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Téacsúil Fionnachtain

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Téacsúil Fionnachtain

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“Textual Discovery” is presented to pique interest in the obscure, yet unique works in Irish language, literature, and history that have been largely forgotten over time. Articles will cover different subject areas, authors, themes, and eras related to the depth and consequence of the Gaeilge experience in its varied forms. The inspiration comes from selections found

within the affiliated Irish Rare Book and Special Collections Library at Seton Hall University, but on a deeper level this piece serves to honor works that can be found listed in bibliographical compilations and on the shelves of libraries across the world.

Fintan, John G. *The Jackets Green, A Tragedy in Three Acts.* (Dublin, J. Duffy, Ltd., 1944)

The Jackets Green is a period drama and clear example of a production influenced by a number of traditional works. This text not only borrowed the title proper and ideas from past scholarship, but also certain threads learned through cinema, song, and additional mass media that document the Irish Civil War of 1921-22 from both poetic and political perspectives.

Through his research efforts, author John G. Fintan was able to combine various aspects of the conflict likely gleaned from his own exposure to how the Civil War was portrayed both pro and con during the immediate post-truce era. Despite the periodical appearance of works that depicted “Cogadh Cathartha na hÉireann,” it was and has remained a somewhat taboo subject throughout the history of Ireland from the Free State to the present day. Even with the recent centennial commemoration of this milestone that led to the formation of the Republic, the conflict remains an emotional topic.

Inspiration Behind *The Jackets Green*

Symbolism connected to the expression “The Jackets Green” goes beyond its usage during the Cogadh Cathartha na hÉireann and has a long tradition of homage in Irish revolutionary circles prior to its crossover into the mainstream of Irish society. The most popular definition of the phrase “The Jackets Green” is a jocular pronouncement made in reference to a calamity that is based on an older axiom: “Down the Glen” which means “lost and hopeless” (Galvin 97). The verse proper arose from the actions by troops during the Battle of Landen (Flanders) in mid-August of 1693.

The French who were fighting on behalf of the Catholic King James II of England and his Jacobite troops (who defended the Protestant-centered House of Stuart and by extension, the British Monarchy) declined to defend Limerick against the opposing army of William of Orange

and later fled to Galway leaving the Irish defenders vulnerable (Galvin 97). The defense was left to the command of Patrick Sarsfield (1655-1693) and while having some success in defending Limerick without the aid of the French army, this became a rallying point in Irish history despite ultimately losing the war (97).

The “antihero” of this story was a man named Donal who served the Jacobite cause but was killed in the neighborhood of Garryowen located within the city limits of Limerick (Galvin 97). The song honored his memory and encouraged all women of Irish blood to save their love for only those who chose to: “wear the jackets green” (97). From then on, those United Irishmen who supported Republicanism would purposely wear the color green to show their devotion for Irish nationalism. The following lyric commemorates these events:

When I was a maiden fair and young,
On the pleasant banks of Lee,
No bird that in the greenwood sung,
Was half so blithe and free.
My heart ne'er beat with flying feet,
No love sang me his queen,
Till down the glen rode Sarsfield's men,
And they wore the jackets green.

Young Donal sat on his gallant grey
Like a king on a royal seat,
And my heart leaped out on his regal way
To worship at his feet.
O Love, had you come in those colours dressed,
And wooed with a soldier's mein
I'd have laid my head on your throbbing breast
For the sake of your jacket green.

No hoarded wealth did my love own,
Save the good sword that he bore;
But I loved him for himself alone
And the colour bright he wore.
For had he come in England's red
To make me England's queen,
I'd rove the high green hills instead
For the sake of the Irish green.

When William stormed with shot and shell
At the walls of Garryowen,
In the breach of death my Donal fell,
And he sleeps near the Treaty Stone.

That breach the foeman never crossed
While he swung his broadsword keen;
But I do not weep my darling lost,
For he fell in his jacket green.

When Sarsfield sailed away I wept
As I heard the wild ochone.
I felt, then dead as the men who slept
'Neath the fields of Garryowen.
White Ireland held my Donal blessed,
No wild sea rolled between,
Till I would fold him to my breast
All robed in his Irish green.

My soul has sobbed like waves of woe,
That sad o'er tombstones break,
For I buried my heart in his grave below,
For his and for Ireland's sake.
And I cry. "Make way for the soldier's bride
In your halls of death, sad queen
For I long to rest by my true love's side
And wrapped in the folds of green."

I saw the Shannon's purple tide
Roll by the Irish town,
As I stood in the breach by Donal's side
When England's flag went down.
And now it lowers when I seek the skies,
Like a blood red curse between.
I weep, but 'tis not women's sighs
Will raise our Irish green.

Oh, Ireland, sad is thy lonely soul,
And loud beats the winter sea,
But sadder and higher the wild waves roll
O'er the hearts that break for thee.
Yet grief shall come to our heartless foes,
And their thrones in the dust be seen,
So, Irish Maids, love none but those
Who wear the jackets green. (Scanlan)

Moving forward to the twentieth century, the appellation of “Jackets Green” made its way into a film title production that recounted the Irish Civil War. Bernard McCain of the *Irish*

Times upon reviewing Fintan's play in 1944, noted that the plot and thematic aspects are similar to an Irish film entitled "The Dawn," with the hero going informer and the "Tan" turning hero (McGinn 2). This historical movie has a place in Irish history as the first "indigenous" sound film production, a Hibernia Pictures presentation produced and filmed entirely in the Irish Free State. The feature film was produced between 1934-35 and released for public view on January 19, 1936, to a core audience, with the promise of future cinematic productions ("Dawn Over Ireland"). The picture was produced, directed, written, and starred Tom Cooper (1899-1982) of Killarney who had ancestors who fought in the Cogadh Cathartha na hÉireann (O'Byrne). The plot of this movie reads much like Fintan's play *The Jackets Green*. "In 1866, in the runup to the Fenian Rising, Brian Malone was falsely denounced as an informer. In 1919, his grandson of the same name aims to clear the family name by serving in the IRA" (O'Byrne). There is no specific indication that Donal, the subject of the poem, or Brian Malone, the main actor in the film, were the basis for Brian Kiernan, the heroic figure created by Fintan in his 1944 play. However, they share the same legendary experiences based on a love for their homeland and taking action to achieve independence by varied means of action.

Furthermore, McGinn noted that *The Jackets Green* by Fintan "does not take its title from the dust cover" of a book published seven years earlier in 1936 also entitled *The Jackets Green* (London: Grayson & Grayson, 1936) by author Patrick Mulloy, an Irish governmental employee working in London who was a veteran of the Civil War. This work, considered semi-autobiographical (Dorney), caused controversy due to its political subject matter. Criticism of the work was deep on both sides of the Irish Sea, especially within press circles and the book was actually banned within the Irish Free State at that time due to its vivid references to the war, making it a questionable literary model for popular audiences ("Fair Comment"). In more graphic terms, author John Dorney noted that it contained passages in which "prisoners [were] brutalized by 'sadistic' officers, stripped naked and beaten with revolvers and [description] of the horrific aftermath of a mine attack on a National Army truck that left intestines hanging from telephone wire and blood streaming into sewers" (Dorney). References were also made to heavy drinking, prostitution, and homosexuality which made the book radical and sensational for the time, but despite its banned status, it was read by a substantial number of people who apparently wanted more realistic depictions of the conflict (Dorney). This controversial text bears little relation to Fintan's play (despite the similar titles), which is more subtle and less sensational than Mulloy's book.

Whichever version of "The Jackets Green" came to the attention of the Irish populace, the more literary and dramatic versions, especially the original poem, found their way into the popular consciousness through being published in anthologies, and broadcast via the "wonder" of that age, radio (especially via Radio Éireann) where recitations and musical adaptations were delivered to a wider audience than ever before, especially into the late 1930s and early 1940s ("On the Wireless"). Each of the aforementioned examples published prior to World War II became the foundation for Fintan to build from and develop the tale in his own way.

Specific Details on Publication of *The Jackets Green*

The author of *The Jackets Green*, John J. Fintan, is not well-known in contemporary literary circles but is mostly remembered as a geographically parochial playwright, diverse in his choice of thematic genres, who was a Republican sympathizer throughout his life. Upon looking retrospectively at his body of work, which also included a trio of three-act plays created over an 11-year period (1944-55) with *The Jackets Green* being his initial literary effort, followed by the tragedy, *Shaunmore*, and *The Green Linnet*, a comedy, published in 1952 and 1955 respectively (“John J. Fintan”).

The Jackets Green is a lean volume of 47 pages which circulated in booklet form. The publisher, James Duffy, Ltd. of Dublin, would ultimately be the publisher for Fintan’s entire body of work. Duffy (1809-1871) himself was later described as: “one of the major publishers of Irish nationalist books, bibles, magazines, Missals and religious texts throughout the 19th and 20th centuries. He was also a major publisher of Irish fiction” (“James Duffy”). This particular work was likely farmed out to Cahill & Co., Ltd. Parkgate Printing Works, located in the Fair City (“James Duffy”). When the final product made it to booksellers in 1944, the price for purchase was 2 shillings and 6 pence per copy. The text was written in English, but no translation to Irish was made, despite its nationalist themes (McGinn 2).

Extant copies of this work are not widely available, as evidenced in the sparse number of books currently found in libraries worldwide. There are only nine copies total, with Seton Hall University holding one of three volumes in the United States, and another three currently available throughout Ireland (*The Jackets Green. A Tragedy in Three Acts*), which may be located via the United States Library of Congress (one of the other holders of this volume in the U.S.) under their subject headings of “Ireland History, 1920- Drama,” and “Ireland History Civil War, 1922-1923 Drama.” No plans have been forthcoming to digitize this work by the publisher at the present time.

This three-act drama (with stage directions included) is published in script format and follows a traditional chronological approach to the subject matter. The characters are introduced in logical turn, relationship bonds are articulated, and the plot is broadly introduced within Act I. In subsequent scenes, the family and their associates are seen to be “dyed in the wool” patriots and any traitors to the cause of Irish independence are portrayed as the enemy. The plot reaches a dramatic climax at the end of the play (*The Jackets Green. A Tragedy in Three Acts*).

The Jackets Green – Transcript Highlights

Fintan created a group of historical characters that include the following roles: John Heffernan, Shopkeeper; Brian Kiernan – His Nephew; Mary Kiernan – His Niece; Jim Collison and Mike Nolan – I.R.A. Members; Dick Barry – Travelling Salesman, Major North – English Resident in Ireland; D.I. Naughton – R.I.C. Sergeant; Tuke - Black and Tan; Mrs. Summers – Major North’s Housekeeper; Owen Kerrigan – Retired Merchant; Sheila Ryan – In Love with Brian Kiernan. The themes found within *The Jackets Green* include “Irish Freedom,” “Fenians,” “Black and Tans,” and “Easter Week,” all of which evolve through the characters’ interpersonal relationships and their covert yet patriotic discussions of Irish independence. Twists and turns abound on who is loyal and who is not, and in short, a love story featuring Sheila and Brian, who

is perceived to be a traitor but who is arguably the hero, form the pivot around which the drama plays out. The following select lines of this production bear this out:

HEFFERNAN: It would make me very happy, lass, to see you and Brian marry . . . Tell me, Sheila, do you like Brian? . . .

SHEILA: Oh ! he's an avowed Imperialist, loves the King, and all things English, and loathes the very thought of Ireland cutting adrift from the Empire.

COLLISON: Yes, he is a Loyalist certainly, but after all, I admire a man who has the courage of his convictions.

MARY: Brian and I have quarreled times without number on that very subject. He is Irish and what right has he to love the enemies of the country? He belongs to a nation that has sent its priests to all parts of the world to teach the Gospel, a country that has given unselfishly its help in arms and in blood to all countries. Can't you remember the words: "For in far foreign fields from Dunkirk to Belgrade, lie the soldiers and Chiefs of the Irish Brigade"? . . .

COLLISON: Good girl, Mary. Faith it's yourself has the spark of eloquence . . .

HEFFERNAN: Brian is surely a strange boy. Though, mind you, since he came here he has been a wonderful help to me . . .

HEFFERNAN: Brian is rather sore when any reference is ever made to his Civil Service days. I think he wishes to forget that period altogether . . . The lad was brilliant but could never see eye to eye with his superiors. Brian was continually boasting of the Empire and other things pro-English. One morning the Assistant Secretary of Brian's Department, a man who has always supported the cause of Freedom, had some words with Brian, and the result was a scene, when my nephew lost his temper, and struck his superior, and immediately left the office, never to return. That's the story as I got it. I am very worried about him of late. His company is not what I would term respectable . . .

HEFFERNAN: He was around Dublin for three or four months and he seemed to care more for the company of police and detectives than any other . . .

COLLISION: Yes, Sheila, will you gladden as old man's heart and light the fires of other days by singing that lovely song, "The Jackets Green"?

COLLISION: Yes, Sheila, please sing it; it's one of my favourites.

[SHEILA sings "The Jackets Green." While she sings BRIAN enters and remains at door unseen by SHEILA. When the song is ended they applaud.]

HEFFERNAN: It was beautiful, Sheila.

DICK: It is one of the few joys left us nowadays, to hear an Irish song by such a nice young lady.

BRIAN (moving downstairs): Sheila, I don't think I have ever heard you sing with such feeling. It was indeed a treat . . .

BRIAN: Perhaps it was the song or something else which is rather difficult to describe. I really don't know. I dare say it was the words and air of the song. I have often heard it sung, but to-night was the first night I heard you sing it and I was very pleased . . .

BRIAN: You would be surprised at some of my tastes. I am extremely pro-British, as you are aware, and cannot tolerate the talk of this so-called fight for Freedom, but a song with

a splendid air always raises me in spite of myself. There is spirit in “The Jackets Green,” yes, and even some of the lines suggest loneliness.

SHEILA: Anything else appeal to you in the song?

BRIAN: The action of the lines “When William stormed with shot and shell at the walls of Garryowen.”

SHEILA: This is very unlike you, Brian. Why you know the words as well as myself.

BRIAN: It was a song my dear Mother, God rest her soul, often sang for us when we were kiddies.

SHEILA: Yes, yes, Brian, but still it’s unlike you to bother about songs relating to Ireland, you are so very much opposed to Irish aspirations . . .

SHEILA: Well, I hope you won’t be offended with me if say you are always making fun of the boys’ efforts around here to become soldiers and fight for Ireland.

BRIAN: Now, please be sensible, Sheila. How on earth can a miserable handful of country boys ever hope to complete a mighty Empire with an immense army and unlimited financial resources to give way to their puny display of force, a few wild youths armed with shot-guns and pitchforks? Good Lord, can’t you see the foolishness of the whole affair?

SHEILA: Surely they cannot be all wrong.

BRIAN: I am surprised at Uncle John becoming involved in this business. Jim Collins is a fanatic like all these patriots and I am sure old Dick is engaged in gun running. I have heard on reliable authority that he manages to distribute quite a lot of arms in the district. I should be sorry to have anything happen the old fellow. Dick’s brothers, as you may not know, and wealthy people in the City, but Dick is eccentric and prefers to live his life in his own way, traveling the country selling his small wares from town to village and village to town. Anyway, Sheila, a sensible girl like you should not fall for all this flag-waving . . .

COLLISON: The man was working against Ireland, John . . .

BRIAN: To hell with you and Ireland, Collision, and your damn-able dreams of Irish Independence. Murder has been committed tonight and I hope before the night is over the police capture the bloody coward who sent an innocent man before his Maker, without a chance to say, “Forgive me.” . . .

[Enter NAUGHTON and TWO POLICE.]

BRIAN: It’s past caring I am when an unfortunate man, returning to his wife and family, can be shot down in cold blood, and Collision and his I.R.A. gunmen can hide behind women’s skirts.

[COLLISION rushes: to BRIAN.]

COLLISION: You miserable low swine! [Seizes BRIAN, but is pulled away by the police.] Take your hands off me, and let me punch a Union Jack on his Imperial Highness’s face . . .

BRIAN: it’s about time someone made a stand to support law and order against this band of cowardly assassins.

HEFFERNAN: May God forgive you, the step you are about to take. Your name will stink in the nostrils of all Irishmen, and in time . . . come you will be remembered as a Judas who betrays a bleeding and broken Ireland . . .

CURTAIN

ACT II

HEFFERNAN: . . . would ask God to take you to His Kingdom rather than see you wed my traitor nephew . . .

SHEILA: I know Brian has broken all codes of decency, but a woman's heart is queer at times. It deals harshly and coldly with the affections of a good and honest man, and then by way of a change it champions the cause of the down-and-out scamp or renegade as the case may be. Since I met Brian in your house, Mr. Hefferman, I have loved him and will always love him, ... but he is the only man in my life and if anything happens him, I think it would kill me . . .

KERRIGAN: Because They are being taken by police car to Dublin in the morning. Now, as you know, I have ways and means of discovering things, but it was only to-day one of our men stumbled on this information. Our only chance to securing the arms in an immediate raid on North's house. There is every prospect of a guard being placed on these guns to-night. For all we know, they may have a guard there now . . .

HEFFERNAN: I curse the day I ever laid eyes on you, Brian Kieran. I thank God for his mercy in taking your poor Father and Mother to Him before they could see in his true colours the cur they reared . . .

BRIAN: Who takes notice of an old man's dotings anyway? [KERRIGAN takes pencil written by all and writes a few notes quickly] . . .

MARY: Brian, will you please leave this house? You are a most ungrateful best to speak to Uncle in that brutal manner . . .

BRIAN: My fiery sister, Mary; dear, good, kind Mary, who goes to Mass every morning, is full of charity for her fellow-men, but who can urge the cowardly assassin to hide behind the wall and fill a defenceless man with lead. You little she-devil, how I hate and despise you and the saintly little Sheila, with her empty romances and her foolish Jackets Green . . .

DICK: There is paper wrapped around the stone. It is a message. Perhaps from Nolan or Collision. (Picks up the stone with paper from it and reads aloud) "Call of raids ? North's. Danger." . . .

HEFFERNAN: To North's place in the pony and trap . . .

DICK: Good for you, man. Hand over my old '45, John [hands gun to DICK] and now let's go.

CURTAIN

ACT III

[The Library in Major North's house. Mrs. Summers, North's housekeeper enters and places a decanter of whiskey and a glass on the table. She picks a newspaper from the table in silence.]

NORTH: [Sits back in chair reading, COLLISON, KERRIGAN and NOLAN appear at door masked. The MAJOR continued reading.]

COLLISION: Don't move from that chair Major, if you value your life.

NORTH: Good heavens! What's the meaning of this in-trusion? Now as you are here, you might be more sociable and . . . remove those masks. I know your voice Collision, and yours also, Nolan. I have not hunted in the bog with you for years without being able to distinguish your voices. Come now, unmask and let us have done with this theatrical stuff. [They unmask, except KERRIGAN] Good-night, Jim, and Michael, and my third unknown friend, who I don't think I have the honour of knowing . . .

NOLAN: We have orders to collect some rifles and ammunition that are supposed to be stored here. I am very sorry, indeed, that I should have been selected for this job, but as a soldier of the Irish Republic, I cannot question my superior's orders.

NORTH: No, no, of course not, obedience the first qualification of a good soldier. I admire your ideals of a soldier but I am very much afraid your efforts to establish this Republic will not meet with any success. In fact, candidly, I think you are very foolish men, but, however, I am just another Englishman residing in Ireland, and it's not for me to make light of your aspirations. My dear boys, can't you see the odds are against you? With a few men scattered on the bog and the mountain top, what can you ever hope to do against the vast resources of a mighty empire? . . .

NOLAN: Put down that gun, you fool. Major North is too brave a man to be intimidated in such a manner. And besides a shot would raw the police on us. If they are here we shall find them.

COLLISION: Mike, roll back that carpet and we find some clue as to their whereabouts. You said, Kerrigan, the guns were in the library . . . Yes, under the flooring boards in the library . . . [The MAJOR in a chair behind them covered by NOLAN has his back to the door, and consequently, they do not notice SERGT. TUKE, and BRIAN KIERNAN enter.]

TUKE: Drop those guns, all of you; place them on the floor. Quick, I'll tolerate no delay, up on your feet, you hoodlums, quick, I say, or I'll pump lead into you. Just in time, Major . . . The lorry was not due to call until ten o'clock to-morrow but we received a note warning us of a raid in your place and we came as quickly as possible. We left the car at the end of the drive and from information contained in the note we were able to evade the two scouts posted and they are out of harm's way for an hour or so . . .

NORTH: I could understand and admire an Englishman playing the spy for his own country people, but when an Irishman can sell his own people then the time is rapidly approaching, "When Honour may be deemed dishonour, And Loyalty may be called a crime." . . .

CORRIGAN: Tuke, you and Kiernan step into this small room and leave the door open. Do not take your eyes off these people for a moment and if one of them as much as moves a finger, shoot, and shoot to kill. [Enter HEFFERNAN, BARRY, MARY, and SHEILA.] . . .

HEFFERNAN: We have no time to waste. The police may be here at any moment . . . it must have been our unknown friend again. God bless and save him. Shortly after the

police leaving the house, there was a sound as if someone was raising the black window. When we went to investigate the cause of the noise a stone was thrown into the room with a piece of paper wrapped round it. There is the note.

KERRIGAN: Let me have the note. [HEFFERNAN takes note from pocket and hands it to KERRIGAN, who reads aloud.] “Call off raid at North’s danger.” Very interesting . . . Indeed, very interesting. I wonder. Apparently the word of the unknown friend of the I.R.A. who has warned them of all the big raids organized by the police . . .

BARRY: It would have been a serious matter to have three of our best men caught like rats in a trap. God bless and protect our unknown friend whether man or woman . . .

COLLISION: It means we have been neatly trapped by the master man of the I.R.A., the super-patriot, Owen Kerrigan . . .

KERRIGAN: I don’t think there’s any explanation required, neither do I intend satisfying your curiosity, John. Suffice to say I wanted the two most sought after gun-men in the country and I set the trap and caught them . . .

NORTH: I would like to shake the hand of that fellow, whoever he is. He has become a mystery hero all over the countryside. He is surely a very brave man . . .

KERRIGAN: Come here, Barry. [DICK approaches slowly.] Down on your knees here.

DICK: I never knelt at the feet of a traitor to Ireland, and I will not begin now.

NORTH: Bravo, bravo, old timer. I am proud of you. Tuke, I ask to have those men taken away without further delay, and I will hold you responsible for their safety. I have influential friends in the government, and am a personal friend of the Military Officer commanding the forces in Ireland and I assure you if these men are treated badly you will regret it very much.

TUKE: I am sorry, Sir, but my orders are to carry out Mr. Kerrigan’s instructions in all matters.

NORTH: I will report this whole affair the first thing in the morning.

HEFFERNAN: Kerrigan, you can’t do that. For Heaven’s sake, man, get a hold of yourself. Can’t you see it will be murder?

SHEILA [running to BRIAN.): Oh ! Brian, Brian can’t you do something to stop this man? Oh! God, for the sake of all you hold dear and sacred, and for my sake.

BRIAN [puts SHEILA gently aside): I am powerless, lass.

DICK: Dear God, and Holy St. Patrick, give me the courage to mee death like an Irishman. Oh, dear Jesus I am very sorry for ever having offended You Who has loved me so much.

KERRIGAN: Now, Barry, on your way. [He is about to fire at DICK, when the gun is knocked out of his hand by a shot from BRIAN’S gun.]

BRIAN: Drop your gun. Mike, take these other guns. [Advancing to DICK, who is still on his knees] come, my dear brave old Irish godfather, up on your feet. You have nothing to fear now.

DICK [breaking down in BRIAN’S arms]: Oh! Brian, Brian, my dear, dear boy. Oh! Bless you, lad. Oh! Brian, Brian.

COLLISION: Brian, by all that’s good and holy what has come over you?

HEFFERNAN: There have been many great happenings since this trouble began, but for what I have just witnessed now, I am proud of you, my boy.

SHEILA: Oh! Brian, dear, brave Brian, I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

BRIAN: Dear, dear Sheila, I pray God I may never be set a cruller task than the one I have had and which with the discovery of that traitor ends my work.

NOLAN: Then you were our inner man all the time, Brian?

BRIAN: Yes; when I quit the Civil Service it was an order from I.R.A., H.Q. Apparently some-one in authority then thought I would be useful in ferreting information of the enemy and with that purpose in view, I was instructed to associate freely with the police and detectives and by assuming the part of one who hated everything connected with Ireland, I was soon accepted as one of their own. From information received it was discovered that some enemy agent was very active in spite of all the efforts of our men to locate him. I was sent to my Uncle's place with orders to watch Kerrigan . . . As one of our men reported a visit of Kerrigan's to a certain government office in Dublin. I have watched Kerrigan, day and night, but the man was clever, devilishly clever, and covered his tracks well. Just a few hours before Sergeant Madden was shot I received an urgent message to enroll in the police force and endeavour to secure a local appointment. That was easy, with the D.I. and other bosom friends of mine, as I appeared to you all. I had no difficulties in obtaining the appointment here. The rest you all know, and now the final showdown of the man who has shown himself in his true colours to-night. Kerrigan will be handed over to the Brigade O.C. and will get a fair trial which is more than he deserves.

[Praise came from all around for Brian and apologies for their doubting of his loyalty.]

DICK: Brian, there's one little girl who never faltered in her love for you, and whose devotion to you when all our hands were against you must have been inspired by Heaven. My boy, there she is, the sweetest flower in Ballymore . . .

[Kerrigan on a couch, nursing his broken wrist and ignored by all. Suddenly he reaches with his left hand to an inside pocket and quickly pulls a revolver, which he points at BRIAN. SHEILA see him and with a scream rushes and placed herself in front of BRIAN) Brian, the gun! KERRIGAN fires and she receives the shot, falling against BRIAN, who holds her in his arms and then lays her quickly on the sofa.]

COLLISION: You traitor from hell. [Fires at KERRRIGAN, who falls.]

BRIAN: Sheila, Sheila, my darling, are you hurt? Speak to me, my dear, oh, speak to me! Don't you know who is here? Oh, Lord, pity me, haven't I suffered enough without this final blow!

MARY: Sheila, Sheila, oh, can't some of you do something?

BRIAN: Get a doctor here, quick. Oh, hurry, please hurry.

BRIAN: Oh, it can't be possible. She was so full of life a few short seconds ago. Oh, say you are wrong.

NORTH: Here are the keys of my garage take the car quickly and hurry back Father O'Hara. Quickly now, Nolan, seconds count.

[Exit NOLAN]

SHEILA [in a weak voice]: Brian, Brian, where are you?

BRIAN: Here, my darling, at your side. Don't worry now; everything will be all right.

SHEILA: It is dark, Brian, the lights, where are they?

BRAN: They have gone, light them again, my dear.

SHEILA: Do you remember the first night you told me you loved me?

BRIAN: Yes, yes, my dear; the night you sang "The Jackets Green."

SHEILA: "I loved him for himself alone and the colour bright he wore."

SHEILA: Brian, what comes after that?

BRIAN [brokenly]: "For had he come in England's red to make me England's Queen, I'd roam the high green hills instead, for the sake of the Irish green." Oh, God, no, I can't go on.

SHEILA: Brian, it is cold, the lights are still out. Oh, Brian, hold me, I am falling. Oh, Brian, Brian. [Falls back in his arms dead]

BRIAN: Sheila, Sheila, she is dead. Oh, my lost one. Oh, Lord, why had You to take her from me and leave me alone to fight with the Jackets Green? (Fintan 9-47).

Conclusion

Within his critique "Four Irish Plays," Irish Times literary critic Bernard McGinn noted that: "There are certain standards in play construction to which all aspiring dramatists must conform . . . and are published in the hopes of being one day produced on some kind of stage . . . It will be welcomed by amateur societies in the more remote parts of Ireland" (McGinn 2). Finding instances of when and where this play was performed is difficult, but requirements for staging were provided by Fintan within his original text and reads as follows:

The acting and all other rights of this play are reserved. The Acting Fee is three guineas for each performance, unless when two or more performances are staged on consecutive nights, when the fee will be reduced to two guineas for the second and subsequent consecutive nights. All acting Fees must be paid in advance to the agents: - JAMES DUFFY & CO., Limited, 38 WESTMORELAND ST., DUBLIN, who will issue a licence in duplicate.

As the historiography of the Irish Civil War and interest in this event and the 1920s era are discovered by present and future historians, *The Jackets Green* should continue to provide a valuable retrospective through which scholars can see how the conflict was perceived during its silver anniversary.

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