



ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA,  
COVENT GARDEN.

THE

LILY OF KILLARNEY

A Grand Romantic Opera,

IN THREE ACTS,

THE MUSIC BY

M. J. BENEDICT,

THE WORDS BY

J. OXENFORD AND DION BOUCICAULT,

FIRST PRODUCED AT

THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN,

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

MISS LOUISA PYNE AND MR. W. HARRISON,

SOLE LESSEES,

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1862.

THE OPERA PRODUCED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF

MR. W. WEST.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AND SOLD IN THE THEATRE.

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FR. NIC. MANSKOPFSCHES  
MUSIKHISTORISCHES  
MUSEUM. FRANKFURT A.M.

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### Dramatis Personæ.

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|                        |                   |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| ANNE CHUTE ... ..      | MISS THIRLWALL.   |
| MRS. CREGAN ... ..     | MISS SUSAN PYNE.  |
| SHEELAH ... ..         | MISS WOOD.        |
| EILY O'CONNOR ... ..   | MISS LOUISA PYNE. |
| AND                    |                   |
| MYLES ... ..           | MR. W. HARRISON.  |
| HARDRESS CREGAN ... .. | MR. GEO. PERREN.  |
| MR. CORRIGAN ... ..    | MR. DUSSEK.       |
| FATHER TOM ... ..      | MR. PATEY.        |
| DANNY MANN... ..       | MR. SANTLEY.      |
| O'MOORE ... ..         | MR. LYALL.        |
| DENNIS ... ..          | MR. FRIEND.       |

## NOTICE TO MANAGERS.

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ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA,  
*February 10th, 1862.*

# THE LILY OF KILLARNEY.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Hall in Tore Cregan.

[A large party at tables.—HARDRESS, O'MOORE, HYLAND, and  
MRS. CREGAN among them.]

### CHORUS.

Another cheer—one more—one more,  
To split the roof asunder;  
Across the water let it roar  
As potent as the thunder,  
To show we honour well the toast,  
To show we all respect our host;  
He is a jolly bachelor.

Another cheer—one more—one more;  
And when he leads a wedded life,  
We trust he'll shun connubial strife.

O'Mo. Another cheer then for his wife,  
Your kind attention I beseech.

Cho. Hear—order—silence for a speech.

O'Mo. Though unaccustom'd I may be  
To public speaking, you'll agree  
Upon occasions such as this,  
When friendship, love, and wedded bliss,

The soul of honour, power of beauty  
 Impress upon us as a duty  
 The task of wishing happiness and wealth  
 And wealth and happiness.

We can't, I'm sure, do less:

Then, Hardress Cregan, here's to your good  
 health.

CHO. Another cheer—encore—encore,  
 A mighty speaker is O'Moore.

HAR. My feelings—

CHO. Hardress, Hardress,

HAR. For a speech are much too strong ;  
 So, if you please, I'll answer in a song.

### SONG.

HAR. The bachelor's life is gay, careless, and free,  
 From beauty to beauty unchained flutters he ;  
 He kisses the dark and he flirts with the fair,  
 And ne'er is weighed down by the burden of care.

CHO of MEN. He kisses, &c.

A sensible song, very true, very true,  
 Another loud cheer now to Hardress is due ;  
 We all would get married, we own it, but yet,  
 The days of his freedom, who would not  
 regret.

HAR. But soon comes a moment when liberty palls,  
 Who thinks where he's going when young beauty  
 calls ;  
 The chains forged by woman are pleasant and  
 bright,  
 Sure none would be free when a prison's delight.

CHO. of LADIES. The chains, &c.  
 A sensible song, very true, very true;  
 We're glad, sir, you give even ladies their  
 due.

HAR. But single or married you'll find me the same,  
 When kindred or friendship can proffer a claim;  
 And often, I trust, when my life's in the sere,  
 The comrades of youth I shall find gathered here.

GEN. CHO. No doubt in the world, that will do, that  
 will do,  
 An excellent song, and there's heart in it too.

O'Mo. (to HYLAND) Your nag will win? Pooh! nonsense,  
 no!

HYL. Upon my word, I tell you so.

O'Mo. If you had said the same of mine—

HYL. Yours! *That* I like; that's mighty fine.

O'Mo. To strong expressions you incline.

HYL. Would you insinuate that I—

O'Mo. D'ye mean, sir, that I tell a—

HAR. Fie;

Don't quarrel, friends, about your horses,  
 'Tis very plain the wisest course is,  
 To test their merits here, and now—  
 A steeple-chase—

O'Mo. and HYL. The very thing, I vow.

#### CHORUS.

A race now by moonlight, in this very place!  
 Could aught be more fit for a good steeple-chase?  
 The candles shall light up the start—so away—  
 With moon and with candles we're sure of fair play

[The MEN snatch up the candles and rush off. The LADIES  
 ascend the staircase. MRS. CREGAN is left alone.]

MRS. C. What a mad frolic—a race by moonlight! There will be necks broke ere morning.

Enter SERVANT.

SER. Mr. Corrigan, madam, waits below.

MRS. C. Corrigan! What can he want with me? Admit him. [*Exit* SERVANT.] I hate this man! he was my husband's agent, or what the people here call a middle-man—vulgarly polite and impudently obsequious.

Enter SERVANT, showing in CORRIGAN.

[*Exit* SERVANT.]

COR. Your humble servant, Mrs. Cregan. It's a fine night entirely.

MRS. C. May I ask to what business, sir, I owe the honour of your call?

COR. Ma'am, I would not have come but for a divil of a pinch I'm in. I've got to pay eight thousand pounds to-morrow, or lose the Knock-ma-Kilty farms, and I wouldn't throuble you—

MRS. C. Trouble me, sir?

COR. Iss, ma'am, ye'd be forgittin' now that mortgage I have on this property; it ran out last May, and by rights—

MRS. C. Mr. Corrigan, state in as few words as possible what you demand.

COR. Mrs. Cregan, ma'am, I depend on Miss Chute's fortune to pay me this money; but will Masther Hardress marry the lady? He does not love her, or if he does he has a mighty quare way of showing it. He has another girl on hand, and between the two he'll come to the ground—and, bedad, so will I.

MRS. C. This is false! It is a calumny, sir.

COR. I wish it was, ma'am. Do you see that light over the lake? It is in a cottage window: there is the love of



Hardress. It is a signal watching for his arrival—there is the secret rival of Miss Anne Chute.

MRS. C. Who is this girl?

COR. I'd give twenty pounds to find that out. He keeps her close in the cottage by day, but every night, after you're all in bed, he slips out, and like Leander — barrin' the wettin'—he sails across to his sweetheart.

MRS. C. What madness! he shall give up the girl.

COR. I would like to have security for that.

MRS. C. Security! What security?

COR. Miss Chute's written promise that she will marry Mather Hardress.

MRS. C. That is impossible.

COR. Well, then, I'll take your personal security instead.

MRS. C. What do you mean?

COR. I mean your promise to marry me, if your son fails to marry the heiress.

[DANNY heard singing without.

### SERENADE AND DUET.

DANNY MANN (*without*)

The moon has raised her lamp above,  
 To light the way to thee my love;  
 Her rays upon the waters play,  
 To tell me eyes more bright than they  
 Are watching through the night.  
 I come, I come, my heart's delight.

[The following speeches are spoken during the singing of the first verse of song, in a low tone of voice.

MRS. C. Are you mad?

COR. Hark! that's the voice of Danny Mann, your son's boatman. He's waiting below to take him across the lake.

Step aside with me, and you shall see for yourself whether I have spoken the truth or not.

[MRS. CREGAN and CORRIGAN conceal themselves.

Enter HARDRESS.

HAR. Danny's signal. Thank heaven, I have got rid of them fellows.

DUET.

On hill and dale the moonbeams fall  
 And spread their silver light on all ;  
 But those bright eyes I soon shall see  
 Reserve their purest light for me.  
 Methinks they now invite ;  
 I come, I come, my heart's delight !

[DANNY appears at window.

HAR. Danny ?

DAN. Sure its myself, Masther Hardress. There's none but you and I can sing that song. Well, the boat is below, are we going across to-night ?

HAR. Be silent. It is the hour when my love awaits the signal. Give me that candle. Do you think she is looking for me to-night ?

DAN. Looking for you ! Her eyes is niver off this place. Try now. (HARDRESS *lifts candle and hides it ; after a moment a distant light is seen*) Look, that's once. (*Repeats the action.*) That's twice. (*Repeats the action again.*) That's thrice.

[Extinguishes light ; the other goes out. Exit DANNY.

RECITATIVE.

HAR. No longer I'll delay ;  
 She calls me to her arms, at once I must away.

## QUARTET.

- HAR. Oh, never was seen such a beautiful star  
 As yonder bright taper that sparkled afar ;  
 Those gems are but lifeless that twinkle above,  
 The star of the cottage is beaming with love.  
 If, goddess of beauty, a star thou wilt own,  
 The star of the cottage befits thee alone.
- MRS. C. Alas, our suspicions, not groundless they are ;  
 He summon'd the signal that shone from afar.  
 The charms of a peasant to him are above  
 The pride of his race and his fond mother's love.  
 He hurries to dangers, unheeded, unknown ;  
 Thus prospects are blighted, thus hopes overthrown

Re-enter DANNY.

- DAN. Make haste, Mather Hardress, 'tis ready you are,  
 You surely will follow yon beautiful star.  
 The boat is below and the moon is above,  
 So all's made convenient and pleasant for love.  
 Sure yonder that's Venus, who's waiting alone,  
 And wicked young Cupid's myself you will own.

[HARDRESS and DANNY disappear by window. MRS. CREGAN comes forward and watches them in despair ; CORRIGAN in triumph, as the scene closes.

SCENE II.—A woody pass leading to the Gap of Dunloe.

Enter CORRIGAN.

COR. From the rock above I saw the boat leave Tore Cregan. It is now crossing the lake to the cottage. Who is this mysterious mistress of young Cregar will find out. (*MYLES sings without.*)  
 poaching scoundrel, Myles na Coppaleen  
 with a keg of illicit whiskey on his sh  
 Nebuchadnezzar. (*Enter MYLES.*) Is tha

MYL. No, it's my brother.

COR. You may as well give me a decent answer ; civility costs nothing.

MYL. Don't it though ! Civility to a lawyer costs six and eightpence a bow.

COR. Come, Myles, I'm not so bad a fellow as you may think. You have come down in the world lately. A year ago you were a thriving horse-dealer ; now you're a lazy ragged fellow.

MYL. It's the bad luck that's in it, sir.

COR. No, it's the love of Eily O'Connor that's in it. It's the pride of Garryowen that took your heart away. You live like a wild beast, in some cave or hole in the rocks above. After dark, your gun is heard shootin' the otter, as they lie out on the stones : on a cloudy night, your whiskey-still is going. Now, if I put you in a snug farm, stock you wid cattle and pigs, and rowl ye up comfortable, don't ye think the Colleen Bawn would jump at you ?

MYL. Bedad, she'd make a leap, I believe. And what must I do for all this luck ?

COR. Find out who it is that lives in the cottage on Muck-ross Head.

MYL. That's aisy ; it's Danny Mann, no less, and his ould mother, Sheelah.

COR. But there's another, a girl who is hid there, who only goes out at night. She is the mistress of Hardress Cregan.

MYL. What's that (*seizing CORRIGAN, but recovering himself*) ! Never mind, I don't mean to hurt ye—I'm on my keepin' agin the gaugers ; go on, you want to find out who the girl is ?

COR. I'd give ten pounds for the information. Here's ten on account (*counts the money into MYLES'S hand*). That's the

money; now you'll come to my office in the mornin', and tell me all the particulars?

MYL. Oh, never fear, you shall breakfast on the particulars.

[Exit CORRIGAN.]

MYL. I'll give him a cow's tail to swallow, and make him think it's a chapter in St. Patrick—the spalpeen! When he called Eily the mistress of Hardress Cregan, I nearly stretched him. Oh! Eily, Eily, as the stars watch over Innisfallen, and as the wathers go round it and kape it, so I watch over and keep round you, avourneen.

#### RECITATIVE.

MYL. From Inchigela, all the way,  
 I travelled unto Kerry,  
 And mighty weary seem'd the day;  
 My poor heart was not merry.  
 To every cabin-door there came  
 A dark eyed Connor or MacShane,  
 "Ah, Myles, asthore," the colleens cried,  
 "Oh, won't ye step awhile inside  
 And take the welcome, sup and smoke?"  
 "Oh, no," ses I, "my heart's too full; wid love I  
 choke."

#### SONG.

It is a charming girl I love,  
 She comes from Garryowen,  
 She's gentler than the turtle-dove,  
 Her hair is brown and flowing.  
 Her eye is of the softest blue,  
 Her breath is sweet as mountain dew,  
 Her step is lighter than the fawn,  
 And, och! she's called the Colleen Bawn.

Botheration, her likeness I never shall see,  
 There's but one Colleen Bawn and she does not  
 love me.

You ask me what I'm hoping for,  
 Then listen to the sequel;  
 The Colleen Bawn I'll love no more,  
 When I can find her equal.  
 Mayhap now such a girl is here,  
 With step as light, with eye as clear,  
 Oh, she'll be welcome as the dawn,  
 Although she's not the Colleen Bawn.  
 Botheration, &c.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—Interior of EILY'S cottage.

FATHER TOM and EILY discovered.

F. TOM. The night is getting towards morning, I must be  
 going.—(*calls*)—Eily, Eily! where is the girl? Oh, there  
 she stands looking over the lake. Eily!

[EILY advances

## RECITATIVE.

EILY. Far o'er the lake his signal light I see,  
 He comes!

F. TOM. He comes!

EILY. His boat before the wind spreads its flowing sail,  
 and cleaves the waters like a bird wafted by the breath of  
 love. He comes!

## SONG.\*

EILY. In my wild mountain valley he sought me,  
 My heart soon he knew was his own;  
 When he made me his bride then he taught me  
 Contented to dwell here alone.

---

\* The words of this ballad were contributed by Francis W. Brady, Esq.,  
 of Dublin.

When the day in the west is declining,  
 His boat on the dark lake I see,  
 And, led by my taper's bright shining,  
 He comes o'er the waters to me.

I ask not if others be fairer,  
 How rich or how noble they be,  
 I know that to him none are dearer—  
 And who could be dearer to me?  
 My heart it would ever beat lightly,  
 Nor shrink from each day's coming dawn,  
 Could he but still smile on me brightly,  
 Nor part from his own Colleen Bawn.

F. TOM. Is it by signals like a smuggler, that your husband comes to see you, as if his love was illegal? You are his wife, and this game of hide and seek shall go on no longer with my consent.

EILY. If he took me as his wife amongst his grand friends, he would be ashamed of me, for I am only a poor, ignorant, vulgar girl, not his equal at all.

F. TOM. But his family should know this secret; why, the whole county believe he is going to be married to Miss Anne Chute. He is deceiving his own mother, and would deceive you, Eily, if I was not by to protect you from his wiles.

EILY. No, oh no. He is so proud and quick, that if you spoke to him like that, he'd leave me for ever.

F. TOM. Then will you promise to make him inform his family of your marriage?

EILY. I will, sir, I will.

F. TOM. I trust you; now I must be going.

[Enter MYLES.

MYL. Not yet, sir; not before you take the stirrup-cup.

(SHEELAH enters with kettle of boiling water). Hurry now, Sheelah, it's getting late, and Father Tom wants to be off.

F. TOM. I must indeed, Myles. I left my pony tied to the haystack outside.

MYL. Oh, never fear, sir, he won't break loose from that.

[MYLES and the Women join in brewing the punch. They sit  
—MYLES on the keg—EILY at FATHER TOM's feet—  
SHEELAH on her heels, crouched up to the fire, lights a  
short pipe by turf ashes.

F. TOM. Eily, look at that boy, and say, haven't you a dale to answer for?

EILY. He isn't so bad about me as he used to be. He's getting over it.

MYL. Iss, darlin', the storm is passed over, and I've got into settled bad weather. Eily, aroon, why wasn't ye twins, an' I could have married one of ye—only nature couldn't make two like ye. It would be unreasonable to ask it.

EILY. Poor Myles, do ye love me still so much?

MYL. Didn't I leave the world to follow ye, and since then there's been nayther night nor day in my life. I lay down on Glenapoint above where I could see this cottage, and I lived on the very sight of it. Oh, Eily, if tears were pisen to the grass, there wouldn't be a blade on Glenna Hill this day.

EILY. But you knew I was married, Myles?

MYL. Not then, aroon; but when you told me you were Hardress Cregan's wife, that was a great comfort to me entirely. Since I knew that, I havn't been the blackguard I was. Well, well, it's passed, we'll think of it no more. Come, Eily, couldn't ye cheer up his riverence with a song?

EILY. Hardress bid me not sing our ould Irish songs—he says the words are vulgar.

F. TOM. Put your lips to that jug, and while that true



Irish liquor warms your heart, may the brogue of ould Ireland never forsake your tongue. May her music never leave your voice, and our true Irish virtue never die in your heart.

MYL. Come, Eily, it's my liquor—haven't you a word to say for it?

CONCERTED PIECE—THE ORIGINAL IRISH MELODY.

“THE CRUISKEEN LAWN.”

Let the farmer praise his grounds,  
 Let the huntsman praise his hounds,  
 The shepherd his dew-scented lawn;  
 But I, more bless'd than they,  
 Spend each happy night and day  
 With my charming little cruiskeen lawn,  
 My charming little cruiskeen lawn.

Gramachree ma cruiskeen, santha gal mavourneen;  
 Gramachree a Colleen, gramachree a Colleen Bawn.

Immortal and divine,  
 Great Bacchus, god of wine,  
 Create me by adoption thy son.  
 In hope that you'll comply,  
 That my glass shall ne'er be dry,  
 Nor my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.

Gramachree ma cruiskeen, santha gal mavourneen, &c.

SHE. Whisht, what's that!

HAR. (*behind scene*)

The moon has raised her lamp above  
 To light the way to thee, my love.

EILY 'Tis he!

F. TOM. That voice!

MYL. Has ended all our fun:  
It means that two are company and three are none.  
We'll go.

SHE. We'll go.

EILY. Yes, go.

MYL. Good manners in these cases well we know

EILY. 'Tis he, no doubt, that voice so well I know.

[All exeunt, except EILY.]

Enter HARDRESS.

EILY. Oh, Hardress, asthore!

HAR. Don't call me by those confounded Irish names; the very sound of them seems to remind me of the difference in our positions, and it galls me to think of it.

EILY. I won't, Hardress, dear, don't be angry. What has happened?—you are pale.

HAR. Nothing—that is, nothing but what you'll rejoice at.

EILY. What do you mane?

HAR. "Mane"—can't you say mean? Well, I mean that after to-morrow there will be no necessity to hide our marriage, for I shall be a beggar, and my mother an outcast, and amidst all the shame who will care what wife a Cregan takes?

EILY. And d'ye think I'd like to see you dhragged down to my side. Ye don't know me. See now—never call me wife again—don't let out to mortal man that we're married. I'll go as a servant to your mother's house. I'll work for the smile ye'll give me in passin'—

HAR. You're a fool! My mother discovered my visits nere, and I told her who you are, and her heart is broken. She has always hoped to restore our fortune by my marriage to the richest heiress in Kerry—her fortune alone could have saved us from ruin.

EILY. Hardress, is there no hope?

HAR. None ; that is, there is one, but I dare not name it.

EILY. Oh, Hardress, speak if there is a hope.

HAR. Well, then, you were a child when we were married, and I could get no priest to join our hands but one who had been disgraced by his bishop. He is dead ; there was no witness to the ceremony but Danny Mann ; no proof but his word and your certificate.

EILY. (*taking certificate from her bosom*) This? And if you had it back, would it save you, and could your mother forgive me ?

HAR. She would bless you, and take you to her heart.

EILY. She would !

### FINALE.

EILY. With this treasure must I part,  
Which is dearest to my heart ;  
Which has often check'd my tears,  
Often quell'd my anxious fears.

HAR. Forms are naught to love like ours ;  
Lightest wreaths of fragile flowers  
Firm our faithful hearts remain,  
As an adamant chain.

EILY. Yet of thy love this is the dearest token,  
Methinks a sweet enchantment will be broken.  
Yet take it, thou'lt forget, me not.

[Gives paper.

HAR.

Oh, never !

My Eily thou art dearer now than ever ;  
Thou knowest well we cannot part,  
Whatever may befall ;

Then perils may assail my heart,  
It will surmount them all.

A flame less pure may soon expire,  
 When breezes rudely blow ;  
 My love is fed by deathless fire,  
 And through the storm can glow.

EILY. No, dearest, no, we cannot part,  
 Whatever may befall ;  
 Yes I will trust thy loyal heart,  
 I give the life and all.

A flame less pure, &c., &c.

Enter MYLES.

MYL. No, hand that paper back ;

(To EILY) You are beguiled.

(To HAR.) Ah ! why desave this fond and trustin' child ?

HAR. Thou low-born cur, felon, outlaw—dost thou dare ?

EILY. Hardress, I implore—oh, Myles forbear !

MYL. 'Tis true I am an outlaw, but I'd scorn  
 To do such dirty work as you high-born.

Enter FATHER TOM.

F. TOM. If not to him, to me those lines restore.

HAR. (to EILY)

Eily, are these your spies ? a plot ! am I betrayed ?

EILY. No, no ! Oh, Father, spare me, I implore.

F. TOM. That paper I demand.

HAR. Oh ! 'tis a trap well laid.

[Hands the paper to FATHER TOM.]

F. TOM. Oh, place that proof of honour near your heart,  
 And swear it never from that spot shall part.

HAR. That fatal oath shall be our parting knell ;  
 To all our love for ever a farewell.

EILY. I swear—I swear—no, Father ! Hardress, stay !

MYL. Oh ! love and duty : which will she obey ?

EILY. Oh, Hardress, forgive me I cannot rebel ;  
 Forgive me—I love you—ah! say not farewell.  
 F. TOM. Against every danger you'll find it a spell,  
 That over your happiness ever shall dwell.

## ENSEMBLE.

EILY. [EILY kneels  
 Thus kneeling before thee, I solemnly swear  
 That naught from my bosom this treasure shall tear ;  
 I'll guard it through life, and with grief though I die,  
 Here, here, on the heart which is broken, 'twill lie.

F. TOM.  
 Oh! Eily, remember, you solemnly swear,  
 That naught from your bosom that treasure shall tear ;  
 The daughters of Erin misfortune may try,  
 But foes to their honour they bravely defy.

HAR.  
 Oh! false one, that oath you now solemnly swear  
 Consigns me to ruin, and you to despair ;  
 Remember! this hour you have uttered the knell ;  
 I go ; and I bid thee for ever farewell.

MYL.  
 He cannot escape, he is caught in the snare,  
 His love he must either deny or declare ;  
 What dangers may threaten her no one can tell,  
 But Myles will be there to watch over her well.

[At the end of Finale, HARDRESS rushes off. EILY falls  
 senseless.

END OF ACT FIRST.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Exterior of Torc Cregan.

Enter the HUNTSMEN.

## CHORUS.

Tally ho-oh!

Tally ho-oh!

Tally ho!

Tally ho!

Tally h-o-o-h!

The wind is in the sou-sou-west,

A fine and cloudy morning;

It is a glorious hunting day,

The cheery dogs give warning.

Does she you love despise your sigh?

Does debt or trouble bind ye?

To horse! to horse! and as you fly,

Leave sorrow far behind ye.

Tally ho, &amp;c.

Enter ANNE CRUTE.

ANNE. No, no. This morning Hardress leaves me not,  
He cannot join your chase.

Away ; to-day love only be his lot—  
Your claims to mine give place.

HUN. The hunting chorus when we bawl  
He'll leave all else behind him.

ANNE. But I can sing it, if that's all,  
And to my side I'll bind him.  
Tally ho !—

[Repeats first four lines as above ; then

At evening when returning home  
A cold and weary sinner,  
I like to find these three things warm—  
My glass, my wife, and dinner.  
Tally ho !

[The HUNTSMEN roar applause, repeat chorus, crack their whips  
and exit.

Enter HARDRESS.

ANNE. Hardress, see, I have prepared myself for a ride,  
tempted by the freshness and beauty of the morning.

HAR. Ah ! sweet one, you must ride far before you will  
find anything so fresh and beautiful as your own face.

ANNE. Do you indeed think so ?

HAR. Why should you doubt it ?

ANNE. I cannot tell you why ; but I doubt my own hap-  
piness. I often find your eyes fixed upon me with sadness,  
as if you almost pitied me.

HAR. What folly.

## ENSEMBLE.

HAR. Oh! never let that faithful breast  
 By idle doubts be cursed,  
 The love with which I first was blest,  
 Is still as fondly nursed  
 Within my constant heart.

ANNE. Let not suspicion in my breast  
 Be like a serpent nursed,  
 At once be all the truth confessed,  
 And I will bear the worst,  
 Although with aching heart.

[Exit ANNE.]

HAR. (*looking after her*) She suspects me. Alas! how can I deceive her thus?

Enter DANNY.

DAN. There's something throublen ycs, Masther Hardress.

HAR. Oh! Danny, why did I refuse to listen to you, when you warn'd me to have no call to Eily O'Connor? Well, it's done, and can't be undone!

DAN. Bedad! I dun' no that! Aisy now, and I'll tell ye. Pack her off to Ameriky, put her aboard of a three-master widout saying a word, then ye'll have Miss Chute all to yourself and no throuble? Leave all to me; I'll clear the way forenent ye.

HAR. Fool! She possesses that certificate—the proof of my first marriage—how can I dare to wed another?

DAN. And won't she give it up? Couldn't ye coax her?



HAR. No, she would part with her life first.

DAN. Then only gi' me the word and I'll engage that the Colleen Bawn will niver throuble ye any more.

HAR. What do you mean?

DAN. Don't ax me any questions, only, if ye want to be rid of her take off that glóve from your hand, and give it me for a token.

HAR. (*seizing him*) Villain! Dare you meditate a thought of violence towards the girl?

DAN. Oh! mather, oh!

HAR. Mark me well, now, respect my wife as you would the queen of the land—whisper a word such as those you uttered to me, and it shall be your last breath.

Enter MRS. CREGAN.

MRS. C. Hardress! what is the matter?

HAR. (*to DANNY*) Silence! away with you, and forget, not what I have said.

DAN. (*aside as he shrinks off*) Long life t'ye. (*Aside*) But ye shan't be ruined by the Colleen for all that.

[Exit.

MRS. C. Hardress, are we alone? The moment of our destiny is come—Corrigan waits below to receive my answer: it is for you to decide. Will you give up this girl, your mistress, or see your family broken and disgraced?

HAR. Mother, my heart and faith are already pledged to another, and I cannot break my engagement.

MRS. C. Engagement! I would rather see you in your grave than married to this poor low-born creature, whom you will blush to call your wife. To Anne you are acting

a dishonourable part: her name is coupled with yours at every fireside in Kerry.

Enter SERVANT, announcing.

SER. Mr. Corrigan.

[Exit SERVANT.]

Enter CORRIGAN.

MRS. C. What answer shall I give this man?

COR. Good morning, ma'am, I am punctual, you perceive.

MRS. C. (*her eyes fixed on HARDRESS*) We have considered your offer, sir, and we see no alternative but—but—

COR. Oh, Mrs. Cregan, I understand your soft confusion; I am proud to take this hand, the object of all my—

HAR. (*springing to his feet*) Begone! touch her, and I'll brain you.

MRS. C. Hardress, my darling boy, restrain yourself.

### TRIO.

HAR. Villain! you dare—

COR. Young man, have a care.

MRS. C. Hardress, my darling, beware, oh! beware—  
The serpent is nigh thee, beware of its sting.

COR. A serpent—oh! no—quite a different thing!  
A dove or a lamb,  
Believe me, I am.

HAR. My mother a low-born adventurer's bride!

COR. The lover of Eily has family pride.

MRS. C. You, Hardress, could save me.

COR. How nobly you brave me;  
The lover of Eily has family pride.

MRS. C. Would you aid your hapless mother?  
 Every angry feeling smother—  
     Calmly be your duty done.  
 Take the wife that heaven provides,  
 Vain is every hope besides—  
     Save me! save me! oh, my son!

HAR. (to CORRIGAN)  
 Add another word—another—  
 Cast one glance upon my mother—  
     And your race will soon be run.  
 When the upstart beggar rides  
 On his horse—we know who guides—  
     He is sure to be undone.

COR. (to HARDESS)  
 What an uproar! what a bother!  
 Pray these angry feelings smother;  
     Be advised, my future son.  
 Love and fortune are my guides—  
 I shall laugh at all besides,  
     When my victory is won.

[Exit, followed by HARDESS.]

Enter DANNY, as if he had overheard.

DAN. Whisht, missus, is he gone? I know the throuble he is in; and sure, I struv hard and long to impache him from doing it. But now she houlds him tight, and feeling kindly and soft-hearted for her, he darn't do what another would.

MRS. C. Dare not!

DAN. Shure, she might be packed off to Ameriky, and who'd ax a word after her—barrin' the masther—who'd murdher me if he knew I whispered such a thing.

MRS. C. But would she go?

DAN. Ow, madam, wid a taste of persuadin'; but there's another way agin, and if ye'd only coax the masther to send me his gluv, he'd know the meanin' of that token, and so would I. If he'll do that, I'll take my oath ye'll hear no more of the Colleen Bawn.

## DUET.

DAN. Trust me, the glove will be a token  
As plain as any word that's spoken.

MRS. C. His glove, his glove! I do not see—

DAN. Oh, never mind, leave that to me.

MRS. C. But if his freedom 'twould secure?

DAN. It would; of that you may be sure.

[Exit MRS. CREGAN.]

DAN. Oh, Colleen Bawn, your reign is over!  
Pleasure kept your high-born lover.  
'Tis not you alone that love him;  
Other hearts now watch above him,  
Oh! I'd give my life to-morrow,  
To save him from a moment's sorrow.  
And if your life's his stumbling-stone,  
I'd take it as I would my own.

Re-enter MRS. CREGAN, with glove.

MRS. C. (*aside*)

I have the glove. (*To DANNY*) Is this what you desire?

DAN. He gave it then. Oh, let my fears expire!

[Takes it]

The Colleen Bawn no more his foe shall be.

Don't fear her charms, but lave her fate to me.

MRS. C. No blot on our 'scutcheon shall e'er have a place,  
But pure as of old shall be Cregan's high race.  
Dishonour has threatened, but threaten'd in vain,  
The towers of Torc Cregan rise proudly again.

DAN. Bad luck to the eyes and the Colleen's fair face,  
That makes the bold Cregan forget his high race.  
Her charms are no value, her arts are in vain,  
The Cregan will rise to his glory again.

[Exeunt MRS. CREGAN and DANNY MANN.]

SCENE II.—Exterior of EILY'S Cottage.

Enter DANNY MANN.

DAN. Yes, my mind is made up. If the Colleen Bawn does not give up her marriage-lines, and allow the young master to marry Miss Anne Chute, like a respectable gentleman, there is one that will teach her manners, and that's Danny Mann.

RECIT.

A lowly peasant girl would blot with shame  
The Cregans' ancient name.  
No, sooner shall she part with life  
Than come before the world as Hardress' wife  
With life! Can I sufficient courage find  
To harm a girl so gentle and so kind?

ANDANTE.

The Colleen Bawn, the Colleen Bawn,  
From childhood I have known.  
I've seen that beauty in the dawn,  
Which now so bright has grown;  
Although her cheek is blanchéd with care,  
Her smile diffuses joy.  
Heaven form'd in her a jewel rare,  
Shall I the gem destroy?

## RECIT.

Down cursed scruples! Hold thy peace, remorse!  
 My duty to my master I'll fulfil  
 Through good and ill:  
 Naught, naught can check me, well I know my course.

## ALLEGRO.

Duty! Yes, I'll do my duty.  
 What is love, and what is beauty,  
 To a rough, misshapen creature,  
 Crook'd in back, and hard in feature?  
 Hearts that melt with soft compassion  
 Beat in frames of other fashion.  
 I'll help my master where I can;  
 No other law has Danny Mann.

Enter EILY.

EILY. No word from Hardress. The long night has passed wearily; but daylight brought no joy to the darkness of my heart, for I am alone. I am alone! Oh, Hardress, return—if only to tell me that you will see me no more.

## SONG.

I'm alone—I'm alone—  
 I watch the stars as they rise,  
 I hear the sound of my sighs,  
 Mock'd by the breezes' moan.  
 All things round me seem to say,  
 That I am sad, and so are they,  
 But could I see my heart's delight,  
 His smile would cheer the blackest gloom of night.  
 The night of my soul would be chased away,  
 And the sun of my heart would leap into glorious day.

I'm alone—I'm alone—  
 Methinks each gathering cloud  
 Becomes an air-woven shroud,  
 Floating to graves unknown.  
 Sailing slowly, slowly by—  
 They crowd and darken all the sky.  
 Oh! could I see my heart's delight,  
 &c., &c.

Enter DANNY.

DAN. There she is, his foe—his enemy—she alone stands  
 between him and his fortune.

EILY. Ah! you have returned, have you seen him? has  
 he spoken of me? tell me—speak—

DAN. Yes; I have his commands.

EILY. You are pale—you tremble—your eyes are red—  
 and frightful.

DAN. 'Tis drink, drink, ha! ha! don't fear, d'ye think  
 I'd hurt ye.

EILY. Hurt me! no, why should ye?

DAN. No, no, course I wouldn't—you are to meet the  
 mather—

EILY. When?

DAN. To-night!

EILY. To-night?

DAN. At a place below, on the Devil's Island.

EILY. Ah, what joy! I shall see him then once more.

DAN. Ye'll never breathe to mortal of where yer going,  
 but slip down to the landin' below, where I have the boat  
 waitin' for ye.

EILY. I feel so happy that I am going to see him.

DAN. She is happy—she—a (*staggers*)

EILY. (*running to him.*) Danny, I'm afraid ye are not  
 sober enough to sail the boat.

DAN. Sober! the dhrunker I am, the better I can do the work I've got to do; there, leave me alone—

EILY. What's come t'ye, Danny.

DAN. (*looking at her.*) Nothing, accushla—nothing. (*Drinks from a bottle.*) I'll be betther by and bye. [Exit.

EILY. Oh, he has forgiven me, and I shall see him again.

Enter MYLES.

MYL. Wasn't that Danny, that left ye this minute?

EILY. Yes; and I'm going to— (*Aside*) Stop—sure I promised I would not tell where Danny is going to bring me.

MYL. Going where, Eily?

EILY. No matter: what's that to you, sir?

MYL. Ah, Eily! sure I couldn't breathe any air but wha is round yourself; I don't know what's come to me, but I fear something bad is going on—I fear Danny.

DUET.

MYL. I give the best advice I can,  
In bidding you beware of Danny Mann.

EILY. That poor, deform'd, afflicted creature?

MYL. A crooked back, my dear, don't mend our nature

EILY. A friend to Hardress ever true.

MYL. But then he may be false to you.

I give the best advice I can,  
In bidding you beware of Danny Mann.

EILY. Oh no! oh no! I never can  
Believe there's harm in Danny Mann.

MYL. I've lately seen the surly lout,  
Go creeping stealthily about,  
Like one whose brain is mischief brewing,  
Which very soon he would be doing.

MYL. So mighty strange all this appears,  
I must confess I have my fears,  
And give the best advice I can,  
In bidding you beware of Danny Mann.



EILY. Though strange perhaps all this appears,  
 I'll not encourage any fears ;  
 Oh no ! oh no ! I never can  
 Believe there's harm in Danny Mann.

MYL. Oft to himself I've seen him grumble,  
 Sometimes your name I've heard him mumble.

EILY. Well, what care I who breathes my name,  
 There's none can couple it with shame.

EILY. E'en the weak in innocence  
 Find a strong and sure defence ;  
 When this mighty truth I know,  
 Shall I live suspicion's prey,  
 Thinking every friend a foe ;

No, no, in truth I'll walk, and safe will be my way.

MYL. Honest folks in innocence  
 Sometimes find a weak defence ;  
 That's an ugly truth I know.  
 Trusting hearts are oft a prey  
 To the smooth and smiling foe ;

Who walks in doubtful paths should neatly pick his way.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Water Cave.

### FINALE.

Chorus of BOATMEN behind scenes.

Across the broad waters t'is pleasant to row  
 And float o'er the city that slumbers below.  
 Perchance we shall see him, the tall gallant knight,  
 In armour of silver, on courser so white ;  
 Then gladly we'll welcome the brave Donohue,  
 To the sons of old Erin a friend ever true.

MYL. (*appears at back singing*)

Botheration! her likeness I never shall see;

There's but one Colleen Bawn, and she does not love me.

This is a pretty night for my work, cloudy and dark;  
the smoke of my whisky-still won't be seen. There's my  
distillery beyant in a snug hole up there, and here's my  
bridge to cross over it, I think it would puzzle a gauger to  
follow me. (*Swings across stage and alights on a rock L.*)  
What's that! It was an otter I woke from a nap he was takin'  
on that bit of rock there. Oh, ye divill if I had my gun I'd  
give ye a leaden supper. I'll go up and load it, may be I'd  
get a shot. (*Sings a stanza of his song as he disappears.*)

CHO. (*behind scenes*)

A friend to the friendless, the good king appears,  
The humble he raises, the mourner he cheers;  
And oft by him wonderful stories are told,  
About our green isle, and her glories of old;  
Yes, gladly we'll welcome the brave Donohue,  
To the sons of poor Erin a friend ever true.

Enter DANNY and EILY in a small boat.

EILY. What place is this you've brought me to, Danny?  
It is like a tomb.

DAN. Step out on this rock, come now, be quick, the  
boat is laking. (*Eily steps on to rock.*) Eily, I've a word to  
say to ye; listen now, and don't tremble.

DAN. No boy in all Kerry was brighter than me:  
I was straight as a dart,  
And fitted to win any young colleen's heart;  
This is but a wreck of myself that you see,  
You know how it chanced.

EILY. Yes; from Hardress I heard—

DAN. It's a mighty bad tale, but it's true every word.  
He made me a cripple—I bear him no ill—  
I lov'd him before, and I dote on him still.  
He might crush me to pieces, my last parting breath  
Would be to declare that I lov'd him till death.  
But you, a fond woman—his darling—his wife—  
Withhold what he prizes more dearly than life.

EILY. What would you have?

DAN. The paper that you wear  
In that fair bosom—faith, a power *too* fair.

EILY. I have sworn never with it to part.

DAN. I, too, have sworn from the depth of my heart  
To have it—destroy it. My oath I'll obey.

EILY. Never!

DAN. That paper—that paper—I say.

EILY. No; sooner the life in my heart you may take.

DAN. Then, down wid ye both to the depths of the lake.

[Pushes her off. She clings to rock.

EILY. Spare me for Hardress' sake alone.

DAN. No! He wants you dead—and gone.

[He pushes her in—she sinks. A shot is fired, and he falls into the water.

Re-enter MYLES. Sings.

“ There's but one Colleen Bawn, and she does not love me  
Come, that was a pretty good shot, you'll agree.  
As sure as the taxes, the otter I hit;  
But, faith, I can't see him. No, devil a bit.

Yet here he was moving. No ; nothing's in sight—  
Stop—wheugh! What is this? 'Tis a something that's white.

[Catches EILY's dress. Lifts her out of water. Frightened, lets  
her drop again.]

Eily

[Takes off his coat, and saves her. When he reappears and  
clings to rock the chorus behind scenes is resumed.]

END OF ACT SECOND.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Exterior of MYLES'S Cottage.

Enter MYLES, looking round cautiously. Listens at door.

MYL. She's sleepin' still, poor darlin'. It's the only time she smiles and seems happy. So I'll go back to the mountain, from which all night I watch this cabin; 'tis there I've got my bed, where my bolster is stuffed wid rocks, and a cloud is my blanket.

## SERENADE.

Your slumbers, och! soft as your glance may they be,  
 Although I am sure you're not dreaming of me;  
 Once more see the image of him you love best:  
 What matters my trouble, if you are at rest?  
 Small joy, my poor Eily, the morning will bring,  
 It is not for you that the lark comes to sing;  
 There'll be dew on the grass, there'll be dew in your eye.  
 Sleep gently, my Eily, my love, lullaby.

[Exit, R.]

Enter FATHER TOM, L.

F. TOM. Ouf! I'm here at last. I wonder if Myles is at home. (*Knocks.*) No! (*Looks in at keyhole.*) Yes, he is in for I see the key inside in the keyhole. (*Calls;*) Myles—(*pause*)—Myles—are ye at home?

Enter MYLES.

MYL. No, I'm out. Oh, Father Tom, is it you?

F. TOM. Come inside; I've a word to say to ye.

MYL. I can't, sir, I—I've lost the key.

F. TOM. Sure it's stickin' inside.

MYL. Eh! is it now? Yes. Whenever I go out, I always lock the door on the inside and lave the key there.

F. TOM. Myles, is it lying ye are? Look me in the face. Why did ye kill Danny Mann?

MYL. Oh, murder! Who tould ye that?

F. TOM. Himself.

MYL. Himself. Is he alive?

F. TOM. Yes, but dyin' fast of the wound you gave him. Come now, tell me how it was, and no lyin'.

MYL. Oh, would I deceive ye, sir, no. Now look at this, Father Tom. It was that night, ten days ago, the storm ye'll remember, when passin' Murty Dwyer's shebeen, he axed me in to join in wakin' ould Callaghan, and I did; and as we was talkin', says he, he says, Miles——

F. TOM. Myles, you're deceiving me.

MYL. Oh, is it deceive you I would, oh, no. For if it was the last word I'd got to spake, I'd say, I'd—for Murty will tell ye the same—that time when—the time of the storm—me and him talkin'—and he—that is, Murty. Now look at this, Father Tom.

F. TOM. Myles, Myles.

MYL. Oh! don't ax me any more, sir; sure I'm bound by an oath never to spake a word about it.

Enter EILY from the cottage.

EILY. And I release you from that oath.

F. TOM. Eily alive!

MYL. D'ye think I'd be alive if she wasn't?

[FATHER TOM embraces EILY.]

TRIO.

MYL. I alive, and Eily dead!  
Such a bull was never made;

Were the Colleen under ground,  
 Not alive would Myles be found.  
 Although she never can be mine,  
 'Tis only by her light I shine.  
 She's sun, moon, stars—when she goes out,  
 Och! dark 't will be with me, I doubt.

EILY.

Blessings on that rev'rend head.  
 Though your hapless child was dead,  
 Deep below the waters drown'd,  
 Heav'n a brave preserver found.  
 Still joyless days upon me shine,  
 Still life, with all its woes, is mine;  
 For dark is life, my love without—  
 A dungeon, when the lamp is out.

F. TOM.

Blessings, girl, upon thy head.  
 For the future do not dread;  
 Heaven, who thy preserver found,  
 Watching o'er thee, hovers round.  
 Still happy days may on thee shine,  
 And life, with many joys, be thine.  
 Be hopeful, Eily, do not doubt  
 The cup of woe will soon run out.

SCENE II.—A Ball Room in Castle Chute.

[Table, with lights and papers on it. Stage full of LADIES and GENTLEMEN. MRS. CREGAN and ANNE CHUTE.]

### CHORUS.

MEN.

The wedding-day is come at last;  
 The time of wooing now is past,  
 Which lovers find so long, but yet  
 In after life will oft regret.

LAD. Oh, fie! the lovers we despise  
Whose love in holy wedlock dies:  
To such a constant pair as this  
Each day will bring increase of bliss.

ALL.  
Then hail to the bridegroom, and hail to the bride,  
May happiness with them for ever abide;  
United by love, may they keep side by side  
Down life's smoothest path as they peacefully glide.

1ST BRIDESMAID. (*arranging ANNE*)  
Let the mystic orange-flowers  
Presage be of happy hours.

2ND BRI. Let this veil, thou lady fair,  
Lightly rest upon thy hair.

OTHER BRI. Take the gifts which here you see,  
Trifling though their value be,  
Still of loving hearts they tell;  
Dearest maiden, prize them well.

F. TOM. (*advancing from the crowd*)  
A gift I bring—  
This golden ring;  
'Twas found beneath the water of the lake.

ANNE. By the great O'Donohue into the waters cast;  
A happy chance. Pleased, the gift I take.

*Enter MRS. CREGAN.*

MRS. C. Now to the church! Happy am I at last:  
The day of sorrow now is past.

### CHORUS.

LAD. & GEN.  
The wedding day is come at last;  
The church will bind the lovers fast.

[*Exeunt omnes, carrying flambeaux. Stage dark.*]



Enter CORRIGAN with a CORPORAL.

COR. Hush! No noise. Corporal, is the house surrounded?

COR. Yes, sir.

COR. Place your men at every issue; let all be guarded; let no one escape.

Enter O'MOORE.

O'Mo. You sent for me, sir.

COR. Yes, sir, you are the chief magistrate hereabouts—this warrant must be signed; it is for the arrest of the murderer of Eily O'Connor, called the Colleen Bawn.

O'Mo. A murderer!

COR. The accomplice, sir; the man who did the deed is dying of a wound. He has confessed all, in my presence; here is his deposition. There are lights in the next room; please you, come this way.

[Exit O'MOORE and CORRIGAN.]

Enter HARDRESS, alone.

HAR. The image of the dead pursues me—I see her face in every shade—her voice whispers near me. Oh! Eily, Eily! mavourneen, fairer than ever, thou art ever before me; I cannot forget thee.

### SONG.

HAR. Eily Mavourneen, I see thee before me  
 Fairer than ever with death's pallid hue.  
 Mortal thou art not. I humbly adore thee;  
 Yea, with a love which thou knowest is true.  
 Look'st thou in anger—ah, no; such a feeling  
 Ne'er in thy too gentle heart had a place.  
 Softly the smile of forgiveness is stealing,  
 Eily, my own, o'er thy beautiful face.

Once would my heart, with the wildest emotion,  
 Throb, dearest Eily, when near me wert thou.  
 Now I regard thee with calm, deep devotion.  
 Never, bright angel, I loved thee as now.  
 Though in this world were so cruelly blighted  
 All the fond hopes of thy innocent heart,  
 Soon in a holier region united,  
 Eily Mavourneen, we never shall part.

Enter ANNE CHUTE.

ANNE. Hardress, why have you left the room?

HAR. To gain courage to deceive you.

ANNE. To deceive me?

HAR. Yes; but I have failed. Before I swear the oath to love you, listen how I have kept a similar oath. I swore to one not less fair than yourself. I loved a peasant-girl named Eily O'Connor.

ANNE. The Colleen Bawn.

HAR. She was my wife.

ANNE. Your wife!

[Low murmur heard within.

HAR. Goaded by my mother's contempt of this poor girl, I treated her with cruelty, and drove her to suicide.

ANNE. Hardress, you wrong yourself.

HAR. I am her murderer; and the accusing image of the dead stands between us.

[Loud cries within.

ANNE. What tumult is that? Hark! Heaven save us  
 What has happened?

Enter MRS. CREGAN, with looks of terror.

### CONCERTED PIECE.

HAR. Mother, what mean these looks so wild.  
 MRS. C. Fly, fly at once, my son, my child.  
 No, not that way—oh, hear me, I implore :  
 A soldier stands at every door.

### TRIO.

MRS. C. From the window—haste away,  
 All is lost if you delay.  
 When ocean rolls between us, write ;  
 Now let your only thought be flight.  
 Away—away.

ANNE. Question not, but haste—away.  
 There is danger in delay ;  
 Be sure your mother counsels right,  
 And let your only thought be flight—  
 Away—away.

HAR. Mother, dear, what would you say—  
 Like a thief to flee away.  
 Yet I am sure you counsel right,  
 No trifle would your heart affright,  
 So I obey.

[MRS. CREGAN pushes him off.]

ANNE. Explain—explain—what dreadful cause ?  
 MRS. C. He's threatened with the vengeance of the laws.

ANNE. Of what is he accused?

MRS. C. Of murder! ask no more,  
Go to your room, and leave me, child, before  
My brain is turned—horror!—they burst the door.

[Enter CORRIGAN, with SOLDIERS. GENTLEMEN, LADIES, SER-  
VANTS, enter promiscuously. Flambeaux light up.

### CHORUS.

What portends this strange confusion,  
Surely it is some delusion.  
Soldiers Castle Chute invade;  
Are the red coats not afraid?

COR. Naught—naught we fear, we come in the king's  
name.

MRS. C. I see the wretch exulting in our shame.

ANNE. Brave Irishmen, you hear the voice of honour call,  
It bids you drive the stranger from this ancient  
hall.

CHO. Gentlemen, of Ireland all,  
On the bold invaders fall,  
Drive them, drive them, from this ancient hall.

[Threatened collision—O'MOORE interferes.

O'MO. Peace, peace—no time is this for idle fray.  
A charge of murder has been brought this day  
Against young Hardress.

CHO. Murder—Hardress—no,  
He's innocent.

O'MO. Yes, I believe him so,  
And therefore do I think it best  
Among his friends this weighty charge to test.

CHO. That course is best, that course is best.

COR. Oh, certainly, a clever plan,  
We find the truth but lose the man ;  
While here we learnedly debate,  
He'll slip away as sure as fate.

(To SOLDIERS) Quick search the house.

MRS. C. This outrage must we bear ?

O'Mo. The law requires—

MRS. C. My sleeping-room is there.

O'Mo. With deep regret—

COR. Yet, madam, yet—

Our duty we must do, you see.

MRS. C. Enough, enough ; here, take the key.

COR. (*aside*)

She had it—in that chamber he must be.

[Exit, with SOLDIERS.]

MRS. C. (*aside*)

He's fled, he's fled, they come too late ;  
The chamber they will search in vain.

ANNE. This is not justice—this is hate,  
Although respect for law they feign.

CHO. This is not justice—this is hate,  
Although respect for law they feign.

MRS. C. His voice—his voice—I'm paralysed with fear.

[Enter CORRIGAN.]

COR. Behold, behold, the prisoner here.

[Enter SOLDIERS with HARDRESS. MRS. CREGAN rushes to his arms.]

MRS. C. Ah, Hardress ; my son, my boy !

[Embraces HARDRESS.]

CHO. The worst let hate and malice do,  
Your friends will still be firm and true ;  
Whate'er misfortune may befall,  
Rely upon us one and all.

Mrs. C. and ANNE.

Their worst let them who hate him do,  
Kind friends, he stands absolv'd by you;  
Whate'er misfortune may befall,  
By you he's honour'd—thank you all.

O'Mo. Their worst let them who hate him do,  
His friends will still be firm and true;  
Whate'er misfortune may befall,  
He can rely upon them all.

COR. The law offended claims its due,  
While justice feeds my vengeance too;  
Oh, when he spurned me from this hall,  
I swore his pride should have a fall.

ANNE. Hardress, though all the world rise against you,  
I'll stand by you—so stand you here by me.

COR. I will lay before you, sir, proofs enough to hang a  
whole jail delivery. Here is the confession of Danny Mann,  
servant of the accused, who swears on his death-bed that he  
did the deed—murdered the girl, by the orders of the  
prisoner.

HAR. 'Tis false, he offered to do the hellish work.

COR. Mark that; he acknowledges that it was talked of  
between them.

HAR. But I repelled his suggestion.

COR. Ay, at first you did, but he told you to reconsider  
that, and if you changed your mind and wished her disposed  
of, you were to send him your glove.

Mrs. C. Ah! what do I hear! his glove!

COR. His glove, that was to be the token.

HAR. But that token I never gave.

COR. No?

HAR. No, by Heaven!

COR. (*holding out glove*) Here it is, do you deny it?

MRS. C. Hold! he is innocent. Oh, mercy! what, what have I done; that token, 'twas I who gave it. I am guilty.

HAR. No, believe her not.

MRS. C. 'Twas I! 'twas I! release my son.

FINALE.

Enter MYL.

MYL. Stop!

To put an end to everything,  
A witness most infallible I bring,  
Who'll prove the Colleen Bawn not dead at all—  
Yes, yes, herself I call.

Enter EILY. She rushes into HARDRESS's arms.

HAR. My Colléen Bawn, my love, my wife,  
Oh! welcome, welcome back to life.

ALL. The Colleen Bawn his lovely wife,  
Oh! welcome, welcome back to life.

[CORRIGAN escapes.]

ANNE. There's happiness in plenty and to spare,  
But still there's none for me, this is not fair.

MYL. Not alone you'll have to sigh,  
A victim like yourself am I;  
But of my love I don't repent,  
For if she's happy I'm content.

[During the chorus EILY has been kindly recognised by MRS. CREGAN.]

ANNE. From you a lesson I will learn,  
Nor your humble teaching spurn;  
I've lost a husband, found a friend,  
May both prove true unto the end.

EILY. By sorrow tried severely,  
Happiness we find at last;  
The future beams so clearly,  
Lost in darkness seems the past.

Yet calm thyself, fond heart,  
 Nor in thy gladness  
 Forget thy sadness ;  
 We think the sun most bright,  
 When freed from night  
 We hail his light.

CHO. A cloudless day at last will dawn  
 Upon the hapless Colleen Bawn.

THE END.

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