasant, enlist. Their respective mothers are against their going, but Dennis's sweetheart and Patsy's young wife are proud they should go. Dennis makes a stirring speech. In the second scene, in Belgium, Dennis & Patsy volunteer to blow up a bridge to enable a small detachment to retreat before overwhelming odds: it is certain death. In the third scene, back in Tipperary, there is lament over their deaths but they turn up, having been only wounded and brought unconscious to the coast by Belgians ignorant of their names. Dennis makes another stirring speech and all the village enlists.

It is a moving little play, extremely well written: the speeches of the old woman in the last scene are beautiful. I notice a good many excisions, chiefly of bitter violence against the Germans and they, I think, improve the play.

Recommended for License,

(Sgd) G. S. Street.

\$

Dec. 11th. 1914.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE,

ST JAMES'S PALACE, S.W.

"Haven to Tipperary," by a Tipperary Woman, a play in 3 scenes.
To be produced at the Court Theatre, Dec. 21st.

A capital sensitive play. In the first scene Sir Dennis, the landlord, & Patry, the peasant, artist. Their respective notions on youth & love, let Dennis's mother & Patry's young wife on how they should go. Dennis makes a stirring speech. In the second scene, a Deligian, Dennis & Patry volunteer to blow up a bridge to make a small independent to stand before revolution adds it is actual death. In the third scene, back in Tipperary, there is heart on the death, but they turn up, having been only wounded & brought prisoners to the court by Deligian's ignorance of the news. Dennis makes a stirring speech to all the village artists.

It is a moving little play, extremely well written: the shading of the old women in the last scene are beautiful. (which is good many revisions, chiefly of later version) quite in German & English style, improve the play.

Recommended for decision.

JJ
14. XII. 14.

GA. Hunt

SCENE I.

The road outside Nora McGrath's cottage at
Bally-Kill-Knockin in Tipperary.

SCENE II.

A battlefield in Flanders.

SCENE III.

Same as the first.

PERIOD.

The present day.

CHARACTERS.

LADY O'GRADY	Living at Sally-Kill-Knockin Castle.
KATHLEEN O'CONNOR	Her Niece.
CAPTAIN TRELAWNEY	
SERGEANT O'DUFFY	A Recruiting Sergeant.
PATSY McGRATH	An Irish Peasant.
HIDDY McGRATH	His Wife.
NORA McGRATH	His Mother.
AND	
SIR DENNIS O'GRADY	An Irish Landlord.
SOLDIERS AND VILLAGERS,	

SCENE I

Between the centre and right of stage, NORA McGRATH's cottage.

To the right, green turf and trees stretching towards the park of Bally-Kill-Knockin Castle.

To the left, village cottages leading down towards the village.

Road runs right across stage from right to left.

At the door of cottage NORA McGRATH is seated on a low stool peeling potatoes.

At her right hand, on the ground, leaning against the door-post, BIDDY McGRATH is seated, watching a baby in her arms.

BIDDY looks up and down the road and furtively up at the sky. Then she comes to the child in her arms.

NORA McGRATH goes on steadily peeling potatoes.

BIDDY looks up.

Biddy: It's terrible times we're livin' in, Mother o' Fat. Down beyond in the village to-day I heard enough bad talk of the war that's rakin' like a bonfire on fire, they say, over those countries that's in foreign parts.

Nora: (sorrowfully) An' what have ye got to be sorry for the war's on that's happenin' in foreign parts, Biddy McGrath? Isn't there our own bit o' land and our own concerns to be mindin' over here? It's hard enough and we are to be findin' our own skin an' say, an' gettin' a bit o' turf for ourselves from the bog over to the hill, without us settin' up to be talkin' about what's happenin' in foreign parts. Foreign parts an' foreign wars, indeed? We don't be wantin' none o' such rubbish over here, I can tell ye!

Biddy: Well, I don't know, mother, is the church this mornin' the Reverend himself was lookin' drop a hint that beside them Protestants might be thinkin' of givin' out over the world, and even bringin' them over to his side the way as to be a Catholic of our side, mother, in our bit of a quiet corner here.

Nora: Biddy McGrath, it's ashamed of ye I am, makin' such wild talk. And if some gentleman from foreign parts was to be comin' over here, what a bit would it mean to us at all, I ask ye? Them Gay men up beyond at the hotel at Kill o' The Grange was quick and glib-tongued enough, an' spendin' their money freely, too. What harm would we be takin' at all if some more of these was to be comin' about?

Biddy: It's only last night the police was carryin' themselves and walkin' through the old German's hotel, an' it's enough bullets they found to be murtherin' the whole of Ireland. An' a fine strong stand, too, for a reason. Big enough they are, them gent, the more do be sorry, to blow the whole of Bally-Kill-Knockin away enough into glory.

Nora: It's a great deal of suspicion ye have in yer mind, Biddy. An' what can have ye got, anyway, to be carryin' yourselves over matters that's not for the like of us to be thinkin' about?

Biddy: (sorrowfully) I don't think ye've found a right satisfaction at all, Mother, of what the war's doin' to us. An' ye're sittin' an' watchin' here in yer own bit of a place that very little knowledge comes to ye of what's goin' on in the world outside.

Ye don't seem to be aither workin' yerself acquainted with the shindy them war's doin' but rather all round the countryside, an' the half of the boys in Tipperary thinkin' to themselves how grand they'd look dressed up in a soldier's clothes and how playin' pitch an' toss with their position for whether they'd be soldiers or not.

(NORA picks her potatoes patiently and looks up and down the road.)

Nora: (sorrowfully) Where's Patey the woman, Biddy? I haven't set me two eyes on him this blessed day!

Biddy: (Laughing sorrowfully) Patey, indeed! It's long past in the village he is, with all them other war-widows, hangin' on the sergeant's words, as if they was gospel from a pulpit, an' becomin' himself wid' impudence to be goin' off an' gettin' a chance to kill someone. That's what Patey's doin'. Here, it's that that I'm tryin' to bring home to ye all the time.

(NORA picks the last and passes on her door, and starts her attention at BIDDY.)

Nora: Patey gone for a soldier? Never in this world, Biddy! What else have I got left to me, with a husband and ten children buried? Patey's mine, I tell ye. An' no war and no impudence will ever win a foot of him from Bally-Kill-Knockin village. (NORA takes up her potatoes and looks again.) For a soldier, indeed! Indeed, an' he won't! It's never me dead body that any wild blatherin' sergeant will be aither persuadin' Patey to march away alongside o' him.

(NORA picks patiently and BIDDY comes to the door. PATSY comes leaping off the right on the left.)

Biddy: Well, anyhow here's himself comin' along now, an' he can be aither tellin' ye things wid' his own mouth.

(PATSY comes up and leans against the door handle BIDDY.)

Nora: I've never seen ye this day, Patey, an' them pigs just bellowin' for their food, an' a bit o' wood wantin' to be broke up for the fire.

Patey: I'll feed the pigs for ye, Mother, an' I'll fetch in a bit of wood, but I'm thinkin' myself and Biddy 'll have to be doin' all them kinds of jobs for ourselves.

Nora: (Picking her potatoes with great disgust) And might a person be aither sayin' if there's a reason why ye couldn't be comin' to be helpin' wid' the bit o' work about the place?

(PATSY shakes his feet and looks towards the door.)

Patey: Well, Mother, ye see it's like this way. As ye know yourself, we've been livin' about a bit of a war that's goin' on somewhere. An' the sergeant's been aither tellin' us some terrible tales. An' how the men down he fallin' out an' diein' over there, an' never gettin' a chance to come back at all to their homes, just by reason of the trouble that there isn't enough of them on the battlefield to give them a German one-thousandth big bidin', that 'd quiten them up, just want an' for all.

Nora: Arrah now, but it's a great deal of talkin' ye're doin'. An' may yet shadow across your head, indeed, for the benefit of ye!

Patey: An' it seems to me ye know that it's a man's work like to be a soldier, a gun an' goin' off and killin' his enemies, rather than steppin' round here in contentment to be feedin' pigs, an' steppin' round aither a bit of a farm.

(NORA stares at PATSY with her eyes staring and open, and her hands and potatoes poised in mid-air.)

Nora: Indeed, an' it's the fire shakin' ye are, Patey McGrath, to be wantin' to go off wid' yourself on a campaign wid' guns an' serpents an' the Lord knows what, an' a fine soldier's clothes on ye. An' livin' Biddy an' me here to be doin' the work, would be ourselves. An'—

Nora: Ye'd be wantin' to be aither livin' the child, too, I'm suppose, that doesn't know its own father yet, the creature. (Suddenly she lays down her hands and potatoes and stretches her hands towards him.) Ah, Patey, darlint, even ye know that it's not that

at all that I'm thinking of ye! Now, ye know what it is. Aren't ye the very light of an eye an' the jewel of an heart? How could I be afeathered? ye go off and get killed an' wounded in a bloody war! Don't stop here quiet alongside o' us, Patey, an' let these an' has no without but never to speak of be afeathered off wid themselves to smash up these northern devils.

(In the distance, to the left, the SERGEANT and a village crowd are heard, their voices dropping lower, NOEL and HINDY jump up and begin pushing PATSY through the open door into the cottage.)

NOEL: Away wid ye, Patey, in there through the door, out o' sight o' that ugly screaming villain. Sure, I never could be afeathered? ye go for a soldier at all, an' ye're as like as not to be getting killed on me afore even ye could come back. Oh wid ye now, I say. Take a hold o' him, Biddy, while I'll be afeathered the door himself an'. (NOEL breaks over the door and just as PATSY and drops the door.) Oh, glory be to God, if that isn't all our potatoes should be down the road!

(They all disappear into the cottage with a great commotion and the door is shut.) From the left the SERGEANT comes into view, and at the same time SIR DENNIS O'GRADY comes into sight, on the right, carrying a gun. The SERGEANT salutes DENNIS. DENNIS returns the salute.)

DENNIS: Good morning, Sergeant. I have some of your fellows have been stamping the countryside. How are things going?

SERGEANT: Well, indeed, your honour, not quite so well but that they might easily be a great deal better.

DENNIS: Oh, nonsense, Sergeant. There's not a man in Ireland that isn't sporting for a fight. We may be any blessed thing you choose when politics are concerned, but when it comes to a common cause against a common enemy of King and country, by Jove, we are like Kitchener! We have no politics! We have only a country! I tell you you'll find us fighting to the last drop of blood of the last man left alive.

THE SERGEANT: That's true, Sir Dennis, if you could but make the men know that they're wanted to fight and why it is that they are wanted. How can you make people living in a land of peace and plenty, with food and a penny draper, and no sight or sound of war at their gates, how can you make them understand what war is?

DENNIS (reflectively, speaking slowly): Yes, you are right there. With a thousand men and women making the murder and slaughter and killing that have ridged the hillsides through the mountains and up hard to believe, when you stand up without fear in the mountains, that the very minute numbers fighting each by each, the men and women living in peace with neither food nor money, trying to make a living, wounded and starving, and calling to their brothers overseas, "Come over to us and help us!"

THE SERGEANT: Ah, yes, sir, if only men and women would come to understand that it is only by force we can conquer these men of British devils that we can find peace here and send our country from a state of rebellion. If that there's a new gun in here, God bless us all! Men will get no chance of fighting for their country and their families unless they come, or else be killed, or else shot, for the men who are being killed, but that there's well, the men who only come to see that they left their women alive.

(SIR DENNIS produces a newspaper and holds it towards the SERGEANT.)

SIR DENNIS: Have you seen the list of casualties this morning, Sergeant? We are losing better men by the hundred. The highest in the land are being mowed down—Princes of the blood and the private soldier, side by side.

SERGEANT: Ah, sir, sir, there's no holding them young lads back once they get the fever to be soldiering. They've been selling a fine example every-where, for the most part.

DENNIS: Well, I have been thinking, Sergeant, that is the marrow of the whole show. A handful of examples is worth a cartload of talk. Look here, you just give me the King's shilling. I'm going to enlist before I am one minute older.

THE SERGEANT: (Sighs deeply) Sir Dennis, you don't mean it? Why, this is more than a whole week's work to me. There's not a man in Tipperary that won't want to be leaving along after you.

(On the right LADY O'GRADY and KATHLEEN O'CONNOR come into sight. KATHLEEN and DENNIS exchange looks. The SERGEANT is at the left, then DENNIS, KATHLEEN stands next, DENNIS a little behind. LADY O'GRADY at the right, standing a little forward.)

LADY O'GRADY: Well, Dennis, we hoped we should find you ~~at home~~. Ah, I heard there was a report down in the village. You have been recruiting heavily, I suppose, Sergeant?

(The SERGEANT looks sideways at SIR DENNIS.)

THE SERGEANT: Well, I have been fortunate, my lady. There has been a fine man or two joining the colours this morning.

LADY O'GRADY: Well, we have some fine young men in the village, Sergeant. You should be able to make Tipperary give a good account of itself down Bally-Kil-Kashoon.

DENNIS: We are going to raise the best corps the army has seen, mother, and we are going to begin this minute. Every man in the place is going to enlist. There's not a man here that isn't going to walk up to the sergeant and take the King's shilling. (DENNIS must press down his mouth and look straight at the sergeant.)

LADY O'GRADY: Are you going to help, Dennis? How splendid of you. Well, Kathleen and I will go for our shillings and look out for you by-and-bye at the Castle.

DENNIS: Can you wait a minute, Mother? I don't have much time later on. I suppose you will want to march us all off to-night, Sergeant? Mother, I am giving the most solid help I can. I am going with the men, I am young and strong and untrained. (He looks towards KATHLEEN.) If I am not fit to be a soldier and an enlist, who is?

LADY O'GRADY: Pleading? Dear God, Dennis. Are you mad? For what possible reason should you rush off like this? The world is full of men who hold no responsible position. Your place is here. You are Member for the County, and must help the Government. How can you dream of throwing up everything and leaving yourself into this frightful work. And—and—oh! I must let you go my son, ~~immediately~~.

(SIR DENNIS puts an arm round his mother, who steps towards him. KATHLEEN moves to the right of stage—still a little to the back.)

DENNIS: Dear, I am sorry it seems so hard to you, but—(He looks away his arm, and pulls himself up.) Can you tell me, Mother, why I should stop here and let the other men go out and fight? I am only a man, when all is said and done, and can you tell me why your son should be more to you than some peasant woman's son is to her? There is only one cry for every man to listen to today—

the way to serve our country. (Applauds the speaker and looks through the window.) No more in Dublin! KATHLEEN, with astonished hands, and a sudden change in her face, looks back a step to make room for them to pass. Kathleen, you will not tell me to stay? Now, when all Europe is one with us, God, whose men are carrying life and liberty to free the world from the barbarous tyranny that threatens the whole universe, ~~Denno~~ ^{Denno}, my ~~own~~ ^{own} are glad I am going ~~home~~ ^{home}! O'P!

KATHLEEN: I am afflicted with grief, Denno, ~~and~~ ^{and} you must throw up everything at a moment's notice, and ~~stand away~~ ^{stand away} where you realize that you will ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~come~~ ^{come}. I want a man to be a man! I wouldn't take a kingdom and hold you back when the country wants you.

(The cottage door bursts open, and PATSY falls out, followed by the two women.)

DENNO: Hello, Patsy, what's wrong with you. Look as if you'd gone back ten years and been pouncing somewhere with me.

(SERGEANT comes in from the stage, then BIDDY, then NOEL, then PATSY. The others remain as before. PATSY shakes off his mother and BIDDY.)

PATSY: It's the sergeant, Sir Denno. He's calling for me to enlist. And, sure, it's more like myself that ought to be tartin' themselves into soldiers, and daddies' along in the country-side, diggin' at home, and just watchin' all the world at war wid itself.

DENNO: Right you are, Patsy. ~~Denno~~ ^{Denno} two of us, my war, and get us both in your bag, Sergeant. Patsy McGraw, Denno O'Grady.

(NOEL marches forward, and shakes her fist at the SERGEANT.)

NOEL: Oh, indeed, but it's the consell ye have of yourself, ye could blatherin' around amongst ye, to be remain' around here wid yer kin o' isolated rickin' hagin' around ye, an' tartin' men and the green woods of ye, to be marchin' away from their hortal wrens an' their homes, an' goin' out to fight battles across the seas. It's ashamed o' yourself ye ought to be, not swaggin' around wid yer eyes tartin' every way at war!

(PATSY comes over SIR DENNO, looking at him curiously.)

PATSY: Is it goin' to enlist, then ye are, Sir Denno? Oh, glory be to God, will ye look at that man? Did I ever hear the like of it? Sure, it's settin' the country on fire that ye'll be when the boys come to hear of what ye're abtain' doin'!

(A small crowd of men comes up on the left from the village.)

DENNO: Well, Patsy, we'll give the sergeant a leg up. Come on, boys, what time is going to follow the colour?

PATSY: Give the men a bit of a talkin' to yourself, Sir Denno. Sure, it's not understandin' things at all that the half of them does do.

(They get DENNO up on the stand. The men crowd around on the left.)

DENNO: Look here, men. Beyond there, across the seas, there's a nation that's wanting to save the world, and that not by fair means either, but by fair treachery and reckless bloodshed. She asked us—us, the men of Great Britain, I tell you—to stand by with folded arms while she walked through little Belgium, and took that country for her own—and look as I am up the scrap of paper that holds our plighted word. But did we, men? No. A lot of it, brave little Belgium, must be the path and flow at the throat of Europe's northern life, and with the ships hammer of war Navy and the glorious courage of our few thousand soldiers we rushed to keep our sworn promise.

(NOEL takes her arms, and looks defiantly at the SERGEANT.)

NOEL: Indeed, sir, it's a great habit that we always do be havin' of maddlin' ourselves with other people's concerns, I'm thinkin'.

(DENNO goes on, taking no notice of the interruption.)

DENNO: Well, what do you think has happened over there? First and second have swept the country from end to end. Her forts are shattered, her towns and villages are empty, her fields have no crops but the withering crops of dead men's bones, and her people, those of them that are left, are scattered homeless over the face of the earth. Do you think that if that relentless fire can still sweep onwards, then his bloodstained hand will be planted on our soil, that he will ravage our land in one red passionate wave of hatred, and you will be given your choice of death—in fighting for a foreign master. Up with you, then, and fight whilst light and day may, to keep our land for ourselves, to drive back into his lair the ~~mad~~ ^{mad} thing that is trying to crawl over the earth. We can't beat him with a handful of men, we want a million men. For God's sake come on, while we still have time, ~~before~~ ^{before} ~~every~~ ^{every} ~~man~~ ^{man} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~going~~ ^{going} ~~out~~ ^{out} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~kill~~ ^{kill} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~us~~ ^{us}. It's just our duty we want to do. The plain, honest duty that lies at the door of every man, to fight for the protection of his home and his families. And let us men, either friend or foe, ever try to so that we have been lagging when our country called us.

(DENNO comes off the stand and moves towards LADY O'GRADY and KATHLEEN, and stops talking to them at the right, holding LADY O'GRADY's hands correctly as he stops towards her.)

PATSY: Well, now, listen to the grand talk of him. Sure, it's wartin' time here that we are, boys. Come on, Sergeant, if the power of hell was holdin' me back I'd enlist after that.

(The men crowd round, and the SERGEANT moves from one to another.)

The Sergeant: Now, gentlemen, great Irish soldiers, everyone of you, will you come to the village and sign on for the King?

(The men begin to move along. DENNO comes to his MOTHER'S and KATHLEEN'S heads again—and then turns and follows the others. In the distance a band plays "The Road to Tipperary." LADY O'GRADY and KATHLEEN stand on Right at stage. BIDDY to the left. NOEL steps forward to the centre, looking after the men as they move up to the left.)

NOEL: Oh, it's well for them to be playin' hands an' marchin' away wid music, but which of them is thinkin' of the long, long road o' sorrow they'll be troadin' when they are Tipperary again. (She comes a step forward and stretches out her arms towards the men.) Oh, they're goin' off to the war, me boys, to a bloody cruel war, an' we'll never see 'at a one of them comin' marchin' home again. Not a one of them will ever come trampin' back over the fields and the long, long road that comes home to Tipperary.

(NOEL sinks down on the ground with her head on her hands and head sob.)

(Dramatic)

SCENE II

A detachment of soldiers encamped on a hillside at night. The men are sitting about in various attitudes. One of them is taking off his boots, some are smoking.

Two Carriers: The enemy are about three miles the other side of the river. By God's mercy it is in flood, so they can only cross by the bridge, but even that won't take them long. And they know every foot of the road, and the forest paths. ~~Now up and over the river like men. We'll reach the bridge in time to wait them, and be ready to fight with them. The dawn will give us plenty of work for cold steel.~~

(*MR DENNIS steps out from the area and states.*)

Dennis: ~~May I speak, Captain?~~

Two Carriers: ~~Have you seen my little daughter? She's missing. I don't know where she is. I'm sure she's in danger of being killed.~~

Dennis: Captain, I know the bridge. It's only a light iron structure. If you give me leave I can blow it up.

Two Carriers (shouting at him): The devil, you can! And how, in God's name, will you do it? ~~It's a long way to the bridge, and I don't know of any other way to get there. A couple of dozen rounds will do it.~~

Two Carriers (shouting): Oh, yes, God help us, it's gone mad entirely he is!

Dennis: There is a farmhouse at the very base of the bridge, Captain. The men there are friendly to us, and food and ammunition are stored in the house. They cannot know of the enemy's approach, so they would probably have blown the bridge up already.

Two Carriers: And how the distance do you know all this?

Dennis: I know this country as well as my own, ~~and~~ and last evening as sunset I strolled to the bridge and had a chat with the men.

Two Carriers: Oh, by Jove, you're one of those useful Jesuits that can chatter French. With I could, by god. But, look here, what do you know about blowing up bridges?

Dennis: I am a trained engineer, ~~and~~ *Sam*

Two Carriers: Good Lord! What are you doing in the ranks at a time like this, when we're like hot dogs for want of officers?

PATSY McGRATH gets so excited he can't help speaking!

Two Carriers: Now, isn't it a gentleman of quality he is, Sir, as 'him magnanimous' in disguise like this, just by way of helping the country?

(*DENNIS turns angrily on PATSY, and the CAPTAIN ignores the interruption, and goes on speaking.*)

Two Carriers: Well, you know your job, ~~and~~ *Sam* O'Grady. You know that it's certain death you're going to, for you're no time to lay a proper fuse.

Dennis: Certain death, Captain, but ~~hundreds of~~ *Sam* ~~men will be saved. Thank you for giving me the job, and please don't forget me.~~

Two Carriers: You can call for volunteers. Myself, if you will.

Dennis: Thank you, ~~and~~ *Sam* one man is all I want. (*Every soldier steps forward holding up his hand.*)

Two Carriers: ~~Take your own man, I'm the~~ *Sam* ~~best man of the lot.~~

Dennis: May I choose, ~~and~~ *Sam* ~~please?~~

Two Carriers: Yes, pick your own man, and the devil look after you both! ~~It's about the finest thing I have known in this campaign.~~

Dennis: Patsy O'Grady, will you be the man to come with me?

(*PATSY steps forward wiping the sweat from his forehead.*)

Patry: Oh, sure, isn't it the price of death I was willing to shirk? You know right in your own year for some dirty spunk that wasn't against you at all.

Dennis: Never in this world, Patsy. We are comrades to the end.

Two Carriers: Take your orders, then, man. ~~Private~~ *Sam* ~~O'Grady you're volunteered with one man to~~ ~~pass through the black darkness of the night, in the~~ ~~depth of the advancing enemy, to blow up the bridge.~~

~~Thank you, you and your volunteer. It's the RED~~ *Sam* ~~CRUISE that's him. Tell the men to line up.~~

(*The men stand at attention. DENNIS and PATSY stand to one side to the left.*) ~~Private~~ *Sam* ~~O'Grady and Private McGrath are told off for the duty of a further hope. The rest of you march straight to the west, through the forest, to our headquarters. Take what paths or by-paths you can find, and carry word to our brethren that the enemy is approaching in overwhelming numbers. Whoever hears you tell to-night's story, he will know that you are in the center of a new battle, and that death looks for us at every doorway. And now, men, the god of battles be with us all. Every man holds the lives of hundreds in his hand to-night.~~

(*One of the men steps to the front of the right and raises his hand, taking off his cap. The CAPTAIN stands beside him. The rest of the men drop on one knee and kiss their hands.*)

Two Carriers: Oh, God, make speed to us!

Two Men: Oh, ~~and~~ *Sam* ~~make haste to help us.~~

(*After a second's silence all stand up. The CAPTAIN waves out his hand to PRIVATE O'GRADY.*)

Two Carriers: Good-bye, and God speed you. Have you any message to go back, if there is one of us ever left to carry word of to-night's work home to the old country?

Dennis: Don't tell them, Captain, that two men from Tipperary were proud and glad to die for our country and our homes, and that we thank you from our souls for letting us have such an honour.

Two Carriers: And have you a word for your own folk?

Dennis: Stand up, Patsy, time's short—and it's you that's a husband and a father.

Patry: Tell herself up at the Castle at Bally-Kill-Knockin and Miss Kathleen that's with her, that it's Sir Dennis is the finest man Ireland ever saw.

(*DENNIS puts out a restraining hand.*)

Dennis: You're talking more than you need, Patsy.

(*PATSY shakes off his hand.*)

Patry: And tell my girl, Biddy McGrath, that I'd do fifty hundred times a day rather than let the night I've seen over here come right to our doors, as' will go tell her no body is dyin' over here, but no heart. I'll be always home in Tipperary to be watchin' over her and the old woman and the lot of a boy what's left.

(*CURTAIN.*)

SCENE III.

NORA McGRATH'S cottage. She is seated on her stool outside the door—at right—and BIDDY is seated on the ground beside her, at left—in the first scene. NORA sits on the stool with her arms on her knees and her hands folded, and her eyes far away, looking herself to and fro.

Nora (speaking slowly): Never again, Biddy; never again to hear the lad's voice, or his step coming round the corner, or to see his face light up with a smile. And the glad laugh of him, too, that was like God's sunshine round the place!

Then
The women had children murdered and outraged?
And? Men, can I tell you what I have seen? I
have seen them there, and they are here. Why do
the children cry? What has this war done, and
what ourselves that things will go right post-
humously? We are not fighting against children; we are
fighting with men, who are fighting and dying in the
grave, for freedom.

One of the Chorus: As broadhearted as a cartload of
mushrooms, yet honest!

DEWEY: You're just right. We won't follow them
down. Another to save the country and the women
whom we love from such destruction as we have
seen that Peter and I and the others who went with
us have been fighting. And if you say there is no
need for us to fight, then I tell you you are the
murderers of your brothers who have gone before
you to fight for the freedom of the land we live in.
For want of women they are being swept down
over there like new-mown hay. Double our num-
bers, men, for God's sake, before it is too late, and
give us victory for our day.

One of the Men: Don't tell, what good at all would
a handful of us poor boys be for fighting against
thousands?

PETER (suddenly): Oh, to hear her talking of us, ye
men, is like to hear her talking of the wind. And she's
talking of us, just two poor, little men, the
last of her kind, for she's the last of her kind—
talking of the whole Army, I'm thinking, indeed.

DEWEY: Men, men, men, men! It's one, and one,
and one, we want—that's what makes the twenties,
and the hundreds, and the thousands. It's each
man and every man. How can you breathe under
God's good sunshines, or sleep in the light of his
stars, and know that there some stars and sunshines
are lighting here to deadly warfare in the trenches,
and never a helping hand from you? Why, the very
Germans give every inch of their machine for their
fatherland. The men from the East, though not of
our colour, have come to help us. The men of our
own race, from all the ends of the world, have hast-
ened to the call of our Empire. The half of Britain
has been with us—your own brothers and sons. Let
the other half back to the colours now. By Jove!
don't you want to come to Berlin?

Then
THE MAN: We do, sir, we do.
DEWEY: Here, ye've had the half of Tipperary
after ye from the beginning, and the latter end
of us 'ill be coming' after ye to follow ye into hell.
See now, Sir Dewey. Here, the men only want a
hand to go with ye to the world's end.

DEWEY: Don't I know it, boys. The old country has
sent of her best, and I make no doubt will go
stepping up into the clouds with the world's end
with our about of victory over the Army. We will
give you a mighty hand in the suffering of
nations, at the great day when ye'll be chosen to
the throne. It's God that sends us all—ye, high
and low.

[NOEL steps forward to centre of stage.]
NOEL: It's a great man at fight, ye know, Sir
Dewey, if ye let me see through the same troubles
as ye do, and ye know.

PETER: Fight it is. Well, ye are just fighting and the
eyes blind and deaf, so ye can't see the danger
ye are in.

DEWEY: We're getting patched up, now, and off again
before you're time to wish, and you're coming with
us, aren't you? If your home was burning would
ye not come, ye would, till the fire reached
youself? And that's what you're doing stepping
here. It's our drop of water put out the fire! But
an ~~awful~~ ~~awful~~ Come on after all your sons and
brothers that have gone, every man of you come to
back these up, and this red hot war will be fought
to a finish. And the men that must be cheered and
broken if you leave them there would will come
stepping back here and strong to their wives and
children.

One of the Men: We're coming, sir, we're coming.
Sure, it's brokenhearted we'd be to find we were left
out of the fight, after all.

ALL MEN: Men, men, men, men, men, men, men, men,
and off we go.

DEWEY: Of course, you're coming, boys, at how would
you live through the rest of your lives at all?
We're all brothers, remember, men of every colour
and kind, from all the ends of the earth that the
King reigns over. Was it war, men, and it's great
and terrible. And in war you must either conquer
or be defeated. It is life or death for every man
that takes the field. Our men are the flower of God's
earth. And all we want is just a few more of you,
as good as those we have got already, to make us
conquerors in this warring struggle, to set us up
for ever in our rightful place, as the freest nation
in the world.

NOEL (still at the centre): An' it's earned the right
ye have, ye honour, ye an' Peter himself, to come
back, brave and proud, stepping over battlefields an'
cavalry the people's sons, fighting an' dying, to save
us out, and giving ye way over the blood-stained
road right home to Tipperary.

[DEWEY steps back to the right, and takes
KATHLEEN'S hand.]

DEWEY: And you are going to take me, darling, are
you—~~would you?~~

KATHLEEN: Ah, Dewey, if you didn't ask me to take
you, what would there be left in the world for me?
I'll give you to the war again if I have to give you.
But I just want you to be mine to give.

DEWEY: And before I go back, at least, we'll have
the greatest wedding Tipperary has ever known.

[NOEL comes further forward and raising her
hands turns a little towards LADY OGRADY.]

NOEL: Oh, me lady, me lady, it's poor comrades we
were at the front, but, thank God, we sent them;
thank God, we did. Sure, it's our men, me lady,
our men that's saving the country, and turning the
whole of us into heroes. An' God be thanked for
sending them back to us—safe home to Tipperary.

[CHORUS.]

GOD SAVE THE KING.