

Rough copy corrected
by W. B. Yeats

THE HOUR-GLASS



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By.
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SCENE

The Wise man's house. An Hour-glass on a stand and a big chair with a great book on a desk before it.

(Enter PUPILS.)

1st PUPIL. He said we might choose the subject for the lesson.

2nd.PUPIL. There is none of us wise enough to do that.

3rd.PUPIL. It would need a great deal of wisdom to know what we want to know.

4th.PUPIL. I will question him.

3rd.PUPIL. You ?

4th.PUPIL. Last night I dreamt that someone came and told me to question him. I was to say to him, "you were wrong to say there is no God and no soul - maybe, if there is not much of either, there is yet some tatters, sometag on the wind, some rag - so to speak of divinity, some bob-tail of a god ". I will argue with him, - nonsense though it be - according to my dream, and you will see how well I can argue , and what thoughts I have.

1st PUPIL. I'd as soon listen to dried peas in a bladder, as listen to your thoughts.

(FOOL comes in)

FOOL. Give me a penny.

2nd.PUPIL. Let us choose a subject by chance. Here is his big book. Let us turn over the pages slowly, let one of us put down his finger without looking, the passage his finger lights on will be the subject for the lesson.

FOOL. Give me a penny.

3rd.PUPIL. (taking up book) How heavy it is.

4th.PUPIL. Spread it on Teigue's back, and then we can all stand round and see the choice.

2nd.PUPIL. Make him spread out his arms.

4th.PUPIL. Down on your knees. Hunch up your back. Spread your arms out now, and look like a golden eagle in a church. Keep still. Keep still.

FOOL. Give me a penny.

1st.PUPIL. Is that the right cry for an eagle cock ?

2nd.PUPIL. I'll turn the pages - you close your eyes and put your finger down.

3rd.PUPIL. That's it, and then he cannot blame us for the choice.

1st PUPIL. There, I have chosen. Fool, keep still - and if what's wise is strange and sounds like nonsense, we've made a good choice.

2nd
5th.PUPIL. *& Pupil. Hush. The Master there.*
~~Here is the master coming.~~

FOOL. Will anybody give a penny to a fool ?

(WISE MAN comes in)

1st PUPIL. We have chosen the passage for the lesson, Master.
"There are two living countries, one visible and one invisible, and when it is summer there, it is winter here, and when it is November with us, it is lambing-time there."

WISE MAN. That passage, that passage; what mischief has there been since yesterday ?

1st PUPIL. None, Master.

WISE MAN. Oh, yes, there has; some craziness has fallen from the wind, or rises from the graves of old men, and made you choose that subject. (He goes to desk)

4th.PUPIL. I knew that it was folly, but they would have it.

3rd.PUPIL. Had we not better say we picked it by chance ?

2nd.PUPIL. No, he would say we were children still.

1st PUPIL. I have found a sentence under that one, that says - as though to show it had a hidden meaning - a beggar wrote it upon the walls of Babylon.

WISE MAN. Then find some beggar and ask him what it means, for I will have nothing to do with it.

4th.PUPIL. Come, Teigue, what is the old book's meaning when it says that there are sheep that drop their lambs in November ?

FOOL. To be sure - everybody knows, everybody in the world knows, when it is Spring with us, the trees are withering there, when it is summer with us, the snow is falling there, and have I not myself heard the lambs that are there all bleating on a cold November day - to be sure, does not everybody with an intellect know that; and maybe when it's night with us, it is day with them, for many a time I have seen the roads lighted before me.

WISE MAN. The beggar who wrote that on Babylon wall meant that

there is a spiritual kingdom that cannot be seen or known till the faculties whereby we master the kingdom of this world wither away, like green things in winter. A monkish thought, the most mischievous thought that ever passed out of a man's mouth.

1st PUPIL. If he meant all that, I will take an oath that he was spindle-shanked, and cross-eyed, and had a lousy itching shoulder, and that his heart was crosser than his eyes, and that he wrote it out of malice.

2nd. PUPIL. Let's come away and find a better subject.

4th. PUPIL. And maybe now you'll let me choose.

1st. PUPIL. Come.

WISE MAN. Were it but true t'would alter everything,
Until the stream of the world had changed its course,
And that and all our thoughts had run
Into some cloudy thunderous spring/ -
They dream to be its source -
Aye, to some frenzy of the mind,
Till all that we have done's, undone
Our speculationⁱⁿ wind.

1st PUPIL. I have dreamed it twice. Something has troubled him.

(PUPILS go out)

WISE MAN. Twice have I dreamed it in a morning dream,
Now nothing serves my pupils but to come
With a like thought. Reason is growing dim.
A moment more and Frenzy will beat his drum

And laugh aloud and scream.

And I must dance in the dream,

No, no, but it is like a hawk, a hawk of the air,

It has swooped down - and this swoop makes the third -

And what can^I but tremble like a bird ?

FOOL.

Give me a penny.

WISE MAN.

That I should dream it twice, and after that,

That they should pick it out.

FOOL.

Won't you give me a penny ?

WISE MAN.

What do you want ? What can it matter to you whether
the words I am reading, are wisdom or sheer folly ?

FOOL.

Such a great wise teacher will not refuse a penny to
a fool.

WISE MAN.

Seeing that everybody is a fool when he is asleep and
dreaming, why do you call me wise ?

FOOL.

O, I know, - I know, I know what I have seen.

WISE MAN.

Well, to see rightly is the whole of wisdom, whatever
dream be with us.

FOOL.

When I went by Kilcluan, where the bells used to be
ringing at the break of every day, I could hear nothing but the
people snoring in their houses. When I went by Tubbervanach,
where the young man used to be climbing the hill to the blessed
well, they were sitting at the cross-roads playing cards. When
I went by Carrigoras, where the friars used to be fasting and

serving the poor, I saw them drinking wine and obeying their wives. And when I asked what misfortune had brought all these changes, they said it was no misfortune, but that it was the wisdom they had learned from your teaching.

WISE MAN. And you too have called me wise - you would be paid for that good opinion doubtless - Run to the kitchen, my wife will give you food and drink.

FOOL. That's foolish advice for a wise man to give,

WISE. MAN. Why, Fool ?

FOOL. What is eaten is gone - I want pennies for my bag. I must buy bacon in the shops, and nuts in the market, and strong drink for the time the sun is weak, and snares to catch the rabbits, and the hares, and a big pot to cook them in.

WISE MAN. I have more to think about than giving pennies to your like, so run away.

FOOL. Give me a penny and I will bring you luck. The fishermen let me sleep among their nets in the loft because I bring them luck, and in the summer time, the wild creatures let me sleep near their nests and their holes. It is lucky even to look at me, but it is much more lucky to give me a penny. If I was not lucky I would starve.

WISE MAN. What are the shears for ?

FOOL. I won't tell you. If I told you, you would drive them away.

WISE MAN. Drive them away, who would I drive away ?

FOOL. I won't tell you.

WISE MAN. Not if I give you a penny ?

FOOL. No.

WISE MAN. Not if I give you two pennies ?

FOOL. You will be very lucky if you give me two pennies,
but I won't tell you.

WISE MAN. Three pennies ?

FOOL. Four, and I will tell you.

WISE MAN. Very well - four, but from this out I will not call
you, Teigue the Fool.

FOOL. Let me come close to you, where nobody will hear me,
but first you must promise not to drive them away. (WISE MAN
nods) Every day men go out dressed in black and spread great black nets
over the hills, great black nets.

WISE MAN. A strange place that to fish in.

FOOL. They spread them out on the hills that they may catch
the feet of the angels; but every morning just before the dawn,
I go out and cut the nets with the shears and the angels fly away.

WISE MAN. (speaking with some excitement) Ah, now I know that you are
Teigue the Fool. You say that I am wise, and yet I say, there
are no angels.

FOOL. I have seen plenty of angels.

WISE MAN. No, no, you have not.

FOOL. They are plenty if you but look about you, they are like the blades of grass.

WISE MAN. They are plenty as the blades of grass - - I heard that phrase when I was but a child and was told folly,

FOOL. When one gets quiet. When one is so quiet that there is not a thought in one's head maybe, there is something that wakes up inside one, something happy and quiet, and then all in a minute one can smell summer flowers, and tall people go by, happy and laughing, but they will not let us look at their faces. Oh, no, it is not right that we should look at their faces.

WISE MAN. You have fallen asleep upon a hill, yet, even those that used to dream of angels dream now of other things.

FOOL. I saw one but a moment ago - that is because I am lucky. It was coming behind me, but it was not laughing.

WISE MAN. There's nothing but what men can see when they are awake
Nothing, nothing.

FOOL. I knew you would drive them away.

WISE MAN. Pardon me, Fool,
I had forgotten who I spoke to.
Well, there are your four pennies - Fool, you are called
And all day long they cry, "come hither, Fool.

(FOOL goes close to him)

Or else it's, "Fool, be gone" (FOOL goes further off)

Or, "Fool, stand there" (FOOL straightens himself)

Or, "Fool go sit in the corner" (FOOL sits in corner)

And all the while

What were they all but fools before I came.

What are they now, but mirrors that seem men,

Because of my image. Fool, hold up your head. (FOOL does so)

What foolish stories they have told of the ghosts

That fumbled with the clothes upon the bed,

Or creaked and shuffled in the corridor,

Or else, if they were pious bred,

Of angels from the skies,

That came through a man's door,

Or, it maybe, standing there,

Would solidly out stare

The steadiest eyes with their unnatural eyes,

Aye, even on his own floor.

(ANGEL has come in)

Yet it is strange, the strangest thing I have known,

That I should still be haunted by the notion

That there's a crisis of the soul wherein

We get new sight, and how if when it comes

They have some craft to turn it into frenzy.

Why do you put your finger to your lips,

And creep away ?

(FOOL goes out)

(WISE MAN sees ANGEL)

What are you ? Who are you ?

I think I saw some like you in my dreams,

When but a child. That thing about your head,
That brightness in your hair - that flowery branch -
But I have done with dreams - I have done with dreams.

ANGEL.

I am the crafty one that you have called.

WISE MAN.

How that I called ?

ANGEL.

I am the messenger.

WISE MAN.

What message could you bring to one like me ?

ANGEL.

That you will die when the last grain of sand
Has fallen through this glass. *(turns glass)*

WISE MAN.

I have a wife,
Children and pupils that I cannot leave,
Why must I die, my time is far away ?

ANGEL.

You are to die because no soul has passed
The heavenly threshold since you have opened school,
But grass grows there, and rust upon the hinge;
And they are lonely that must keep the watch.

WISE MAN.

And whither shall I go when I am dead ?

ANGEL.

You have denied the purgatorial fire,
Therefore that gate is closed; you have denied
That there's a heaven, and that gate is closed.

WISE MAN.

Where then ? I have denied there is a hell.

ANGEL.

Hell is the place of those who have denied,
They find there what they planted and what dug,
A lake of spaces, and a wood of nothing,
And wander there and drift and never cease,
Wailing for substance.

WISE MAN.

Pardon me, blessed Angel,
I have denied and taught the like to others.
Believing nothing but what sense has taught,
And the mind's abstract.

ANGEL.

It is too late for pardon,

WISE MAN.

Had I but seen your face as now I see it,
But how can you-that live but where we go,
In the uncertainty of dizzy dreams -
Know why we doubt. Parting, disease and death,
The rotting of the grass, tempest and drouth,
These are the messengers that came to me.
Why are you silent ? You carry in your hands,
God's pardon, and you will not give it me,
Why are you silent ? Were I not afraid,
I'd kiss your hands, no, no, the hem of your dress.

ANGEL.

Only when all the world has testified,
May soul confound it, crying out in joy.
What's dearth and death and sickness to the soul,
That knows no virtue but itself, nor could it,
So trembling with delight and mother naked,
Live unabashed if the arguing world stood by. .

WISE MAN.

It is so hard for you to understand
Why we have doubted, as it is for us
To put our doubts away - what have I said,
There can be nothing that you do not know,
Give me a year - a month - a week - a day,
I would undo what I have done - an hour -
~~Give me until the sand has run in the glass.~~

ANGEL.

Though you may not undo what you have done,
I have this power - if you but find ^{before} one soul,
That still believes ^{before the hour has ended} ~~that it shall never cease,~~
One fish to lie and spawn among the stones
Till the great fisher's net is full again,
You may, the purgatorial fire being passed,
Spring to your peace.

(PUPILS sing in the distance):- " Who stole your wits away
And where are they gone ? "

WISE MAN.

My pupils come,
Before you have begun to climb the sky
I shall have found belief - they say they doubt,
But what their mothers dinned into their ears
Has not been broken down - I have long thought it,
Besides, I can disprove what I once proved,
And yet give me some thought, some argument,
More mighty than my own.

ANGEL.

Farewell - farewell,
For I am weary of the weight of time.

(ANGEL goes out, WISE MAN makes a step to
(follow and pauses. PUPILS come in at
(other side.

1st PUPIL.

Master, Master, you must choose the subject

(Enter other PUPILS with FOOL, about whom
(they dance)

2nd.PUPIL.

Here is a subject - where have the Fool's wits gone ?

(Singing:-

" Who dragged your wits away.

Where no one knows ?

Or have they run off

On their own pair of shoes ? "

FOOL.

Give me a penny.

1st PUPIL.

The Master will find your wits,

2nd.PUPIL.

And when they are found, you must not beg for pennies,

3rd.PUPIL.

They are hidden somewhere in the badger's hole,

But you must carry an old candle end,

If you would find them.

4th.PUPIL.

They are up above the clouds .

FOOL.

Give me a penny, give me a penny, ~~Teigue,~~

1st PUPIL.(singing:- " I'll find your wits again,

Come, for I saw them roll,

To where old badger mumbles

In the black hole.

2nd. PUPIL (Singing:- " No, but an angel stole them
The night that you were born,
And now they are but a rag,
On the moon's horn.

WISE MAN. Be silent.

1st. PUPIL. Can you not see that he is troubled ?

WISE MAN. What do you think of when alone at night ?
Do not the things your mothers spoke about
Before they took the candle from the bedside,
Rush up into the mind and master it,
Till you believe in them against your will ?

2nd PUPIL (to 1st) You answer for us.

3rd PUPIL. (in a whisper) Be careful what you say.

If he persuades you to an argument
He will make a mock of you ~~and us.~~

1st PUPIL.

you have made our mind
~~We have made~~

~~Our minds as naked as our bodies were,~~
~~When we were born, that you may give us thought -~~
only we
Our bodies ~~were~~ our mothers' work.

WISE MAN.

No, no,

You answer with incredible things. It is certain
That there is one, -though it may be but one -
Believes in God and in some heaven and hell.
In all those things we put into our prayers.

*We thought those things before our minds were born
You've made our clothes out of a better cloth.
But that was long ago - we are not children -*

1st PUPIL.

WISE MAN.

You are afraid to tell me what you think
Because I am hot and angry when I am crossed,
I do not blame you for it, but have no fear,
For if there is one that sat on smiling there
As though my arguments were sweet as milk
Yet found them bitter, I will thank him for it,
If he but speak his mind.

1st PUPIL.

*There is no one master
In very truth,*

There is not one but found them sweet as milk.

WISE MAN.

The things that have been told us in our childhood
Are not so fragile.

2nd PUPIL.

We are no longer children.

1st PUPIL.

We all believe in you and in what you have taught.

OTHER PUPILS.

All, all, all, all, in you, nothing but you.

WISE MAN.

I have deceived you - where shall I go for words.
I have no thoughts - my mind has been swept bare.
The messengers that stand in the firey cloud,
Fling themselves out, if we but dare to question,
And after that, the Babylonian moon,
Blots all away.

1st PUPIL (to other PUPILS)

I take his words to mean,

That visionaries, and martyrs when they are raised
Above translunary things, and there enlightened,

As the contention is, may lose the light.
And blunder in their speech when the eyes open.

2nd PUPIL.

How well he imitates their trick of speech.

3rd PUPIL.

Their air of mystery,

4th PUPIL.

Their empty gaze,

As though they'd looked upon some winged thing,
And would not condescend to mankind after.

1st PUPIL.

Master, we have all learnt that truth is learnt
When the intellect's deliberate and cold,
As it were a polished mirror that reflects
An unchanged world; and not when the steel melts,
Bubbling and hissing, till there's naught but fume.

WISE MAN.

When it is melted, when it all fumes up,
They walk, as when beside those three in the furnace
The form of the fourth.

1st PUPIL.

Master, there's none among us
That has not heard your mockery of these,
Or thoughts like these, and we have not forgot.

WISE MAN.

Something incredible has happened - someone has come,
Suddenly like a grey hawk out of the air,
And all that I declared untrue is true.

1st PUPIL (to other PUPILS)

You'd think the way he says it, that he felt it,
There's not a mummer to compare with him,
He's something like a man.

2nd.PUPIL.

Give us some proof.

WISE MAN.

What proof have I to give, but that an angel
An instant ago was standing on that spot.

3rd.PUPIL.

You dreamed it, Master.

WISE MAN.

I was awake as I am now.

1st PUPIL.

I may be dreaming now for all I know.

(to the others)

He wants to show we have no certain proof
Of anything in the world.

2nd.PUPIL.

There is this proof,
That shows we are awake - we have all one world
While every dreamer has a world of his own,
And sees what no one else can.

3rd.PUPIL.

Teigue, sees angels.
So when the Master says he has seen an angel,
He may have seen one.

1st.PUPIL.

Both may still be dreamers.
Unless it's proved the angels were alike.

2nd.PUPIL.

What sort are the angels, Teigue ?

3rd.PUPIL.

That will prove nothing.
For all we know, prolonged obedience
Has made one angel like another angel,
As they were eggs.

1st PUPIL.

The Master's silent now;
For he has found that to dispute with us -
Seeing that he has taught us what we know -
Is but to reason with himself. Let us away,
And find if there is one believer left.

WISE MAN.

Yes, yes. Find me but one that still believes
The things that we were told when we were children.

3rd.PUPIL.

Our Master'll mock and maul him.

4th.PUPIL.

From the first
I knew he'd have us find some disputant.

(THEY go)

WISE MAN.

I have no reason left, all dark, all dark.

(PUPILS return laughing. They push
forward 4th.PUPIL.)

1st.PUPIL.

Here, Master, is the very man you want.
He said, when we were studying the book,
That maybe after all the monks were right,
And you mistaken, and if we but gave him time,
He'd prove that it was so.

4th.PUPIL.

I never said it.

WISE MAN.

Dear Friend, dear Friend, do you believe in God ?

4th.PUPIL.

Master, they have invented this to mock me.

WISE MAN.

You are afraid of me.

4th.PUPIL.

They know well, Master,

That all I said was but to make them argue.
They've pushed me in to make a mock of me,
Because they knew I could take either side,
And beat them at it.

WISE MAN.

If you believe in God,
You are my soul's one friend. (PUPILS laugh)

Mistress or wife,
Can give us but our good or evil luck,
Amid the howling world, but you shall give
Eternity - and those sweet throated things
That drift above the moon. (PUPILS are silent)

2nd.PUPIL.

How strange he is.

WISE MAN.

The angel that stood there upon that spot,
Said that my soul was lost unless I found,-
Before the sands in the hour-glass had run out -
One that believed.

4th.PUPIL.

Cease mocking at me, Master.
I am so ~~vertain~~ certain that there is no God,
I'll curse him if you will, and after curse
The soul that has been ^{made after his image} ~~breathed out of his nostrils~~ -
If but ^{thin} ~~these~~ lies ^{was} ~~are~~ true. Will that convince you
That I have set my heart on what you teach ?

WISE MAN.

The giddy glass is emptier every moment,
And you stand there, debating, laughing and wrangling.
Out of my sight ! Out of my sight, I say.

(~~He drives them out~~) (*They go on*)

I'll call my wife, for what can women do,
That carry us in the darkness of their bodies,
But mock the reason that lets nothing grow
Unless it grow in light. Bridget, Bridget,
A woman never ceases to believe.
Say what we will - Bridget, come quickly, Bridget.

(BRIDGET comes in wearing her apron. Her
sleeves turned up from her floury arms)

Wife, what do you believe in ? Tell the truth,
And not - as is the habit with you all -
Something you think will please me. Do you pray
Sometimes when you're alone in the house, do you pray ?

BRIDGET. Prayers - no, you taught me to leave them off long ago!
At first I was sorry, but I am glad now, for I am sleepy in the
evenings.

WISE MAN. Do you believe in God ?

BRIDGET. Oh, a good wife only believes in what her husband tells
her.

WISE MAN. But sometimes, when the children are asleep,
And I am in the school, do you not think
About the Martyrs and the saints and angels,
And all the things that you believed in once ?

BRIDGET. I think about nothing - sometimes I wonder if the linen
is bleaching white, or I go out to see if the crows are picking
up the chickens' food.

WISE MAN.

My God - my God ! I will go out myself.
My pupils said that they would find a man
That had the old belief - they may have found him.
Therefore I will go out - but if I go
The glass will let the sands run out unseen.
I cannot go - I cannot leave the glass.
Go call my pupils - I can explain all now,
Only when all our hold on life is shaken,
Only in spiritual terror can the Truth
Come through the broken mind - as the pease burst
Out of a broken pease-cod.

(He clutches BRIDGET as she is going)

Say to them,

That nature would lack all in her most need,
Could not the soul find truth as in a flash,
Upon the battle field or in the midst
Of overwhelming waves, and say to them -
But no, they would but answer as I bid.

BRIDGET.

You want somebody to get up an argument with.

WISE MAN.

Look out and see if there is anyone
There in the street - I cannot leave the glass,
For somebody might shake it, and the sand
If it were shaken might run down on the instant.

BRIDGET.

I don't understand a word you are saying. There's a
crowd of people talking to your pupils.

WISE MAN.

Go out and find if they have found a man
Who did not understand me when I taught,
Or did not listen.

BRIDGET

It is a hard thing to be married to a man of learning
that must always be having arguments. ~~Children, don't be~~
~~meddling with the bread while I am out.~~ (She goes out)

WISE MAN.

Strange that I should be blind to the great secret,
And that so simple a man might write it out
Upon a blade of grass or bit of rush
With naught but berry juice, and laugh to himself
Writing it out, because it was so simple.

(Enter FOOL and BRIDGET)

FOOL.

Give me something; give me a penny to buy bacon in
the shops and nuts in the market, and strong drink for the time
when the sun is weak.

BRIDGET.

I have no pennies. (to WISE MAN) Your pupils
cannot find anybody to argue with you. There's nobody in the
whole country with belief enough for a lover's oath. Can't you
be quiet now, and not always wanting to have arguments. It
must be terrible to have a mind like that.

WISE MAN.

Then I am lost indeed.

BRIDGET.

Leave me alone now, I have to make the bread for you
and ~~the children.~~ (She goes into kitchen)
Your child

WISE MAN.

Children , children !

BRIDGET.

Your father wants you, run to him.

(CHILDREN run in)

WISE MAN.

Come to me, ^{Winnie} ~~children~~. Do not be afraid.
I want to know if you believe in Heaven,
God or the soul - no, do not tell me yet,
You need not be afraid I shall be angry,
Say what you please - so that it is your thought-
I wanted you to know before you spoke,
That I shall not be angry.

FIRST CHILD.

We have not forgotten, Father.

SECOND CHILD.

Oh, no, Father.

BOTH CHILDREN. (as if repeating a lesson) There is nothing we cannot
see, nothing we cannot touch.

FIRST CHILD.

Foolish people used to say that there was, but you have
taught us better.

WISE MAN.

Go to your mother, go - yet do not go
For she can teach you nothing. If I am dumb
You shall be lost among the woods of nothing,
And I because the sands are running out
Have but a moment to show it all in. Children,
The sap would die out of the blades of grass
Had they a doubt. They understand it all,
Being the fingers of God's certainty,
Yet can but make their sign into the air.
But could they find their tongues - they'd show it all

But what am I to say that am but one,
When they are millions and they will not speak.

(CHILDREN have run out)

But ^{she is} ~~they are~~ gone; what made ^{her} ~~them~~ run away ?

(The FOOL comes in with a dandelion)

Look at me, tell me if my face is changed,
Is there a notch of the fiend's nail upon it
Already ? Is it terrible to sight ?
Because the moment's near. (Going to glass)

I dare not look,

I dare not know the moment when they come
To carry me away. (covers glass) Will there be a foot ^{fall}
Or will there be a sort of tearing sound,
Or else a cracking, as though an iron claw
Had gripped the threshold stone.

(FOOL has begun to blow the dandelion)

What are you doing ?

FOOL.

Wait a minute - four - five - six -

WISE MAN.

What are you doing that for ?

FOOL.

I am blowing the dandelion to find out what hour it is!

WISE MAN.

You have heard everything, and that is why
You'd find what hour it is - you'd find that out,
That you may look upon a fleet of devils
Dragging my soul away. You shall not stop,
I will have no one here when they come in,
I will have no one sitting there - no one -

And yet - and yet - there is something strange about you
Are you the one I seek ? Do you believe,
In God, and the soul, in the undying stuff
That all things have been made of from the first ?

FOOL.

So you ask me now. I thought when you were asking
your pupils, "will he ask, Teigue the Fool. Yes, he will, he will,
no, he will not - yes, he will." But Teigue will say nothing.
Teigue will say nothing.

WISE MAN.

Tell me quickly.

FOOL.

I said, "Teigue, knows everything, not even the green-
eyed cats and the hares that milk the cows have Teigue's wisdom"
But, Teigue will not speak, he says nothing.

WISE MAN.

Speak, speak, for underneath the cover there,
The sand is running from the upper glass,
And when the last grain's through, I shall be lost
Unless I have lit upon unshaken faith
Somewhere in somebody.

FOOL.

I will not speak. I will not tell you what is in my
mind. I will not tell you what is in my bag. You might steal
away my thoughts. I met a bodach on the road yesterday, and
he said, "Teigue, tell me how many pennies are in your bag; I
will wager three pennies that there are not twenty pennies in
your bag; let me put in my hand and count them." But I gripped
the bag the tighter and when I go to sleep at night, I hide
the bag where nobody knows.

WISE MAN.

There's but one pinch of sand - and I am lost
If you are not he I seek.

FOOL.

Oh, what a lot the Fool knows, but he says nothing.

WISE MAN. (seizing him) I kneel to you - you are the man I have sought
You alone can save me.

FOOL.

No, no, what should poor Teigue, know, Teigue that
is out in all weathers, Teigue that sleeps in the fishers' loft,
poor Teigue the Fool. (he breaks away and goes out)

WISE MAN.

The last hope is gone,
And now that it's too late I see it all,
We perish into God and sink away
Into reality -the rest's a dream.

FOOL. (coming back on tip-toe and peering under cover of hour-glass and singing in a low voice:-

"I hear the wind a blow,
And the grass a grow,
And all that I know, I know. "

WISE MAN.

I know what fixed the station
Of star and cloud.
And knowing all, I cry,
That what so God has willed,
On the instant be fulfilled,
Though that be my damnation.
The world has changed its course,
And every stream has run,
Into some cloudy thunderous spring,

Even to its own mountain source.

Aye, to some frenzy of the mind,

For all we have done's undone

Our speculative wind.

(He dies)

FOOL.
FOOL.

Wise man - Wise man, wake up and I will tell you everything for a penny. It is I, poor Teigue the Fool, that you were looking for. I am the man you were to find before the sand ran out - the man who believes in God. Why don't you wake up, and say, "There is a penny for you, Teigue," No, no, you will say nothing. You and I, we are the two fools, we know everything, but we will not speak.

(ANGEL enters holding a golden casket)

O, look what has come from his mouth ! O, look what has come from his hands - the white butterfly. He is dead and I have taken his soul in my hands; but I know why you open the lid of that golden box. I must give it to you. There then, (he put butterfly in casket) He has gone through his pains, and you will open the lid in the Garden of Paradise. (he closes curtain) He is gone, he is gone, he is gone, but come in everybody in the world and look at me:-

" I hear the wind a blow,

I hear the grass a grow,

And all that I know, I know."

But I will not speak, I will run away. (He goes out)

T H E E N D.

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Shirley