Vol. 2

HISTORICAL PLAYS FOR CHILDREN

SECOND SERIES

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

THE FIRST SERIES

ALFRED THE GREAT

ROBIN HOOD

THE ARMADA

THE ENTERPRISE OF THE "MAYFLOWER"

HISTORICAL PLAYS

FOR

CHILDREN

BY

AMICE MACDONELL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

SECOND SERIES

SAXON AND NORMAN
MAGNA CARTA
EDWARD III
CAEDMON
THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS
THE GOOD QUEEN
THE CRUSADERS

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SAXON AND NORMAN


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STAGE DIRECTIONS

One Exit and Entrance, right or left, is needed. No proscenium curtain or footlights are necessary. Two of the boys, in their acting clothes, can come on the stage after the Prologue and between the scenes and arrange chairs, &c., in the view of the audience.

No scenery is required. Localities may be indicated by placards, as: "Palace of Edward the Confessor," "Field of Senlac," &c.

Curtains of some plain colour—green serge or brown holland, for instance—make a good conventional background for all the scenes. A long garland of evergreens, caught up at regular intervals, can be hung across the background curtains. A bush on either side the stage completes the setting. If nothing large enough can be had in a pot, wooden chairs completely covered with greenery will do. These can be pulled aside for indoor scenes.

PROPERTIES

ACT I

Scene I.—"Edward the Confessor's Palace." Couch, foot-stool, books, plan of the Abbey.

Scene II.—The same. Chairs or bench, books.

ACT II

SCENE I.—'THE DUKE'S PALACE IN NORMANDY." Thrones, bench, table, jug, goblet, ball.

SCENE II.—The same. Bench or chairs.

SCENE III.—The same. Thrones, table, shrine.

ACT III

SCENE I.—"THE DUKE'S PALACE IN NORMANDY." Bench or chairs.

SCENE II. The same. Bench or chairs, embroidery.

ACT IV

SCENE I. "HAROLD'S CAMP NEAR HASTINGS." Bench, table, food, jug, cup.

SCENE II. "DUKE'S CAMP NEAR HASTINGS." Evergreens. Banner.

SCENE III. SENLAC. Evergreens.

SCENE IV. The same. Evergreens. Stage darkened. Torch.

The two young children of Duke William can be omitted; in some cases two characters can be taken by one actor.

The clothes of the period—the men's tunics and short cloaks, the flowing dresses and veils of the women—are characterised by simplicity; it will not be difficult or expensive to get the general appearance. Each actor could be dressed, on a rough average, for about 3s., exclusive of shoes and stockings.

For the general effect, it is well to keep the proportion of colours even; to choose full, simple colours, and not "art" shades. The Bayeux Tapestry, which depicts William, Harold, and Odo, as they appeared to eleventh-century eyes,

and tells the story of the Conquest so graphically, should be studied for dresses. It would not be a bad plan to suggest some of the colours of the tapestry and get a general effect in, perhaps, dull yellow, brick red, indigo blue, black, white, brown, and a touch of apple green, the background of brown holland curtains if possible.

For dress material, sateen at 4¾d. or 6¾d. can be used, but the cheapest woollen stuff or house flannel makes better folds, and gives the massive appearance of the woollen or thick linen garments of early times. "Horticultural Sheeting," 50 inches wide, 1s. a yard (Messrs. Cookson, Wellington Mills, Manchester), is useful, and can be dyed with Maypole soap.

For boys, the measurements required are: chest, waist, neck to knee, arm, head.

For girls: bust, waist, neck to ground, arm, head.

Armour, consisting of hauberk, hood, and close-fitting shoulder cape, can be made of motor cleaning material "Kleenquick," 25 yards for 4s. 6d. It should be boiled in size, then blackleaded and silvered. This stuff pulls into any shape, and looks very like chain-mail. The armour can be more correctly made of sacking, 2 yards wide, 6½d. a yard. Paint the rings all over it, close together, each ring about the size of a penny, with black powder paint mixed with size.

For helmets use carpet felt, 48 inches wide, 8½d. a yard, stiffened with size and covered with silver tinsel, 1s. ½d. a yard; for crowns, cardboard or buckram painted with gold. For large quantities of gilding or silvering it is easier and cheaper to use gold or aluminium silver powder, about 6d. per oz., mixed with "White polish." Border patterns can be painted and stencilled with this or done with gold braid, 4½d. per dozen yards, from Burnet & Co., 22 Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

The weapons can be of wood, blackleaded and then silvered.

In the Tapestry both Norman and Saxon soldiers wear a tight-fitting mail tunic or hauberk, which was, at that early period, probably made of leather on to which small metal rings were fastened close together. The Norman helmet was pointed, with a piece in front to protect the nose. A mail hood covered the shoulders and the head under the helmet. Shields were kite-shaped; swords long and thick.

The dress of the common soldiers, and of others when not fighting, were short trousers or a tunic to the knee, with a belt and long sleeves. People of rank wore cloaks, fastened on the right shoulder. The cloaks of this time were circular.

The women had straight dresses—a loose "princess robe" we should say, with wide sleeves. Sometimes this formed an overdress reaching to about the knee. In this case there was an undertunic to the ground, with long tight sleeves. The head and shoulders were wrapped in a veil.

The tunics and dresses should be made with no seam on the shoulder. A piece of stuff, double the length of the garment required, is folded in half, selvedge to selvedge; the neck is cut out in the centre of the top of the fold. The folded stuff on either side of the neck-opening forms the shoulder and the sleeve. The sides of the garment are slightly shaped to the figure. Keep in mind the making of an old-fashioned chemise. Unless the stuff is wide it is necessary to add to the length of the sleeves.

The girls' shoes will not show below their dresses. The boys can have felt soles inside their stockings or wear canvas shoes. White stockings, 4½d. a pair, can be dyed brown, the canvas shoes being painted with Maypole

dye to match the stockings, which must be bound with long strips of black or coloured stuff, starting round the foot and coming up, criss-cross-wise, to the knee.

Pictures of Saxon and early Norman costume are in: S. R. Gardiner's "Outline of English History," J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People," vol. i. F. W. Fairholt's "Costume in England," vol. i. (Bohn's Artists' Library), contains descriptions and pictures of ecclesiastical, civil, and military dress of the time. "The Bayeux Tapestry," F. R. Fowke, is illustrated with photographs. Coloured photograph at South Kensington Museum.

The tune to Cecilia's song is No. 66, "Songs of the British Islands," W. H. Hadow, Curwen, 2s. 6d. The tune of Edith's song is in the "National Song Book," p. 39, Boosey & Co., 3s.

Before the Prologue and the Epilogue a solemn march can be played.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.
HAROLD, Earl of Wessex (*afterwards King of the English*).
GYRTH, brother to Harold.
STIGAND, Archbishop of Canterbury.
WILLIAM, Duke of Normandy.
ODO, Bishop of Bayeux, half-brother to William.
ROBERT "COURTHOSE" } Children; sons to William and
WILLIAM "RUFUS" } Matilda.
LANFRANC, Prior of Bec.
WILLIAM FITZOSBERN } Norman Barons.
WILLIAM MALET }
ROGER OF MONTGOMERY }
HUGH MARGOT, a Norman Monk.
A SAXON MESSENGER.
TAILLEFER, a Norman Minstrel.
A HERMIT.
QUEEN EDITH, wife to Edward the Confessor, sister to Harold.
GYTHA, mother to Harold.
EDITH, called "of the Swansneck."
MATILDA, Duchess of Normandy, wife to William.
CECILIA, daughter to William and Matilda.

Several of the characters can be acted by one person.

SAXON AND NORMAN

PROLOGUE

Spoken by the HERMIT

BEHOLD, a tale of high and solemn sounding!
Most fitting that a mighty voice should sing;
And we are children only, humbly showing
The semblance of so sad and great a thing;
Yet see, we pray, through all our simple playing,
This theme majestic of the days of old,
A tale of pomp, and war, and grief o'erwhelming,
Which in these scenes before you we unfold.

ACT I

SCENE I

Towards the end of the reign of Edward the Confessor

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR'S *Palace. Entrance on left. A window left. Couch right, on which* KING EDWARD, *who is ill, is seated.* QUEEN EDITH *left, seated at his feet with a book.* ARCHBISHOP STIGAND, *right, standing by the* KING.

Edward. The hour of compline is past, night holds the earth. Go (*to Bishop*) and call to my side Hugh Margot of Féchamp.

Stigand (*aside*). Margot—Hugh Margot—outlandish knave! Well, if I must, I must. The King is so wielded by these Norman monks that did they call a black crow white, he would believe their word sooner than his own eyes. (*Turns left, to go.*) (*Aloud.*) I go, my King.

Edward. Farewell, Stigand.

Stigand (*aside*). He loves me not, for I am an honest man and no Norman thief like this fellow!

[*Bumps his shoulder angrily against* HUGH MARGOT, *who enters left. Exit* STIGAND, *left.*

Edward. Welcome, dear brother Hugh!

Monk. Hail, great and holy King! (*Aside, rubbing his shoulder.*) I do think the barbarian who calls himself Archbishop hath broken some of my good Norman bones! (*Sighs.*) Ah me, I must be patient with the froward. Would I could beat thee with thine own unsanctified crosier! (*Shakes his fist, stands left of the* KING'S *couch, takes out parchment.*) (*Aloud.*) My lord King, behold the plan of all that now remains to be built of the new church on Thorney Isle.

[*Shows the plan of the West Minster.*

Edward. That is well, sweet Hugh. (MONK *moves right; to* QUEEN.) 'Tis near finished, Edith, this church and monastery I vowed to the beloved St. Peter, and which I have been these thirteen years a-building.

Queen (*looks at plans*). It will be fair indeed, my

lord. (*Aside.*) His talking is ever of building. I think the King loves stones and mortar more than he loves me.

Edward (*takes plans from* MONK, *who kneels right of the* KING). It stands on the river right beyond the west gates of London, and shall be called the West Minster. Tall and white, it will rise above the meadows, and instead of the cry of the bittern across the marshes, will come the holy chant of monks.

Monk (*rises*). Saintly King, it will be a church such as no man has seen before in this rude island.

Edward. Verily, frère Margot, kings shall be buried there. Edith, when my West Minster is done and hallowed, I shall be right glad to sleep within its walls; for I am weak, and very weary of this angry world.

Queen. In the world only a strong hand may rule, and a heavy hand, my lord, like that of your young kinsman, William of Normandy. (*Clasps and raises her hands.*) Alas for England, in which every man strives for dominion. Only he can build thee up, who is strong enough to first lay thee low!

Enter left, EARL HAROLD.

Monk (*draws back, looking at* HAROLD). Here comes Earl Harold. (*Aside.*) Stubborn and stiff-necked as his father, swift as he to shed blood. The earl hates us gentle Norman monks. I will depart. [*Moves to go.*

Edward (*catches at* MONK'S *sleeve*). Nay, brother, abide here. Leave me not. (*Aside to* MONK.) I do abhor this worldly business which Harold ever brings with him.

Harold. Good rest to you, my King, and you, my lady and most fair sister! (*Looks with scorn at* MONK.) Ah—another monk from Normandy!

[MONK *draws himself up angrily and turns to the* KING.

Edward (*to* HAROLD). Be patient, Harold. (*Aside to* MONK, *looking at* HAROLD.) Ah me, so full of the world and the world's pride! yet withal, noble and generous; hardly could I rule without him.

Monk (*shakes his head*). Nay, my lord.

Harold. Hearken to me; I bring good tidings. The Welsh, whom I subdued, are peaceful for a while; and in your northern earldoms of Mercia and Northumbria——

Edward (*interrupts testily*). They fight?——

Harold (*laughs*). Nay, for a moment, the north is at peace—so I would claim leave to go and hunt a while, and pass over the sea in my good ships.

Edward (*anxiously*). You will not leave the kingdom, Harold?

Queen. The King is sick; go not from him.

Harold. But for a little space. I will be with you ere many days are past. The wind blows from the shore, and I would fain cross the sea and hunt in the woods beyond this isle.

Edward. In Normandy?

Queen. With Duke William?

Harold. Verily. To Flanders or Normandy I care not; if I went to Normandy Duke William would receive me as a guest; besides, I fear him not.

Queen. He is a mighty prince.

Harold (*laughs*). Aye, the tanner's grandson is become a mighty prince! Yet am I, Earl Godwine's son, Earl of Wessex, conqueror of the Welsh and brother-in-law to the King of the English.

Edward. Yea, Harold (*raises himself*), and when the King of the English is dead, you will, perchance, if the Witan choose you, wear my crown. (*Takes the crown in his hands.*) I have no child; the Atheling Edgar is a feeble boy; though you are not of the house of Cerdic, it might be well, if you were king. You have ever acted rightly, Harold, and you will defend England in the time to come.

Harold. To the death, my lord.

Queen (*looks up and takes* HAROLD'S *hand*). To the death, Harold?

Harold. Yea, verily, I would.

Edward. You must shield the land from her enemies; from the savage Welsh, and the furious Norwegians.

Harold (*interrupts*). Yea, and from the wily Normans, aye, good shaven head.

[*Looks angrily at* MONK.

Monk (*furious*). How dare——

Edward (*lays his hand on* HAROLD'S *arm*). Peace, Harold, ye are froward to the gentle servants of Heaven.

Harold (*draws himself away*). Let me go across the seas upon my pleasure. [*Moves left.*

Edward. I beg you, go not near Normandy, though I love the home of my childhood, and I love my cousin, Duke William.

Monk (*bends and touches* KING'S *arm*). My lord, the Duke says you did promise he should be king after you.

Edward. I did so promise; it was long ago. (*Looks at crown.*) Ah, it is a heavy gaud which men desire so fiercely. I dare not choose; Heaven will decide who wears the crown when I am rid of it. It would look well on your head, brave Harold! (*Lifts up the crown.*)

Harold (*stoops down*). Think you so, sister?

[QUEEN *rises, takes crown, which she gives to* HAROLD; *he sets it on his own head, then gives it to* KING.

Edward. Beware of William! He is keen and crafty. Go not into Normandy; I fear the Duke may do you harm.

Harold. Never! I fear him not!

Edward. Boast not; William is subtle, and he reckons on our cousinship, and ancient amity. If you go into Normandy, Harold, it will be to the hurt of England, and to your own dire loss and sorrow.

Harold. Nay—

Edward. I tell you, woe is coming. Go to the casement and look forth!

[*All except the* KING *go to the window on left.* HAROLD *draws a curtain and stands left;* QUEEN, *centre of window;* MONK *right. They see a comet and are amazed.*[1]

Harold. What is this? Behold a streaming star flames through the sky!

Monk. The Saints defend us! 'Tis like a sword!

Queen (*hides her face; rushes to the* KING). Terrors of terrors! Alas, what does it mean?

[HAROLD *and the* MONK *come towards* KING.

Edward. The star foretells woe to this land. (*Rises and raises his hands.*) If I speak truth, may I declare it; if falsely, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. Full soon shall the fiend stalk through this sinful land, harrying it from end to end with fire and sword and the hand of plunder. I see tumult and war; destruction coming sudden as an arrow in the night.

[*Closes his eyes and sinks down.*

Queen. Woe is me; I dare not gaze upon it. (*Kneels beside the* KING, *left.*) Tell me, whither shall I flee when these sorrows come?

Edward (*turns to* HAROLD). When I am gone,

[1] The comet did not in reality appear until the April of 1066, when Edward was dead and Harold crowned.

shelter her; and, oh, Harold, have pity on my Norman servants. (*Points to* MONK, *who moves behind couch.*) Nay, I am near death. When my West Minster is builded, let me depart in peace. (*Takes* HAROLD'S *hand.*) Look to the Queen, and to England, Harold; and if the Witan choose you, reign!

Harold. I will, my King; and would lay down my life ere any stranger should win a rood of English soil! But now no talk of dying; to-morrow the sun will shine. I must away. Shake not your head, dear King—I will across the seas!

Edward. Beware! I say unto you beware!

Harold. Farewell! [*Exit left.*

Edward. He is gone. (*Pushes away plans.*) There. (MONK *comes to his side, left.*) Take the plans and build fast, good Hugh. Oh, Edith, I can bear no more. I am weary, and a heavy sleep falls on my eyelids.

[*The* QUEEN *leads him out* (*left*), *followed by the* MONK *carrying the plans of the Abbey.*

SCENE II

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR'S *Palace. Next day. Enter left,* QUEEN *with a Book of Hours, seats herself in a chair, right.*

Queen. The light of day has come, and the fiery star is hid; but fear and grief are in my heart,


HAROLD
EDITH

I know not why. (*Puts down book.*) The sons and daughters of our house were born to greatness; Tostig was Earl of wide Northumbria; Gyrth and Leofwine are brave warriors; I am the King's wife, and Harold, most favoured of us all, the darling of the English, Harold methinks will be chosen King some day.

Enter left, HAROLD *with* EDITH SWANSNECK

He cometh now with the fair Edith Swansneck.

Edith. O Queen, join your wise counsel to my prayers, that Harold go not over the seas.

Queen. Earl Harold is wilful after the fashion of our family.

Harold. I will go. Fear not, my Edith.

Edith. I fear greatly, lest you fall into Duke William's hand. He knows you are beloved in England. Once in his power, he might not let you go, but imprison you for ever.

Harold. William is an honourable prince, and would not deal so with one who comes as a friend to hunt and hawk. (*Points left.*) See, my men wait yonder with my falcons.

Edith. Ah, pray you be not caught and bound like your own falcon, Earl Harold. The King has foretold sorrow of this journey.

Harold. No sorrow shall befall *me!* Wait but a little; there will be glad days for us all.

Queen. I trust you speak truth, my brother. (*Rises and stands centre between* HAROLD *right, and*

EDITH *left.*) (*Takes their hands.*) May blessing light upon you, fair hours and times of peace!

Edith. Amen, dear lady.

Harold. Aye, good sister.

Queen. And now I must to the King. Continually he sleepeth; lying so still and white. Sometimes I think that he will never more open his eyes upon this world. [*Exit left.*

Edith. If holy Edward die——?

Harold (*smiles*). I shall be crowned King!

Edith. I would not wish you greater or more full of care than now you are!

Harold. Edith, no care shall e'er lie heavy on my heart! I must away; the men have drained their horns of mead; the ships dance on the wave at Bosham. I must away.

Edith. Alas!

Harold. Farewell, sweet Edith. (*Takes her hand.*) I will return right soon. [*Exit left.*

Edith (*calls after him*). Farewell, brave Earl Harold! and remember the King's words! Ah me, my heart is heavy with foreboding of ill.

[*Exit* EDITH, *left.*

ACT II

SCENE I

A few weeks later

Normandy, the DUKE'S *Palace—thrones in centre, a bench to right of them, a table in right corner on which are a jug and goblet.* WILLIAM FITZOSBERN *stands right, sharpening arrows and watching* ROBERT *and* WILLIAM RUFUS *at play with a ball in front of the thrones.*

William Rufus (*on right*). That was my turn! Thou shalt not have the ball!

Robert (*on left*). Yea, but I will—red head!

[*They struggle;* ROBERT *gets the ball.*

Fitzosbern. Peace, young wolves!

[*Strikes at them with an arrow.* ROBERT *drops ball;* WILLIAM *seizes it.*

Robert. I am thy elder brother; yield it unto me! [*Stamps.*

William Rufus. Elder brother! (*Stamps his foot.*) Courthose! Thy short legs could not catch me if I ran away with it! [ROBERT *snatches it.*

Enter left, WILLIAM *and* MATILDA *talking together, they stand centre, children rush on either side.*

William Rufus (*left*). Shall I not have the ball ye gave me?

William. Verily, if thou art strong enough to keep it.

Matilda (*puts hand on* ROBERT'S *shoulder*). Sweet Robert, 'tis thine. (*To* RUFUS.) 'Tis thine elder brother's ball.

William (*takes ball from* ROBERT, *who kicks*). Courthose must not have all things.

Matilda. 'Tis his, my lord.

William. Well, do as ye will. Go hence and play (*flings ball left*) or fight, for 'tis ever so with you!

[ROBERT *and* RUFUS *run out struggling to get the ball;* FITZOSBERN *slowly follows them left.*

Fitzosbern (*aside*). Those boys will work sorrow to us all one day! [*Exit left.*

Matilda. You did smile, my lord; at what good news?

William. Harold is here; I have him!

Matilda. Harold, here? In Normandy?

[*Clasps her hands.*

William. His ships were wrecked on the coast and he taken prisoner by my unruly vassal, Guy of Ponthieu. I have ransomed him from Guy's donjon; and now, full of gratitude to me, his deliverer, he comes to be my guest.

Matilda. Dear my lord, have we not ever longed that Harold should come here?

William. Yea; now he is in my power; my debtor, moreover. He will be with us ere long.

I have commanded that he be brought to me with all honour.

[WILLIAM *leads* MATILDA *to the thrones and places her beside him.*

Matilda. Harold will be amazed at your splendour. You will not let him go without a promise? [*Takes his hand.*

William. Verily, Matilda, an oath that he will help me to win the crown after Edward's death.

Matilda. This strife that rends England will further our desire.

William (*stretches out his arm*). By the strength of mine arm will I make it more than a desire, Matilda; and as I hold this unruly duchy, will I hold England some day. There will I pluck down the stubborn nobles as I have put them down in Normandy, and the Earl of Mercia or Northumbria shall no more dare to menace me than Busac or the Count of Arques shall here. Hark! the trumpet sounds at the gate, and Harold comes.

[WILLIAM *and* MATILDA *rise; enter* HAROLD, *escorted by* ODO OF BAYEUX *and* WILLIAM FITZOSBERN, *who move right;* HAROLD *stands left.*

William. Welcome, Earl Harold, to our Court of Normandy!

Odo (*aside to* FITZOSBERN, *looking at* HAROLD). He hath a royal bearing.

Fitzosbern (*aside to* ODO). Fair, tall is he and

strong; methinks he might almost bend the Duke's great bow. [WILLIAM *and* MATILDA *sit down.*

Harold (*bows haughtily*). I owe you, Duke William, a debt which 'tis not easy to pay. (*Aside.*) Oh, what a trap am I fallen into!

Matilda. The Duke rejoices to ransom so great a guest, Earl Harold.

Harold. Thanks, gracious lady; I can make but a short stay at your court.

Matilda (*frowning*). How, my lord?

Harold. I have spent much time in Guy of Ponthieu's hospitable donjon, whence the Duke delivered me; and now I must be back in England, where I am needed.

Matilda (*motions him to sit beside her on seat right of thrones*). Sit here, fair Harold. We in Normandy have desired to see you, for your prowess is noised abroad.

[HAROLD *sits down by* MATILDA.

William. We have heard how you defeated the Welsh in their own mountains.

Harold. I have for a time put down the Welsh; but I must return lest there be other risings.

William. Men say the strength of England lies in Harold. The King, my kinsman, looks to you as to a wise and valiant warrior. Before you leave us, Earl Harold, I would crave your help against my rebel Bretons. You shall show us that the Saxon battle-axe is near a match for our Norman sword and mace.

Harold. That would I do with all my heart! (*Aside.*) Would I had never come hither!

Enter left, HUGH MARGOT.

Monk (*bows low to* WILLIAM). Lanfranc of Bec craves leave to speak with you, my lord, on matters of state. Shall he be brought into your presence?

William. Nay, I will go to him; I would see him apart. (*Rises.*) Rest here, gentle Harold. Come, brother Odo, and you, Fitzosbern; I have work for you to do.

Odo (*aside*). A matter of gathering relics and bones of holy men—for a good purpose of the Duke's. [*Exit left* WILLIAM, *with* ODO, FITZOSBERN, *and* HUGH MARGOT.

Matilda. Think not to leave us. We will have feasts and knightly feats of arms to honour you.

Harold (*aside*). How may I escape?

Matilda. Here cometh our daughter. (*Enter* CECILIA, *left.*) Draw nigh, Cecilia. The Earl is weary; fill yon goblet with wine for him.

Cecilia. Right gladly will I. (*Fetches goblet, which she fills and hands to* HAROLD, *stands on his right.*) Welcome to Rouen! [*He smiles and drinks.*

Matilda. The wine of Normandy was ne'er more highly favoured. Is it not sweet as a draught of your own island?

Harold. The sigh for home is drowned in the cup that is given by so fair a hand.

Matilda. Noble Earl, methinks many bright eyes will look forth for your return across the silver sea. I doubt not you are skilful to sing and make sweet music.

Harold. My song would be a sad one. But you (*to* CECILIA) could sing merrily, fair child.

Cecilia. I will sing gladly to you, Earl Harold, though my voice is better attuned to the music of nuns than to any earthly minstrelsy.

[*Sits beside him, right.*

Harold. 'Tis better so; the world's music oft leaves the heart uncomforted.

[DUKE WILLIAM *enters silently, left, while* HAROLD *is speaking;* MATILDA *sees him, rises, and meets him in centre.*

Matilda (*aside*). Harold is moody; methinks he seeks to go.

William. Go! That he shall not! I'll have him guarded—until he has most solemnly sworn to help me to my crown in England!

[WILLIAM *and* MATILDA *go out left, followed by* HAROLD *with* CECILIA.

SCENE II

Some time later, after HAROLD *has accompanied* WILLIAM *on a warlike expedition into Brittany. Normandy, a room in the* DUKE'S *Palace. A bench on the right.* HAROLD *stands centre alone.*

Harold. Time creeps on apace since we returned from Brittany; and still I may not go.

Oh, I am weary of the feasting within these walls from which there's no escape! For many a day I fought at William's side against the Bretons; I saw how he wages war; exults in the battle; laughs in the face of death; 'tis a lion that sleeps not night or day; and who knows when he will spring. (*Turns, faces left.*) Hark! a step. I am guarded continually.

Enter left, WILLIAM FITZOSBERN.

Fitzosbern (*bows*). Earl Harold, the Duke craves your presence in the hall of state, where he hath assembled bishops and nobles of Normandy. [*Bows, exit left.*

Harold. What doth the Duke want with me? I am weary of being watched.

Enter left, CECILIA.

Cecilia. Are you alone?

Harold. I trust so, maiden; but these dark walls have eyes and ears.

Cecilia. You are sad and wrathful; prithee wherefore, Earl Harold? (*Leads him to bench on right. They sit down.*) All Normans honour you for your valour against the savage Bretons. Do we forget how with your strong arm you plucked our men from the quicksand and a grave in the flowing Coesnon? My father says you are a brave ally. Would you be a stern foe, Earl Harold?

Harold. Verily, I should be so; but true to those, Cecilia, whose love for me is unfeigned. I fought the Duke's battles, but now I would gladly be at home to defend my own land against rebellions, aye, and against invasions too——

Cecilia. Invasions?

Harold. Know you the fable of the wolf?

Cecilia. Nay, you speak in riddles. Hearken. The hour of your departure is nigh; my father has goodly ships to take you, all ready in the harbour. But before you go he would make one condition with you.

Harold (*stands up sharply*). What condition?

Cecilia. Nay, that you shall learn from the great Duke himself.

Harold (*angrily seizes her hand*). You shall tell me. What conditions?

Cecilia. You will hear full soon. (*Rises, frees her hand; speaks earnestly.*) Dear Harold, oh, deny not my father. Most loving is he to those who do his will, but stern beyond measure to them who disobey. Say not "nay" to aught he ask of you; he has you in his power. Earl Harold (*lowers her voice*), the donjons beneath here are deep and terrible (*points to the floor*), without light, without hope. Oh, beware! I hear a sound! I dare not abide longer. Fare you well. Beware! [*Exit left, swiftly.*

Harold (*comes centre in front*). Of all men am I in most wretched plight. If I should fight my way inch by inch to the gates, I have no ships

wherein to cross the sea. You speak truth, Cecilia, I cannot choose what I shall do. Aye, once down there beneath these walls and towers of stone, never should I breathe English air, see home or Edith more. (*Turns left.*) So—to the Duke!

[*Exit left.*

SCENE III

The same day

Normandy, the DUKE'S *Palace. Thrones in centre, on which are seated* WILLIAM *and* MATILDA *— to the right are* LANFRANC, MALET, MONK, TAILLEFER: *on the left,* ODO, CECILIA, ODO *being next to* WILLIAM. *In front of the thrones, a shrine covered. Enter* HAROLD, *escorted by* FITZOSBERN, *who stands left.*

William. I have commanded that ships be prepared to carry you to England, Earl Harold, with rich gifts for yourself and the sick King my kinsman.

Harold (*coldly*). I thank you for your bounty.

William. All that I did for you in heavy ransom and in costly gifts I did with a willing heart. For we have rejoiced to see Harold amongst us, have we not, brother Odo?

Odo (*laughs*). Yes, brother Duke, it was verily a joy to see him. (*Laughs.*) A joy; a most true joy! Ha! ha!

William (*aside*). Peace, knave! (*To* HAROLD.) And now before you leave us, do me one favour—one you will not deny me.

Matilda. Before you go back to England, fair Harold, and to Edith of the Swansneck.

Harold. Favour? What? What would you have me do?

William. Swear to me, Earl Harold, on this shrine (*points to shrine*), before the bishops and nobles of Normandy, that when my holy kinsman dies you will help me to win the crown of England which he promised me.

Harold. What say you?—The crown of England? 'Tis not mine to give! The Witan will choose the King's successor!

William. Nay, Harold, but your voice can lead the counsel of the Witan; if you speak for me, the crown is mine.

Harold. Not if the Witan choose *me*. The King may, moreover, name *me* his successor.

William. Name you his successor! You are not of the Royal House. When saintly Edward dies he will remember his ancient promise, given before many witnesses, of the crown to me his cousin; and whate'er the Witan urge, you must uphold my right and make me king. You shall wed one of my daughters and rule o'er half of England——

Harold (*scornfully*). Take you my thanks! But——

William (*bringing down his fist*). By the splendour of heaven, I tell you I know not, "but." I know that the deed follows my word, as thunder

the lightning! Swear to help me win what is my right! Delay not! (*Pauses, then lifts his voice.*) Earl Harold, we wait!

All. Yea, we wait!

[HAROLD *puts his hand on his sword.*

Odo (*aside*). Nay, not even you, with your strong arm, could slay all the Duke's soldiers; not even Harold could leap the sea!

Lanfranc (*comes forward and addresses* HAROLD). Will you swear to the Duke?

Harold (*aside*). What can I do? (*Slowly advances to shrine.*)

Cecilia (*steps forward quickly; aside to* HAROLD). Oh, say "yea" quickly; "nay" is a prison for ever!

Harold (*aside*). Then may I be forgiven! (*To* ODO, *sullenly.*) What words would you have me say?

Odo. Lay your hand thus (*places hand on shrine*), and say "I swear, Duke William"—'tis your sacred oath—(HAROLD *repeats after him*) "in the face of these your bishops and nobles assembled here, to help you to the crown of England when King Edward dies." [HAROLD *stands still.*

William. Remember you have most solemnly sworn, Earl Harold, before these witnesses. Now, Odo of Bayeux, draw the cloth!

[*Odo smiles, steps forward, draws cloth, and shows a shrine containing bones of the Saints.*

Harold (*starts back*). What is this? There are bones here!

Odo. Aye, bones of the most holy saints of Normandy.

Harold. And I have sworn upon them?

[*Trembles.*

William. Verily, Earl Harold, you have so done.

Harold (*aside*). Woe is me!

[*Hides his face in his mantle.*

Odo (*aside*). See, how he trembles, and how his flesh does quiver. (*Raises his hand.*) And if you break your oath so given upon the holy bones, the saints will fight against you, and dire and terrible will it be unto you.

Harold (*aside*). Alas!

William. So fair a prince would ne'er break faith. And now, since you will not be entreated to abide longer with us, noble Earl, return in peace to England.

[*Rises with* MATILDA, *and goes out left, followed by all but* HAROLD.

Harold. I go! To shake the foul dust of Normandy from off my feet! It would take the whole sea to wash me clean! Most wretched of men am I! An oath forced is not a binding oath!

[*Exit left.*

ACT III

SCENE I

1066, *Winter*

Normandy, the DUKE'S *Palace. A bench on the right.* DUKE WILLIAM, *ready for hunting, stands centre.* ODO OF BAYEUX *and* WILLIAM FITZOSBERN *right and left of him.*

William (*gives his bow to* FITZOSBERN). Take my bow, Fitzosbern.

Fitzosbern. Gladly will I bear it, though you alone, my lord, can bend it—and bend it at full gallop.

William (*to* ODO). Will you go hunting with us ?

Odo. Aye, brother Duke ; though a priest, next to the exchange of thrusts and blows, I love, like you, to chase the tall deer in the forest. I'll go with you ; we'll gallop through the thicket and bring down the snow from the branches with the blast of our horns !

William. Fitzosbern, we hunt not without you. (*Turns left.*) Stay ; some one cometh running ; he hath a Saxon bearing.

Enter left, SAXON MESSENGER, *breathless ; raises his hands.*

Messenger. Dread lord, I dare not speak.

[*Kneels.*

William. Give thy message! Speak!

[ODO *moves left; he and* FITZOSBERN *stand where they can hear what is said.*

Messenger (*gasps*). I come from England. Holy Edward is dead; Harold crowned King; he was chosen by the Witan, and the Archbishop put the crown on his head in the West Minster, the day that King Edward was buried there with weeping and lamentations.

Odo (*bursts in between* DUKE *and* MESSENGER). His oath broke! Harold, felon thou wert, and felon ever wilt be! Why did we let thee escape?

Messenger (*jumps up in terror*). Slay me not! 'Tis truth I tell.

William (*to* MESSENGER). No more—get thee hence!

[*Exit* MESSENGER, *left, with haste.* WILLIAM *stands, angrily fastening and unfastening the clasp of his mantle; then strides to bench, seats himself, turning towards right and covering his face with his mantle.*

Odo. He is choked with wrath, like a lion robbed of his prey! [*Exit left.*

Fitzosbern (*stands centre, watches the* DUKE). If I abide here, I had best draw nigh him with a big heart. If I call not on him to rend Harold, he will surely up and tear me limb from limb. (*Approaches*

the DUKE, *hums a tune cheerily.*) Mourn not, my Duke.

William (*looks up*). Wherefore say you, "Mourn not"?

Fitzosbern. You cannot hide what has happened, my lord; the news is blazed through every street in Rouen ere now. Edward is dead; we cannot mend that.

William. And Harold has broken his oath—is crowned King; what say you to that?

Fitzosbern. I say, my liege, we can mend *that.* Arise, my lord, and be doing! (*Puts hand on* DUKE'S *shoulder.*) Carry through what you will and take the crown from Harold.

William. Though Harold should have all the men of England to fight for him?

[*Turns round to* FITZOSBERN.

Fitzosbern (*proudly*). The Normans are a match for the whole flock of English sheep! Lead us to conquer England!

William. By the sword must I win my own crown from the usurper. (*Rises, and comes centre.*) This were the hour; England is divided; there be many will murmur to see the son of Godwine so exalted; the bitter Tostig, whose earldom Harold hath taken away, may call in the Norwegians against his brother. (*Puts hand on* FITZOSBERN'S *arm.*) Faithful Fitzosbern, bid Lanfranc come hither for I would speak with him.

Fitzosbern (*aside*). His mind was fixed ere I spoke, methinks. [*Exit left*, FITZOSBERN.

William (*paces to and fro*). Whate'er be Harold's fortune, would my own barons be true to me? Would they cross the sea and fight my battles? Hard strift have I had, since the days when I hid for my life in woods and hovels; hard shrift to curb these Normans of mine. I hold them now, but they may rise and fill the land with confusion if I pull the rein tight. Moreover, the King of France is envious; he will be ill-pleased when the Duke of the Normans is King of the English—we must go cautiously.

[*Stands right by bench.*

Enter left, LANFRANC *and* FITZOSBERN.

Lanfranc. My lord, what is your pleasure with me?

William. Sit here. (*Points to bench, on which they sit down;* FITZOSBERN *stands left, playing with his bow.*) Hearken to me, and give counsel.

Lanfranc. I counsel you to do your will, my lord. (*Smiles.*) Your questioning is ever a command.

William (*laughs*). Aye, Prior, but guess you my bidding this time?

Lanfranc. I think the Duke would make himself a King.

William. Would take his own crown, ye should rather say.

Lanfranc. The hour is come to do it, my lord. They say Harold was never careful to abstain from perjury; and now he is disgraced in all eyes as a breaker of his oath on the relics of the saints. Men will acknowledge your right. I will plead with the Pope, as I did before, in the matter of your marriage.

William. Yea, many a year I struggled for Matilda, and wedded her in spite of all—in spite, at first, of you, good Prior, but I moved you to help me then; now you shall aid me get the crown of England.

Lanfranc. Yea, the Pope will bless this undertaking, and not only Normans but soldiers from France, Flemings, Germans, men from north, south, east, west, shall flock to your banner.

Fitzosbern. Chiefly you must look to the Normans.

William. And if they fight for me, shall I forget to reward them?

Lanfranc. England is a fair, rich country to give to your Normans. Ours will be a blessed work. The ways of the English are rude and wild; they eat and drink to excess, and the priests are so unlearned that they can scarce read their book. When you are King, we will show them how Normans live; our bishops and abbots will restore learning and holy order into the monasteries; churches shall rise such as you and Matilda have built here.

William. You shall leave Bec, good Prior, and come to my Abbey at Caen ; may be you will rule elsewhere some day. For ourselves, we shall not have so much business or so many enemies and cares as to forget religion in the fair land of England.

Fitzosbern. Fair land of England ! (*Puts down his foot.*) I long to set heel on thee ! Come now, my lord, call a council of the barons. I vow they shall not say you nay !

William. I must know how many ships and men my barons can provide. (*Re-enter* ODO *with* WILLIAM MALET.) (*To* ODO.) How many ships could you furnish with the moneys I gave unto you, Odo, to win my crown in England ?

Odo (*aside*). Win crowns in England—so, blows the wind that way ? (*Aloud.*) I could give you more than a hundred ships, brother. (*Aside.*) You shall not get one from me unless you promise me some of the fat lands over yonder.

[WILLIAM *signs to* ODO *to sit with him and* LANFRANC. FITZOSBERN *and* MALET *are left in centre.*

Malet (*coming nearer* FITZOSBERN, *aside*). Are we bound by our service to follow across the sea this man whose desire is as the hunger of the waves themselves ? Shall the descendants of Rollo and the bold Norsemen be dragged into all the wars of the tanner ?

Fitzosbern (*aside*). Peace ! If you love your life

speak low; the hides do sting him to the quick. William will tear you, if he hears.

Malet. I will keep my limbs then in silence. But if I needs must serve him, he shall give me somewhat for my pains. [WILLIAM *eyes them.*

William. Ho, knaves! what do ye in a knot whispering together? Now, by the thunder, I think you mean to play me false.

Fitzosbern (*steps back right*). Nay, my liege, never.

Malet. We'll help you. (*Aside.*) Since we may not choose.

[WILLIAM *rises, stands centre,* FITZOSBERN *comes on his right,* ODO *stands in front of bench,* MALET *on the left,* LANFRANC *stands right with arms folded.*

William. Let the nobles of Normandy be summoned, and we will learn how many each can provide of men and ships.

Fitzosbern. I will give double my due service and raise sixty ships, my Duke; would it were more! If need be, I will die for you, and will give my own heart for yours!

William. And I could grasp the world like the rushes on the floor, if all were faithful as you, Fitzosbern!

Malet. Others beside Fitzosbern can build ships and fight, my lord.

William. Truly, William Malet, I doubt not your

love. You know England, and shall do us good service there. Messengers will I now send unto Harold, bidding him resign the crown which he has seized, and if he refuse——?

Odo (*pacing to and fro behind the others, turns*). Aye, if he refuse—ha! ha! If Harold refuse?

William. Then to England!

Fitzosbern. Aye, to England!

[*Exit* WILLIAM, *followed by the rest.*

SCENE II

A few months later. Summer, 1066

Normandy, in the DUKE'S *Palace.* CECILIA *seated on a bench right, sewing a priest's robe.*

Cecilia. Day by day grow the golden stitches; the robe is near finished which I will give my mother's church at Caen when I am made a nun. I shall enter the cloister gladly.

[*Sings* (*tune, "Evening Song," Songs of the British Islands; first verse repeated after the third verse*).

I

There is a garden far away,
With strongest walls set round;
And roses red and lilies white
Grow in that guarded ground.

II

And there no winter wind doth come,
Nor snow, nor hail, nor rain;
And those who dwell there hunger not,
Nor thirst, nor weep again.

III

A little while, and this our toil
And journey long shall cease,
Oh, lead us safe through this dark world,
And bring our souls to peace.

Now is the whole land full of the sound of war. The hammering of the shipbuilders has rung in mine ears all summer, and many a waving green tree has fallen to make the ships in which my father goeth against Harold. (*Enter left,* MATILDA; CECILIA *rises.*) 'Tis my mother. (*Holds out her work.*) Behold all I have wrought.

[MATILDA *examines work; seats herself on bench;* CECILIA *stands beside her, left.*

Matilda. Your work speeds, fair child. I bring good tidings. The Pope hath sent us a wondrous banner—silk it is, and wrought with a picture of St. Peter. This hath he given the Duke. Proudly it will wave over the Normans, leading them to victory! Are you not glad, Cecilia?

Cecilia. Aye, glad, and sorrowful too.

Matilda. How, sorrowful? Dare ye speak thus?


MATILDA
ODO
CECILIA

Cecilia. Nay, sweet lady, I am glad the holy Pope has blessed our enterprise—and sorrowful, for Harold was a noble knight and true!

Matilda (*angrily, stamps her foot*). Noble! True!—He broke his faith! He refuses the demands of the Duke, and swears he will keep the crown now he has got it. Silence! you anger me; no more of Harold! Listen, my child (*takes* CECILIA'S *hand, draws her down and makes her sit beside her*), I will tell you something—soft in your ear.

Cecilia. What?

Matilda. In secret have I built a ship in which your father shall go to England.

Cecilia. But he hath all the harbour of the Dive full of ships—masts like a forest.

Matilda. The ship which I have built for the Duke is fairer than any; one that would make the proud barons of Normandy, the Count of Mortain, Odo himself, yea, e'en my own noble kindred sigh for envy. The sails are of silk, rosy red.

Cecilia. Ah, mother.

Matilda. And on the ship is the image of a child of the age and countenance of your brother William; all gold, Cecilia, with wings wide spread, and in his mouth a trumpet which blows towards England!

Cecilia. My father will rejoice, and laugh loud when he beholds it.

Matilda. That will he do to-morrow. Day by day, unknown to him, I have had built a worthy ship for the greatest of all the Normans!

Enter left, ODO, *a mace in his hand.*

Matilda. Hail, Odo of Bayeux! You look much of a warrior and little of a priest, methinks.

Odo. We must all turn soldiers when so mighty a business is on hand. See! priest though he be, Odo can strike lustily.

[*Swings his mace and nearly hits* CECILIA.

Cecilia (*starts up*). Peace, good uncle! Have a care to us!

Matilda. We are not Saxons! (*Laughs.*) Keep your strength for them; ye will have need of it, across the sea.

Cecilia. Yea, 'tis a perilous venture; we who bide here shall wait for tidings with yearning hearts.

Matilda. Yet we shall scarce have time to weep, for while he is away from Normandy, the Duke leaves me Regent with Robert my most dear son.

Odo (*walks up and down*). The Duke did smile, and say he had a wife so prudent that he might e'en leave the reins of government in her hands.

Matilda. With our wise counsellors, diligently will we labour to keep peace within his borders until the day when the Duke returns victorious. You will conquer; the holy banner from Rome will lead you to victory!

Odo (*stands left, facing* MATILDA). Ha! ha! (*Rubs his hands.*) Victory! William will be King; Matilda Queen; and I——

Matilda. Boast not rashly, nor make vain schemes. But look you, Odo (*stands up between them*), and thou, child; if the Duke conquer, then shall the tale of his going and of Harold's coming hither be told. Odo of Bayeux, you shall cause cunning men to draw the story on linen cloth, which we women will embroider, and thus tell in stitch-work how William conquered, to the people who live when he and I are dust in the churches we have built!

[*Exit with* CECILIA, *followed by* ODO.

ACT IV

SCENE I

Evening, October 13, 1066

HAROLD'S *camp at Senlac. Inside a tent. Entrance on left. Bench in the centre and on right. In right-hand corner a table, with food, jug, goblet, on it. Enter* QUEEN EDITH (*widow of* EDWARD THE CONFESSOR), *who stands in centre;* GYTHA, *who seats herself right;* EDITH SWANSNECK, *who kneels at* GYTHA'S *feet.*

Edith. Now is the eve of the battle come. William has landed, and across the valley (*points left*), opposite this hill on which Harold is encamped, are the Norman tents arrayed in the twilight. (*Moves to left and looks out.*) Around us are our own camp-fires, where the men drink and sing the songs of ancient battles.

Queen. Better were it if they prayed and confessed their sins, as the Duke's soldiers do to-night. [*Seats herself centre.*

Edith. Maybe you are right. (*Approaches* QUEEN.) Dear lady, ah, think you to-morrow will bring us victory or defeat?

Queen. Who shall say which of the twain will conquer?

Gytha. If Harold, my dearest son, do fall, then ends the glory of the House of Godwine.

Edith (*rises*). Surely he must prevail. He beat the Welsh; even now he comes from the red field of the North, where Tostig the traitor, and the Norwegians lie slain, and where the golden-haired giant Hardrada has won naught from Harold but a seven-foot grave. Surely he will defeat the Norman likewise.

Queen. William is mighty; and 'tis not the strong arm alone that conquers; wisdom wins battles. The Duke hath sent messengers abroad to the Emperor and to the King of France to draw princes and bishops to his side. The Pope himself hath given him a banner.

Edith. Harold has the Dragon of Wessex and his own golden standard of the Fighting Man.

Gytha. I have seen the strong plucked down ere now. Moreover, I have strange misgivings. As Harold prayed before the Holy Rood at Waltham (Thurkill the sacristan will tell you I speak truth) the Head upon the cross bowed o'er him as it were in grief. Alas for Harold! Will all my sons be slain, and leave me comfortless!

Queen. Heaven grant our bright star be not set! (*Rises.*) I must away to Winchester. Farewell, good mother—and you, fair Edith Swansneck, fare you well.

Edith (*comes and kneels*). Farewell, dear lady, wise Queen.

Queen. Farewell; from behind my grey walls at Winchester I'll watch the darkening world.

[*Exit left.* EDITH *kneels with hands clasped.*

Edith (*rises quickly*). Hark! some one cometh! Is it the King? He was watching his men dig the trenches and make the wooden barricade.

Enter left, GYRTH.

Nay, 'tis Gyrth, your younger son.

[*Sits down right by* GYTHA.

Gyrth. Greeting, mother, and you, gentle Edith. Harold is here. [EDITH *rises quickly.*

Enter left, HAROLD; *sinks down wearily, centre bench.* EDITH *fetches food from right.*

Harold. Let me rest; I am weary. Swift was the march from the north through London here; scarce time had we to sleep or break bread. Thanks, Edith, this is sweet refreshment. (*Eats food.*) I must needs have been in two places at once to prevent William from landing yonder at Pevensey. I trust Edwine and Morkere play me not false, and that to-morrow we shall have help from Mercia and Northumbria.

Gytha. Edwine and Morkere are envious of the House of Godwine. Alas, the land is divided! earldom against earldom! each man for himself. O Harold, my mind is full of doubt.

Gyrth. Fear not, mother! our spies who beheld

the Normans said they looked as if they were priests, not soldiers.

Harold (*laughs*). That is because they shave their hair like priests. But I know them! and I tell you that these shaven Normans are terrible in battle. [*Takes cup from* EDITH *and drinks.*

Gyrth. Brother, if you esteem the Normans so mighty, fight not against them. They have right on their side, in that you have broken your oath.

Harold (*sets down cup*). Not fight!

Gyrth. Yea, I and Leofwine and all Wessex, with the Earls of Mercia and Northumbria, will fight to the last man to keep out the Norman, but do you, being bound by your oath, forbear——

Harold. Never! Men shall never say Harold was afraid. I will fight till one or other of us twain is dead. Since we cannot take the Normans by surprise, we must defend ourselves. The hill is well chosen. Unless our wall of shields is broken, we shall prevail as of yore. I have many a tried and faithful soldier. (*Takes up battle-axe.*) Woe to the Normans who to-morrow come within the swing of our battle-axe!

Enter left, HUGH MARGOT, *who holds up his hands.*

Monk. Truce! I come from the Duke!

Harold. You are safe in the King's presence!

Monk (*scornfully*). King——?

Harold. Give your message.

Monk. The Duke says, will you let the Pope judge between you twain; or will you meet the Duke in sight of all and fight, he and you, and whichever lives shall wear the crown?

Harold. Tell William the crown is not mine to give. It is true I took the oath, but I took it being compelled; I promised what I could not do. I cannot lay down this crown against the desire of the people who have delivered it unto me. No award of Rome, no combat between me and your lord, could decide the matter, which is between me and the English by whom I was chosen. Go! tell this to Duke William—tarry not!

Monk. The Duke——

Harold. Weary me not! Go, give my message!

Monk. The Duke bids you consider now, on the eve of the battle, whether you will not give up your false claim and urge the Witan to own him the rightful King. You shall be his greatest earl.

Harold (*springs up*). His earl! The Norman's earl! Hence with thee, knave.

[*Pushes* MESSENGER *left.*

Monk. Help! help! I am a monk!

Harold. I care not who thou art!

Gyrth (*comes left, puts himself between* HAROLD *and the* MONK). Harm not a monk, my brother.

Harold (*pushes* MONK *violently*). Away with thee!

Monk (*turns*). Perjurer! Breaker of oaths!

Harold (*sends* MONK *out with a thruts*). Out

with you! Tell the Norman I'll meet him on the morrow; the battle shall decide betwixt us.

[*They all go out*, HAROLD *leading*.

SCENE II

Morning, Saturday, October 14, 1066

DUKE WILLIAM'S *camp;* DUKE WILLIAM *stands centre*, ODO OF BAYEUX, ROGER OF MONTGOMERY, *and* WILLIAM FITZOSBERN, *on right;* WILLIAM MALET, *with the banner*, TAILLEFER, *on left.*

William. The day has dawned—'tis S. Calixtus' day. The sun is up; fetch hither my armour.

Odo (*rubs his hands*). Now cometh the battle! I will fight with a club, since a priest may not bear a sword. If there are any faint-hearted here they will rally quickly when they feel Odo's mace.

[*Laughs.*

[FITZOSBERN *gets armour, which* TAILLEFER *holds;* FITZOSBERN *puts on* DUKE'S *hauberk the wrong way by mistake; all perceive this, and raise their hands in dismay.*

Odo. 'Tis on the wrong way! (*To* FITZOSBERN *and* TAILLEFER.) Ye fools! A bad omen for the fight.

Malet. Alack the day!

All. Alas! alas!

William. Now, by the splendour of Heaven, I tell you I did never believe in omens nor ever will


WILLIAM

I. Yet if this misputting of mine armour signify aught, it may mean that as we do change round this hauberk (*changes it round himself*), so shall I this day be changed from Duke to King. [*Laughs.*

All. Aye, aye ; from Duke to King ! So be it !

William (*to* MALET). Bring hither the holy standard ; deliver it to Tosteins Fitzrou the White to carry in the battle. He will bear it gallantly and with good heart. William Fitzosbern, you and Roger of Montgomery shall lead the men of Boulogne and Poix. Alain Fergant and Ameri (*looks left*), shall attack the other side with the Poitevins, the Bretons, and the barons of Maine ; and I with my own great men, my friends and kindred, will fight in the middle throng, where the battle shall be the hottest. (*Raises his sword.*) If I conquer, you will conquer ; if I win lands, you shall have lands !

Fitzosbern. You will not see one coward ; none here will fear to die for love of you if need be !

William. I thank you well. Strike hard at the beginning ; stay not to take spoil. There will be no peace or safety in flight ; the sea is behind us.

[*Points right.*

Fitzosbern. Sire, we tarry too long ! Let us all arm, mount, and go forth to battle !

William (*to* TAILLEFER, *who steps forward*). What will Taillefer the minstrel ?

Taillefer (*throws up his sword and catches it*). Before the Norman host will I go and sing loud

of Charlemagne, of Roland and Oliver, and of the peers who died at Roncesvalles. And now a boon, sire. (*Kneels to the* DUKE.) I have long served you, and you owe me for all such service. (*Rises.*) To-day, so please you, you shall repay it. I ask as my guerdon, and beseech you for it earnestly, that I may strike the first blow in the battle.

William. I grant it.

Roger of Montgomery (*comes forward from right*). The blows which follow yours (*to* TAILLEFER) shall be swift and many. (*Points to the* DUKE.) Never did I see a man so fairly armed, nor one who bore his arms and became his hauberk so well. Let him fight and he shall overcome. Shame be to him who shall fail him!

Malet. Never will we! My lord, show your face once in the battle, that we may know you live.

William. I will lift my helm, and should ye doubt, I'll cry, "Here is Duke William."

Fitzosbern. The boldest of us are pledged that ere this day is done, Harold shall die, and the Duke's banner wave from yonder height (*points left*), on which the Saxon standard is now planted. Allons! Allons!

[*Moves left, leading way with banner.*

Odo. Sound the bugles! Ha rou! (*Listens.*) Hark! Hark to the Saxons! Like wild dogs they bark from the hill. We answer! Ha rou!

William (*raises his sword*). Dex aie!

All. Ha rou! Ha rou!

[*Exit left,* WILLIAM *holding up his sword, followed by the others waving their swords and shouting "Ha rou! Ha rou!"*

SCENE III

During the battle, October 14, 1066, *on a hill near the battlefield.*

EDITH SWANSNECK *kneels centre, watching; battle is raging out of sight on the left.*

Enter STIGAND *from left.*

Edith. Long have I watched the battle. Good bishop, you have fought well, giving and exchanging thrusts and blows.

Stigand. 'Tis now three hours past noon. The fighting goes up and down, and no man may say who will win. The Normans charge across the valley, but the Saxons stand fast. Hark to Harold's battle-cry! (*Shouts.*) Harold and Holy Cross!

Edith. Harold and Holy Cross! (*Rises.*) Pray for the safety of the King! There are fewer to fight now, and the Norman horses trample our men under foot.

Stigand. If we stand firm to the barricade, and suffer them not to draw us forth, we shall do well. The Normans are wily in battle as in council. Hark! now our men cry, "Out! Out!" as the Normans batter on the palisade. (*Raises his hand.*)

O Rood of Waltham! a mighty charge. Stand fast! Stand fast! There! we've hurled them back again. (*Starts.*) Ah me! who has fallen?

Edith (*shades her eyes*). The King is there; he stands. See you the light on his armour!

Stigand. Yea, but where is Leofwine? He has fallen; see, he is trodden down.

Edith (*clasps her hands*). Alas for Leofwine, the King's brother! I could weep, did I not fear there was more to weep for hereafter. See, yonder, the Norman Duke himself advances; his men follow him shouting; he goes through all, straight on. (*Lifts her hands.*) See how our men fall; oh! will the Norman reach the King?

Stigand. The men of London stand round Harold to defend him. Yet 'tis a furious charge. Gyrth, too, struck down!

Edith (*lifts her hands*). Gyrth is slain! Woe is me! I see the sons of the House of Godwine fall like the leaves of autumn before the Norman blast.

Stigand. They come onward as the sea. The nobles of England fall on every side. I will return and fight.

Edith (*catches hold of* STIGAND'S *arm*). The battle is all confusion now. I cannot see; I will draw nearer.

Stigand. The Norman archers have bent their bows; the arrows fly quicker than the rain before the wind. Go not nigher, Edith.

Edith (*moves swiftly left*). Nay, I will know if the King liveth or is dead!

[*Exit left,* STIGAND, *followed by* EDITH *in haste.*

SCENE IV

October 14, 1066. *Night.*

Senlac, on which HAROLD *planted his standard in the morning.* (*Darkened stage.*) *Enter* STIGAND *left, leading* EDITH SWANSNECK. *They stand centre.*

Stigand. The day is done; yonder (*points left*) into the darkness do the English fly, the Normans still pursuing.

Edith (*clasps her hands*). The arrow is in my heart. Harold is slain; that is all I know, and I must find him where he lies on this hill by the hoar apple tree.

Stigand. They did not win the golden standard till Harold with his brothers and near all the English nobles lay slain. Brave was the swing of his uplifted battle-axe, and dead are all the Normans who came within that axe's compass; bright gleamed his eye——

Edith. Now darkened for ever.

Stigand. Yea, at twilight flew the arrow which pierced Harold; with his own hand he drew it forth and brake it, and in the pain he bowed upon his shield and the axe dropped from his hand.

[EDITH *hides her face in her hands.*

Stigand. Take comfort, Edith; some live to avenge him.

Edith. The King is dead! (*Wrings her hands.*) The King is dead!

Stigand. I will go see what remnant of our host remaineth. Shall I not bring you to Gytha?

Edith. Nay, I will not leave this field until I find the King.

Stigand. I pray that the Norman let you have his body to bury.

Edith. Even the ruthless Norman would not deny me that! Moreover, Gytha will give all she has so she may bury her son in his church at Waltham.

Stigand. Gold, gold; if you can give the tyrant gold, perchance he will suffer you. Farewell; all joy is done. [*Exit* STIGAND *left.*

Edith (*sings*)

TUNE—"*Farewell, Manchester.*" (*The National Song Book.*)

Broken, shield and axe!
Silent all the plain,
Quick feet trod this morn,
Harold is slain!

Couldst not beat them back,
O thou mighty Sea?
Why blow, false winds,
From Normandy?

Morning rose to-day,
Ah, indeed, how bright!
Swift as arrow came
Ruin and night!

Broken, shield and axe!
All, all, was in vain!
Senlac! Senlac!
Oh, Harold is slain!

Ah, who will show me where he lies? I call aloud; but the dead sleep soundly on this hill, and only the wind from the sea answereth. (*Step heard.*) Yet there is a living step; who cometh?

Enter left, a HERMIT *with a torch.*

A monk. (*Moves left a step or two.*) For pity's sake lend me your torch, friend; my feet stumble in the dark.

Hermit. Follow me. I seek out the wounded, and the dead that I may bury them. Whom seek you?

Edith. The King.

Hermit (*draws near and looks at her*). It is Edith of the Swansneck. Ah, I will help you to find him who once was King.

[*They move centre.*

Edith. So many lie here.

Hermit. See! a tall form ariseth in the darkness yonder. [*Looks left.*

Edith. Is it his spirit?

Hermit (*draws her back right.*) Nay, 'tis not Harold. Peace—lo! he cometh who now is King!

Edith. The Norman?

Hermit. 'Tis he.

Enter left, WILLIAM, *followed by* FITZOSBERN *and* MALET; EDITH *rushes and falls on her knees before* WILLIAM.

William. What will you?

Edith (*clasps her hands*). I seek the King, that I may lay him in his church at Waltham. (*Rises.*) Gytha, his mother, will give you, proud Norman, Harold's weight in gold if we may but bury him there.

William. The breaker of his oath deserves no hallowed grave. Yet, when you find him, you may carry the usurper to burial. So, go your way.

Edith (*to* HERMIT). Come swiftly. Hold down the torch. I shall know him were he pierced by a hundred arrows!

[*Exit left,* EDITH *with the* HERMIT.

William (*to* MALET). Go with her, Malet; see you to Harold's burial. (*Exit* MALET *left.*) Fitter were it to bury him by the sea, on the coast which he died rashly defending. (*Walks front centre.*) Here, on this ground, in thanksgiving for the victory, will I build the Battle Abbey, where the monks shall ever pray for the souls of those who fell. The High Altar shall stand there, where

Harold's banner stood, and where he was trampled down and died.

Fitzosbern. The night deepens ; let us hence !

William. Nay, I am hungered, and I will eat and sleep to-night upon this field.

Fitzosbern. Not here, not here, my lord ?

William. I fear the dead no more than the living. Bid them set up my tent upon this ground. (*Walks a few steps left, then stands centre,* FITZOSBERN *on his right.*) Then I will consider how I may bind together this broken land.

[*Exit* WILLIAM *left, slowly, followed by* FITZOSBERN.

EPILOGUE

By the HERMIT

We have set before you our play, and shown you the story of "that battle whereof the fame is yet mighty."

You have seen upon our little stage the death of Harold and the triumphing of William.

Weep for him who fell; whose glory withered away like the flowers of the summer.

Rest, and consider the work of him who conquered; made peace in the land; ruled justly and sternly; made England one kingdom; who died lonely (for no man knew the King's heart).

Think how, at length, the foes were united; the King's wisest son wedded to the Saxon; the severed branch grafted on to the tree which grew and spread wide its branches.

Lastly, remember that, in the fulness of time, Saxons and Normans joined to free England. Great has been the work they wrought together for us, eternal as the spring which, year by year, clothes with fresh grass and blossoms the field where their fathers died fighting against one another.

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
Edinburgh & London

MAGNA CARTA
AND
EDWARD III


GEORGE ALLEN & SONS
PUBLISHERS
LONDON
RUSKIN HOUSE

STAGE DIRECTIONS

MAGNA CARTA AND EDWARD III

These plays can be acted either in or out of doors. In the latter case, when an indoor scene is represented, a screen can be used as a background.

If the play is given in the house, curtains of some plain colour—brown holland or dark green, for instance—would make a good background. Two large bushes of greenery can be placed on either side of the stage. If nothing large enough can be had in a pot, wooden chairs can be completely covered with boughs and ivy; these can be pulled aside for indoor scenes.

Localities can be always indicated by placards, as "Runnymede," "Windmill hill by Crécy," &c.

Two of the actors, in their acting clothes, can come on to the stage between the scenes to arrange chairs, &c.

One entrance and exit, right or left, is needed.

In no case are scenery or proscenium curtain necessary. But if scenery as a background is desired, the following suggestions are made. The scenery can be painted on unbleached calico. The surface can either be covered with whitening mixed with size, or the calico can be tinted with Dolly Dye to get the general tone of the background, the dye being painted on with a large brush.

For instance, in painting a wood, the upper part of the scenery could be tinted with blue-grey as a ground on which to paint distant trees, and the lower part with brown and green dyes for the foundation of the foreground. The painting is done with powder paints (to be had at any oil-shop) mixed with size.

Trunks of trees can be cut out of brown paper of different shades, on which the shadows and lines are painted in darker brown or black paint, and pasted on to give a near effect.

Pieces of real furze or bracken could be fastened right in the foreground to throw back the rest of the scene. When the scene is to be very dark—for the interior of a stone or panelled room, for instance—the whole background calico could be dyed grey or brown before painting.

Sometimes pieces of wall-paper can be found to represent tapestry; or, to give this effect, the calico can be painted with Dolly Dyes, the patterns being first drawn in and outlined with fine silver sand to prevent the colours from running. All drawing is done with charcoal. Old houses and gable ends, suitable for mediæval backgrounds, can often be got from picture postcards. Simple background scenery looks well, framed between two dark green curtains.

With regard to the effect of dress colours, the proportions should be kept even; full, simple colours chosen, and never "art shades." Dolly Dyes and Maypole Soaps give a good range of colours, and with a simple background, scarlet, deep blue, orange, black, green, &c., could be used, suggestive of the colours of a mediæval illumination.

For dress materials, sateen at $4\frac{3}{4}$d. and $6\frac{3}{4}$d. can be had in good colours, but the cheapest woollen or house flannel make better folds and give the massive effect of the garments of olden times. "Horticultural Sheeting" about 50 inches wide, 1s. a yard (Messrs. Cookson, Wellington Mills, Manchester), is useful, and can be dyed effectively with Maypole Soap.

Tunics and dresses should be made with no seam on the shoulder. A piece of stuff, double the length of the garment required, is folded in half, selvedge to selvedge; the neck-opening is cut out of the centre of the top of the fold. The folded stuff on either side of the neck-opening forms the shoulder and sleeve. The sides of the garment are shaped in to the figure. Width should be added at the bottom, and, unless the stuff is very wide, to the length of the sleeves.

If adapted, Butterick's children's patterns can be used as a foundation and guide for size and proportions.

For boys, the measurements generally required are: Chest,

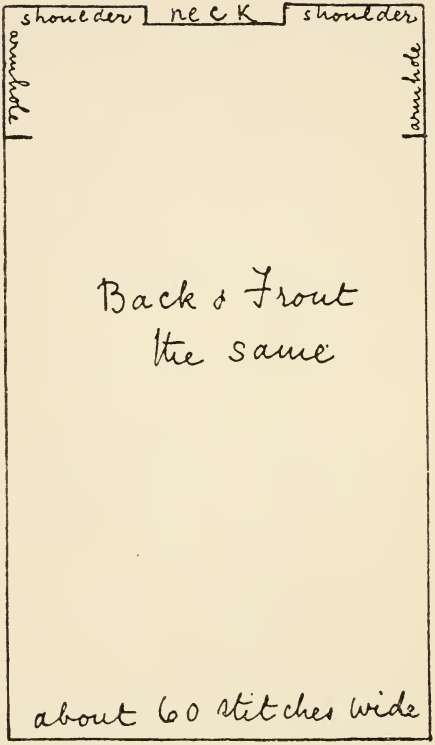
waist, neck to knee, arm, head. For girls: Bust, waist, neck to ground, arm, head. Chain mail can be made of motor cleaning material, "Kleenquick," at Whiteley's, 25 yards for 4s. 6d. It should be boiled in size, black-leaded and silvered. It will pull to any shape. Suits of chain mail can also be very effectively knitted with string. The tunic, reaching to about the knee, is made of plain knitting. For the neck, cast off $\frac{1}{3}$ of stitches in centre and continue each end for about 6 rows. Sew back and front together, joining shoulders and sides and leaving armholes.

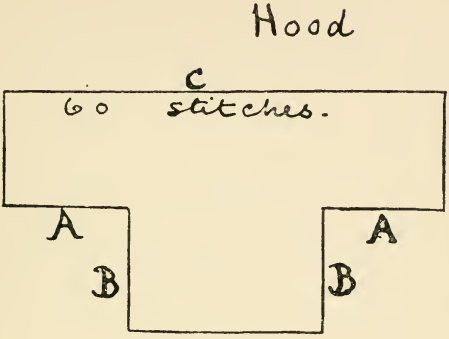
For sleeves, cast on about 40, according to size of armhole (plain casting-on); decrease between shoulder and elbow to 30 and between elbow and wrist to 20 stitches. For leggings, cast on about 50 stitches (German fashion); knit backwards and forwards on two needles, but decrease, as for a stocking, to ankle; increase, as for heel of a stocking, and finish foot, minus the sole. Join the legging up the back and sew the foot onto a leather sole.

The bottom of the head-covering is sewed into the neck of the tunic.

The leggings are fastened up under the tunic with black elastic to a belt. The whole suit, when finished, can be dyed grey, with black Maypole Soap, or with Horles' blue-black ink, and water. When dry, it can be silvered here and there. Plate armour can be made of buckram, or of felt, damped and put on a mould—a large bottle will do—to give the round of the leg or arm. While on the mould, it is painted over with plaster of Paris. Strings, to fasten on the leg and arm pieces, must be attached before the plaster hardens. When hard and dry, it must be black-leaded and silvered. Housemaids' gloves, black-leaded and silvered, make excellent gauntlets. For large quantities of gilding and silvering it is easier and cheaper to use gold or aluminium silver powder (about 6d. an oz.) mixed with "White Polish." Borders and embroideries can be stencilled with this paint or done with gold braid, $4\frac{1}{2}$d. per dozen yards, from Burnet & Co., 22 Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

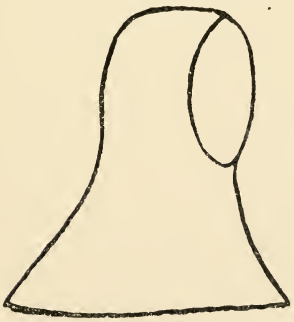
Tunic.


shoulder
neck
shoulder
armhole
armhole
Back & Front
the same
about 60 stitches wide



Beginning of Hood.

A to C is length from forehead to back of head.
Join A and B to form a hood.



Finished Hood.

Shields can be made of cardboard, and swords and spears of wood; all black-leaded and then silvered.

White stockings, about $4\frac{1}{2}$d. a pair, can be had and dyed brown or any colour, as can common white canvas shoes.

King John, on his monument at Worcester, wears a tunic, with wide sleeves, to a little below the knee. Beneath this is a longer, tight-sleeved tunic. The end of his belt hangs down to the bottom of the super-tunic. His cloak is fastened far back on his shoulders.

Ecclesiastical dress is clearly shown on the seal of Stephen Langton in the British Museum. He wears the chasuble, cut in an elliptic shape so as to hang in a point, back and front, and to be shorter on the arms; under this is the wide-sleeved dalmatic, beneath which appears the long alb with tight sleeves to the wrist. He has the pall, a narrow strip of embroidered cloth worn by an archbishop.

Benedictine monks wore a black habit. The canons had a black cloak, fitting to the shoulders, and hanging down behind to the ground; in front the cloak only reaches to above the waist.

The generality of people in John's reign wore short tunics and hoods. The legs were sometimes "cross-gartered" to the knee. Green seems to have been a fashionable colour.

Women wore long, loose gowns, fastened with a girdle. The head and shoulders were wrapped in a wimple.

Warriors were completely clad in chain mail. Over the hauberk or coat of mail was worn a linen surcoat, fastened with a belt. A square-shaped helmet was often worn over the hood of mail. Sometimes there was a steel head-covering under the "coif de mailles," giving to the whole head a square appearance.

The dress of Edward III.'s reign was rich and fantastic in colour and material. Parti-coloured garments were fashionable; mottoes were embroidered on borders; rich jewelled belts were worn. It was the age of tournaments and heraldry, and both men and women had their arms emblazoned on surcoats and dresses.

The fashionable garment was the "cote-hardie" or very

tight-fitting tunic, buttoned all the way down the front and reaching to the middle of the thigh. A long mantle was worn over this tunic, fastened on the right shoulder. When hanging down, it covered the wearer to his ankles. With the cloak, a hood was often worn which fitted the shoulders.

Poor men wore looser, belted tunics, short cloaks and hoods; linen or woollen trousers which were held in at the ankle by leather boots.

Chain mail was now much superseded by plate armour. The Black Prince, in his effigy at Canterbury, wears a conical helmet to which is fastened the "camail" or tippet of mail. Over his chain mail coat, which is hidden, he wears a surcoat of stuff, emblazoned with his arms.

Queen Philippa and the ladies of her time are recognised at once by the two masses of square plaits at the sides of the face. The plaits and the back of the head were covered with a gold net.

The figure of Princess Joan on Edward III.'s tomb shows the costume of the time; the long close-fitting gown; the streamers from the over-sleeve; the pocket in the front of the dress.

Ordinary women wore a short over-dress, the skirt often open at the side, and showing the longer under-dress. Their heads were wrapped in veils or hoods.

Edward III. quartered the fleurs-de-lys of France with the English lions or "leopards," as they were heraldically called. The arms of Holland and Chandos were, respectively: Azure, semé of fleurs-de-lys, a lion rampant argent; and or, a pile gules.

The chief colours for heraldry are indicated thus: vertical lines signify gules, or red; horizontal lines represent azure, or blue; vertical and horizontal lines crossing each other, sable, or black; a dotted surface, or, or gold; and the plain surface, argent, silver or white.

The figures on Edward III.'s tomb in Westminster Abbey give an excellent idea of both men and women's dress in this reign. Numerous pictures of ecclesiastical, military, and civil dress of the reigns of both John and Edward III. are found in F. W. Fairholt's "Costume in England" (Bohn's Artists'

Series), vol. i., and in J. R. Green's "History of the English People," vol. i.

The prologue in the first play can be sung to a Gregorian or to any solemn chant.

The music for the songs, &c., in "Edward III." is found in most collections of old English melodies. The Weavers' Song is, "When the King enjoys his own again"; the Knights' song, "You Gentlemen of England." The dance is a Morris Dance, the "Maypole." These are numbers 72, 6, and 65, in "Songs of the British Islands," W. H. Hadow, J. Curwen, 2s. 6d.

The song at the end of Scene III. in "Edward III." is "Agincourt," published in "Old English Popular Music" by Chappell & Co., who have kindly given special permission for its reproduction here. Though composed in honour of the battle fought nearly seventy years later, the ancient melody and words serve aptly as a triumph song for Crécy.

PROPERTIES: MAGNA CARTA

ACT I

Scene I.—Chair. Table. Shield. Bag of money.

Scene II.—Throne. Benches. A charter.

Scene III.—A couch. Table. Food, jug, cups, &c. Straws and rushes. Parchment.

Scene IV.—Throne. Table. Bench. Parchments; ink-horns, pens, taper, wax. Scroll. Banner. The Great Charter. Seal.

PROPERTIES: EDWARD III

ACT I

Scene I.—Bushes of green.

Scene II.—Bushes. Bow and arrows. Bag of money.

Scene III.—Bushes. Log or bench. Food. Cup. Bow and arrows. King's helmet, crown, shield. Parchment.

Scene IV.—Two thrones. Table. Chair. Pie. Bundle, containing kirtle, &c. Dishes. Broom. Shield. Guild banners. Sacks of wool. Veil.

MAGNA CARTA

IN ONE ACT

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

King John.
Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury.
William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke.
Robert Fitz-Walter, Castellan of London.
Henry de Bohun, Earl of Hereford.
Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk.
Saer de Quincy, Earl of Winchester.
Eustace de Vescy, Northern Baron.
Robert de Ros, Northern Baron.
William de Braose, Baron of Welsh Marches.
William de Braose, eldest son of the former.
Giles de Braose, Bishop of Hereford, second son of William de Braose.
Falkes de Breauté, Gerald de Athies, } Mercenaries of King John.
Two Londoners.
Two Monks.
A Canon of St. Paul's.
A Messenger.
Maud de St. Valérie, wife of William de Braose.

ACT I

Scene I.—About the year 1208. In a castle of William de Braose on the Marches of Wales.

Scene II.—August 1213. London. St. Paul's Cathedral.

Scene III.—About Easter, 1215. In a castle of King John.

Scene IV.—June 15, 1215. Runnymede.

The incidents of the meeting held at St. Paul's in 1213 have been slightly interwoven with later events, as that of the barons' assembly at St. Edmund's in the following year.

The hostage demanded was the grandson and not the son of William de Braose.

MAGNA CARTA

PROLOGUE

Spoken or chanted by one of the MONKS

Lo, now is virtue fastly bound
While evil walketh wide and free;
And proud oppression sitteth crowned,
And homeless wanders charitie,—
When shall our sorrows have an end
When will this trouble God amend?

For now is justice bought and sold,
Her sword upheld by villanie;
And truth is counted less than gold,
And pity pleadeth bootlessly;
When shall injustice have an end,
And God, His law and counsel send?

Now is our day become as night;
The battle is for them who flee;
And might through all the land is right,
Which hath none other sovereigntie;
When will He help from heaven send,
When will our trouble God amend?

ACT I

SCENE I

About the year 1208.

A room in the castle of WILLIAM DE BRAOSE. *A chair and a table on right. Shield hanging on wall.*

Enter, left, MAUD DE BRAOSE, *leading her eldest son, followed by* FALKES DE BREAUTÉ *and* GERALD DE ATHIES; *she comes centre: turns left and faces the two men; son stands right, beside her.*

Maud. Away with you! Why should I give my son as hostage to the King?

Falkes (*shows piece of parchment*). If ye'd know why, then read the King's word against your husband. Nay, I'm not clerk to read it, but I know how 'tis set. For that which the King gave him in Limerick is William de Braose bound to render 500 marks a year. This he hath not done. The King complains neglect of aid and service from a vassal to whom he gave rich lands, fair castles——

Maud. Which he held bravely for the King——

Son. It was but fitting recompense——

Maud. Aye, recompense for faithful service. (*Aside.*) Or gifts, perchance, to silence the tongue of one who knew perforce too much of his dark counsels. (*Aloud.*) If we have served him well, why should we yield up our eldest son as hostage?

Gerald (*creeps towards* MAUD *and whispers aloud*). Because the King doth doubt your husband's loyalty.

Enter, left, WILLIAM DE BRAOSE *and his son,* GILES DE BRAOSE.

William. Who doubts my loyalty? I have served the King as well as any man—I am ready to make answer to the King at any place and time which he will name.

Giles. Who dare make accusation against a noble and an honourable house?

William. The lords de Braose have been faithful, e'en since Duke William's days.

Falkes. Nathless, William de Braose, the King doth doubt you; believes that ye are leagued with his enemies. He suffers no uncertain servants to dwell on the Marches of rebellious Wales. The King requires security from you; a hostage to hold fast in one of his castles.

Gerald (*aside*). To hang on the first oak tree if ye should prove a rebel!

Falkes. He now commands that, without let or hindrance, you give up your eldest and well-loved son. [*Seizes young* DE BRAOSE.

William (*puts out hand*). This is a hard command.

Son. I will not go with you!

Falkes. Ye shall. (*Drags him left.*) Come!

[GERALD *sets on him.*

Maud (*rushes forward*). He shall not take him!

William (*aside to* Wife). Think you, we dare so openly defy the King? [FALKES *holds* Son.

Maud. I dare! (*To* HUSBAND.) Oh, do not let him go. He never will return. (*To* FALKES.) He shall not have him! I will not give my son into the hands of a King who foully murdered Arthur, his own brother's child!

Falkes. Ye say this—— ?

Maud. Yea, verily ; I say this—I, Maud de Braose, say this of King John.

Gerald. And you shall bitterly repent your words.

Falkes. Aye indeed—you and yours.

William. Wife, what have ye done ?

Maud. I have but spoke truth. Ye know it too. Ye know that black deed done 'twixt eve and cock-crow, not six Aprils since in Rouen. (*Raises arms.*) All the world shall know it !

Falkes (*bows mockingly*). I will be careful that the King hears your hardy answers.

Gerald (*aside*). He will devise, methinks, some curious recompense for you.

William (*turns away*). Wife, your rash words will cost our lives.

Maud (*clasps hands*). Nay, nay, my lord, upbraid me not. Ye still are silent. Husband, sons, have ye less courage now than I ? Defy a King who is a murderer !

William. Silence ! Ye are mad.

Maud. If I am mad, then 'tis with bitter grief ; with wrong done unto you, my lord.

William. Alas ! Your rage is bootless.

Maud. Nay, it is not ! (*Turns on* FALKES *and* GERALD.) Now get you hence ! Falkes de Breauté, Gerald de Athies : outlandish, low-born hirelings !

Falkes. Insolent woman ! We are servants of the King !

Maud. I know you both—mud of Ponthieu and dust of Normandy. You—to insult a noble baron in his own castle. Hence ! Out of my sight !

Falkes. We will not stay. Nay, never ! But go straightway, report your sayings to the King.

Gerald. I vow that you and yours shall rue this day! [FALKES *and* GERALD *go out left.*

[WILLIAM *sinks down in chair, buries face in his hands. Two sons stand behind on right; whisper anxiously together from time to time.*

William. Now all is lost, lost utterly. Alas (*wrings hands*), our glory is departed, and the wealth, the lands I strove for year by year, all lost. (*Looks up.*) Unhappy wife, what have ye done?

Maud (*kneels beside him*). I have done naught wherein there was offence to you. Turn not from me. Dear my lord (*takes his hand*), ye know that ye were doomed to his displeasure long ago. E'en while the King put gifts into your hands he hated you. You knew too much of Arthur's death. All your long service and friendship are worth naught, beside your crime of being honest, of having hands unstained by innocent blood. Look not with anger on me. To-day I have only brought myself within the ranging of his fury, where you were before—and I shall fall with you, I reck not how.

Son. We'll all die together if need be. Who comes in haste?

Enter, left, WILLIAM MARSHAL.

William (*rises*). The Earl of Pembroke.

Marshal. William de Braose, I counsel you to leave your castle and to flee. The anger of the King is hot against you and your family. Come with me now to Ireland where the De Lacys will receive and shield you.

Maud. We're hunted, driven——

Marshal (*to* MAUD). I do advise you to keep silence now.

William (*to* MAUD). Aye indeed. (*To* MARSHAL.) Think you our danger presses?

Marshal. Verily, the King cometh against you; is not three leagues hence. He bringeth fire and sword along with him.

William. Know you the cause of his coming now?

Giles. Sooner inquire why lightning, whirlwind, or the thunderbolt do come!

Marshal. Stay not for rede or question. Take what gold you have and haste unto the coast, where I have boats in readiness. Ere it be dark, ye must be on the sea.

William. This castle will fall into his hands. He can make my proud towers lie even with the grass!

Marshal. Alas! methinks you are doomed.

William. I knew I should not long escape, and certain rash words to his messengers have hastened on our ruin. Come, wife and son; there's naught but flight. (*Takes out bag of money.*) What gold and treasure we have stored, we'll take.

Maud (*wraps veil round her*). Thus forced to creep like thieves from our own castle and domain!

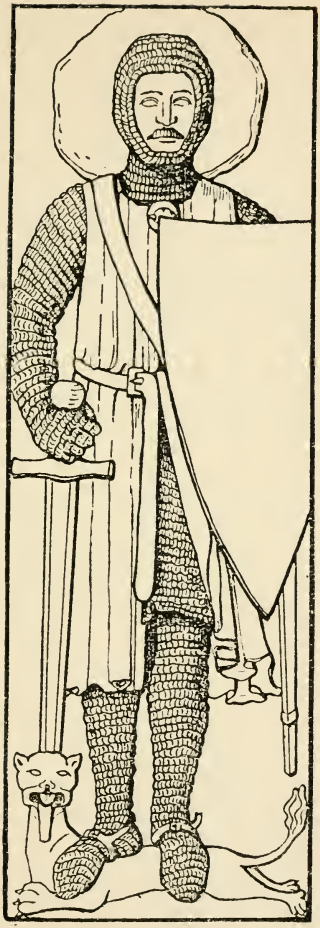
Giles. Mother, we have no choice——

Marshal. Take comfort. Many a brave knight has fled the country in these troubled times.

William (*takes down shield*). Troubled—aye, good sooth, could the skies look more hard? We will to Ireland.

Marshal (*aside*). I pray that even yonder ye be not trapped and slain.

William (*draws sword*). With this sword, since I was made a knight, I have served the King. I fought



William Marshal.
From his tomb, Temple Church.

for Richard—peace be to the Lion-hearted! Then, by the wrath of heaven, was I doomed to fight for John. (*To* MARSHAL.) For him, ye know, I did mine utmost,—for a craven and a murderous King who turns from battle though he turneth not from slaughter. (*Sheathes sword.*) Oh, I have done with all that's past. I break allegiance to a lord whom men call "Soft Sword," though, heaven knows, his heart is hard. When I return to England, if I do return—I come with this sword drawn against the King.

Son. Aye, against the King!

William. I'll burn his lands. (*To* GILES.) Farewell, good son. Hie you to France for safety. These are ill days for bishop as for baron; perilous for clerk and soldier who are not servants in the devil's pay.

Giles. Farewell, my father, mother, brother; get you to safety with the good Earl of Pembroke who is still our friend. Bishop of Hereford am I—the mournful shepherd of a sad and scattered flock; and yet as such, I bless you. (*Lifts his hand; they bend their heads.*) And as son (*kneels*), I beg your blessing. (*Father and mother lift their hands.*) Now fare you well. I pray ye fall not victims to the fury of the King. I think we shall not ever meet again.

Maud. If we must die, then may our dying call down vengeance from on high; may it cry out for mercy on this miserable land!

[WILLIAM DE BRAOSE, Wife *and* Son, *go out left with* WILLIAM MARSHAL.

Giles. So I am left alone, alone—all fled, and the earth darkens, and the tide of woe arises day by day. O most unhappy country, shamed in the eyes of all Christendom by thy most shameful King; cursed,

laid under interdict; with Church despoiled; the archbishop in exile. We cry, "How long? how long?" The noblest barons are treated as slaves; taxed unlawfully, dragged o'er the seas to fight the losing battle of a caitiff. Evil is crowned in England, good is dead. Where shall I turn or go for help. Alone there standeth Stephen Langton, the archbishop. He is a rock on which God builds; a pilot for His Ark almost o'erwhelmed with waves; a star to herald dayspring in our night. I will go to him. He perchance can save our cause ere all be lost.

[*Goes out left.*

SCENE II

August 1213.

London, St. Paul's. A throne in centre, with benches or seats on either side.

Enter, left, a MONK *and a* CANON OF ST. PAUL'S.

Monk. 'Tis a great gathering in your cathedral to-day.

Canon. Verily. The archbishop—late returned from exile since the King made truce with Holy Church—hath summoned many here.

Monk. Know you who come?

Canon. I saw the roll of those who meet to-day within our walls. Our bishop—William of London—will be here, and Peter of Winchester, Eustace of Ely, Giles of Hereford; bishops, abbots, priors, aye, and mark you, many barons of the realm.

Monk. A goodly company, I trow. They will be here anon. (*Touches* CANON'S *arm.*) Why, think you, they are come together now?

Canon. Is it not to talk of Church dues; atonement for despoiled revenues?

Monk. Aye, perchance; and yet methinks there's other business a-foot. Armed barons come not only to talk of Mother Church and her distress; they've other work, I think.

Canon. I pray that help is nigh for this poor country and for the Church; that gates of Tartarus may not prevail against us! [*Goes out left.*

Monk. Exurgat Deus, et dissipentur inimici ejus! [*Goes out left.*

Enter, left, ROBERT FITZ-WALTER *and* EUSTACE DE VESCY.

Fitz-Walter. Well met, Eustace de Vescy. You and I are home from exile none too quickly. You from Scotland, I from France, where we fled for safety. Faith! the world wags strangely; the impious King is pardoned and hath given his kingdom to the Pope. We've come home to find, I think, our wrongs increased. What hath the King done in our absence? My Baynard's Castle, here in London, burnt; my lands in Essex wasted; woods, warrens, fisheries——

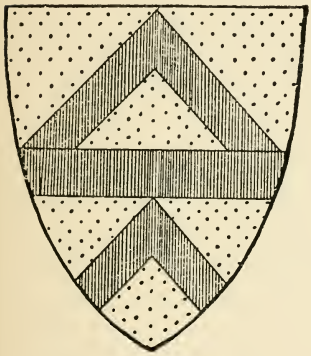
De Vescy. I have no less complaint.

Enter, left, ROBERT DE ROS.

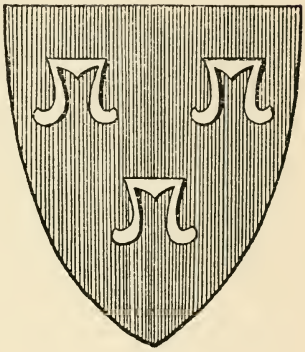
De Vescy. Will ye not bear witness, Robert de Ros, that we barons of the north are likewise driven to extremity?

De Ros. Aye indeed, why should we give unjust scutage; be urged beyond endurance? We northerners do well to say him nay. (*To* DE VESCY.) Your Alnwick castle is in ruins; burnt in your absence by the King!

De Vescy. That is my welcome home, writ large in flames! My towers are ruined. I shall laugh



Arms of Robert Fitz-Walter.
Or, a fesse between 2 chevrons gu.



Arms of Robert de Ros.
Gu., 3 water bougets argt.

bitterly to see the north wind blow the ashes of my roof-tree to and fro!

De Ros. We'll fan some flames and light another fire! See who now come; the earls, of Hereford, of Norfolk, and of Winchester.

Enter, left, HENRY DE BOHUN, ROGER BIGOD, SAER DE QUINCY.

Can we not also kindle fires? Roger Bigod, will your east country burn for us?

Bigod. I guess your meaning. Verily, 'twill burn.

It is as stubble ready for the flame. Is't not, De Bohun?

De Bohun. Truly, good friends; the west is ready too. And here comes one who hath as great a cause for grief as any of us here.

Enter, left, GILES DE BRAOSE; *head shrouded in his mantle; sits right.*

Giles. Ah, I have grief which almost robs me of a tongue to speak. Who can tell the ruin of our house; who declare our woe?

Fitz-Walter. Your father, William de Braose, is exiled?

Giles. Exiled, aye, exiled; beggared, dead——

De Vescy. Your brother, mother?

Giles. Dead. (*Rises and approaches him.*) *How* dead? Shall I whisper, Eustace, in your ear how Maud de Braose and her son did die?

[*Whispers.* DE VESCY *starts in horror.*

De Vescy. What, starved? Nay, was it so? Slowly, day by day? Done thus to death in the castle tower.

Fitz-Walter. Oh, enemy of Nature, John!

Giles. Are there no swords to avenge the wrong I never can forget; or justice to calm my grief-distracted mind?

Fitz-Walter. I trow there shall be! Here's my sword; I'll fight.

De Bohun. And I.

All Generally. And I.

Bigod (*lifts sword*). We all will fight, if he refuse redress.

De Bohun. Who'll guide our counsel; set forth our wrongs before the King?

Enter, left, ARCHBISHOP LANGTON *with* WILLIAM MARSHAL, *two* MONKS, *and* CANON *with a parchment.*

Fitz-Walter. Stephen the archbishop, he shall speak for us. (*To* LANGTON.) Hail, holy father! Now at last, brought to your flock in England.

Langton (*stands centre, lifts right hand; all bow their heads*). Blessing upon you all, my sons. My heart hath yearned for you, when, as an exile, I lived across the sea, watching, praying for the sheep I might not feed or guide; pleading at Rome for our poor Church. (GILES *kneels, right, at his feet;* LANGTON *places hand on his head.*) I know your griefs, almost past bearing, and I fain would carry all your woes, my children; wear out in mine own body all the sorrows of the land, if that might be.

Fitz-Walter. We ask your counsel, father. How shall our wrongs be set right?

De Vescy. If the King will not hear us, shall we not rise, burn, harry——

Langton (*sternly*). Ye shall not fill the land with war and wild confusion; rebellion, lawless fighting, man 'gainst man, as 'twas in Stephen's time, when the poor cried in vain, saying God's saints did sleep.

De Vescy. The saints sleep now——

Marshal (*points to* LANGTON). Nay, Eustace, they do watch continually for us.

[LANGTON *seats himself in centre;* MONKS, CANON, GILES *behind him;* MARSHAL, DE VESCY, DE ROS, DE QUINCY *on right;* DE BOHUN *and* BIGOD *on left.*

De Vescy (*aside to* DE ROS). Were it not better

that a soldier counselled us? This is no hour for mild rede or mercy.

De Ros (*rises*). Verily, it should be war, war—I have a wrong I will avenge.

Fitz-Walter. I have a greater wrong than yours, I trow.

Langton. If ye fight, each man for his own vengeance, ye will fail and all be brought to naught. Remember that the King hath riches, many followers still and hirelings from abroad. See that ye act together.

Marshal. Truly, else all will fail.

Langton. Remember your allegiance, that shall be broken only in extremity. We must restore good laws and customs. That alone will help us. Hearken all of ye!

All. We hearken.

Langton. Did ye hear how when I absolved the King at Winchester—'tis scarce a month ago—I made him swear that he would do away with unjust laws and would recall good laws and make them to be observed within his kingdom?

Fitz-Walter. Truly, we remember this.

Langton. Here in this cathedral where we are gathered, has a charter of the first Henry now been found, by which, if you desire, you may bring back your long-lost rights and former liberties——

Marshal. That were a prudent course.

Fitz-Walter. Where is it?

Langton (*to* CANON). Bring forth this charter.

[*Takes roll from* CANON.

Langton. Here did Henry, son of King William, promise when he was crowned, to rule well and lawfully.

Fitz-Walter (*rises*). If we had aught like this it would be well.

De Quincy (*rises*). Aye——

[*Others rise.*

Langton. Barons of England, if ye could win a charter such as this and maybe wider, our country would revive and live.

Marshal (*rises*). My lord, you shall set forth a charter for us now, and I and every man who wishes well to England and her King, will urge the King's acceptance of the same.

Langton. If I do so, then must ye all stand together and uphold the honour of the Church and each one of you do justice to your men—mark this—as ye would have the King deal rightfully with you. (*Rises.*) Only if he refuse, shall ye make war upon the King. Will you swear to this?

All. We will.

De Vescy. And fight, if need be, for our charter. If we are forced to battle, father, who shall lead our host?

Marshal. Fitz-Walter is a brave and valiant soldier.

Langton. Would you have Fitz-Walter for your leader?

All. Aye so.

Langton (*to* FITZ-WALTER). If you are called to fight for this our cause, be called the Marshal of God's Army and of the Holy Church.

Fitz-Walter (*kneels centre, before* LANGTON). May I be worthy! (*Rises.*) I vow before the archbishop in this holy place, that I will maintain the charter, and, if the King refuse, will fight for it till death.

[*Lifts sword.*

De Bohun (*steps forward*). And so I swear. (*Lifts*

sword.) Until with his own seal the King confirms what we require.

Bigod. And I the same.

De Vescy (*moves centre*). And I; remembering the flames of Alnwick and my blackened lands.

[*His hand on sword.*

De Ros. The barons of the North so speak.

De Quincy (*lifts sword*). I, Earl of Winchester, do swear, with hatred for a coward and a faithless lord, deep in my heart.

Giles (*comes forward*). Though I am priest, not soldier, I will go with you. For those who died unpitied, I will swear. (*Lifts arm.*) Father, mother and brother, witness me!

Langton. Ye all are bound by oath.

[*All raise swords on either side of* LANGTON, *who stands centre with hands clasped.*

All. We all are bound by oath.

Langton. I will uphold your cause before the King. I have no fear. I will guide you because I love this land and have been made a shepherd and a father to you all. I vow to never leave you. Go in peace! (*Raises hand; all bend their heads.*) I will set forth your charter, and, William Marshal, since you are older, wise above the rest, and most faithful, you shall go with me to the King and we will show him what you all demand. With earnest words we will strive to win his true consent.

[LANGTON *goes out, left, followed by* GILES DE BRAOSE, CANON *and* MONKS, WILLIAM MARSHAL, FITZ-WALTER, DE VESCY, DE ROS, DE BOHUN, BIGOD, DE QUINCY.

SCENE III

About Easter, 1215.

A courtyard in one of KING JOHN'S *castles. A couch centre; table beside it, right, with food, cups, &c. A few straws or rushes scattered on ground.*

Enter, left, KING JOHN, *a roll of parchment in his hand, followed by* FALKES DE BREAUTÉ *and* GERALD DE ATHIES.

John (*flings roll on ground*). Demands of the barons—redress of ills! I'll none of them! (*Throws himself down on couch. To* GERALD.) Fetch me wine—I'm hot and weary with this westward march. Haste and bring me wine. [*Exit, left,* GERALD. (*To* FALKES.) Thou—hast thou done my bidding and sent spies to watch the rebels?

Falkes. I have, my lord.

John (*calls*). Here, bring the wine! I'm parched and dry. A murrain on the fool to keep me waiting so!

Re-enter hastily GERALD *with wine; he pours it into goblet, which* JOHN *snatches.*

Give me to drink. (*Drinks.*) Nay, more. (*Drinks again.*) Away with thee! I've other work for both of ye to do. I shall need more soldiers from whence you came.

Falkes. My lord, I can raise many men across the sea to serve you.

Gerald. And I also. But they, like us, are poor and needy men, my lord.

John (*laughs*). Who want their wages, as ye do. I catch thy meaning. Well, I can pay you all, ye curs! I have money, and more gold I mean to get. Methinks the clergy and the Jews alone can pay you. Clergy and Jews (*laughs*), 'tis all the same to me which do it. I have many means, as fines, imprisonment and fetters, to find money when I need it. Have I not?

Gerald. That is true, my lord.

John. Dost thou remember how I had 10,000 marks from the Jew at Bristol?

Gerald. Verily.

John. That stubborn one did love his gold, and, day by day, a tooth was drawn until the 10,000 marks were duly paid. Go both of you and learn what news my messengers do bring.

[FALKES *and* GERALD *go out left.*

John (*rises and paces up and down*). Oh, I will force the barons to obedience once again! De Braose can arise no more; I've silenced those shrewd tongues. I now will teach De Vescy, Fitz-Walter, and their friends a lesson which they will not soon forget.

Re-enter, left, FALKES.

Falkes. My King, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Earl of Pembroke are without and crave to speak with you on weighty matters.

John. A plague upon them! Stephen Langton—would thou hadst followed Archbishop Hubert Walter to the grave! I hate thy gentle cunning, subtle meekness, proud humility. Evil light on thee! (*To* FALKES.) Bring them before me here!

[*Sits down on couch.*

Falkes (*aside, as he goes out*). I thought their

coming would much anger him. He hates the archbishop as viper's blood! [*Goes out, left.*

John (*throws himself back on couch*). I am weary! When shall I feast at leisure in my halls, or follow the tall deer through silent woods; and then, hot with the chase, among my dogs, lie down by hidden fountains in the shade? Come quickly, Stephen Langton, come and get you gone, you and all such disturbers of mine ease!

Enter, left, STEPHEN LANGTON *and* WILLIAM MARSHAL, *followed by* FALKES.

Langton (*raises hand*). Greeting and blessing unto you, my King! [MARSHAL *bows low.*

John. Blessing? Do I need more? I have lately had the blessing of my lord the Pope.

Langton. Whose most unworthy servant in this land I am——

John. Enough. You are installed at Canterbury now. You have your lands and wealth and should be satisfied. We will not talk of Holy Church to-day; I have no mind to do so. Kill a stag or fly a hawk were nigher to my present pleasure. So speak some other message briefly and have done. [*Drinks wine on table.*

[LANGTON *approaches* JOHN; MARSHAL *stands left;* FALKES *right.*

Langton. My lord, we come on matters which concern you closely. You will not send me hence when I come to plead in the name of all your realm.

John. Langton, you have ever consorted with my enemies.

Langton. My King, I am your friend and faithful servant. (*Takes parchment roll from floor.*) Your people should not be your enemies. I counsel you

to use your wisdom and agree to their most just demands. [*Holds out parchment.*

John (*snatches it*). *Un*just demands, say I!

Marshal. My liege, 'tis little new or strange the barons ask.

John. New or old, I care not. Their askings are vain dreams, supported by no plea of reason. Aye, I've heard what they desire. Why did not the barons among their unjust demands ask to take my kingdom also?

Langton. My lord, we beseech you now to *keep* that kingdom; not to let it fall in other hands.

Marshal (*kneels*). Truly, my King.

Langton. By righteous rule and justice alone, can you do so. You will not keep the kingdom otherwise.

John. I'll keep it as I will—no other way.

Marshal (*rises*). My lord, the barons are roused to great anger.

John. Are they so angered? I will let them see *my* wrath! I'll lay their castles low, burn, waste——

Langton. Remember it is not long since I absolved you at Winchester. With the kiss of peace and tears of joy, you were received and made a Christian King once more. By that rite and by the hallowing and anointing of the day when you were given high power and holy trust, so that men should love and honour you above your fellows—by these, I do conjure you now to hearken to your people's prayer. (*Puts hand on John's arm.*) Set up the rightful laws. Drive hence these foreign hirelings (*looks sternly at* FALKES) who make war on your own subjects. Be King of England once again!

John (*shakes off* LANGTON; *springs up*). I will be King of England! There you speak truth! I will be King, and not a slave! Think you I will listen to commands from my own vassals? (*Crushes parchment*

roll.) Out of my sight, ye traitors! (*To* MARSHAL.) You and your fellow barons shall rue this. (*To* LANGTON.) Nay, I care not who you be, archbishop, cardinal—I here defy you! Away, and tell the barons I will punish them for this.

Marshal (*moves left*). Alas.

Langton. My lord, you move me to much sorrow by your words, which we must faithfully report unto the barons assembled now at Brackley.

John. Say what ye will—I care not!

Langton. I pray some future day you may be moved to give us better hearing.

[LANGTON *and* MARSHAL *go out left.*

John. Nay, never! Sooth-tongued priest! You, one and all, shall smart for this. (*Drinks.*) To their destruction do I drink. (*To* FALKES.) Pledge me, sirrah! (FALKES *drinks.*) Have any messengers returned whom I sent forth to bring us tidings of our enemies? Go and look forth. [FALKES *goes left and looks out.*

Falkes. One cometh even now, my lord. He rides in haste.

John. Who is't?

Falkes. Gerald de Athies; he has returned, my lord.

John (*paces up and down*). Will he bring evil news? Naught but black tidings— The stars are cursed that rule this day!

Falkes (*goes left*). He comes, my lord.

Enter, left, GERALD.

John. What news? What news of the rebels?

Gerald. Then slay me not if I do speak bad tidings. (*Kneels.*) Spare me!

John (*strides up; seizes him by neck*). Play me no tricks. Speak out thy news, or I will shake it from thy throat. (*Lets go.*)

Gerald (*gasps*). 'Tis so; the barons are encamped at Brackley; gathered in force for battle——

John. What?

Gerald (*rises trembling*). Scarce any do remain upon your side. 'Tis said they have 2000 knights, foot and horse soldiers, archers, cross-bowmen, all fully armed and bound by oath.

John. Against me?

Gerald. They are—if you refuse—so resolved; in battle to the uttermost.

John. I can withstand them still; crush them as I have done before.

Gerald. Nay, alack, your castles will all be taken now. Scarce seven knights are left to you. 'Tis said the men of London mean to ope their gates unto your enemies.

John. I'll get more soldiers from across the sea; the Pope shall ban them——

Falkes. Rome is far off. It would be long ere you could get more men hired from abroad to fight your battles. [FALKES *and* GERALD *draw together, right.*

John (*flings himself on couch*). What, have they all deserted me? Am I betrayed, defied, the mock of priests, of every varlet in the barons' camp? Oh, how I hate you all! Would I could bend you as I do these rushes. (*Picks up, breaks and bites rushes and straws.*) Grind all to nothing as I do these straws! (*Flings them away.*) Some time I will outwit them. Be it so. If they have victory to-day, to-morrow I! Falkes de Breauté, ride in haste and bring back the archbishop and the earl. Tell them that I will hear their prayers, grant their charter.

Falkes (*amazed*). Is't so?

John. Yea, it's so. Gape not in amazement. Go, tell them that we will be gracious now; we will appoint

King John.
From his tomb at Worcester.

a day, a place for meeting—somewhere beyond our castle on the Thames—to hear them.

Falkes. My lord?

John. Be gone and give my message! I will grant their charter! (*Laughs.*) [FALKES *goes out left.*

I'll say I do it for the sake of peace, the exaltation and the honour of the realm. (*Laughs.*) And do they think I'll keep the charter? Let them dream! (*To* GERALD.) Go after him and see my message is delivered instantly. [GERALD *goes out left.*

One day, they will rue it. (*Rises.*) I will scourge the land for this. Is it in springtime, then I'll take the seed; cut down the hedges so that forest beasts devour their lambs and patient husbandry. In harvest, I will burn the standing corn; the whole land shall hunger till my wrath is spent. [*Goes out left.*

SCENE IV

Monday, June 15, 1215. *Runnymede.*

A throne placed centre; a table in front of it; a low bench in front of table.

Enter, left, two MONKS *and* CANON; *they carry parchment, ink-horns, pens; one has a taper; then come* ROBERT FITZ-WALTER, *with banner of London,* HENRY DE BOHUN, ROGER BIGOD, SAER DE QUINCY, GILES DE BRAOSE, EUSTACE DE VESCY, ROBERT DE ROS, *two* LONDONERS.

Fitz-Walter (*stands centre*). This meadow—Runnymede—beside the Thames, is named our meeting-place, where we now attend the coming of the King and the archbishop and the Earl of Pembroke. Here we set up our standard. (*To* MESSENGER.) Read forth the names of the chief barons who are here or coming to this place.

Messenger (*reads from scroll*). Robert Fitz-Walter, Castellan of London, Chief Banneret of the City, Baron of Dunmow and Marshal of the Barons' Army?

Fitz-Walter. Here am I.

Messenger. Henry de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, and Constable of England, stand you here?

De Bohun. Yea; with all my men.

Messenger. Roger Bigod, the Earl of Norfolk?

Bigod. Ready; prepared!

Messenger. Speak, Saer de Quincy, Earl of Winchester.

De Quincy. I and my following, fully armed.

Messenger. Eustace de Vescy, Baron of Northumberland, guardian of Durham?

De Vescy. Ready to fight, in sooth, as is De Ros and many another northerner.

De Ros. Aye, and all my men from Holderness.

Fitz-Walter. Let each man grasp his sword. We are prepared. We stand together.

All. Aye, we stand together.

Enter, left, a MESSENGER.

De Vescy. See you, a messenger comes from the King.

Messenger. My lords, at length, the King approaches. Long hath been the debate touching peace with you and granting of these liberties.

Fitz-Walter. The King will meet us now?

Messenger. The archbishop hath prevailed on him with strong entreaty.

De Vescy (*aside*). Methinks our line of battle, seen upon the banks of Thames, gives force to his entreaties.

Messenger. Now do the trumpets sound here and along the river. The King is coming.

Fitz-Walter. Give answer loud. Hold high our

banner! The archbishop who made the Charter, shall present it to the King.

Enter, left, KING JOHN, STEPHEN LANGTON *with the Great Charter,* WILLIAM MARSHAL, FALKES DE BREAUTÉ, GERALD DE ATHIES. JOHN *seats himself on throne.* BARONS, *headed by* FITZ-WALTER, *stand right; on left stand* LANGTON, *next the* KING, *the* MONKS *and* CANON; MARSHAL *on extreme left. The* KING'S MESSENGER, FALKES *and* GERALD *stand behind the throne.*

Langton. My lord, the barons, gathered from all parts of your kingdom, and assembled here at Runnymede—the place which you appointed—greet you true and loyally.

De Vescy (*aside*). True and loyal if we have our liberties—if not——

Langton. They here present this Charter, wherein are found good laws and customs for the country, such as were upheld of old.

[*Lays Charter on table before* JOHN.

John. I know their asking.

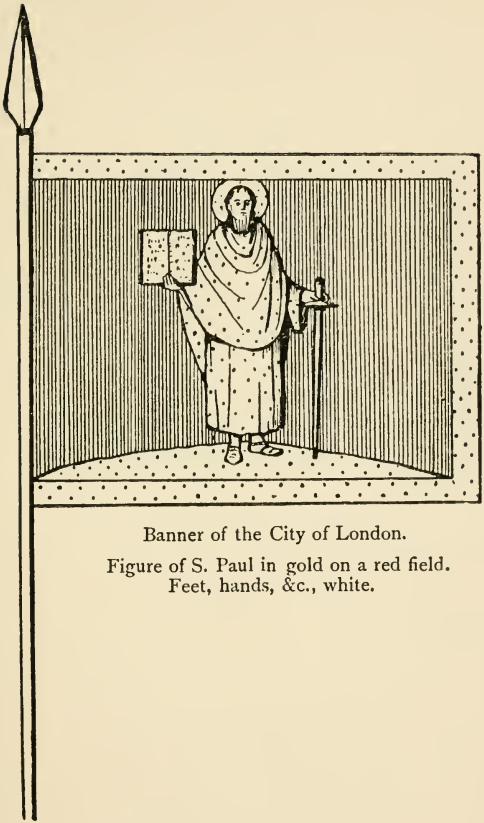
Langton (*to* BARONS). All that is contained herein hath been examined closely with the King. We have discussed and measured each matter in the Charter.

Barons. The Charter, aye, the Charter; give us that!

John (*aside*). Rebels and dogs! (*Aloud.*) I grant it. I am minded to be clement. For peace and for protection of my kingdom, and by the advice of certain of the realm—as Archbishop Stephen Langton, William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, and many whose names are written there—I grant the Charter.

Langton (*hands Charter to first* MONK). Read.

Monk (*reads*). "John, by the Grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, Count of Anjou, to the archbishops, bishops, abbots, earls, barons, justiciars, foresters, sheriffs,



Banner of the City of London.

Figure of S. Paul in gold on a red field.
Feet, hands, &c., white.

reeves, servants and all bailiffs and his faithful people, greeting." [MONK *hands Charter to* LANGTON.

Langton. Here are set forth some sixty-three and separate matters, beginning with the English Church, which shall be free to hold its rights and liberties uninjured.

Giles (*aside*). Then not in vain our prayers have been.

Langton. All the good laws and customs are to be maintained. The heir shall take his heritage with no extortion. The widow shall not be oppressed nor orphans robbed by those who guard their lands.

Fitz-Walter. 'Tis well.

Langton. The Common Pleas shall not follow the King's Court, but be held in one place whither all men may resort conveniently.

General Murmur of approval. Aye, aye.

Langton. The citizens of London——

Londoners (*aside*). Ah, what for London?

Langton. The citizens of London shall have their ancient liberties and free customs as well by land as water, and this is for all other cities, boroughs, villages and ports.

First to Second Londoner (*aside*). Good tidings these.

Langton. Scutage and aid shall be just, and only according to the tenant's holding from the King.

De Vescy (*aside*). Taxes and grievous payments in lieu of battle-service will not be forced.

Langton. The barons shall also deal justly with their men. Now, hearken well. Save in certain instances, as for the King's ransom if he is taken prisoner, for the making of his eldest son a knight, and for his eldest daughter's dower, no tax or aid shall ever be imposed, but by the common council of the kingdom.

De Quincy. May that be so for ever!

Langton. To this common council of the realm

prelates and greater barons shall be summoned by the King; and all tenants-in-chief, by his sheriffs and bailiffs.

General Murmur. Aye, aye.

Langton. For fines, no man shall lose his means of livelihood; the merchant his merchandise nor the poor man his waggon. Sheriffs and bailiffs shall not seize a freeman's horses, waggon or wood for the King's use without payment or consent. Which law, by heaven's grace, shall somewhat protect the poor. Hostages shall be now returned unscathed. All foreign soldiers—the names of many are writ here—who came to make war upon the land, are to be driven hence.

Gerald (*aside*). Our day is done.

John. What further? (*Aside.*) I will find other soldiers.

Langton. Full many other matters follow, as touching rents and forests, measures, weirs, trials, and witnesses. And, mark ye well—no freeman shall be taken, imprisoned, dispossessed or banished, save by the legal judgment of his peers or by the law of the land.

General Murmur. So be it ever.

Langton. Moreover, the King hath said, "To no man will we sell, to no man will we deny, to none will we delay, right and justice." (*To* BARONS.) Twenty-five of the great barons of the land shall be chosen by you to see this Charter is observed.

Fitz-Walter. We will appoint them.

Langton. These liberties are ordained both for yourselves and for your heirs for ever. Nor King nor people shall disregard the law. So the Great Charter closes (*hands it to* MONK) in the King's words.

First Monk (*reads*). "Sworn, moreover, as well on our part as on the part of the barons, that these things above should be observed in good faith and without any evil intent. (JOHN *smiles scornfully.*) Witness the above named and many others."

Langton (*turns to* JOHN). Will you be pleased, my lord, to lay your hand upon the Charter?

[JOHN *puts his hand on Charter from which* MONK *reads.*

Monk. "Given by our hand in the meadow which is called Runnymede, between Windsor and Staines, on the 15th day of June, in the 17th year of our reign."

Langton (*takes Charter and places it on table before* JOHN). My lord, will you now set your great seal on the Charter?

John. Here is the seal. (*Aside.*) Would I had lightning in mine eyes to strike you all!

First Monk. The brown wax is on the strip of parchment, ready for the good round seal.

Second Monk. The light. (*Warms wax with taper.*) The wax is soft.

[JOHN *impresses seal; all watch in breathless silence.*

Langton (*looks up*). The seal is set. 'Tis done.

John. There, I have put my impress on the wax. (*Aside.*) I'll cut my image deeper in your hearts. (*Springs up.*) There, take it; take your Charter, ye barons! (*Aside.*) And may it perish with you! (*Aloud.*) I go. Follow me not. (*Aside.*) I fain would wipe you from my sight.

[*Sweeps out, followed by* FALKES, GERALD, MESSENGER; *all bow low as the* KING *goes out, left.*

Langton (*to* MONKS). Are the scribes ready here to make copies of the Charter?

First Monk. Ready, my lord. I make a copy now for Salisbury Cathedral.

[*Sits right end of bench and writes on his parchment.*

Second Monk. And I for Lincoln.

[*Sits centre of bench and writes.*

Stephen Langton.
From his Seal, British Museum.

Canon. I haste to copy it for St. Paul's.

[*Sits left of bench and writes.*

Langton. Let copies be quickly sent to Canterbury and to each cathedral in the land.

Giles. Aye, and they shall be guarded well.

Langton (*stands centre in front of table, &c., all the others grouped on either side; he holds Charter in his hands*). To-day we have fought a fight; to-day we have sown good seed. Not for us, perchance, the fullest joy of harvest or of the victors who divide the spoil. The whole accomplishment is yet far off, though men, in days to come, may remember us sometimes; bless us, perhaps, for that we strove to do. We trusted God, and we shall therefore rest in hope. This Charter which I hold within my hands—parchment and ink and names of those who will be dust in a few years—this Charter will not perish; it will stand, type of a vow between the King and people. Noble kings will rise hereafter in this land, worthy to be the nation's leaders. Barons of the kingdom, people of England, will ye do your part and hold the laws of freedom faithfully; for yourselves; in memory of those departed hence, and for the sake of those who come hereafter?

Fitz-Walter (*kneels, with standard*). Aye, we will.

General Murmur. Aye, we will.

Langton. Will you uphold the Charter now; come life, come death? If so, let each man put his hand upon his sword and cry "Amen; so be it."

All (BARONS *put hands on swords;* MONKS, *&c., raise their hands*). "Amen; so be it."

[LANGTON, *carrying Charter, moves out left, followed by* GILES DE BRAOSE, MONKS, CANON, FITZ-WALTER *with the banner*, MARSHAL, DE BOHUN, BIGOD, DE VESCY, DE ROS, SAER DE QUINCY. *A solemn and triumphal march is played as they leave the stage.*

EDWARD III

IN ONE ACT

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

King Edward the Third.
Edward, the Black Prince, his son.
Sir Walter de Manny,
Sir Thomas Holland, } Knights.
Sir John Chandos.
Roger, a Londoner.
Peter of Ongar, an English archer, Roger's nephew.
Simon,
Stephen, } of the London Weavers' Guild.
Adam, a dyer.
John, a fuller.
A Cook.
A Messenger.
Gobin Agace, of Ponthieu.
A French Soldier.
Queen Philippa, wife to Edward III.
Princess Isabella,
Princess Joan, } daughters to Edward III. and Philippa.
Lady-in-Waiting.
Katherine, daughter to Roger.
Margery,
Petronilla, } Londoners.

Almost all the shorter parts can be doubled and acted by the same boy or girl.

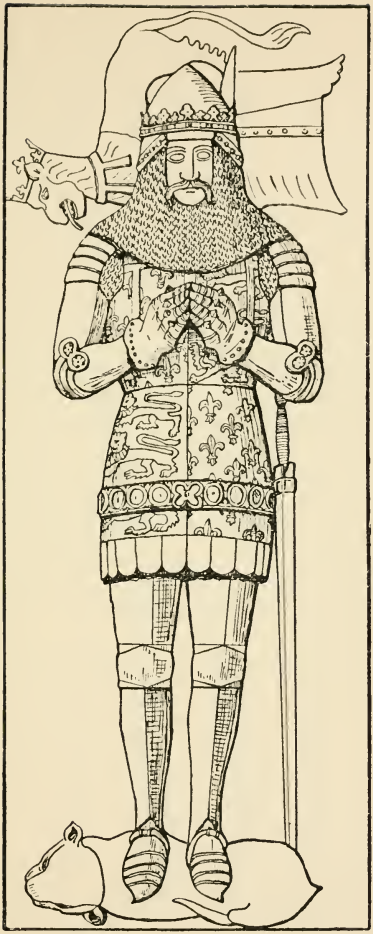
ACT I

Scene I.—August 1346. France. Oisement, near the banks of the Somme.

Scene II.—The next day. On the opposite banks of the river.

Scene III.—August 26th. On the Windmill hill by Crécy.

Scene IV.—Autumn of 1347. After siege of Calais. London. The hall in a rich merchant's house.



Edward, the Black Prince.
From his tomb at Canterbury.

EDWARD III

ACT I

SCENE I

August 1346.

Near the banks of the Somme; at Oisement.

Enter, left, KING EDWARD, *with the* BLACK PRINCE *and* SIR JOHN CHANDOS.

King. Philip of Valois—I will not call him King of France, for I am King; Edward Plantagenet is King of France—Philip of Valois with a mighty host pursues us. He is close upon our heels.

Chandos (*points left*). And in front of us lies the full and salt flood of the Somme.

King. There's naught but death for my brave little army if we cannot cross the river before to-morrow morn.

Enter, left, SIR THOMAS HOLLAND, *followed by* PETER OF ONGAR.

Sir Thomas Holland, are all the bridges across the Somme destroyed?

Holland. My lord, your good marshals, the Earl of Warwick and Geoffrey of Harcourt, have sent forth men; we've ridden up and down the land, but the French have the bridges well defended, and all those which they cannot hold are burned or laid in ruins for our welcome.

Chandos. Alas, no way of escape is left for us.

King. We will not die like rats caught in a trap. Are there none, among the prisoners that we took, who know this country well; who could tell us of a hidden ford or secret shallow of the river?

[PETER OF ONGAR *approaches* KING.

Peter (*kneels*). My King, I'm but a poor bowman, yet I have a word of counsel if I dare speak——

King. Speak on, brave archer. Have no fear.

Peter (*rises*). Then, noble King, there is a prisoner here; one that we took upon the road by Oisement. He is of Ponthieu; knows all this land, men say.

King. Land! 'Tis of the water we lack counsel.

Peter. Verily, and this man dwells beside the river; knows each turning of the Somme, so please your Grace.

King. Then he perchance can help us. Go quickly, bring the man and we will question him.

Peter (*bows*). I will, my King. (*Aside.*) A simple bowman hath a word of counsel even for a king.

[*Goes out left.*

King (*to* HOLLAND). How far hath Philip gained upon us? See you our messengers returning?

Holland (*moves right; looks out*). I see no sign of our coureurs. But the French host cannot be far behind us now. We did well (*walks back to* KING), my liege, to leave Airaines in haste and not to tarry longer there.

King. The French would laugh to see the haste we made. They'd find our camp just as we left it; smouldering fires and meat upon the spit.

Black Prince. They'd laugh and pledge us English in our undrunk wine. Oh, my father, could we but meet them face to face and fight!

King. Which soon we shall, but not, I trust, until we stand upon the other side of the dark, rushing Somme. We're nearer to our Flemish allies then, and if need be, we have retreat to Flanders open. Here comes our archer with his prisoner.

Re-enter, left, PETER OF ONGAR, *with* GOBIN AGACE.

Peter (*bows*). Behold the prisoner, my King.

King (*to* GOBIN). Thou art of Ponthieu?

Gobin. Yea, my lord.

King. Which, with many another fair, broad land in France, is mine by right. Ponthieu—wealth of my mother; heritage of Margaret, wife to Edward my grandfather. What is thy name?

Gobin. Gobin; Gobin Agace. A grace some call me, but there's little enough o' grace to tell about me.

Peter (*aside*). I'll warrant that.

King. Thou wert in arms against me?

Gobin. Aye, but I reck not which I serve; king of France or England. 'Tis alike to me and to the men who fought beside me here. We found ill days under the French King. The English King maybe will use us better.

King. Dost know this river and the river banks?

Gobin. Aye, indeed I know it well; (*aside*) well as I knew the farm, the plots of corn which have been burned.

King. Then knowest thou of any ford across the river? Gobin Agace, I will not use thee harshly. If thou canst show a way by which I and my army can pass o'er in safety, I will reward thee; make thee free and quit of ransom with twenty of thy company.

Gobin. My lord——?

King. Verily. Speak but the truth to me.

Gobin. Sire, take my head if what I say be not the truth. I will surely lead you to a place where you and all your host may pass over without danger to man or beast.

King. Where?

Gobin. North-east (*points left*) from here, you come to the river below Abbeville. Away near the Port village, the Somme doth widen on a sudden, with low banks and willows overhanging. There is the ford. A stranger ne'er could find it. There, twice between the night and morn, twelve men can cross abreast and the water will not reach above their knees. But when the tide rises, then the river waxes so great, no man can cross at all. The ford is good; the ground beneath the water, all of hard white stones, wherefore men call it the Blanche-tache.

King. Blanche-tache; and there my men and baggage can pass over?

Gobin. Truly on horseback and afoot. But, my lords, ye must be ready to depart from here betimes. For the ebb-tide, ye must be at Blanche-tache by sunrise.

King. Now, if thy tale be true, 'tis good. But the French have also remembered this ford, methinks.

Holland. Yea, surely. Agace, if ye betray us——

King. Woe unto thee indeed!

Gobin (*creeps towards the* KING). My lord, 'tis true the French King knows of your moving, by his spies, and he has bidden a great baron of Normandy, Sir Godemar du Fay, defend the passage of Blanche-tache upon the further shore.

King. Ha! ha! Then Godemar awaits us on the further shore.

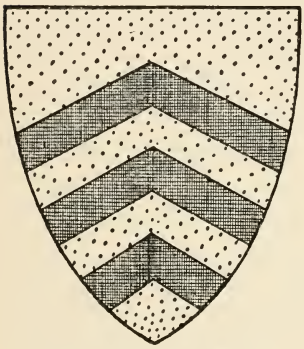
Holland and Chandos. A trap, a snare!

Gobin. Yet methinks you could force the passage and drive them from the banks.

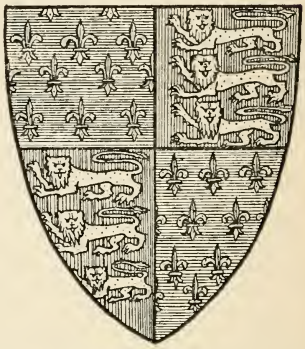
King. We will. I have many a good soldier who would as lief fight in the water as on dry land. We'll force our way, my men, right through the rushing stream and spite of twenty Godemars.

Peter. I care not how wet I be, so as I keep my good bow dry.

King. We may not tarry longer. Philip is gaining



Arms of Sir Walter Manny.
Or, 3 chevrons sa.



Royal Arms of England. Edward III.
France and England quarterly.

on us, hour by hour. (*To* HOLLAND.) Send word to our Marshals. Let all be in readiness to march. There's little time for sleep to-night. At midnight shall the trumpet sound; all must arise, saddle the horses, and go forth. The harvest moon will light us to the river bank.

Gobin. I will be there to guide you.

[KING *goes out left, followed by* BLACK PRINCE, SIR THOMAS HOLLAND, SIR JOHN CHANDOS, PETER OF ONGAR *and* GOBIN AGACE.

SCENE II

The next day.

On the opposite banks of the Somme.

Enter, left, PETER OF ONGAR, *clapping his hands, followed by* GOBIN AGACE, *sadly.*

Peter (*waves his bow*). Hey! hey! Safe o'er the flood! Safe landed! Agace, ye led us well.

Gobin. Aye, aye. But see (*looks at* PETER'S *cloak*), this cloak is all a-dripping from the Somme. You fell, methinks, half-way across when ye beheld the Frenchmen's cross-bows bent upon you.

Peter (*scornfully*). Frenchmen's cross-bows!

Gobin. Ye stumbled in the flood, and from the cloak I'll wring the drops which tell the tale.

[*Wrings out end of cloak.*

Peter (*pulls off cloak; tosses it up in air*). A cloak wet with French rivers, cross-bows of Frenchmen's hirelings, what are they to me? (*Starts.*) My bow? (*Examines bow.*) Ah, 'tis unharmed; my good white bow made of a single stave of Essex yew. My long-bow; that's my life; Peter of Ongar's glory and his life!

Enter, left, BLACK PRINCE *and* SIR THOMAS HOLLAND.

Holland. So we have won the passage, though the landing was a bitter fight and they fought well to keep us back.

Black Prince (*points left*). But Godemar hath fled. When he saw he could no longer hold the landing-place——

Enter, left, KING.

My father, we have done with Godemar!

King. Aye, he is gone. But look ye now behind; on the far bank of the river.

[*Leads* PRINCE *towards left, and is followed by* SIR T. HOLLAND, PETER *and* GOBIN; *they all look intently.*

Holland. Aye, indeed; on the far shore is the French host.

Black Prince. They were not far behind, in sooth!

Enter, left, SIR JOHN CHANDOS.

Chandos. The French are there already. Oh, near was our escape! They reached the flood e'en while our last company were crossing. If we have any laggards, they are ta'en, I fear. But see, my lord, the tide is rising fast.

King. Blanche-tache serves not our enemies. (*Points.*) Look how the waters rise! Each moment they come mounting up. Ha! ha! (*Calls out.*) Philip of Valois, lo, I mock at you!

Prince, Holland, Chandos and Peter. We mock at you.

King (*laughs*). His river is rebellious. It will teach him patience for some good twelve hours.

Holland. While we move on and choose our battle-ground.

King (*moves centre, followed by others*). Gobin Agace, thou hast led us well, and I will well requite thy service.

Gobin. I said ye should pass over safely. Ah, I know the deeps and shallows of the Somme if I know naught else in this dark world.

King (*to* AGACE). I make thee free, with twenty of thy company. (*To* Holland). See you to this.

Holland. Aye, my liege.

King (*to* AGACE). Moreover, for thy ready rede, I

give thee a good horse and these golden nobles in thy hand. [*Gives him bag of money.*

Peter (*aside*). 'Tis wise, methinks, to be a traitor!

Gobin (*kneels*). Thanks, gracious King. Your gifts are good. A horse—twenty nobles here in my hand. I think I will be your servant always, mighty King. (*Rises.*) The King of France hath never given me aught. My house was ruined three years ago come the Toussaints. I'd as lief follow you across the seas as now bide here.

King. Do as thou wilt.

Peter. We'll teach you archery and how to use an English bow. Come with me, Agace, Agace—the name is never glib upon my honest Essex tongue!

King. To-morrow in pitched battle we shall meet our foe.

All (*but* GOBIN). Aye, aye!

King. Our field of battle is well chosen. Where the road from Abbeville passes by Crécy village. 'Tis a good and safe position. Below us lies a hollow, Vallée aux Clercs 'tis called. To the north, beyond the river Maie, the road to Flanders. Westward and south are woods and thickets for defence.

Black Prince. Oh, let me take my sword and win my spurs to-morrow!

King. Ye shall! If we win Crécy, then the next is Calais. Brave knights, true to your King as were the Knights of Table Round to Arthur. Fight with me still, and I will give you part in such a day as shall not be forgotten. Come hence and set our arms in readiness. To-morrow's August sun will shine upon the battle-field of Crécy!

[KING *goes out left, followed by* BLACK PRINCE, SIR T. HOLLAND, SIR J. CHANDOS, PETER *and* AGACE.

SCENE III

Saturday, August 26.

The Windmill hill by Crécy. A log or a bench centre.

Enter, left, PETER OF ONGAR, *with food and a cup in his hands. Sits centre and eats.*

Peter. Well, here has a fine Saturday dawned. The King commanded that we should sleep well last night, each man in his cloak. Some will sleep yet sounder perchance to-morrow! "Let the soldiers have good food," says our King. I warrant Philip had no such care for his men! The French were marching hungry, while we were dreaming or filling ourselves with victuals which make courage (*eats*), give straightness to the eye. (*Draws bow.*) My arrows. (*Counts arrows in quiver.*) All well-wrought shafts made by the worthy Matthew, our good arrowsmith—heaven rest him—he sleeps by the yew trees which furnished much for archery.

Enter, left, GOBIN AGACE.

Here comes our path-finder through the waters. Oh, but he should hold his head high, for he has a horse of his own, and twenty nobles in his purse. (*To* AGACE.) Would I had your money! Threepence a day; that is the payment to a poor drawer of long-bows.

Gobin. My twenty nobles cannot buy me what is clean gone. Methinks, you, with your threepence, Peter, and your home across the seas, are still the richer man.

Peter. Maybe. But mourn not. In these days of battle-fields, 'tis lightly come and lightly gone. Come, sit you down and eat.

Gobin. Nay. They brought me food in plenty.

Peter. Archery, archery, that is the cure for every sick heart, whether it be behind the bow or in the face of the flying arrow. (*Springs up.*) Come, I will show you how to use the bow. (*Leads* AGACE *forward; takes bow in his hands.*) Fair shooting (*takes out an arrow*) cometh of many things, as standing (*plants feet firmly*); nocking (*places arrow*); drawing (*draws*); holding (*keeps arrow drawn*) and loosing. (*Gives bow and arrow to* AGACE.)

Gobin. Aye, aye.

Peter. Now drawing is the best part of archery. My father taught me how to draw, how to lay my body in my bow and not to draw with strength of arm as other nations do, but with strength of body. See you——

Enter, left, KING, *with* SIR T. HOLLAND, *who carries* KING'S *helmet,* SIR J. CHANDOS *carrying his shield.* PETER *and* AGACE *bow low.*

King. The hour of battle has come. Set on my helmet and my crown. I vow to you they shall not leave my living brows till I have been victorious. (*Takes helmet and puts it on*).

Chandos. Here is your shield, sire. (*Hands shield.*)

King. Wrought with my golden leopards, and with lilies, mark you well, to show my right. "Dieu et mon Droit" in France I will maintain.

Holland, Chandos, Prince (*draw swords on either side of the King;* PETER *waves his bow*), ***All*** (*but* GOBIN). God and your right in France we will maintain!

King (*holds out his hand*). I thank you and look to you all for aid to-day. Here, from the Windmill hill, I command the field. Hark! our trumpets sound!

Holland (*listens*). The French reply! Now list again; the trumpets blare.

Enter, left, MESSENGER.

King. Is all prepared?

Messenger. Aye, my liege. The prince clad in his armour, chafes for battle.

King. He shall fight. Look, the sun shines forth as a good omen.

Peter (*aside*). Aye, and 'tis in the foemen's eyes, which favours us.

King. Now let our trumpets speak again. Bid all our archers bend their bows and send a rain thicker than yonder storm that passes seaward. Hark, the French shout!

Chandos (*listens*). "Montjoie! St. Denis!" they cry.

King (*listens*). Our people answer them with shouts of "God and St. George for England!" (*Lifts sword.*) Lift high our standard! Forward, banners, now! God and St. George for England, charge!

[KING *goes out left, followed by* HOLLAND, CHANDOS, *with drawn swords*, MESSENGER, PETER *and* AGACE, *shouting*, "*God and St. George for England!*"

Re-enter HOLLAND, *in pursuit of a French knight.*

Holland. Yield you, proud Frenchman! My prisoner! Unhorsed by me!

[*Pursues him round stage; they exchange blows with swords;* FRENCHMAN *flies out left, pursued by* HOLLAND.

Re-enter KING *and* CHANDOS.

Chandos. The French fall back before our archers now. See (*points*), my lord, they turn and smite their hireling Genoese who do retreat.

King (*looks left*). All is confusion; flying men and horses. (*Lifts sword.*) On! On! St. George for England! Charge again! (CHANDOS *rushes out left;* KING *is suddenly arrested by* MESSENGER, *who enters left in haste.*) See, who comes? A messenger in haste.

Messenger. From Sir Thomas Holland, gracious King, I come.

King. How fares my son? Tell me; speak swift thy news!

Messenger. Those who fight with the Prince beseech you to send succour. More men for help immediate. The French do rally now.

King. Tell me, is the Prince slain?

Messenger. Nay, nay, my liege, he lives.

King. Then, is he wounded grievously?

Messenger. He lives unhurt. But the Prince is sore beset; great is his danger.

King. If he lives yet unwounded I will not send him any help. Say I would have him win his spurs at Crécy. I desire that, if it be God's will, the honour of this day shall be for him and those who fight beside him. Go tell the Prince and his companions my command.

Messenger. I will, my liege. Who would not die but to have part in such a day! [*Goes out left.*

Enter, left, SIR J. CHANDOS, *wounded.*

King. Here cometh Chandos. How goes the battle? You are wounded, my brave knight?

Chandos. I am, my lord; 'tis but a little thing. A moment's grace to breathe. (*Lifts helmet.*) Ah, gracious King, I'd kneel to tell you the good news; only a faintness from my wound——

[*Sinks on ground;* KING *bends over him.*

King. My faithful knight!

Chandos (*rises slowly*). I grow strong again; strong with the news I bring. The French are flying now before our arrows. Our bowmen would seem a match for all the chivalry of France!

King. And where is Philip?

Enter, left, SIR T. HOLLAND.

Holland. Philip hath left the field. The French are flying now on every side.

King. The victory is ours! Oh, wondrous field of Crécy!

MESSENGER *re-enters left.*

How fares the Prince?

Messenger. He cometh even now to greet your grace.

Enter, left, BLACK PRINCE, *followed by* PETER *and* AGACE.

Prince. All hail, my father! (*Kneels.*) I hail you King of France and England!

King. And hail to you, fair son; the heir of France and England! (*Places hands on his shoulders.*) Well have you fought to-day. You have shown yourself worthy of the name you bear; worthy, one day, to hold the realm. [*Raises* PRINCE.

Prince. Thanks, my King. But (*points to* HOLLAND) those who were with me helped to win the day.

King. A day which men will long remember. I

owe you thanks, my lords, and will requite your services. I shall not forget the good soldiers who fought at Crécy. (*To* HOLLAND.) Have you the list of those found dead upon the field?

Holland (*shows parchment*). Many are the names. The French who fell do near outnumber our whole army. See, the King of Bohemia, the noble counts, Alençon, Flanders, Blois, Aumale, with many more. Methinks we e'en might weep over the roll of such illustrious dead.

King (*lifts off his helmet*). I lift my helm which hath not left my head this day. Give honourable burial at Montreuil to the great allies and to the lords of France. We will not quit the field to-night, but rest our weary men. Let us give thanks for this great victory and make no boast. The glory is not ours!

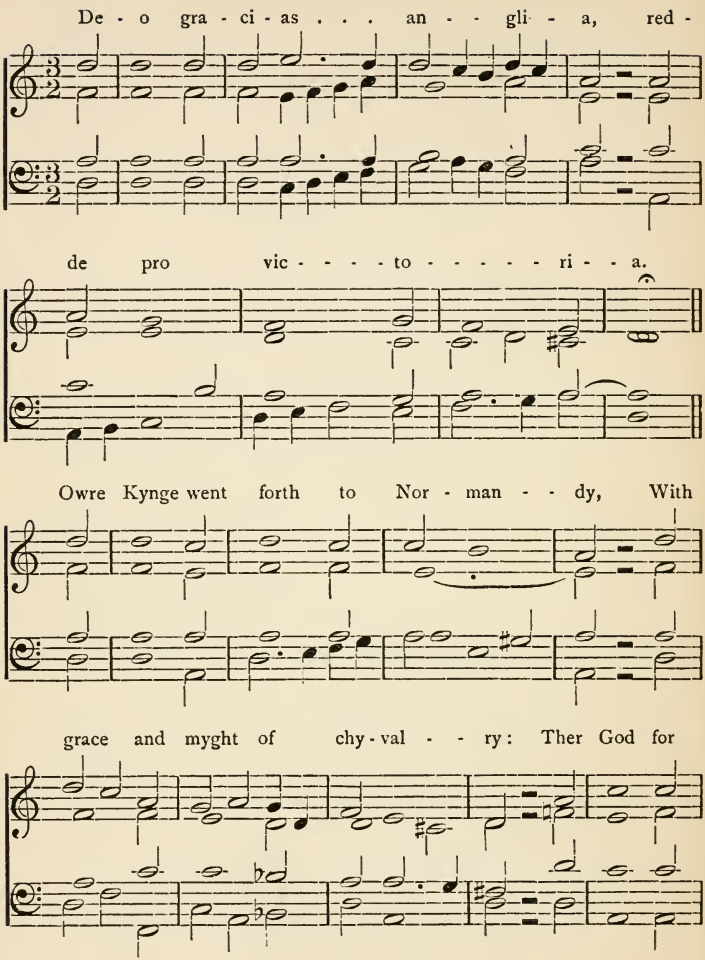
Holland. You have not broken bread to-day. Will you not eat and drink, my lord?

King. Verily. Bring food and wine. See to our men. Come (*to* HOLLAND), we will sup together. (*To* CHANDOS.) Have we no tidings of our brave Sir Walter de Manny? Doth he not well maintain our battle in the south, which we have fought so well to-day in northern France?

Chandos. My lord, our messengers report that they have held Auberoche and Aiguillon right gallantly for you. He hastens now to join us——

King. At Calais. When we have Calais—then to England, where our people wait to welcome us triumphant from the wars in France!

[KING, BLACK PRINCE, HOLLAND, CHANDOS, MESSENGER, PETER *and* AGACE, *all slowly leave the stage and go out left, singing.*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Owre Kynge went forth to Nor - man - - dy, With
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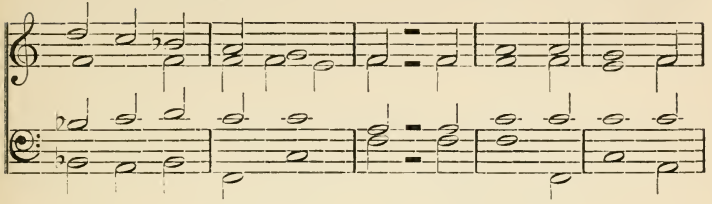

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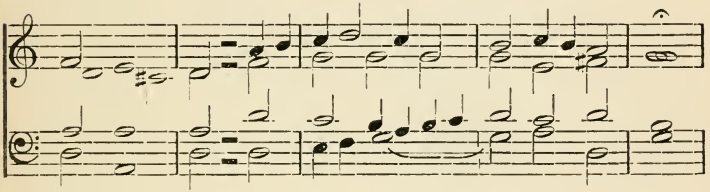

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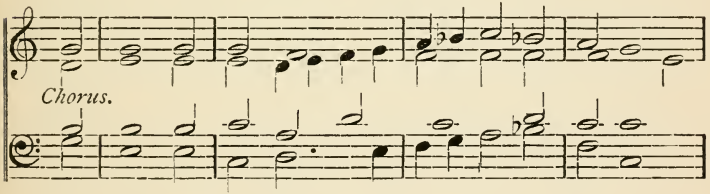

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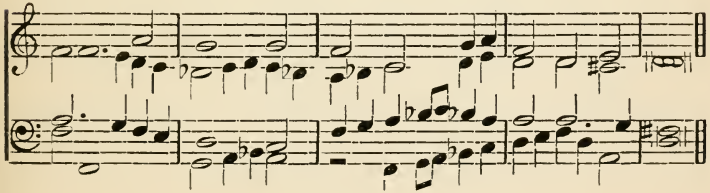


SCENE IV

Autumn, 1347.

London. In the hall of a rich merchant's house. Two thrones set centre. Table right; chair beside it. A pie on the table. A broom against the wall, on left. A shield hanging up.

Enter, left, PETER OF ONGAR *with a bundle.*

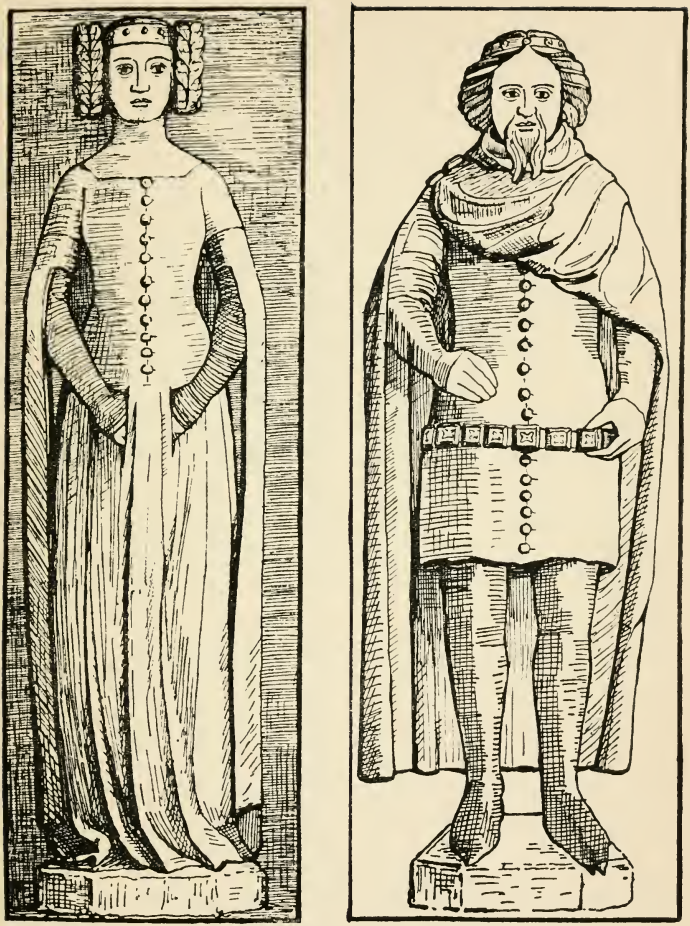
Peter. Well, and here am I, bowman Peter, back once more in England safe and sound; and not returned to Ongar yet, but stayed in London here to see the great rejoicing when the King comes home. (*Looks round.*) I've many friends in London; e'en in rich merchants' houses like this which entertains the King. Here my uncle Roger is steward; my cousin is fair Katherine. (*Goes left and calls.*) Hi! good uncle, where are ye? No answer; he is busy preparing for the feast! (*Calls.*) Uncle, your valiant nephew is returned from the French wars;—what, no answer still! A murrain on these kinsfolk who do not worthily esteem their soldiers from across the seas! (*Shouts.*) I have returned from France! Old Roger hath grown deaf, I think. (*Walks right, to table.*) Ah, there's a pasty for a king. (*Examines pie.*) A royal scent! I'm fain to nibble just a bite.

[*Stands with back to entrance, nibbling.*

Enter, left, ROGER.

Roger. Hi! hi! A thief!

Peter (*without turning*). I am your nephew back from France.



Two of Edward III.'s Children.
From his tomb at Westminster.

Roger. Nephew, good sooth! A thief! (*Seizes a broom and chases* PETER *round and round room.*) I'll teach you how to eat our pies!

Enter, left, KATHERINE.

Katherine. Mercy! good father! What is now afoot?

Roger (*still running after* PETER). I am! This rascal! I'll catch him; put him in the stocks!

Katherine (*darts forward, catches* ROGER). Hold! It is no thief! It is our Peter from the wars!

[ROGER *and* PETER *stop suddenly and face each other;* ROGER *drops broom;* KATHERINE *stands between them.*

Roger. It is! It is! (*They embrace.*) Welcome, brave, noble Peter!

Katherine. Welcome, good cousin!

Peter. Thanks, uncle and sweet Katherine. Am I so tanned with sun and rain of France, ye did not know me?

Roger. Nay, nay, ye look lusty enough. (*Pants.*) Ye can run well enough; which is scarce virtue in a soldier!

Katherine. I trow he never ran away! Poor Peter, were you wounded in the wars?

Peter. Yea, yea, a trifle. Oh, I have seen great sights; pitched battles; sallies; assaults; night marches——

Roger (*picks up broom; sits down in chair*). Tell us about your fighting.

Katherine. Oh, tell us, brave Peter!

Peter. We, the King's archers, did much work in France; ever in the van!

Roger (*waves his hand*). Aye, aye, the good bowmen of England! Tirra la! Tirra la! (*Swings the broom; breaks off suddenly; rises.*) A truce to these follies! I've no time! Where is the cook? Know ye the King and Queen and all the Court will come to-day at noon? Oh, it will be a goodly feast!

Peter. What shall be served? Tell us, good uncle, what will the nobles eat to-day?

Roger. Ah, 'tis a gracious list. (*Sets down broom; reckons upon his fingers.*) First, comes boar's head, larded; beef and mutton too; pork and swan roasted.

Peter. O uncle!

Roger. 'Tis but the first course. Now, follows mallard, pheasants, chickens, malachies.

Katherine. They will not complain of scanty fare, methinks.

Roger. The best is yet to come; conies in gravy —that's a master-dish! Hare in brasé, for pottage; teals, woodcocks, snipes, hedgehogs roasted in their spines.

Peter. A fair feast!

Roger. Much labour 'tis for those who do prepare it. Since dawn of day, we've been astir. No rest for me! The kitchen folk call out for spices, wine, white flour, each moment.

Cook (*calls outside*). Hi! Master Roger!

Roger. Yea, there the cook doth call. What is't?

Cook (*calls*). The almonds fail us!

Roger. Almonds? I gave ye plenteously of almonds.

Cook (*appears at entrance, left, with dish*). Master we are undone; no almonds left! Moreover, we have now no sandal-wood wherewith to colour our fair dish.

Roger. What do you make? What dish?

Cook. Conies in gravy; an it please you, sir.

Roger. A goodly dish. But stand not idly gaping; get to work!

Cook (*comes in*). Pardieu! Alas, my mind is mazed. I am not used to roast and bake for kings and queens. Conies in gravy! Methinks, I have forgot some notable part! Alas, I cannot tell now how it should be served.

Roger (*turns angrily*). Worthless knave! To call yourself a cook and cannot learn a dish like this!

Cook. Have pity, sir!

Roger. Bring here the dish. (COOK *approaches.*) Now, villain, listen. 'Tis written thus. Take conies and parboil them.

Cook. Verily, I did so.

Roger. Chop them in gobbets. That ye did not do. And seethe them in a pot. Make broth in which are almonds ground. Then pour the broth o'er the conies. Now add — mark well my words (COOK *counts on his fingers and repeats*)—cloves, mace, kernels of pine-cones. Colour with sandal-wood. Lastly, add wine and cinnamon and vinegar.

Cook (*eagerly*). I see; I see!

[*Rushes out left, with dish.*

Roger. Aye, go to work in haste! Some brothers of the Weavers' Guild will soon be here against the coming of the King. Katherine, idle wench, get ye to work! [*Goes out left.*

Peter. Now he is gone, sweet Katherine, and e'er the weavers and the other home-come soldiers join us here, I'll show what I have brought for you from France.

Katherine. For me? [*Claps her hands.*

Peter. Aye, for you, Kate. Know ye that Peter hath done valorous deeds; and—speak it low, lest thievish folk do envy us—hath got some booty, since a year ago he left our Ongar with naught but his good bow, and scanty archer's wages in his pouch.

Katherine. I know ye have done noble deeds, and they of Ongar and my father's kinsfolk here should have much pride of you.

Peter. Our bows at Crécy turned the fortune of the battle, well I wot. All will be glad to see me home and run to meet me on the village green. For them, and for my London kin, I've brought some spoils of France.

Katherine. Spoils of France?

Peter. Yea. In here (*opens out bundle on table*) are gay clothes which we took in Normandy. Ha! ha! (*Pulls out kirtle.*) This was at the sacking of Caen city.

Katherine. Ah, Peter; but 'tis fair.

Peter. Aye, indeed; for Caen is a great city, full of merchandise. This kirtle did belong unto a wealthy wife of Caen.

Katherine. Peter, it is not made for such as I——

Peter. Nay, fair Kate; but put it on. (*She slips on kirtle.*) It suits you well. Walk to and fro and give yourself the air and bearing of a dame of France.

[KATHERINE *walks up and down room;* PETER *admiring.*

Peter. Oh, you go bravely!

Katherine. Would I could see myself and how I do appear! Here, good Peter, lend me that shield, and in the shining face I'll view poor Katherine

all translated. (PETER *fetches shield and holds it up.*) Oh, I am fairer than my father's peacock who struts his feathers in the sun. The Queen herself is not——

Enter, left, STEPHEN *and* SIMON, *with* MARGERY *and* PETRONILLA. WEAVERS *have sacks of wool and the Guild banner which they set down.*

Margery. Hey day! What is this sight?

Katherine. Yea, friends, ye scarce can know me.

Petronilla. Where did ye get that goodly kirtle? (*Examines it.*) Embroidered—in sooth!

Katherine (*points to* PETER.) 'Tis Peter, my good cousin, who hath just returned from France.

Stephen. From France? He took that at the sacking of the towns, I trow.

Simon (*examines stuff*). I warrant our Kentish broadcloth is more excellent than this.

Margery. Some soldier might have brought *me* back a silken veil!

Petronilla. Yea, or a caul of golden net.

Margery. A chain at least!

Petronilla. Buttons of silver were a little thing!

Peter. Fair maids, I'll give you what I have! (*Searches in bundle and pulls out a veil.*) That's a fair veil; we came by that in Rouen!

Margery. Ah, Master Peter; 'tis of red, which colour likes me well.

Petronilla. Pale cheeks! Margery, ye had better choose another dye!

[PETER *pulls out a hood which* MARGERY *takes eagerly.*

Margery. Nay, Petronilla, keep the veil; this hood is what I do desire. [*Puts on hood.*

Stephen. Ye idle jades! Hold to good English cloths; that is the rule for all.

Simon. Aye, that's the rule.

Re-enter, left, ROGER.

Look you, here comes good Master Roger.

Roger. Greeting, gentle friends; fair maids— I'm sore beset. (*Runs about room.*) Ten guests can sit here—nay twenty, methinks. Good master weavers, I rejoice to see you— The serving-men sit there; 'twill not allow of thirty to sit here. (*Starts, seeing* KATHERINE.) Katherine, where did ye get those rich garments? Have ye been stealing, wretched child? To bring your father's grey head to the grave——!

Katherine. Nay, nay, good father. It was Peter who brought them from the wars for me and for all these happy maids.

Roger. Mercy upon us! These are most strange days; the daughters of simple men dressed like to ladies of the Court! There will be strict laws of sumptuary made ere long; mark my words!

Stephen. Aye, and laws to make men wear good woollen cloths of England.

Simon. In sooth, not foreign frippery. When comes the King?

Roger. The King, the King? Yea, he will be here anon. Oh, such a work of boiling and of baking meats! The cook is near distracted! I left him raving madly mid the pots. (*Voice outside, "Help!"*) Hark! now he calls.

Cook (*outside*). Help! help! The conies burn!

Roger. They burn! Alas! I come. Ye are all idlers! [*Rushes out left;* KATHERINE *follows him, but is drawn back by* PETER.

Peter. Nay, Katherine, stay with us here.

Simon. 'Tis early. The King will not be here awhile.

Stephen. We'll bide a little.

Peter. Let us be merry and all care forget.

[ROGER *rushes in left.*

Roger. Forget, d'you say? What have I now forgot?

Peter. Nay, naught. We'll have a dance.

Roger (*sinks down in chair*). Dance? I am too hot, too weary and too old!

Katherine. Oh, let us dance!

Petronilla and Margery. A dance! a dance!

Country dance: Morris dance, "The Maypole." PETER *and* KATHERINE, STEPHEN *and* PETRONILLA, SIMON *and* MARGERY *dance;* ROGER *sits and beats time;* COOK *comes dancing in with completed dish and dances alone.*

MESSENGER *enters left; all suddenly stop dancing.*

Messenger. Good citizens! The King and Queen are coming. They'll pass through this hall unto the feast.

Roger (*springs up*). Here, some of ye! (*Marshals them about.*) You weavers, ye stand there! (*Drags* STEPHEN *and* SIMON *to extreme right.*) Yea, take your banner. Hold it high. Peter, stand there, next to the weavers. Ye maids, stand thus.

[*Puts* KATHERINE, PETRONILLA, *and* MARGERY *right centre;* MESSENGER *stands left.*

Messenger. Room for the King!

Enter, left, KING, QUEEN, BLACK PRINCE, PRINCESSES, LADY-IN-WAITING, HOLLAND, MANNY, CHANDOS; ROGER, *&c., bow low.*

All. Hail, gracious King!

Peter. Long live our King victorious and our noble Queen!

King. Greeting to you, good people all. We enter London joyfully to-day after our absence long and wars in France. We bring our son whose prowess is beyond his scanty years.

All. Long live Edward, the Black Prince!

Roger (*advances*). Great King— What was set in my speech? We beg; we pray— (*Aside to* SIMON.) What cometh next? Ah—that ye deign to enter neath this noble— I should say this humble roof.

Peter (*aside*). Now to the Queen.

Roger. O gracious Queen——

Queen. Yea, honest citizen——

Roger. We do welcome you.

King. We will rest upon this throne a moment e'er we move unto the feast.

[*Hands* QUEEN *to throne beside him;* BLACK PRINCE *stands by* KING, *with* KNIGHTS *and* MESSENGER *on left;* PRINCESSES *and others on right.*

Simon (*bows low*). The Guild of Weavers wait upon your Grace to thank you for all benefits conferred. Our friends the dyers and the fullers come likewise.

Enter, left, ADAM, *a dyer, and* JOHN, *a fuller, each with a banner. The fuller carries the Clothworkers' banner.*

Adam. Hail, noble King! We are the dyers. See, our motley hands! Who would have fair scarlet cloth and green and blue if 'twere not for the dyers? We know our work; we know the plants that make the dyes. The grain-tree berries, woad and madder, broom, and many another furnish us.

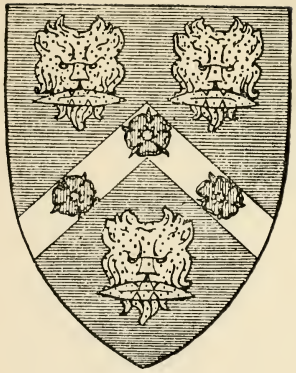
John (*bows low*). And do not shame the fullers. We, who cleanse the cloth and beat it with our staves in earth.

ADAM *and* JOHN *stand right, by* WEAVERS.
ALL, *except* KING *and* COURT, *sing.*

TUNE—"*When the King enjoys his own again.*"

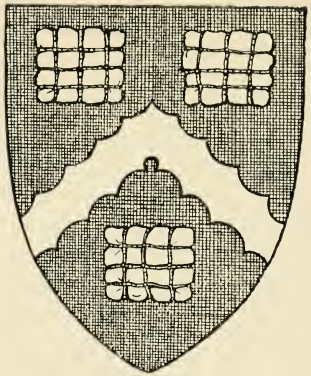
Hail, merry weavers, forty strong;
Sing with the guild, the websters' song!
The fullers too their banner bring;
The combers and the dyers sing;
O ancient craft and noble misterie!
That lasteth to the day of doom;
The weft well, I trow, the warp crosseth now
When the shuttle flies through the loom!

Let Norfolk worsted weaving show,
East country say and baize men know;
To sing their praise I am not loth
The Lincoln green and Kendal cloth;
In June, woad-waxen buddeth on the hill;
In haytime blows the dyers' broom;
Now fast as ye tread so flies on the thread,
And ye hear the whirl of the loom.



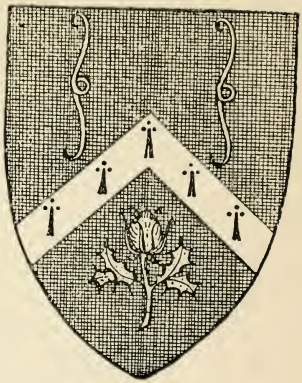
Arms of London Weavers.

Az. on a chevron argt. between 3 leopards' faces or, each having in the mouth a shuttle of the last, as many roses gu. seeded of the third, barbed vert.



Arms of London Dyers.

Sa. a chevron engr. argt. between 3 bags of the last, corded or.



Arms of London Cloth Workers.

Sa. a chevron ermine, between 2 habicks in chief argt. and a teasel in base or.

Hail, lusty brothers of St. Blaise!
Proudly your combs and teasels raise;
Soon all the wool is turned to gold
The which buys glories manifold;
O golden craft and mighty misterie!
For weavers now the folk make room
And cloth for the King well wrought we will bring,
And we'll join in the song of the loom.

Queen. I am right glad that weaving hath thriven since the day my Flemings settled here.

Roger. Happy the towns they enter, men do say, for there wealth and prosperity increase.

Simon. Bring now the sacks of wool and lay them at the King's feet.

[SIMON *and* STEPHEN *lay sacks before* KING.

King. Which hath brought us riches and the means to wage our war. Thanks, good citizens. And now, fair knights, I call you, to-day, as Arthur called his Knights of Table Round. Who are here present of our new founded order?

Black Prince. I am!

Holland. And I, my lord.

King. Ye know the commandment which we gave for mantles and surcoats to be worn by members of our order.

Messenger. Aye, sire, 'tis written they shall wear blue, powdered o'er with broidered garters, lined with scarlet, and surcoats furred with miniver.

King. The gentle ladies shall attend our festival, else were joy lacking. Now let us to the feast! Each knight will choose the lady who will watch and praise his prowess in the tournaments we hold.

Manny (*to* LADY). Then, may I wear some favour on my helm?

Lady (*to* MANNY; *gives him a veil*). Yea, verily, Sir Knight.

King. Good citizens, ye shall all see the jousts. We do decree that tournaments be held at Cheapside and at Smithfield, from this winter-time until May-day, with great rejoicing and good cheer. Ye'll prove yourselves, my knights, as gay and courtly now, as ye were valorous in the wars with France.

ALL *sing*.

TUNE—"*You Gentlemen of England.*"

St. George for Merry England!
Loud was our battle-cry;
And to the winds of heaven
The red cross streaming high;
And evermore the names resound
Of Calais and Crécy;
Trumpet call, trumpet call,
To England's chivalry!

"Dieu et mon Droit" through fair France
Is lit in lines of flame,
And Edward's golden leopards
The royal lilies claim;
And evermore the names resound
Of Calais and Crécy;
Trumpet call, trumpet call,
To England's chivalry!

In the beleaguered cities,
Auberoche and Aiguillon;
God and St. George for England
Held high our gonfalon;
And evermore the names resound
Of Calais and Crécy;
Trumpet call, trumpet call,
To England's chivalry!

[*During last verse,* KING *and* QUEEN *lead procession round stage, followed by* BLACK PRINCE, PRINCESSES, LADY, SIR T. HOLLAND, SIR W. MANNY, SIR J. CHANDOS, MESSENGER, SIMON *and* STEPHEN *with Weavers' banner,* ADAM *with Dyers' banner,* JOHN *with Cloth-workers' banner;* ROGER, PETER, KATHERINE, MARGERY, PETRONILLA, COOK; *all go out left.*

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CÆDMON

THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS

THE GOOD QUEEN


GEORGE ALLEN & SONS
PUBLISHERS
LONDON
RUSKIN HOUSE

STAGE DIRECTIONS

CÆDMON. THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS. THE GOOD QUEEN (A MASQUE).

THESE plays can be acted either in or out of doors. In the latter case, when an indoor scene is represented, screens can be used as a background.

If the play is given in the house, curtains of some plain colour—brown holland or dark green, for instance—will make a good background. Two large bushes of greenery can be placed on either side of the stage. If nothing large enough is to be had in a pot, wooden chairs can be completely covered with boughs and ivy; these may be pulled aside for indoor scenes.

Localities can be always indicated by placards, as "Cattle-shed"; "Market-place, Calais," &c.

Two of the actors, in their acting clothes, can come on to the stage between the scenes to arrange chairs, &c.

For "Cædmon," only one exit and entrance (right or left) is required. For the Masque and "The Burghers of Calais," it is better, if possible, to have two, one on either side of the stage.

In no case is scenery or proscenium curtain necessary. For the Masque, screens or curtains, divided in the centre, ought to be put at the back of the stage, at a little distance from the wall, so that the actors, who take part in the tableaux, can pass behind to their places in the tableaux, and not be seen until the central part of the curtains is drawn back.

If scenery as a background, in any of the plays, is desired, the following suggestions are made. The scenery can be painted on unbleached calico. The surface can either be covered with whitening mixed with size, or the calico, before painting, can be tinted with Dolly Dye to get the general tone of the scene required. For instance, in painting a wood, the

upper part of the scenery would be tinted with blue-grey as a ground on which to paint distant trees, and the lower part with brown and green dyes for the foundation of the foreground. When the scene is to be very dark—for the interior of a stone-walled or panelled room, for instance—the whole calico could be dyed grey or brown before painting. Sometimes pieces of wall-paper can be found to represent tapestry.

The painting is done with powder paints (to be had at any oil-shop), mixed with size. All drawing is done with charcoal. Old houses and gable ends, suitable for mediæval backgrounds, can often be got from picture postcards. Simple background scenery looks well framed between two dark-green curtains.

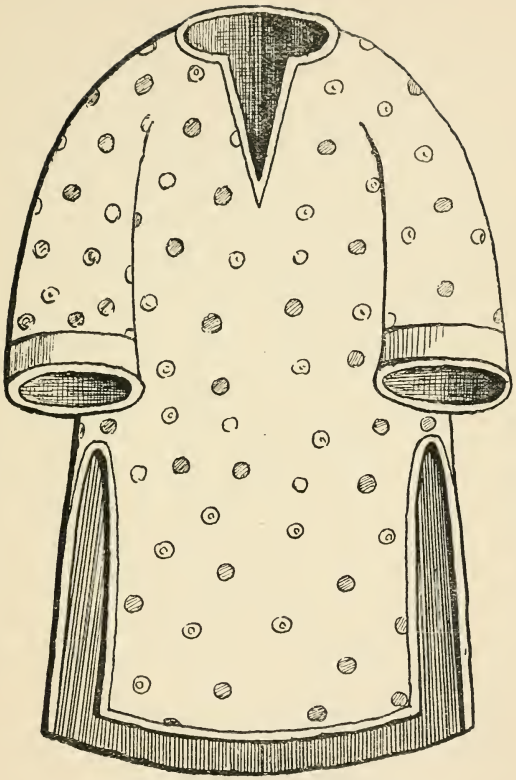
With regard to the effect of dress colour for the two first plays, the proportions should be kept even; full, simple colours chosen, and never "art shades." Dolly Dyes and Maypole Soaps give a good range of colours, and with a simple background, scarlet, deep blue, orange, black, green, &c., could be used, suggestive of the colours of a mediæval illumination. For dress materials, sateen at $4\frac{3}{4}$d. and $6\frac{3}{4}$d. can be had in good colours, but the cheapest woollen or house flannel makes better folds and gives the massive effect of the garments of olden times. "Horticultural Sheeting" about 50 inches wide, 1s. a yard (Messrs. Cookson, Wellington Mills, Manchester) is useful, and can be dyed effectively with Maypole Soap.

Mediæval tunics and dresses should be made with no seam on the shoulder. A piece of stuff, double the length of the garment required, is folded in half, selvedge to selvedge; the neck-opening is cut in the centre of the top of the fold. The folded stuff, on either side of the neck-opening, forms the shoulder and sleeve. The sides of the garment are shaped in to the figure. Width should be added at the bottom, and, unless the stuff is very wide, to the length of the sleeves.

If adapted, Butterick's children's patterns can be used as a foundation and guide for size and proportions.

For boys, the measurements generally required are: chest, waist, neck to knee, arm, head. For girls: bust, waist, neck to ground, arm, head.

Plate armour can be made of buckram, or of felt, damped and put on a mould—a large bottle will do—to give the round of the leg or arm. While on the mould, the damp



Tunic from an Anglo-Saxon MS.

felt is painted over with plaster of Paris. Strings, to fasten on the leg and arm pieces, must be attached before the plaster hardens. When quite hard and dry, it must be blackleaded and silvered. A conical-shaped helmet can be made of felt, on a round mould, in the same way.

Housemaids' gloves, blackleaded and silvered, make excellent gauntlets. For large quantities of gilding and silvering it is easier and cheaper to use gold or aluminium silver powder (about 6d. an oz.), mixed with "White Polish." Borders and embroideries can be stencilled with this paint, or done with gold braid, 4½d. per dozen yards, from Burnet & Co., 22 Garrick Street, Covent Garden, who also have very good imitation fur.

Shields and crowns can be made of cardboard; swords and spears of wood, blackleaded and silvered.

White stockings, about 4½d. a pair, can be had, and dyed brown or any colour, as can common white canvas shoes. Exclusive of shoes, each of the actors could be dressed for about 2s. 6d.

The Saxon dress, with its ample folds and flowing lines, is very simple, and it has a distinctly classical character.

The men wore a plain tunic to the knee, fastened round the waist with a piece of folded cloth or an ornamented belt. The tunic (the chief and characteristic Saxon garment) fitted tight round the neck and fastened in front. It was often open at the sides, from the hips downwards. A short cloak was fastened on the right shoulder with a brooch, and sometimes pulled up to make a hood; other coverings for the head being conical hats, quite Phrygian in shape, as were the helmets. The legs were swathed or "cross-gartered" with bands of leather or other material.

The monks and nuns might effectively wear the black Benedictine habit, though the early monastic dress was probably greyish white, as being the colour of the undyed wool.

The women had a long gown over which was often worn a "super-tunic" to a little below the knee, with wide sleeves, beneath which appeared those of the long under-dress, tight to the wrist. A hood or veil wrapped head and shoulders, giving a nun-like look to the whole dress. A circular cloak, which could be raised in front over the arms, was often worn. The dress of an Anglo-Saxon abbess did not differ probably from that of any noble lady; it was often of rich colour

and covered with embroidery. An abbess carried a pastoral staff.

The costume of Edward III.'s time was splendid and fantastic in colour and material. Parti-coloured garments, embroidered mottoes, jewelled belts were worn. It was the age of tournaments and heraldry, and both men and women had their arms emblazoned on surcoats and dresses.

The fashionable garment was the "cote-hardie," a very tight-fitting tunic, buttoned all down the front and reaching to the middle of the thigh. A long mantle was worn over this tunic, fastened on the right shoulder.

Poor men wore looser, belted tunics, short cloaks and hoods, linen or woollen trousers, which were held in at the ankle by leather boots.

Chain mail was now much superseded by plate armour. Edward III. wears his crown over a helmet, to which is fastened the "camail," or tippet of chain-mail. Over his chain-mail coat he wears a surcoat of stuff, emblazoned with his arms; the fleurs-de-lis of France with the English lions or "leopards," as they were heraldically called.

Queen Philippa and the ladies of her time are recognised at once by the two masses of plaits, covered with a net, on the sides of the face. The dress was tight-fitting, with long streamers from the over-sleeves.

Ordinary women wore a short over-dress, the skirt often open at the side and showing the longer under-dress. Their heads were wrapped in veils or hoods.

The chief colours for heraldry are indicated thus: straight perpendicular lines signify gules, or red; horizontal lines azure, or blue; vertical and horizontal lines crossing each other, sable, or black; a dotted surface, or, or gold; and a plain surface, argent, silver or white. Numerous pictures of both Saxon and fourteenth-century dress are found in F. W. Fairholt's "Costume in England" (Bohn's Artists' Series), vol. i., and in J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People," vol. i.

A few hints may be given as to dress for the Masque, in which the Boy and Girl should be represented as any modern children of about ten years old.

"History," and all the allegorical characters, should wear a long, flowing dress, with wide sleeves, and a veil and crown. The dress is shaped like a nightgown, with gussets at the bottom, so that the dress spreads wide at the feet.

"History" should be in dark purple; "Duty," in grey; "Mercy," in pale green with a rainbow crown (this can be of painted cardboard); "Justice," in white; the "Home Spirit" in soft brown; "Sorrow," all in black; "Wisdom," in deep blue. The "Three Weaving Sisters" must be in grey; "Love" should wear a red tunic and have a wreath of deep red roses; "Memory" be closely veiled and all in grey. The "Elves" can wear brown, with high, pointed hats. They can use pieces of red chalk fastened on to their brushes, instead of paint. The "Mayday children" can have almost any old English dress; green coats, and bows and arrows like Robin Hood's men; caps, cloaks, &c.

The allegorical figures for the Empire, should be represented with their flags or special badges.

The figure of the Queen in the first tableau is from a picture in which she wears a crimson mantle, furred with ermine, and a white dress. In the second tableau she might be dressed entirely in crimson and ermine.

The "Véritable or Drawing-room Polka," just after its introduction, is thus described in the *Illustrated London News* of 1844: "The steps are two. At the one, hop on the right leg, lifting or doubling up your left leg at the same moment; at the two, put your left leg boldly forward on the ground; at the three, bring your right toe up to your left heel; at the four, advance your left foot a short step forward; now at the one, in the next measure or bar of the tune, hop on the left leg, doubling and lifting up the right leg and so on, proceeding with your arm encircling your partner's waist, round the room."

The music for the songs is found in many collections of old English melodies.

The solo and chorus in "Cædmon" is p. 160, "National Song Book," Boosey & Co., 3s. Cædmon's hymn is Chorale 4, Bach Choir Magazine, No. 37, Novello & Co., 4d.

The songs of the Masque (with the exception of the Polka and the third song, p. 222, "National Song Book") are all in "Songs of the British Islands," W. H. Hadow, Curwen & Sons, 2s. 6d., Nos. 99, 13, 53, 100.

Pictures of the Colonial and other badges are well given in "British and Colonial Flags," Philip & Son, 1s.; and maps of the world, with British possessions added since 1837, in "A Survey of the British Empire," Blackie & Son, 2s.

PROPERTIES

CÆDMON

SCENE I.—Table. Benches or chairs. Food, knives, dishes, jugs, cups, horn, &c. Harp.
SCENE II.—Bundle of straw. Scroll.
SCENE III.—Throne. Pastoral staff. Harp.

THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS

SCENE I.—Bag of money. Bucket. Bread. Veil.
SCENE II.—Thrones. Parchment. Halters. Keys. Axe.

THE GOOD QUEEN

Table. Chairs. Curtains. Ball. Books. Wand. Scroll. Pen. Ink. Crowns. Rod. Scales. Sword. Nest. Map. Ladder. Paint-pots. Brushes.
Queen's throne. Crown, sceptre, and orb for tableau. Flags or badges. Gong to strike the hour.

CÆDMON

IN ONE ACT

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

The Abbess HILD, JOHN, BOSA and other MONKS, ÆLFLÆD and other NUNS.	Of the Monastery of Streaneshalch or Whitby.
ALDHELM the Reeve, MILDRYTH his wife, EADGYTH, two sisters, BEGU, ECGBERHT, OSWALD, ÆLFWINE, WALDHERE, and CÆDMON. The ANGEL.	Of the village dependent on the Monastery.

ACT I

SCENE I.—About the year 665. Springtime; evening. The hall of the Reeve's house near the Monastery of Streaneshalch.

SCENE II.—The same night. A cattle-shed adjoining the Reeve's house.

SCENE III.—The next morning. The great hall of the Monastery.

CÆDMON

ACT I

SCENE I

In the hall of the Reeve's house. A long, narrow table in centre; benches behind and at either end. Food spread out; knives and wooden trenchers.

Enter, left, MILDRYTH *and* EADGYTH, *with dishes and jugs.*

Eadgyth (*sets down dish, &c.; claps her hands*). Hola! Joy to the feast! Spread out the board!

Mildryth (*sets out things*). The Abbess herself hath commanded that all in the village should make good cheer.

Eadgyth. Glad are the lengthening days of Spring.

Mildryth. My husband hath bidden many to our merrymaking to-night. Ælfwine and Waldhere, Ecgberht the blithe singer, Oswald, Cædmon—

Eadgyth. Song-lacking, mirthless Cædmon, I like him not. (*Creeps up to* MILDRYTH.) Mildryth!

Mildryth (*setting out bread*). What is't, thou jay?

Eadgyth. At our feasting, when the harp goes round and 'tis near his turn to sing, then Cædmon rises and steals forth from the table. Hast thou marked this, Mildryth?

Mildryth. I have noted this.

Eadgyth. An honest man would scarce flee from mirth and fair fellowship. His going bodeth ill.

Mildryth. Nay, but Cædmon is good and true in work and word, these many years at Streaneshalch.

(*Goes on arranging food.*) Yet 'tis strange and passes my wit. Some say that Cædmon is not of our nation. I know not.

Eadgyth (*angrily*). I know his silence mocks and angers me! Now, when Ecgberht singeth to the harp, my heart is straight a-tiptoe to his song.

Enter, left, ECGBERHT *with the harp,* ÆLFWINE, WALDHERE, OSWALD, *and* BEGU *with a drinking horn.*

Ecgberht. What didst thou say, Eadgyth—at the sound of my song—thy heart? Then I'll sing to thee for ever. (*To* ÆLFWINE, *&c.*) Why, I can outsing any man in Northumbria!

Oswald (*aside*). And outboast any man, I warrant!

Eadgyth (*aside*). Ecgberht is not like one who cometh now.

Enter, left, CÆDMON.

Oswald. Good even to thee, Cædmon. The kine have been thy charge to-day?

Cædmon. Aye, good Oswald; I have left them safely in the byre. Naught do they lack.

Ecgberht. I warrant I've wrought more than thou hast to-day. The Abbess hath no better man than Ecgberht upon the land, nor one who better deserves his meat. [*Points to table.*

Enter, left, REEVE.

Reeve. Flesh, good and hot! Friends, gather around my board. Cheer to all of you!

All. Brave cheer! To the feast! To the feast!

[*All seat themselves,* REEVE *in centre of table facing audience; next him, right,* MILDRYTH, *then* CÆDMON; EADGYTH *and* ECGBERHT *at right end of table. On left of* REEVE, ÆLFWINE, WALDHERE; BEGU *and* OSWALD *at left end of table.*

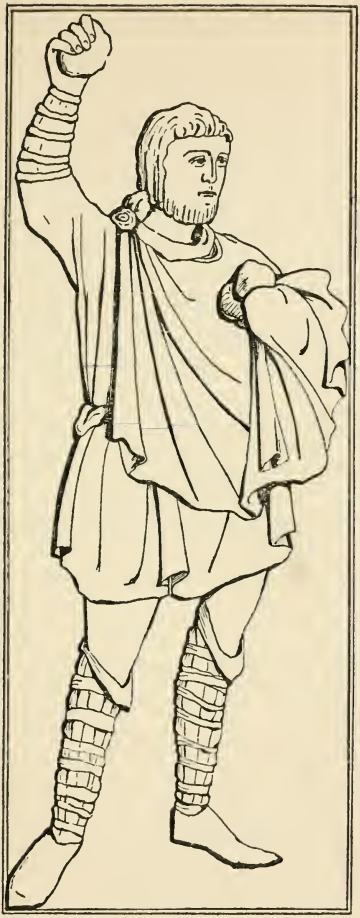


Figure from an Anglo-Saxon MS.
(St. Æthelwold's Benedictional).

Reeve. Let all draw nigh with little care and much hunger.

[*They deal out the food; two join at each trencher.*

Ecgberht. Thanks, fair master. (*Helps himself largely.*) Ploughing, from dawn to dusk, upon the wolds is empty work. See you, poor Ecgberht had needs draw tight his girdle to strangle gnawing hunger.

Reeve. Now mayst thou take comfort to thyself and to thy girdle, Ecgberht. Eat of the fish which fell to Oswald's net this morn.

[ECGBERHT *takes most of the dish.*

Oswald. Thou art as greedy as a cormorant.

Ecgberht. I want not thy ill-tasting fish!

[*Springs up.*

Eadgyth (*tries to pull him back*). Gentle Ecgberht, forbear!

[OSWALD *springs up;* ÆLFWINE *and* BEGU *try to hold him, but he rushes at* ECGBERHT. *They meet centre in front of table.*

Ecgberht. I'll make thee rue thy ill words to me, thou codshead! [*Flies at* OSWALD.

Oswald. Mire delver! (*Shakes* ECGBERHT.) I'll teach thee to speak scorn of fishermen!

Mildryth. Slay him not, good Oswald!

Reeve (*shouts*). Oswald, Ecgberht! Peace, ye knaves!

[*Bangs on table and waves knife.*

Ælfwine (*throws bread at them*). Ecgberht!

Waldhere. Oswald!

[*The company separate and pull them back into their seats.*

Reeve. I'll have no more of this. Come now, good wife (*to* MILDRYTH), we cannot sing until thou fill our cups and horn with mead.

Mildryth (*rises*). First, I will fill the horn for thee.

[*Fills horn;* REEVE *drinks and then passes it to* CÆDMON.

Reeve. Drink, honest Cædmon, long hast thou wrought to-day.

Cædmon (*drinks*). Thanks, master.

[*Passes horn to* EADGYTH; MILDRYTH *goes left with jug and fills cups which* OSWALD, ÆLFWINE, *and* WALDHERE *hold up.*

Ælfwine and Waldhere. Brimful! Brimful!

[*They drink.*

Ælfwine. Nay, give me more.

Mildryth. Thou wouldst drain the sea.

Ælfwine (*laughs*). Verily I would, an it were of good old Mildryth's brewing.

Mildryth. Fear not; there's more yonder, sweet and brown; mead from the summer honey of the moor. [*Sits down.*

[ÆLFWINE, BEGU, WALDHERE *and* OSWALD *go on pledging each other; laughing and talking low.*

Eadgyth. Shall I give thee to drink, Cædmon? This cheers the heart, loosens the tongue, and makes swift a man's wit.

Cædmon. Aye, fill the horn then, Eadgyth. Thou thinkest I have need thereof.

Eadgyth (*fills horn*). I'll ask thee a riddle. Tell me, Cædmon, what shall be done to the churlish bird that ever eateth and drinketh with his mates, but singeth no sweet song in thankfulness. Good folk, know ye of such a bird?

Mildryth. Shame on thee, Eadgyth! Ill is thy saying.

Ecgberht. Nay, Eadgyth, 'tis well said. I wot thy meaning. I know that woeful bird.

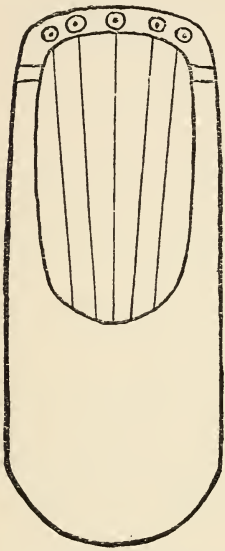
Cædmon. And I likewise. Maybe, there are birds, Eadgyth, whose song thou hast not heard. There is, moreover, a silent bird upon our marshes that, men say, sings only when he dies.

Reeve. Truth, Cædmon. The wild swan sings ere he dies. Why, every man o' the fens 'll tell you so.

Ecgberht. Hast forgotten to fill the horn for me, Eadgyth?

Eadgyth. Nay, it shall be brimful for thee (*fills horn*). Dost smell the June flowers in the mead?

Ecgberht (*drinks*). Aye, truly, and yet, methinks (*holds up horn*), I might fear this were a magic potion and that a charm had dropped from thy fingers in the cup.



Anglo-Saxon Harp.
From VIIIth Century MS.

Reeve (*looks up*). What? Charms? Magic? Who talks o' such? Away with spells! The night is too dark for such talk.

Ælfwine. 'Tis black as pitch. I would not walk abroad to-night!

Ecgberht. I'm a bold man and strong, but I would not go past that deep pool o'er the brow of the cliff. Well I wot, it was in dark waters that Grendel dwelt.

Begu (*shudders and clasps her hands*). Grendel? The fen monster! Oh, terror!

Eadgyth. Now, which of you, brave ones, would have slain Grendel as Beowulf did?

Ecgberht. With my stalwart arm, I would smite the fiend (*jumps up*), and fell him to the earth. Nathless (*sits down*), I'd liefer have company when I pass the pool o' nights (*to* EADGYTH). 'Tis not the wind there that blows our lantern out.

Eadgyth. I trow 'tis not. And there are strange sounds (*to* CÆDMON). Art thou not fearful also, Cædmon? I have oft seen thee come that way at eve.

Cædmon. Nay, I have no fear.

Ecgberht (*scornfully*). The cowherd hath no fear when better men do quake for terror!

Eadgyth (*aside*). Marvel not, Cædmon hath little speech. Perchance, he is also deaf and blind.

Ecgberht (*laughs aside*). Yea, verily, deaf also and blind!

Reeve. Let be this talk of haunted ways! Send round the harp!

Eadgyth. Hail to the all-winning harp!

Mildryth. Mirth-giver!

Waldhere. Glee-wood!

All. Hail to the harp!

Ælfwine. Who shall sing first?

Oswald (*aside*). I warrant Ecgberht is ready?

Ecgberht. I'll sing first, an you will.

[*Takes harp in his hand.*

Reeve. Give us a merry song, Ecgberht.

Ecgberht. Lend me your voices then. Ho la! Ho la! Sing with me now, good folk!

TUNE: "*Raise us a riddle.*"

Chorus. Sing us a song as we sit by the fire.

Ecgberht. Folded the sheep and the kine in the byre.

Chorus. Woeful the wand'rer in lone fen and mire.

Ecgberht. O'er the field the March wind blowing
Till the days of springing corn,
And the full beck ever flowing
While the blade grows night and morn.
Mickle love have men for summer,
When the bud and leaf unfold;
Glad, they hail thee, mirthful comer,
Bringing wealth and glee untold.

Chorus. Winter flies vanquished to lands of swart night.

Ecgberht. Fair gleam the helm and the buckler of light.

Chorus. Summer, the hero, prevails in the fight!

Reeve (*claps his hands*). A good song and true!

All (*bang fists on table*). Aye, aye!

Reeve. On with it! On with the song! Send

round the harp! Oh, I'll sing you a brave song when it comes to me. [*Pledges* MILDRYTH.

Waldhere. So will I!

[*All laugh and pledge each other.*

Reeve (*goes on drinking*). Now should the man 'twixt Mildryth and Eadgyth sing.

Cædmon (*aside*). Ah, would that I could sing! I am sore shamed I cannot.

Eadgyth (*aside to* ECGBERHT). Now will Cædmon rise?

Ecgberht (*pulling harp strings*). I care not!

[CÆDMON *rises quietly and moves left, behind table.*

Cædmon (*aside*). All men will mock me. I will go hence. [*Steals out, left.*

Eadgyth (*aside*). There! So he creeps away!

Ecgberht. Let him go away!

Eadgyth. Aye, out into the dark and cold!

Ecgberht. 'Tis warm and fair in here.

Reeve. Aye, warm and fair. (*Looks round, right.*) If Cædmon be not here, who sings next?

Ælfwine. Shall not Ecgberht sing another stave!

Oswald. I'll be bound he's willing!

Ecgberht. Thou art envious of me, hoarse sea-mew!

[OSWALD *springs up, but is held back by* ÆLFWINE.

Ecgberht. Yea, I'll sing to please you.

Reeve. 'Tis not thy turn. But sing again, Ecgberht. The monastery bell will not ring midnight yet awhile.

Ecgberht. Strike up then, lusty friends!

Chorus. (*Sing: same tune*). Song with good fellowship ever did dwell.

Ecgberht. Mead in the horns all brim-flowing shall swell.

Chorus. Hark to the wind, as it wakes on the fell!

Ecgberht. Round the height the sad wind wailing
Calls the sea through misty shroud,
As a boat in lone seas sailing
Ploughs the horned moon through the cloud.

By the warm hearth men are sitting;
All without lies mirk and cold;
Wolf, the gaunt night-ganger, flitting
O'er the dim path to the fold.

Chorus. Shepherd, go swift and drive hence the night-beast!

Ecgberht. Wolf, 'ware of cock-crow and red in the east!

Chorus. Loud pull the harp-strings, and sing in our feast!

Begu. Whist! O Oswald, Ælfwine, hark! Methinks I can hear the wolf howl even now. (*All listen in silence.*) Ah, there again! What is't?

Oswald. Nay, naught. In weather like this are oft strange sounds. 'Tis a slumberless night; the shore and sea a-chiding one another.

Begu. I thought it was a cry I heard.

Ælfwine. Nay, tremble not so. 'Tis naught.

Mildryth. Closed is the fence about the house.

Begu. 'Twill not keep out my terror!

Reeve. Peace, good maiden. Thou wilt make us all afeared.

Begu. The hall grows dark and cold!

Reeve. Let's have more logs. Pile up the fire yonder. [*Points right.*

All. Aye, aye, more logs!

Ælfwine. Then fetch the faggots, for I'll not leave the light and folk's company for anything.

Waldhere. Nor I, in sooth. I budge not.

Oswald. Bold Ecgberht, thou hadst best bring in the faggots.

Ecgberht. Which thou wouldst not dare to do. I have no fear, yet——

Begu. The wind shrieks! [*All listen.*

Ecgberht. Ill spirits are abroad to-night. Well, as ye will. Let none venture forth alone. Join hands, good friends, as for the dance, and all together we will fetch the logs.

All. Aye, aye!

Reeve. That's good counsel. Come, join hands. We'll have a blaze to frighten every fiend away.

[*All join hands round table.*

Ecgberht. Then we can feast and sing for many an hour. [*All go out dancing and singing:*

"Loud pull the harp strings and sing in our feast!"

SCENE II

In a cowshed, adjoining the REEVE'S *house. Dimly lighted. Towards right of stage a bundle of straw on the ground.*

Enter, left, CÆDMON

Cædmon (*pauses left*). There; close the door of the byre. Shut out the sounds of harping that mock me. (*Moves towards centre of stage.*) I will come here alone; come to the dumb beasts since I am not worthy to take part in men's rejoicing. They have right to scorn Cædmon for evil and unthankfulness. Ecgberht, Oswald, Waldhere—all make music. I alone am silent, though my heart is full. Woe is me. (*Moves right; sinks down on straw and weeps.*) More favoured are the feathered creatures—lark, linnet, thrush; e'en the lone bird on the waves shrills out his joy to God, while I have no sweet song to offer. Oh, let me sleep, and for a little while forget my grief.

[*His head sinks back and he falls asleep.*

Enter softly, left, an ANGEL *with a scroll, who advances, bends over and watches* CÆDMON; *then touches him on the shoulder.*

Angel. Cædmon! Cædmon!

Cædmon (*opens his eyes; slowly raises himself*). Lo, here am I! (*Rises awestruck and kneels before* ANGEL, *who stands, left, with outstretched arms.*) Ah, who art thou, so fair and bright?

Angel. I am he, Cædmon, who now biddeth thee to sing.

Cædmon (*bows his head*). Alas, alas, I cannot,

Angel, from an Anglo-Saxon MS.

and for that, in shame, I left our feasting and came hither secretly.

Angel. This know I, and I know thy grief. Yet fear not, Cædmon; thou shalt sing.

Cædmon (*looks up at* ANGEL; *raises his hands*). Ah, shining one, how shall this be? I have no craft.

Angel. Thou shalt sing for me.

Cædmon. I am unworthy.

Angel. Not if thou learn of me.

Cædmon. I am too humble.

Angel. The wind that sways the soaring pine, stirreth also the lowly grass.

Cædmon. What wouldst thou have me sing?

Angel (*bends over* CÆDMON, *who kneels, facing audience*). Thou shalt sing the beginning of all things that God made. Hark! I will whisper low within thine ear. [*Whispers in his ear.*

Cædmon (*clasps his hands and listens*). Never did I hear any words like these. Mine ears are full of music, joyous as the song of morning stars.

[ANGEL *spreads out scroll, on which* CÆDMON *gazes.*

Cædmon. Through tears I see all writ in shining gold.

Angel (*gently folds up scroll*). What thou hast heard shall sink into thy heart. (CÆDMON *bows his head; then looks up at the* ANGEL, *who lays his finger on* CÆDMON'S *lips.*) The flame hath touched thy lips. The heaven-craft now shall come to thee. Cædmon, henceforth shalt thou sing in deathless music. Sink now to rest again upon the straw. (CÆDMON *sinks back on the straw and sleeps.*) Wake and remember. Sing, and thy voice shall call the sons of men to God.

[*Moves slowly and goes out, left. Then, very softly, the music of* CÆDMON'S *hymn is played; dying away in a whisper. Short silence follows and then loud knocking; treading and voices are heard outside.*

Cædmon (*wakes, and springs up*). The morn has come !

Enter, left, REEVE *and* OSWALD

(*Rushes towards them.*) Oh, I have had a dream this night so strange, so fair——

Reeve. A dream ? Good sooth—what was't ?

Oswald. His face is lit with joy. Aye, tell us swiftly. He's seen spirits, I warrant. What was thy dream, good Cædmon ?

Cædmon. A shining angel stood before me in the night and bade me sing, and taught me that which even now doth ring within mine ears.

Reeve. 'Tis passing strange—beyond my wit.

Oswald. And mine——

Reeve. Ne'er had I thought a vision would be sent to thee.

Oswald. Nor I.

Cædmon. Moreover, now, I know that I can sing. Good friends, upon this morn, it is as if all joy of world and sky rushed through me in sweet music and I were the harp whose strings are shaken with the sound. God has given me a voice to praise Him. He hath given me heaven and earth to sing !

Reeve. Wondrous, O Cædmon, is thy telling ! Some holy thing surely hath touched thee.

Oswald. Aye, verily, I think it.

Cædmon. Friends, it is true, as the new day which dawns. I saw his face and heard the angel's voice, as clear, Aldhelm and Oswald, as I now see you and hear your words to me.

Reeve. It were best go speedily and tell this thing unto the Abbess.

Oswald. 'Tis not for like of us to judge. Sometimes evil cometh in a fair garb.

Reeve. Aye, truly. The holy Hild shall hear him sing that which he was taught in the dream. She

and her wise men can tell if his gift be truly of high heaven.

Oswald (*takes* CÆDMON'S *hand*). Aye, we will take thee straight unto the monastery hall. Will not all our folk be amazed at the news? There the wise Mother Hild shall hear thy song and judge.

[CÆDMON *and* OSWALD *go out, left, followed by the* REEVE.

SCENE III

The Great Hall in the Monastery.

Enter, left, JOHN *and* BOSA, *each with a book; the other* MONKS, *two and two; then the* ABBESS *carrying her pastoral staff, followed by* ÆLFLÆD *and the other* NUNS, *two and two; then* OSWALD *and* BEGU, ECGBERHT (*with the harp*) *and* EADGYTH, REEVE *and* MILDRYTH, ÆLFWINE *and* WALDHERE. *The* ABBESS *seats herself, centre.* BOSA, JOHN, *and the other* MONKS *stand on her right;* ÆLFLÆD *and the* NUNS *on her left;* OSWALD, ECGBERHT, REEVE, WALDHERE, ÆLFWINE, *on extreme left;* MILDRYTH, EADGYTH, *and* BEGU *cross over to extreme right of stage; they bow low to* HILD *in passing.*

All. Hail! Mother Hild!

Hild. Greeting, my children. Are ye all gathered here? (*Looks round.*) The brothers, sisters, and those who dwell upon our monastery lands?

Reeve. They are here at thy bidding.

Hild. This morn have I assembled you, my children, for we meet in judgment touching a wondrous thing which 'tis reported hath befallen one of our landfolk here. (*General murmur of surprise and interest.* Who is't? Who is't?)

Hild. Good Reeve, go now and bring Cædmon hither that we may question him. (*General murmur.* Cædmon? Cædmon?)

Ecgberht (*aside to* REEVE). Cædmon—the cowherd?

Figure, probably of an Abbess, from an Anglo-Saxon MS.

Reeve (*aside*). Aye, indeed; hast thou not heard? (*Bows low.*) I go. [*Goes out, left.*

Hild (*to* MONKS). I would fain have your counsel in this strange matter of the cowherd's dream. Wise John and Bosa, ye who are learned in all holy lore, I ask your rede.

John. Gracious Abbess, we will listen and consider carefully all that Cædmon saith.

Bosa. Aye, verily. He cometh even now. (*General murmur.* He cometh!)

Begu (*to* EADGYTH). Cædmon cometh! See!

Enter, left, CÆDMON, *his hands clasped, followed by the* REEVE. ABBESS *motions* CÆDMON *to stand on right. He bows low as he passes in front of* ABBESS. REEVE *stands left.*

Eadgyth (*aside to* MILDRYTH). How strange he looketh! as though he saw us not.

Mildryth (*aside*). His face is fair. More comely than of yore, methinks.

Hild. Aldhelm the reeve, is this the cowherd Cædmon whom we bid thee bring before us?

Reeve. Verily, 'tis he, Lady. These many years has he worked upon this land, with faithful service—on that I stake my life.

Oswald. True in deed and word.

Reeve. Aye, true; but for words, he had not many. 'Twas, as ye might say, a speechless sort o' man—best in his doing.

Ecgberht. He had no song-craft to take part in our merry-making.

Hild. And in a dream, thou sayst, Cædmon, that craft was given and by an angel taught to thee?

Cædmon (*kneels, facing left, centre*). Mother Hild, I saw the angel—how can I doubt it? He stood before me there and I knelt as now I kneel before thee. He bade me sing, and taught me words which I had never heard before. And even now, (*rises*) the music fills my heart.

Hild. It is strange and wonderful!

Monks and Nuns. Aye, wonderful!

Begu (*aside*). A miracle!

Hild. Little can we foretell the coming of high heaven's gifts.

John. Truly, e'en on the lowliest are great things bestowed.

Bosa. Yet, sometimes, good men are deceived and led astray, as travellers by the false fen light.

John. Soon will it be seen whether his tale be idle fantasy or no.

Eadgyth (*aside to* BEGU). If 'tis of vanity his vision came, now will he sink for ever, but if it be of heaven, woe is me. I have done ill, wrought grievous ill.

Begu. Truly thou hast, Eadgyth.

Hild. The true gift is as a candle set in darkness, which no man can hide. Now, Cædmon, in the presence of my convent and of these folk, shalt thou rehearse what was taught thee in thy dream. Maybe, thou hast a message for us all. Therefore, have no fear. (*To* ECGBERHT.) Give the harp into his hands.

Cædmon (*takes harp and looks up*). Again the air is full of music piercing sweet. (*The tune is softly played.*) Ah, it cometh in mine ear as when the angel whispered, "Cædmon, sing." I will sing. Gone are grief, doubt, and all fear. Joy holds my heart, and I have heaven and earth to sing.

Sings.

TUNE: *Chorale, "Herzlich thut mich erfreuen," 16th century.*

Upholder of high heaven,
Now will we sing to Thee,
The glory of Thy counsel,
O'ershading Majesty.

Beginning of all wonder,
Who spreadest out the sky,
A roof for earth's weak children,
Thy habitation high.

Unsleeping ward Thou keepest,
Father, o'er all mankind,
And they with Thee a steadfast,
A timeless dwelling find.
For them, the Holy Shaper,
Hath made of earth a floor;
All might is Thine for ever,
Amen, and evermore.

Onward it flows in waves of gladness, on, past all sight and hearing, far away!

Hild. The song and vision were from heaven.

John and Bosa. Truly they were.

All. Of heaven they came.

Bosa. No man may turn from what an angel taught.

Hild. Nay, truly. Cædmon, my soul loveth the grace which I see now in thee. We will cause words of holy lore to be read to thee and thou shalt turn the same into verse of our English tongue, that all men may understand and learn.

John. Thou hast sung of the Creation, next shalt thou tell the story of Israel's journey to the promised land.

Hild. And after, sing of the holiest, of the Rood; judgment and life to come.

Cædmon. I will sing of the Rood, the Stem of Victory soaring above the earth.

Hild. Thy masters will become thy learners, and thy songs turn men unto good deeds.

Cædmon. Never will I sing aught of vanity, since this craft hath been so wondrously bestowed on me.

Hild. I now counsel thee to leave thy dwelling in the world and come into my monastery here. (*Turns*

to monks.) It would be well if he could learn and labour here, joined to our company.

John. Verily, that were best.

Bosa. Wilt thou come, Cædmon?

Cædmon. With all my heart; but I am a poor man, a simple cowherd with no gifts to bring, as ye all know. There is my little house of wattles on the cliff, a few sheep, these rough garments, and my staff. That is all I have. Moreover, I am old, less strong and apt for work than once I was.

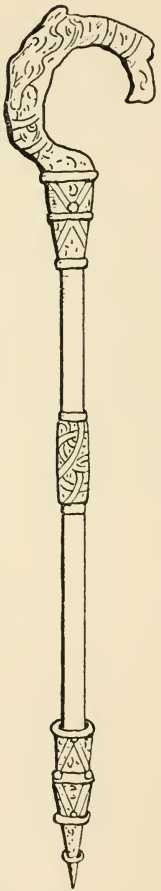
Hild. Nay, Cædmon, here we take small reckoning of earth's riches or even of its strength. All are brothers and sisters beneath my rule. Great and lowly, each has a place, from the wise men and Ælflæd the king's daughter, to the humblest one. Thou shalt have peace, far from the world's storms, to study and to sing. (*To* JOHN.) Let Cædmon be taught all histories of Holy Writ.

John. We will instruct him, and what he heareth he shall turn into sweet verse.

Ecgberht. Little did we think, O Cædmon, that thou shouldst ever be so highly favoured.

Waldhere. Nay, never.

Eadgyth (*comes forward;* CÆDMON *turns to her*). Forgive me, Cædmon, that I spoke ill words against thee. Dost thou forgive me, Cædmon? If not, I know some evil will surely befall me in days to come. Forgive me.



Anglo-Saxon Pastoral Staff.

Cædmon (*holds out his hand*). Aye, Eadgyth, freely.

Good friends (*turns left*), still love me though I go away from you. [*They crowd round him.*

Oswald. Farewell, O Cædmon.

Begu (*kisses edge of his cloak*). Thy blessing——

All. Farewell.

Cædmon. Fare ye well, friends, whom I have dwelt amongst these many years. (*To* HILD.) Join me unto thy monastery, gracious Mother. I come, and the one gift I have, I offer now.

[*Kneels, centre, at her feet.*

Hild. And it shall find acceptance. Voices from the future come to me. (*Rises and stands.*) My children, brothers, sisters, people of Deira, this day hath wrought great wonder for our English folk. To-day, in our northland, the music of the isles awakes, in Cædmon's singing. Time shall take many a voice, but thine (*to* CÆDMON) outlives unfathomed silence. (*Lifts her hand.*) I hear the singers of our nation in the days to come—each in turn,—one hath a voice whose sound is as the sea—and lo! they echo Cædmon's song unto the ages far away.

[*The music of* CÆDMON'S *song begins; he sings the first line, then all join. During singing of last verse they move out, left, in procession, as they entered;* CÆDMON *last, with uplifted hands carrying the harp.*

THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

King Edward the Third.
Edward, the Black Prince.
Sir Walter de Manny, } English knights.
Sir Basset, }
Sir Jean de Vienne, Governor of Calais.
Eustache de St. Pierre, }
Jean d'Aire, }
Jacques de Wissant, }
Pierre de Wissant, } Burghers of Calais.
Jean de Fiennes, }
Andrieu d'André, }
Servant to the Queen.
A Headsman.
Queen Philippa, wife to King Edward the Third.
Princess Isabella, daughter to Edward and Philippa.
Lady-in-Waiting.
Jeanne, a woman of Calais.
Jeanne's two children.

Scene I.—August, 1347. Calais, during the siege. The market-place.

Scene II.—The same day. In the English camp, outside Calais.

THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS

SCENE I

August, 1347.

Market-place, Calais.

Enter, left, EUSTACHE DE ST. PIERRE, *with a bag of money; he stands centre.*

Eustache. Oh, who may tell the sorrows of a year of siege? (*Takes out money and counts it.*) What avails my wealth or that of any burgher now? Gold is as sand when there is naught to eat!

Enter, left, JEANNE, *with her children.*

Jeanne. Good Master Eustache, when will the King of France send succour to his starving children?

Eustache. Nay, poor Jeanne, I know not. His army cannot reach us. The English are encamped about us strongly. No man can come across the dunes with help, nor can the French boats now draw near to throw provisions o'er the walls. The English have a great host between us and the army of our king.

First Child. Then will not the king bring us bread, mother?

Second Child. Aye, bread—bread. I'm so hungry. I cannot see. Let me lie down.

[*Lies down; closes eyes. First child sinks down beside it.*

Jeanne. Woe is me! Surely King Philip will not let his faithful people die?

Eustache. Nay, surely not. For we have fought his battle well; through cold winter days and long nights; in summer heat, when fever came and many of the weak ones closed their eyes. Jeanne, I will bring your children all the bread that is left in my house. [*Goes out left.*

Jeanne. Ah, gentle Master Eustache, you have ever been our chiefest stay.

[*Sits down beside children, the younger child's head on her knee.*

Enter, right, JEAN D'AIRE, *carrying a bucket;* JACQUES *and* PIERRE DE WISSANT *enter left.*

Jacques (*to* D'AIRE). Greeting, good Jean.

d'Aire. Greeting, my cousins. Ye see I'm turned to serving-man in these ill days. The folk of my house wax so feeble they cannot draw the water from the well. Heaven grant it run not dry this sultry weather! [*Goes out left.*

Jeanne. What say the watchmen?

Jacques. Naught, naught. Beyond the English lines is still the army of our king. He comes no nigher.

Jeanne. Oh, go again. Climb up the Tour du Guet which looketh out to sea and o'er the inland plain. Oh, look forth again, fair Jacques!

Jacques. 'Tis in vain, I fear. [*Goes out left.*

Pierre. Ye should have gone with all that multitude of women, children, and weak folk that we sent forth at the beginning of the siege.

Jeanne. My children were too sick—too feeble. The English themselves gave food to those poor people. Think you, Master Pierre, they would have mercy on us now?

Pierre. Mercy on us? Never! Look not for mercy from the foe when our own king is so slow to succour us.

King Edward III., from the painting in
St. Stephen's, Westminster.

Re-enter, left, EUSTACHE *with bread, which he gives to* JEANNE.

Eustache. Take this bread. It is the last, I fear, which my household will bake.

Jeanne (*springs up*). Oh, thanks, good Master Eustache! (*Quickly divides bread between children, who eat eagerly.*) See, they are almost fainting. (*Kneels beside them.*) When rich burghers like you scarce have food, how should we poor folk do aught but starve?

Enter, left, SIR JEAN DE VIENNE.

Eustache. See you, here comes the governor of the city! [EUSTACHE *and* PIERRE *bow low.*

Eustache. Greeting!

Jeanne (*points to children*). We are too weak to rise and greet you.

Sir Jean. Hail, good citizens, and better morrow to you all. Alas, as I walk through our streets, I see naught but pale faces, hollow cheeks, and eyes which tell long tales of hunger.

Jeanne. We are brought low. Oh, sir, hath Master Jacques or any messenger brought news of help?

Re-enter, left, JACQUES, *weeping.*

Sir Jean. E'en as we speak he comes, straight from the lookout tower. What news? Alas, he cometh weeping.

Jacques. Oh, miserable day!

All. Speak! Speak and tell us! What news?

Jacques. All news,—if news be sorrow!

Sir Jean. The king——?

Jacques. Aye, the king; our king and all his host, knights, lords, and soldiers, they have left us to our fate. (*Exclamations and murmurs of dismay.*) Sangatte is empty; far away, southward, the winding lines of the great army go. We are forsaken!

[*Weeps.*

Pierre. Forsaken! Hateful day! Miserable Calais!

Sir Jean (*bitterly*). The king, it seems, hath left us—left us to the mercy of his foes. We can fight no longer now. (*To* JEANNE.) Give me that veil from your head. (*Takes veil.*) I did not think to see this day. Now to the walls I go.

Eustache. What——?

Sir Jean. Yea, to signal to the English that we of Calais now—I will not speak the hated word——

[*Goes out left.*

Pierre. Surrender?

Eustache. Surrender. Is it come to that? After months of fighting, sallies, storms, assaults, when through the loopholes flew our arrows; when we hurled stones on the besiegers' heads and sent the English flying back. Was this all in vain?

Pierre. In vain. For keeping the gate of France, thus are we rewarded by our king!

Eustache. Could we hold out a little longer?

Jeanne (*kneels*). Talk not of holding out, good sirs. Let us die by English swords, not of starvation.

Re-enter, left, SIR JEAN DE VIENNE.

Sir Jean. I have parleyed with Sir Walter de Manny and Sir Basset. And now these knights do come to speak with us in answer to our signal.

Enter, left, SIR WALTER DE MANNY *and* SIR BASSET.

Manny. This is a town of dying folk.

Sir Jean. We are in hard straits.

Basset. That do we see, good Governor of Calais.

Sir Jean (*to* MANNY *and* BASSET). Sirs, ye are right valiant knights in deeds of arms, and ye know how the king, my master, gave this town into my keeping, and ye know that we have done all in our power.

Manny. Truly, ye have done so.

Sir Jean. Now our succour has failed us and we are so sore pressed that we have not the wherewithal to

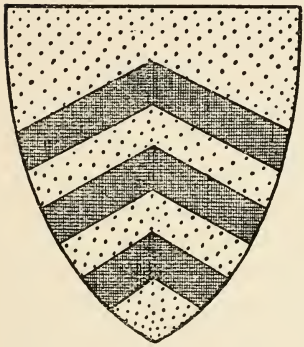
live, as well ye see. We must all die unless your noble king have pity on us. Beg him to show us mercy. If he will let us depart, he may take the town, the castle, and all the goods which are stored therein.

Manny (*aside to* BASSET). Think you the king would listen?

Basset (*aside*). I fear me not.

Eustache. He will not, think you?

Manny. Sirs, we know somewhat of our king's



Arms of Sir Walter de Manny.
Or, three chevrons sable.

Royal Arms of England. Edward III.
England and France, quarterly.

mind towards this city. He is wroth with Calais. I fear he means to work his will on it; to take ransom and deal death according to his pleasure.

Sir Jean. This is a hard matter unto us. For we have served our king as truly as you have served yours. Therefore, we pray you, sirs, that ye will go now and speak to the King of England, and desire him to have pity on us.

Eustache. We trust, by Heaven's grace, his purpose usward may be changed.

Manny. I fain would have it so.

Basset. And I, good sirs.

Manny (*to* SIR JEAN). We will return anon and bring the king's word unto you.

[MANNY *and* BASSET *go out left.*

Sir Jean. I'll go and wait upon the walls to hear the answer of the English king. [*Goes out left.*

Eustache. We had best go back and collect our household gear. [*Goes out left;* JACQUES *and* PIERRE *also go out left.*

First Child. Will the King of England give us meat and drink?

Jeanne. Nay, an he spare our lives, we now are thankful.

Enter, right, ANDRIEU D'ANDRÉ *and* JEAN DE FIENNES.

Here come two more of our weary townsfolk. Good morrow, Andrieu.

Andrieu. Good or ill, few morrows now for us, I trow. (*Paces up and down humming.*

"Hey ho! 'twas a merry day
When I set out in my leaking boat."

Fiennes. Peace! leave singing!

Andrieu. My heart's so heavy I must sing!

[*Goes on humming.*

Fiennes (*leans against back of stage*). I'm wearied out. Let me rest.

Jeanne (*supports him*). Poor Jean, ye are yet weak from your wounds.

Fiennes (*looks at his sword*). Ah, never shall I use my good sword again.

Re-enter, left, SIR JEAN DE VIENNE.

Andrieu. Here comes the Governor of Calais! What news? What doth the King of England say?

[JEANNE *rushes forward;* FIENNES, *children, stand up.*

Sir Jean. Ring loud the bell upon the tower and toll the bell of Notre Dame. Let all the people gather here in the market-place to learn the doom the King of England hath pronounced on Calais.

Re-enter, left, in haste, EUSTACHE, PIERRE, JACQUES, *and* JEAN D'AIRE.

d'Aire. What word?

All. What word?

Eustache. What doth the King of England say?

Jacques and Pierre. Aye, aye.

Sir Jean (*stands centre, all grouped round him*). O men of Calais, never did I think to see so sad a day arise. [JEANNE *wrings her hands.*

Eustache. Hath the king then no pity?

Sir Jean. The word of England's king which he spoke by Sir Walter Manny unto me, as I waited breathless on the city walls. All the grace which Calais now shall have is this. (*Murmur of great anxiety.*) Let six of the chief burghers come to the English king, bareheaded and unshod, clad in shirts and with halters round their necks. They shall deliver up the castle keys and yield him their lives. So shall the rest of the people be spared, but otherwise, he slayeth all in Calais. Thus he spoke.

d'Aire. 'Tis a bitter doom.

Jeanne. Alas, alas. (*Weeps.*)

Eustache. What answer can we give?

Sir Jean. I know not. I fought long and held this city with all the strength I had. This is the end. All will be slain. Sirs, ye have no answer?

[*General murmur.* Nay, none.

Sir Jean. Then all must die.

Jeanne. All die? (*Points to children.*) These poor, weak lambs.

Eustache (*steps forward*). Great and small, hearken unto me. Sore evil would it be that the good people of this town should die when there is still a means to save them left. Moreover, he who should save them would have, methinks, great merit in the sight of God. Now, for my part, I have such trust in Him that He will pardon all my faults if I die to save these people, that I will be the first to offer up my life.

Jeanne (*falls at his feet*). Eustache de St. Pierre, how can we tell our love and thankfulness!

Children (*kneel*). Oh, you have saved us!

Sir Jean (*takes his hand*). Brave Eustache! Heaven help you!

d'Aire. I swear ye shall not die alone, good friend. (*Holds out hand.*) Nay, have we not fought side by side, lived, eaten, and drunk, laughed and sung together many a day? I will keep my old companion company and die with him.

Sir Jean. Good Jean d'Aire!

Jacques. Nor shall ye find me lag behind. Aye, fair cousins, take Jacques along with you. Much gold and heritage had I; these avail me nothing now. Good-bye, poor world!

Pierre. And I will come with you, my brother.

Andrieu and Fiennes (*offer themselves*). And we will also die for Calais.

Sir Jean. Six men now do ye stand, of the richest and most renowned of the city.

Jeanne (*weeps*). Oh, cruel doom!

Eustache. Weep not for us. Know we die gladly for our people. Come now, delay not. Bear us company upon our way unto the King of England.

[SIR JEAN DE VIENNE *and the six burghers go out, left, followed by* JEANNE *and her children, weeping.*

SCENE II

The same day.

In the English camp. Two thrones set centre.

Enter, left, KING, SIR WALTER MANNY, *a parchment in his hand, and* SIR BASSET.

King (*angrily*). Urge me no more, my lords. Manny, speak not to me of mercy. I am weary of

this siege which their most stubborn bearing hath prolonged.

Manny. Yet think, my lord—

King. Think? I *will* think upon the cost of this siege, set down upon the parchment in your hand. For one day alone, 'tis writ, the king must pay each baron four shillings; each knight, two shillings. What have the esquires and guides?

Manny. One shilling, my liege; sixpence a day the meed of every mounted bowman.

King. A year of this! The moneys must be raised in England. Where shall I find all the wool to furnish me with gold? The fleeces on ten thousand hills would not suffice! Calais is dearly bought, and dearly shall that froward city pay.

Manny (*aside to* BASSET). There's naught that bodeth well for our entreaties. Yet stay—here comes the queen.

Enter, left, QUEEN PHILIPPA, PRINCESS, LADY-IN-WAITING, SERVANT.

King (*goes forward to meet her*). Gentle lady, you are welcome to our rough camp and warlike councils. Welcome as roses at Candlemas!

[KNIGHTS *bow.*

Queen. Hail, noble king! Greeting to you, Sir Basset, and to you, Sir Walter, my brave countryman!

[KING *leads her to throne; they seat themselves.* PRINCESS *and* LADY-IN-WAITING, SERVANT, *stand beside* QUEEN.

How I rejoice to be beside the king once more! (*To* PRINCESS.) Fair daughter, did we not watch and chide slow-footed hours till we came here?

Princess. Truly, long seemed the time.

Lady. We mingled tears with our embroidery.

King. They'd turn to jewels 'neath your hand. Sweet ladies, were ye not sad to leave the woods of Windsor for this land of sand dunes and grey sea?

Lady. I was most glad to follow the good queen. Yet the waves did much affright me.

Queen. Sometimes our ship seemed nigh to perish. We were flung from giddy heights, deep down into the hollow of the waves.

King. Unmannerly that sea—to such fair mariners!

Queen. Now we are safely here; full of rejoicing at your victory.

Enter, left, BLACK PRINCE.

And, as we speak, here comes our son who won his knighthood's spurs at Crécy.

Black Prince (*bows low*). Greeting, my king, and you, my gracious mother. You bid me come to see the surrender of the town, when we, at last, do hold the keys of Calais. [*Stands by* KING.

King. Verily. The welcome hour is come. Go, Sir Walter Manny, bring the prisoners before us here. (MANNY *goes out left.*) I am so wearied with this rebellious city.

Queen (*aside*). Call me not traitor if I breathe a sigh for those within the long encompassed walls.

Re-enter, left, MANNY, *with the six* BURGHERS, *halters round their necks, &c., headed by* EUSTACHE *carrying the keys.*

Manny (*to* BURGHERS, *aside*). Alas, for you! Behold, sir king, the six burghers who, by the whole consent of the town, are come to you.

[BURGHERS *advance; kneel left, holding up their hands.*

Queen (*aside*). Alas, poor folk! How wan and worn they look!

Eustache. Gentle king, behold us, six burghers, the richest and most notable merchants of the town of Calais. We have brought you here the keys of the town and of the castle (*gives up keys to* KING), and now we do submit ourselves entirely to your will and pleasure, to save the rest of the people. Sir, we

beseech you to have mercy on us, if your high nobles will intercede for us!

Basset. Methinks, it is a grievous case.

Manny. Sire, if these men are put to death, how will our foes treat your servants in times to come?

Black Prince. Aye, my father, look not so wrathfully upon them.

King. Wrathful I am and shall be to the town of Calais. Sore grudge have I against the men of Calais. Ye wot well how they burned my ships in days gone by, and now have kept me here, with all my army, for a year.

Basset. But yet, my lord——

King (*rises*). I tell you that I hate these people who have thwarted me. No talk of mercy! Go, call the headsman, that he may strike off their proud, rebellious heads! [BURGHERS *rise.*

Manny (*puts hand on* KING'S *arm*). Noble king, for honour's sake forbear! Ye have a great renown. Oh, blemish not that name! For all will say it was great cruelty to put these men to death.

King (*draws angrily away*). Weary me not, but call the headsman hither. Burghers, ye have caused many of my men to be slain, and ye shall likewise perish.

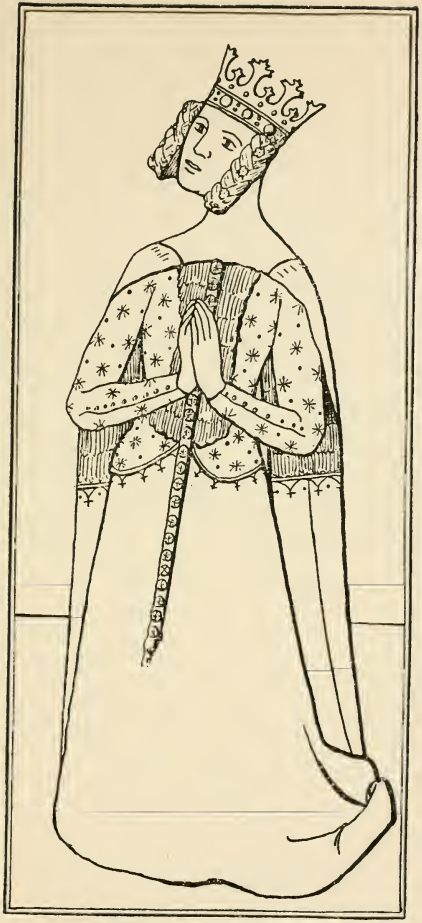
Enter, left, HEADSMAN *with axe.*

Take these men hence, and let them die.

Queen (*rises and kneels before the* KING, *weeping*). Nay, my lord, hearken to *me.* Behold my tears! Ah, gentle sir, I have asked no favour of you since I landed here in France; naught have I asked since I came o'er the sea with much peril for your sake. Therefore, I now humbly beg and here require of you, e'en for the honour of the Lord Himself, and for your love for me, that ye take pity on these six burghers who have offered their lives to save the town of Calais.

Manny (*aside*). Mark the king. He muses silently.

Basset (*aside*). Will he be moved?



Queen Philippa, from painting in
St. Stephen's, Westminster.

Queen. Turn not from me!

Manny (*aside*). Who could turn from such supplication?

King. Kneel not, lady.

Queen. My lord, I will not rise until you give me answer. Deny me not.

King (*turns*). Ah, lady, would, would you had not been thus here to-day! [*Turns away again.*

Queen. Say not so. Haply my tears, if not my words, will move you.

King (*turns*). Alas, when you make such request to me I have no heart to say you nay. I cannot now deny you. Rise, my queen (*raises her*), I give these men into your hands.

Queen (*holds out hands*). Ah, my dear king, my bravest knight. These tears are now for joy.

King. Lady, I give commandment that you do your pleasure with these men.

Queen. My pleasure (*to* PRINCESS *and* LADY) 'tis not hard to know. (*To* SERVANT.) Bid the steward lead the burghers to my tent. Remove the halters. (SERVANT *takes off halters.*) Let them be warmly clad. (SERVANT *throws cloak over* EUSTACHE.) Food shall be given; six nobles to each man, and they shall be safeguarded through the host and set at liberty.

Eustache. Dear English Queen!

Manny. Ah, rare sweet lady, well, I trow, the fame of this fair deed shall long outlive our dust, and never die in hearts of Englishmen.

d'Aire. Nor in the heart of any man!

King. And now with Philip will we make a treaty and a peace.

Then back to England, glorious we go,
The tale of all our triumphs won in France, to show.

[KING *and* QUEEN *go out, left, followed by* PRINCE, PRINCESS, LADY, KNIGHTS, BURGHERS, *&c.*)

THE GOOD QUEEN

A MASQUE FOR THE 24TH OF MAY

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

A Modern Boy and Girl.
History.
May Dancers of olden times.
Spirit of Duty.
„ „ Mercy.
„ „ Justice.
„ „ Home.
„ „ Sorrow.
„ „ Wisdom.
The Three Weaving Sisters.
The Painting Elves.
The Children's Great-Grandparents.
Love and Memory.
England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, India, Africa, Canada, Australia, New Zealand.
The Queen of 1837, and the Mother-Queen.

THE GOOD QUEEN

Afternoon, May 23.

A room, with entrance right and left. A table on right, with chairs at either end. Curtains at back of stage, divided in centre.

Enter, left, a BOY *and* GIRL, *with bundle of lesson-books and a ball. They bang books down on table;* BOY *tosses up ball, while* GIRL *takes out books.*

Boy. What's the date of to-day?

Girl. Twenty-third of May.

Boy. Hurrah! Holiday to-morrow!

Girl. But we've got to know all these dates by this evening. Let's see if we do.

Boy. All right. It's just a quarter to six. (*They sit opposite each other.*) I shall throw the ball. William the First; 1066. (*Throws ball.*) Now, fire away!

Girl. William the Second; 1087. (*They throw ball backwards and forwards and say dates as fast as they can.*)

Boy. Henry the First; 1100.

Girl. Stephen; 1135.

Boy. Henry the Second; 1154. Faster!

Girl. Richard the First; 1189.

Boy. John; 1199. Hurry up!

Girl. All right; Henry the Third; 1216.

Boy. 1272, 1307, 1327. There are all the three Edwards.

Girl. I can do that too. 1377, 1399, 1413, 1422. There's Richard the Second; Henry the Fourth; Henry the Fifth; Henry the Sixth.

Boy. Edward the Fourth; 1461.

Girl. Now, there's that horrid Richard the Third; 1483.

Boy. Let's see! Who's next? I know; Henry the Seventh; 1485.

Girl. Henry the Eighth; six wives—I always remember him; 1509.

Boy. Edward the Sixth; 1547.

Girl. Mary; 1553.

Boy. Elizabeth; 1558. Now for the Stuarts!

Girl. James the First; 1603.

Boy. Charles the First; 1625. I'm getting tired.

Girl. So am I. Commonwealth; 1649.

Boy. Charles the Second; 1660.

Girl. James the Second; 1685.

Boy. 1689. William and Mary. How slowly you're going.

Girl. You are too. Anne; wait a second! 1702.

Boy. George the First: 1714. Keep it up!

Girl. 1727. George the Second. I'm getting so sleepy.

Boy. So am I. George the Third is—oh—1760.

Girl. And George the Fourth. I'm too tired; 1820. (*Rests head on table.*) I can't keep awake.

Boy. I can't either. It's William the—the Fourth; 1830. And then—— [*Falls asleep, head on books.*

Girl. Then, it's Victoria; 18——. [*Falls asleep.*

Enter, left, HISTORY, *with wand and scroll; pen and inkhorn fastened to her girdle; she comes behind table and bends over* CHILDREN.

History. Victoria; 1837. That is the date. Children of the twentieth century, you have done your lesson well. I will touch your eyes with my wand. You shall dream and see the good Queen Victoria, as those who live in far-off times will see her. (*Touches their eyes.*) Look at me now, and give me your hands.

[CHILDREN *slowly open their eyes; gaze at* HISTORY, *who takes each by the hand and leads them to front of stage.*

Boy. Who are you?

Girl. Are you a fairy? You've got a wand.

History. With my wand I call up visions of all times. Upon this scroll I write the names of the greatest and best of every age, in letters of gold. I have duller, sadder writings elsewhere.

Boy. I suppose you've seen a lot?

History. Yes, many changes. And yet some things are always the same. To-morrow, you keep the good Queen's birthday, when the bluebells are out and the hawthorn white. Spring is just the same as it was ninety-one years ago when she was born in the red-brick house at Kensington; just the same as it was when Robin Hood and his merry men were in Sherwood. (*Leads them right.*) Stay here, and I will call up the Mayday children of times gone by.

[*Waves wand. Enter, left, a number of children in old English dresses; they dance and sing:—*

TUNE: "Dear Kitty," 17th century.

Oh, hail to the crowning joy of Springtime!
Hail to the gladsome Maytide!
Now waveth the hawthorn; blossom meadow,
Valley and budding wayside.
Now 'neath the trees there come a-ringing
Songs which aye of old were sung,
When Saxons through the woods went singing,
Maytime a-bringing,
When this old England, old England was young,
In Maytime! [*They beckon to* BOY *and* GIRL.

Oh come now and gather garlands with us!
Green are the branches o'erhead;
Now springeth the bluebell, cowslip, kingcup,
Violet, where'er you tread.
Now is the broom all golden a-showing,
As in days of Plantagenet,
For York and Lancaster a-blowing,
Royal a-glowing,
White rose and red rose are opening yet,
In Maytime!

Boy and Girl. Will you let us join in?

Dancers. Yes, come, new ones, and join us!

[*All dance and sing.*

Oh, green are the hills and vales of England,
Green now from shore to shore!
Now shouteth the cuckoo from the meadow,
As in the days of yore.
And Saxon, Briton, Norman a-singing,
Carolled loud the song ye have sung,
And cried "Cuckoo," when he was winging,
Maytime a-bringing,
When this old England, old England was young,
In Maytime!

[DANCERS *go off left, singing; leaving* BOY *and* GIRL *centre of stage.*

Boy. They're gone! [BOY *and* GIRL *run left.*

Girl. Good-bye, old Maytime children!

[*Listen; song heard faintly.*

Boy. I can hear them still!

[CHILDREN *join hands and dance back to centre of stage, where* HISTORY *stands, singing "When this old England, old England was young, in Maytime!"*

History. The people were very fond of the young Queen. It was in the days of your great-grandfather and great-grandmother.

Girl. We've got a picture of them at home.

Boy. Yes; cut out of black paper.

History. I daresay their faces were very like yours. Dear me—their clothes were different; when men played cricket in high beaver hats and ladies wore coal-scuttle bonnets!

Girl. I do wish we could see them.

History. Those were amusing times. The polka was only just invented.

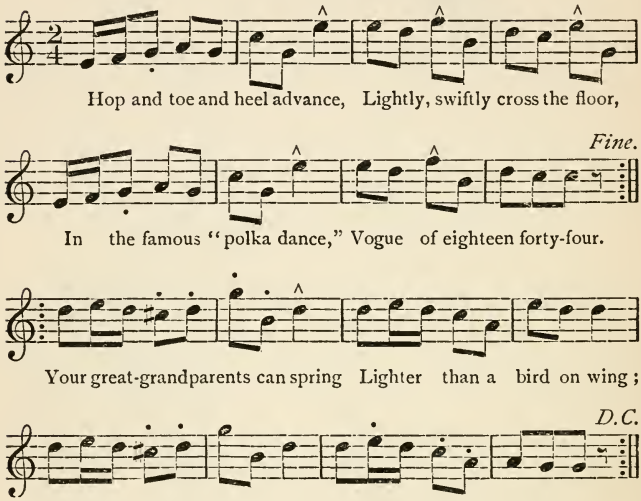
Girl. I should like to see grandmother's mother dancing the polka!

History. You shall do so. (*Waves wand.*) Here they come for the new dance.

The "original Polka Dance," *Illustrated London News*, 1844.

Enter, left, the ***Great-grandparents;*** *he bows and proposes to dance; she agrees, and they dance, singing:*

TUNE: *The "Original Polka."*



[BOY *and* GIRL *imitate and dance opposite.*

Never with a heavy tread
Emulate the elephant.
But on pointed toe, instead,
Float in manner elegant.
Every coat-tail gaily whirls,
Every lady shakes her curls;
Hop and turn, then up and down,
As 'tis danced in London town.

Great-grandmother. Ah, you're very pretty, pleasant-looking children.

Great-grandfather. Very creditable indeed. Though, my boy, your execution of the polka dance leaves something to be desired.

Great-grandmother. Those are their modern ways.

Great-grandfather. Well, I don't like new ways.

Great-grandmother. The old style was best. Good-bye, dear children.

[*They wave their hands to* CHILDREN, *bow and curtsey, and go off, left.*

Boy and Girl (*waving to them*). Good-bye, great-grandfather and grandmother.

Boy. I wish I could whisk my coat as he did!

[*Imitates* GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

Girl. That was nice. (*To* BOY.) Now, shalln't we ask if we can see the Queen when she was young?

Boy. Yes. (*To* HISTORY.) Can we see the young Queen in "polka dance" times?

Girl. Oh, please, do let us!

History. Very well. I will show you a portrait of the young Queen. But first, I will call the two people whose special work is to guard the pictures—much the best pictures we have—of the good Queen. (*Waves her wand.*) Come, Love. Come, Memory.

Enter, left, LOVE, *crowned with roses, and* MEMORY *with a grey veil.*

Now, twentieth-century children, ask Love and Memory to draw the curtain.

Boy. May we see the picture, please?

Love (*smiles*). Of course you may. Come here—(*leads* BOY *and* GIRL *to right of stage*)—both of you. Perhaps you might ask Memory also. (*To* GIRL.) Go behind her and ask, for she has a trick of constantly looking over her shoulder.

[GIRL *goes behind* MEMORY, *who is on left of curtain.*

Girl. Memory, please, will you draw the curtain for us? [MEMORY *nods her head; she and* LOVE *then slowly draw the curtains back and show* QUEEN VICTORIA *at the beginning of her reign, as in picture. Behind her hangs a map of the British Empire, as it was at the time of her accession.*

Memory (*with a sigh*). Ah, there she is!

Love (*claps his hands*). Isn't she pretty, with her rosy cheeks and smooth light hair!

Boy and Girl. That *is* nice!

[BOY *salutes and* GIRL *makes a curtsey.*

Girl. Victoria—1837.

Memory. Ah me, years and years ago! I like to bring back the old times, though they grow dim.

Love. To me, they are as clear as to-day.

Memory. But so much has happened since then. It was the morning of a long, busy day, with so much to see and do before evening. Then comes the night, deep and silent. I cannot go into the night.

[*Hides her face in her veil.*

Love. I can! [LOVE *and* MEMORY *draw the curtains and go out left, hand in hand.*

History (*leads children centre of stage*). A reign of more than sixty years, bringing parliaments, laws, discoveries——

Boy. Electric telegraph, trains, ironclads, chloroform——

Girl. Exhibitions——

Boy. Wars, mutinies, treaties——

Girl. New buildings, penny-postage.

History. Yes, and many more things. Year by year, the Fateful Sisters weave the great web in which the destiny of each nation is as a single thread. Do you see the grey weavers coming now?

Enter, solemnly, THREE WEAVING SISTERS, *who stand centre, waving their arms slowly to and fro as if throwing the shuttle.*

Look, they move their arms to and fro as they

Vaus & Crampton, Sc.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE TIME OF HER ACCESSION

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do when the shuttle flies through the mighty loom. [WEAVING SISTERS *sing.*

Tune: "Loudly proclaim."

Swift fly the years,
Swift in their flight
Summer and winter,
Day and the night.
Warp of bright joy
And weft of darkest woe;
Swiftly fly the threads,
In and out they go.
We are so old;
Our hair is so white;
Sunrise and set,
To us alike;
Summer and winter;
Day and the night.

Loud whirls the loom,
Loud 'neath our tread;
Hail to the living;
Farewell, the dead!
Triumph of war
And wailing of defeat,
In the roaring loom
They shall meet, shall meet.
Kingdoms shall fall—
Their pride and their worth;
Nations shall rise,
Glad in their birth;
Those who inherit
Joy of the earth.

[*During 2nd verse, the* WEAVERS *go out right.*

History. Through more than sixty long years the good Queen worked for her people all over the world.

Boy. What sort of things did she do?

Girl. Yes, what?

History. She had hundreds of papers, letters, and documents to write and to sign. And the signing wasn't just writing "Victoria R. I." with a large quill

pen. She thought and pondered over each word and took pains with everything; and the good Queen did this whether she was ill or well, to the end of her long life.

Girl. And what else?

History. She considered people who were ill or sad; she wrote them letters and came to see them, no matter if they lived in palaces or cottages.

Girl. That was very nice. What else?

History. She was very fair towards every one, and always just and wise.

Boy. That was good.

History. She loved her home and her own children. She was a mother to all her people.

Girl. That was why they loved her so.

History. But there were long, lonely years of hard work and sorrow that very few knew about. You shall see some of the beautiful spirits now who crowned her for her good life's work. First comes Duty.

Enter, left, DUTY, *with a crown and rod.*

Boy (*aside*). She's got a grand crown.

Girl (*aside*). But how plain her dress is!

Duty. Yes, my workaday garb seems plain and homely to most people.

Boy. Her voice is so low.

Duty. I never raise my voice, though I expect to be obeyed.

Boy. What do you make people do, Lady Duty?

Duty. Many quite ordinary matters. I make them get up by candle-light on cold winter mornings, learn multiplication table, or sweep a room thoroughly. Occasionally, I do remarkable things, however; and, in my moments of triumph, I can make men and women face fire, drowning, pestilence, flying bullets, pain and death.

Boy. We'd like to be your servants if you can make us so brave.

Duty. Some think me very hard and cruel.

Boy. You have a long stick, I see.

History. The Rod of Duty to check those who try to get away from the sound of her low voice.

Girl. But, if we do what you tell us?

Duty. Then I put by my rod, and smile. It's the smile that makes the flowers rejoice, and the stars—even the great far-off stars—go singing on their way.

Girl. Is that crown for the good Queen?

Duty. It is. You might both deserve crowns some day, if you tried hard.

Boy. That would be grand!

Girl. Yes, to have crowns—even if they were quite small, plain ones!

Duty. They would still be of pure gold. Good-bye. Recognise me when you next meet me, even if I am rather shabbily dressed and only speak in a whisper.

[*Goes out right; enter, left,* MERCY, *with a crown of flowers.*

Girl. Oh, who is this gentle, beautiful lady with her hands held out and a rainbow in her hair?

History. That is Mercy. Her deeds shine out in my pages, amid much dark writing.

Mercy. I bring these soft flowers to crown the Queen who loved me.

Girl. You are beautiful, but you look sad.

Mercy. There are so many people to be sorry for in this world. I often feel rather lonely too; my home is far away. I'm not so fearless as my brave sister, Justice, who is coming now.

Enter, left, JUSTICE, *blindfold, with sword and scales.*

History. She's blindfold, but look how swiftly she walks. The hands that bear the sword and scales never tremble.

Justice. I will crown all who delight in me, be they rich or poor. I honour the great Queen, whose dominion was founded on my law; her life lived after my will.

Boy. What do you do with those scales?

Justice. I weigh therein the deeds of men, for reward or punishment.

Boy. And that great sword?

Justice. Is to smite the evil-doer and to defend the innocent.

Boy. That's all right.

Justice. Never forget me. I am steadfast as the mountains.

Mercy. Wide-reaching as the rainbow-arch is my pity. [*Both go out hand in hand, right.*

Enter, left, the SPIRIT OF HOME, *with a nest in her hand and a crown of wild flowers.*

Girl. How kind she looks (*advances*). We don't feel the least afraid of you.

Boy. We seem to have known you all our lives.

Spirit of Home. Look, children, at what I have in my hand here. [*They examine nest.*

Girl. What a lovely, little nest! [*They sing.*

Tune: "London Waits."

Children. See the small nest,
Set fair for the fledgelings;
With feathers lined;
A soft home for all.

Spirit of Home. Day after day, both patiently working,
Flew the brown birds, no trouble a-shirking,
Building the nest when the white hail was driving,
Building the nest for the fair days of Spring.

Children. When the light dawns
And small beaks are gaping,
Swift brings the father
Good food for all.

Spirit of Home. Far in the woodland is he a-winging,
And, in the evening, merrily singing;
Singing for joy though the grey sky be weeping,
Singing for joy in his brave, little nest.

Children. Though the small nest
In the tall boughs be swinging,
Safe is each bird
Beneath mother's wing.

Spirit of Home. Still o'er her home a watch she is keeping,
When the dim dawn o'er the mountains is creeping.

All. In the small nest, by the night and the morning,
Little brown birds, in God's care are all.

Spirit of Home (*kisses the* CHILDREN). Good-bye. I think my crown the fairest, for it is of these fresh buds, full of the promise of days to come.

[*Goes out, right.*

Girl. She was nice. But, oh dear, how sad this one looks!

Enter, left, SORROW, *with a crown of white flowers.*

Boy. She came in so quietly and suddenly—I didn't notice her.

History (*whispers*). It is Sorrow.

Sorrow. I generally come unexpectedly and unbidden. People hate my coming and fly away from me.

Boy. Can they get away if they run fast?

Sorrow. I usually overtake them, and then they have to look into my sad face. [*Lifts veil.*

Girl (*aside*). Her eyes are all red with crying.

Boy (*aside*). She makes me feel so miserable. Do you think we could ask her to go?

Girl (*aside*). Yes; if it wouldn't be rude.

Sorrow. I am going now. You, like every one else, want me to go. Alas, I shall have to meet you again sometime.

History. No one can escape; nor king nor beggar.

Sorrow. Yet for those who learn to understand me, I have a crown of flowers, pure as if they had just been washed by the rain. I crown the good Queen, who knew me and learned my stern lesson well. After me, comes my beautiful sister Wisdom.

[SORROW *goes out right; enter, left,* WISDOM, *with jewelled crown.*

Boy and Girl. How grand Wisdom looks!

History. Her blue robes are very splendid.

Boy. What fine jewels she has in that golden crown!

History. And yet they are scarcely rich enough; her worth is above rubies and gold.

Girl. *She* looks quite happy.

Wisdom. I am happy and serene. Farewell, dear children; seek me out early. I am not in the habit of running about and talking much, but those who look for me shall find me. [*Goes out, right.*

History. Farewell; they have all gone to crown the great Queen for her faithful service. Those beautiful crowns were the reward of the eighty-one years, with their care and joy, sorrow and triumph. Meanwhile, her Empire has grown and grown. Let us draw the curtain and look at the map which we saw in 1837; and then call up the Elves and ask to see them at their work of painting it red.

[HISTORY *draws curtains and shows map of the British Empire; stands right, by* CHILDREN; *waves wand.* ELVES *enter, left, with pots of red paint, long brushes, and a ladder which they set up against map.*

History. Listen to them!

[*They dance; one sits on top of ladder; all sing.*

Tune: "May Dance"; 17th century.

O bring your paint-pots and pull out your brushes,
And set up your ladders and get you to work;
With feet so nimble, each fairy on rushes
And starts to the task which no good elf will shirk.

[ELF *paints in possessions added to Empire since* 1837.

Dominions and islands we're busily painting,
And wider and wider the rosy hue spreads,
Merry elves now unto themselves smiling, say
"Look at the map, we have painted it red."

[ELF *climbs down; all join hands and dance in a ring, with paint-pots and brushes in centre.*

We come so neatly when others are sleeping,
Then out comes each elf as a twinkling star,
Latitude, longitude, over all creeping,
And whirling and whisking our colouring far.

[*Pick up brushes, &c.*

Our brushes are long and our paint is unfading,
And softly we come with our light, tripping tread;
Land and sea with our paint-pots invading;

[*All point to map, and dance off, left.*

Then look at the map—we have painted it red!

History (*looks at map with* CHILDREN). So many changes! I doubt if the beaver hats and coal-scuttle bonnets, who danced the "original polka," would recognise the map of Africa, for instance.

Boy. They *have* painted a lot.

History. And what is more important, there, and in other parts of the world, great nations have grown up; young and valiant; ready to live and work for themselves, and yet eager to love and defend the old home.

Girl. What a deal was done under the good Queen!

History (*draws to the curtains*). More and more, people will realise how she loved and worked for her children all over the world.

Girl. I wish we could see a picture of her with them all.

History. You shall see her. I will call Love and Memory, and they shall show you a picture of the Mother-Queen, as you and your children's children will think of her (*waves wand*). Come, Love and Memory, and draw the curtains once again!

[*Enter* LOVE *running; followed by* MEMORY.

Love. Gladly we come!

[CHILDREN *and* HISTORY *stand right. The curtains are drawn. The* QUEEN *is seen seated, crowned; with sceptre and orb; surrounded by figures of the* UNITED KINGDOM *and* IRELAND, INDIA, CANADA, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, SOUTH AFRICA, *&c., with their flags or badges;* CHILDREN *salute and curtsey.*

Love. There is the Mother-Queen with her children. Do you see England and Scotland——?

Boy. Yes, and there's little Wales!

Girl. And Ireland, in green.

History. Stately India, with her shining jewels, and South Africa—how tall and splendid she's grown!

Boy. There's Canada! Hurrah! She's got her Maple leaf.

Girl. Australia! Australia! (*claps her hands*) "Advance, Australia!"

Boy. New Zealand—with the Southern Cross.

Love. Aren't they all beautiful, so brave and all grown strong and happy under the rule of the Mother-Queen. When they sing their song, you must join in, children; for you belong to them, remember.

Boy. We'd like to; but we shalln't know the words, probably.

Love. That's nothing. Follow me as I sing, and you'll soon learn.

Girl. I'm sure we can.

[LOVE *stands between the two* CHILDREN. *All sing.*

TUNE: "*The March of the Merionethshire Men.*"

Home we come, home we come,
As the swallows in their flight,
From the fair lands which together
Stars of morn and evening light.
We come on the north and the south wind as they blow,
From the hum of the summer and silence of snow.
(*turn to Queen*) Hail to thee, Mother-Queen,

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STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA

By her Daughter, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll

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For thy love has never slept;
And through weary years of toil
Thy care we have been.
Home we come, home we come
On our wings all rushing strong,
And the earth and the sky hear our echoing song.

On we march, on we march (*lift flags*)
With our banners bright unfurled;
With their ensigns all a-flying,
Come four corners of the world.
With the song of our strength now all jubilant we come,
With the blast of the trumpet and roll of the drum.
(*turn to Queen*) Hail to thee, Mother-Queen,
For thy love has never slept,
And through weary years of toil
Thy care we have been.
On we march, with the tread
Of ten thousand moving feet,
In the name where our love and our victory meet.

(LOVE *and* MEMORY *put their hands on curtains.*)

Home we come, home we come,
And the garland in our hands
Is all golden with the sunshine
Of near and distant lands;
For thy crown we have bound every fairest flower that blows;
The Waratah is twined with the Maple and the Rose.
(*turn to Queen*) Hail to thee, Mother-Queen,
For thy fame shall never die.
Through the years that are to come
Shall our love be seen.
On we come, on we come
With the joy of land and sea,
For ours is the hope of the days that shall be!

[*Curtains are drawn to.*

Love. We guard the picture for evermore.

[LOVE *and* MEMORY *go out, right.*

History (*to* BOY). Work and fight for that! (*To* GIRL.) Live for that.

Both. We promise.

[HISTORY *leads them back to table; she stands centre and spreads out her scroll.*

History. Look, as I write the name in gold upon my scroll.

Girl. I see—Victoria.

Boy. 1837 to 1901. [*Both fall asleep.*

History. Only the names which Love and Memory give me, are written in golden letters.

[*Goes out right.* CHILDREN *sleep a few moments, then clock strikes six and they wake.*

Boy. Hullo! it's six o'clock. You've been asleep!

Girl. So have you!

Boy. I had such a splendid dream.

Girl. So had I! I'll tell you about it.

Boy. I believe it was like my dream.

Girl. We ought to make haste and get the flowers and branches to do the room for to-morrow. [*Gets up.*

Boy (*jumps up*). 24th of May—Victoria's Day!

Girl. Pack up the books! You untidy boy!

Boy. All right, only hurry off to the woods. It won't be dark for ages! [*Shoulders books.*

Girl. We'll have a jolly time. What are you singing? Yes, I know what it is!

Both (*go off left, dancing and singing*).

On we come, on we come,
With the joy of earth and sea,
For ours is the hope of the days that shall be!

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THE CRUSADERS


GEORGE ALLEN & SONS
PUBLISHERS
LONDON
RUSKIN HOUSE

STAGE AND DRESS DIRECTIONS

THIS play can be acted either in or out of doors. In the latter case, when an indoor scene is represented, a screen can be used as a background.

If the play is given in the house, curtains of some plain colour—brown holland or dark green, for instance—would make a good background. Two large bushes of greenery can be placed on either side of the stage. If nothing large enough can be had in a pot, wooden chairs can be completely covered with boughs and ivy; these can be pulled aside for indoor scenes.

Localities can be always indicated by placards, as "On the Walls of Acre," "Interior of an Inn at Erdburg," &c.

Two of the actors, in their acting clothes, can come on to the stage between the scenes to arrange chairs, &c.

An entrance, right and left, is needed.

In no case are scenery or proscenium curtain necessary. If scenery as a background is desired, the following suggestions are made. The scenery can be painted on unbleached calico. The surface can either be covered with whitening mixed with size, or the calico can be tinted with Dolly Dye to get the general tone of the background, the dye being painted on with a large brush. For instance, in painting a wood, the upper part of the scenery could be tinted with blue-grey as a ground on which to paint distant trees, and the lower part with brown and green dyes for the foundation of the foreground. The painting is done with powder paints (to be had at any oil-shop), mixed with size and water. Trunks of trees can be cut out of brown paper of different shades, on which the shadows and lines are painted in darker brown or black paint, and pasted on to give a near effect. Pieces of real furze or bracken could be fastened quite in the foreground to throw back the rest of the scene. When the scene is to be

very dark—for the interior of a stone or panelled room, for instance—the whole background calico should be dyed grey or brown before painting.

Simple background scenery looks well framed between two dark green curtains.

Colour.—With regard to the effect of dress colours, the proportions should be kept even; full, simple colours chosen, and never "art shades." Dolly Dyes and Maypole Soaps give a good range of colours, and, with a simple background, scarlet, deep blue, orange, black, green, &c., can be used, suggestive of the colours of a mediæval illumination.

Cost.—Except in a few cases, each actor could be dressed (exclusive of shoes) for about 2s. 6d.

Materials.—For dress materials, sateen at 4¾d. and 6¾d. can be had in good colours, but the cheapest woollens or house flannel make better folds and give the massive effect of the garments of olden times. "Horticultural Sheeting" about 50 inches wide, 1s. a yard (Messrs. Cookson, Wellington Mills, Manchester), is useful, and can be dyed effectively with Maypole Soap.

Foot-gear.—White stockings are to be had for about 4½d. a pair. These, and also common white canvas shoes, can be dyed brown or any other colour, with Maypole Soap.

Trimmings.—For large quantities of gilding and silvering it is easier and cheaper to use gold, or aluminium silver, powder (about 6d. an oz.) mixed with "White Polish." Borders and embroideries can be stencilled with this paint or worked in gold braid, 4½d. per dozen yards, from Burnet & Co., 22 Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

Shape of Clothes.—Tunics and dresses should be made with no seam on the shoulder. A piece of stuff, double the length of the garment required, is folded in half, selvedge to selvedge; the neck-opening is cut out of the centre of the top of the fold. The folded stuff on either side of the neck-opening forms the shoulder and sleeve. The sides of the garment are shaped in to the figure. Width should be added at the bottom, and unless the stuff is very wide, to the length of the sleeves.

If adapted, Butterick's children's patterns can be used as a foundation and guide for size and proportions.

For boys, the measurements generally required are: Chest,

waist, neck to knee, arm, head. For girls: Bust, waist, neck to ground, arm, head.

Armour, &c.—Chain-mail suits can be imitated in motor cleaning material "Kleenquick" (at Whiteley's, 25 yards for 4s. 6d.), which should be boiled in size, black-leaded and silvered. Still more effective are suits knitted with string. Under direction, the children can easily make these themselves. The tunic (hauberk), reaching to about the knee, is made of plain knitting (see diagram 1). For the neck, cast off $\frac{1}{5}$ of stitches in centre and continue each end for about 6 rows. Sew the back and front together, joining shoulders and sides and leaving armholes. The bottom of the hood is sewed into the neck of the tunic. (For hood, see diagram 2.)

For sleeves, cast on about 40, according to size of armhole (plain casting-on); decrease between shoulder and elbow to 30 and between elbow and wrist to 20 stitches. For leggings, cast on about 50 stitches (German fashion); knit backwards and forwards on two needles, but decrease, as for a stocking, to ankle; increase, as for heel of a stocking, and finish foot, minus the sole. Join the legging up the back and sew the foot on to a leather sole. The leggings are fastened up under the tunic with black elastic on to a belt. The whole suit, when finished, can be dyed grey, with black Maypole Soap, or with Horles's blue-black ink, and water. When dry, it can be silvered here and there. Ordinary fine string at $2\frac{1}{2}$d. a ball should be used. Each boy must be measured for his suit.

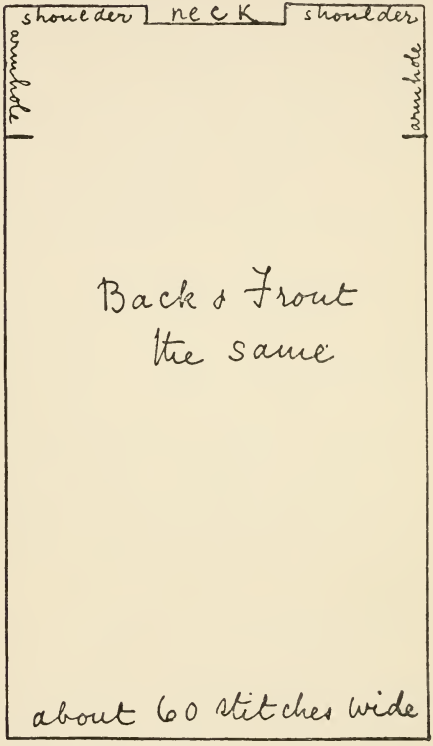
Many Craft Schools could easily make the helmets, which should be, if possible, of metal. Otherwise, they can be made of canvas (sized, black-leaded, and silvered) and set upon a metal frame.

Shields can be made of cardboard, and swords and spears of wood; all black-leaded and then silvered.

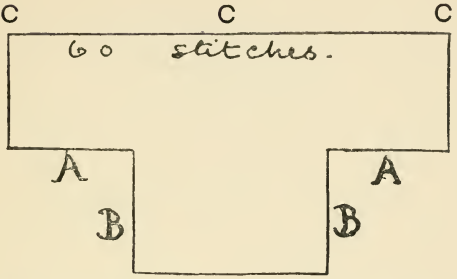
Heraldry.—The chief colours in heraldry are indicated thus: straight perpendicular lines signify gules, or red; horizontal lines azure, or blue; vertical and horizontal lines crossing each other, sable, or black; a dotted surface, or, or gold; and a plain surface, argent, silver or white. Richard's lions—the "leopards" of ancient heraldry—should be, as in the case of the other princes, emblazoned on the banner. During the Third Crusade, the French and German soldiers

SUIT OF CHAIN ARMOUR KNITTED WITH STRING

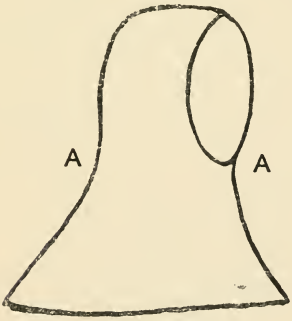
1. TUNIC



2. HOOD



Beginning of Hood. A to C is length from forehead to back of head. Join A and B to form a hood.



Bottom of joined hood. Take up stitches at A A. Continue knitting (plain) to form neck.

Finished hood.

Note.—To give the appearance of chain armour it is necessary to work all the knitting backwards and forwards on two needles and join.

were generally distinguished by a red, and the English by a white cross.

Richard and his soldiers wore the hauberk or suit of chain-mail and a linen surcoat, as shown in the picture of a Crusader. Their heavy, barrel-shaped helmets were only worn when actually fighting.

The Knight Templar had a red cross on the left shoulder of his white cloak. His cap was red.

The Cistercian habit was white.

A hood was often attached to a mantle such as the merchant wears.

Poorer men wore a short tunic, fastened round the waist. The head and shoulders were covered with a hood which could be thrown back at pleasure. The legs were often cross-gartered up to the knee. Boots, 6 or 8 inches above the ankle, were also commonly worn. Women of the same class had a short, rather close-fitting dress with tight sleeves, showing, below, a longer dress of a different colour. The head was wrapped in a kerchief or a hood.

Pictures of Costume.—Numerous pictures of 12th-century costume are found in F. W. Fairholt's "Costume in England" (Bohn's Artists' Series), vol. i., and in J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People," vol. i.

Music.—The music of the "pastourelle" is from Dr. Burney's "History of Music," vol. ii.; that of the Crusaders' song from the notation of M. l'abbé Raillard, "Recueil de Chants religieux."

The accompaniment and arrangement of the latter is by Miss Florence Pertz.

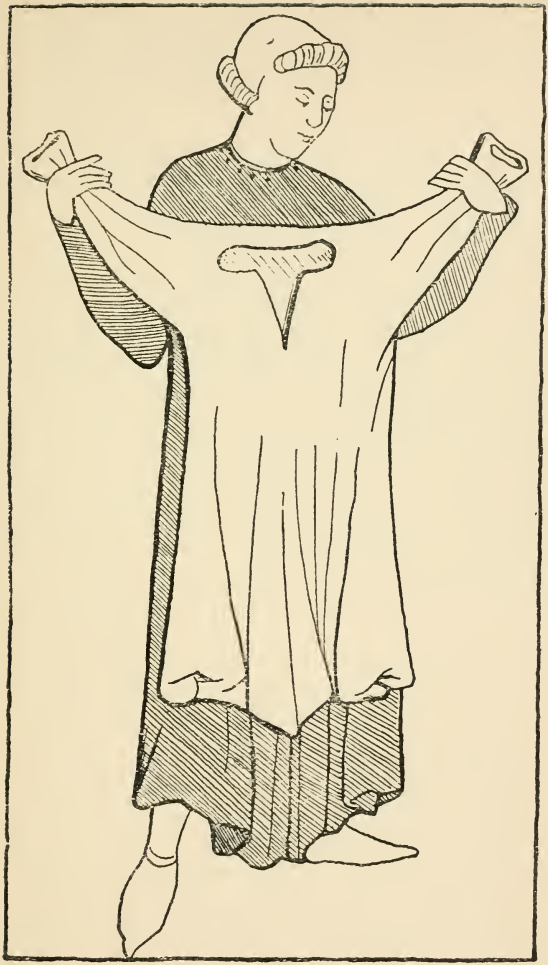
PROPERTIES

ACT I

SCENE 1.—Banners. Swords. A block of wood into which the banners can be set.

ACT II

SCENE 1.—Pilgrims' staves. Ring. Purse of money. Letters.



Tunic. From a mediæval MS.

SCENE 2.—Bench. Battlement (a box painted like stone, behind which Hadmar can hide). Cup and jug. Lute.

ACT III

SCENE 1.—Bricks, to represent a fireplace. Cauldron. Bench. Two chairs. Table. The capons and the spit on which to toast them. Wood. Bread. Purses of money. Distaff. Banner.

SCENE 2.—Parchment. Pen and inkhorn.

ACT IV

SCENE 1.—Bundle. Lute. Basket of loaves. Money.

SCENE 2.—Window. Two chairs. Table. Food. Wine. Lute. Purse of money.

SCENE 3.—Letters. Bag of money.

ACT V

SCENE 1.—Rebels' bag of money. Banners, swords, and spears for the final procession.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

King Richard I. of England.
Hugh III., Duke of Burgundy.
Leopold V., Duke of Austria.
The Archbishop of Canterbury.
The Earl of Leicester,
William de l'Estang,
Blondel de Nesle,
Baldwin and other English Soldiers,
Godefroy, a Norman Soldier,
Hugh the Merchant,
A Page,
} Followers of King Richard.

The Abbots of Boxley and Robertsbridge: Messengers from England.
An English Rebel.
French Soldiers, attendant on the Duke of Burgundy.
Hadmar von Kuenring: a noble, attendant on the Duke of Austria.
Gottfried: a Cistercian monk, of the Holy Cross monastery, attendant on the Duke of Austria.
Austrian Soldiers, attendant on the Duke and von Kuenring.
Hans, innkeeper at Erdburg.
Trutta, his mother.
Pilgrims.
A Herald.

ACT I

SCENE I.—July 12, 1191. On the walls of Acre.

ACT II

SCENE I.—The summer of 1192. On the way to Jerusalem. Before King Richard's tent.

SCENE II.—The autumn of the same year. On the walls of Acre.

ACT III

SCENE I.—December 21, 1192. Kitchen of the inn at Erdburg, near Vienna.

SCENE II.—The next day. In the Duke's palace at Vienna.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—During the year 1193. On a forest road in Austria.

SCENE II.—A few days later. A room in the tower of Dürnstein Castle on the Danube.

SCENE III.—Some months later. At the entrance of Dürnstein Castle.

ACT V

SCENE I.—March 13, 1194. England. Sandwich.

The play follows, as far as possible, the details and sequence of events in the Blondel tradition and in the history of the Crusade and of King Richard's capture by the Duke of Austria.

THE CRUSADERS

ACT I

SCENE I

July, 1191.

On the walls of Acre.

BALDWIN, *and* GODEFROY *with* KING RICHARD'S *banner, rush on left, waving swords and shouting:* St. George! Acre is taken! Glory to Richard of England!

At the same moment French and Austrian soldiers, and Hadmar von Kuenring with Duke Leopold's banner, rush on right; waving swords and shouting.

French Soldiers. Montjoie St. Denis! Acre has fallen!

Austrian Soldiers. The city is ours! Babenberg! Babenberg! "Heilec Kriuze"[1] and Babenberg!

Hadmar v. K. (*moves centre*). After hard battle, Acre is saved from the Saracen dogs!

Godefroy. The honour be then to King Richard! (*Waves banner.*) Without him, neither King of France nor Austrian duke could have won the city.

Hadmar v. K. Thou liest!

Godefroy (*laughs and shrugs his shoulders*). As ye

[1] Old German for "Holy Cross."

will! The King of France hath raised his lilies, and here, on the highest battlements of Acre, will I set up King Richard's banner.

[*Sets up banner centre of stage.*

Hadmar v. K. Presuming pride!

Enter, left, a HERALD.

Herald. Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!

Several voices. What telleth the Herald?

Herald. Knights and men-at-arms! Ye of France and Burgundy, of the Empire, of England, Normandy, Aquitaine; whosoever ye be—hearken! It hath been deemed fitting to divide amongst the kings and princes, not only captives of war, but also all the towers, castles, and sundry quarters of Acre for lodging of each nation. The lots are drawn; and to the share of King Richard is fallen the great palace.

1st French Soldier. The palace should have been for the King of France.

Herald. The King of France hath the Templars' house.

2nd French Soldier. Ill was the drawing of the lots!

Hadmar v. K. And prithee, where shall Austria's duke, and we his noble knights, find dwelling?

Herald. Landward, and by the nether gate is your portion, sir knight. [HERALD *goes out left.*

Hadmar v. K. By the nether gate? I tell you, our duke had as lief encamp outside the city walls, as lodge so meanly. (*Holds up banner.*) The bearer of these arms brooks no disparagement! (*Points to arms on banner.*) See you; red is the duke's banner, red as his war-stained tunic, and the fesse (*points*) as a strip the baldric covers—all that shows white after *his* fighting! The banner of Babenberg shall float, I swear, by that of England—in no lesser place!

[*Sets Duke's banner by that of King Richard.*

Effigy of a Crusader in the Temple Church, London.

Godefroy (*steps forward*). How dare—— ?

Hadmar v. K. (*draws sword*). Thus, dare I !

Godefroy (*stamps his foot*). Take up your banner !

Hadmar v. K. Out on thee, sirrah ! Hadmar von Kuenring is not commanded by such as thou !

1st Austrian Soldier. Nay, indeed ! Insolent words !

Godefroy. Then, here's stronger than words, to defend our right ! [*Draws sword.*

Baldwin, &c. (*draws sword*). Aye ! England ! St. George ! [*Strikes at* AUSTRIANS.

Austrians (*strike, shouting*). Babenberg ! Babenberg !

French (*join in, shouting*). Montjoie St. Denis !

[*All fight; in midst of confusion, re-enter* HERALD, *left.*

Herald. Room for the King of England ! Room !

Enter, left, KING RICHARD, LEICESTER, L'ESTANG, BLONDEL, PAGE. KING *stands centre; others fall back;* FRENCH *and* AUSTRIANS *right;* BALDWIN *and* GODEFROY, *&c., on left.*

English and Godefroy. Hail to King Richard !

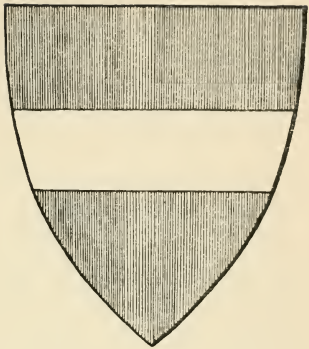
King. Greeting to you, my men. What do ye here ? (*Looks sternly at* FRENCH *and* AUSTRIANS.) France and Austria show but ill governance. Acre scarce taken, and their soldiers brawl about some trifle.

Hadmar v. K. Trifle—in sooth !

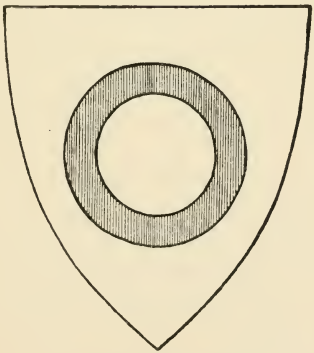
Godefroy. We do well to fight, great king—I will,—to the last breath ! This proud Austrian knight set up the banner of his duke by that of England's Majesty. My lord, will ye thus suffer that red and white beside your golden lions ?

King (*laughs*). Brave Norman ! I like thy stout courage and disdain, and I commend thy fearless saying.

Arms of England, Richard I.
Gules, 3 lions passant gardant ; or.



Arms of the ancient Dukes of Austria.
Gules, a fesse arg.



Arms of von Kuenring.
Arg., a ring gules.

French (*aside, to* AUSTRIANS). Hear you that, my masters?

Hadmar v. K. (*stands by his banner*). Hadmar von Kuenring brooks not insult lightly.

King (*angrily*). Nor doth the King of England! (*Motions* HADMAR *away.*) Stand back and know who is master here!

Hadmar v. K. (*to* AUSTRIANS). Shall we endure——?

King. Surely ye shall! Godefroy, I now bid thee pluck up yonder banner and cast it in the dust.

Hadmar v. K. (*springs forward, as* GODEFROY *tears down banner*). Ye shall not——

[AUSTRIANS *rush forward.*

King. Back, all of ye! Where I command—there is no questioning! See you—?

[*Spurns banner with his foot.*

Hadmar v. K. (*tries to prevent him, but is thrust back*). Oh, accursed day! That a von Kuenring should live to see this hour!

Austrians. We are shamed!

King. Go, tell your duke what I have done! Now we move onward. (*To* LEICESTER, *&c.*) Come, my soldiers! Since Philip basely purposes return to France, I lead the army of the Cross and all shall follow me.

Leicester, &c. We will, for ever!

French and Austrians (*aside*). Never, nay, never!

King. Now let the herald go before us! Onward!

[*Goes out right, preceded by* HERALD; *followed by* LEICESTER, L'ESTANG, BLONDEL, PAGE, ENGLISH SOLDIERS, *and* GODEFROY.

Blondel (*as he goes out*). The glory of Cœur de Lion shall be in every land!

Hadmar v. K. (*picks up banner*). Ah, bitterness! To be the sport of every English clown or Norman jester! Ah, here cometh our duke.

Enter, left, DUKE LEOPOLD. AUSTRIANS *bow.*

O woeful day! My lord, your fair banner is trampled in the mire by England's king!

Leopold. What? My banner?

Hadmar v. K. Verily. He bid some low-born Norman tear it down, and swore it should not stand beside his lions.

Leopold (*bends low over the banner, which he takes from* HADMAR). The arms of Babenberg so shamed! Oh, it wounds my very heart as with a dagger thrust. (*Looks up.*) Injurious, hated Richard! Henceforth, I will join myself unto your foes—(*looks at* FRENCH) to Philip and the French who labour to destroy you. (*Gives banner to* HADMAR; *raises his hands.*) Bear witness, all of ye, that I vow to be avenged one day on England's King!

Austrians. Vengeance!

[DUKE *goes out right, hand on sword, with* HADMAR VON KUENRING *and* AUSTRIANS, *followed by the* FRENCH SOLDIERS.

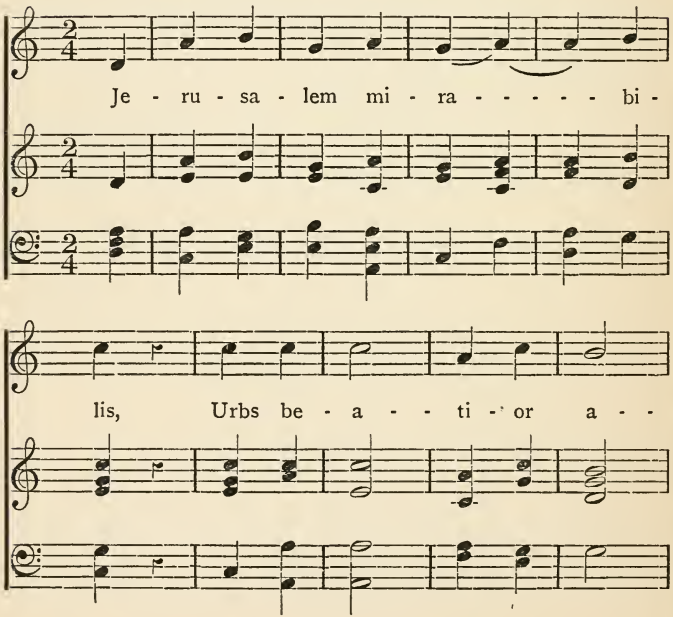
ACT II

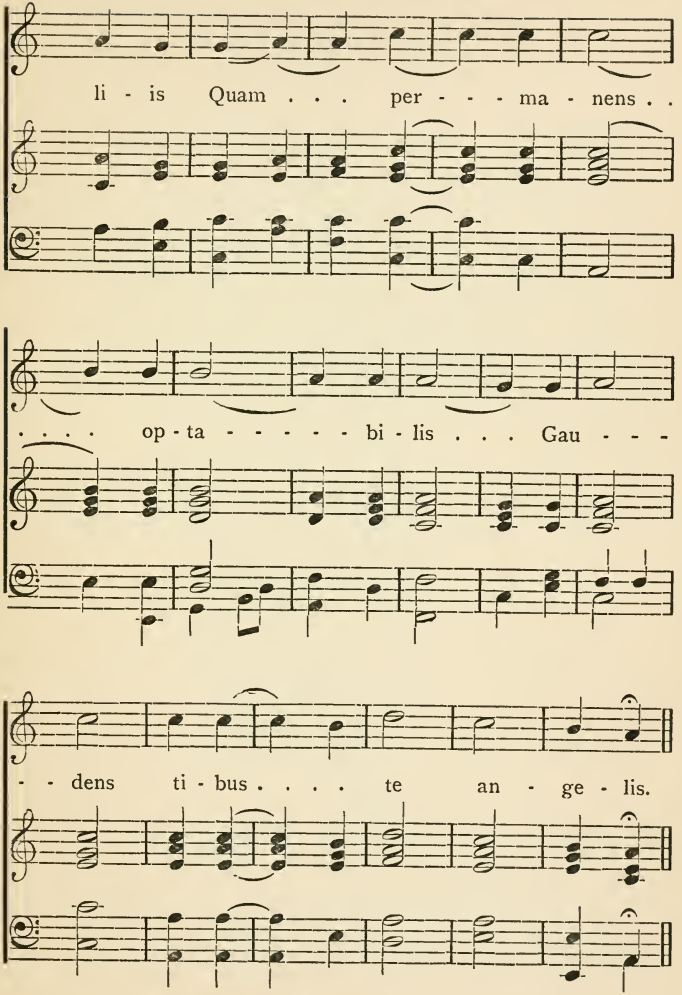
SCENE I

Summer of 1192. *On the way to Jerusalem. Before* KING RICHARD'S *tent.*

Enter, left, HUGH *the Merchant and some* PILGRIMS. *They come in and move slowly twice round the stage singing:*

(*Tune and Words of Eleventh Century.*)




li - is Quam . . . per - - - ma - nens . .
. . . . op - ta - - - - - bi - lis . . . Gau - - -
- - dens ti - bus . . . . te an - ge - lis.

Illuc debemus pergere,
Nostros honores vendere,
Templum Dei acquirere,
Saracenos destruere.

[*They stand on right.*

Hugh. Good friends, we have journeyed far by land and sea to find Jerusalem.

1st Pilgrim. The way is long and hard, yet my heart fails not, for ever before me is the hope of that fair city wherein we shall rest and be comforted of all our sorrows.

2nd Pilgrim. I could weep for joy at the very thought, and if I might but come to Jerusalem, I would be content never to see my native land again.

3rd Pilgrim. When will King Richard lead us there? He alone can bring us in safety to the Holy City.

Enter, left, KING RICHARD, *the Dukes of* BURGUNDY *and* AUSTRIA, LEICESTER, L'ESTANG, BLONDEL, PAGE, HADMAR VON KUENRING, AUSTRIAN *and* FRENCH SOLDIERS.

Hugh (*advances*). Great king and conqueror, we humbly greet you.

1st Pilgrim. Protector of pilgrims! At your coming, our hearts rejoiced even as a bird at dawn.

Hugh (*kneels*). To show our love, we here present to you, my lord, this ring. (*Gives ring.*) Therein is set a fair ruby, ta'en by some Pisans from the Saracens. [*Rises, as* KING *puts on the ring.*

Leicester (*looks at ring*). A goodly jewel!

Blondel. See how it shineth! Surely, 'tis a drop of the lion's blood turned unto glowing stone!

Hugh. It hath, men say, some wondrous virtue.

Duke (*aside, to* BURGUNDY). Thus he takes powers of magic to win advantage over honest men.

Merchant of the Twelfth Century. From a German MS.

Burgundy (*aside*). Aye, verily.

King. Good merchant, we will wear thy ring. Receive this gold. (*Gives him a purse.*) Spend it upon thyself and these poor pilgrims who have travelled far for love of the Holy Sepulchre.

Hugh (*bows low*). Thanks, gracious king.

2nd Pilgrim. Great king, lead us unto the Holy City!

King. I fain would bring all our host unto Jerusalem. Yet even Cœur de Lion cannot lead armies whose lords are false. (*Glances at both* DUKES.) Ah, Burgundy, I know your heart, and yours, O Austria! Ye think ill things of me and of my leadership. Ye would fain have me fail in this enterprise.

Burgundy. We have right to doubt——

King. And I to say ye lie in speaking thus; right to say your lord the King of France works for my ruin by means of such an one as this.

[*Looks at* DUKE LEOPOLD.

Duke (*aside*). How long must I endure his scorn?

Burgundy (*to* FRENCH). My friends, the King of France left me his general here. Sore shame were it to us now if we helped England's haughty lord to win Jerusalem, and thus outshine our king. By the glory of Burgundy, I swear this shall not be! (*To* KING.) My lord, I will leave this fighting and return.

King. And break your oath to save the Sepulchre even as Philip hath——?

Leicester, &c. Shame on ye! Shame!

1st French Soldier. No shame to say we will not have our nation set aside.

Hadmar v. K. Nay, indeed.

King. Go hence then, Burgundy! Be faithless as your master. Go, get you to ease, and leave fighting to such as be men!

Burgundy (*to* FRENCH). Come! To Tyre now, and then we sail for France. (*To* KING.) I take my leave. My lord, you have gotten many foes.

King. I know that, even as I do foresee the working of those enemies, here and in mine own country.

Burgundy (*to* DUKE). Farewell, much-injured duke! I pray we live to see some comfort for our wrongs. (*Bows to* KING.) Adieu, sir king! (*Aside, as he goes out left with* FRENCH SOLDIERS.) Such pride doth oft foretell a fall!

Duke (*moves after him*). And I would fain depart likewise.

King (*puts out his hand*). Tarry, duke Leopold! Your anger is as a peevish wind upon my face—no more. (*To* LEICESTER, *&c.*) Are some still faithful?

Leicester. We would die for you, my liege.

Pilgrims. Oh, lead us to the Holy City! To Jerusalem!

King. Thus would I—but—— [*Turns.*

Enter, left, a MESSENGER *in haste.*

A messenger? What is't? From England? I pray there be no treachery there.

Messenger (*kneels and presents letters*). My lord king, I bring letters from England. [*Rises.*

King. Ah, 'tis even thus. (*Unrolls parchment.*) So! (*Reads.*) Rebellions there, nursed by the King of France. For this did Philip hasten home. (*Reads.*) My brother too—alas! is my love thus repaid? (*Crushes parchment in his hand.*) This is bitter reading.

Duke (*aside*). Ah—now turns the tide.

Leicester. Alas, my lord, is there aught else in the letter?

King (*laughs bitterly*). Aught else? Only my crown, only the heritage of my fathers in peril. (*To* LEICESTER, *&c.*) Good friends, I must return to England.

Pilgrims. Must you indeed depart?

King. I shall be a king sans crown elsewise. (*To* LEICESTER, *&c.*) Come, I may not tarry. We must to Acre and speedily take ship.

Duke (*steps forward*). Alas, I mourn such sorry news, my lord.

King. You say you mourn, sir duke? I doubt your word, and call you what I had thought you long to be.

Duke. You dare—? But we may meet again, sir king.

King. I care not!

[*Goes out left with his* FOLLOWERS, MESSENGER, *&c.*

Duke. Oh, may we meet! (*To* HADMAR.) An hour ago my rage had choked me. Now, since coming of the messenger, hope fans my anger to clear flame.

Hadmar v. K. (*comes close to* DUKE). My lord, I do conceive a plan.

Duke (*eagerly*). And I! A word with you apart. (*To* AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS.) Go hence. Bid them prepare my ships immediately.

[SOLDIERS *bow and go out right.*

Hadmar v. K. Could we not capture Richard on his homeward way?

Duke. Aye, aye! That was the hope sprang in my heart. I'd give my dukedom an it were fulfilled. But, alas, I fear Richard is too strong; too wily——

Hadmar v. K. Nathless, having so many foes, he dare not now risk shipwreck and capture in the French king's realms. Hark you! He may return by the lands of the Empire. There lieth our fortune. We may capture him.

Duke. And I will do it! How shall we learn of his going?

Hadmar v. K. (*considers a moment*). I have a fair device! Disguise me as a Templar—at this season, their brethren crowd every homeward road—I will go disguised to Acre; lodge me there secretly and learn his sailing, when and whither. Then, if may be, I'll

follow him across the sea; when he lands, I'll dog his steps.

Duke. Aye, and beguile him if you can into my country. Ha! once in my power, Richard shall not soon escape! Brave Hadmar, if you do this, I will reward you well.

Hadmar v. K. You may have trust in von Kuenring. This enterprise is to my liking. Ah (*shakes his fist*), shall I forget the scorn he gave to us upon the walls of Acre? [*Goes out left.*

Duke. Or I, in sooth? Though Rome should ban me for this deed, I'll do it. Sweet hope of vengeance! Now to take ship. Thus shall I be ready to seize Richard if kind fortune bring him to my lands! [*Goes out right.*

SCENE II

Autumn of same year. On the walls of Acre. Battlement on right. Bench centre.

Hadmar v. K. (*enters right, disguised as a Templar*). Here, on the walls of Acre, Richard will bid his knights farewell. I'll hide and spy upon their conversation. [*Hides behind battlement.*

Blondel (*enters right, with his lute*). Methought I saw the Templar pass this way. His face I knew not, nor was his speech familiar.

Enter, left, KING RICHARD, LEICESTER, L'ESTANG, HUGH, PAGE.

Blondel (*bows*). Hail, my king! Hail and, alas, farewell.

Leicester (*to* KING). Farewell, hero of Acre, Arsuf, and Joppa. You who built up the broken walls of Ascalon.

King. Ye, also, have done valiantly, my knights. And yet, alas, uncaptured is Jerusalem!

All (*bow their heads in sorrow*). Alas, alas, the Holy City is left in the hands of the Saracens!

King. We had surely saved Jerusalem, had not France and Austria, and many more, conspired against us and forced me to this truce with Saladin.

Leicester. Leaving our work but half accomplished!

King. 'Tis so. (*Kneels.*) Farewell (*touches the earth with his hands*), most Holy Land! I had given my life to save thee! Heaven keep thy cities and thy castles till Richard may return to set thee free for ever. [*Rises.*

Leicester. Amen to this.

All. So be it.

Blondel. Woe is me! I fear for what is yet to come.

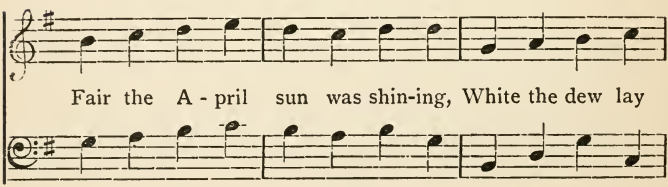
King. Sorrow not, Blondel. What, you still sigh?

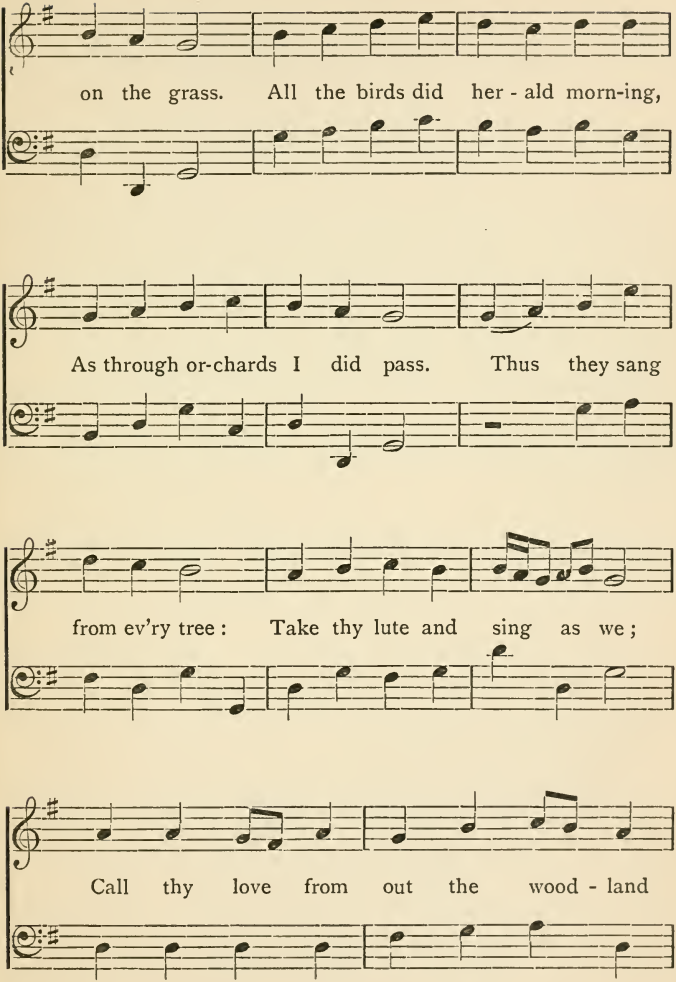
Blondel. Truly, foreboding of evil fills my mind.

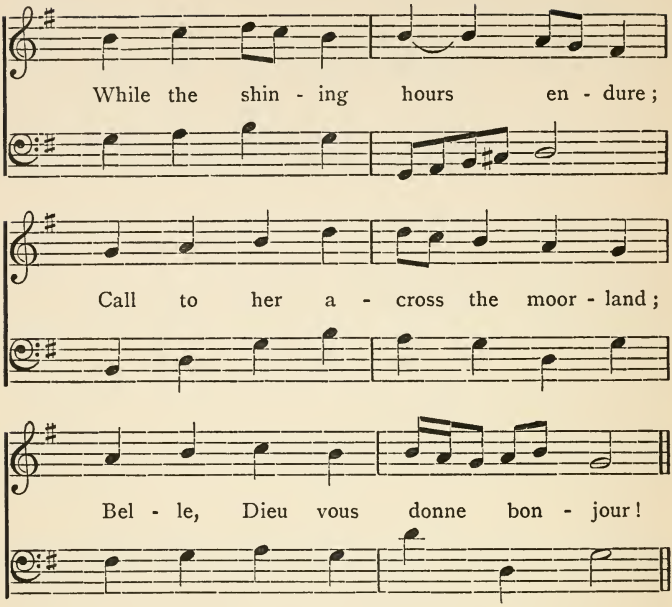
King. Nay, come (*sits down; calls* PAGE), bring wine! Take courage, friends—a merry cup once more! (PAGE *fills cup, which he hands, kneeling, to the* KING, *who drinks and passes on the cup to his knights.*) We'll have a song to banish grief. Take your lute, Blondel. [*Motions others to sit on the ground.*

Blondel (*takes lute*). I must sing gaily, else my heart would break. [*Sings.*

(*Tune by Count Thibaut of Champagne.* 1253.)




on the grass. All the birds did her - ald morn-ing,
As through or-chards I did pass. Thus they sang
from ev'ry tree: Take thy lute and sing as we;
Call thy love from out the wood - land



King (*hums*). "Bel-le, Dieu vous donne bonjour!" I warrant no man (*points to* BLONDEL) in all Provence, Aquitaine, or Normandy maketh sweeter music than does Blondel de Nesle!

Blondel (*bows*). Gracious lord, an my song please, I challenge you to make the second verse.

King. I take your challenge. Give me the lute.

[PAGE *takes lute from* BLONDEL *and hands it, kneeling, to the* KING.

KING *sings* (*same tune*):

I will send my voice a-ringing
Through the forest, o'er the hill;

On the mountain tops my singing
Echoes on triumphant still.
April joy, when shall it cease?
Who shall bid me hold my peace?
Nay, I'll sing, for day is breaking,
April day, of grief the cure.
Hark! I call the world to waking!
Bel-le, Dieu vous donne bonjour!

Leicester. Peerless in song, as in battle!

King (*hands lute to* BLONDEL). Is not your heart now cheered, good Blondel?

Blondel. Your voice, my king, should kill all sorrow. Yet my mind is swift to create perils for your homeward path.

King. Because I am resolved to travel with scant following?

Blondel. Your foes may set spies. Have a care whom you trust!

King. Why say you so? [*All listen.*

Blondel. A stranger was here this very morn. A Templar did he call himself.

King. A Templar? The Templars have already sailed.

Blondel. He said he had business here in Acre.

King (*laughs*). You think he surely had!

Blondel. Verily, my lord. He questioned much of your going, how and whither. I feared him. He had an Austrian look and speech. He departed suddenly.

King. Some spy of the Duke's? Ha! Then he would capture me on my way back!

L'Estang. There is scarce any land which you can traverse safely.

King. I will not come in Philip's reach! If I cannot go by sea, I'll journey through the countries of the Empire and laugh to scorn Duke Leopold and his spies!

Blondel. Yet, were it not well, my lord, to be disguised?

L'Estang, &c. (*rising*). Aye, my liege.

King. Your rede is good, wise Blondel. (*Stands.*) And how shall King Richard be apparelled? How can I go farthest from mine own form and habit?

Blondel. No soldier's garb. Buckler and helm are yours too perfectly. Some gentler guise. (*Looks at* HUGH.) Could you not wear a merchant's hood and cloak?

Leicester. Dishonour to the king!

L'Estang. A merchant's cloak for Richard Plantagenet?

King (*laughs*). Good friends, Richard Plantagenet hath now no other choice. If I am so much a warrior by nature's making, I must now forswear casque and hauberk. I will be merchant. Worthy Hugh, give me thy hood and mantle.

Hugh (*bows low*). Right gladly, noble king.

[*Takes off mantle, &c., which* KING *puts on, aided by* LEICESTER *and* BLONDEL.

King. My sword I keep.

[*Fastens his sword under the cloak; throws his own mantle on bench.*

L'Estang. The sun is hid in odious clouds!

King (*laughs*). Gramercy! I shall shine through any fustian. Good Hugh, we wrong thy doublet, which is fair, though there is scarce enough of it for *me.*

Leicester (*looks at* KING). Aye, too short; too narrow. Think you 'twill be noted?

King. Nay. Folk will but say Hugh hath fared lustily on pilgrimage. [*Turns to them all.*

Leicester. An excellent counterfeit!

L'Estang. Verily!

Blondel. For me, I should know it was King Richard the world over! (*Starts.*) What was that shadow yonder?

All (*anxiously*). What? Where?

Blondel. By the battlement. Ah—'tis gone. I am grown fearful since I met the questioning Templar.

King (*puts hand on* BLONDEL'S *shoulder*). Think not of him or of any ill fortune. There (*picks up mantle*), put my cloak on, Hugh. (*Smiles.*) There's the king! And now adieu, brave friends, until, in mine own realm, we meet again. [*All kneel at* KING'S *feet.*

Blondel (*still kneels when others rise*). The ruby ring is on your finger yet.

King. I'll wear that still; that drop of blood drawn from the lion's heart.

Blondel (*rises*). Again (*listens*). Did not something stir behind us, and draw breath in the white, silent noon?

King (*takes a few steps*). If any foe be on the walls, Hugh the Merchant will send him down a shorter way than that by which he came up! (*Stands centre.*) Fare ye well, Leicester, Blondel, Hugh, and my brave soldiers. For me, I tarry a short while and then depart another way.

[LEICESTER, BLONDEL, *and* HUGH *bow low and go out right.*

These go with me. L'Estang, my true and careful knight, you shall be attired as a Templar. Hugh the Merchant (*points to himself*) travels 'neath your protection—see you? The boy (*to* PAGE) can speak the tongue of the lands we traverse, and he comes with us. Now, to our adventure! Forth! (*Smiles to* L'ESTANG.) Nay, you must lead us, Sir Knight!

[L'ESTANG *goes out left, followed by* KING *and* PAGE.

Hadmar v. K. (*comes from hiding*). All are departed! If they'd found me, it had been Hadmar's last hour! I have learned what I desired. Now to follow close upon his heels—and oh, may I somehow trap thee, Richard, and deliver thee into Duke Leopold's hands! [*Goes out left.*

ACT III

SCENE I

December 21st, 1192. Kitchen of the inn at Erdburg, near Vienna.

Fire and cauldron, &c., on right; back. Chair and bench near fire. Table and chair centre of stage.

Enter, right, TRUTTA *with her distaff.*

Trutta (*sits on chair by fire, working*). It groweth dark, e'en by the fire. St. Thomas, short is the day thou givest; aye, and chill, for the poor and old.

Enter, left, HANS.

Hans. Little mother, thou hast work to keep thyself warm to-day. Soon I must go to the forest and cut more brushwood for our fire.

Trutta. The forest is dark and lone, my Hans. The wolves might devour thee.

Hans (*shakes his head*). No need to go into the black wood for that. There are fierce wolves here in the village when von Kuenring comes home from the wars. He's as hungry as the gauntest o' them on a January night.

Trutta. Truth, truth. 'Tis little he leaves. Yet see (*points to fire*), Hans, there's soup for thee in the pot, and two capons yonder (*points right*), if travellers come.

Hans. That's all they can get in our poor inn. (*Sits on bench.*) The darkest day o' the year. No luck can hap to-day. Hark! (*Springs up.*) Some one cometh!

Enter, left, HADMAR VON KUENRING, *disguised as a Templar;* TRUTTA *and* HANS *bow.*

Hans. Good sir, what will you ?

Hadmar v. K. (*throws off his mantle, &c., near table*). Ah ! do ye know me now ?

Hans (*starts*). Ye saints ! It is the high and noble knight von Kuenring himself ! [*Both bow low.*

Trutta. Your servants we ! We knew not of your return !

Hadmar v. K. Fetch meat and drink ! An ye serve me not well, I'll turn you from the inn. Remember, I have all power with the duke.

Hans. We have just two capons in our larder. These I'll fetch for you. [*Goes out right.*

Hadmar v. K. (*aside, as he warms his hands*). Ah, if this work but prosper !

Trutta (*aside, as she quietly resumes her place*). He smiles. 'Tis some ill business or I know not von Kuenring ! [*Works with distaff.*

Hadmar v. K. (*walks to and fro*). Maybe the duke will reward me with yet another castle on the Donau rocks. (*Turns.*) Thou sittest still by the fire, old Trutta, but I'll warrant thou seest and hearest much.

Trutta. What say you, good sir ?

Hadmar v. K. (*loudly*). Art deaf ? Or perchance like to that adder of which the priests do tell us !

Trutta. Nay, nay !

Hadmar v. K. Old mutterer ! Answer me, witch ; have any travellers come here to-day ?

Trutta. Who ?

Hadmar v. K. A Templar, a merchant, and a boy, newly returned from Holy Land. The merchant is long-limbed and taller than the other. Hast heard of such upon the road ?

Trutta. Nay, never.

Hadmar v. K. Speak truth. No idle tales !

Trutta. Truth indeed.

Hadmar v. K. (*aside*). The travellers oft slipped past me, and now they may have gone another road. Ill light upon the day if I have missed my quarry at the last. I will ride into the market-place and make inquiry for them there. [*Goes out left.*

Trutta. Ah, he's gone! I fear his rage, for I am old and feeble. (*Rises slowly; goes to table; picks up* TEMPLAR'S *cloak.*) What's this? Worn and stained with travel, yet a fair white cloak; the blessed Cross upon the shoulder. Wherefore should von Kuenring have cast this o'er him as though he would not be known? Heaven! Some strange matter here! The travellers—one he called a Templar. Surely this is a Templar's——

[*Starts at sudden loud knocking; drops cloak.*

Enter, left, KING RICHARD, *disguised as a merchant;* L'ESTANG *in Templar's garb;* PAGE, *with bundles.*

L'Estang. We desire entertainment. We have fared far to-day.

King. Go, call the master of this house.

Trutta (*aside*). Three travellers; knight, merchant, boy—surely these are——?

King. We must have food and drink. Dost hear?

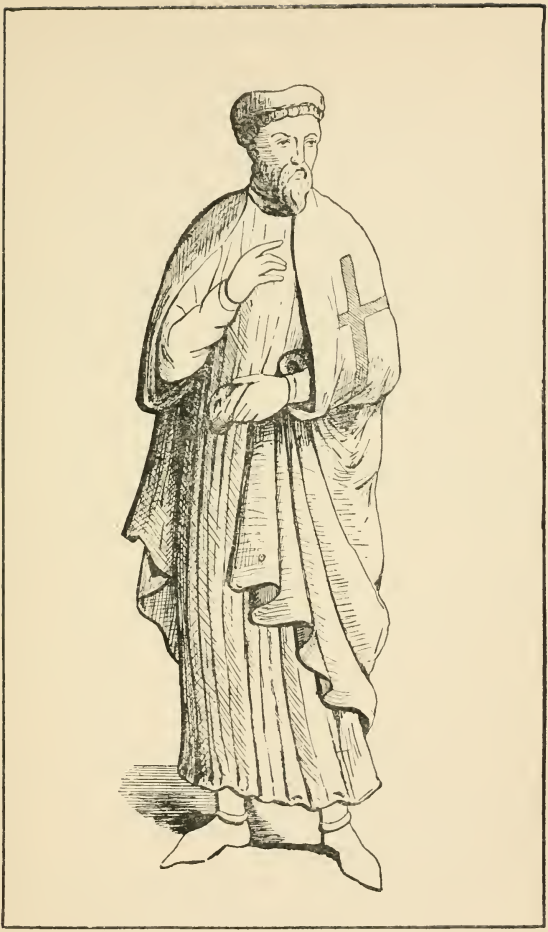
Trutta (*bewildered*). Food and drink? (*Hurries right and calls.*) Hans! Hans! Travellers, asking for meat and drink. (*Aside, to* HANS, *as he enters with the capons.*) Some noble folk, methinks.

Hans (*dismayed*). There's naught left! All Hallows! (*To* KING.) This is a humble inn.

King (*seats himself at table*). We have come here.

[L'ESTANG *and* PAGE *stand behind him.*

Hans. Folk like you were better served in the town or at the palace of the duke himself. He's come to Vienna but a s'ennight since.



Knight Templar ; unarmed. From Montfaucon's *Monumens de la Monarchie Française.*

L'Estang (*aside, to* KING). The duke is in Vienna, mark you?

King (*aside, to* L'ESTANG). Ill fortune! (*To* HANS.) Get us food with haste.

Hans. I've naught!

King. Tush! The capons in thy hand! Set them on the spit.

Hans. Woe's me! The capons are for the great knight of Kuenring. He's returned from the wars and will be here anon.

L'Estang (*aside, to* KING). Kuenring? In the midst of foes; 'twere best depart!

King (*aside, to* L'ESTANG). Nay, I'm o'er famished. (*To* HANS.) Forget the knight and roast thy capons for me with no delay. Seest thou?

[*Throws him money.*

Hans. What, gold! Heaven! (*Aside.*) When did von Kuenring pay me thus? (*To* KING.) Maybe the knight will not be here awhile. (*Aside, setting capons on the spit.*) The merchant speaks as one whom all obey.

King. And now get bread; more fuel for the fire.

Hans (*goes out right*). I'll fetch all I can.

King. We weary waiting. Here (*to* PAGE), take this. [*Gives him purse.*

Trutta (*aside, watching*). More gold? Rich travellers!

King (*to* PAGE). Haste to the market. Buy bread, fish, a pot of wine, and aught else fair to see or smell.

Page (*eagerly*). Aye, aye, my ki——

King (*aside, laughing*). Peace! little fool!

Page. Good merchant!

L'Estang (*takes* PAGE *by shoulders*). Betray us not.

Page. Never! (*Aside, smiling, as he goes out left.*) I'll buy fine store, I warrant!

L'Estang (*catches sight of Templar's cloak*). Ha! What's this? (*Picks up cloak.*) A Templar's way-worn cloak?

Trutta (*aside*). Ah, the cloak; they also mark it.

L'Estang (*walks back to* KING; *whispers*). Some one hath been here. Remember you Blondel's story? Would we had never come this road, my lord.

King (*aside*). Too late to turn. We have already encountered so many dangers by land and sea, and shall we fear the witness of a threadbare cloak or chatter of these peasants? (*Walks to fire.*) Are the capons near ready for my hungry mouth, good mother?

Trutta. Verily, fair—lord—should I say?

King. What? Call me lord? A poor merchant!

Trutta. Not *poor!* The gold and silver!

King. Dost want some? (*Glances round.*) A mean place; smoke-black rafters; damp rushes on the floor. Here, keep this coin. [*Gives her money.*

Trutta. A kingly merchant.

King. Whist! (*Turns quickly*). What's this?

PAGE *rushes in left.*

Page. Mercy! Help! Protect me!

King and L'Estang. What is't?

[TRUTTA *watches.*

L'Estang. Speak low! Speak low!

Page. I shall die of fear! They beat me black and blue. [*Shows his arms.*

King. Beat thee?

Page. Some market women saw my gold and questioned me; then ran and brought a knight.

L'Estang (*to* KING). Aye, von Kuenring?

Page. He seized me; gave me to his men, saying, "Beat him till he tells where Hugh the Merchant hides." [*Flings himself on table.*

L'Estang. Thou hast betrayed us; told that he is here?

Page (*sobs*). Aye, aye. They vowed to kill me otherwise.

King. Poor little knave! (*To* L'ESTANG.) Well-a-day! Then Hadmar von Kuenring and his men—

the duke himself, may come upon us now. No. It is too late to flee. Stand firm, L'Estang. (*To* PAGE.) Cease weeping, boy, and get thee out of sight. (*Throws on Templar's cloak.*) Here, I'll play a new part.

[*Sits on bench, facing right, by fire, and turns the spit.* L'ESTANG *and* PAGE *stand behind; the latter hidden.*

King (*without turning*). Hark!

L'Estang (*listens*). Aye. Now they come! (*Suddenly whispers.*) The ruby ring upon your finger! Off! Off with it!

King (*still turning spit*). No! The lion's life-blood! No!

Enter, left, HADMAR VON KUENRING *and* AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS.

Hadmar v. K. (*to* SOLDIERS). So! Ah! They're here. But——?

1st Soldier. Which is the king? *Two* Templars here.

Hadmar v. K. *Two* Templars? The boy gone? What's this? Hath he lied? (*To* KING.) Is there a traveller, Hugh the Merchant, here?

L'Estang. How should I know?

[KING *whistles and turns the spit.*

Hadmar v. K. Where is Hans? (*Calls out at door on right, eyeing the* KING, *who keeps his head bent and turned away.*) Hans!

Re-enter, right, HANS *with wood, &c., which he drops in terror, seeing* VON KUENRING.

Hans. My lord, we gave the capons——

Hadmar v. K. Anon the capons! Where is Hugh the Merchant, knave?

Hans (*trembling*). Hugh the Merchant? I know not.

Hadmar v. K. (*to* KING). How long have you been here, Sir Templar ?

L'Estang. Time enough to desire our meat.

Hadmar v. K. (*aside*). Aye. The turnspit Templar answereth not. (*To* KING.) You must be hungered that you turn the capons yourself.

King (*without moving*). My pleasure thus to do.

Hadmar v. K. (*aside, to* SOLDIERS). Surely, *his* voice. I will draw nigher. (*Creeps quietly behind* KING.) The shoulders broad and strong—? Ah, if I could but see his face. [*Creeps nearer.*

Trutta (*aside, to* KING). Have a care !

Hadmar v. K. (*looks over* KING'S *shoulder*). What ? Ah ! The ring ! The ruby ring ! 'Tis he—the king ! (KING *springs up and faces him.*) Wrapped in my Templar's cloak—I had forgot the cloak. (*To* SOLDIERS.) Seize him !

[KING *turns on them ; they stand cowed a moment.*

Hans. Whom seize ye thus ?

Hadmar v. K. (*pushes* HANS *aside and rushes with the* SOLDIERS *at the* KING). You are ta'en ! Captured at last ! at last !

King (*flings them off*). Off ! ye knaves ! Touch me not !

Hadmar v. K. You call me knave ?

King. A knave and spy ! Stand back !

Hadmar v. K. You are in the hands of the duke, who comes even now.

Enter, left, DUKE, *with attendants.*

Hans. The duke himself !

Duke. My soldiers, wait outside. Yield, proud King of England, unto me. You are my prisoner.

King. You call me prisoner—having found me in a somewhat sorry plight in your dominions. Yet I know not by what right you thus presume to seize a fellow-soldier of the Cross and England's king ?

Duke. I know full well. Great wrongs have you

done to all the princes and, o'er all, to me. Can I forget the shame you wrought me at Acre?

Hadmar v. K. The banner which you trampled with your foot!

Duke. Yield up your sword to me!

Hadmar v. K. (*aside*). Not even *you* can slay all the duke's soldiers!

King (*scornfully hands sword to* DUKE). Take your dear revenge for that which I would do again, Duke Leopold, and again!

Duke (*to* SOLDIERS). First bind the knight (*points to* L'ESTANG) and the boy.

[SOLDIERS *bind their hands.*

Hadmar v. K. Shall we fetter *him?*

[DUKE *nods his head.*

King. Load me with iron if ye will!

[SOLDIERS *bind* KING'S *hands.*

Duke (*to* SOLDIERS). Take the knight and boy. Place them in my castle yonder.

[SOLDIERS *take* L'ESTANG *and* PAGE *out left.*

(*To* HADMAR.) For *him*, we must find some closer place of prisonment.

Hadmar v. K. Aye, more secret.

Duke (*to* HANS). Get thee gone! We have that to speak of which is not for thy ears.

[HANS *goes out right.* TRUTTA *steps aside by the fire.* KING *stands apart, indifferent to everything.*

Duke (*glances at* TRUTTA). Can yon crone hear?

Hadmar v. K. Deaf as a stone! (*Eagerly.*) My lord, why not imprison him at Dürnstein, my strong castle?

Duke. Is't a lone place?

Hadmar v. K. Naught around but rock and forest; below, the Donau deep and swift. I warrant they'll be long afore they find any one under my keeping at Dürnstein.

Duke. Have a care! The old woman marks you!

Hadmar v. K. Nay, she cannot hear! Give him to me, my lord, at Dürnstein.

Duke. So be it. Take my prisoner to your castle. Keep him fast. Let no word get abroad. Ah, this hour comforts me for many a day of bitterness!

[*Goes out left.* HADMAR VON KUENRING *follows, with the* KING *as his prisoner.*

Trutta (*creeps from beside the fire*). Gone, with their prisoner! (*Stands centre.*) Who, who was he they so desired to capture? (*Takes up distaff.*) St. Thomas, short day and long sorrow hast thou given and brought the merchant who was like unto a king. (*Turns right.*) What said they? Dürnstein, was it? Dürnstein? Dürnstein? [*Goes out right.*

SCENE II

The next day. In the DUKE'S *palace at Vienna.*

Enter, left, DUKE LEOPOLD. MONK, *with parchment, &c., enters right.*

Monk. I have come, my lord.

Duke. Take thy pen, brother Gottfried, and write with haste unto my lord the Emperor. (MONK *bows silently.*) Tell him that I have prisoner Richard of England; his enemy and that of France; mine own and mortal foe. Thou sighest, brother, wherefore? Shall I not rejoice at the good fortune which maketh this proud man my captive?

Monk. Saving he was your fellow-soldier in the Holy War, my lord.

Duke. And in that war he wronged me grievously. (MONK *bends his head.*) Thou shalt set in the letter to the Emperor that I must have a goodly share of

the ransom which the English shall pay to free their king. See thou write that.

Monk. I will, my lord.

Duke. Fifty thousand marks in silver should be my portion of the ransom——

Monk. So be it.

Duke. Send this letter, with all speed, unto the Emperor at Speyer. (*As the* MONK *bows and turns to go, the* DUKE *puts his hand on his arm.*) Fair brother Gottfried, I love and will further endow thy monastery. Look not in anger; do my behest and entreat the Emperor that he send these tidings swiftly to the King of France. Dost thou guess my meaning?

Monk. Aye, verily. (*Aside.*) Emperor, king, and duke plot for Richard's ruin. (*To* DUKE.) I will do your bidding; but alas, my lord, I fear you will repent one day of this you do. [*Goes out right.*

Duke. One day repent? At present, it is outweighing joy to know that Philip can complete my vengeance. For every month that we hold Richard prisoner, the King of France will gladly give us gold. He will not be idle when he knows his enemy's broad lands are left defenceless! [*Goes out left.*

ACT IV

SCENE I

During the year 1193. *On a forest road in Austria.*

Enter, right, BLONDEL, *wearily, with a bundle and his lute.*

Blondel. Ah me, where shall I find my king in these strange lands? By hill, river, castle and town, have I sought him, all in vain. (*Looks up and down.*) Now I am in the heart of the Duke of Austria's country. It grows late. Night shadows will soon gather in the forest. The moss under the fir-trees must be my pillow to-night. (*Sits down and counts over his money.*) My money is near gone; my strength likewise. I could weep, for I fear that I may never find my king. [*Covers his face with his hands.*

Enter, left, TRUTTA, *with a basket of loaves.*

Trutta (*aside*). Ah, here is surely some weary wayfarer. Sorrowful he seems. (*To* BLONDEL.) Gentle traveller, have pity and buy some of my barley cakes. Help me! I am old and feeble; have seen happier days.

Blondel. And I also! My purse is now nigh empty. [*Shakes purse.*

Trutta (*holds out loaves*). Two for one penny; good barley cakes.

Blondel. Well, here's a penny, almost the last! (*Gives money.*) Soon, as a common minstrel, must I beg from door to door.

Trutta (*gives three cakes*). With one more, for sake of your fair voice and countenance. I thought you would not say me nay. (BLONDEL *eats.*) Alas, my son and I have fallen on evil days—(*whispers*) through displeasure of the duke's great knight, von Kuenring.

Blondel (*looks up from eating*). Von Kuenring?

Trutta. Aye, a great lord on the Donau lands.

Blondel. How hath he dealt with thee?

[*Goes on eating.*

Trutta. A little matter! Save us! (*Sets down basket.*) Some capons which should have been for the knight himself; but the travellers, see you, gave us much money. They were rich! Von Kuenring said we had helped his foes; spied on his talking with the duke. Heaven knoweth! We were turned from our inn, and the two fat capons—the travellers had not time to eat them.

Blondel. Wherefore had the travellers not time to eat the capons? [*Eats bread.*

Trutta (*sits down*). You are a stranger and know not the talk of these parts. Why, the travellers were ta'en prisoners by the duke himself in our kitchen!

Blondel (*eagerly, throws down bread*). What? When was this? Tell me, I prithee.

Trutta. A year ago, come St. Thomas's.

Blondel. A year ago! Where was thy inn?

Trutta (*aside*). Why doth his cheek grow red; his voice thus tremble? (*To* BLONDEL.) Our inn, sir, nigh to the south gates of Vienna. The travellers brought us grief, yet I would fain see the tall merchant again.

Blondel (*springs to his feet*). Was one a merchant?

Trutta. Many merchants come to Vienna.

Blondel (*sadly*). Aye, that is true.

Trutta. Yet not many like unto *this* one.

Blondel. What was he like?

Trutta. Ah, he was high and prouder than the duke himself.

Mediæval lute-player. From Diez's *Poesie der Troubadours.*

Blondel (*wildly*). His countenance?

Trutta. Ruddy; burned by the sun; his eye, blue as the mountain lake.

Blondel (*clasps his hands*). Oh, surely it was he! Speak! He was not alone? Who were the others?

Trutta. A Templar—and a boy.

Blondel. 'Tis he! Oh, 'tis he! Surely I cannot err? Where is he now? Oh, dost thou know?

Trutta. The knight and the boy they took to the duke's castle, but for the merchant—it seems he was the chiefest prisoner——

Blondel. Aye, aye! Didst hear what they said?

Trutta. I am deaf, good sir. All was tumult in our kitchen; Hans and I, witless with fright. But there was much talk in the village afterwards. (*Rises and whispers in his ear.*) Men say it was no *merchant*, but a *king!*

Blondel (*raises his hands*). A king indeed! My king! (*Turns quickly.*) For love of high Heaven, if thou knowest aught, tell me! Doth he live? Where is he? I swear I will reward thee one day, if thou wilt tell me.

Trutta. They'd drown me in the castle moat.

Blondel. I would protect thee. Moreover, who could guess how I, a wandering minstrel, found the secret out? Think'st thou the—the merchant, was left in von Kuenring's keeping?

Trutta (*whispers*). Aye, so I think. They went forth together.

Blondel. Ah, Heaven! Where?

Trutta (*softly*). I heard the name of "Dürnstein."

Blondel. "Dürnstein"? A castle of von Kuenring? (TRUTTA *nods.*) Where is't? Where is't?

Trutta (*points*). Towards the setting sun it lieth; far, far away from here. 'Tis by rough paths where there be few to guide you.

Blondel. Fear not! No longer am I weary. (*Shoulders bundle and lute.*) Hope giveth strength to

my feet. I will forth. Is this the road? (*Points left.*) Tell me, how must I go?

Trutta. A mile or two, follow this woodland track. Then thou comest to the village. There, ask the way that leadeth to the mountains. I pray nor robbers nor wolves destroy thee there!

Blondel. I have no fear! I thank and will requite thee well, one day, good mother. Fare thee well. I must away. Away!

Trutta. God's angels shield and speed you on your quest. Forget not as you pass yon holy shrine among the trees, to bend your knee and ask for safety when the night comes down. Fare you well.

[*Goes out right.*

Blondel. Farewell, and Heaven reward thee. Defence in the wild mountains, safety in the dark, lonely wood, I crave! (*Kneels, left.*) Kind Saint, whose image hallows this glade, drive hence ill powers, fierce as the wild boar at thy feet. Shed the light of thy lantern on my way and lead me unto that I seek!

[*Rises, and goes out left.*

SCENE II

A few days later. A room in the tower of Dürnstein Castle.

Door, table, and chair on left. On right, a chair, with a lute upon it; near a small window.

KING RICHARD *enters left; paces to and fro.*

King Richard. Held in these four walls, month after month; summer and winter;—alone—only the roar of the river below, for ever in mine ears. (*Sits by table, bends his head.*) I am awearied. (*Springs up.*) Do my people think King Richard dead, that they

come not to free me? English, Norman, Angevin, none, in all my broad realms, come! Far swifter would I have ransomed the meanest of my vassals!

Enter, left, HADMAR VON KUENRING, *and a* SOLDIER *bringing food and wine.*

Hadmar v. K. (*bows*). Good morrow, my lord. (KING *bows haughtily.*) Here (*to* SOLDIER), set the meat and wine upon the table. (*While* SOLDIER *sets food, &c.,* HADMAR *strolls to window, picks up the lute.*) Ha! a lute! (*Clumsily pulls the strings.*) My fingers are not made for this fair plaything of a lady's bower. My hands are for spear and sword, and not the soft idling that you make with this.

King (*scornfully*). The hand of Richard Plantagenet was reputed skilful with sword and spear, and strong, perchance, even as that of an Austrian knight!

Hadmar v. K. (*aside*). That Austrian knight is your master now. (*To* KING.) This room is small, maybe, for your liking, mighty king—smaller than palaces at Acre—ha?

Soldier (*aside, to* HADMAR). Fair sir, have a care how you anger him.

Hadmar v. K. (*smiling at* KING). Take comfort. Ill luck cometh to every man.

King. This morn, 'tis enough ill fortune to bear your company.

Hadmar v. K. (*strides up to* KING). My company! I swear that e'en a king fallen on evil days, might be glad of the presence of Hadmar von Kuenring, lord of Dürnstein, lord of Aggstein, of Gobatsburg, of Weitra——

King (*suddenly seizes* HADMAR). Lord of Dürnstein! (*shakes him*)—Lord of Aggstein! (*shakes him*).

Hadmar v. K. (*gasps*). Help! Help! (*Gasps.*) I do allow your hand is strong!

King. Verily it is! Lord of Gobatsburg! (*shakes him again*)—of Weitra! (*puts him down on the ground*)—

and of any other rat-hole in the mountains that you hold! [*Walks right, leaving* HADMAR *on the ground.*

Soldier (*rushes and picks* HADMAR *up*). Half dead, I swear! (*Supports him.*) Come, my lord.

Hadmar v. K. Shaken nigh to death!

Soldier (*leads him out left, glancing towards* KING). 'Twere well to let the lion alone, methinks.

King. Mine arm is strong, though it serves now but to punish an insolent lordling! (*Walks to table and fills cup slowly.*) O heavy life! (*Drinks.*) To die fighting had been well—the end at once of life and of all battles. (*Sets down cup; walks to window and takes up lute.*) Music alone can still the rage and grief which eat my heart. (*Sits by window.*) Like to a captive bird, I'll sing as near the sky and light as may be. (*Touches strings.*) Alas, I cannot sing of war, when my good sword is ta'en, nor yet of my fair lands which Philip and his hirelings waste. To sing of these would make me fling my lute into the gulf below! Nay, I will have the verse I made for Blondel's song. Ah, does *he* forget me and the song we made in the sunshine on the walls of Acre? (*Sings.*) (*Song, p.* 32.) (*Rises.*) I'll swell my voice unto the earth and sky I cannot see! (*Sings: "Belle, Dieu vous donne bonjour!"*) Alas, only the river murmurs in reply. (*Starts.*) And yet—what's that? (*Puts down lute and listens at window.*) Can it be a voice, or do I dream, or doth some mermaid yonder mock me? (*Listens.*) No, no; I swear it is an earthly voice! (*Listens.*) Singing? (*Turns and raises his hands.*) Ah, Heaven! It is our song, our song! (*listens a moment*)—and Blondel's voice! (*Wildly.*) Oh, could I but break these walls of stone! I'll give reply! (*Sings at window: "Belle, Dieu vous donne bonjour."*) (*Calls.*) Blondel! Blondel! Hath he heard me? (*Listens.*) What? Yes, yes, he hath! I hear him softly call, "My king! my king!" Did ever words come sweeter? (*Listens a*

moment or two.) What? He says he dare not further speak, lest he be heard, but, singing, tells me how he journeyed far—(*looks up*) O faithful Blondel!—that my people mourn, thinking me dead. What saith he? (*Listens.*) That he is weary, all his money spent. Good Blondel! (*Speaks at window.*) Have no fear; I will drop this purse of gold which I have hidden. (*Throws a purse from window and then listens again.*) What? (*Speaks to* BLONDEL.) Aye, haste you back to England. Bid the archbishop and chancellor raise such ransom as my foes demand. (*Turns.*) I must call to Blondel now to fly, lest he be found beneath the window. (*Speaks at window.*) Now, go swiftly. Farewell, make no delay! (*Listens.*) He called "farewell." (*Listens again.*) Silence! He's gone! Only the murmur of the river now! (*Rushes centre.*) Surely my people will not fail me! My brave English will surely raise the ransom, whate'er it be! They would not fail me? (*Raises his hands.*) Oh, to-night the Donau sings rejoicing, not despair! (*Moves left.*) And my heart wakes to hope—hope of that day when I shall bear my sword again and walk free beneath the sky once more! Oh, happy day!

[*Sings, as he goes out left.*

"Hark! I call the world to waking!
Belle, Dieu vous donne bonjour!"

SCENE III

Some months later. Before Dürnstein Castle.

Enter, left, DUKE LEOPOLD *and* HADMAR VON KUENRING.

Duke. True have I ever thought you, von Kuenring; diligent in my service. (*Puts hand on* HADMAR'S *shoulder. Starts.*) What's this? Who comes?

Enter, right, an AUSTRIAN SOLDIER *in haste.*

Soldier (*bows quickly*). My lord, messengers are come! Travelling in haste——

Duke. Who?

Soldier. Messengers from England unto Dürnstein!

Duke. From England! How? What is't? (*Turns to* HADMAR.) What's this? Is his prison-house already found? What have you done?

Hadmar v. K. It cannot be.

Duke. See you, they come——

Enter, right, the two MESSENGERS, *who bow to* DUKE.

1st Messenger. We greet you, Leopold, Duke of Austria, and we bring to you these letters from the archbishop and the chancellor of England. It hath come to their knowledge (DUKE *clutches* HADMAR'S *arm*) that our renowned king is held a prisoner of the Empire, in this castle of your vassal Hadmar von Kuenring. Sir duke, the English will raise whatever ransom be demanded by your over-lord the Emperor. Here (*scornfully*) is gold (*hands bag of gold*). You shall have this—and many a hostage if you will—in token of the rich portion which will be your share in this most shameful dealing.

[DUKE *slowly takes money.*

2nd Messenger. Remember, my lord, that the great king can answer any charges before the council of your Empire and before the world! Take these letters. (*Hands them to* DUKE.) And now, Duke Leopold, we demand leave to see the king.

Duke (*to* SOLDIERS). Go! Go, conduct the messengers into the castle.

[MESSENGERS *go out right with* SOLDIERS. DUKE *bends his head; crushes the letters in his hand.*

Hadmar v. K. Look not so ashen pale, my lord, and speak to me some word—though it should be in wrath.

Duke (*drops bag of gold*). I have no heart. The shame of this now comes upon me, and the fear—the fear of it. The curse of Rome may fall on me for this! He said, "You will repent of what you do this day." Ah, the white monk spoke truth.

Hadmar v. K. Never! Fear not!

Duke. The dream of safety's over! (*Turns on* HADMAR.) And 'tis your doing! You have kept idle watch to let some spy from England find where he was hid.

Hadmar v. K. Never, I vow!

Duke. You lie! When was't?

Hadmar v. K. A fair reward for service! I know not! Once the king yonder—he was fierce as the wild boar at bay—once, in rage, he felled me to the earth. Two days I lay half senseless——

Duke. Ah, was it then?

Hadmar v. K. Maybe some prying wight got then about the castle, all unknown to me. Yet, my lord, even now, forget not my faithful service.

Duke. You shall be well rewarded, better than you deserve; for you have robbed me of the golden hours when Richard is a captive. (*Turns away.*) Leave me, Hadmar; leave me to mourn, alone, the untimely ending of our enterprise. [*Goes slowly out left.*

Hadmar v. K. How could even I, Hadmar von Kuenring, at Dürnstein, keep safely one who was the very fiend himself? Good powers! I may rejoice, perchance, that, being his jailer, I yet live! (*Rubs his arms.*) To my death I shall carry those bruises dealt me by Richard Cœur de Lion! [*Goes out right.*

ACT V

SCENE I

March, 1194. *England: Sandwich.*

Enter from right: ARCHBISHOP, LEICESTER, BLONDEL, HUGH THE MERCHANT, GODEFROY, BALDWIN.

Archbishop. A joyous day, after long night, has dawned. Here, at his port of Sandwich, are we met to greet our high, renowned king, Richard of England, ransomed, and, at last, set free and here to be restored unto his loving people.

All. Long life to Richard of England.

Archbishop (*takes* BLONDEL'S *hand*). Gentle Blondel, no heart in this glad company will beat more high than yours to-day. We thank you, Blondel. (*To* LEICESTER, *&c.*) Fair friends, this (*looks at* BLONDEL) was the mouse who broke the net and set the lion free! [*All laugh.*

Leicester. Truly it was Blondel de Nesle who found the king at Dürnstein, and brought us word that we might swiftly raise the ransom.

Blondel. I did but my service to the king. I will not forget to reward the poor folk who led me thither. My lords, those journeys and sorrows are as naught, now that the king returns.

Enter, right, a REBEL, *running.*

Rebel. The king returns! O day of terror! (*trembles*). He will soon be here! Woe is me! Why did I join his enemies? Alas, they told us he was dead or captive still. [*Rushes on towards left.*

Archbishop (*calls him back*). Stay! Thou must now abide and answer to the king.

Rebel (*trembles*). Oh, he will surely slay me! (*Aside.*) I'll fling away the gold was sent me out of France.

[*Flings bag of gold behind him.*

Archbishop. Where are the rest of these rebels?

Leicester. Fled! Vanished! Flown unto the King of France! The knight who held St. Michael's Mount is dead with terror at mere news of the king's coming. So men say!

Blondel. Thus may all traitors perish!

All. Aye! aye!

HERALD *enters, left.*

Herald. Sound the trumpets! Cry aloud, good people! Wave the standards from each tower! The king cometh!

Archbishop. Haste we to meet him!

[HERALD *stands back, while* KING RICHARD *enters in kingly armour, with* L'ESTANG, PAGE. *All bow low to him.*

Hail, noble king! Welcome, thrice welcome to your realm once more!

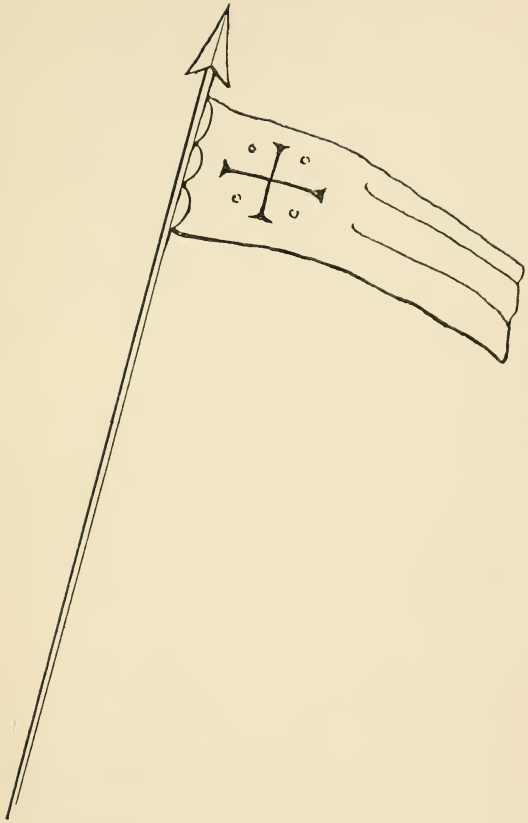
All. All hail and welcome!

[KING *stands centre;* L'ESTANG *and* PAGE *left.*

King. Good Archbishop, faithful friends and people, right glad am I to set foot upon mine own shores again, after long wandering. (*Holds out his hand.*) Ah, Blondel (BLONDEL *kneels*), you it was who sought and found me in my prison tower.

Blondel (*rises; stands, left, by the* KING). Ah, now, at last, restored! (*Looks at ring on* KING'S *finger.*) Still the ruby gleams——

King. Not brighter than your fair deed shines, my Blondel. Never forgotten shall your service be—no, not while men are brave and poets sing.



Crusader Banner. From a Mediæval MS.

Rebel (*comes trembling*). Alas, oh where shall I find grace? My name is writ among those who joined your foes. Yet I will beg for pity, gracious king. (*Kneels, entreating.*) Your strong enemies did o'ermaster——

King. Truly their gold was freely spent. King, Emperor, and Austrian duke were leagued against me. (*To* REBEL.) For thee—pardon I grant. I will not do thee hurt. Such vengeance I disdain.

Rebel (*rises*). My lord——

Archbishop (*to* KING). And now I beg you, in the name of all this land, that you come with state and pomp to Winchester, there, after your long and far sojourn, to be crowned anew as England's king.

All. Aye! aye! to be new-crowned!

King. What? Ye think, perchance, that Eastern sun and alien dews have scorched or washed away my kingly balm? But be it as ye will. (*To* HERALD.) Go forth and let our coronation be proclaimed. Bid the heralds set their trumpets to the four points of heaven, and blow. (*To all.*) Come ye to Winchester. (*To* ARCHBISHOP.) Set the crown once more upon my head. (*To others.*) Once more, proclaim me with your shouts.

All. Long life to Richard of the Lion Heart!

King. And let the poor pilgrims likewise come to these solemnities. (*To* PILGRIMS.) Join your prayers and songs to our rejoicing.

Hugh. With all our hearts! Gracious king, you have ever been the mighty defender of pilgrims.

King. And I will ever be so. Let my right hand wax feeble ere I forget the city we have vowed to save. Hearken, all of ye! When I have put down rebellion and confounded the device of all my enemies, then, if Heaven grant me life, I will complete the work which our own strife forced me to leave undone. (*Draws and raises his sword.*) There lies the world's

desire! Soldiers, shall we not yet save the Holy Sepulchre? Pilgrims, shall I not lead you to Jerusalem?

[*All sing, with drawn swords and waving banners, the Crusaders' Song* (*page* 22, *first verse repeated*), *as, following the* KING, *they march round the stage and then go out left.*

THE END

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