

**THE MAGIC SIEVE: A
PLAY IN TWO SCENES.
WITH AN IRISH VERSION**

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The Magic Sieve: A Play in Two Scenes. With an Irish version by John Hamilton

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JOHN HAMILTON

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A PLAY IN TWO SCENES
BY JOHN HAMILTON
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AN ROILLEÁN DRAOIÚEACTA
PÁDRAIC Ó MÁILLE A CURR SAEÓILGE AIR

MAUNSEL & CO., LIMITED
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1908

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Celt 221.7.20

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221.7.20

Do mo čom-čalcaib i žčřaob čadma
ve čonpřab na žačobže. Le cion
ažur mear mór o'n užoaru



"St. Peter says my wife's name is Nora."

an fúireann.

BREANNÓÁN MAC CARTA . . .	feap óg tap éir Coláiste
MÁIRE, máistir Breannóán . . .	{ Bean a bfuil go leor talcái aicí, agus fearúbreas móir.
MÍCEÁL Ó FLANNAGÁIN . . .	{ Feilmáharóe naé bfuil aet. glap-doct.
BRÍGÍO,	Bean, Míceál ní Flannagáin.
NÓRA	a n-íngean.
AN t-ATAIR MÁIRTÍN Ó RAÍLLÉ	Sagart paróiste.
TOMÁS Ó CEALLAIG	{ Beirt tuisúnta beaga a bfuil páirt aca le Nóra.
PÁDRAIC MAC COIS'DEALDA . . .	{

CHARACTERS :

BRENDAN MACCARTHY.	
MAIRE MACCARTHY	{ Mother of Brendan and owner of large property.
MICHAEL FLANAGAN	Struggling farmer-tenant on estate.
BRIDGET	Flanagan's wife.
NORA	His daughter.
FATHER MARTIN O'REILLY	Parish Priest.
TOM KELLY	{ Workmen on estate and suitors for Nora's hand.
PAT COSTELLO	{

The English version of this play gained the Samhain Prize in 1908, and was published in the *United Irishman*. Thanks are due to the Editor of that Journal and to the Samhain Committee, for permission to reprint.

AN ROILLEÁN DRAOIDEACHTA.

DRAMA I ÓD N-AMARC.

An Céad Amarc. Am—Eanáir 1800. Oíche Samhna; an
ghian ag vult faoi rgháil na g-cnoc, agus an oíche ag tuitim.

[Tagann Mícheál Ó Flannagáin agus Tomár Ó Ceallais
isteach.]

Mícheál. Mar bí mé ag ród leat nuair a bí mé ag vult trasna
an rraige anrim amais, ní vo gac uile óime a tuidhrainn nóra.
Féad anarao, a Tomár, ní ar-éic mé féin dá ród é, tá nóra in-a
cailin com breaig, agus com uatamail a'r geobrá in vo fuidail lae,
agus ní call dom a ród go bfuair rí rgoil, agus rógleim, com
maid le h-aon dean ós ra tír.

Tomár. Tá fíor agam rin, áit céaró a tuidhrar tá dom léite.
Tá veac veap céagorac agam, agus gabaltar maid talman, a bfuil
veic n-acra ann. Ír ríú curó maid an méro rin, nuair atá fear
in-a díonn atá inuan aise a éabairt vó.

Mícheál. Aha, a óime, ná bí ag cairt. Ír maid uait tú féin,
agus gac a bfuil agat a mólaú, áit ír beag ír ríú veic n-acra
talman. Veic n-acra in ead. Cia'n maid atá leir na veic
n-acraib, mur mbéad nuv eicint agat le cur orca.

Tomár [go feargac]. Agus cia vudairt nac maid nuv agam-ra
le cur orca. Dá mbéad fíor agam cia vudairt é, dainrinn
veatad ar.

Mícheál. Glac tú féin go réro a míc ó. Níor ceart go mbéad
ré com h-éargaró rin, fearg a cur ort. Níor vudairt veine
ar bíe nac maid eallac agat le cur ar vo cur talman. Ní maid
mé áit ag véanam ghinn mar rin. Áit anoir ó éarla rinn ag
cairt faoi, cia méad atá agat?

Tomár. Anoir cia'n éabairt veic cairt a daint aram, agus fíor
agat céaró atá agam com maid liom féin. Tá fíor agat go
maid go bfuil bó dainne, agus buvóg, agus ré cinn ve éoirig,

THE MAGIC SIEVE

A PLAY IN TWO SCENES.

[Founded on an old custom in Irish country districts, by which, on November Eve, unmarried people sought to learn the names of their future spouses. The incantation of the old days has been in many places softened down, and it is the present wording that is used in this little play.]

SCENE I.—*Time: November Eve. Shades of night falling on the fields. Sun just sinking beyond the horizon. Enter FLANAGAN and KELLY.*

FLANAGAN. As I was sayin' whin we were crossin' the stile there it isn't everywan that I'd give Nora to. Ye see, Tom, though it's mesel' as says it, Nora is as fine an' comely a colleen as ye'd get in the parish, an' she had a fair share o' schoolin', too, I need hardly tell ye.

KELLY. But what'll ye be givin' with her? I have a nice, comfortable house an' a good farm o' tin acres. That isn't to be sneezed at, ye know.

FLANAGAN. Arrah, man, what are ye talkin' about? Tin acres! Tin acres, inyah. What's the good o' tin acres if ye haven't anything to put on thim.

KELLY [*quickly*]. An' who said I hadn't anything to put on thim? If I knew who it was I'd—

FLANAGAN. Oh, take yersel' aisy, Tom. Don't get into a fluster for nothin'. Nobody said ye hadn't any stock. I was only makin' a remark, like. How much have ye, now, as we're talkin' about it?

KELLY. Sure, ye know well what I have, but ye must be talkin'.