

The Well of the Saints: Act i

MARY DOUL, *sharply.*

She was jealous, God forgive her, because Timmy the smith was after praising my hair——

MARTIN DOUL, *with mock irony.*

Jealous !

MARY DOUL.

Ay, jealous, Martin DouL ; and if she wasn't itself, the young and silly do be always making game of them that's dark, and they'd think it a fine thing if they had us deceived, the way we wouldn't know we were so fine-looking at all.

She puts her hand to her face with a complacent gesture.

MARTIN DOUL, *a little plaintively.*

I do be thinking in the long nights it'd be grand thing if we could see ourselves for one hour, or a minute itself, the way we'd know surely we were the finest man and the finest woman of the seven counties of the east—*(bitterly)* and then the seeing rabble below might be destroying their souls telling bad lies, and we'd never heed a thing they'd say.