

Deirdre of the Sorrows : Act iii

CONCHUBOR.

She will do herself harm.

DEIRDRE, *showing Naisi's knife.*

I have a little key to unlock the prison of Naisi you'd shut upon his youth for ever. Keep back, Conchubor ; for the High King who is your master has put his hands between us. (*She half turns to the grave.*) It was sorrows were foretold, but great joys were my share always ; yet it is a cold place I must go to be with you, Naisi ; and it's cold your arms will be this night that were warm about my neck so often. . . . It's a pitiful thing to be talking out when your ears are shut to me. It's a pitiful thing, Conchubor, you have done this night in Emain ; yet a thing will be a joy and triumph to the ends of life and time.

She presses knife into her heart and sinks into the grave. Conchubor and Fergus go forward. The red glow fades, leaving stage very dark.

FERGUS.

Four white bodies are laid down together ; four clear lights are quenched in Ireland. (*He throws his sword into the grave.*) There is my sword that could not shield you—my four friends that were