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P260/668

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2525
Creevagh
Dundrum Road,
Dublin.

May 3rd, 1951.

Dear Miss Roddy,

I send you the remainder of the broadcasts.

The following are emendations:

*On cover-page:
26, on becomes 21, one ✓*

Please add to the closing sentence on Page

75: "hushed by the peaceful sound of the
waterfall." ✓

Substitute for the second page of titles

✓ the one which I enclose describing Nos. 10
11 and 12.

The times of the earlier broadcasts are as
follows: 1, 2 and 3, 5, 6 and 8 take
fourteen minutes; Nos. 4, 7 and 9 take nine
minutes.

Part of 6 is enclosed.

I hope you will like the changes in the last two
chapters. I have left out all suggestions of mortality
and dying and have modified the magic attacks on Donal.
I have found it difficult to write, now, in a style that
would fuse with what I wrote so many years ago. I can
only hope that the alteration is not all for the worse.

P.T.O.

I am planning to go away for a few days and shall be grateful if you would telephone (97045) and give me an appointment for a consultation with you about the discs.

Yours sincerely,

Jonathan Macarthe

The Glen of Secret
THE SECRET GLEN

A Fairy-tale for Children

by

Dorothy Macardle

Adapted for Broadcasting by the Author.

²¹
(About 26,000 words)

Miss Dorothy Macardle
Creevagh,
Dundrum Road,
Dublin.

Author of

"The Irish Republic"	}	Contemporary
"Children of Europe"		history
"Uneasy Freehold"	}	Novels
"The Seed was Kind"		
"Fantastic Summer"		

THE SECRET GLEN

A Fairy-tale in Twelve Broadcasts.

Each followed by singing or music, or by sound effects taking less than one minute.

<u>Broadcast</u>		<u>Minutes</u>	<u>Disc</u>
✓ No. 1	The Child of Angus	14 <i>nine and blackbird 1 inch in</i>	Joyous bird-song <i>(In an old world garden)</i>
No. 2	The Tyrant	14	Frightening drums. <i>Drummers Call P.H. last 1/2 inch</i>
✓ No. 3	The Three Biddings of Grania	¹¹ 20	Teasing cuckoo call. <i>Pastoral (No 8) last 1/2 inch 3 lines</i>
✓ No. 4	The Stolen Shoe	9	Grania's Lullabye sung by an old woman.
✓ No. 5	The Man with Yellow Eyes	9	Whispering of frightened boys.
No. 6	Donal rides Away	14	<i>Blackbird</i> The Cuckoo's call, purposeful.
No. 7	Hiding and Seeking	9	Echoes of angry shouting among rocks.
No. 8	The Secret Queen	Peaceful noise of a distant waterfall.
No. 9	Into the Forest	Bird-song. <i>(Same as No 1)</i>

<u>Broadcast</u>		<u>Minutes</u>	<u>Disc.</u>
No. 10	Silver Shoes.	14	Fairy Piping: Sleepy music chang- ing to an irrisistible, luring call.
	<i>Four Sea Interludes (9 20 45") No 1 opening phrase (or closing phrase)</i>		
No. 11	Music of Forgetting. Opening with the Piper's Call with which No. 10 closed.	9	Closes with the Piper's Music of Forgetting.
	<i>Flute 3</i>		
No. 12.	Bugles at Sunrise.	9	Bugles blown for triumph and welcome.

First Broadcast

(14 minutes)

THE CHILD OF ANGUS.

Listen, children!

My story is about Ireland in far off times when the land was so lonely and wild that only hunters and woodmen dared to venture into the forests and no mortal had ever set foot on the high, desolate hills. If I tell you of strange beings who dwelt in these regions, and of wicked men with swords, and a tyrant king, do not be afraid. Believe it with all your hearts while you listen, but do not be afraid, - because it is only a story, after all.

The city of the kings of Moy Angus was built on a grassy hill. The city was called Lis-na-Ree. At the top of the hill stood the king's Doon, with three-fold walls about it and watch-towers and gates of oak. In the centre of the Doon was the Great Hall, with a throne for the king in it and another for the queen. The floor was strewn with rushes; wolf skins and deer skins covered the couches; bright shields of warriors hung on the walls. Many the noble champions who had feasted at the long table; many the famous harpers who had made music, and the poets who had told stories there, for Angus was a happy king. Three young sons he had, and a little daughter - a child only beginning to walk and run.

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Around the walls of the Doon were lawns full of laughing people, and beyond were white houses and forges and haggards and mills; and beyond these the roads led through fields full of golden grain and orchards full of apples and pastures, where noble horses and silky cattle were grazing, to the forest beyond.

Leagues and leagues of wild forest there were. Parts of it were dark and tangled and parts were green and sunny and full of the singing of little birds. There Angus loved to go hunting, and to walk with his queen by a green pool that was in it, feeding the royal swans. But best of all he loved to sleep in the forest in his Sheil~~ling~~ - a little hut built of logs, under the hushing sound of the trees. 300

"The harp of the woods," Angus said, "is sweeter to me than the music of minstrels at a feast."

To the east, Angus could see shining water; it was the sea. He said to his queen: 400

"When we are old, and our sons are grown to be wise champions, you and I will sail away in a ship with white sails on it, and behold the wonders of the world."

Far away to the south and west, beyond the leagues of forest, there were high mountains that in the morning looked golden and in the evening blue. No traveller had ever come from those mountains. No mortal could live

there, it was said. It was said that the face of them rose up in a wall that [even a goat could not climb, and that within 500 was a stony wilderness where even a squirrel would starve to death. The people had no name for those mountains; they called them the Unknown Hills.

One day in early summer, all that happy life in Moy Angus suddenly came to an end. The king was looking from his watch-tower rejoicing in the rich harvest below, when he saw a swarm of ships like black dragons coming over the sea.

The king knew those ships. In his childhood they had come to Ireland, bringing tall, fair-bearded warriors armed with swords and [spears. 600 As spoilers and plunderers they had come. They had stolen Irish treasure and Irish maidens and carried them away to a far off land. ^{those men} They were the ships of ^{se} Thorken, an earl of the North-land, a mighty and merciless man.

Now when Angus saw them he knew that the Northmen were coming to conquer his country and make slaves of the Gaels. He put his hands to his mouth and gave a great shout that was heard far and wide through the Doon. People rushed into the fields giving warning, and the bells of Lis-na-Ree were set ringing so that the rooks rose and wheeled in the sky in fright. 700

Speed

The Gaels of Moy Angus rushed to the hosting, -- warriors with swords and spears, men from the bogs with spades, men with reaping hooks from the fields; smiths ran from the forges swinging their hammers; wood-men sprang from the forest with axes and skians; women and boys came running with slings and stones. A battle was fought on the shore and the Gaels were defeated, and the lips of the sea were reddened with their blood.

Thor^{ch}ken marked the hosts of his men inland. Like grey phantoms they strode through the twilight, -- tall, bearded men, wearing horns and wings on their helmets and clad in mail.

Every man had an axe and a spear and a sword. In their hundreds they came, crashing through the forest and trampling the ripe fields; and the earth of Ireland shuddered under their tread.

The Gaels fled to the Doon and closed the gates, but the Northmen came storming against the walls. All night the battle raged on the ramparts. Spears and darts and arrows like sleet in winter sped from walls and towers. The sky rang with death-cries, the harsh shouts of the Northmen and the slogans of the Gaels, -- with the clash of swords and the clangour of shield on shield. The Northmen breached the walls and set fire to the doors; the air in the Doon was thick

with smoke and crimson with flames and blood. Men grappled and slew one another with short swords. They fought until dawn came and the Gaels found King Angus dead on his threshold, pierced by a hundred swords, and all his captains wounded or slain. They laid him on a shield lamenting and bore him to the queen.

Then Thorken stood in the midst of the ruined Doon. *slow*

"I am king of this country," he shouted, and the Northmen shouted "Washail!" *100*

"Bring me now," he cried, "the wife of Angus; I will give her to my wife as a slave."

But one of those who had borne Angus within stood before Thorken, bleeding to death, and said:

"Our Queen will never be your slave, O Sea-Wolf. She lies dead beside the body of Angus with a broken heart." And Thorken's own wife, gentle Muirne, who was kneeling, binding the wounds of the Gaels, cried out:

"Give me no slaves from among these people, O Thorken, for my own heart is breaking for their grief." *1100*

For Muirne was herself a princess of Ireland whom the Northmen had captured years ago. They had taken her by force to the Northland and given her to Thorken to be his bride and she hated her lord's merciless ways.

"Angus had children!" Thorken said then, "Three young sons

and a daughter. Put them to death!"

But Muirne clung to his knees weeping, and imploring him: "O Hound of the Sea! You ^{who} are a strong warrior! Do not be a slayer of babes!"

"Fool," Thorken shouted. "Have you no wits? Do you not want our son to be king of Moy Angus when I am dead? As long as there is living one child of Angus, these people will be plotting against us to set it on the throne. Shall I spoil my labour for babes?" And he thrust her away roughly so that she fell. Then he took a sword in one hand and a torch in the other, and himself went seeking among the ruins where the little princes were trying to hide. His own shadow leaped after him like a huge evil spirit. The three sons of Angus he found and killed with his sword, but the fourth child, the baby daughter, he could not find.

While Thorken's men were breaching the walls and storming into the Doon a tall old woman had rushed out, darting among them, twisting and stooping, to avoid the flying arrows and flashing swords. Like a mad beggar, she looked, in her dark cloak, her grey hair wild in the wind. The men laughed to see her escaping them all, fleeing away over the fields. They did not know that she was the nurse, Grania, and that under

her cloak safe and quiet, she held the daughter of Angus, Mavreen. 1400

By midnight Grania was deep in the forest where the sounds of the battle were no longer heard. Dark, dark it was; she blundered and stumbled among the tangling roots and bushes and trees; she sighed with thankfulness when, at last, a silvery gleam began to fall through the leaves and the forest filled up with light from the rising moon. The light wakened Mavreen and she cried.

"Are you thirsty, my heart's treasure? I have no sweet milk to give you," Grania said, sadly, "nor honey in a golden spoon; but maybe a spring of fresh water is near, for there, on the rath, the mosses are green and deep." 1400

She laid the child down on the soft moss of a hillock where flowering hawthorns scented the air. She thought she heard a watery, rippling sound and went among the trees, seeking a rivulet. She found a pool, filled her hands with water, and hurried back but when she came again in sight of the rath she started and the water was spilled. Someone was there, stooping over Mavreen. Amazement held Grania still. So beautiful he was, so slender and shining that Grania knew at once who it must be. He was moving silently round and round the child, gazing at her with love and longing, and Grania's 1400

heart grew cold in her breast. She had heard of the Shining Ones, the Ever-Living, who come out of the fairy raths when the moon is bright and grow powerful as it's light grows strong. She knew that their music could steal mortals away, making them forget all they had ever loved. And she knew that this was their king.

Silver and shining his hair was, and white his skin; his long fingers were lifting Mavreen's curls, stroking her cheeks, beckoning to her with curious signs, while she lifted her little arms to him and laughed. He held a pipe of reeds to his lips and played to her, a gay whispering tune; then he was on his knees, kissing her feet; then he was gone. He was gone, and the child, struggling to rise and run after him, was caught up in Grania's arms. 1700

Into the shadows, under thick-growing hollies and oaks, Grania fled. Thorns tore her skin and brambles tangled her knees. Her strength was almost gone when she came out at last to a clearing, ringed round and shaded over by ancient oaks, in the midst of which stood a little hut. 1800

It was built of logs. Grania pushed at the oaken door, went in, and fastened it with a heavy bar. Her hand found a flint and a lantern; she struck a spark. There was oil in

the lantern. Now they had light. A bed of deer skins was spread in the corner and there she laid Mavreen down. On a shelf she found ^{with her leaves} ~~apples~~ and cups and knives and a flagon of wine. She gave Mavreen food and drink. They had come to the hunting lodge of Angus, the sheiling where he loved to sleep.

"And, oh, my little Queen," Grania said, weeping, "this is all the kingdom that is left to you now, and here we must hide from your enemies till it is day." Then she lay down beside Mavreen and slept.

Kind, the forest seemed in the morning, sweet with the scents of May-time; full of the busy life of the wild creatures delighting in the sun, but there Grania dared not stay.

Here, she knew, the swordsmen of Thorken would come seeking Mavreen, and here, too, when the moon shone, the fairy king would come piping and calling trying to steal her for ever away. For Grania had seen, in the darkness, a glittering mark on the sole of each of Mavreen's tiny feet and knew that he had marked her for his own.

She found a cord in the hut and knotted a girdle. She hung on it flints, a knife and a cup. She took ^{leaves} ~~apples~~ in a

kerchief and a lantern and then, holding Mavreen by the hand, set out towards the Unknown Hills.

Weary the journey would have been but that the little one was suddenly able to run and dance along as lightly as if she had been a fairy child. Stags and deer gathered to gaze at her while squirrels peeped through the branches over her head.

Rabbits played hide and seek with her, to shorten the way; in the streams, otter-cubs played and tumbled to make her laugh. *Records*

Thousands of little birds flitted before the travellers, as if to show them the way through the forest and all day long they were singing their loudest and sweetest, as if to welcome and please their queen. *tacking*

2197

mix 2 records

> Bird song, very gay and sweet

Signature
The film of Second
Dorothy Macardie
 2525
 Thursday 24th Nov 1940
 Second Broadcast - The Tyrant
 (14 minutes)

11

THE TYRANT

Seven years went by. The Northmen were lords of that country, and the Gaels were their slaves. For the Northmen they had to hew wood and draw water, build walls and cut turf in the bogs. Even the children had to labour as scullions in the kitchens. The captains of Angus were dead and their sons were grooms in the stables and log-boys in the Doon.

As for Thorken, who had once been a famous warrior, he had grown fat from idleness and foolish from power and his mind was never at ease. He was afraid to ride abroad, he was so hated; he no longer hunted nor wrestled nor sailed the seas.

The Northmen beat their slaves and quarrelled with one another, each envious of the other's wealth. In all Moy Angus there was not one happy soul.

Muirne grew sad and pale, grieving for the grief of the conquered people. She was very tired of being a queen. She had no woman to talk to, and no daughter, only one dear son.

Muirne had given her son the name of her own father, a famous champion of the Gaels, who had been killed in wars with

the Northmen when she was a child. Donal, he was called, and the Northmen scoffed at the name. They jeered too, at Donal's dark hair and eyes that were like his mother's. Skirnir, the captain of the Swordsmen, called him "Son of a Gael."

That was meant to make little of Muirne, and when Donal heard it anger strangled his heart, because he scorned the selfish ways of the Northmen and was proud to be Muirne's son.

Donal would not hunt with the Northmen or take part in their feasts, and his father forbade him to ride abroad with the Gaels.

"You will be their king," he said, "when I am dead, and you must make them fear you, or they will rise up and slay you in the night."

But Donal was not afraid of the Gaels, nor did they fear him. They trusted him and taught him their language, and Laery, his page, sang him their secret songs. With them he practised fencing and wrestling at dusk in the courts of the Doon. They talked to him and told him about their fathers, some slain, others shut up in dungeons where they could not tell the night from the day. Donal knew they had a wild dream in their minds.

The King had forbidden him to go outside the walls of the city, so Donal used to wander about the streets. He saw men toiling up the hill with loads for the Northmen, - wood from the forest, black turf from the bogs, oxen for roasting, salmon

from the river, and creels of glittering fish from the sea. He saw the starved faces of the Gaels and their eyes, dark with scorn and pride, and trouble grew in his heart. For he thought, "Some day, before these young lads are strong enough, they will become desperate: they will seize knives and hammers and axes and fight. Blood will be shed again in Moy Angus and there will be more slaughtering of boys. And as for me, being the son of my father, how can I fight against the Northmen? Yet against these people I will not fight!"

When such thoughts came to Donal he could not sleep, and he would stand at the window of his room that was in the high watch-tower, looking out. He would watch until dawn came and he could see the forest and beyond it the stony ridge of the hills. Donal looked at those hills where, it was told, no mortal had ever set foot and he said, "Some day I will come."

King Thorken sat on the throne of King Angus. He was not comfortable, for the throne of King Angus was narrow and Thorken had grown exceedingly fat. He was not comfortable in his mind either, because he was waiting for his Master Spy: "And whatever story my spies bring me," Thorken grumbled to himself, "it is always a bad story. And the worse the story

is, the better pleased they are to be telling it. Hard enough it is, to make the Gaels obey me, but my Northmen are worse. My own son will be defying me soon."

The more the King thought about his troubles the redder his face swelled, and his doctor, who was watching him from a corner, grew uneasy.

"Calm yourself, O King," he said, shakily, "or you will have an illness! You will fall in a fit!"

But Thorken shouted at him, "Go drink your own physic and poison yourself! Leave me alone, old fool!"

As the doctor went slippering out, the spy came in. Ferret, he was called, and he was the Master of the King's Spies, and so he had leave to come to the King without knocking any time of the day or night and even to wake him from his sleep. He was a small man with a long, thin neck and narrow eyes. He could walk as quietly as a cat; he made Thorken feel sometimes as though he were a fat mouse. He crept about the room looking behind all the curtains to see if anybody was listening, and then he stood before the King.

"What story have you for me, Ferret?" asked Thorken. "Where have you been and what have you seen?"

"A bad story I have for you, King," Ferret answered, in a silky voice. "My spies have been east and west through Moy

Angus, from the city to the sea, and not one good tale do they bring home."

The King grunted: "Go on," he said.

"I sent spies," said the Ferret, "to listen at the holes in the dungeons, where the old Councillors of Angus are lying in chains."

"What?" asked Thorken, "Are those living still?"

"Seven are dead," the Ferret answered, "but five are living. They groan and call out in their dreams."

"So they still dream?" muttered the King.

"They dream, King," said Ferret, "and they cry out, 'She is coming and we are free!'"

"They shall dream no more," Thorken said. "They shall have no more food."

Ferret smiled. It pleased him to vex Thorken and bring grief on the Gaels.

"And more of my spies," he said, "went among the young girls, listening. It is not weeping they are at their labours, Thorken, and they grinding at the quern -- Singing they are."

"Singing?" hissed Thorken.

"Singing!" said the Ferret. "Secret songs. I have learned their language, Thorken, but they have songs that I do not understand. Songs about wild birds and green branches

and the rising of the moon. They sing, and they look at one another and smile."

"They shall smile no more," Thorken swore. "They shall labour until they weep, until they swoon!"

"I sent my spies," Ferret went on smoothly, "to the hovels of the fisher-folk, where they lie shivering all night in the east wind without covering or light or fire. My spies listened at the chinks in their walls. The man says, 'Our sorrows will never be ended; it would be good' he says, 'to drown in some great storm,' But the woman says 'They will end. Our sons will grow up,' she says, 'and drive out the Northmen. Our own queen,' she says, 'the daughter of Angus, will come to us, and we shall be free!'"

"Tell me no more," groaned Thorken, "I will have their hovels burnt over their heads: Tell me no more."

"There is more to tell, and worse to tell, Thorken," said Ferret. Listen, King."

"I myself have spied in the courts of the Doon; in the sleeping places of the scullions and log-boys, and among the grooms in the stables and the young herds in the hills. It is not gaming and dicing they are, Thorken, when their day's work is done."

"Scullions and serving lads!" hissed Thorken, "am I to fear these?"

"It is fencing and wrestling they are," went on Ferret, smiling a thin smile; "growing sinewy and quick and strong. A grindstone they have in a cavern, Thorken, and a secret forge. Swords they are grinding; pikes they are forging, Thorken, and not for play. They are lads without fear and without boasting: you would do well to take heed of them, King."

Thorken could not speak; he was snorting with rage like a bull, and he swelled so that the throne nearly broke. At last he spoke, and his voice shook with hate.

"So, I have not conquered these Gaels yet," he muttered, "they have secrets! They sing, - they dream! Ferret," he said, "I must kill their dream."

Ferret answered, "It will not be easy, King."

"I have offered gold," said Thorken, "for the head of the daughter of Angus. I will offer more. Send out word, Ferret, that I offer a sack of gold. No man so mean or evil but he shall have it, - a full sack of gold, when he brings me the daughter of Angus, alive or dead. Proclaim it, Ferret, with trumpets and drums."

"You may offer all the gold in Ireland, Thorken," Ferret answered, "and it will be in vain. The Gaels themselves do not know where the child of Angus is hiding, and if they knew, there is not one of them but would die sooner than tell."

"Send out a hundred swordsmen," shouted Thorken, "bid Skirnir lead them out at dawn."

"Seven times," Ferret replied, "Skirnir and your swordsmen have gone searching. They have searched the wild, tangled forest and the caves of the shore, and they have never found a trace of the child. I think, Thorken, they will not get out for you again."

"Ferret," Thorken groaned, "is it your pleasure to torment me? Why do you tell me they will not obey?"

"I will tell you," said Ferret. "It is because there is something in the forest that crazes men. They run astray in it and lose their wits. Something no one has ever seen, save moonstruck men who cannot tell what it is that they have seen. This morning, Thorken, Swayne came home after being lost for a year: he, that was one of your boldest warriors came home a moonling, crazed. They will not go into the forest again."

The King sagged limp in his throne and sat brooding; then he stiffened and lifted his head. He looked at Ferret and Ferret felt as though he were shrinking inside. The King spoke and his voice was stern as it used to be on the sea.

"In ^{five} ~~three~~ days," he said, "the May moon will be full. Before this moon wanes the daughter of Angus must be brought to me alive or dead - otherwise you, the Master of my Spies,

and Skirnir, the Captain of my Captains, will die."

Ferret trembled. He tried to speak, but his voice would not come.

"I go, King," he whispered, "Skirnir and his Swordsmen will ride at dawn. I go to proclaim your will with trumpets and drums."

*X Record in at once - Trumpet & other Drums
2nd cut on record to get cut*

The fighting sound of Drums.

The Glen of Senia
20
29
by Dorothy MacLellan
Third Broadcast - 20 May 51
(20 minutes)
6.01 - 6.15

THE THREE BIDDINGS OF GRANIA

They were called? by

"The Stony Hills" and "The Unknown Hills" up from the forest plane and up from the sandy shore they rose so steeply that even goats could not climb them - wildernesses of stone; but hidden among their summits, closed round with their rocky crests, was a green, watered, flowery glen. A swift river flowed through the glen and then, through a gap in the circle of rocks, went leaping and frothing down to the plane below. In May-time the glen was filled with soft noises - the rush of the river, the whispering of the willows, the singing of birds and the buzzing of bees. The hillsides were white, then, with thorn blossom and yellow with gorse, and the boggy places were silver with canavaun. In the middle of the glen, not far from the river, stood a rock; near it ^{grew} stood a wide ring of gorse; that prickly ring guarded a hollow; in the hollow was the mouth of a cave and in the cave a fair-haired child and an old woman had been living for seven years.

(space)

One morning in May the cuckoo made such a din that he woke Mavreen while Grania was still asleep. She ran out in the sunshine. ~~She wanted to run and dance.~~ Her feet were tingling; [in her dreams she had been dancing, dancing in the forest, under the trees, to music so sweet and teasing that it still seemed to go on in her heart. She stopped only to put on her shoes, then climbed the tall rock of the Raven, stood on the top and called "Failte" to the sun.

From the rock, Mavreen could look right through the gap in the cliffs, where the river fell over, and see the forest below. Wildly she wanted to go to the forest and dance all day to the sweet piping that she never could hear except in her dreams. She said, "Some day I will come."

Grania called her. ~~Quickly~~ Mavreen clambered down and ran back by the shortest way over the stones. Her shoes, that were made of rushes and rather old, fell to pieces cut by the sharp flints. She had ~~quite~~ forgotten to fetch the water for breakfast and gather sticks and light a fire. Always, the dream music made her forget. She showed Grania how scratched her feet were, so that Grania would not scold her about her forgetfulness and her shoes. Grania said, only, "Bathe your feet in the stream ... Since you made no fire," she grumbled, "I can make neither [partridge nor bread: we will have to do with nuts and milk."

The stars on Mavreen's feet made the water twinkle, but Grania would not look. She had no talk at all. There was dark trouble on Grania's face.

All day they were pulling rushes along the river, and pounding them between stones, and plaiting them to make shoes for Mavreen. When the shoes were finished Mavreen ran about in them. She twirled on her toes and said, "Now I'm a thistledown"; she sprang in the air and said, "Now I'm a lark!" But she could not make the old woman smile.

"I am very hungry, Grania," Mavreen said then.

They went back to the cave and it was then that Grania said, in a heavy voice; "There is scarcely a handful of corn left in the sack. We have only nuts. The apples are all gone."

"Then we must live like squirrels," Mavreen replied.

She made ^{two} a little cake of hazel nuts, crushing them in a hollowed stone, and ^{she} ate it, ^{these} but Grania ^{made bread but put it aside} would eat nothing at all. ^{five} She said, ~~measurably~~, "In ^{five} three nights the moon will be full tonight," Grania said.

Mavreen's heart gave a little leap. She knew what would happen now: Grania would go down to the forest, as she had gone a year ago, by the secret way that nobody else knew. She would find the good woodman who lived in the forest and

come back with oil and food.

"If only," Mavreen thought, scarcely breathing in her eagerness, "if only, this time, she would let me go, too!"

"This very night," Grania muttered ~~uneasily~~, "as soon as the moon is up, I will have to go." Then she said in a *brooding* ~~troubled~~ voice, "I will be going from you, child, for a night and a day, and there is dread on me, leaving you alone." 7

"Oh Grania, deelish," Mavreen implored, "let me come with you!"

"Never will I let you go into the forest," Grania said ~~in a brooding voice~~.

"But there is nothing to be afraid of," Mavreen pleaded: "Everything in the forest is kind."

Grania looked at her with dark, troubled eyes.

"You have not been in the forest," she said "since you were a youngling learning to run. What do you know of the forest, child?"

Mavreen looked deep inside her own mind.

"I know," she said, slowly, "that it is full of quietness and the green-ness of tall, beautiful trees. The light is gentle and everything says 'hush'. Everything is waiting, waiting, and then it comes, - music so sweet it lifts me into the air, and I dance, like a leaf in the wind ..."

"Whisht, child," Grania broke in harshly. "Do not be

letting wildness into your mind!"

"Oh, Grania," Mavreen sighed, "the wildness that is in my heart and my mind will not ^{leave} ~~go from~~ me till I go into the forest under the trees."

When Grania heard those words she bowed her head down on her hands and Mavreen heard her moaning to herself as if she were in despair.

"Danger from the East is on her," Grania was saying, "and danger from the West, from the day and from the night; from the sun and from the moon; danger from the men that are in the world and from those that are neither ghosts nor men."

Mavreen was sorry; she had not meant to make Grania sad.

"Nobody will hurt me, Grania," she said, - "I that am only an untaught child, that does not know where she came from or who she is. I think you must have been having a bad dream." But the old woman went on murmuring to herself:

"It will be best for me," she was saying, "to roll down a great boulder and close her up in the cave ... but then, if I am taken or killed ..."

Mavreen cried out in anger, "You dare not!" But then she spoke gently because she knew that Grania would never do such a thing.

"Do not be fretting," she said. "I will come to no

harm. I will pull sallies and make a big basket for the apples and a little basket for the nuts and we will have a feast when you come home." But she could not make her old nurse smile.

Grania sighed and stood up; she put her two hands on Mavreen's shoulders and said, gravely: "Three biddings I put on you for the time that I am away. In your walking not to cross the water; in your sleeping to lie nowhere but in the cave; any strange thing that you may see that has life in it, to hide till it goes by."

~~Thaxxapentixihaxixxxt~~

"I will try to remember," Mavreen said. Already she was sleepy and tired. Grania covered her over warmly in her bed of heather and watched till Mavreen fell asleep. She went outside then and waited until the moon rose - the May moon, almost full; then ^{she wrapped her cloak about her and} ~~Grania~~ lit her lantern and set out for the forest alone.

The bleating of the goat awakened Mavreen. "Where am I?" she cried, springing up, startled, because all around her were curly ferns and gossamer ^{nets} ~~nets~~ spangled with ~~many~~ dewdrops ^{that} glistened in the light of the sun. She knew she must have walked in her sleep. "Or I danced, more likely," she said

to herself, remembering the sweet, wild piping that had blown into her dreams. "And now," she thought, "I have disobeyed Grania; but I didn't mean to, and no harm is done." 1300

She ran to the cave, touching the ferns as she ran, and spilling ~~glistening~~ fountains of dew; she milked the little white goat, drank the frothy milk, and then, taking the ~~crust of~~ bread Grania had left for her, ran after the bees who were fussing and buzzing, waiting to tell her where their honey was stored. She followed them to the willow where it was hidden - golden, delicious honey, and ate a big breakfast and washed her hands in the stream. She pulled 1400 twigs from the tree, then, and ran home with them, eager to set to work on her baskets. The hedge of gorse around the hollow was all in blossom and she breathed its sweet scent as she went through the gap. There she stood staring, for, sitting ~~before her~~, outside the mouth of the cave, was a creature such as she had never seen. He stood up, lean and twisted and stooping. The rags that hung on him dangled like leaves on a dead tree. His eyes were fixed on Mavreen and they glinted like yellow stones.

"Who are you?" Mavreen asked, wondering; "Are you a man?" 15

He stared at her and then made a sound in a voice as harsh as cornerakes: it was as if a cornerake laughed.

"I am thinking I know who you are," he said.

There was a greedy look in his yellow eyes. Mavreen thought he must be hungry. She thought she did not like men very much. But when creatures were hungry they must be fed, so she said, "I will bring you something to eat."

She ran into the cave and saw where her new shoes were lying beside Grania's spinning wheel. She put them on, took a handful of nuts from the bottom of the sack and ~~went out again~~ gave them to the man. 16

He ate rudely. His teeth were pointed. His finger nails were hooked like the claws of a bird of prey. ~~Mavreen wished he would go away quickly. She wondered how he had found the secret way into the glen.~~ All the time, ^{he} the man was staring at ^{Mavreen,} her but he did not say a word until he had swallowed the last morsel of food and then he began muttering to himself, saying things that ^{she} ~~Mavreen~~ did not understand. 17
~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ Mavreen thought that he was a strange thing, and then she thought, "How I have disobeyed Grania again, but it could not be helped, and no harm is done."

"What I found," the man was saying to himself, "I was not looking for, and what I was looking for, I did not find; and yet I am thinking that maybe I have found what I was looking for after all."

"Tell me what you were looking for," Mavreen asked.

"I was looking for Leprechaun. And may be, now, tis yourself could be telling me where he is hiding and where he 18

does be keeping the fairy gold."

"I don't know Leprechaun at all. Who is he?" Mavreen said, excited, and a ~~mocking~~ ^{voice} echoed, "Who? Who?"

"Do you not ~~hear~~ ^{hear} him?" asked the man. "Did you ~~never~~ hear him calling in his small, mocking voice, that'd scatter your wits? Did you never hear him chuckling to himself in the dark? Haven't yer heard the tap, tap of his hammer and he making shoes? That one is ^{only} half a fairy," he said. "He can live in the sunlight ~~and live~~ where they cannot go. He can cross water that they cannot cross. Their messenger, he is, and their spy. What is more, 'tis he has the ~~charge~~ ^{only} care of their treasure, and if you will help me to find where he has it hidden I swear I'll do you no harm."

"If it is Leprechaun's treasure," Mavreen said, frowning, "it would be cruel of you to steal it, and I won't help you at all."

"You have only to tell me," the man said then in a whining voice, "where it is that the rainbow ends, for 'tis there he does be hiding his crock of gold. Somewhere in this glen it is. Three times I saw a great rainbow and it ended ^{ing within} among these hills."

"Indeed I will not help you," Mavreen said, ^{answered crossly} angrily. ~~She gave a little start because she heard a voice quite close calling, "Cuckoo, cuckoo!"~~ The man stood up.

"You won't, won't you?" he said. He stood over Mavreen

glaring at her and his fingers were twisting and untwisting themselves.

"So you won't help me to find the gold?" he said through his teeth. "But you will help me to gold I am telling you! You will help me to gold! Gold by the handful! Gold by the bushel! Gold that'll fill a sack ... and 'tis not after fairy gold I am going now!"

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!", so loud and startling, ^{The call came,} that Mavreen suddenly knew that it was a warning. She turned and ran. The man chased her, shouting, but she was much swifter than he was and she led him a chase up the rough, stony side of the hill. When she hid herself and peeped out between two great rocks, she saw him below, doubled up, groaning with the pain in his side. He went stumbling about for a while, trying to find her then, shouting, "You will help me to gold," he went flapping away like a great, lame bird.

Mavreen hid until he was out of sight. She would have liked to follow and watch where he went but thought she had better not; ~~and~~, besides, there was something else on her mind. She stood up on a rock and cried, "Leprechaun! Leprechaun!"

Where are you? Where are you? But the only answer that came was "Cuckoo!"

at once X Record → Cuckoo

The Glen of Secrets by Dorothy Macardle

30

Fourth Broadcast

(9 minutes)

THE STOLEN SHOE

Mavreen called and listened, listened and called, and all the answer that came to her was "Cuckoo!" It came from farther and farther away. She ran all over the hillside, calling at the top of her voice, "Leprechaun! Leprechaun!" He ceased to answer and silence fell.

Mavreen stood still, smiling, listening with her heart and mind. She could hear the river chuckling to itself and the leaves of the willow laughing and whispering as if there were some secret that they knew. Quiet as a shadow, she stole on tiptoe to the willow, the oldest one, and peeped between its boughs that fell to the ground. There she saw him - a creature smaller than herself, all in green, huddling against the trunk. Gleeefully he laughed, when he saw her and he darted away. He leaped away like a frog, and Mavreen followed. He disappeared. The top of the poplar was rocking; he was up there; he poked his head out and called "Cuckoo." Bright black eyes he had, like a mouse, and a brown, pointed face. Mavreen climbed up after him but he dropped from a high bough and was gone again.

Under bracken that was as tall as himself, he hid from her, then jumped on a hillock and clapped his hands; away with him then, up to the mountains, swift as a hare, leaping from stone to stone. Mavreen meant to catch him but she did not want to wear out her new shoes, so she took them off and hid them under a myrtle bush. Leprechaun pretended not to be looking, but no sooner had she run up the hillside after him than he rolled down. There he was at the bush, her shoes in his hands; he smacked them together over his head with delight and then she saw him tucking them into his pouch. He turned head over heels, then went jumping over the streams into the bog.

Over the bog, then! No matter bare feet, Mavreen loved the squelch of wet moss between her toes. All day they played and chased one another, shouting and laughing, hiding and seeking, and not once did Mavreen touch Leprechaun with her hands. Among meadows and groves, over heather and fern, he led her, and she never tired; through rushes and reeds, over marsh and moss she followed him till the sun went down.

Then, at last, Leprechaun stood still. On a stepping stone in the middle of the ford, where it was easy to cross the river, he waited, beckoning to Mavreen. "Now he will go down to the forest," she thought, and she watched to see by what way he would go.

He crossed the river, hopping from stone to stone, and ran along its farther bank, beckoning, and pointing ahead to the Gap where the cataract fell. Mavreen, too, skipped by the stepping stones over the water; she, too, ran towards the Gap where the river leaped, frothing and shouting down. Not once did Grenia's bidding come into her mind. Now there was slimy moss under her feet and the hillside sloped down steeply. Leprechaun curled himself up like a hedgehog and rolled. Mavreen's heart throbbed, for she thought he would surely go hurtling over the edge of the cliff, but just at the very brink he sprang up. Mavreen clung to a sapling and watched. Never before had she been in this slippery, dangerous place. Foam and spray were splashing into her eyes.

Leprechaun pointed down to the forest. There it lay spread, its millions of lovely tree-tops all hushed and sleepy and green, wavering in the evening air.

Leprechaun pointed into a deep hole. A big, dark hole it was, that opened in a bank of clay. He disappeared into it, looked back to beckon again, then was gone out of sight. Mavreen could not bear being left alone. She cried out in grief, "Oh, Leprechaun! Leprechaun!"

After a long time his voice came back, muffled and echoing, as if it came from a hollow tunnel: "Here I am! Follow me! Follow me!"

Mavreen stepped carefully down and peered into the dark hole.

"The man goes that way," she said to herself, "and Grania, and Leprechaun, so why should I be afraid?"

But she did feel a little afraid, for the first time in all her life. The light was gone, and nothing had any colour; the Glen was filling up with a white mist that would make it hard to find the way home. The cataract made a thunderous noise and no other sound could be heard. No answer came any more to her call. Mavreen was all alone and she was cold.

"I will hurry home to the cave," she decided, "and I will gather ... I will ... I will ..."

She stood there, forgetting what she had meant to do. Her feet were tingling; her tiredness was gone, she felt as light as a bird. Below, the forest was no longer dark. Now it was like a silver sea; the flying spray and the mist and the water were all silvered by the lovely light of the rising moon.

Mavreen held her breath and listened. Far off, she heard weak, sweet piping, only a few notes.

She ran to the hole. She would have run into it like a rabbit into its burrow but that something screamed. A grouse sprang up from the ground at her feet and screamed at her, flapping crazily over her head: "Go back," it cried, "go

back?"

Mavreen was so startled she slipped and fell. She hurt herself and cried out with pain, and the music ceased.

Mavreen lay weeping; her feet hurt; she was cold; she was cold and tired and hungry and all alone. She had been weeping there for a long time when the warm light of the lantern fell over her and Grania gathered her up in her arms.

Grania did not scold. She left her heavy sack under a ^{stone} ~~sack~~, put ^{her} ~~a~~ cloak over Mavreen and a strong arm round her and, slowly, then, by the light of the lantern, they made their way home to the sheltering cave.

"What scared you, Alanna?" Grania asked, when Mavreen lay warm in her bed of heather and fern. "Tis long since I saw tears on your face."

Mavreen answered, "I lost my new shoes."

"I will make you a pair tomorrow," Grania said.

When Mavreen told her about the Leprechaun Grania brooded for a while, then said: "Do not be fretting, Acushla; I can guard you from Leprechaun. That one has but little power."

But when Mavreen, in a drowsy voice, told her about the man with the yellow eyes, Grania's face went as white as the mist.

"Our peace is at an end," she said.

Mavreen was too sleepy to understand, but she knew she had made trouble and felt sad.

"I forgot your biddings," she whispered. "I am sorry. Please, Grania, sing me a little song."

Grania sat by the bed and she sang a Soantree, - ~~h~~
~~h~~ and before it was finished Mavreen was asleep.

"The Night is dark about your nest
A cloud is on the moon,
Lie still, my bird, and take your rest,
Now sleep, Asthore, Arcon.

The wind that harps among the trees
Will play a drowsy tune
And give you dreams your heart to ease,
So sleep, Asthore, Arcon.

The rushes whisper, "Hush, husheen!"
'Husheen' the waters croon,
My pulse, my love, my secret queen,
Sleep deep, Asthore, Arcon."

The Glen of Secrets : Chapter Five

Copy of script for Monday, 4th June, 1951,
6.01 - 6.15 p.m.

SR.
4/6/51

Miss McCreery

- 7.10 RECITAL: Helen Pyke and Paul Hamburger, Piano Duets.
 Variations in G (K.501) (Mozart)
 Fantaisie in F Minor (Schubert)
 Cinq Pieces Faciles (Stravinsky)
 1. Andante
 2. Espagnola
 3. Balalaika
 4. Napolitana
 5. Galop
 Souvenirs de Bayreuth (Fauré-Messenger)
 (Fantaisie en forme de Quadrilles sur les
 Themes favoris de l'Anneau du Nibelung)
 Spanish Dance (Moszkowski)
- 7.50 NA TRÍ NÓIMEATAÍ: Gearrscéal le Diarmuid Ó Murchadha
 (An Tarna Craoladh)
- 8.00 TUESDAY REVIEW: Edited by Cecil French Salkeld
- 8.40 SCHUTZ: ST.MATTHEW PASSION : An Cór Laoideógach
 Conductor : Dr.Hans Waldemar Rosen
- 9.40 THIS WAR BUSINESS: Book Reviews by Basil Peterson
 "This War Business" by Arthur Guy Enock
 "Tito and Goliath" by Hamilton Fish Armstrong
 "The Hell Bomb" by William L.Laurence
- 9.55 NULCHT
- 10.10 NEWS
- 10.30 HOSPITALS' TRUST PROGRAMME
- 11.00 CLOSE DOWN

Fifth Broadcast

(14 Minutes)

THE MAN WITH YELLOW EYES

Through all Moy Angus, before the sun had set that evening the news ran that Skirnir had called a hosting at the Doon. The King's baker told it to the miller and the miller, going home, told it to the turf-cutters in the bog, and they told it to the boys who came from the coast, bartering fish for fuel, and from them the fishermen heard it, pulling their currachs to the shore; and the faces of the Gaels, while they listened, grew pale with dread: "For it is not wolves or deer," they said, "that the North-men go hunting with a hundred swords."

On Donal, too, fell dismay, for he knew well the terrible thing that his father willed to do and his heart was almost bursting with rage and shame.

He hurried out in the dusk seeking the brave sons of the old captains of Angus - boys who trusted him and knew that he was their friend: Con, whom he guessed to be their leader, or his own young page, whose mind was full of songs and stories about the daughter of Angus, their secret queen. Deep in his heart was the thought that he might find a way to save the child if these would tell him what he longed to know.

He walked in the shadow of the walls of the dungeons, for often the boys would steal there in the darkness to whisper to the captives within. He saw a small figure crouching against the wall. It was Laery, his page. He was pushing

Laery, his page. He was pushing food through the hole. "You shall not starve, Diarmuid," he was saying: "Every night I will come."

Just then, striding round the corner, came a huge bearded North-man all clanking in armour, carrying a torch. It was Skirnir, and there was hate on his face. The light of the torch fell on Laery, and with a shout of anger Skirnir seized him and flung him against the stones. He would have picked him up to fling him down again but that Donal sprang forward and stood in front of the boy, his face dark with wrath.

"Skirnir!" he cried, "you are no better than a wild beast: Do not touch Laery again! Do not touch him, Skirnir, or I will draw my sword!"

Skirnir stared, then flung back his head with a shout of laughter.

"Fight you, my prineling!" he cried, "that would be the sport of the world."

Then he stopped laughing and scowled down at Donal and spoke with a bitter sneer.

"A good friend you are, Donal," he said, "to the serving boys and the scullions! Let you make your friends of them then. For when Thorken dies it is not you who will be King of Moy Angus, Son of a Gael."

In a shrill voice Laery cried out: "It is not you, Skirnir, who will be our king!"

Skirnir seized the boy by the shoulder and spoke fiercely: "You know something, you impudent whelp! Something we do not know. And, are we, the Swordsmen of the King to go riding and chasing like madmen north, south, east and west, ignorant where to look for her, because brats like you refuse to speak? Tell me what you know of her or I will have you flogged to death."

"I know nothing and nobody will tell you anything, Skirnir," Laery cried; but he trembled for he knew Skirnir meant his threats.

Donal spoke sternly: "Thorken is king of this land, at this time, Skirnir, and it is not for you to say who shall be slain."

Skirnir smiled, showing his white teeth.

"So!" he said. "Well, when you are a man grown, Donal, we shall match our swords. That is a challenge to you." Laughing again he strode away.

~~Donal took Laery up to his tower. He said, sadly, "They are going out with a hundred swords, and we can do nothing."~~

~~Laery's face shone white in the candle-light but he spoke joyously.~~

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Donal took Laery up to his tower. // "Laery," he said, "I know as well as you what quarry Skirnir and his men go out ^{seek} to hunt, and how can I be still while my father sends merciless men to hunt down this child? I swear to you, that if you will tell me where she is hidden, I myself will ride out and find her and guard her from them with my life. You must trust me with your secret now."

"Kindest of masters," Laery answered, sadly: "There is not one of us but would trust you, but it is the truth that I am telling you now. No one in all Moy Angus knows where Mavreen has been hidden these seven years."

"Not even Con?" Donal asked, his heart sinking.

Laery shook his head. "No one at all."

Donal asked, "Do you not know, then, whether she is alive or dead?"

"I will tell you this," Laery replied: "If Mavreen ~~was~~ ^{had} died, the royal swans in the pool would sing a great and loud lament that would be ^{resound} ~~carried~~ to all the bounds of Moy Angus, and then they would die. But three days ago they were living. Mavreen is alive."

Laery spoke without fear but Donal ~~shook his head~~ ^{was aghast?}

"If Skirnir and his men find her they will kill her," he said.

Laery smiled. His face shone white in the candle-light but he spoke joyously.

"They are going like fools, Donal, not knowing which

way to go, and soon they will all be moon-struck men."

30B 40

Queen Muirne lay late awake, and when she slept she had a sorrowful dream. She saw a white faun fleeing towards her, tears streaming from its eyes. Grey wolves were following it, with eyes like holes burning, their tongues hanging out and white foam on their jaws. As they leaped to spring, the faun changed into a small white fluttering bird, but the wolves became hawks in the sky. They soared and swooped and Muirne, in her dream, held out her hands and caught the little bird to her breast. Then the hawks changed to North-men in armour, with axes lifted to kill, and in her arms she held a weeping, terrified child.

She woke with a cry. Remembering her dream she sighed with thankfulness because it had been a dream only, but then she started up out of her bed, affrighted by the din and clamour that arose from the courts of the Doon. She heard the shouting of orders, Skirnir's rough voice over all; the champing of horses and the creak of saddles; she heard swords being sharpened on grindstones and the clanking of coats-of-mail. The sky was red from the light of torches and choking smoke streamed into her room, bringing terrible memories into her mind. Again she seemed to see the North-men landing on My Angus; to hear the sounds of battle, the cries.

Muirne rose from her bed, her heart beating hard with fear and pity, for now she guessed what this hosting meant.

She closed her eyes and tried to think of peaceful things and she slept for a little while

~~"They are going like fools, Donal, not knowing which way to go, and soon they will all be moon-struck men."~~

~~Queen Muirne could not sleep. She wondered what it could mean, the din and clamour in the courts of the Doon. She heard the shouting of orders, Skirnis's loud voice over all, -- the clamping of horses' hooves and the creak of saddles; she heard swords being sharpened on grindstones and the clanking of coats of mail. The sky was red from the light of torches and the choking smoke streamed into the room, bringing terrible memories into her mind. She saw once more the landing, the battle and heard the cries. She could no longer bear her own thoughts, so she dressed and wrapped a blue cloak about her and hurried down the cold corridors and up Donal's winding stair.~~

As soon as Donal saw his Mother he knew what troubled her mind.

Paul again,

"They will find nothing, Mother," he said, but she shook her head.

"This time I am afraid."

Laery stood beside her, his bruises were forgotten, his face was flushed.

"They will find nothing, Muirne," he said.

Laery had a little harp that the queen had given him because to her the songs of the Gael that he had learned from Diarmuid were the sweetest music in the world, and it was Laery's joy and delight to sing to the queen. So now he took up his harp.

"I will sing to you," he said, "a secret song that will lift the trouble from your mind."

His fearlessness eased Muirne's heart a little, so she smiled at him and said: "Sing."

"It is a song," he told her, while he tuned the strings, "that the North-men would not understand even if they knew the words." Then he sang. These were the words of his song:

"Where is the bird of my heart's delight?
In the stormy night is she lost or fled?
To a far-off land did she take her flight,
Or light on a green bough overhead?

She is not seen and she is not heard,
My darling bird of the swift bright wing,
But the streams are singing the secret word
And the trees are stirred with the wind of Spring."

murmuring
Laery's song ended and Muirne repeated, wondering ...

"Where is the bird ..." *It's like my dream.*

thudding
A sudden noise rose from the court below. They looked out. Someone was *thudding* on the heavy gate of the Doon

and the guards were opening it. They saw a stranger pushing his way in and heard him call in a high cracking voice, "News! News for the King!" He was a thin man, twisted and stooping; rags hung on him like dead leaves on a tree. The guards held their torches to his face to see him better and his eyes glinted yellow, like yellow stones. "News for the King!" he was clamouring. "News worth a sack of gold!"

There was shouting and a throng gathered round. Angry North-men and white-faced Gaels. Donal heard Con's voice crying "It is the miser! Kill him!" and saw a group of boys struggling frantically to reach the old man. A tumult arose, cries of pain rang out and the sound of blows. The North-men beat the boys off with their swords and kept the stranger safe in their midst. Ferret's voice called out, "I will wake the King."

Muirne and Donal and Laery looked at one another, their faces pale.

"News worth a sack of gold?" whispered Muirne. "What does it mean?"

"It means that we must kill that Miser this minute!" Laery cried.

There were racing footsteps on the stairs. A boy broke in and leant against the wall, gasping, blood trickling

from a wound on his brow. It was Con. Because he was the son of the chief of the captains of Angus, the North-men had made him a groom.

"Donal," he said, breathlessly. Thorken has sent for you - you and Muirne. He commands you both to go down to the Great Hall. But do not go. Fly to a safe place. Fly to the forest. There is not a moment to lose. We are going to make war on Thorken. We are going to drive the North-men into the sea, but you ^{now} and Muirne no Gael wishes to harm.

"Oh, Con," Laery begged, "give me a sword!"

Con answered, "We have only sixty swords. You must fight with a sling and stones."

Muirne was wringing her hands in anguish. "Ah, no," she cried, "this is madness! You will all be slaughtered in an hour!"

"No matter how many are slaughtered," Con answered; "the time has come. It is the Miser from the forest. He knows where she is. He has come to betray Mavreen."

"I will plead for her," cried Muirne, "I will plead with Thorken; only do not fight! The North-men have armour and horses, - they have shields and swords and spears!"

"Pleading will not save her, Mother," said Donal;

"and fighting will not save her, Con, if you have only sixty swords. There are thousands of weapons in my father's armoury. You will all be slaughtered within the walls of the Doon before the people of Moy Angus can come to your aid. Your deaths will not save Mavreen."

"Then there is no way to save her," Con replied: ~~"We will do our utmost, nevertheless."~~

"Can you not find her and warn her?" Muirne ~~cried.~~ *asked.*

Con shook his head:

"We do not know where to seek her, Muirne; but now, in a moment, as soon as the Miser has spoken, Thorken and Skirnir will know."

"Then you can do nothing," Muirne said, imploringly:
"Do not throw your lives away."

"We can do this, Muirne, " Con answered sternly; "we can stand in the gates of the Doon and hold back the North-men until the last of the ^{Gaels} ~~Gaels~~ is slain."

Donal spoke then. He said, "Con, listen to me."

T.O

father's armoury."

"There is no other way," Con said.

"There is one way only, Con," said Donal. "Find her; take her to a new place of hiding before they come."

"Nobody knows where she is hidden," Con cried despairingly, and Laery said: "Nobody in the world."

"Then," said Donal, "we must find out."

He stood still for a moment. He felt swiftness and power rising up in him, as in a chained falcon when the moment is coming for it to fly. He turned to the wall and took from it a sword and a hunting knife and buckled them to his belt. Con and Laery were watching him, Laery's face bright with the joy of battle; Con grim as death.

"Do not make war," Donal said, "for a little while. I have quick ears. I can hear a whisper as well as a shout. I shall maybe hear what this Miser has to tell."

Con looked at him from under his dark brows, thinking, then he said:

"I think you are our friend, Donal; we will wait one hour *to see what you will do.*"

"Let my white mare, Fionnavar, ^{grand} be saddled and ready under the window of the great hall," Donal commanded. *And* Then he gave Con his hand and said: "I am your friend."

Then Donal went down with the Queen to the great hall through the corridors of the whispering Doon.

The Glen of Secrets
Chapter 6

2525

Copy of script for Engineer for Thursday, 7th June, 1951,
6.01 - 6.15 p.m.

JK.

7/6/51

Miss McCreevy

6.00	THE RINGDROPS
6.01	MAKING AND MENDING: With Peadar O'Connor
6.25	INTERLUDE
6.30	NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS : SIGNPOST TO PROGRAMMES
6.50	INTERLUDE
6.55	HERE'S THE DOCTOR
7.00	AMHRAIN: ROSEMARY McDONALD
7.15	"THE CUCKOO": A Feature by Norris Davidson
7.35	CAIT LANNIGAN: Songs by Olmar Schoek
7.50	LEABHAR NA gCUAIRTEOIRÍ
8.20	BLACK JESTERS AND DIXIE MELODY MEN
8.50	ROME : PARIS : NEW YORK: Letters from Radio Éireann's Correspondents
9.20	MY NAMESAKE, No.4.: GOVERNOR JOSEPH WALL. A Talk by Mervyn Wall
9.40	FARMERS' FEATURE: E.C.A. Programme
9.55	NUAIGHT
10.10	NEWS
10.30	HOSPITALS' TRUST PROGRAMME
11.00	CLOSE DOWN

Sixth Broadcast

7th June 6.01 - 6.15

(14 minutes)

DONAL RIDES AWAY

Donal had an Irish wolfhound, & very fierce and strong, who watched all night on guard in the Great Hall. As he crossed the court with Muirne Donal heard Bran barking and howling as though he were frantic with rage. The North-men were crowding round the door with drawn swords, afraid to go in. The Miser, in the midst of them, was wailing aloud with fear. The hound saw Donal and came bounding towards him and stood up, his paws on Donal's shoulders, panting with distress.

"Make way for the Queen!" Donal said, and the throng parted, and they went in.

The Queen sat on her throne beside the King's and Donal stood beside her, his hand on Bran. The North-men strode in, pushing the cowering Miser. The torches which they carried sent red gleams leaping about the ceiling and gigantic shadows prancing on the walls. Greedy eagerness was on every face. To Muirne they looked like a pack of wolves.

Among the shadows a sad figure was creeping, frail

as a ghost, seeking fretfully in every corner for some lost thing. It was Swayne.

"Not there," he was whimpering to himself. "Not there! Not there..."

Somebody called, tormentingly, "What have you lost, Swayne?"

Swayne answered in a sorrowful, hollow voice - "I have lost my memories, -- all my sweet memories! ... They are gone ... All gone He stole them away." Swayne was looking round him with blue, staring eyes. Muirne spoke to him gently as he passed by:

"Who stole your memories, Swayne?"

"He stole them with his music," Swayne answered. "He threw them away on the wind!"

The North-men were listening and whispering, uneasy. // "That is what happens to a man in the forest," they were muttering. "Swayne that was bold...."

The King was coming. The warriors lifted their spears, calling, "Washail! Washail!" and Thorken came in, mumbling and grumbling, half asleep. He sat heavily on his throne and before him the stranger stood quaking, so that the rags on him shivered like dead leaves in a wind.

"If it is not a true story and a good story that you have brought me," the King said to him, "I will have you

hanged and set up for a scarecrow in the fields."

"It is a good story and a true story," the Miser quavered. "It is a story worth a sack of gold!" He drew nearer to the King and whispered, "It is of lost treasure I have to tell you, Thorken. Treasure you have been seeking for seven years!"

Ferret was listening and watching with narrowed eyes like a cat's. He leaned close and whispered to the King. Donal heard what he said.

"Let none but ourselves know it, Thorken: it is the daughter of Angus he has found."

Ferret and the King whispered together, and the North-men watched them with scowling brows.

Then the King looked at Skirnir and asked, "Skirnir, are you ready to ride at dawn?"

"Ready to ride at dawn," Skirnir replied.

"This creature," Thorken said, "will guide you. Your way lies through the forest and beyond it. Whatever place he takes you to, you will surround it with ninety men, then nine men with your self and Ferret will search it until what you seek is found."

Sullenly and uneasily the North-men looked one at another; then all looked at Skirnir muttering, "Speak," and

Skirnir spoke to the King. He said, "Thorken, do not ask us to go into the forest again."

The Ferret smiled. Thorken stared at Skirnir and frowned and then whispered once more with the Miser. This much of the Miser's words Donal heard, for his whisper was like the cornerake's voice:

"South through the heart of the forest ... the cataract ... a crack in ^{the} cliffs ... a cavern within ..."

To Skirnir the King said, "You will go where this stranger leads."

Skirnir was the tallest and the boldest of all the North-men but his red face grew pale. He said:

"Anywhere but into the forest, King."

The King gave a roar of wrath:

"Skirnir! You question me? You bargain? You parley? You disobey?"

Skirnir replied, "Any command but this, O King."

Thorken laughed bitterly: "I understand," he said. "The captain of my captains is afraid!" Such scorn was in the King's voice that Skirnir bowed his head for a moment, but then he faced Thorken again.

"Give me armies to fight," he cried, "or wild beasts! Starved wolves or savage men! But no man can fight shadows, King!"

"What fool's talk is this?" Thorken hissed, "of shadows? Skirnir," he said sternly, "I will be obeyed."

From behind the King's throne came a gust of laughter and a light, singing voice called -- "The King must be obeyed!"

The King shrank, gasping, "What is that?"

"Call up the four winds, Thorken!" the voice went on.

"Call up the winds, Thorken! Bid them obey!"

It was Swayne. He stole round and peered at the King's face.

"There is a king in the forest," Swayne chanted, "and he is obeyed! He calls and rivers run, hurrying, hurrying. He calls and the shadows flee to him through the trees! He can command the shadows, Thorken! He can call up the winds! He is a king!" And laughing softly, Swayne crept into hiding again.

Skirnir looked at Thorken, saying, "You see! They have changed him into a moon-struck loon."

Muirne gave Donal a joyful look; she thought that now the North-men would refuse to go. But the voice of the Miser broke out, eager and shrill:

"I know another way, King! It is a longer way: Two nights and a day it will take, on swift horses - more, maybe;

but it is a safe way."

Again he crept, whispering to the King.

A few words Donal heard: "Round by the shore ... when the tide is out. Up the far side of the mountains ... the East ..."

The King looked at Ferret and asked with a sneering smile: "And my spies? Are they, too, afraid?"

Now Ferret was not brave, but he was cunning. In a voice as smooth as cream, he said: "We fear nothing, Thorken, in your service, but the heart of the forest is tangled and dark; horses could not pass through it, nor even a man on foot; but horses can gallop swiftly on smooth sand."

The North-men heard him and murmured, nodding their heads: "Ay, ay, that is so. The spy is right."

Thorken laughed scornfully, then he turned to Skirnir and looked at him, his face dark with wrath.

"Choose your own way," he said. "But harken to this: In two nights the moon will rise full. If before this moon dies that which we seek is not brought to me I will have you, Skirnir, and Ferret killed."

"My gold, O King!" The Miser was clamouring. "Give me my gold!"

"You shall have your gold, Scald-crow," Thorken replied, "when the daughter of Angus is in my hands!"

Ferret leaned to the King's ear and whispered a question: "Alive, Thorken, or dead?"

Donal heard Thorken's answer. It was: "Dead."

"To horse!" Skirrnir ordered, and the North-men moved to obey, but they heard a cry and turned. Muirne was on her knees beside Thorken. They saw tears streaming down her face, heard her pleading, beseeching him, and saw him thrust her aside roughly so that she fell.

"Go!" Thorken shouted to the Swordsmen: but before they could obey, a young voice cried commandingly, "Stay!" and the North-men stood still, amazed.

It was Donal. He stood facing Thorken, his face pale with anger and shame.

"Father," he cried, "you dare not do this thing!"

"Dare not?" Thorken was so astounded he could only repeat Donal's words, "Dare not," he gasped, "You say it? My own son!"

"This child," Donal cried, "has done you no harm..."

"No harm!" Thorken laughed; then, his hands clenched with anger, he said to Donal, "Are you a half-wit? Do you not know that because this child lives, the Gaels plot and scheme to take this kingdom from me, -- this land that I won in fair fight with my sword? That belongs to me, and to you after me, ungrateful whelp!"

"This land belongs to you," Donal answered, "the way

the gold a robber has stolen belongs to the thief."

"Thief!" shouted the King, "Robber!" the North-men cried, raging. "Son of a Gael!" they hissed; "Son of a Gael!"

"Son of a Gael I am," Donal cried, facing them, "and as for you, I think you are the sons of wolves. And to the Gaels this land belongs," he told them, "and the daughter of Angus is their rightful queen. And as for me, I will never wear a stolen crown!"

"Kill him!" the North-men shouted; "Traitor! ... Slave!"

"And if it comes to war," Donal said, "between the Gaels and the North-men, it is not on the side of the North-men & I will be found."

Skirnir laughed loud.

"O, Thorken," he cried, "your child frightens me! I tremble!" But Thorken did not laugh.

"An enemy in my own house," he said in a voice like low thunder. "Treachery on every side of me, and now my own son ..." He rose from his seat gasping; he was choking with his wrath. His doctor hurried to him, fanning him with his hands, and beseeching him to be calm. The King tore loose his golden collar and, half throttled with his anger, stormed on.

"Take him," he gasped; "drown him! ... Let me never see his face again! ... Robber ... Thief! ..." Suddenly he fell

on the ground in a fit.

The North-men surged towards Donal, their faces black with hate. Ferret and the doctor were lifting the King. Donal cried, "Stand, Bran!" and sprang to the window. Bran stood before him, facing the North-men, every hair bristling, his teeth bare. Even Skirnir dared not move.

Donal turned to smile at Muirne and sprang down. No one but Muirne dared to pass to the window. There was stillness for an instant within the Great Hall.

Then they heard the sound of a horse's hooves galloping out of the courtyard, out through the gates of the Doon, into the night.

Once again Skirnir shouted "To horse," and the host obeyed.

As Donal rode into the forest he could hear from the east the thunder of the hooves of a hundred horses galloping towards the shore. Fionnavear heard them also and she knew well, Donal saw, by the brave set of her ears, that this was a race. White as foam her main streamed in the dawn-light and Donal's crimson cloak floated on the air. "Where is the bird of my heart's delight?", Donal sang. They sped on, while the North Star faded behind them, along the

forest rides until the morning was gold and green on mosses and trees. Donal dismounted then and sent Fiannavar home because now there faced him the deep heart of the forest whose tangled thickets no steed could pass.

All through the long, hot day and the night that followed Donal struggled on, growing desperate with fear that he would be too late. Sometimes he ran, zigzag; sometimes he had to hew and hack a passage with his knife. He saw no movements and heard no sound save those of the woodland creatures and growing things until soon after dawn of the second day.

Donal listened. The beating of his heart was loud but that sound was louder. Could it be thunder? No, the day was breaking in a clear sky. It was a rushing noise. Was it the thunder of hooves? No: for it never moved nearer or farther away. Donal's heart leaped with joy: it was the waterfall.

By the time the sun rose he stood before the cataract and the blaze of its glory as it poured, arching and leaping down from the summit of the mountain cliff, made him cry out with joy.

Donal plunged into the torrent that rushed and swirled between the forest and the cliffs. He had a fight for his life among boulders and eddies but at last he was on the

farther shore.

He looked up at the stony face of the unknown hills. A hundred cracks and hollows opened, a thousand black shadows looked like the mouths of caverns among their folds. Within one of them was the tunnel that went up through the mountain to the hiding place of Mavreen but, Donal thought, he might be rushing from one to another for nights and days in vain before he found the secret way. In his despair, he began scrambling at the rocks, trying to climb them, but there was not a ledge or cranny more than half-way up by which fingers or toes could hold. He fell back again and again.

Bruised and exhausted, he stood staring at that wall of stone and he felt as though there were a heavy stone in his heart.

It was the sweet call of a blackbird that wakened Donal's courage again. The bird was flitting about on the cliff, close to the water-fall, in and out of the spray. Its quick little notes seemed to be calling to him: "Hurry up, hurry up, boy! Hurry up! Follow me," they seemed to say.

As Donal watched it the bird disappeared into a great crack in the rock, high up under the fall. It did not come back.

Putting out all his strength Donal pulled himself up against the weight of the tumbling water, found the hollow

mouth, stooped and passed through. He was in a cavern higher than his head. He groped his way on between dripping walls. The slimy floor seemed to wind up and up. The air was thick and the darkness ^{was} the blackest he had ever known. He heard the roar of the water behind him, but before him, in the echoing dark, going farther and farther away, higher and higher up, he heard the blackbird's whistling call.

Record in - Blackbird - up -
fade out

2525
Seventh Broadcast

(9 minutes)

HIDING AND SEEKING

So hungry Mavreen was, when she woke, after her day of racing and chasing Leprechaun, that she could think of nothing but the fat sack of food left behind by the secret hole. She wanted to run to the Gap and open it, but she knew that to go alone would frighten Grania and she did not want to do that ever again. She thought she would wake her, and then thought how very tired she must be; so Mavreen waited, still as a mouse, until Grania woke and then they set out, carrying their cooking pot, flints and spoons.

There was the bulgy sack, where they had left it. Mavreen was quickly at work, making a fire, but Grania would not think about breakfast: Grania would do nothing except push and heave at enormous boulders that were much too heavy for her to move.

"Up through the cavern a man will be coming," Grania said, "bringing your enemies after him. Help me to close the hole."

Mavreen pushed hard but her strength was nothing. Little

stones were no use. At last Grania said, despairingly, "There is nothing for us to do but hide. We can live no more in our sheltering hollow, because now it is known to the evil man."

"The willow tree will hide us," Mavreen replied, "but first I would like to eat, for I am as hungry as a wolf in winter." So they ate a big breakfast and then, between them, carried the sack across the ford.

Under the old willow they laid their bed and piled their stores and set up their hearth. The leafy boughs were so long that some touched the grass and the rest hung in the water. The river was wide here, making a clear pool. Mavreen lay on the soft grass, looking up through the green cage of branches at the sky.

"Now we have water," she said, "and all we need; and now, Grania, it is time for you to be telling me why we are hiding and why you are afraid."

"Yes," Grania replied: "It is time."

And so she told Mavreen at last about her noble father, King Angus, and about Thorken and his North-men who had killed him and slaughtered his young sons, and how her mother had died of a broken heart.

"When I saw Angus fall," she said, "I wrapt you in my cloak and fled with you into the forest and there I was wandering for nights and days, and there I thought we would

leave our bones."

"My grief, that I do not remember," Mavreen said. She was sitting up, gazing at Grania and her eyes were shining like a kingfisher's wings.

"Tell me about the forest," she begged, "for my memories ~~of it~~ are mixed with dreams. Was there music? Was there a silver tree like a cloud of stars? Did I dance on the air? Were we lost? Who showed you the secret way?"

"But," Grania thought, "it is enough to tell the child that murderous men are seeking to kill her, without telling her that the fairy people are wanting to steal her for ever away. And if they were her friends and help^{ed} me to save her from the North-men, it is only because they are waiting and watching and scheming to be taking her for themselves." So she answered only:

"The kind wood-cutter helped me. He gave me an axe and a spindle and food and counselled me to make for the hills. And so, after great hardship, after we had been half drowned in the torrent, and starved almost to death on the stony plain, we came out on this green glen."

A happy look had come on her face. "I thought," she said, "that we would be safe for ever. Late summer it was and the nuts and berries were ripe. Fruachans and hazel nuts there were in plenty, mushrooms and leeks, cress in the clear stream; good soil to sow seeds in; wild goats giving milk;

bees gathering honey for you in the summer; scented heather to make your bed yet!" she said, "the winters were hard for you, Asthoreen, and you a queen."

Mavreen looked down at the sunny glen.

"If I am a queen itself, Grania," she answered, "it is a good kingdom you found for me, and I would like to live a long time in this world... Tonight ^{sat} we will not sleep at the same time, but while you sleep I will keep watch," and then you will stay waking while I sleep."

But Mavreen fell asleep the first when the day was done. When Grania woke her to watch there were stars in the sky. They vanished one by one as the sky lightened, and all the little clouds became fiery-gold. At first Mavreen thought that the birds were white clouds.

They were larger than any birds she had seen; they had long necks and immense white wings; they shone in the sky, flying in from the Cap. Over Mavreen's head they circled three times and then they flew downward on to the pool. They made ~~such~~ a great splashing that woke Grania, and they swam to Mavreen.

There were seven swans. Their feathers were as sleek as petals and as white as snow. They bowed their long necks and Mavreen marvelled at them. Grania said, "They are the royal swans."

Mavreen said, "I welcome you, my beautiful, gentle friends."

She offered them bread in her hands but the swans would not eat. They were uneasy. They stretched their necks and lifted their great wings. They pecked at Grania. At last, one by one, they rose up and flew away.

"I am thinking," Mavreen said, "they came to tell us that this is not a very safe place. I think they want us to go away."

Grania sighed.

"We will go to the high ridge; to the rocks on the east where the river begins."

Up the rough hillside they climbed, taking what they most needed and found a sheltered place amongst great stones. Mavreen, peeping eastward between the rocks, was able to look at the sea.

"Beautiful the sea is without blemish," she sang. "Wide and smooth it is without hills. The sky puts blueness on it, and the clouds give it green and purple. Ganets are diving into its pools and seagulls are floating upon its waves."

"Do not be singing or talking," Grania whispered, "for your enemies may be climbing up from the shore. Do not be moving where you could be seen."

So, all day, they crouched in the shadows, watching and

listening, and whoever a bough creaked or a stone fell they held themselves as quiet as little birds when their are hawks in the sky. That night Grania would not lie down. Mavreen slept but, for the first time in all her life, she had a bad dream. A small wren there was, whose nest was destroyed, and a hawk stooped, and she was the wren.

A screeching noise in the air made her start up. She could see Grania's face, pale in the dawn light. There was a whirring of wings. Seagulls were wheeling and swooping, hurrying inland, with wild, angry cries. Grania seized Mavreen's hand and ran.

The warning had come almost too late, for already the North-men had left their horses and were clambering up the hills on the seaward side. Soon, on the rugged crest, stood a hundred men, tall and powerful. Their helmets and swords and spears and axes glittered, lit by the rising sun.

To Mavreen it seemed that everything was pursuing her - stones and shadows and trees.

"Run," Grania gasped, "for you are swifter, and let go her hand.

Mavreen forgot that the Miser knew the hollow, and straight down to the hollow she fled; to the cave that was her home. The old woman followed her, breathless and stumbling, but before Grania reached the ring of gorse she had been seen. She crouched at the back of the cave, clasping Mavreen to her

heart. "Nothing" she thought, "can save her now."

The North-men were shouting to one another: "There she runs! Look at her! There! There!"

Their harsh voices were echoing through the Glen, thrown back from crag to crag, so that it was as if thousands were shouting: "There she went! Into the hollow ... the hollow! Follow her into the hollow ... follow! ... follow! ... and kill her ... follow and kill ... kill ..."

The Glen of Secrets

Chapter 8 The Secret Queen

Copy of script for Thursday, 14th June, 1951,
6.01 - 6.15 p.m.

Miss McCreery

J.R.

14/6/51

Eighth Broadcast

(14 Minutes)

THE QUEEN

When Donal burst out of the dark cavern he was dazzled for a minute by the sunlight that filled the glen; then he saw the glitter of swords and spears and heard the shouts of ravening ^{host} men. He saw Skirnir; saw the Miser, beside him, point to a ring of blossoming gorse, and saw the North-men spreading out in a circle around it as if they were about to close in on some mighty foe.

Donal swam the river, sped, swift-footed, as a deer over the grass, dashed through a gap in the gorse-hedge and stood there, his back to the cave, his sword in his hand.

The North-men had seen him and the rocks echoed the rough sound of Skirnir's laugh.

"Well may he laugh," Donal thought, "for I have not even my hound to help me keep these villains at bay and against a hundred I shall not last long."

He heard Skirnir shouting "Stand back, my men! This fight is mine. Alone I will cut down this impudent boy." But a rude jeer broke out from a hundred throats because Skirnir's spur caught in a rabbit-hole and he fell on his face.

Donal heard a low cry from the cave and glanced behind him. He saw, in the shadows, the whiteness of the old woman's face and he knew that she was concealing Mavreen.

Six of the North-men, disobeying Skirnir, bounded down into the hollow and attacked Donal all at once. Their swords clashed, one hindering another's stroke. Donal could not use his sword, they pressed so upon him; he fought with his knife held in his left hand and the blood of his enemies reddened his arm. Skirnir could not come at him in the turmoil and shouted angrily, calling the others back.

"Leave him to me," he roared, "my sword is thirsting for this princeling's blood."

The men crouched on the brim of the hollow, watching, their eyes hot, their teeth bare, while Skirnir and Donal matched swords. Their blades met and slid and whistled; neither was wounded; neither was driven back. In the cave behind him Donal could hear the old woman sobbing: "You are lost, child, lost!" His wrists were strained; he was weak from his long struggle through the forest; Skirnir was a powerful man. But he heard Mavreen's clear voice, saying, "Hush, Grania, hush! He will save us. He is brave ... brave!"

His sword touched Skirnir's shoulder and drew blood. Skirnir was enraged: he had thought it would be swift work,

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killing Donal. His face was red and his breath came in great bursts, like a bull's.

"He will play with me," Donal thought, "till I fall exhausted; then he will kill me; then, Mavreen. At least I will keep him from her as long as I live!" and steadily, skilfully, he caught Skirnir's blows on his blade.

"What ails you, Skirnir?" taunting voices called from above, and Skirnir groaned with wrath.

Like lightning, Skirnir's sword flashed, the whole weight of the man behind it, as Donal parried the thrust, his sword was struck from his hand; it fell clattering behind him into the cave.

Skirnir sprang back to deal a death blow with his two-edged blade.

Donal heard Mavreen's voice, "quick, quick," in his ear, and the hilt of his sword was thrust into his hand. His blade caught Skirnir's in mid air, saving his head, but Skirnir's sword, glancing, smote Donal's knee.

Skirnir's breath hissed through his teeth. He meant to put a quick end to it now. Blow after blow rang upon Donal's blade and every one seemed heavier than the last, for Donal's strength was leaving him; he was reeling, giddy and weak. Hammers seemed to beat in his body and head; his throat was swollen and dry and he gasped for breath. Some-

thing seemed to be sucking him down. He could hardly move his feet now or lift his arm, yet he saw the flash of the blades in a red mist. He felt himself falling and lunged against Skirnir but missed him, and stood staggering. He heard Skirnir's laugh and a yell from the men above. It was a yell of triumph, but suddenly it was drowned in a wild outcry, a fury of yelping, barking and howling noises that seemed as if they burst all at once from all the hills around. The shouts of the men changed to a shriek of terror. "Wolves! Wolves!" they screamed, fleeing across the glen, up the hillsides and over the crest. From the brink of the hollow a grey form had sprung at Skirnir - straight at his throat, and hurtled him to the ground.

There in the hollow they wrestled, man and beast, until the man broke loose and bounded up and away, the animal after him, his jaws red.

Donal struggled up to the edge of the hollow and watched; he saw the man race, frantic with terror, across the ford, away to the Gap, to the cliff's edge, and fling himself headlong down.

"That is the end of Skirnir," Donal said.

There was not a North-man left in the Glen.

Donal heard a laughing voice behind him; "All those men

running in terror, and it isn't a wolf at all, 'tis a dog!"

He turned and went down, limping, and sank on the grass. He felt Mavreen's hands cool on his forehead and heard her voice, sorry and kind.

"Oh, Grania, they hurt him!" she said.

Grania was bathing his wounds with water and the dizziness was passing from Donal's head. Mavreen knelt beside him, stroking the wounded knee with her fingers, and the worst of the pain was gone.

"Is it leaves of yarrow I will get to bind it?" she asked Grania, and Grania said, "It is, and make haste." Quick as a thought Mavreen was away.

Grania's hands were shaking and her worn brown face with its thousand wrinkles, was wet with tears.

"She is safe now, Grania," Donal said.

Grania looked at the boy who sat on the grass exhausted, his feet black with bruises, his hands torn, the rage that were on him soaked with water and blood, and joy itself alive in his grey eyes. She knelt by him, combing his tangled hair with her fingers and speaking loving, wondering words.

"Who are you at all," she murmured, "that comes to us in our danger, like Cuchullain or Fionn MacCumhail? If you were the King of Ireland's son there could not be praises enough for your valour. If you were my own son I could not be giving you more love. You have saved my darling and my

queen."

"I am the son of Thorken and of Muirne," said Donal, "and I will not let harm come to Mavreen."

Grania shrank away from him, her face paling.

"Is it the son of the Sea Wolf?" she said. Then she broke into weeping and kissed his hands.

"Forgive me, Avic, forgive me!" she implored, "I am a wild, foolish old woman, out of my wits with dread Do not be heeding me at all, my love, my hero! You that saved her, you that guarded her with your life."

A troubling thought had come to Donal.

"Grania," he said: "What will we do if the North-men come seeking her again? For they dare not go back without her to my father; it is life to him to see her dead."

"They will never be done seeking her," Grania said, trembling, "and they knowing she is alive in the glen."

"Grania," Donal said then, and his face was happy, - "There is one place where she will be safe from them; they will not go into the forest, for they are afraid."

But Grania's eyes widened with dread and she leaned to him and whispered, clutching his hand:

"Do not be speaking of the forest, son of Muirne! Do not speak of the forest to Mavreen!"

Mavreen was on the brink of the hollow with her hands full of green leaves. She had heard Grania's warning and

looked at Donal with a secret smile. Then she sprang down and helped Grania to bind his wounded knee. Donal had never seen such eager, delicate hands.

"Do you know who it is," Grania said to her, "has come to us? It is the son of the Sea-Wolf himself who saved you, Mavourneen, in place of leading the hunt and tearing the life from your heart."

"I am the son of Muirne," Donal said: "the son of a Gael. My name is Donal, and I will guard you always, Mavreen. But this time," he said, smiling, "I think it is not myself that saved you; I think it is Bran."

"Too late Bran would have been" Mavreen answered gravely, "but for you that were like Cuchullain guarding the ford."

Above in the glen Bran was barking joyously. He came bounding down and ran round and round Donal, licking his face, panting, with short, sharp barks, as if his gladness would break his heart.

"He is laughing at the silly men, and no wonder," said Mavreen. She looked at Donal then and said, smiling, "As ragged as the man with yellow eyes you are, King's son ... I am going to make a bed for you," she said then, gently, "here in the sun, and you will have a long sleep." Then she ran into the cave.

Donal sighed; he was full of peace; it was very quiet in the glen.

"How did you make such a great noise, Bran?" he said, puzzled, "I thought myself it was a whole pack of wolves."

"There are strange echoes at times," Grania told him, "in this glen."

From far off they heard a weak voice calling, -- "Donal, Donal! Oh, are you dead?"

Donal sat up, amazed.

"It is Laery," he cried, and called, "Laery, Laery, I am here!" In another minute Laery came scrambling down, his face shining with joy to see that Donal was still alive.

"How in the world, Laery?" Donal exclaimed in wonder ... "How in the world? ... You and Bran ...?"

"Oh, Donal!" Laery said, his words all tumbled in his eagerness: "The Queen sent me and Bran found the way. All through the whole forest he tracked you, and up through the cavern; and then he heard noises and it was the North-men, and he was raging mad, and he tore away and I couldn't keep up ... And Thorken is dead."

"My father, Laery!" cried Donal. "Dead?"

"He fell in a fit," Laery told him, "and so he died. And Muirne took the keys and she opened the dungeons and the Gaels are in the armoury and they have thousands of spears and swords. So some of the North-men are shouting, 'To the ships,' and some are saying 'Wait, because when Skirnir comes back he will fight a battle and make himself king' and so

they are all in a quarrel."

"Skirnir could not make himself king, if he were living," Donal said, "without swords and spears; and Skirnir is dead. And Moy Angus has no need of a king now, Laery. The Gaels have their Queen."

Donal turned and Laery turned. At the mouth of the cave Mavreen was standing, and the sun made a shining cloud in her hair.

Laery gazed at her and his face quivered and tears came into his eyes.

"It all happened before," he said, "and I woke, and it was a dream."

Mavreen came to him and took his two hands.

"I am not a dream, Laery," she said.

Laery gazed at her with joy and love on his face.

"Daughter of Angus," he said, "you that are our queen: You are living; you are coming to us; you are our own!"

A shade of trouble fell on Mavreen's face. She went to Donal and asked him in a low voice: "Donal, do I belong to them?"

"Yes," Donal answered: "You belong to them."

He, too, felt afraid for a moment that it was a dream. Mavreen was like a rainbow, he thought, that had changed into a bird and then into a child ... He was half afraid that she would change again into something that he would not be

able to touch or see.

Mavreen looked into his face, smiling.

"You are half asleep, and no wonder," she said ...

"Come, Boy," she said then, calling Laery, and led him into the cave, and they came out carrying armfuls of heather and spread it in the sunlight. Mavreen unpinned Donal's cloak and laid it over the heather and bade him lie down.

"Sleep awhile, son of Muirne," Grania said to him, "and when you waken we will have food."

Donal lay down on the soft bed of heather and Mavreen knelt by his head.

"Rest awhile and strength will come back to you. Rest awhile, Donal," she said. She drew her fingers three times, very softly, across his forehead, and Donal slept, hushed by the peaceful sound of the waterfall.

The fables of the world by Donal, Mac Ardle.

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Monday 15 June
Ninth Broadcast

(9 Minutes)

INTO THE FOREST

"Wake up," Grania called, "wake up, Donal; the broth is ready; sorrel is in it and leeks and lentils and it is fit for a king's son and a queen."

They sat round the fire near the river and drank the good broth out of wooden bowls. There were only two bowls, so when Grania had finished she gave her's to Laery and Donal waited for Mavreen's. Then the hound, Bran, had his share - the richest, from the bottom of the pot, because Donal said it was he who had saved Mavreen. Then they had cakes made from honey and oatmeal out of Grania's sack.

Mavreen crumbled her honey-cake in her lap.

"Lie quiet a minute, Bran," she said; and he lay still under her hand. "I am giving a farewell feast to my minstrels."

She whistled and little birds came flying. Mavreen was half hidden under a flicker of wings.

"Look," she said softly to Grania, "the Ousel who was

hurt is quite well again. See how sleek his feathers are." And she smoothed them with her gentle hands.

Donal said, "It is charmed ointment you put on my wounds, also, Mavreen, for the pain is gone from them; and my strength has come back to me, Grania, with your good broth; and now it is time for us to be on our way."

Grania said, "It will be better for us to wait until morning."

Already the evening star was white in the sky, but Donal said, "No: for I think that some of Skirnir's men will come creeping back in the dark. They will not have heard that my father is dead and their fingers itch to earn his sack of gold."

"We will travel by the light of the moon," Mavreen cried joyously, "and tonight the moon will be full." She lifted Donal's cloak to bring it to him, but it fell to rags in her hand, cut to bits by the thorns of the forest and by the North-men's swords.

"Now you are in a worse way than the Miser," Mavreen said, laughing.

Grania would not smile. She said, "We will go over the ridge, eastward, and climb down and walk by the shore."

Donal would not agree:

"That way the North-men have gone: there they will be

lurking," Donal said. "It is by the forest we must go."

Mavreen looked at him, and the evening star was not as bright as her face. Donal knew that it was the wild desire of her heart to go into the forest, and he thought that, to give Mavreen what she wanted, he could crumble the mountains or plough the sea.

"She will be safe in the forest, Grania," he said. There is an old, mossy shieling in it, and there we will sleep."

Grania stood between them and the love and praise had gone from her voice. She bade Mavreen and Laery go back to the cave and gather up what they would need for their journey, then she faced Donal and spoke in a low voice, harsh with her fear.

"Seven years I kept her safe from her enemies, but I do not know how to be saving her from your folly now."

"But Grania," Donal said gently, "two nights and a day I was in the forest and I saw no evil thing."

Darkly she spoke:

"There is more in it maybe than your eyes would see."

"My sword is sharp," Donal replied, "and the walls of the shieling are strong."

"Will the walls shut out the music," Grania asked him, "that is blown on the forest air when the moon is full?"
Can you fight moonlight with your sword?"

Donal thought of Sweyne, his father's spy, whom the forest music and moonlight had bereft of his wits.

"Surely, Grania," he said, "if there are beings in the forest who harm her enemies, they love Mavreen?"

"Ay," she answered, bitterly; "You have said it. Love her and want her; love her and call to her; love her and seek to steal her for ever."

Donal thought, "After all, Grania is only an old woman grown foolish with long sorrow and fear."

He said, "You shall keep Mavreen close to your side."
Grania shook her head.

"Sweet and obedient the child is," she answered, "but obedience will leave her; remembrance will leave her and wildness will seize on her heart when the music comes."

"You shall warn her against it," Donal said.

"The more we warn her, the more she will be listening for it and the wilder she will be to go after it," Grania replied, "and the greater will be its power."

"Then we will say nothing of it, only guard her well. But into the forest we are going, and without more words."

Donal spoke sternly and Grania wept.

"Sorry for the old woman," he said, gently, "I will guard Mavreen with my sword and with my strength, Grania, and with my love."

"Your love," Grania answered, "would need to be strong."

"Your own is no stronger, Grania," Donal replied: "I will say no more."

Then he called Laery and gave him commands. Bran was gazing at Donal, panting, and Laery stood, holding the hound on a leash, ready to start.

"Try to catch a horse, or a pony in the forest, Laery," Donal said: "You will maybe find one that Skirnir's men lost. Go with your best speed to Doon Angus and tell my mother all that has happened. We will wait at the shieling of Angus that you know of. Con is to come with fifteen boys riders, bringing my mare, Fionnavar, for me, and the grey pony, Mannanaun for Mavreen. When the riders are within sight of the shieling they will wait there and blow their bugles and we will come. "

Like an arrow, Laery was gone, with Bran barking delightedly by his side. Grania threw clay over the fire and then, silent, heavy with her grievous thoughts, walked with Mavreen and Donal towards the Gap.

Mavreen's feet were swift. She ran aside with Donal to show him the garden of herbs where yarrow grew, that eases wounds, and eye-bright and wolf's-bain, and wound-wort and self-heal - madder, too, that gives a scarlet dye. She showed

him the blackthorn thicket where sheep had left tufts of wool for Grania to spin and weave into warm stuff. She ran to the willow tree and whispered there, and came back, saying, "I have told the bees where I am going and they will follow us and make honey for us in Lis-na-Ree."

They had reached the mouth of the cavern and were waiting for Grania when a throbbing noise in the air made them look up. It was the sound of the wings of swans.

Three times, the swans circled over their heads, then they flew northward over the forest until, in the deepening twilight, they could be seen no more.

Donal asked, wondering, "Are they the swans of Angus?"

"Yes," Mavreen told him, "they are the royal swans and they are going home."

Grania came and, stooping, passed into the dark cavern without a word. Mavreen paused a moment, looking back at the glen. The valley was full of shadows, and dewey scents hung in the air; the river ran with a whispering sound.

"Glen-na-Roon, Glen of the Secrets," she said, "Do not forget Mavreen!"

Then, followed by Donal, she went down into the dark.

When they came out of the cavern there was no light left in the sky and in danger, *Mavreen & Grania's* they would have been, crossing the

torrent, but that Grania remembered a fallen pine that had made a bridge for her seven years ago. They walked westward a short distance and there the tree lay, its trunk spanning the torrent's bed. With Donal to help them they made their way over it quickly and then they were on the stony ~~plane.~~ plain.

Donal lifted Mavreen in his arms and carried her until moss was under their feet.

"There is no weight in you at all," he said.

He set her down and they stood on the edge of the forest between great trees that rose up in the twilight, like the gates of a dark castle that would be owned by no mortal king.

Mavreen, listening with all her heart, could hear no sound except, from hidden nests overhead, the flutterings and greetings of sleepy birds.

Record on — Wood Birds Morn'g J. J. J.
up & fade out.

Engineers.*The Glen of Secrets**by Dorothy Macarthur*

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Tenth Broadcast

(14 Minutes)

SILVER SHOES

Sometimes Grania urged them to hurry, as if to be safe in the shieling before the moon would rise could be her only thought; sometimes she would bid them hush and draw them aside, frightened by the sound of a twig snapping, or the call of a nightjar, or by a glow-worm's light. But nothing frightened the travellers or hindered them. Donal found the passage he had cut through the thicket with a whole day's labour and they were through it in less than an hour; then they were walking for a long time among beeches, with soft moss under their feet, then through a copse among sweet scented ferns and honeysuckle, spilling the dews of night. When a cloud hid the sky overhead, Donal spoke softly to Grania:

"I can no longer see the North Star, and if we travel on we shall lose our way;" but Grania told him in a low voice, "Mavreen knows her way always, the same as the birds." And so they went on.

Mavreen was walking as lightly and surely as though she were a child of the woods, listening, her lips parted, her eyes open wide.

In the light of the lantern she looks ^{pale} like a still moon

Grania grew weary, because she had lost her peace and, with it, her strength, still, she kept urging them on: "Make haste! Make haste!" // *Soon after midnight-*

The The cloud passed away and between the trees a pale light could be seen in the sky: the moon would be rising before very long. The old woman was stumbling over roots and briars, trying to walk faster, and she gasped for breath.

"Do not be troubled, Grania," Mavreen pleaded. "There is no danger any more."

"Tomorrow, Grania, you will be home again in the Doon among your friends who remember you," Donal said, and he talked about the faithful people and the young sons of the captains of Angus, and told how all their songs, and all their thoughts and dreams, were about the coming of their queen.

Mavreen, listening, became very grave.

"All these people," she whispered, "loving me and waiting for me, and I only a child from the wild hills. It will be a long time before I am wise enough to be a queen."

"You will have good counsellors," Donal answered, smiling at her.

"I will have your mother," Mavreen said, contentedly, "and you."

She ran about as if to dance with the fireflies, who were flitting up and down but Grania, trembling, called the child

to her side and held her.

"Be still," she said, breathlessly, "for there is smoke in the air," and she flung her dark cloak over Mavreen.

Donal went forward very quietly among the oak trees then, ^{called?} in a joyful voice, "Come! Come and see!"

There, in a clearing, they saw the square shape of a hut. It was the shieling of Angus. The small window^s was open and through it ~~shone~~ flickered the rosy light of a fire.

"Someone has made a feast for us," Mavreen cried, delightedly as she ran in. Grania and Donal, too, looked round the little room, amazed. Swept and clean it was; a fire of logs burned in the hearth; a bed of fresh bracken was spread in the corner; three stools were drawn to the table, and on the table were dishes of fruit and honey and three bowls brimming with thick cream.

"Could my mother," Donal said, wonderingly, "so soon? ..."

Grania shivered as though the leaping shadows made her afraid. Looking at the fruit on the table, she asked in a low voice, "Where did those come from? Raspberries in spring-time?" She caught Donal's arm and the grip of her thin brown hand was as hard as a man's.

"'Twould be better to go on all night through the forest,"

she whispered. "It is not a good place: 'tis not natural. Take us away from here!"

Donal looked at Mavreen; she was moving about, sparkling with pleasure, sipping the cream, making the firelight glow through her hands, rose-red.

"Grania," Donal said, "surely, whoever made this place ready for Mavreen, it was no enemy! You and Mavreen will sleep!" he said, "on the soft bracken, and I will watch in the forest all night."

Grania turned away from him in bitterness and crouched on the floor by the fire.

"You are all kings and queens now," she said, "and 'tis I must obey. You are foolish children and I have the weight on me of the morrow and the wisdom of years."

Her face was like carved wood in its misery and her eyes looked blind.

Mavreen ran to her and rubbed her cheek against Grania's, her arm round her neck.

"Do not be saying sad things, Grania," she pleaded, "because everything is happy now. Tired you are but to-morrow you will be happy, tomorrow in Lis-na-Ree, and I myself will make a bed for you of feathers and you shall never be tired any more."

Grania clasped Mavreen to her breast in a passion of

love and fear. "Oh, my share of the world," she moaned, "if I lost you where would I go, looking for death?"

"There now," Mavreen said, "take your supper. Bursting red, the raspberries are, and it is the creamiest cream! And I will shake up the bracken and make a soft bed."

Mavreen ran to the shadowed corner where the bracken lay, and Grania whispered sharply to Donal, "The moon is rising! Close the shutters! Bolt the door."

Before Donal could move there was a joyful cry from Mavreen. She was standing still with a small glittering slipper in each hand.

"Oh," she cried, breathless with delight, "oh! ... oh!..."

Donal looked at them in wonder; no craftsman of Liss-na-Ree had ever made such delicate shining things.

Grania said not a word, but, leaning sideways, she seized the slippers and thrust them into the flames.

Quick as thought, Donal had snatched them out again. His fingers ^{were} burnt but the shoes were not scorched at all. He knelt and put them on Mavreen's feet. Grania sank down on the bed of bracken and hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, they are made of moonlight," Mavreen exclaimed. She stood feeling the ground for a moment with her toes; for a minute she looked a little afraid. Then, with little quick steps she ran tiptoe, then paused again.

"Almost," she said, scarcely breathing, "almost I could dance on the air!" Then she wheeled and whirled on her toes crying, "I am a fountain, I am a flame!" She stood still then, swaying a little, and a strange light in her eyes.

"Where did those come from?" Grania cried out. "Who made them? Who had your measure beside myself? ... Shoes that fit like your own skin on your feet! Shoes that fire will not burn!" Then she cried to Mavreen, imploringly, "Take them off for me, Alannah, take them off for me, Vein of my heart!"

Mavreen turned to the table and took a cup of cream and carried it to Grania.

"Drink it for me, Grania," she said.

But Grania shrank from her.

"I would not drink it," she said, "if I was to starve! Let you not taste it, Mavreen."

Mavreen was smiling.

"Drink it for me, Grania," she insisted, "and I will take off the shoes for a little while."

Grania looked at Mavreen as though she scarcely knew her, and slowly obeyed. Mavreen, laughing softly, pulled off the slippers and left them beside the fire.

"Come now, Donal," she said, going to the table, "and

take your supper. Thirsty, I am."

Donal went to the table and ate a few raspberries, but he was puzzling his mind so much over the slippers that he hardly noticed how sweet they were.

"I have left a little cream," Mavreen said, "in the bottom of my cup. I am going to put it on your fingers, Donal, and it will make them well. I love you for saving my beautiful shoes."

With gentle fingers she smeared the cream on the burns and dried it with a raspberry leaf, then she kissed the place and smiled at Donal, and the pain was quite gone. He felt as if everything that had ever in all his life made him unhappy had been soothed away.

"Now," he said, "I will bring Grania her raspberries."

He crossed to the couch with the bowl, and stood still, amazed, for, sunk in the bracken, Grania was fast asleep.

Tired though she was, he knew Grania had not wanted to sleep. Donal could not help thinking it was strange, - as strange as the ripe fruit and the gossamer shoes. He looked at Mavreen: she was gazing out of the window, very still.

"Grania has fallen asleep," he said.

Mavreen did not answer; she was listening.

"They are waiting," she murmured. "Nothing is asleep

any more."

"Look how bright our fire is, Mavreen," Donal said and threw on a small log.

Outside in the clearing a light was growing, - it was the light of the rising moon.

Mavreen ran to where her bright slippers were lying and drew them on, then she ran to the open door.

"Everything is waiting," she whispered. "The little shadows are quivering among the grasses, and the leaves are trembling on the trees. Soon, soon, it will come ..."

It seemed to Donal that keenness came to his ears, - he could hear sounds that had been too faint for him before: the sounds of the flowing of sap and the growing of grasses and the uncurling of leaves and ferns; but then he thought that what he heard was a thin fluting, ^{the} ~~like~~ music of the wind in reeds.

Like a leaf in a breeze, Mavreen ran to the door. She turned on the threshold and held out her hands to him.

"Do not go into the forest!" Donal cried. "Stay here Mavreen; it is warm; it is safe."

Mavreen shook her head, smiling.

"I am going," she whispered. "Come with me, Donal. Come!"

The music was whirling nearer, windily, stormily, and

Mavreen turned from Donal. He caught her and dragged her back, held her to him and closed the door; he reached out and pushed the shutter across the window, and silence fell.

Donal marvelled to hear no more music, because there were wide chinks between the logs of which the hut was built and through these the moonlight and scents of the night came in, yet he heard no sound, now, unless it was a strange little laugh.

The wildness was gone from Mavreen. She leaned against him, sighing, as though she was tired.

"Only," he thought, if I could make her sleep."

He threw a pile of bracken in front of the fire, making a deep nest. Mavreen sank down and gazed into the flames.

"I think I have been dreaming," she said.

He threw a spray of bracken on the flames, saying, "Look." First there was a flare; then there was a red-gold fern; then there was nothing. He said, "What do you see in the fire, Mavreen?"

"I see," Mavreen answered, "sun-rise city on a hill."

"And you see," he Donal said, "a wide open door?"

"And a wide open door," Mavreen answered, drowsily, "and a beautiful, tall woman, who smiles ... Her gown is all wavy blue ... She is waiting for me ... I am coming..."

Mavreen's head lay against Donal's knee; she was asleep.

music in

Donal was glad Mavreen was asleep, because now the music was stealing round the shieling again. Gentle it was, as his mother's voice, singing, and he a child in his cradle, falling asleep. It rose and fell, rose and fell, like the waves of the ocean under his father's ship ... Rose and fell, like the waves of the sea.

In the shieling, the fire burned low and shadows gathered, while Granie slept on, and Mavreen. Donal stirred a little and struggled, and then he, too, fell asleep. Music up to end, natural fade on disc up well at this point.

✓/ faint
Building up
Hold

The *Journal of Secrets* by Dorothy Macardle

Eleventh Broadcast

(9 Minutes)

THE MUSIC OF FORGETTING

Mavreen did not know where dreaming ended and waking began, because it seemed to her that it was in a dream she had unlatched the door, run out into the forest, run for miles and miles among trees, yet, now, wide awake, she was standing in a glade of the forest that she had never seen and the smoke from the shieling was nowhere in sight.

Her dream had been full of windy music, but there was no music now; no sound; and she was alone.

She did not want to be alone in the forest. She wanted to see the maker of the music, whom she had seen only in a memory or in dreams. She wanted to be back in the shieling with Grania and Donal, resting beside the fire.

She turned to run back; turned again, but did not know which way to go. For the first time in Mavreen's life, no knowledge of the way came to her, and she was afraid. She was too much afraid even to call out, so very strange everything seemed; the glade was so silent; the shadows were so still. They were waiting. Mavreen held her breath ~~waiting~~, ~~and~~ and stood still, waiting, too. Then a moonbeam moved

*Four Sea Interludes - no I
opening bars - out before
happ. quick.*

and he was there. He was there, moving among the trees as she had seen him long, long ago, so beautiful that light fell from him, gleaming on the ferns and leaves. His head was thrown back and his eyes were half closed; he was holding a long reed to his lips. The forest was silent as before its king.

Mavreen knew that he was playing for her. He was fluting softly, so softly that she could scarcely hear it, - music that was like the evening star, glimmering to itself before it is seen. He threw her a bright, sidelong glance, and she wound her way towards him among the trees like a shy fawn; then he turned from her and went leaping away, piping a gay, triumphant tune, and Mavreen followed, running, darting, dancing, as fleet as he in her fairy shoes. Over leagues and leagues of forest she followed, among the fluttering shadows and whispering leaves, the piper lighting the way like a moonlight mist, until they came to rest on a mossy rath among flowering hawthorn trees.

Under a tree that was like a cloud of stars Mavreen lay, and the fairy king leaned over, laughing and whispering:

"Why did you keep me waiting for seven years? Were you a prisoner, Mavreen?"

"Yes, I was a prisoner," Mavreen replied.

He laughed and sprang to his feet.

"Now you are free! Now you have come to me. Everything comes to me when I take power from the moon. Listen!"

He put his reed to his lips and stood playing and a storm of rejoicing music rose in the air. As though blown on the storm, silver-bright Beings came flying through the air; out of the shadows they came, singing and calling and gathering about Mavreen. They darted and flashed in the air like ~~minn~~ fishes in water. Some were like images of herself that Mavreen had seen in pools; others were taller and more beautiful than any mortal she had ever seen. At last they came to rest on the rath beside her like a flock of birds.

Loving and wondering voices, she heard all about her; delicate hands were stroking her face and her hair; they were calling one to another in delight. One said, "Her eyes are blue ... blue." Others said, "Touch! ... her heart beats. Her breath is warm! ... Her hair is like gold water." She heard a shrill voice crying, "I made her shoes!" and saw the small, pointed face of Leprechaun. "Oh, King, will she stay with us always?" they asked.

"Yes," the King answered: "She will stay with us always. She is my love; my bride."

Mavreen cried out and tears came into her eyes. The piper looked at her sharply, saying, "I hate weeping things."

Why do you cry, Mavreen? We do not cry."

"Oh," she answered, "it is because I can't stay with you."

"Why, Mavreen?" All the shining ones were whispering,
"Why?"

"Because there is Grania," she answered; "there is Donal;
there are all the people and I am their queen."

The Ever-Living ones laughed softly in answer.

"It is our queen you are now, Mavreen."

"I do not know who I am," Mavreen sighed. "There is a
little pain in my heart."

The Shining Ones cried out to her in sweet joyous voices:
"Dance with us! Dance, Mavreen! We will dance it away."

"Dance! Dance it away!" the Piper cried, and began to
play.

He played a low, rushing music that circled about the
rath, and, like swifts flying low, the Shining Ones danced to
it. They caught Mavreen's hands and she danced with them,
lightly, fleetly over the dewy moss. The music eddied and
whirled, higher, faster, and the Shining Ones rose and flew in
the moon-lit air, but Mavreen's feet would not leave the ground.
Higher and wilder still soared the music; they let go of
Mavreen's hands and circled in swift mazy dances over her head,
until the music grew gentle and still and they drifted down.

"She cannot dance on the air, King," they were complain-

ing. "She is a mortal still."

"Are you a mortal still, Mavreen?" the Piper said, mournfully, leaning over her. "Mortals are poor things, Mavreen! Their hearts are heavy with pitiful memories; they sigh and sleep, and when they sleep they have sorrowful dreams. But you are not one of them, Mavreen."

"I do not know what I am. Oh, play to me! Make me dance on the air!"

"You must throw away your memories, the Piper said lightly, and the others moved round her, calling, "Throw them away on the wind! Throw them away!"

Mavreen whispered, "Will they never come back?"

"Never, never," they replied.

"I don't think I want to lose them for ever," Mavreen ^{she} said.

"You do; you do," the King cried, and his eyes looked into hers, full of power. "You want to be as light as the air, as bright as a flame. You want to have a thousand little lives and be every beautiful thing that is born under the moon... Listen! Listen!"

Again he played, and Mavreen, standing tiptoe, her arms flung wide, thought that in another minute the power of music would lift her into the air; that she would float on the air and fly like a bird, but the music stopped and she stood,

drooping, her feet on the earth, feeling as if her heart would break.

The King was leaning towards her, smiling.

"Why do you not obey me?" he said sweetly. "Why do you not throw them away? We have no heavy memories, my little bride: We are free. In the moonlight we fly and dance in the forest, and in sunlight, Mavreen, do you know what we are? We are fountains; we are mist and wind; we are clouds in the sky, and dancing shadows, and waves that leap, and flames that play in the air. We are everything that is free."

"Oh, make me free like you," Mavreen pleaded. "I want to be everything. I am tired of being only Mavreen."

They laughed with joy and delight, the Shining Ones and it was like the laughter of all the little rivulets hurrying down the hills in Spring.

"I will be the river," Mavreen thought, "dancing and leaping through Glen-na-Roon. I will be the foam of the waterfall! I will be a sunrise cloud!"

The piper said, "I am going to play you the music of forgetting, Mavreen."

The Shining Ones were whispering, "She will stay with us for ever, for ever. Her memories will all be gone."

"You will be with us for ever," the Piper whispered. "You shall fly with me on the air; you shall dance with me on the

sea. We shall be one wave; one flame."

X Record in -

Mavreen heard a thousand whispers: "Play, King, play the music of forgetting."

"Are you listening, Mavreen?"

"I am listening," she answered under her breath.

The King put his reed to his lips and the whole forest whispered, "Listen! Listen, Mavreen!"

up.

X Record - (reverse of record used at beginning)

Pasacaglia from mark to end.