

**KINCORA, A PLAY IN
THREE ACTS: BEING
VOLUME II OF THE
ABBAY THEATRE SERIES**

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Kincora, A Play in Three Acts: Being volume II of the Abbey theatre series by Lady Gregory

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LADY GREGORY

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(Second Edition).

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Abbey Theatre
March 25-1905

I dedicate this to the
players of tonight
with grateful thoughts of
their endless patience
enthusiasm and courtesy -
Augusta Gregory

PERSONS.

BRIAN OF THE TRIBUTES, King of Munster,
afterwards High King.

MURROUGH, his son.

MALACHI, High King of Ireland.

GORMLEITH, his wife, afterwards wife of Brian.

SITRIC, her son by Olaf of the Danes.

MAELMORA, her brother, King of Leinster.

BRENNAIN, } Brian's servants.
DERRICK, }

RURY, Malachi's servant.

PHELAN, Maelmora's servant.

MAIRE, Brennain's daughter.

AOIBHELL, a woman of the Sidhe.

BRODAR.

A DANE.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE: *A Wood. Young Brian seen lying asleep on the ground. Enter two men with swords, their cloaks wrapped round their heads.*

First Man. Are you here, Brian? Here he is sleeping. We should waken him now, but he has the look of being very tired.

Second Man. Tired and worn out, and no wonder—a young lad that was used to lie on the pillows of a king's house, to be laying his head on the hard knotty roots of trees.

First Man. Fighting with the Danes through the day-time, and resting on the ground by night; or fighting through the night-time, when he failed to harm them in the day. And not one of his own with him to give him a hand. It is a lonesome life he has.

Second Man. He will be more lonesome again after a while, when the whole of us are killed. What way can a score of men drive a whole army out of Ireland?

First Man. If anyone can do it, he will do it. Leave him there; we need not waken him till the rising of the sun. He will be tired enough before the day is over. *[They go out. Aoibhell appears.]*

Aoibhell. Awake, young Brian! Brian, son of Cennedigh, awake!

Brian. Who is calling me? Are the enemy coming? Is it time for the fight?

Aoibhell. I do not call you to battle, but to peace.

Brian. Who are you? Where do you come from?

Aoibhell. I am Aoibhell of the Grey Rock, the helper of your race. I am come to bid you give up the sweetheart you have chosen—that hard sweetheart, Ireland. Come to me in place of her; and I will bring you into the hidden houses of the hills. I will give you love. Age will never fall on you, as it has never fallen upon me.

Brian. I will not go with you. I will not give up Ireland, for it is a habit of my race to fight and to die; but it was never their habit to see shame or oppression put on their country by any man on earth.

Aoibhell. Those who serve Ireland take for their lot lasting battles—lasting quarrels. They are building, and ever building; and ever and always ruin comes upon them before the house is built. Those who should be most their friends, turn to be most their enemies, till the heart grows dry with bitterness; dry as the heads of the mountains under the summer heat. Come to me, and leave her, Brian, young Brian!

Brian. Go from me, Aoibhell! Go back to your hidden house! I will never break my faith with the sweetheart I have chosen, nor turn from her service till she can lift up her head again in the sight of the whole world!

KINCORA.

ACT I.

BEFORE GLENMAMA.

SCENE: *A hall in Brian's house at Kincora. Malachi and Maelmora at a table; their servants standing behind their chairs. Brian's servants behind his empty chair. Brian at the window, looking out, with back to audience. Murrough looking on.*

Maelmora (giving a paper to Malachi). See, I have written it all here, High King. (*Reads*) Submission made by Sitric, head of the Danes, for himself and the whole of his army—

Malachi. I know; I know;—let him read it himself when he comes. It is time for him to be here to put his name to it.

Maelmora. He will be here before the fall of day.

Malachi. This is a great work we have done this day; and though I am High King, it is the man in the window that has done it. The Danes binding them—