Diarmuid and Grania — Act 3

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ACT III.

(*The wooded slopes of Ben Bullben. Diarmuid is sleeping under a tree. It is night but the dawn is beginning to break. Enter two peasants*).

OLD MAN: There has been no such night as this these fifty years.

YOUNG MAN: How the wind rages, like the dragon or maybe it is the dragon himself. Listen, a tree has fallen.

OLD MAN: It is only the wind, I have seen wind like this before, and then the sheep were lost in the torrent.

YOUNG MAN: I met a herdsman whose cattle had broken out of their byres, and fifty drowned themselves in the lake.

OLD MAN: The Fianna frightened them… the Fianna came into the forest at midnight sounding their horns.

YOUNG MAN: And at midnight I saw two hosts fighting, one host flying and one following, and among them that were flying an old one-armed man.

OLD MAN: That was Diarmuid's grandfather; he has been dead this fifty years.

YOUNG MAN: But I saw something more.

OLD MAN: What did you see, boy?

YOUNG MAN: A gaunt grey ragged man, and he was driving this beast the Fianna are hunting. He drove it along the edge of the mountain prodding it before him with a spear.

OLD MAN: That was the god Aognhus. He watches over Diarmuid. The deaths of all these great men are foretold, and the end of the Fianna. They will perisli as their forefathers did when Cairbre Cathead called the folk together and broke their power for two hundred years.

YOUNG MAN: Tell me about Cairbre Cathead.

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OLD MAN: Not now; we must go in search for our sheep. If I have lost my ram, my ewes will be useless to me. We must go now, for at daybreak the Fianna will be sounding their horns. They were sounding them till the moon went down; it was they who frightened my sheep.

YOUNG MAN: But this hunting, will the boar be killed?

OLD MAN: It is no great matter to us, maybe a little less damage, to our fields that is all. The seasons will be none the better, the cows will have no more milk in their udders; and my lambs, there will be no lambs next year.

YOUNG MAN: When the Fianna have killed the boar they will give us some parts of it.

OLD MAN: The Fianna have no thoughts for such as we. All that they do not eat of the boar they will throw to their dogs; they would not think it well for us to taste meat. They beat back the invader when they can and it is more than our lives are worth to pick up a dead hare from the path.

YOUNG MAN: Hush, there is a man sleeping under the tree. If we do not wake him the beast may come upon him sleeping.

OLD MAN: Better do nothing, we must not do anything against the gods. The god Aognhus will save him if it be pleasing to him to do so, or he may call him away. Let us begone, boy, let us find our sheep. (*Exit*).

DIARMUID: They croak like ravens over carrion — croak, croak, croak. (*Enter Grania*).

GRANIA: I have sought you all night. I have been wandering in the woods since the moon went down.

DIARMUID: What have you come for?

GRANIA: I was afraid and have been running; give me time to draw my breath.

DIARMUID: Your hair is down and your hands are torn with brambles.

GRANIA: Yes, look at my hands, and I am so weary, Diarmuid. I am so weary that I could lie down and die here. That mossy bank is like a bed; lay me down there. Oh, I have come to bring you home with me.

DIARMUID: And you show me torn hands, and you hold out to me wet hair, and would have me go home. You talk of dying too, and would have me lay you on this bank. But what good is there in all this, Grania, for I have no time to listen.

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GRANIA: Give up this hunting for I have had warning that you will die if you do not turn back. Turn before we lose ourselves in the darkness of the woods.

DIARMUID: I am in a little way that leads to darkness, but what does that matter to you, Grania? Your way home winds along the hill and down into the valley; my way is a different way, a shorter way, and the morrows that men live frighten me more than this short way. I have no heart for that crooked road of morrows.

GRANIA: (*Wringing her hands*). Come to our home, Diarmuid, come to our house.

DIARMUID: All the roads, the straight road and the crooked road, lead to blackness. If blackness be the end and there is no light beyond it? But what have such questions to do with me? Whatever road I am on, I will walk firmly with my sword out. (*He draws his sword*). But you have come to tell me something. What is it? Out with it quickly for the day is breaking, and when it is broken there will be no hunting.

GRANIA: I have come to ask you to go home with me.

DIARMUID: You would have me in the straight road, and so you have come to tell me that I am in it. For it is certain that a man walks where he thinks he walks. The mind makes all; we will talk of that some day. I tell you that you are lying to me. I am not in the road that leads on and on, and then shatters under one's feet, and becomes flying bits of darkness.

GRANIA: Diarmuid, you are going straight upon your death, if you do not come back with me.

DIARMUID: What do you know of all this that you come like a soothsayer? Who has been whispering in your ear? Who has sent you to me?

GRANIA: I had a warning last night.

DIARMUID: From that old woman who spins? I tell you I have had enough of her warnings. I saw her last night carrying a bundle of new flax through the woods.

GRANIA: No, Diarmuid, I left her in the house.

DIARMUID: I tell you I saw her. She is going somewhere on some evil work. But where is she going with the new flax? What have you come to tell me about her?

GRANIA: I have come to tell you of a dream that came to me last night.

DIARMUID: Well, what did the dream tell you?

GRANIA: I dreamt I was sitting by Finn.

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DIARMUID: I do not think much of that dream, for I saw you yesterday walking with Finn and holding his hands.

GRANIA: But I dreamed I was sitting by Finn, and that your shield was hanging among the shields of the slain over our heads.

DIARMUID: Did you not say it was a bad dream? I have heard worse dreams than that. Ah, foolish gods, can you find nothing better than the dreams of an unfaithful wife to vex and shake my will.

GRANIA: Do not blaspheme against the gods for they are near to us now. I have been praying to them to spare you. I have been praying to them all night, while I looked for you.

DIARMUID: Yes, every man is a god in heaven, and on earth we are the hurly balls they drive hither and thither — oh, they are great hurly players. The camauns are never out of their hands. All night I have heard them laughing. I tell you I have heard them laughing. Do you not hear me? Do you not hear me?

GRANIA: I heard, but oh, Diarmuid, take my hands and touch my hair. They may bring some memory to your mind, some softness to your heart.

DIARMUID: Yes, yes, I remember well enough. Your hands and your hair were sweet to me long ago. No, no, yesterday, even yesterday. Let me see your hands. They are beautiful hands, torn as they are. No wonder I love them; and this hair too. You loved me once, Grania, you loved me better than Finn. I remember it all the day before yesterday.

GRANIA: I love you still, Diarmuid.

DIARMUID: My dear one, why did you send me to Finn? It may be that my words have been a little wild. Speak quickly, do not be afraid.

GRANIA: I sent you to Finn, because I wanted you to live among the Fianna as before you saw me.

DIARMUID: All you say is true.

GRANIA: I wanted you to be friends with Finn, because your love had become a sickness, a madness.

DIARMUID: Yes, yes it has become a madness. But it is a long while, Grania, since we were alone together.

GRANIA: No, Diarmuid not long.

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DIARMUID: Yesterday is a long while and there may be no other time for wringing this secret from you. There was a thought of Finn in your mind when you sent me to him.

GRANIA: There is no secret in me; I have told you everything. And I come through this wood by night, to bring you from this hunt, as a wife comes to her husband.

DIARMUID: Grania was not meant to sit by the fireside with children on her knees. The gods made her womb barren because she was not meant to hold children on her knees. The gods gave her a barren womb, hungry and barren like the sea. She looked from the red apple in her hand to the green apple on the bough. She looked from me to Finn, even when she first lusted for me, and after Finn there will be some other. The malignant gods made your beauty, Grania. Your hand is very weak, your arm is weak and fragile. Your hair is very soft. (*He takes her by the hair*). I could kill you as easily as I could kill a flower by the wayside.

GRANIA: Kill me if you will, kill me with your sword, here in my breast.

DIARMUID: You would have me kill you. Maybe if I killed you, all would be well.

GRANIA: Hold fast my hair, draw back my head and kill me. I would have you do it... (*Pause*). Why do you not do it? If you would go to this hunting, you must do it; for while I live, you shall not go.

DIARMUID: Let go my spear, I say; let go my spear, if you would have your life. I see that you are thinking of Finn this very moment. I see thoughts of Finn in your eyes. Let me go, or I will let the lust out of you with this sword point.

GRANIA: Kill me, Diarmuid, I would have you do it.

DIARMUID: And leave this white body like a cut flower on the wayside.

GRANIA: Kill me, Diarmuid.

DIARMUID: I have heard the gods laugh, and I have been merry, but if I killed you I would remember everything. And I should wander in the woods seeing white and red flowers — after killing you I might kill myself — oh, that would be a good thing to do. But seeing you there, your soft hair spattered with blood, and your white hands stained with blood, I might not remember to do it. I might remember nothing but yesterday and to-day. I cannot kill you. I would not see your blood nor touch your hands. Your lips and teeth, and all this beauty I have loved seem in my eyes no better than a yellow pestilence. Grania, Grania, out of my sight. (*He goes out driving her before him. A moment after he returns alone*). That is over, let me think. Yes, yes, there is a beast coming that I am to kill. I should take him so, upon my spear. The spear will be my best weapon, but the land must be steady beneath it. If the point slipped he would be upon me. Maybe it will be better to let him run upon my shield and kill him with my sword, while he digs his tusks into my shield. My danger will be the darkness, for the darkness makes the hand shake,

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and day breaks but slowly. Higher up in the woods there is a little more light. (*He goes out. Enter Caoelte and Usheen*).

CAOELTE: We have hardly escaped with our lives. The branches touched me as the tree fell.

USHEEN: What made that great ash tree fall?

CAOELTE: The wind had lulled and yet it crashed across our way as if it would kill us.

USHEEN: I heard a thud and a crackling of branches before it fell, as though a great rock had been thrown against it, though I saw nothing, and for some time I had heard crashings in the woods. I think that hosts have been hurling rocks at one another. All night there has been fighting on the earth, and in the air, and in the water.

CAOELTE: Never was there such a night before. As I came by the river I saw swans fighting in the air, and three fell screaming into the tree tops.

USHEEN: Have you seen how Finn's hounds whimper at his heels?

CAOELTE: They whimper and cry till the touch of his hand gives them courage for a moment. They would not follow him at all were they not afraid of being left alone... (*They walk to and fro — a pause*). That light must be the beginning of the day. A pale foolish light that makes the darkness worse. The sky and earth would turn to their old works again but they have been palsy struck. Let us put this darkness out of our minds. Find us something to talk of, Usheen. Where is Diarmuid?

DIARMUID: (*Coming forward*). Diarmuid is here, waiting whatever may befall him. Tell Finn that though the mountain arose like an ox from sleep, and came against me, and though the clouds came like eagles, and the sea upon its feet that are without number, I would not turn from this hunting.

CAOELTE: We have been seeking you. We would have you leave this hunting.

DIARMUID: It may be that you fear, and that Finn fears, because of the fading of trees and the screaming of swans, but I do not fear.

CAOELTE: Turn from this hunting, Diarmuid.

DIARMUID: I would not, had I nothing but a reason no bigger than a pea, and I have weighty reasons.

CAOELTE: It were no wonder if even we, whose death at a hunt like this has not been foretold, should turn from this hunting. For we are following no mortal beast. A man who had been

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trapping otters followed the footmarks last night, not knowing what they were, and as he followed they grew greater and greater and further and further apart.

DIARMUID: The night is dark.

CAOELTE: But the footmarks were deep. Deeper than any made by a mortal beast

DIARMUID: It came yesterday out of the woods like a blight, like a flood, like a toad stool, and now it grows bigger and bigger. But so much more the need for hunters. Goodbye, comrades, goodbye. (*Exit*).

CAOELTE: I would not follow where he has gone. He is among those broken rocks where I heard screams, and sounds as of battle. They say that dwarfs and worse things have their homes among those rocks.

USHEEN: He is the only one among us who has not been shaken by this night of terror. Look, look something is coming this way.

CAOELTE: A tall staff in his hand, and he moves noiselessly, and there is another following him.

USHEEN: Draw your sword, Caoelte.

CAOELTE: It will not come out of its sheath. It is but a shepherd. We are craven and no better than Conan. (*Enter two peasants*).

OLD MAN: Be of good heart, great deliverer of Eri. I am but a shepherd looking for his sheep, and not, as well might be, some bad thing out of the rocks.

YOUNG MAN: Can you tell me, noble sirs, of any strayed sheep, or what is troubling the water and the air over our heads?

CAOELTE: We have been wandering in the dark all night. We are as blind as you are.

OLD MAN: We must go, sirs, we must find our sheep or starve. (*Exit peasants*).

UsHEEN: Maybe he was laughing at us because he was afraid. We must wait here till we hear Finn's horn. If we were to seek him we would lose him, and it may be never come alive out of the woods.

CAOELTE: We had better go further up the hill. Who is this coming? Since dawn began, the wood has been full of shadows and sound. They are coming out of the rocks: they rise out of the rocks.

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USHEEN: There is one who seems to be pushed along, and if it is but a shadow it is a heavy one. It is Conan. I can see the sheep-skin. I am glad he has not seen our fear. (*Enter Goll, Conan, Griffan, Fathna and two of the Fianna*).

GOLL: The night is over at last.

CONAN: The night is over, and the last day has begun. Give me a drink for I can go no further without one.

CAOELTE: We must go further up the hill. We must hurry on if we would find Finn again. Have you seen him? Have you heard his horn?

GOLL: No, he has not sounded it, but the beast will be stirring.

FATHNA: The last time I saw Finn he was standing on the rock yonder. He stood facing the dawn and shouting to his hounds. When he saw us he shouted that we were to climb up to him. He bellowed like a bull for its heifer.

GRIFFAN: But I had had climbing enough.

CONAN: Sit down; I will go no further. When a man has got to die, is it not better for him to die sitting down than walking about, and better to die on clean ground than in the mire, or up to his middle in water. Give me your ale skin, Caoelte.

CAOELTE: I will not, Conan; you have been asking for it all night.

CONAN: Give me your ale skin Usheen, it is the last drink I shall ever drink.

USHEEN: I will give him a drink; he will not move until we do. (*Usheen gives Conan his ale skin*). Drink and think no more of death.

CONAN: All the disasters that have come to Diarmuid have come to him because of the spilling of the ale out of the flagon; but I have lost both ale and ale skin and must therefore die.

CAOELTE: (*To Fathna*). We might light a fire, there must be dry leaves under these rocks. (*Fathna and Griffan go together to collect dry leaves and sticks, and they return a moment after with them*).

CONAN: We are shivering since we crossed that river; and it was in that river I lost my ale skin; some one plucked it from behind.

CAOELTE: I too am shivering; the day is bleaker than the night.

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CONAN: Ali, be careful with the tinder, be careful, for the first leaves are the dry ones — bring the fire a little nearer, I would die warm though I have to get cold after. Make room for me by the fire. Do you not understand that I am going to die — that Conan the Bald is going to die — you will never flout me for my great belly again, Caoelte.

CAOELTE: You are not going to die, Conan. Here I will give you a drink.

CONAN: Yellow ale, bitter on the tongue, tasting a little of the vat of red yew that it came from... the last drink Conan will ever drink. (*Caoelte and the others talk among themselves*). They think that all this hurly burly is for Diarmuid, but I know better; you are my friends and I will tell you about it.

CAOELTE: Give me my ale skin, Conan.

CONAN: Not yet, I must drink a little more — and now this is the way it was — it was not the loss of the ale skin that told me I was going to die, that only showed me that some great evil was going to happen — it was a swan screaming in the trees that told me I was going to die. Before I was born, and when yet my mother was carrying with me, towards the seventh month she was one day washing clothes in the river, and she saw three geese swimming; and while one was cackling and billing with its mate, an otter caught it by the leg and dragged it under the water; so my mother knew something was to happen to the child under her belt, and she told me never to cross a river when there were geese about.

CAOELTE: They were swans that screamed in the trees.

CONAN: Are not swans a kind of geese; but how do I know it was not swans my mother saw.

CAOELTE; Conan, give me my ale skin.

CONAN: Why did I keep Finn and Diarmuid from killing one another? They could have done it so easily in Diarmuid's house. Why did I bring them to this hunt? Conan has brought his own death upon him. (*Enter Finn*).

FINN: We have come upon the slot of a boar in the hills; he can only just have passed by; if we go to the bend of the stream we should come upon him. (*To Conan*). Wliy are you lying there? We want every man. Get up, we will put you in the gap yonder. The boar shall not escape unless he escapes througli you.

CAOELTE: Conan is in terror; he thinks he is going to die.

FINN: Conan, get up or you may have to face this beast alone.

CONAN: Do not believe them; it is not Diarmuid this pig is looking for, it is for me.

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FINN: If Conan will not go, let him stay there. Here is a handful more leaves to warm your shins. (*Finn throws some wet leaves on the fire and quenches it*).

CONAN: You have thrown wet leaves on the fire; now I shall die of cold. But are you leaving me? They all go because Finn has bidden them. You leave me, Goll, yet some day Finn who has put out my fire will put out your life. Is it not the oath of the Fianna to protect one another? Caoelte, Usheen, do you not hear me? (*They go out laughing*). They are an evil stony-hearted proud race… Rot in the ear wheat, frogs spawn in the pool, yellow sickness in one's body, henbane in one's drink, lice in my beard, fleas in my sheep skin... A stony-hearted proud race. (*He follows them out. Enter Grania and Finn*).

FINN: You are cold and tired, Grania, and have stumbled through the wood, you are all bruised.

GRANIA: I am bruised and full of wretchedness, and I am very cold; and the dawning of the day frightens me. However, cold as it is, I do not wish to see the sun — but I am cold, oh, the cold.

FINN: There has been a fire here; I will blow the ashes to a blaze.

GRANIA: (*Sitting down*). Why did you not leave me to die where I had chosen.

FINN: The beast we are hunting might have run upon you and you would have been trampled and gored by it. I could not have left you there. The blaze is already beginning; hold your hands to it.

GRANIA: I would that you had left me to be killed by it. You have planned that the death of this boar is to put me on one side or the other, to give me to Diarmuid or to give me to you. But I am no man's spoil. (*Standing up*). You have planned it all between you; your plans are not mine. Go from me, Finn, go to this hunt and kill the boar, make the fire or go where you will.

FINN: Although I lose my chance of killing this beast I must stay with you. I will protect you.

GRANIA; It does not matter. Stay with me here or go to this hunt,

FINN: I will not leave you, if it were to spring upon you from the thicket.

GRANIA: It might be better, for I have done mischief enough. I wished that you and Diarmuid could have made peace and all would have been well, had not this evil thing broken out of the earth.

FINN: Diarmuid and I could not be at peace. The peace we made was a false peace. (*Hunting horns heard in the distance*). The hounds are at the boar's heels now. I can hear my hounds. Yes, it is Bran. Now it is Skealon. They have found their courage and are driving him from cover to cover. (*Going up the stage*). Listen — now it is Lomair.

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GRANIA: Finn, I beseech you to put the desire of me out of your heart. Be Diarmuid's friend and save him. Kill the boar and save him.

FINN: If I kill the boar, will you belong to me?

GRANIA: Not because you kill the boar.

FINN: If I were there, and Diarmuid here, and this boar coming against me, would Diarmuid save me?

GRANIA: You have fought side by side. Will you let him die?

FINN: Why do you wish me to do this?

GRANIA: It was I who sent Diarmuid to you; and by the blood bond, you are brothers.

FINN: Should not a woman's breast be more to me than a man's hand?

GRANIA: But the blood bond — he who breaks it shall be cast out by God-kind and man-kind.

FINN: I cannot save Diarmuid, his end has been foretold. I cannot change it. The deaths of everyone of us and the end of the Fianna have been foretold. Many will die in a great battle, Oscar who is but a child will die in it, but I shall die long after by a spear thrust, and Diarmuid by the tusk of a boar, and Usheen will go far away, and Caoelte storm the house of the gods at Assaroe. (*A cry is heard close by, Finn plunges into the thicket and returns with Diarmuid who has been mortally wounded by the boar. Diannuid struggles to his feet, and leans against a rock*).

DIARMUID: Water, is there no water? My life is ebbing out with my blood. (*Finn goes to a well and comes back with water in his hand, but as he holds up his hand the water drips through his fingers*). If I had water I might not die.

GRANIA: Finn, bring him water in your helmet. (*Diarmuid looks from one to the other*).

DIARMUID: Grania and Finn. (*When Finn returns with his helmet filled with water, Diarmuid looks from one to the other, and then whether by accident or design he overturns the helmet*).

GRANIA: Why have you done this? Why will you not drink the water that Finn brought you? (*She takes up the helmet and fetches the water herself. Again Diarmuid looks from one to another and puts the water away*). For my sake, for the sake of Grania, I beseech you to drink it.

DIARMUID: It is growing lighter. There is a light coming out of the hill.

FINN: Let me bind up your wounds or in a moment you'll be gone.

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DIARMUID: They're about me, they're about me. They were always about me though I could not see them.

FINN: He is dying, they are coming for him.

DIARMUID: There is somebody there by the trees… move me a little that I may see him. (*Finn kelps Diarnund and slightly changes his position. He begins swaying his hand as if to music*).

FINN: He hears the harp-playing of Aognhus; it is by music that he leads the dead.

GRANIA: Diarmuid, oh, Diarmuid! Do not look at them. If you do not look at them you will not die. Do not die. You said once that you would be lonely without me among the immortals.

DIARMUID: I cannot hear the harp playing; there is so much noise about me.

GRANIA: He has forgotten me.

FINN: Henceforth his business is with them.

GRANIA: Oh, Diarmuid! Oh, Diarmuid! Oh, Diarmuid!

DIARMUID: Someone spoke to me; No, not the harp player, some other. It was you Finn, who spoke to me. No, no, who was it who spoke to me? (*He falls back dead*).

FINN: He is dead: he has died as the son of the gods should die. A friend against whom I have made war is dead. I warred against him for you, Grania. (*They stand looking at each other for a moment and then Grania goes away and weeps. Enter a young man*).

YOUNG MAN: The beast you have been hunting is dead, killed by a spear thrust. Here is the spear.

FINN: The spear is mine; give it to me. (*Walking towards Grania*). We must send for men to carry the body to the house. (*To the young man*). Go fetch King Cormac, bring him here. (*Exit shepherd*).

GRANIA: (*Trying to overcome her emotion*). What did you say, and what are you saying? That spear with the blood upon it in your hand, where did it come from?

FINN: It is the spear that killed the boar — a thrust behind the shoulder did it. We must send for help.

GRANIA: A great man is dead. Ah, why did I send him to you, Finn? I thought that two who were so great should be friends.

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FINN: The gods chose you, Grania, to give him love and death.

GRANIA: (*Wringing her hands*). Finn, we must mourn him. You have to go against the Lochlanders, and this one that I have taken from you will not be by your side. Before the Fianna go against the Lochlanders they must mourn him, all his comrades must mourn him. (*The hunters begin to come in from the wings*). All the Fianna must mourn him, and the shepherds of his valley. (*She goes towards the body of Diarmuid. They make way for her, and when she reaches Diarmuid's body a shepherd coming in from the back gives her Diarmuid's shield and his broken spear*). His shield with the flying white heron upon it shall be laid upon his breast and I will lay beside him the Broad Edge that I bade him take instead of this spear I warned him not to take. Where is my father? Where is King Cormac? He shall see that Diarmuid's burning be worthy of him. (*Enter King Cormac*). Here is my father. (*She goes to her father*). Father, he is dead, one of the great men of Eri is dead. I am telling all these people that you will see to his burning that it may be worthy of him.

CORMAC: My daughter has lost a husband and Eri a defender. The Fianna must mourn him, and all the shepherds of this valley. Finn son of Cool, you too shall watch over this mourning. (*Finn goes over and stands by her*).

GRANIA: There are birch trees upon the mountain that the summer has made ready for the flame. Every shepherd shall bring a tree and they shall be heaped to a great height. Diarmuid shall be laid upon them and when they are lighted all people that are on the western shore shall see the blaze.

CAOELTE: I will send messengers to gather the swift runners, and the swift riders, and the boxers, and the throwers of the weight, that the funeral games be worthy of him.

USHEEN: I shall send messengers who will gather the harpers and gather the women that his funeral songs may be well sung. Many queens shall mourn him to the sound of harps, for when he lived there was none that would not have taken Grania's place, and wandered with him in her stead. It may be that he will come with Aognhus out of the heart of some hill and stand invisible among us and know that he is not forgotten.

FINN: The best of my horses shall be killed with his own horse that he may have noble horses when he awakes. (*Turning to the men who have brought in the litter*). Carry him gently for he was well-beloved when alive. (*They lay Diarmuid's body upon the litter. Finn turns to Grania*). Lay his shield upon his breast. (*Grania walks again to the body and lays the shield upon Diarmuid. The men lift the litter and carry it slowly to the wood*).

CORMAC: Diarmuid is dead, but the Fianna are united and the Lochlanders shall be driven into the sea. (*Finn, Cormac, and Grania go up the stage, following the procession. Conan remains warming his shins by the fire*).

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CONAN: Grania makes great mourning for Diarmuid, but her welcome to Finn shall be greater.

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