

## The Well of the Saints : Act i

high up in the south? You were that length plaiting your yellow hair you have the morning lost on us, and the people are after passing to the fair of Clash.

MARY DOUL.

It isn't going to the fair, the time they do be driving their cattle and they with a litter of pigs maybe squealing in their carts, they'd give us a thing at all. (*She sits down.*) It's well you know that, but you must be talking.

MARTIN DOUL, *sitting down beside her and beginning to shred rushes she gives him.*

If I didn't talk I'd be destroyed in a short while listening to the clack you do be making, for you've a queer cracked voice, the Lord have mercy on you, if it's fine to look on you are itself.

MARY DOUL.

Who wouldn't have a cracked voice sitting out all the year in the rain falling? It's a bad life for the voice, Martin DouL, though I've heard tell there isn't anything like the wet south wind does be blowing upon us for keeping a white