

The Playboy of the

CHRISTY, *scrambling on his knees face to face with old Mahon.*

Are you coming to be killed a third time, or what ails you now?

MAHON.

For what is it they have you tied?

CHRISTY.

They're taking me to the peelers to have me hanged for slaying you.

MICHAEL, *apologetically.*

It is the will of God that all should guard their little cabins from the treachery of law, and what would my daughter be doing if I was ruined or was hanged itself?

MAHON, *grimly, loosening Christy.*

It's little I care if you put a bag on her back, and went picking cockles till the hour of death; but my son and myself will be going our own way, and we'll have great times from this out telling stories of the villainy of Mayo, and the fools is here. (*To Christy, who is freed.*) Come on now.

CHRISTY.

Go with you, is it? I will, then, like a gallant