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THE WORKS
OF
ALFRED
LORD TENNYSON

The Promise of May. Act II

Harold. Except, indeed, I have found it
once again
In your own self.

From the drawing by Frederick Simpson Coburn

Several

CENTENARY EDITION

ILLUSTRATED

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK LONDON

The Knickerbocker Press



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Poet-Laureate Edition

The Works of Alfred
Lord Tennyson

With a Preface by

Elisabeth Luther Cary

Together with Various Critical Introductions

Illustrated in Photogravure from Original Designs by

Frederick Simpson Coburn

and

Gustave Doré

In Eight Volumes

⑦

G. P. Putnam's Sons

New York and London

The Knickerbocker Press

THE WORK OF ALFRED
LORD TENNYSON

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(For Editorial Material and Designs)

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

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Introduction to the Volume

Dramas



Introduction to the Dramas

By M. Filon

THREE years after Tennyson's death, M. Filon reviewed in an article on *Le Théâtre Anglais Contemporain* the sum of Tennyson's dramatic production.

"Mr. Archer," he says, "remarks that Tennyson, who was so fortunate in his poetic life, lacked fitness for his career as a dramatist. He wrote his plays too late and too soon: too soon for the public and too late for his talent. He was, in truth, sixty-six years old when he published *Queen Mary*, the first in date of his six dramatic pieces. That was twenty years ago, and the education of the audience was far from being as advanced as it is to-day. It was not their fault if they brought to the poet a taste somewhat spoilt by the success of *Our Boys* and *Pink Dominoes*, and a soul closed to the higher delights of the imagination. The players did their duty by the Laureate and even

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a little more than their duty; it is criticism,—and, here, I shelter myself under the authority of the most eminent member of the society of critics,—it is criticism that has decided the repulse given to Tennyson's dramas, and if it did not precisely condemn him unheard, it at least heard him under the dominion of a preconceived idea. I shall borrow Mr. Archer's acute expression: the critics 'expected to be disappointed'; they came for that alone. Why should an old man enter upon a new career, and one for which youth itself has need of all its powers? What has possessed him to discover in himself fresh faculties at an age when ordinarily one can only repeat oneself? Has a man any right to be good at two trades? Is there not against this sort of thing a 'law of cumulation' tacitly acknowledged by the critics, and applied by them with pitiless severity? For the success of this logic it was necessary that Tennyson should fail in drama: so he failed.

"But, as this repulse was not just, he recovered from it, and his drama, even when it is commonplace, even when it is bad, belongs to the living drama.

"I have fallen into the common mistake. In the course of the first articles which I had the honour of inserting in this *Review*, I spoke of Tennyson, in 1885, as if the tomb had already closed over him. Perhaps I was correct in saying that in the garden of the poet upon which winter had descended, certain flowers

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would not flourish. But what was not then apparent to me, and what to-day is manifest to me and to many others as well, is that the last age of the poet has preserved some of his early graces, and has developed before our sight qualities unknown to his youth. To the end he remained in touch with the soul of the humble. Furthermore, he has shown himself a master in the art of giving poetic and vivifying expression to the social and religious discussions by which we are moved. He has used in the service of the stage a historic and a dramatic sense of the highest order, and, if these two gifts sometimes work injury to each other, to the point of paralysing each other, their combination at a fortunate moment has furnished us with fragments of dramatic masterpieces.

“I shall consider his plays not in chronological order, but in the order of their importance. The slightest of all is *The Falcon*. The scene is laid in some vague region of a half-fantastic Italy; with no indication of place or century. It is a well-known tale by Boccaccio; but a purified and simplified Boccaccio. A poor gentleman, Federigo, entertains a respectful and hopeless love for the beautiful and wealthy widow, the Lady Giovanna. His last possession, his pride, his joy, and, also, his one means of gaining a livelihood, is an admirable falcon which he himself raised for the chase. One morning the Lady Giovanna, unaware of her neighbour's poverty, invites herself to

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breakfast without ceremony. Federigo, whose larder is empty, has his favourite bird killed and served to the lady. But it is the falcon for which she has come to ask him, to satisfy the whim of a sick child. Federigo is forced to confess the sacrifice inspired by his hospitality and love, and the Lady Giovanna is so touched by it that she falls, and for ever, into his arms. When *The Falcon* was presented to the public in 1879, at St. James's, John Hare, who is a manager of excellent taste and also an admirable actor, used respect and love in the mounting, giving it a poetically realistic setting. Federigo and the Lady Giovanna were taken by the Kendals, and those who have seen Madge Robertson in this rôle remember how much she suggested a picture by an old master in a German or an Italian museum. From the plastic point of view she has, in creating Giovanna, given a pendant to her Galatea. But neither the charm of the scenery, nor the perfection of the acting, nor the music of the lines could insure long life for the play. Just a few hundred chosen spectators enjoying this light thing for an hour, enthusiastic for an evening. Then on the morrow cockneyism takes possession of the hall and asks for its usual pleasures again. The critics made common cause with the cockneys, but for a reason less foreign to art. They said that if there be any 'motive' to *The Falcon*, it is apparently Federigo's sacrifice. But this motive, slender as it is, has not been

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developed. Two words apart with his servant, an order in an undertone, and that is all that leads up to and justifies the condemnation. More deceptive than the breakfast offered to the Lady Giovanna is the menu presented by Lord Tennyson to his audience, consisting as it does only of delicate *hors d'œuvres*, too meagre for those robust appetites.

"*The Promise of May* has had a worse fate than *The Falcon*. The play unreservedly collapsed. A certain part of the public—with the famous Marquis of Queensberry at its head—pretended to believe that the poet spoke through the mouth of his hero, where he denounces, with so much bitterness and in a disquieting jumble of words, the principles and prejudices upon which society is built.¹ These people were certainly deficient in patience and intelligence. The argument against Harold's negative theories was not lacking. When he has finished declaiming upon the subject of the evil brought to mankind by religions, Dora points out to him (somewhat feebly, it is true) the benefits it has received from them. After he has prophesied the approach of the universal dissolution of the marriage bond, she replies to him simply, but not without emotion and grace:² 'And yet I had once

¹ Here M. Filon has fallen into error, as the Marquis of Queensberry did not assume that Tennyson was exploiting his own views, but that he was misrepresenting the views of the agnostic party.

² She does not "reply to him," but soliloquises in her room.

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a vision of a pure and perfect marriage, where the man and the woman, only differing as the stronger and the weaker, should walk hand in hand together down this valley of tears to the grave at the bottom and lie down there together in the darkness which would seem but a moment, to be wakened again together by the light of the resurrection, and no more partings for ever and ever!' And when Harold breaks off for her a spray of apple-blossoms,¹ this farmer's daughter looks sorrowfully at the devastated branch: 'Next year there will be no apples there.'² That is touching symbolism, and it is agreeable to find a poet refuting the ethics of the feeling by which flowers are plucked only to prevent the birth of the fruit and to destroy the seed of the future.

"By such detail was Tennyson's thought revealed, and they should have gained him the indulgence of the hissers: but these would not listen to reason. Such misconceptions are only possible with a play that is not its own defence. But, unfortunately, *The Promise of May* is such a play. There are to be found in it some traces of those idyllic gifts which gave to the little poems of Tennyson's youth so much charm, together with that comprehension of the rustic

¹ He breaks them off for Eva, and it is Eva, not Dora, who answers him. Fortunately M. Filon's contempt for accuracy does not extend to essentials.

² "You have robb'd poor father of ten good apples," is what she really says.

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mind which never abandoned him, and a bitter eloquence, a vein of moral and social satire, currents of which flowed through the second part of *Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After*. But when it comes to the action, the poet is deplorably weak, childish, almost silly. This Harold, who in the beginning poses as the type of nihilist whom nothing can agitate or terrify, falls finally into such stammering disorder that one is ashamed for him. If Tennyson wished us to regard the marriage of this sad seducer with the sister of his victim as a satisfaction to morality, he is gravely mistaken, and the little that remains of the play vanishes with this repulsive dénouement.¹

"The relative success of *The Cup*, at the Lyceum, astonishes me less than it has astonished Mr. Archer. I shall not seek the principal cause in Ellen Terry's grace or in the magnificent decoration of the temple of Diana. *The Cup* has certain qualities which are made to please the average public. The subject is taken from Plutarch's tales of *The Virtues of Women*, and from one episode which already had drawn into tragedy a Frenchman, a German, and an Italian. Perhaps, without precisely knowing it, Tennyson took something of the tone of his original author and of the manner of his forerunners. He has been this time less English, less Shakespearian, and less himself

¹ It will of course be remembered that Harold does *not* marry Dora.

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than in his other works. The dialogue is rapid and stirring; the characters do not yield themselves to poetic fantasies, they develop no theories, they express emotions that have nothing complicated or strange about them. One of them, Synorix, is interesting. Apart from the Don Juan-ism which too much modernises him, this ambiguous type, half barbaric, half Roman, whose intelligence has been refined but whose passions have not been eradicated by civilisation, is an exceptional creature, a kind of monster, who knows his intellectual superiority and his moral deficiency; uniting these two sentiments in a melancholy which is not without grandeur. The attraction of this character has been the source of Tennyson's failure with the play; he has departed from the motive that Plutarch offered him, and that impressed Thomas Corneille and Montanelli, the latter making use of it with talent and success in spite of a florid style. This motive is the action of Camma, the widow of the Galatian tetrarch whom Synorix, with the aid of the Romans, had killed and succeeded in power. Synorix loves her and wishes to marry her. Camma cannot consider this odious marriage, but pretends to consent. After the sacred rite, she is to touch with her lips the cup that Synorix drinks from before the altar of Diana. She makes him drink of death from this cup, and does the same herself. In order that this culmination should awaken no objection in our mind, we must be

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made to hate Synorix as Camma hates him. But Tennyson seems to have made every effort to diminish the horror of his character. He has given him the prestige of a noble sadness, the excuse of a great love, has in some sort obliged him to kill his rival as a method of legitimate defence. He has completed the effect by showing us in Camma's first husband an unintelligent and brutal individual who poorly justifies the regrets and sacrifice of the young wife. Add to this the fact that if the real motive lies in the hidden drama passing in Camma's soul, we know nothing of it until the last scene. A *coup de théâtre* does not make a play, and Mr. Archer is undoubtedly right in preferring Montanelli's work to that of Tennyson.

"If he had written only *The Falcon*, *The Cup*, and *The Promise of May*, Tennyson would hold but a very small place among dramatic writers. If he is to live on the stage, it is through his three historic dramas: *Queen Mary*, *Harold*, *Becket*.

"These dramas, it was said, were very inferior, even before their birth, to the historic dramas of the Elizabethan age, the style and character of which they so faithfully imitate. In fact, the *Histories* of Shakespeare and of his contemporaries were shaped in the *Chronicles*, which keep the vivacity of personal impression and the warmth of life itself almost as much as *Memoirs*. Tennyson, on his part, took his dramas from history so called; but history is like a serious

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and scientific person who dissects life to study it the better; who discusses instead of narrating, and puts modern judgments in the place of ancient passions. This objection is plausible, but that is all. In the first place, the definition given to history is true, perhaps, of the work of a Guizot, a Hallam, or a Lecky, but would ill apply to a Carlyle, a Michelet, or a Taine. In reading Freeman, and particularly Froude, was Tennyson further from direct contact with the soul of the past than Shakespeare in going through the often cold and languishing pages of Holinshed? And, again, were Froude as sententious and frozen as he is on the contrary picturesque and impassioned, Tennyson would have counteracted this defect by his own qualities. It is the time to render full justice to his delicacy and to the veritably incomparable power of his historic sense. An historical drama, if I understand the words, contains history and drama. But, among the authors of historical dramas in this century, who has been an historian and at the same time a dramatist and a poet?

“It is not a question of the historical critical sense, —in no wise involved in this matter,—but of the gift, accorded to few, of the imaginative sense able to make live again the emotions of a century sleeping in the dust. Michelet thus saw the torture of Jeanne d’Arc, Macaulay the trial of Warren Hastings, Carlyle the taking of the Bastille and the battle of Marston

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Moor. A hundred times more precious is their intellectual vision than the eyesight of a Holinshed or an Ayala.

“This rare gift was one of Tennyson’s privileges, and in him it took that feminine acuteness that refined all his poetic faculties. For proof, take all the by-play of his historic pieces, all not essential, all accessory action, detail of manners, minute traits of character, fragments of history—for instance, the story of the marriage of Philip and Mary, that of the torture of Jane Grey by Bagenhall in *Queen Mary*; and in *Becket* the sarcasms launched at the Roman Church by Walter Map, the spiritual precursor of the bitter and sombre Langland. A Bulwer, a Tom Taylor, can cut out little bits from a chronicle, or frame historic sayings in his prose; can he, as Tennyson does, compel us to see states of soul, and plunge in the depths of the ancient life?

“I am well aware that this is not all; that it is, indeed, nothing if the poet cannot add dramatic force to this power of intimate evocation. Is there a drama in *Becket*, in *Queen Mary*, in *Harold*? My answer—juror-fashion—is: to the first question, No; to the second and third, Yes.

“True, *Becket*, in the summer of 1893, attained brilliant success, but three-fourths of that success were due to Irving. Those to whom the great actor has long been familiar know to what degree he is

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Episcopal, Pontifical, hieratic. Mediæval asceticism is a mode of being which his artistic personality fills most exactly, in which it ensconces itself at greatest ease. It was worth a long journey and hours of fatigue to watch that symbolic game of chess in which the struggle of bishop and king foretokened the whole play; or that striking dialogue in which Becket recounts to his confidant his tragic anguish and his prophetic dreams; or that stormy discussion at Northampton where the Archbishop first signs the famous 'constitution' and then retracts; or that assassination scene which follows history step by step, and where, moreover, pure pantomime would have sufficed. They who saw Irving, mitre on head and cross in hand, fall stricken on the steps of the altar while faint waves of the monks' chant floated down from the church above, mingled with the cries of the people battering at the portal and the rumblings of thunder with which the vast basilica quivered to its foundations, have experienced emotion as powerful as any spectacle has ever yielded.

"Nevertheless the drama is missing, for a drama is a situation evolving through transformation, it is action in movement. The duel of the King and the Prelate is, in the play as in history, only a confused series of indecisive encounters. The metamorphosis of the soldier-courtier into the martyr-bishop is hardly indicated by the poet. And what can be said of the

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amorous idyl annexed to the play, in defiance of history and of the drama itself? All Ellen Terry's tact could not save the insipid Rosamond. The complications as to the mysterious retreat of the young woman smack more of farce than even of melodrama; and as to the amusing details with which the episode is relieved, their comedy is so flat and on so low a plane as to be slightly nauseating. I pass that feature in silence rather than incur the pain of subjecting a man of genius to ridicule, but I cannot help blaming Tennyson for his irreparable error in compromising Becket by his equivocal adventure, and in giving him the custody of the King's mistress at the very moment he was with such boldness holding the King in check.

"The same criticism cannot be directed to the *Queen Mary* nor to the *Harold*. In the first, the psychologic human drama, half submerged but never wholly hidden by history, lies in the development of the character and the mournful fate of the wretched Queen; it lies in the path, first strewn with flowers and then paved with sharp stones and thick with thorns, along which she moves, in so few years, from a prolonged youth to premature age, from enthusiastic joy to lonely, accursed, and despairing agony and death. As Queen, she dreamed of the grandeur of her realm, and left it smitten by the national disgrace of the loss of Calais. As a Catholic, she sought to restore her religion, and far from succeeding she opened be-

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tween her people and Rome an abyss which the centuries have not closed. As a woman, she loved a man of ice, a living rock by whom her heart was wounded and broken. Before her death she knew the wreck of all her plans and read scorn and disgust in the eyes of him to whom, in propitiation she had offered human sacrifices.

“This is the drama Tennyson has sketched if not fully accomplished in *Queen Mary*. That which forms the subject of *Harold* stands out in full light in striking relief. It is the struggle of religious faith with patriotism and ambition. All the sentiments aroused on the one part and on the other are indicated with superiority worthy of the master in the successive scenes at the court of William while Harold is a prisoner there. After policy has spoken by the lips of the old Norman lord, comes the sublime scene in which Wulfnoth, Harold’s younger brother, describes to him the slow torture of the prisoner, the living dead man, for ever cut off from love, from the sight of fields and sea and sky as from the society of men, his very name vanishing from their memory, eaten out by forgetfulness as his body in his cell is eaten by the hateful vermin of the earth. When Harold has yielded, it is a touching thing to see him bow, with Edith, before Christian fatalism, sacrificing to his kingly duty, as the atonement for his violated oath, his own happiness. The dilemma changes, and

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its two new aspects are personified in two women, whose rivalry is in no wise banal, and never suggests those vulgar outbreaks of jealousy to which the theatre has too much accustomed us. Edith surrenders to Aldwyth, the living hero; dead, she claims him again with a nobility and pride in her accent that thrill us.

“Thus the legacy of the great lyric poet to the theatre of his country consists of two dramatic works—I cannot venture to call them *chefs-d'œuvre*—surrounded by a vein-stone of history, in itself material of extraordinary value. There comes a pious hand to disengage the two dramas and set the air circulating about their essential lives; there comes a great actor who comprehends the character of Harold and embodies it, a great actress who devotes herself with passion to the character of Mary, and without effort Tennyson takes his place among the dramatists.”

From the “Revue des Deux Mondes,” translated in Elisabeth Luther Cary’s “Tennyson.”

Queen Mary

A Drama



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

QUEEN MARY.

PHILIP, *King of Naples and Sicily, afterwards King of Spain.*

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

REGINALD POLE, *Cardinal and Papal Legate.*

SIMON RENARD, *Spanish Ambassador.*

LE SIEUR DE NOAILLES, *French Ambassador.*

THOMAS CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

SIR NICHOLAS HEATH, *Archbishop of York; Lord Chancellor after Gardiner.*

EDWARD COURTENAY, *Earl of Devon.*

LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, *afterwards Lord Howard, and Lord High Admiral.*

LORD WILLIAMS OF THAME.

LORD PAGET.

LORD PETRE.

STEPHEN GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor.*

EDMUND BONNER, *Bishop of London.*

Queen Mary

- THOMAS THIRLBY, *Bishop of Ely.*
- SIR THOMAS WYATT }
SIR THOMAS STAFFORD } *Insurrectionary Leaders.*
- SIR RALPH BAGENHALL.
- SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.
- SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.
- SIR WILLIAM CECIL.
- SIR THOMAS WHITE, *Lord Mayor of London.*
- THE DUKE OF ALVA }
THE COUNT DE FERIA } *attending on Philip.*
- PETER MARTYR.
- FATHER COLE.
- FATHER BOURNE.
- VILLA GARCIA.
- SOTO.
- CAPTAIN BRETT }
ANTHONY KNYVETT } *Adherents of Wyatt.*
- PETERS, *Gentleman of Lord Howard.*
- ROGER, *Servant to Noailles.*
- WILLIAM, *Servant to Wyatt.*
- STEWARD OF HOUSEHOLD *to the Princess Elizabeth.*
- OLD NOKES *and* NOKES.
- MARCHIONESS OF EXETER, *Mother of Courtenay.*
- LADY CLARENCE }
LADY MAGDALEN DACRES } *Ladies in Waiting to*
ALICE } *the Queen*
- MAID OF HONOUR *to the Princess Elizabeth.*

Queen Mary

JOAN }
TIB } *two Country Wives.*

Lords and other Attendants, Members of the Privy Council, Members of Parliament, Two Gentlemen, Aldermen, Citizens, Peasants, Ushers, Messengers, Guards, Pages, Gospellers, Marshalmen, etc.





Queen Mary

ACT I

SCENE I.—ALDGATE RICHLY DECORATED. CROWD.

MARSHALMEN

MARSHALMAN. Stand back, keep a clear lane! When will her Majesty pass, sayst thou? why now, even now; wherefore draw back your heads and your horns before I break them, and make what noise you will with your tongues, so it be not treason. Long live Queen Mary, the lawful and legitimate daughter of Harry the Eighth! Shout, knaves!

CITIZENS. Long live Queen Mary!

FIRST CITIZEN. That 's a hard word, legitimate; what does it mean?

SECOND CITIZEN. It means a bastard.

THIRD CITIZEN. Nay, it means true-born.

FIRST CITIZEN. Why, did n't the Parliament make her a bastard?

SECOND CITIZEN. No; it was the Lady Elizabeth.

Queen Mary

THIRD CITIZEN. That was after, man; that was after.

FIRST CITIZEN. Then which is the bastard?

SECOND CITIZEN. Troth, they be both bastards by Act of Parliament and Council.

THIRD CITIZEN. Ay, the Parliament can make every true-born man of us a bastard. Old Nokes, can't it make thee a bastard? thou shouldst know, for thou art as white as three Christmases.

OLD NOKES (*dreamily*). Who 's a-passing? King Edward or King Richard?

THIRD CITIZEN. No, old Nokes.

OLD NOKES. It 's Harry!

THIRD CITIZEN. It 's Queen Mary.

OLD NOKES. The blessed Mary 's a-passing!

[Falls on his knees.]

NOKES. Let father alone, my masters! he 's past your questioning.

THIRD CITIZEN. Answer thou for him, then! thou 'rt no such cockerel thyself, for thou was born i' the tail end of old Harry the Seventh.

NOKES. Eh! that was afore bastard-making began. I was born true man at five in the forenoon, i' the tail of old Harry, and so they can't make me a bastard.

THIRD CITIZEN. But if Parliament can make the Queen a bastard, why, it follows all the more that they can make thee one, who art fray'd i' the knees, and out at elbow, and bald o' the back, and bursten at the toes, and down at heels.

Queen Mary

NOKES. I was born of a true man and a ring'd wife, and I can't argue upon it; but I and my old woman 'ud burn upon it, that would we.

MARSHALMAN. What are you cackling of bastardy under the Queen's own nose? I'll have you flogg'd and burnt too, by the rood I will.

FIRST CITIZEN. He swears by the rood. Whew!

SECOND CITIZEN. Hark! the trumpets.

[The Procession passes, MARY and ELIZABETH riding side by side, and disappears under the gate.]

CITIZENS. Long live Queen Mary! down with all traitors! God save her Grace; and death to Northumberland!
[Exeunt.]

Manent TWO GENTLEMEN.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. By God's light a noble creature, right royal!

SECOND GENTLEMAN. She looks comelier than ordinary to-day; but to my mind the Lady Elizabeth is the more noble and royal.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. I mean the Lady Elizabeth. Did you hear (I have a daughter in her service who reported it) that she met the Queen at Wanstead with five hundred horse, and the Queen (tho' some say they be much divided) took her hand, call'd her sweet sister, and kiss'd not her alone, but all the ladies of her following.

Queen Mary

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Ay, that was in her hour of joy. There will be plenty to sunder and unsister them again; this Gardiner for one, who is to be made Lord Chancellor, and will pounce like a wild beast out of his cage to worry Cranmer.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. And, furthermore, my daughter said that when there rose a talk of the late rebellion, she spoke even of Northumberland pitifully, and of the good Lady Jane as a poor innocent child who had but obeyed her father; and, furthermore, she said that no one in her time should be burnt for heresy.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Well, sir, I look for happy times.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. There is but one thing against them. I know not if you know.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. I suppose you touch upon the rumour that Charles, the master of the world, has offer'd her his son Philip, the Pope and the devil. I trust it is but a rumour.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. She is going now to the Tower to loose the prisoners there, and among them Courtenay, to be made Earl of Devon, of royal blood, of splendid feature, whom the council and all her people wish her to marry. May it be so, for we are many of us Catholics, but few Papists, and the Hot Gospellers will go mad upon it.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Was she not betroth'd in her babyhood to the Great Emperor himself?

Queen Mary

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Ay, but he 's too old.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. And again to her cousin Reginald Pole, now Cardinal; but I hear that he too is full of aches and broken before his day.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Oh, the Pope could dispense with his cardinalate, and his achage, and his breakage, if that were all. Will you not follow the procession?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. No; I have seen enough for this day.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Well, I shall follow; if I can get near enough I shall judge with my own eyes whether her Grace incline to this splendid scion of Plantagenet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A ROOM IN LAMBETH PALACE.

CRANMER. To Strasburg, Antwerp, Frankfort, Zurich, Worms,
Geneva, Basle—our bishops from their sees
Or fled, they say, or flying—Poinet, Barlow,
Bale, Scory, Coverdale; besides the deans
Of Christchurch, Durham, Exeter, and Wells—
Ailmer and Bullingham, and hundreds more;
So they report. I shall be left alone.
No; Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, will not fly.

Enter PETER MARTYR.

PETER MARTYR. Fly, Cranmer! were there nothing else, your name

Queen Mary

Stands first of those who sign'd the letters patent
That gave her royal crown to Lady Jane.

CRANMER. Stand first it may, but it was written
last.

Those that are now her privy council sign'd
Before me; nay, the judges had pronounced
That our young Edward might bequeath the crown
Of England, putting by his father's will.
Yet I stood out, till Edward sent for me.
The wan boy-king, with his fast-fading eyes
Fixt hard on mine, his frail transparent hand,
Damp with the sweat of death, and griping mine,
Whisper'd me, if I loved him, not to yield
His Church of England to the Papal wolf
And Mary; then I could no more—I sign'd.
Nay, for bare shame of inconsistency,
She cannot pass her traitor council by,
To make me headless.

PETER MARTYR. That might be forgiven.
I tell you, fly, my lord. You do not own
The bodily presence in the Eucharist,
Their wafer and perpetual sacrifice:
Your creed will be your death.

CRANMER. Step after step,
Thro' many voices crying right and left,
Have I climb'd back into the primal church,
And stand within the porch, and Christ with me.
My flight were such a scandal to the faith,

Queen Mary

The downfall of so many simple souls,
I dare not leave my post.

PETER MARTYR. But you divorced
Queen Catharine and her father; hence, her hate
Will burn till you are burn'd.

CRANMER. I cannot help it.
The Canonists and Schoolmen were with me.
"Thou shalt not wed thy brother's wife."—'T is writ-
ten,

"They shall be childless." True, Mary was born,
But France would not accept her for a bride
As being born from incest; and this wrought
Upon the King; and child by child, you know,
Were momentary sparkles, out as quick
Almost as kindled; and he brought his doubts
And fears to me. Peter, I 'll swear for him
He *did* believe the bond incestuous.
But wherefore am I trenching on the time
That should already have seen your steps a mile
From me and Lambeth? God be with you! Go.

PETER MARTYR. Ah, but how fierce a letter you
wrote against
Their superstition when they slander'd you
For setting up a mass at Canterbury
To please the Queen!

CRANMER. It was a wheedling monk
Set up the mass.

PETER MARTYR. I know it, my good lord.

Queen Mary

But you so bubbled over with hot terms
Of Satan, liars, blasphemy, Antichrist,
She never will forgive you. Fly, my lord, fly!

CRANMER. I wrote it, and God grant me power to
burn!

PETER MARTYR. They have given me a safe con-
duct; for all that

I dare not stay. I fear, I fear, I see you,
Dear friend, for the last time; farewell, and fly.

CRANMER. Fly and farewell, and let me die the
death.

[Exit PETER MARTYR.]

Enter OLD SERVANT.

O, kind and gentle master, the Queen's Officers
Are here in force to take you to the Tower.

CRANMER. Ay, gentle friend, admit them. I will go.
I thank my God it is too late to fly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—ST. PAUL'S CROSS

FATHER BOURNE *in the pulpit*. A crowd. MARCHION-
ESS OF EXETER, COURTENAY. *The SIEUR DE*
NOAILLES and his man ROGER in front of the
stage. Hubbub.

NOAILLES. Hast thou let fall those papers in the
palace?

ROGER. Ay, sir.

Queen Mary

NOAILLES. "There will be no peace for Mary till Elizabeth lose her head."

ROGER. Ay, sir.

NOAILLES. And the other, "Long live Elizabeth the Queen!"

ROGER. Ay, sir; she needs must tread upon them.

NOAILLES. Well.

These beastly swine make such a grunting here, I cannot catch what Father Bourne is saying.

ROGER. Quiet a moment, my masters; hear what the shaveling has to say for himself.

CROWD. Hush—hear!

BOURNE. —and so this unhappy land, long divided in itself, and sever'd from the faith, will return into the one true fold, seeing that our gracious Virgin Queen hath—

CROWD. No pope! no pope!

ROGER (*to those about him, mimicking BOURNE*). —hath sent for the holy legate of the holy father the Pope, Cardinal Pole, to give us all that holy absolution which—

FIRST CITIZEN. Old Bourne to the life!

SECOND CITIZEN. Holy absolution! holy Inquisition!

THIRD CITIZEN. Down with the Papist! [*Hubbub.*]

BOURNE.—and now that your good bishop, Bonner, who hath lain so long under bonds for the faith—

[*Hubbub.*]

Queen Mary

NOAILLES. Friend Roger, steal thou in among the crowd,
And get the swine to shout "Elizabeth."
Yon grey old Gospeller, sour as midwinter,
Begin with him.

ROGER (*goes*). By the mass, old friend, we 'll have no pope here while the Lady Elizabeth lives.

GOSPELLER. Art thou of the true faith, fellow, that swearest by the mass?

ROGER. Ay, that am I, new converted, but the old leaven sticks to my tongue yet.

FIRST CITIZEN. He says right; by the mass, we 'll have no mass here.

VOICES OF THE CROWD. Peace! hear him; let his own words damn the Papist. From thine own mouth I judge thee—tear him down!

BOURNE. —and since our gracious Queen, let me call her our second Virgin Mary, hath begun to re-edify the true temple—

FIRST CITIZEN. Virgin Mary! we 'll have no virgins here— we 'll have the Lady Elizabeth!

[Swords are drawn, a knife is hurled and sticks in the pulpit. The mob throng to the pulpit stairs.]

MARCHIONESS OF EXETER. Son Courtenay, wilt thou see the holy father
Murdered before thy face? up, son, and save him!
They love thee, and thou canst not come to harm.

Queen Mary

COURTENAY (*in the pulpit*). Shame, shame, my
masters! are you English-born,
And set yourselves by hundreds against one?

CROWD. A Courtenay! a Courtenay!

[*A train of Spanish servants crosses at the back of
the stage.*]

NOAILLES. These birds of passage come before
their time.

Stave off the crowd upon the Spaniard there.

ROGER. My masters, yonder 's fatter game for you
Than this old gaping gurgyle; look you there—
The Prince of Spain coming to wed our Queen!
After him, boys! and pelt him from the city.

[*They seize stones and follow the Spaniards. Exeunt
on the other side* MARCHIONESS OF EXETER and
ATTENDANTS.

NOAILLES (*to* ROGER). Stand from me. If Eliza-
beth lose her head—

That makes for France.

And if her people, anger'd thereupon,

Arise against her and dethrone the Queen—

That makes for France.

And if I breed confusion any way—

That makes for France.

Good-day, my Lord of Devon;

A bold heart yours to beard that raging mob!

COURTENAY. My mother said, Go up; and up I
went.

Queen Mary

I knew they would not do me any wrong,
For I am mighty popular with them, Noailles.

NOAILLES. You look'd a king.

COURTENAY. Why not? I am king's blood.

NOAILLES. And in the whirl of change may come
to be one.

COURTENAY. Ah!

NOAILLES. But does your gracious Queen entreat
you kinglike?

COURTENAY. 'Fore God, I think she entertains me
like a child.

NOAILLES. You 've but a dull life in this maiden
court,

I fear, my lord?

COURTENAY. A life of nods and yawns.

NOAILLES. So you would honour my poor house
to-night,

We might enliven you. Divers honest fellows,
The Duke of Suffolk lately freed from prison,
Sir Peter Carew and Sir Thomas Wyatt,
Sir Thomas Stafford, and some more—we play.

COURTENAY. At what?

NOAILLES. The game of chess.

COURTENAY. The game of chess!

I can play well, and I shall beat you there.

NOAILLES. Ay, but we play with Henry, King of
France,

And certain of his court.

Queen Mary

His Highness makes his moves across the Channel,
We answer him with ours, and there are messengers
That go between us.

COURTENAY. Why, such a game, sir, were whole
years a-playing.

NOAILLES. Nay; not so long I trust. That all
depends

Upon the skill and swiftness of the players.

COURTENAY. The King is skilful at it?

NOAILLES. Very, my lord.

COURTENAY. And the stakes high?

NOAILLES. But not beyond your means.

COURTENAY. Well, I'm the first of players. I shall
win.

NOAILLES. With our advice and in our company,
And so you well attend to the King's moves,
I think you may.

COURTENAY. When do you meet?

NOAILLES. To-night.

COURTENAY (*aside*). I will be there; the fellow's
at his tricks—

Deep—I shall fathom him. (*Aloud.*)

Good morning, Noailles.

[*Exit* COURTENAY.]

NOAILLES. Good-day, my lord. Strange game of
chess! a king

That with her own pawns plays against a queen,
Whose play is all to find herself a king.

Queen Mary

Ay; but this fine blue-blooded Courtenay seems
Too princely for a pawn. Call him a knight,
That, with an ass's, not a horse's head,
Skips every way, from levity or from fear.
Well, we shall use him somehow, so that Gardiner
And Simon Renard spy not out our game
Too early. Roger, thinkest thou that any one
Suspected thee to be my man?

ROGER. Not one, sir.

NOAILLES. No! the disguise was perfect. Let 's
away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—LONDON. A ROOM IN THE PALACE

ELIZABETH. *Enter* COURTENAY.

COURTENAY. So yet am I,
Unless my friends and mirrors lie to me,
A goodlier-looking fellow than this Philip.
Pah!

The Queen is ill advised. Shall I turn traitor?
They 've almost talked me into it; yet the word
Affrights me somewhat; to be such a one
As Harry Bolingbroke hath a lure in it.
Good now, my Lady Queen, tho' by your age
And by your looks you are not worth the having,
Yet by your crown you are.

[Seeing ELIZABETH.

The Princess there?

If I tried her, and la—she 's amorous.

Queen Mary

Have we not heard of her in Edward's time,
Her freaks and frolics with the late Lord Admiral?
I do believe she'd yield. I should be still
A party in the State; and then, who knows—

ELIZABETH. What are you musing on, my Lord
of Devon?

COURTENAY. Has not the Queen—

ELIZABETH. Done what, Sir?

COURTENAY. —made you follow
The Lady Suffolk and the Lady Lennox?—you,
The heir presumptive.

ELIZABETH. Why do you ask? you know it.

COURTENAY. You needs must bear it hardly.

ELIZABETH. No, indeed!
I am utterly submissive to the Queen.

COURTENAY. Well, I was musing upon that; the
Queen

Is both my foe and yours; we should be friends.

ELIZABETH. My lord, the hatred of another to us
Is no true bond of friendship.

COURTENAY. Might it not
Be the rough preface of some closer bond?

ELIZABETH. My lord, you late were loosed from
out the Tower,

Where, like a butterfly in a chrysalis,
You spent your life; that broken, out you flutter
Thro' the new world, go zigzag, now would settle
Upon this flower, now that. But all things here

Queen Mary

At court are known; you have solicited
The Queen, and been rejected.

COURTENAY. Flower, she!
Half faded! but you, cousin, are fresh and sweet
As the first flower no bee has ever tried.

ELIZABETH. Are you the bee to try me? why, but
now
I called you butterfly.

COURTENAY. You did me wrong,
I love not to be called a butterfly.
Why do you call me butterfly?

ELIZABETH. Why do you go so gay then?

COURTENAY. Velvet and gold.
This dress was made me as the Earl of Devon
To take my seat in; looks it not right royal?

ELIZABETH. So royal that the Queen forbade you
wearing it.

COURTENAY. I wear it then to spite her.

ELIZABETH. My lord, my lord;
I see you in the Tower again. Her Majesty
Hears you affect the Prince—prelates kneel to
you.—

COURTENAY. I am the noblest blood in Europe,
Madam,
A Courtenay of Devon, and her cousin.

ELIZABETH. She hears you make your boast that
after all
She means to wed you. Folly, my good lord.

Queen Mary

COURTENAY. How folly? a great party in the State
Wills me to wed her.

ELIZABETH. Failing her, my lord,
Doth not as great a party in the State
Will you to wed me?

COURTENAY. Even so, fair lady.

ELIZABETH. You know to flatter ladies.

COURTENAY. Nay, I meant
True matters of the heart.

ELIZABETH. My heart, my lord,
Is no great party in the State as yet.

COURTENAY. Great, said you? nay, you shall be
great. I love you,

Lay my life in your hands. Can you be close?

ELIZABETH. Can you, my lord?

COURTENAY. Close as a miser's casket.
Listen:

The King of France, Noailles the Ambassador,
The Duke of Suffolk and Sir Peter Carew,
Sir Thomas Wyatt, I myself, some others,
Have sworn this Spanish marriage shall not be.
If Mary will not hear us—well—conjecture—
Were I in Devon with my wedded bride,
The people there so worship me—your ear;
You shall be Queen.

ELIZABETH. You speak too low, my lord;
I cannot hear you.

COURTENAY. I 'll repeat it.

Queen Mary

ELIZABETH No!
Stand further off, or you may lose your head.
COURTENAY. I have a head to lose for your sweet
sake.
ELIZABETH. Have you, my lord? Best keep it
for your own.
Nay, pout not, cousin.
Not many friends are mine, except indeed
Among the many. I believe you mine;
And so you may continue mine, farewell,
And that at once.

Enter MARY, behind.

MARY. Whispering—leagued together
To bar me from my Philip.
COURTENAY. Pray—consider—
ELIZABETH (*seeing the QUEEN*). Well, that 's a
noble horse of yours, my lord.
I trust that he will carry you well to-day,
And heal your headache.
COURTENAY. You are wild; what headache?
Heartache, perchance; not headache.
ELIZABETH (*aside to COURTENAY*). Are you blind?
[COURTENAY *sees the QUEEN and exit*. *Exit MARY.*

Enter LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.

HOWARD. Was that my Lord of Devon? do not you
Be seen in corners with my Lord of Devon.

Queen Mary

He hath fallen out of favour with the Queen.
She fears the lords may side with you and him
Against her marriage; therefore is he dangerous.
And if this Prince of fluff and feather come
To woo you, niece, he is dangerous everyway.

ELIZABETH. Not very dangerous that way, my
good uncle.

HOWARD. But your own state is full of danger here.
The disaffected heretics, reformers,
Look to you as the one to crown their ends.
Mix not yourself with any plot I pray you;
Nay, if by chance you hear of any such,
Speak not thereof—no, not to your best friend,
Lest you should be confounded with it. Still—
Perinde ac cadaver—as the priest says,
You know your Latin—quiet as a dead body.
What was my Lord of Devon telling you?

ELIZABETH. Whether he told me anything or not
I follow your good counsel, gracious uncle.
Quiet as a dead body.

HOWARD. You do right well.
I do not care to know; but this I charge you,
Tell Courtenay nothing. The Lord Chancellor—
I count it as a kind of virtue in him,
He hath not many—as a mastiff dog
May love a puppy cur for no more reason
Than that the twain have been tied up together,
Thus Gardiner—for the two were fellow-prisoners

Queen Mary

So many years in yon accursed Tower—
Hath taken to this Courtenay. Look to it, niece,
He hath no fence when Gardiner questions him;
All oozes out; yet him—because they know him
The last White Rose, the last Plantagenet—
Nay, there is Cardinal Pole, too—the people
Claim as their natural leader—ay, some say
That you shall marry him, make him king belike.

ELIZABETH. Do they say so, good uncle?

HOWARD. Ay, good niece!

You should be plain and open with me, niece.

You should not play upon me.

ELIZABETH. No, good uncle.

Enter GARDINER.

GARDINER. The Queen would see your Grace upon
the moment.

ELIZABETH. Why, my lord bishop?

GARDINER. I think she means to counsel your
withdrawing

To Ashridge, or some other country house.

ELIZABETH. Why, my lord bishop?

GARDINER. I do but bring the message, know no
more.

Your Grace will hear her reasons from herself.

ELIZABETH. 'T is mine own wish fulfill'd before
the word

Was spoken, for in truth I had meant to crave

Queen Mary

Permission of her Highness to retire
To Ashridge, and pursue my studies there.

GARDINER. Madam, to have the wish before the
word

Is man's good fairy—and the Queen is yours.
I left her with rich jewels in her hand,
Whereof 't is like enough she means to make
A farewell present to your Grace.

ELIZABETH. My lord,
I have the jewel of a loyal heart.

GARDINER. I doubt it not, madam, most loyal.

[Bows low and exit.]

HOWARD. See,
This comes of parleying with my Lord of Devon.
Well, well, you must obey; and I myself
Believe it will be better for your welfare.
Your time will come.

ELIZABETH. I think my time will come.
Uncle,
I am of sovereign nature, that I know,
Not to be quell'd; and I have felt within me
Stirrings of some great doom when God's just hour
Peals—but this fierce old Gardiner—his big baldness,
That irritable forelock which he rubs,
His buzzard beak and deep-incavern'd eyes
Half fright me.

HOWARD. You've a bold heart; keep it so.
He cannot touch you save that you turn traitor;

Queen Mary

And so take heed I pray you—you are one
Who love that men should smile upon you, niece.
They 'd smile you into treason—some of them.

ELIZABETH. I spy the rock beneath the smiling sea.
But if this Philip, the proud Catholic prince,
And this bald priest, and she that hates me, seek
In that lone house to practise on my life,
By poison, fire, shot, stab—

HOWARD. They will not, niece.
Mine is the fleet and all the power at sea—
Or will be in a moment. If they dared
To harm you, I would blow this Philip and all
Your trouble to the dog-star and the devil.

ELIZABETH. To the Pleiads, uncle; they have lost
a sister.

HOWARD. But why say that? what have you done
to lose her?
Come, come, I will go with you to the Queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE

MARY with PHILIP'S *miniature*. ALICE.

MARY (*kissing the miniature*). Most goodly, king-
like, and an emperor's son,—
A king to be,—is he not noble, girl?

ALICE. Goodly enough, your Grace, and yet, me-
thinks,

Queen Mary—Act I, Scene V

(Mary with Philip's minister)
Mary. (Kissing the minister.) Most
goodly, kinglike, and an emperor's
son.

From the drawing by Frederick Simpson Coburn



Queen Mary

And so take heed! I love you—you are one
Who love that men should smile upon you, niece.
They 'd smile you now—some of them.

Enter— They all look beneath the smiling sea.
But if they fly— the good Catholic prince,
And the fair princess, and she that hates me, seek
To use their power to practise on my life,
By power, you may not—

Enter— They will not, niece.
None is so free and all the power at sea—
Or will be in a moment. If they dared

Queen Mary—Act I, Scene V

Your tongue to the dog-star and the devil.

MARY (Mary with Philip's miniature) They have lost
Mary. (Kissing the miniature) Most
goodly, kinglike, and an emperor's
son.
How— but why say that, what have you done
to lose her?

Come, niece, I will go with you to the Queen.

From the drawing by Frederick Simpson Coburn [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE

MARY with PHILIP'S miniature. ALICE.

MARY (holding the miniature). Most goodly, king-
like, and an emperor's son.—

A king to be— is he not noble, girl?

ALICE. Goodly enough, your Grace, and yet, me-
 thinks,



Queen Mary

I have seen goodlier.

MARY. Ay; some waxen doll
Thy baby eyes have rested on, belike;
All red and white, the fashion of our land.
But my good mother came—God rest her soul!—
Of Spain, and I am Spanish in myself,
And in my likings.

ALICE. By your Grace's leave,
Your royal mother came of Spain, but took
To the English red and white. Your royal father—
For so they say—was all pure lily and rose
In his youth, and like a lady.

MARY. O just God!
Sweet mother, you had time and cause enough
To sicken of his lilies and his roses.
Cast off, betray'd, defamed, divorced, forlorn!
And then the King—that traitor past forgiveness,
The false archbishop fawning on him, married
The mother of Elizabeth—a heretic
Even as *she* is; but God hath sent me here
To take such order with all heretics
That it shall be, before I die, as tho'
My father and my brother had not lived.
What wast thou saying of this Lady Jane,
Now in the Tower?

ALICE. Why, Madam, she was passing
Some chapel down in Essex, and with her
Lady Anne Wharton, and the Lady Anne

Queen Mary

Bow'd to the pyx; but Lady Jane stood up
Stiff as the very backbone of heresy.
And wherefore bow ye not, says Lady Anne,
To him within there who made heaven and earth?
I cannot, and I dare not, tell your Grace
What Lady Jane replied.

MARY. But I will have it.

ALICE. She said—pray pardon me, and pity her—
She hath hearken'd evil counsel—ah! she said
The baker made him.

MARY. Monstrous! blasphemous!
She ought to burn. Hence, thou.

[Exit ALICE.

No—being traitor

Her head will fall. Shall it? she is but a child.

We do not kill the child for doing that

His father whipt him into doing—a head

So full of grace and beauty! would that mine

Were half as gracious! O, my lord to be,

My love, for thy sake only!

I am eleven years older than he is.

But will he care for that?

No, by the holy Virgin, being noble,

But love me only. Then the bastard sprout,

My sister, is far fairer than myself.

Will he be drawn to her?

No, being of the true faith with myself.

Paget is for him—for to wed with Spain

Queen Mary

Would treble England—Gardiner is against him;
The Council, people, Parliament against him;
But I will have him! My hard father hated me;
My brother rather hated me than loved;
My sister cowers and hates me. Holy Virgin,
Plead with thy blessed Son; grant me my prayer.
Give me my Philip; and we two will lead
The living waters of the Faith again
Back thro' their widow'd channel here, and watch
The parch'd banks rolling incense, as of old,
To heaven, and kindled with the palms of Christ!

Enter USHER.

Who waits, sir?

USHER. Madam, the Lord Chancellor.

MARY. Bid him come in. (*Enter GARDINER.*)

Good morning, my good lord. [*Exit USHER.*]

GARDINER. That every morning of your Majesty
May be most good, is every morning's prayer
Of your most loyal subject, Stephen Gardiner.

MARY. Come you to tell me this, my lord?

GARDINER. And more.

Your people have begun to learn your worth.
Your pious wish to pay King Edward's debts,
Your lavish household curb'd, and the remission
Of half that subsidy levied on the people,
Make all tongues praise and all hearts beat for you.
I'd have you yet more loved. The realm is poor,

Queen Mary

The exchequer at neap-tide; we might withdraw
Part of our garrison at Calais.

MARY. Calais!

Our one point on the main, the gate of France!
I am Queen of England; take mine eyes, mine heart,
But do not lose me Calais.

GARDINER. Do not fear it.

Of that hereafter. I say your Grace is loved.
That I may keep you thus, who am your friend
And ever faithful counsellor, might I speak?

MARY. I can forespeak your speaking. Would I
marry

Prince Philip, if all England hate him? That is
Your question, and I front it with another:
Is it England, or a party? Now, your answer.

GARDINER. My answer is, I wear beneath my
dress

A shirt of mail; my house hath been assaulted,
And when I walk abroad the populace,
With fingers pointed like so many daggers,
Stab me in fancy, hissing Spain and Philip;
And when I sleep a hundred men-at-arms
Guard my poor dreams for England. Men would
murder me,

Because they think me favourer of this marriage.

MARY. And that were hard upon you, my Lord
Chancellor.

GARDINER. But our young Earl of Devon—

Queen Mary

MARY. Earl of Devon?
I freed him from the Tower, placed him at Court;
I made him Earl of Devon, and—the fool—
He wrecks his health and wealth on courtesans,
And rolls himself in carrion like a dog.

GARDINER. More like a school-boy that hath broken bounds
Sickening himself with sweets.

MARY. I will not hear of him.
Good, then, they will revolt; but I am Tudor,
And shall control them.

GARDINER. I will help you, Madam,
Even to the utmost. All the church is grateful.
You have ousted the mock priest, re-pulpited
The shepherd of Saint Peter, raised the rood again,
And brought us back the mass. I am all thanks
To God and to your Grace; yet I know well,
Your people, and I go with them so far,
Will brook nor Pope nor Spaniard here to play
The tyrant, or in commonwealth or church.

MARY (*showing the picture*). Is this the face of one
who plays the tyrant?
Peruse it; is it not goodly, ay, and gentle?

GARDINER. Madam, methinks a cold face and a
haughty.

And when your Highness talks of Courtenay—
Ay, true—a goodly one. I would his life
Were half as goodly (*aside*).

Queen Mary

Enter USHER.

MARY. Who waits?

USHER. The ambassador from France, your Grace.

MARY (*sits down*). Bid him come in. Good morning, Sir de Noailles. [*Exit USHER.*]

NOAILLES (*entering*). A happy morning to your Majesty.

MARY. And I should some time have a happy morning;

I have had none yet. What says the King your master?

NOAILLES. Madam, my master hears with much alarm

That you may marry Philip, Prince of Spain—

Forseeing, with whate'er unwillingness,

That if this Philip be the titular King

Of England, and at war with him, your Grace

And kingdom will be suck'd into the war,

Ay, tho' you long for peace; wherefore, my master,

If but to prove your Majesty's goodwill.

Would fain have some fresh treaty drawn between you.

MARY. Why some fresh treaty? wherefore should I do it?

Sir, if we marry, we shall still maintain

All former treaties with his Majesty.

Our royal word for that! and your good master,

Pray God he do not be the first to break them,

Must be content with that; and so, farewell.

Queen Mary

NOAILLES. Madam, I am amazed.
French, I must needs wish all good things for
France.

That must be pardon'd me; but I protest
Your Grace's policy hath a farther flight
Than mine into the future. We but seek
Some settled ground for peace to stand upon.

MARY. Well, we will leave all this, sir, to our
council.

Have you seen Philip ever?

NOAILLES. Only once.

MARY. Is this like Philip?

NOAILLES. Ay, but nobler-looking.

MARY. Hath he the large ability of the Emperor?

NOAILLES. No, surely.

MARY. I can make allowance for thee,
Thou speakest of the enemy of thy king.

NOAILLES. Make no allowance for the naked
truth.

He is every way a lesser man than Charles;
Stone-hard, ice-cold—no dash of daring in him.

MARY. If cold, his life is pure.

NOAILLES. Why (*smiling*), no, indeed.

MARY. Sayst thou?

NOAILLES. A very wanton life indeed (*smiling*).

MARY. Your audience is concluded, sir. (*Exit*

NOAILLES.) You cannot
Learn a man's nature from his natural foe.

Queen Mary

Enter USHER.

Who waits?

USHER. The ambassador of Spain, your Grace.

[Exit.

Enter SIMON RENARD.

MARY (*rising to meet him*). Thou art ever welcome, Simon Renard. Hast thou brought me the letter which thine Emperor promised long since, a formal offer of the hand of Philip?

RENARD. Nay, your Grace, it hath not reach'd me. I know not wherefore—some mischance of flood, and broken bridge, or spavin'd horse, or wave and wind at their old battle; he must have written.

MARY. But Philip never writes me one poor word, which in his absence had been all my wealth. Strange in a wooer!

RENARD. Yet I know the Prince, so your king-parliament suffer him to land, yearns to set foot upon your island shore.

MARY. God change the pebble which his kingly foot

first presses into some more costly stone than ever blinded eye! I'll have one mark it and bring it me. I'll have it burnish'd firelike; I'll set it round with gold, with pearl, with diamond. Let the great angel of the Church come with him,

Queen Mary

Stand on the deck and spread his wings for sail!
God lay the waves and strow the storms at sea,
And here at land among the people! O Renard,
I am much beset, I am almost in despair.
Paget is ours. Gardiner perchance is ours;
But for our heretic Parliament—

RENARD. O Madam,
You fly your thoughts like kites. My master, Charles,
Bade you go softly with your heretics here,
Until your throne had ceased to tremble. Then
Spit them like larks for aught I care. Besides,
When Henry broke the carcase of your church
To pieces, there were many wolves among you
Who dragg'd the scatter'd limbs into their den.
The Pope would have you make them render these;
So would your cousin, Cardinal Pole—ill counsel!
These let them keep at present; stir not yet
This matter of the Church lands. At his coming
Your star will rise.

MARY My star! a baleful one.
I see but the black night, and hear the wolf.
What star?

RENARD. Your star will be your princely son,
Heir of this England and the Netherlands!
And if your wolf the while should howl for more,
We 'll dust him from a bag of Spanish gold.
I do believe—I have dusted some already—
That, soon or late, your Parliament is ours.

Queen Mary

MARY. Why do they talk so foully of your Prince,
Renard?

RENARD. The lot of princes. To sit high
Is to be lied about.

MARY. They call him cold,
Haughty, ay, worse.

RENARD. Why, doubtless, Philip shows
Some of the bearing of your blue blood—still
All within measure—nay, it well becomes him.

MARY. Hath he the large ability of his father?

RENARD. Nay, some believe that he will go be-
yond him.

MARY. Is this like him?

RENARD. Ay, somewhat; but your Philip
Is the most princelike prince beneath the sun.
This is a daub to Philip.

MARY. Of a pure life?

RENARD. As an angel among angels. Yea, by
Heaven,
The text—your Highness knows it, "Whosoever
Looketh after a woman," would not graze
The Prince of Spain. You are happy in him there,
Chaste as your Grace!

MARY. I am happy in him there.

RENARD. And would be altogether happy, Madam,
So that your sister were but look'd to closer.
You have sent her from the court, but then she
goes,

Queen Mary

I warrant, not to hear the nightingales,
But hatch you some new treason in the woods.

MARY. We have our spies abroad to catch her
tripping,

And then, if caught, to the Tower.

RENARD. The Tower! the block!

The word has turn'd your Highness pale; the thing
Was no such scarecrow in your father's time.

I have heard, the tongue yet quiver'd with the jest

When the head leapt—so common! I do think,

To save your crown, that it must come to this.

MARY. No, Renard; it must never come to this.

RENARD. Not yet; but your old traitors of the
Tower—

Why, when you put Northumberland to death,

The sentence having passed upon them all,

Spared you the Duke of Suffolk, Guildford Dudley,

Even that young girl who dared to wear your crown?

MARY. Dared? nay, not so; the child obey'd her
father.

Spite of her tears her father forced it on her.

RENARD. Good Madam, when the Roman wish'd
to reign,

He slew not him alone who wore the purple,

But his assessor in the throne, perchance

A child more innocent than Lady Jane.

MARY. I am English Queen, not Roman Emperor.

RENARD. Yet too much mercy is a want of mercy,

Queen Mary

And wastes more life. Stamp out the fire, or this
Will smoulder and re-flame, and burn the throne
Where you should sit with Philip. He will not come
Till she be gone.

MARY Indeed, if that were true—
For Philip comes, one hand in mine, and one
Steadying the tremulous pillars of the Church—
But no, no, no! Farewell. I am somewhat faint
With our long talk. Tho' Queen, I am not Queen
Of mine own heart, which every now and then
Beats me half dead. Yet stay, this golden chain—
My father on a birthday gave it me,
And I have broken with my father—take
And wear it as memorial of a morning
Which found me full of foolish doubts, and leaves me
As hopeful.

RENARD (*aside*). Whew—the folly of all follies
Is to be lovesick for a shadow. (*Aloud.*) Madam,
This chains me to your service, not with gold,
But dearest links of love. Farewell, and trust me,
Philip is yours. [*Exit.*

MARY. Mine—but not yet all mine.

Enter USHER.

USHER. Your Council is in session, please your
Majesty.

MARY. Sir, let them sit. I must have time to
breathe.

Queen Mary

No, say I come. (*Exit* USHER.) I won by boldness
once.

The Emperor counsell'd me to fly to Flanders.
I would not; but a hundred miles I rode,
Sent out my letters, call'd my friends together,
Struck home and won.

And when the Council would not crown me—thought
To bind me first by oaths I could not keep,
And keep with Christ and conscience—was it
boldness

Or weakness that won there? when I, their Queen,
Cast myself down upon my knees before them,
And those hard men brake into woman-tears,
Even Gardiner, all amazed, and in that passion
Gave me my Crown.

Enter ALICE.

Girl, hast thou ever heard
Slanders against Prince Philip in our Court?

ALICE. What slanders? I, your Grace? no, never.

MARY. Nothing?

ALICE. Never, your Grace.

MARY. See that you neither hear them nor
repeat!

ALICE (*aside*). Good Lord! but I have heard a
thousand such—

Ay, and repeated them as often—mum!

Why comes that old fox-Fleming back again?

Queen Mary

Enter RENARD.

RENARD. Madam, I scarce had left your Grace's
presence

Before I chanced upon the messenger
Who brings that letter which we waited for—
The formal offer of Prince Philip's hand.
It craves an instant answer, Ay or No.

MARY. An instant Ay or No! the Council sits.
Give it me quick.

ALICE (*stepping before her*). Your Highness is all
trembling

MARY. Make way.

[Exit into the Council Chamber.]

ALICE. O Master Renard, Master Renard,
If you have falsely painted your fine Prince,
Praised where you should have blamed him, I pray
God

No woman ever love you, Master Renard!
It breaks my heart to hear her moan at night
As tho' the nightmare never left her bed.

RENARD. My pretty maiden, tell me, did you ever
Sigh for a beard?

ALICE. That 's not a pretty question.

RENARD. Not prettily put? I mean, my pretty
maiden,

A pretty man for such a pretty maiden.

ALICE. My Lord of Devon is a pretty man.
I hate him. Well, but if I have, what then?



Queen Mary

RENARD. Then, pretty maiden, you should know
that whether
A wind be warm or cold, it serves to fan
A kindled fire.

ALICE. According to the song.

His friends would praise him, I believed 'em,
His foes would blame him, and I scorn'd 'em,
His friends—as angels I received 'em,
His foes—the devil had suborn'd 'em.

RENARD. Peace, pretty maiden.
I hear them stirring in the Council Chamber.
Lord Paget's "Ay" is sure—who else? and yet,
They are all too much at odds to close at once
In one full-throated No! Her Highness comes.

Enter MARY

ALICE. How deathly pale!—a chair, your Highness.
[Bringing one to the QUEEN.]

RENARD. Madam,
The Council?

MARY. Ay! My Philip is all mine.
[Sinks into chair, half fainting.]



ACT II

SCENE I.—ALINGTON CASTLE

SIR THOMAS WYATT. I do not hear from Carew or
the Duke
Of Suffolk, and till then I should not move.
The Duke hath gone to Leicester; Carew stirs
In Devon; that fine porcelain Courtenay,
Save that he fears he might be crack'd in using—
I have known a semi-madman in my time
So fancy-ridden—should be in Devon too.

Enter WILLIAM.

News abroad, William?

WILLIAM. None so new, Sir Thomas, and none so
old, Sir Thomas. No new news that Philip comes to
wed Mary, no old news that all men hate it. Old Sir
Thomas would have hated it. The bells are ringing
at Maidstone. Does n't your worship hear?

WYATT. Ay, for the Saints are come to reign again
Most like it is a Saint's-day. There 's no call

Queen Mary

As yet for me; so in this pause, before
The mine be fired, it were a pious work
To string my father's sonnets, left about
Like loosely-scatter'd jewels, in fair order,
And head them with a lamer rhyme of mine,
To grace his memory.

WILLIAM. Ay, why not, Sir Thomas? He was a fine courtier, he; Queen Anne loved him. All the women loved him. I loved him, I was in Spain with him. I could n't eat in Spain, I could n't sleep in Spain. I hate Spain, Sir Thomas.

WYATT. But thou couldst drink in Spain if I remember.

WILLIAM. Sir Thomas, we may grant the wine. Old Sir Thomas always granted the wine.

WYATT. Hand me the casket with my father's sonnets.

WILLIAM. Ay—sonnets—a fine courtier of the old Court, old Sir Thomas. *[Exit.]*

WYATT. Courtier of many courts, he loved the more

His own grey towers, plain life, and letter'd peace,
To read and rhyme in solitary fields,
The lark above, the nightingale below,
And answer them in song. The sire begets
Not half his likeness in the son. I fail
Where he was fullest. Yet—to write it down.

[He writes.]

Queen Mary

Re-enter WILLIAM.

WILLIAM. There *is* news, there *is* news, and no call for sonnet-sorting now, nor for sonnet-making either, but ten thousand men on Penenden Heath all calling after your worship, and your worship's name heard into Maidstone market, and your worship the first man in Kent and Christendom, for the Queen's down, and the world's up, and your worship a-top of it.

WYATT. Inverted Æsop—mountain out of mouse. Say for ten thousand ten—and pot-house knaves, Brain-dizzied with a draught of morning ale.

Enter ANTHONY KNYVETT.

WILLIAM. Here 's Anthony Knyvett.

KNYVETT. Look you, Master Wyatt, Tear up that woman's work there.

WYATT. No; not these, Dumb children of my father, that will speak When I and thou and all rebellions lie Dead bodies without voice. Song flies, you know, For ages.

KNYVETT. Tut, your sonnet 's a flying ant, Wing'd for a moment.

WYATT. Well, for mine own work,
[*Tearing the paper.*]

It lies there in six pieces at your feet;
For all that, I can carry it in my head.

Queen Mary

KNYVETT. If you can carry your head upon your
shoulders.

WYATT. I fear you come to carry it off my shoul-
ders,

And sonnet-making 's safer.

KNYVETT. Why, good lord,

Write you as many sonnets as you will.

Ay, but not now; what, have you eyes, ears, brains?

This Philip and the black-faced swarms of Spain,

The hardest, cruellest people in the world,

Come locusting upon us, eat us up,

Confiscate lands, goods, money—Wyatt, Wyatt,

Wake, or the stout old island will become

A rotten limb of Spain. They roar for you

On Penenden Heath, a thousand of them—more—

All arm'd, waiting a leader; there 's no glory

Like his who saves his country. And you sit

Sing-songing here; but, if I 'm any judge,

By God, you are as poor a poet, Wyatt,

As a good soldier.

WYATT. You as poor a critic

As an honest friend; you stroke me on one cheek,

Buffet the other. Come, you bluster, Anthony!

You know I know all this. I must not move

Until I hear from Carew and the Duke.

I fear the mine is fired before the time.

KNYVETT (*showing a paper*). But here 's some

Hebrew. Faith, I half forgot it.

Queen Mary

Look—can you make it English? A strange youth
Suddenly thrust it on me, whisper'd, "Wyatt,"
And whisking round a corner, show'd his back
Before I read his face.

WYATT.

Ha! Courtenay's cipher

[*Reads.*

"Sir Peter Carew fled to France; it is thought the
Duke will be taken. I am with you still; but, for ap-
pearance sake, stay with the Queen. Gardiner knows,
but the Council are all at odds, and the Queen hath no
force for resistance. Move, if you move, at once."

Is Peter Carew fled? Is the Duke taken?
Down scabbard, and out sword! and let Rebellion
Roar till throne rock, and crown fall! No, not that;
But we will teach Queen Mary how to reign.
Who are those that shout below there?

KNYVETT.

Why, some fifty,

That follow'd me from Penenden Heath in hope
To hear you speak.

WYATT.

Open the window, Knyvett;

The mine is fired, and I will speak to them.

Men of Kent, England of England, you that have
kept your old customs upright, while all the rest of
England bowed theirs to the Norman, the cause that
hath brought us together is not the cause of a county
or a shire, but of this England, in whose crown our

Queen Mary

Kent is the fairest jewel. Philip shall not wed Mary; and ye have called me to be your leader. I know Spain. I have been there with my father: I have seen them in their own land, have marked the haughtiness of their nobles, the cruelty of their priests. If this man marry our Queen, however the Council and the Commons may fence round his power with restriction, he will be King, King of England, my masters; and the Queen, and the laws, and the people, his slaves. What? shall we have Spain on the throne and in the parliament; Spain in the pulpit and on the law-bench; Spain in all the great offices of state; Spain in our ships, in our forts, in our houses, in our beds?

CROWD. No! no! no Spain!

WILLIAM. No Spain in our beds—that were worse than all. I have been there with old Sir Thomas, and the beds I know. I hate Spain.

A PEASANT. But, Sir Thomas, must we levy war against the Queen's Grace?

WYATT. No, my friend; war *for* the Queen's Grace—to save her from herself and Philip—war against Spain. And think not we shall be alone—thousands will flock to us. The Council, the Court itself, is on our side. The Lord Chancellor himself is on our side. The King of France is with us; the King of Denmark is with us; the world is with us—war against Spain! And if we move not now, yet it will be known that we have moved; and if Philip come to

Queen Mary

be King, O my God! The rope, the rack, the thumb-screw, the stake, the fire. If we move not now, Spain moves, bribes our nobles with her gold, and creeps, creeps snake-like about our legs till we cannot move at all; and ye know, my masters, that wherever Spain hath ruled she hath wither'd all beneath her. Look at the New World—a paradise made hell; the red man, that good helpless creature, starved, maim'd, flogg'd, flay'd, burn'd, boil'd, buried alive, worried by dogs; and here, nearer home, the Netherlands, Sicily, Naples, Lombardy. I say no more—only this, their lot is yours. Forward to London with me! forward to London! If ye love your liberties or your skins, forward to London!

CROWD. Forward to London! A Wyatt! a Wyatt!

WYATT. But first to Rochester, to take the guns
From out the vessels lying in the river.

Then on.

A PEASANT. Ay, but I fear we be too few, Sir
Thomas.

WYATT. Not many yet. The world as yet, my
friend,

Is not half-waked; but every parish tower
Shall clang and clash alarum as we pass,
And pour along the land, and, swollen and fed
With indraughts and side-currents, in full force
Roll upon London.

CROWD.

A Wyatt! a Wyatt! Forward!

Queen Mary

KNYVETT. Wyatt, shall we proclaim Elizabeth?

WYATT. I 'll think upon it, Knyvett.

KNYVETT. Or Lady Jane?

WYATT. No, poor soul, no.

Ah, grey old castle of Alington, green field
Beside the brimming Medway, it may chance
That I shall never look upon you more.

KNYVETT. Come, now, you 're sonnetting again.

WYATT. Not I.

I 'll have my head set higher in the State;
Or—if the Lord God will it—on the stake.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—GUILDHALL

SIR THOMAS WHITE (*The Lord Mayor*), LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, ALDERMEN and CITIZENS.

WHITE. I trust the Queen comes hither with her guards.

HOWARD. Ay, all in arms.

[*Several of the citizens move hastily out of the hall.*]

Why do they hurry out there?

WHITE. My lord, cut out the rotten from your apple,

Your apple eats the better. Let them go.

They go like those old Pharisees in John

Queen Mary

Convicted by their conscience, arrant cowards,
Or tamperers with that treason out of Kent.
When will her Grace be here?

HOWARD. In some few minutes.
She will address your guilds and companies.
I have striven in vain to raise a man for her.
But help her in this exigency, make
Your city loyal, and be the mightiest man
This day in England.

WHITE. I am Thomas White.
Few things have fail'd to which I set my will.
I do my most and best.

HOWARD. You know that after
The Captain Brett, who went with your train bands
To fight with Wyatt, had gone over to him
With all his men, the Queen in that distress
Sent Cornwallis and Hastings to the traitor,
Feigning to treat with him about her marriage—
Know too what Wyatt said.

WHITE. He 'd sooner be,
While this same marriage question was being argued,
Trusted than trust—the scoundrel—and demanded
Possession of her person and the Tower.

HOWARD. And four of her poor Council too, my
lord,
As hostages.

WHITE. I know it. What do and say
Your Council at this hour?

Queen Mary

HOWARD. I will trust you.
We fling ourselves on you, my lord. The Council,
The Parliament as well, are troubled waters;
And yet like waters of the fen they know not
Which way to flow. All hands on her address,
And upon you, Lord Mayor.

WHITE. How look'd the city
When now you past it? Quiet?

HOWARD. Like our Council,
Your city is divided. As we past,
Some hail'd, some hiss'd us. There were citizens
Stood each before his shut-up booth, and look'd
As grim and grave as from a funeral.
And here a knot of ruffians all in rags,
With execrating execrable eyes,
Glared at the citizen. Here was a young mother,
Her face on flame, her red hair all blown back,
She shrilling "Wyatt," while the boy she held
Mimick'd and piped her "Wyatt," as red as she
In hair and cheek; and almost elbowing her,
So close they stood, another, mute as death,
And white as her own milk; her babe in arms
Had felt the faltering of his mother's heart
And look'd as bloodless. Here a pious Catholic,
Mumbling and mixing up in his scared prayers
Heaven and earth's Maries; over his bow'd shoulder
Scowl'd that world-hated and world-hating beast,
A haggard Anabaptist. Many such groups.

Queen Mary

WHITE. I, the Lord Mayor, and these our Companies

And guilds of London, gathered here, beseech
Your Highness to accept our lowliest thanks
For your most princely presence; and we pray
That we, your true and loyal citizens,
From your own royal lips, at once may know
The wherefore of this coming, and so learn
Your royal will, and do it.—I, Lord Mayor
Of London, and our guilds and companies.

MARY. In mine own person am I come to you,
To tell you what indeed ye see and know,
How traitorously these rebels out of Kent
Have made strong head against ourselves and you.
They would not have me wed the Prince of Spain;
That was their pretext—so they spake at first—
But we sent divers of our Council to them,
And by their answers to the question ask'd,
It doth appear this marriage is the least
Of all their quarrel.

They have betrayed the treason of their hearts,
Seek to possess our person, hold our Tower,
Place and displace our councillors, and use
Both us and them according as they will.
Now what I am ye know right well—your Queen;
To whom, when I was wedded to the realm
And the realm's laws—the spousal ring whereof,
Not ever to be laid aside, I wear

Queen Mary

Upon this finger—ye did promise full
Allegiance and obedience to the death.
Ye know my father was the rightful heir
Of England, and his right came down to me,
Corroborate by your acts of Parliament.
And as ye were most loving unto him,
So doubtless will ye show yourselves to me.
Wherefore, ye will not brook that any one
Should seize our person, occupy our State,
More specially a traitor so presumptuous
As this same Wyatt, who hath tamper'd with
A public ignorance, and, under colour
Of such a cause as hath no colour, seeks
To bend the laws to his own will, and yield
Full scope to persons rascal and forlorn,
To make free spoil and havoc of your goods.
Now, as your Prince, I say,
I, that was never mother, cannot tell
How mothers love their children; yet, methinks,
A prince as naturally may love his people
As these their children; and be sure your Queen
So loves you, and so loving, needs must deem
This love by you return'd as heartily;
And thro' this common knot and bond of love,
Doubt not they will be speedily overthrown.
As to this marriage, ye shall understand
We made thereto no treaty of ourselves,
And set no foot theretoward unadvised

Queen Mary

Of all our Privy Council; furthermore,
This marriage had the assent of those to whom
The King, my father, did commit his trust;
Who not alone esteem'd it honourable,
But for the wealth and glory of our realm,
And all our loving subjects, most expedient.
As to myself,
I am not so set on wedlock as to choose
But where I list, not yet so amorous
That I must needs be husbanded; I thank God,
I have lived a virgin, and I noway doubt
But that, with God's grace, I can live so still.
Yet if it might please God that I should leave
Some fruit of mine own body after me,
To be your king, ye would rejoice thereat,
And it would be your comfort, as I trust;
And truly, if I either thought or knew
This marriage should bring loss or danger to you,
My subjects, or impair in any way
This royal state of England, I would never
Consent thereto, nor marry while I live.
Moreover, if this marriage should not seem,
Before our own High Court of Parliament,
To be of rich advantage to our realm,
We will refrain, and not alone from this,
Likewise from any other, out of which
Looms the least chance of peril to our realm.
Wherefore be bold, and with your lawful Prince

Queen Mary

Stand fast against our enemies and yours,
And fear them not. I fear them not. My lord,
I leave Lord William Howard in your city,
To guard and keep you whole and safe from all
The spoil and sackage aim'd at by these rebels,
Who mouth and foam against the Prince of Spain.

VOICES. Long live Queen Mary!

Down with Wyatt!

The Queen!

WHITE. Three voices from our guilds and companies!

You are shy and proud like Englishmen, my
masters,

And will not trust your voices. Understand,

Your lawful Prince hath come to cast herself

On loyal hearts and bosoms, hoped to fall

Into the wide-spread arms of fealty,

And finds you statues. Speak at once—and all!

For whom?

Our Sovereign Lady by King Harry's will,

The Queen of England—or the Kentish Squire?

I know you loyal. Speak! in the name of God!

The Queen of England or the rabble of Kent?

The reeking dungfork master of the mace!

Your havings wasted by the scythe and spade—

Your rights and charters hobnail'd into slush—

Your houses fired—your gutters bubbling blood—

ACCLAMATION. No! No! The Queen! the Queen!

Queen Mary

WHITE. Your Highness hears
This burst and bass of loyal harmony,
And how we each and all of us abhor
The venomous, bestial, devilish revolt
Of Thomas Wyatt. Hear us now make oath
To raise your Highness thirty thousand men,
And arm and strike as with one hand, and brush
This Wyatt from our shoulders, like a flea
That might have leapt upon us unawares.
Swear with me, noble fellow-citizens, all,
With all your trades, and guilds, and companies.

CITIZENS. We swear!

MARY. We thank your lordship and your loyal
city.

[Exit MARY, attended.]

WHITE. I trust this day, thro' God, I have saved
the crown.

FIRST ALDERMAN. Ay, so my Lord of Pembroke
in command
Of all her force be safe; but there are doubts.

SECOND ALDERMAN. I hear that Gardiner, coming
with the Queen,
And meeting Pembroke, bent to his saddle-bow,
As if to win the man by flattering him.
Is he so safe to fight upon her side?

FIRST ALDERMAN. If not, there 's no man safe.

WHITE. Yes, Thomas White.
I am safe enough; no man need flatter me.

Queen Mary

BAGENHALL. Who knows? the man is proven by
the hour.

WHITE. The man should make the hour, not this
the man;

And Thomas White will prove this Thomas Wyatt,
And he will prove an Iden to this Cade,
And he will play the Walworth to this Wat.
Come, sirs, we prate; hence all—gather your men—
Myself must bustle. Wyatt comes to Southwark;
I 'll have the drawbridge hewn into the Thames,
And see the citizens arm'd. Good day; good day.

[Exit WHITE.]

BAGENHALL. One of much outdoor bluster.

HOWARD. For all that,
Most honest, brave, and skilful; and his wealth
A fountain of perennial alms—his fault
So thoroughly to believe in his own self.

BAGENHALL. Yet thoroughly to believe in one's
own self,
So one's own self be thorough, were to do
Great things, my lord.

HOWARD. It may be.

BAGENHALL. I have heard
One of your Council flee and jeer at him.

HOWARD. The nursery-cocker'd child will jeer at
aught
That may seem strange beyond his nursery.
The statesman that shall jeer and flee at men,

Queen Mary

WYATT. Last night I climb'd into the gate-house,
Brett,

And scared the grey old porter and his wife.
And then I crept along the gloom and saw
They had hewn the drawbridge down into the river.
It roll'd as black as death; and that same tide
Which, coming with our coming, seem'd to smile
And sparkle like our fortune as thou saidest,
Ran sunless down, and moan'd against the piers.
But o'er the chasm I saw Lord William Howard
By torchlight, and his guard; four guns gaped at
me,

Black, silent mouths. Had Howard spied me there
And made them speak, as well he might have done,
Their voice had left me none to tell you this.
What shall we do?

BRETT. On somehow. To go back
Were to lose all.

WYATT. On over London Bridge
We cannot; stay we cannot; there is ordnance
On the White Tower and on the Devil's Tower
And pointed full at Southwark. We must round
By Kingston Bridge.

BRETT. Ten miles about.

WYATT. Even so.
But I have notice from our partisans
Within the city that they will stand by us
If Ludgate can be reach'd by dawn to-morrow.

Queen Mary

Enter one of WYATT's men.

MAN. Sir Thomas, I've found this paper; pray your worship read it; I know not my letters; the old priests taught me nothing.

WYATT (*reads*). "Whosoever will apprehend the traitor Thomas Wyatt shall have a hundred pounds for reward."

MAN. Is that it? That's a big lot of money.

WYATT. Ay, ay, my friend; not read it? 't is not written

Half plain enough. Give me a piece of paper!

[*Writes "THOMAS WYATT" large.*

There, any man can read that.

[*Sticks it in his cap.*

BRETT. But that's foolhardy.

WYATT. No! boldness, which will give my followers boldness.

Enter MAN with a prisoner.

MAN. We found him, your worship, a-plundering o' Bishop Winchester's house; he says he's a poor gentleman.

WYATT. Gentleman! a thief! Go hang him. Shall we make

Those that we come to serve our sharpest foes?

BRETT. Sir Thomas—

WYATT. Hang him, I say.

Queen Mary

BRETT. Wyatt, but now you promised me a boon.

WYATT. Ay, and I warrant this fine fellow's life.

BRETT. Even so; he was my neighbour once in Kent.

He's poor enough, has drunk and gambled out

All that he had, and gentleman he was.

We have been glad together; let him live.

WYATT. He has gambled for his life and lost, he hangs.

No, no, my word's my word. Take thy poor gentleman!

Gamble thyself at once out of my sight,

Or I will dig thee with my dagger. Away!

Women and children!

Enter a CROWD of WOMEN and CHILDREN.

FIRST WOMAN. O Sir Thomas, Sir Thomas, pray you go away, Sir Thomas, or you'll make the White Tower a black 'un for us this blessed day. He'll be the death on us; and you'll set the Devil's Tower a-spitting, and he'll smash all our bits o' things worse than Philip o' Spain.

SECOND WOMAN. Don't ye now go to think that we be for Philip o' Spain.

THIRD WOMAN. No, we know that ye be come to kill the Queen, and we'll pray for you all on our bended knees. But o' God's mercy don't ye kill the Queen here, Sir Thomas; look ye, here's little Dickon,

Queen Mary

and little Robin, and little Jenny—though she's but a side-cousin—and all on our knees, we pray you to kill the Queen further off, Sir Thomas.

WYATT. My friends, I have not come to kill the Queen

Or here or there; I come to save you all,
And I'll go further off.

CROWD. Thanks, Sir Thomas, we be beholden to you, and we'll pray for you on our bended knees till our lives' end.

WYATT. Be happy, I am your friend. To Kingston, forward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—ROOM IN THE GATE-HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER PALACE

MARY, ALICE, GARDINER, RENARD, LADIES.

GARDINER. Their cry is, Philip never shall be king.

MARY. Lord Pembroke in command of all our force

Will front their cry and shatter them into dust.

ALICE. Was not Lord Pembroke with Northumberland?

O Madam, if this Pembroke should be false!

MARY. No, girl; most brave and loyal, brave and loyal.

His breaking with Northumberland broke Northumberland.

Queen Mary

At the park gate he hovers with our guards.
These Kentish ploughmen cannot break the guards.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER. Wyatt, your Grace, hath broken
thro' the guards
And gone to Ludgate.

GARDINER. Madam, I much fear
That all is lost; but we can save your Grace.
The river still is free. I do beseech you,
There yet is time, take boat and pass to Windsor.

MARY. I pass to Windsor and I lose my crown.

GARDINER. Pass, then, I pray your Highness, to
the Tower.

MARY. I shall but be their prisoner in the
Tower.

CRIS WITHOUT. The traitor! treason! Pem-
broke!

LADIES. Treason! treason!

MARY. Peace.

False to Northumberland, is he false to me?
Bear witness, Renard, that I live and die
The true and faithful bride of Philip—A sound
Of feet and voices thickening hither—blows—
Hark, there is battle at the palace gates,
And I will out upon the gallery.

LADIES. No, no, your Grace; see there the arrows
flying.

Queen Mary

MARY. I am Harry's daughter, Tudor, and not
Fear.

[Goes out on the gallery.]

The guards are all driven in, skulk into corners
Like rabbits to their holes. A gracious guard
Truly; shame on them! they have shut the gates!

Enter SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

SOUTHWELL. The porter, please your Grace, hath
shut the gates
On friend and foe. Your gentlemen-at-arms,
If this be not your Grace's order, cry
To have the gates set wide again, and they
With their good battle-axes will do you right
Against all traitors.

MARY. They are the flower of England; set the
gates wide.

[Exit SOUTHWELL.

Enter COURTENAY.

COURTENAY. All lost, all lost, all yielded! A
barge, a barge!
The Queen must to the Tower.

MARY. Whence come you, sir?

COURTENAY. From Charing Cross; the rebels broke
us there,
And I sped hither with what haste I might
To save my royal cousin.

Queen Mary

MARY. Where is Pembroke?

COURTENAY. I left him somewhere in the thick of it.

MARY. Left him and fled; and thou that wouldst
be King,

And hast nor heart nor honour! I myself
Will down into the battle and there bide
The upshot of my quarrel, or die with those
That are no cowards and no Courtenays.

COURTENAY. I do not love your Grace should call
me coward.

Enter another MESSENGER.

MESSENGER. Over, your Grace, all crush'd; the
brave Lord William.

Thrust him from Ludgate, and the traitor flying
To Temple Bar, there by Sir Maurice Berkeley
Was taken prisoner.

MARY. To the Tower with *him!*

MESSENGER. 'T is said he told Sir Maurice there
was one

Cognizant of this, and party thereunto,
My Lord of Devon.

MARY. To the Tower with *him!*

COURTENAY. O la, the Tower, the Tower, always
the Tower,

I shall grow into it—I shall be the Tower.

MARY. Your lordship may not have so long to wait.
Remove him!

Queen Mary

COURTENAY. La, to whistle out my life,
And carve my coat upon the walls again!

[Exit COURTENAY, guarded.]

MESSENGER. Also this Wyatt did confess the
Princess

Cognizant thereof, and party thereunto.

MARY. What? whom—whom did you say?

MESSENGER. Elizabeth,
Your royal sister.

MARY. To the Tower with *her*!
My foes are at my feet, and I am Queen.

[GARDINER and her LADIES kneel to her.]

GARDINER (*rising*). There let them lie, your foot-
stool! (*Aside.*) Can I strike
Elizabeth?—not now and save the life
Of Devon. If I save him, he and his
Are bound to me—may strike hereafter. (*Aloud.*)
Madam,

What Wyatt said, or what they said he said,
Cries of the moment and the street—

MARY. He said it.

GARDINER. Your courts of justice will determine
that.

RENARD (*advancing*). I trust by this your High-
ness will allow
Some spice of wisdom in my telling you,
When last we talk'd, that Philip would not
come

Queen Mary

Till Guildford Dudley and the Duke of Suffolk
And Lady Jane had left us.

MARY. They shall die.

RENARD. And your so loving sister?

MARY. She shall die.

My foes are at my feet, and Philip King.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT III

SCENE I.—THE CONDUIT IN GRACECHURCH

Painted with the Nine Worthies, among them King Henry VIII. holding a book, on it inscribed "Verbum Dei."

Enter SIR RALPH BAGENHALL *and* SIR THOMAS STAFFORD.

BAGENHALL. A hundred here and hundreds hang'd
in Kent.

The tigress had unsheath'd her nails at last,
And Renard and the Chancellor sharpen'd them.
In every London street a gibbet stood.
They are down to-day. Here by this house was
one;

The traitor husband dangled at the door,
And when the traitor wife came out for bread
To still the petty treason therewithin,
Her cap would brush his heels.

Queen Mary

STAFFORD. It is Sir Ralph,
And muttering to himself as heretofore.
Sir, see you aught up yonder?

BAGENHALL. I miss something.
The tree that only bears dead fruit is gone.

STAFFORD. What tree, sir?

BAGENHALL. Well, the tree in Virgil, sir,
That bears not its own apples.

STAFFORD. What! the gallows?

BAGENHALL. Sir, this dead fruit was ripening
overmuch,
And had to be removed lest living Spain
Should sicken at dead England.

STAFFORD. Not so dead
But that a shock may rouse her.

BAGENHALL. I believe
Sir Thomas Stafford?

STAFFORD. I am ill disguised.

BAGENHALL. Well, are you not in peril here?

STAFFORD. I think so.
I came to feel the pulse of England, whether
It beats hard at this marriage. Did you see it?

BAGENHALL. Stafford, I am a sad man and a
serious.

Far liefer had I in my country hall
Been reading some old book, with mine old hound
Couch'd at my hearth, and mine old flask of wine
Beside me, than have seen it; yet I saw it.

Queen Mary

STAFFORD. Good, was it splendid?

BAGENHALL. Ay, if dukes, and earls,
And counts, and sixty Spanish cavaliers,
Some six or seven bishops, diamonds, pearls,
That royal commonplace too, cloth of gold,
Could make it so.

STAFFORD. And what was Mary's dress?

BAGENHALL. Good faith, I was too sorry for the
woman
To mark the dress. She wore red shoes!

STAFFORD. Red shoes!

BAGENHALL. Scarlet, as if her feet were wash'd
in blood,
As if she had waded in it.

STAFFORD. Were your eyes
So bashful that you look'd no higher?

BAGENHALL. A diamond,
And Philip's gift, as proof of Philip's love,
Who hath not any for any,—tho' a true one,
Blazed false upon her heart.

STAFFORD. But this proud Prince—

BAGENHALL. Nay, he is King, you know, the King
of Naples.

The father ceded Naples that the son,
Being a King, might wed a Queen—O, he
Flamed in brocade—white satin his trunk-hose,
Inwrought with silver,—on his neck a collar,
Gold, thick with diamonds; hanging down from this

Queen Mary

The Golden Fleece—and round his knee, misplaced,
Our English Garter, studded with great emeralds,
Rubies, I know not what. Have you had enough
Of all this gear?

STAFFORD. Ay, since you hate the telling it.
How look'd the Queen?

BAGENHALL. No fairer for her jewels
And I could see that as the new-made couple
Came from the Minster, moving side by side,
Beneath one canopy, ever and anon
She cast on him a vassal smile of love,
Which Philip with a glance of some distaste,
Or so methought, return'd. I may be wrong, sir.
This marriage will not hold.

STAFFORD. I think with you.
The King of France will help to break it.

BAGENHALL. France!
We once had half of France, and hurl'd our battles
Into the heart of Spain; but England now
Is but a ball chuck'd between France and Spain,
His in whose hand she drops. Harry of Boling-
broke

Had holpen Richard's tottering throne to stand,
Could Harry have foreseen that all our nobles
Would perish on the civil slaughter-field,
And leave the people naked to the Crown,
And the Crown naked to the people; the Crown
Female, too! Sir, no woman's regimen

Queen Mary

Can save us. We are fallen, and, as I think,
Never to rise again.

STAFFORD. You are too black-blooded.
I'd make a move myself to hinder that;
I know some lusty fellows there in France.

BAGENHALL. You would but make us weaker,
Thomas Stafford.
Wyatt was a good soldier, yet he fail'd,
And strengthen'd Philip.

STAFFORD. Did not his last breath
Clear Courtenay and the Princess from the charge
Of being his co-rebels?

BAGENHALL. Ay, but then
What such a one as Wyatt says is nothing;
We have no men among us. The new lords
Are quieted with their sop of Abbey-lands,
And even before the Queen's face Gardiner buys them
With Philip's gold. All greed, no faith, no courage!
Why, even the haughty prince, Northumberland,
The leader of our Reformation, knelt
And blubber'd like a lad, and on the scaffold
Recanted, and resold himself to Rome.

STAFFORD. I swear you do your country wrong,
Sir Ralph.
I know a set of exiles over there,
Dare-devils, that would eat fire and spit it out
At Philip's beard; they pillage Spain already.
The French King winks at it. An hour will come

Queen Mary

When they will sweep her from the seas. No men?

Did not Lord Suffolk die like a true man?

Is not Lord William Howard a true man?

Yea, you yourself, altho' you are black-blooded;

And I, by God, believe myself a man.

Ay, even in the church there is a man—

Cranmer.

Fly would he not, when all men bade him fly.

And what a letter he wrote against the Pope!

There 's a brave man, if any.

BAGENHALL. Ay; if it hold.

CROWD (*coming on*). God save their Graces!

STAFFORD. Bagenhall, I see

The Tudor green and white. (*Trumpets.*) They are
coming now.

And here 's a crowd as thick as herring-shoals.

BAGENHALL. Be limpets to this pillar, or we are
torn

Down the strong wave of brawlers.

CROWD. God save their Graces!

[*Procession of Trumpeters, Javelinmen, etc.; then
Spanish and Flemish Nobles intermingled.*]

STAFFORD. Worth seeing, Bagenhall! These black
dog-Dons

Garb themselves bravely. Who 's the long-face there,

Looks very Spain of very Spain?

BAGENHALL. The Duke

Of Alva, an iron soldier.

Queen Mary

Spaniard carries a tail like a devil under his trunk-hose.

TAILOR. Ay, but see what trunk-hoses! Lord! they be fine; I never stitch'd none such. They make amends for the tails.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Tut! every Spanish priest will tell you that all English heretics have tails.

FIFTH CITIZEN. Death and the devil—if he find I have one—

FOURTH CITIZEN. Lo! thou hast call'd them up! here they come—a pale horse for Death, and Gardiner for the devil.

Enter GARDINER (turning back from the procession).

GARDINER. Knave, wilt thou wear thy cap before the Queen?

MAN. My lord, I stand so squeezed among the crowd

I cannot lift my hands unto my head.

GARDINER. Knock off his cap there, some of you about him!

See there be others that can use their hands.

Thou art one of Wyatt's men?

MAN. No, my lord, no.

GARDINER. Thy name, thou knave?

MAN. I am nobody, my lord.

GARDINER (*shouting*). God's passion! knave, thy name?

Queen Mary

MAN. I have ears to hear.

GARDINER. Ay, rascal, if I leave thee ears to hear.

Find out his name and bring it me (*to Attendant*).

ATTENDANT. Ay, my lord.

GARDINER. Knave, thou shalt lose thine ears and find thy tongue,

And shalt be thankful if I leave thee that.

[*Coming before the Conduit.*]

The conduit painted—the Nine Worthies—ay!

But then what 's here? King Harry with a scroll.

Ha—Verbum Dei—verbum—Word of God!

God's passion! do you know the knave that painted it?

ATTENDANT. I do, my lord.

GARDINER. Tell him to paint it out, And put some fresh device in lieu of it—

A pair of gloves, a pair of gloves, sir; ha?

There is no heresy there.

ATTENDANT. I will, my lord; The man shall paint a pair of gloves. I am sure— Knowing the man—he wrought it ignorantly, And not from any malice.

GARDINER. Word of God In English! over this the brainless loons That cannot spell Esaias from Saint Paul, Make themselves drunk and mad, fly out and flare Into rebellions. I 'll have their Bibles burnt.

Queen Mary

The Bible is the priest's. Ay! fellow, what!

Stand staring at me! shout, you gaping rogue!

MAN. I have, my lord, shouted till I am hoarse.

GARDINER. What hast thou shouted, knave?

MAN. Long live Queen Mary!

GARDINER. Knave, there be two. There be both

King and Queen,

Philip and Mary. Shout!

MAN. Nay, but, my lord,

The Queen comes first, Mary and Philip.

GARDINER. Shout, then,

Mary and Philip!

MAN. Mary and Philip!

GARDINER. Now,

Thou hast shouted for thy pleasure, shout for mine!

Philip and Mary!

MAN. Must it be so, my lord?

GARDINER. Ay, knave.

MAN. Philip and Mary.

GARDINER. I distrust thee.

Thine is a half voice and a lean assent.

What is thy name?

MAN. Sanders.

GARDINER. What else?

MAN. Zerubbabel.

GARDINER. Where dost thou live?

MAN. In Cornhill.

GARDINER. Where, knave, where?

Queen Mary

MAN. Sign of the Talbot.

GARDINER. Come to me to-morrow.—
Rascal!—this land is like a hill of fire,
One crater opens when another shuts.
But so I get the laws against the heretic,
Spite of Lord Paget and Lord William Howard,
And others of our Parliament, revived,
I will show fire on my side—stake and fire—
Sharp work and short. The knaves are easily
cow'd.
Follow their Majesties.

[Exit. The crowd following.]

BAGENHALL. As proud as Becket.

STAFFORD. You would not have him murder'd as
Becket was?

BAGENHALL. No—murder fathers murder; but I
say
There is no man—there was one woman with us—
It was a sin to love her married, dead
I cannot choose but love her.

STAFFORD. Lady Jane?

CROWD (*going off*). God save their Graces!

STAFFORD. Did you see her die?

BAGENHALL. No, no; her innocent blood had
blinded me.
You call me too black-blooded—true enough,
Her dark, dead blood is in my heart with mine.
If ever I cry out against the Pope

Queen Mary

Her dark, dead blood that ever moves with mine
Will stir the living tongue and make the cry.

STAFFORD. Yet doubtless you can tell me how
she died?

BAGENHALL. Seventeen—and knew eight lan-
guages—in music

Peerless—her needle perfect, and her learning
Beyond the churchmen; yet so meek, so modest,
So wife-like humble to the trivial boy
Mismatch'd with her for policy! I have heard
She would not take a last farewell of him;
She fear'd it might unman him for his end.
She could not be unmann'd—no, nor out-woman'd—
Seventeen—a rose of grace!

Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;
Rose never blew that equall'd such a bud.

STAFFORD. Pray you go on.

BAGENHALL. She came upon the scaffold,
And said she was condemn'd to die for treason;
She had but follow'd the device of those
Her nearest kin; she thought they knew the laws.
But for herself, she knew but little law,
And nothing of the titles to the crown;
She had no desire for that, and wrung her hands,
And trusted God would save her thro' the blood
Of Jesus Christ alone.

STAFFORD. Pray you go on.

BAGENHALL. Then knelt and said the *Miserere Mei*,

Queen Mary

But all in English, mark you; rose again,
And, when the headsman pray'd to be forgiven,
Said, "You will give me my true crown at last,
But do it quickly;" then all wept but she,
Who changed not colour when she saw the block,
But ask'd him, childlike, "Will you take it off
Before I lay me down?" "No, madam," he said,
Gasping; and when her innocent eyes were bound,
She, with her poor blind hands feeling—"Where is
it?

Where is it?"—You must fancy that which follow'd,
If you have heart to do it!

CROWD (*in the distance*). God save their Graces!
STAFFORD. Their Graces, our disgraces! God
confound them!

Why, she's grown bloodier! when I last was here,
This was against her conscience—would be murder!

BAGENHALL. The "Thou shalt do no murder,"
which God's hand

Wrote on her conscience, Mary rubb'd out pale—
She could not make it white—and over that,
Traced in the blackest text of hell—"Thou shalt!"
And sign'd it—Mary!

STAFFORD. Philip and the Pope
Must have sign'd too. I hear this legate's coming
To bring us absolution from the Pope.
The Lords and Commons will bow down before him—
You are of the house? what will you do, Sir Ralph?

Queen Mary

BAGENHALL. And why should I be bolder than
the rest,

Or honester than all?

STAFFORD. But, sir, if I—

And over-sea they say this State of yours
Hath no more mortise than a tower of cards;
And that a puff would do it—then if I
And others made that move I touched upon,
Back'd by the power of France, and landing here,
Came with a sudden splendour, shout, and show,
And dazzled men and deafen'd by some bright
Loud venture, and the people so unquiet—
And I the race of murder'd Buckingham—
Not for myself, but for the kingdom—Sir,
I trust that you would fight along with us.

BAGENHALL. No; you would fling your lives into
the gulf.

STAFFORD. But if this Philip, as he 's like to do,
Left Mary a wife-widow here alone,
Set up a viceroy, sent his myriads hither
To seize upon the forts and fleet, and make us
A Spanish province; would you not fight then?

BAGENHALL. I think I should fight then.

STAFFORD. I am sure of it.

Hist! there 's the face coming on here of one
Who knows me. I must leave you. Fare you well,
You 'll hear of me again.

BAGENHALL. Upon the scaffold. [*Exeunt.*]

Queen Mary

SCENE II.—ROOM IN WHITEHALL PALACE

MARY. *Enter* PHILIP *and* CARDINAL POLE.

POLE. *Ave Maria, gratia plena, benedicta tu in mulieribus!*

MARY. Loyal and royal cousin, humblest thanks.
Had you a pleasant voyage up the river?

POLE. We had your royal barge, and that same chair,

Or rather throne of purple, on the deck.
Our silver cross sparkled before the prow,
The ripples twinkled at their diamond-dance,
The boats that follow'd were as glowing-gay
As regal gardens, and your flocks of swans
As fair and white as angels; and your shores
Wore in mine eyes the green of Paradise.
My foreign friends, who dream'd us blanketed
In ever-closing fog, were much amazed
To find as fair a sun as might have flash'd
Upon their lake of Garda fire the Thames;
Our voyage by sea was all but miracle;
And here the river flowing from the sea,
Not toward it—for they thought not of our tides—
Seem'd as a happy miracle to make glide—
In quiet—home your banish'd countryman.

MARY. We heard that you were sick in Flanders,
cousin.

POLE. A dizziness.

Queen Mary

MARY. And how came you round again?

POLE. The scarlet thread of Rahab saved her life;
And mine, a little letting of the blood.

MARY. Well? now?

POLE. Ay, cousin, as the heathen giant
Had but to touch the ground, his force return'd—
Thus, after twenty years of banishment,
Feeling my native land beneath my foot,
I said thereto: "Ah, native land of mine,
Thou art much beholden to this foot of mine,
That hastes with full commission from the Pope
To absolve thee from thy guilt of heresy.
Thou hast disgraced me and attainted me,
And mark'd me even as Cain, and I return
As Peter, but to bless thee; make me well."
Methinks the good land heard me, for to-day
My heart beats twenty, when I see you, cousin.
Ah, gentle cousin, since your Herod's death,
How oft hath Peter knock'd at Mary's gate!
And Mary would have risen and let him in,
But, Mary, there were those within the house
Who would not have it.

MARY. True, good cousin Pole;
And there were also those without the house
Who would not have it.

POLE. I believe so, cousin.
State-policy and church-policy are conjoint,
But Janus-faces looking diverse ways.

Queen Mary

I fear the Emperor much misvalued me.
But all is well; 't was even the will of God,
Who, waiting till the time had ripen'd, now
Makes me His mouth of holy greeting. "Hail,
Daughter of God, and saver of the faith.
Sit benedictus fructus ventris tui!"

MARY. Ah, heaven!

POLE. Unwell, your Grace?

MARY. No, cousin, happy—
Happy to see you; never yet so happy
Since I was crown'd.

POLE. Sweet cousin, you forget
That long low minster where you gave your hand
To this great Catholic King.

PHILIP. Well said, Lord Legate.

MARY. Nay, not well said; I thought of you, my liege,
Even as I spoke.

PHILIP. Ay, Madam; my Lord Paget
Waits to present our Council to the legate.
Sit down here, all; Madam, between us you.

POLE. Lo, now you are enclosed with boards of
cedar,
Our little sister of the Song of Songs!
You are doubly fenced and shielded sitting here
Between the two most high-set thrones on earth,
The Emperor's highness happily symbol'd by
The King your husband, the Pope's holiness
By mine own self.

Queen Mary

MARY. True, cousin, I am happy.
When will you that we summon both our houses
To take this absolution from your lips,
And be re-gather'd to the Papal fold?

POLE. In Britain's calendar the brightest day
Beheld our rough forefathers break their gods,
And clasp the faith in Christ; but after that
Might not Saint Andrew's be her happiest day?

MARY. Then these shall meet upon Saint Andrew's
Day.

*Enter PAGET, who presents the Council.
Dumb show.*

POLE. I am an old man wearied with my journey,
Even with my joy. Permit me to withdraw.
To Lambeth?

PHILIP. Ay, Lambeth has ousted Cranmer.
It was not meet the heretic swine should live
In Lambeth.

MARY. There or anywhere, or at all.

PHILIP. We have had it swept and garnish'd after
him.

POLE. Not for the seven devils to enter in?

PHILIP. No, for we trust they parted in the swine.

POLE. True, and I am the Angel of the Pope.
Farewell, your Graces.

PHILIP. Nay, not here—to me;
I will go with you to the waterside.

Queen Mary

POLE. Not be my Charon to the counter side?

PHILIP. No, my Lord Legate, the Lord Chancellor goes.

POLE. And unto no dead world; but Lambeth Palace,

Henceforth a centre of the living faith.

[Exeunt PHILIP, POLE, PAGET, etc.]

Manet MARY.

MARY. He hath awaked! he hath awaked!
He stirs within the darkness!
O Philip, husband! now thy love to mine
Will cling more close, and those bleak manners thaw.
That make me shamed and tongue-tied in my love.
The second Prince of Peace—
The great unborn defender of the Faith,
Who will avenge me of mine enemies—
He comes, and my star rises.
The stormy Wyatts and Northumberlands,
The proud ambitions of Elizabeth,
And all her fieriest partisans—are pale
Before my star!
The light of this new learning wanes and dies;
The ghosts of Luther and Zuinglius fade
Into the deathless hell which is their doom
Before my star!
His sceptre shall go forth from Ind to Ind!
His sword shall hew the heretic peoples down!

Queen Mary

His faith shall clothe the world that will be his,
Like universal air and sunshine! Open,
Ye everlasting gates! The King is here!—
My star, my son!

Enter PHILIP, DUKE OF ALVA, etc.

O, Philip, come with me!
Good news have I to tell you, news to make
Both of us happy—ay, the kingdom too.
Nay, come with me—one moment!

PHILIP (*to ALVA*). More than that;
There was one here of late—William the Silent
They call him—he is free enough in talk,
But tells me nothing. You will be, we trust,
Sometime the viceroy of those provinces—
He must deserve his surname better.

ALVA. Ay, sir;
Inherit the Great Silence.

PHILIP. True; the provinces
Are hard to rule and must be hardly ruled;
Most fruitful, yet, indeed, an empty rind,
All hollow'd out with stinging heresies;
And for their heresies, Alva, they will fight;
You must break them or they break you.

ALVA (*proudly*). The first.

PHILIP. Good!
Well, Madam, this new happiness of mine?

[*Exeunt.*]

Queen Mary

Enter THREE PAGES

FIRST PAGE. News, mates! a miracle, a miracle!
news!

The bells must ring; *Te Deums* must be sung:
The Queen hath felt the motion of her babe!

SECOND PAGE. Ay; but see here!

FIRST PAGE. See what?

SECOND PAGE. This paper, Dickon.

I found it fluttering at the palace gates:—

“The Queen of England is delivered of a dead dog!”

THIRD PAGE. These are the things that madden
her. Fie upon it!

FIRST PAGE. Ay; but I hear she hath a dropsy,
lad,

Or a high-dropsy, as the doctors call it.

THIRD PAGE. Fie on her dropsy, so she have a
dropsy!

I know that she was ever sweet to me.

FIRST PAGE. For thou and thine are Roman to
the core.

THIRD PAGE. So thou and thine must be. Take
heed!

FIRST PAGE. Not I;

And whether this flash of news be false or true,

So the wine run, and there be revelry,

Content am I. Let all the steeples clash,

Till the sun dance, as upon Easter Day. [Exeunt.]

Queen Mary

SCENE III.—GREAT HALL IN WHITEHALL

At the far end a dais. On this three chairs, two under one canopy for MARY and PHILIP, another on the right of these for POLE. Under the dais on POLE's side, ranged along the wall, sit all the Spiritual Peers, and along the wall opposite all the Temporal. The Commons on cross benches in front, a line of approach to the dais between them. In the foreground, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL and other MEMBERS of the COMMONS.

FIRST MEMBER. Saint Andrew's Day; sit close,
sit close, we are friends.

Is reconciled the word? the Pope again?
It must be thus; and yet, cocksbody! how strange
That Gardiner, once so one with all of us
Against this foreign marriage, should have yielded
So utterly!—strange! but stranger still that he,
So fierce against the headship of the Pope,
Should play the second actor in this pageant
That brings him in; such a chameleon he!

SECOND MEMBER. This Gardiner turn'd his coat
in Henry's time;
The serpent that hath slough'd will slough again.

THIRD MEMBER. Tut, then we all are serpents.

SECOND MEMBER. Speak for yourself.

THIRD MEMBER. Ay, and for Gardiner! being
English citizen,

Queen Mary

How should he bear a bridegroom out of Spain?
The Queen would have him! being English church-
man,

How should he bear the headship of the Pope?
The Queen would have it! Statesmen that are wise
Shape a necessity, as a sculptor clay,
To their own model.

SECOND MEMBER. Statesmen that are wise
Take truth herself for model. What say you?

[To SIR RALPH BAGENHALL.]

BAGENHALL. We talk and talk.

FIRST MEMBER. Ay, and what use to talk?
Philip's no sudden alien—the Queen's husband,
He's here, and King, or will be—yet, cocksbody!
So hated here! I watch'd a hive of late;
My seven-years' friend was with me, my young boy;
Out crept a wasp, with half the swarm behind.
"Philip!" says he. I had to cuff the rogue
For infant treason.

THIRD MEMBER. But they say that bees,
If any creeping life invade their hive
Too gross to be thrust out, will build him round,
And bind him in from harming of their combs.
And Philip by these articles is bound
From stirring hand or foot to wrong the realm.

SECOND MEMBER. By bonds of beeswax, like your
creeping thing;
But your wise bees had stung him first to death.

Queen Mary

THIRD MEMBER. Hush, hush!
You wrong the Chancellor. The clauses added
To that same treaty which the Emperor sent us
Were mainly Gardiner's: that no foreigner
Hold office in the household, fleet, forts, army;
That if the Queen should die without a child,
The bond between the kingdoms be dissolved;
That Philip should not mix us any way
With his French wars—

SECOND MEMBER. Ay, ay, but what security,
Good sir, for this, if Philip—

THIRD MEMBER. Peace—the Queen,
Philip, and Pole. [All rise, and stand.

Enter MARY, PHILIP, and POLE.

[GARDINER conducts them to the three chairs of state.

PHILIP sits on the QUEEN'S left, POLE on her right.

GARDINER. Our short-lived sun, before his winter
plunge,

Laughs at the last red leaf, and Andrew's Day.

MARY. Should not this day be held in after years
More solemn than of old?

PHILIP. Madam, my wish
Echoes your Majesty's.

POLE. It shall be so.

GARDINER. Mine echoes both your Graces'; (*aside*)
but the Pope—

Can we not have the Catholic Church as well

Queen Mary

Without as with the Italian? if we cannot,
Why, then the Pope.

My lords of the upper house,
And ye, my masters, of the lower house,
Do ye stand fast by that which ye resolved?

VOICES. We do.

GARDINER. And be you all one mind to supplicate
The legate here for pardon, and acknowledge
The primacy of the Pope?

VOICES. We are all one mind.

GARDINER. Then must I play the vassal to this
Pole. [Aside.

*[He draws a paper from under his robes and
presents it to the KING and QUEEN, who look
through it and return it to him; then ascends
a tribune, and reads.*

We, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal,
And Commons here in Parliament assembled,
Presenting the whole body of this realm
Of England, and dominions of the same,
Do make most humble suit unto your Majesties,
In our own name and that of all the State,
That by your gracious means and intercession
Our supplication be exhibited
To the Lord Cardinal Pole, sent here as legate
From our most Holy Father Julius, Pope,
And from the Apostolic See of Rome;
And do declare our penitence and grief

Queen Mary

For our long schism and disobedience,
Either in making laws and ordinances
Against the Holy Father's primacy,
Or else by doing or by speaking aught
Which might impugn or prejudice the same;
By this our supplication promising,
As well for our own selves as all the realm,
That now we be and ever shall be quick,
Under and with your Majesties' authorities,
To do to the utmost all that in us lies
Towards the abrogation and repeal
Of all such laws and ordinances made;
Whereon we humbly pray your Majesties,
As persons undefiled with our offence,
So to set forth this humble suit of ours
That we the rather by your intercession
May from the Apostolic See obtain,
Thro' this most reverend father, absolution,
And full release from danger of all censures
Of Holy Church that we be fallen into,
So that we may, as children penitent,
Be once again received into the bosom
And unity of Universal Church;
And that this noble realm thro' after years
May in this unity and obedience
Unto the holy see and reigning Pope
Serve God and both your Majesties.

VOICES.

Amen. [*All sit.*]

Queen Mary

*[He again presents the petition to the KING and
QUEEN, who hand it reverentially to POLE.]*

POLE (*sitting*). This is the loveliest day that ever
smiled

On England. All her breath should, incense-like,
Rise to the heavens in grateful praise of Him
Who now recalls her to His ancient fold.
Lo! once again God to this realm hath given
A token of His more especial grace;
For as this people were the first of all
The islands call'd into the dawning church
Out of the dead, deep night of heathendom,
So now are these the first whom God hath given
Grace to repent and sorrow for their schism;
And if your penitence be not mockery,
O, how the blessed angels who rejoice
Over one saved do triumph at this hour
In the re-born salvation of a land
So noble!

[A pause.]

For ourselves we do protest
That our commission is to heal, not harm;
We come not to condemn, but reconcile;
We come not to compel, but call again;
We come not to destroy, but edify;
Nor yet to question things already done;
These are forgiven—matters of the past—
And range with jetsam and with offal thrown

Queen Mary

Into the blind sea for forgetfulness. [A pause.

Ye have reversed the attainder laid on us
By him who sack'd the house of God; and we,
Amplier than any field on our poor earth
Can render thanks in fruit for being sown,
Do here and now repay you sixty-fold,
A hundred, yea, a thousand thousand-fold,
With heaven for earth.

[*Rising and stretching forth his hands. All kneel
but SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, who rises and re-
mains standing.*

The Lord who hath redeem'd us
With His own blood, and wash'd us from our sins,
To purchase for Himself a stainless bride;
He, whom the Father hath appointed Head
Of all His church, He by His mercy absolve you.

[A pause.

And we by that authority Apostolic
Given unto us, his legate, by the Pope,
Our Lord and Holy Father, Julius,
God's Vicar and Vicegerent upon earth,
Do here absolve you and deliver you
And every one of you, and all the realm
And its dominions from all heresy,
All schism, and from all and every censure,
Judgment, and pain accruing thereupon;
And also we restore you to the bosom
And unity of Universal Church. [*Turning to GARDINER.*

Queen Mary

Our letters of commission will declare this plainlier.

[QUEEN *heard sobbing. Cries of Amen! Amen!*
Some of the MEMBERS embrace one another. All
but SIR RALPH BAGENHALL pass out into the
neighbouring chapel whence is heard the Te
Deum.

BAGENHALL. We strove against the papacy from
the first,

In William's time, in our first Edward's time,
And in my master Henry's time; but now,
The unity of Universal Church,
Mary would have it; and this Gardiner follows.
The unity of Universal Hell,
Philip would have it; and this Gardiner follows!
A Parliament of imitative apes!
Sheep at the gap which Gardiner takes, who not
Believes the Pope, nor any of them believe—
These spaniel-Spaniard English of the time,
Who rub their fawning noses in the dust,
For that is Philip's gold-dust, and adore
This Vicar of their Vicar. Would I had been
Born Spaniard! I had held my head up then.
I am ashamed that I am Bagenhall,
English.

Enter OFFICER

OFFICER. Sir Ralph Bagenhall!

BAGENHALL.

What of that?

Queen Mary

OFFICER. You were the one sole man in either
house

Who stood upright when both the houses fell.

BAGENHALL. The houses fell!

OFFICER. I mean the houses knelt
Before the legate.

BAGENHALL. Do not scrimp your phrase,
But stretch it wider; say when England fell.

OFFICER. I say you were the one sole man who
stood.

BAGENHALL. I am the one sole man in either house,
Perchance in England, loves her like a son.

OFFICER. Well, you one man, because you stood
upright,
Her Grace the Queen commands you to the Tower.

BAGENHALL. As traitor, or as heretic, or for what?

OFFICER. If any man in any way would be
The one man, he shall be so to his cost.

BAGENHALL. What! will she have my head?

OFFICER. A round fine likelier.
Your pardon. [*Calling to Attendant.*

By the river to the Tower. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—WHITEHALL. A ROOM IN THE PALACE

MARY, GARDINER, POLE, PAGET, BONNER, *etc.*

MARY. The King and I, my lords, now that all
traitors

Queen Mary

Against our royal state have lost the heads
Wherewith they plotted in their treasonous malice,
Have talk'd together, and are well agreed
That those old statutes touching Lollardism
To bring the heretic to the stake, should be
No longer a dead letter, but requicken'd.

ONE OF THE COUNCIL. Why, what hath fluster'd
Gardiner? how he rubs
His forelock!

PAGET. I have changed a word with him
In coming, and may change a word again.

GARDINER. Madam, your Highness is our sun, the
King

And you together our two suns in one;
And so the beams of both may shine upon us,
The faith that seem'd to droop will feel your light,
Lift head, and flourish; yet not light alone,
There must be heat—there must be heat enough
To scorch and wither heresy to the root.
For what saith Christ? "Compel them to come in."
And what saith Paul? "I would they were cut off
That trouble you." Let the dead letter live!
Trace it in fire, that all the louts to whom
Their A B C is darkness, clowns and grooms
May read it! so you quash rebellion too,
For heretic and traitor are all one;
Two vipers of one breed—an amphisbæna,
Each end a sting. Let the dead letter burn!

Queen Mary

PAGET. Yet there be some disloyal Catholics,
And many heretics loyal; heretic throats
Cried no God-bless-her to the Lady Jane,
But shouted in Queen Mary. So there be
Some traitor-heretic, there is axe and cord.
To take the lives of others that are loyal,
And by the churchman's pitiless doom of fire,
Were but a thankless policy in this crown,
Ay, and against itself; for there are many.

MARY. If we could burn out heresy, my Lord
Paget,
We reck not tho' we lost this crown of England—
Ay! tho' it were ten Englands!

GARDINER. Right, your Grace.
Paget, you are all for this poor life of ours,
And care but little for the life to be.

PAGET. I have some time, for curiousness, my
lord,
Watch'd children playing at *their* life to be,
And cruel at it, killing helpless flies;
Such is our time—all times for aught I know.

GARDINER. We kill the heretics that sting the
soul—
They, with right reason, flies that prick the flesh.

PAGET. They had not reach'd right reason, little
children!
They kill'd but for their pleasure and the power
They felt in killing.

Queen Mary

GARDINER. A spice of Satan, ha!
Why, good! what then? granted! — we are fallen
creatures;

Look to your Bible, Paget! we are fallen.

PAGET. I am but of the laity, my lord bishop,
And may not read your Bible, yet I found
One day a wholesome scripture, "Little children,
Love one another."

GARDINER. Did you find a scripture,
"I come not to bring peace but a sword"? The sword
Is in her Grace's hand to smite with. Paget,
You stand up here to fight for heresy,
You are more than guess'd at as a heretic,
And on the steep-up track of the true faith
Your lapses are far seen.

PAGET. The faultless Gardiner!

MARY. You brawl beyond the question; speak,
Lord Legate!

POLE. Indeed, I cannot follow with your Grace;
Rather would say—the shepherd doth not kill
The sheep that wander from his flock, but sends
His careful dog to bring them to the fold.
Look to the Netherlands, wherein have been
Such holocausts of heresy! to what end?
For yet the faith is not established there.

GARDINER. The end 's not come.

POLE. No—nor this way will come,
Seeing there lie two ways to every end,

Queen Mary

A better and a worse—the worse is here
To persecute, because to persecute
Makes a faith hated, and is furthermore
No perfect witness of a perfect faith
In him who persecutes. When men are tost
On tides of strange opinion, and not sure
Of their own selves, they are wroth with their own
selves,

And thence with others; then, who lights the fag-
got?

Not the full faith, no, but the lurking doubt.
Old Rome, that first made martyrs in the Church,
Trembled for her own gods, for these were trembling—
But when did our Rome tremble?

PAGET. Did she not
In Henry's time and Edward's?

POLE. What, my lord!
The Church on Peter's rock? never! I have seen
A pine in Italy that cast its shadow
Athwart a cataract; firm stood the pine—
The cataract shook the shadow. To my mind,
The cataract typed the headlong plunge and fall
Of heresy to the pit; the pine was Rome.

You see, my lords,
It was the shadow of the Church that trembled;
Your church was but the shadow of a church,
Wanting the Papal mitre.

GARDINER (*muttering*). Here be tropes.

Queen Mary

POLE. And tropes are good to clothe a naked truth,
And make it look more seemly.

GARDINER. Tropes again!

POLE. You are hard to please. Then without
tropes, my lord,

An overmuch severeness, I repeat,
When faith is wavering makes the waverer pass
Into more settled hatred of the doctrines
Of those who rule, which hatred by and by
Involves the ruler—thus there springs to light
That Centaur of a monstrous Commonweal,
The traitor-heretic;—then tho' some may quail,
Yet others are that dare the stake and fire,
And their strong torment bravely borne begets
An admiration and an indignation,
And hot desire to imitate; so the plague
Of schism spreads. Were there but three or four
Of these misleaders, yet I would not say
Burn! and we cannot burn whole towns; they are
many,

As my Lord Paget says.

GARDINER. Yet, my Lord Cardinal—

POLE. I am your legate; please you let me finish.
Methinks that under our Queen's regimen
We might go softlier than with crimson rowel
And streaming lash. When Herod-Henry first
Began to batter at your English Church,
This was the cause, and hence the judgment on her.

Queen Mary

She seethed with such adulteries, and the lives
Of many among your churchmen were so foul
That heaven wept and earth blush'd. I would advise
That we should thoroughly cleanse the Church within
Before these bitter statutes be requicken'd.
So after that when she once more is seen
White as the light, the spotless bride of Christ,
Like Christ himself on Tabor, possibly
The Lutheran may be won to her again;
Till when, my lords, I counsel tolerance.

GARDINER. What, if a mad dog bit your hand, my
lord,
Would you not chop the bitten finger off,
Lest your whole body should madden with the
poison?

I would not, were I Queen, tolerate the heretic,
No, not an hour. The ruler of a land
Is bounden by his power and place to see
His people be not poison'd. Tolerate them!
Why? do they tolerate you? Nay, many of them
Would burn—have burnt each other; call they not
The one true faith a loathsome idol-worship?
Beware, Lord Legate, of a heavier crime
Than heresy is itself; beware, I say,
Lest men accuse you of indifference
To all faiths, all religion; for you know
Right well that you yourself have been supposed
Tainted with Lutheranism in Italy.

Queen Mary

POLE (*angered*). But you, my lord, beyond all supposition,

In clear and open day were congruent
With that vile Cranmer in the accursed lie
Of good Queen Catharine's divorce—the spring
Of all those evils that have flow'd upon us;
For you yourself have truckled to the tyrant,
And done your best to bastardise our Queen,
For which God's righteous judgment fell upon you
In your five years of imprisonment, my lord,
Under young Edward. Who so bolster'd up
The gross King's headship of the Church, or more
Denied the Holy Father?

GARDINER. Ha! what! eh?

But you, my lord, a polish'd gentleman,
A bookman, flying from the heat and tussle,
You lived among your vines and oranges,
In your soft Italy yonder! You were sent for,
You were appeal'd to, but you still preferr'd
Your learned leisure. As for what I did,
I suffer'd and repented. You, lord legate
And cardinal-deacon, have not now to learn
That even Saint Peter in his time of fear
Denied his Master, ay, and thrice, my lord.

POLE. But not for five-and-twenty years, my lord.

GARDINER. Ha! good! it seems then I was summon'd hither

But to be mock'd and baited. Speak, friend Bonner,

Queen Mary

And tell this learned legate he lacks zeal.
The Church's evil is not as the King's,
Cannot be heal'd by stroking. The mad bite
Must have the cautery—tell him—and at once.
What wouldst thou do hadst thou his power, thou
That layest so long in heretic bonds with me?
Wouldst thou not burn and blast them root and
branch?

BONNER. Ay, after you, my lord.

GARDINER. Nay, God's passion, before me! speak!

BONNER. I am on fire until I see them flame.

GARDINER. Ay, the psalm-singing weavers, cob-
blers, scum—

But this most noble prince Plantagenet,
Our good Queen's cousin—dallying over-seas
Even when his brother's, nay, his noble mother's,
Head fell—

POLE. Peace, madman!

Thou stirrest up a grief thou canst not fathom.
Thou Christian bishop, thou Lord Chancellor
Of England! no more rein upon thine anger
Than any child! Thou mak'st me much ashamed
That I was for a moment wroth at thee.

MARY. I come for counsel and ye give me feuds,
Like dogs that, set to watch their master's gate,
Fall, when the thief is even within the walls,
To worrying one another. My Lord Chancellor,
You have an old trick of offending us;

Queen Mary

And but that you are art and part with us
In purging heresy, well we might, for this
Your violence and much roughness to the legate,
Have shut you from our counsels. Cousin Pole,
You are fresh from brighter lands. Retire with me.
His Highness and myself—so you allow us—
Will let you learn in peace and privacy
What power this cooler sun of England hath
In breeding godless vermin. And pray Heaven
That you may see according to our sight!
Come, cousin.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN and POLE, *etc.*]

GARDINER. Pole has the Plantagenet face,
But not the force made them our mightiest kings.
Fine eyes—but melancholy, irresolute—
A fine beard, Bonner, a very full fine beard.
But a weak mouth, an indeterminate—ha?

BONNER. Well, a weak mouth, perchance.

GARDINER. And not like thine
To gorge a heretic whole, roasted or raw.

BONNER. I'd do my best, my lord: but yet the
legate

Is here as Pope and Master of the Church,
And if he go not with you—

GARDINER. Tut, Master Bishop,
Our bashful legate, saw'st not how he flush'd?
Touch him upon his old heretical talk,
He'll burn a diocese to prove his orthodoxy.

Queen Mary

And let him call me truckler. In those times,
Thou knowest we had to dodge, or duck, or die.
I kept my head for use of Holy Church;
And see you, we shall have to dodge again,
And let the Pope trample our rights, and plunge
His foreign fist into our island Church
To plump the leaner pouch of Italy.
For a time, for a time.

Why? that these statutes may be put in force,
And that his fan may thoroughly purge his floor.

BONNER. So then you hold the Pope—

GARDINER. I hold the Pope!
What do I hold him? what do I hold the Pope?
Come, come, the morsel stuck—this Cardinal's
fault—

I have gulped it down. I am wholly for the Pope,
Utterly and altogether for the Pope,
The Eternal Peter of the changeless chair,
Crown'd slave of slaves, and mitred king of kings,
God upon earth! what more? what would you have?
Hence, let 's be gone.

Enter USHER.

USHER. Well that you be not gone,
My lord. The Queen, most wroth at first with you,
Is now content to grant you full forgiveness,
So that you crave full pardon of the legate.
I am sent to fetch you.

Queen Mary

GARDINER. Doth Pole yield, sir, ha?
Did you hear 'em? were you by?

USHER. I cannot tell you,
His bearing is so courtly-delicate;
And yet methinks he falters; their two Graces
Do so dear-cousin and royal-cousin him,
So press on him the duty which as legate
He owes himself, and with such royal smiles—

GARDINER. Smiles that burn men. Bonner, it
will be carried.

He falters, ha? 'fore God, we change and change;
Men now are bow'd and old, the doctors tell you,
At three-score years; then if we change at all
We needs must do it quickly; it is an age
Of brief life, and brief purpose, and brief patience,
As I have shown to-day. I am sorry for it
If Pole be like to turn. Our old friend Cranmer,
Your more especial love, hath turn'd so often
He knows not where he stands, which, if this
pass,

We two shall have to teach him; let 'em look at
it,

Cranmer and Hooper, Ridley and Latimer,
Rogers and Ferrar, for their time is come,
Their hour is hard at hand, their "*dies Iræ*,"
Their "*dies Illa*," which will test their sect.
I feel it but a duty—you will find in it
Pleasure as well as duty, worthy Bonner,—

Queen Mary

To test their sect. Sir, I attend the Queen
To crave most humble pardon—of her most
Royal, Infallible, Papal Legate-cousin.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—WOODSTOCK

ELIZABETH, LADY IN WAITING.

ELIZABETH. So they have sent poor Courtenay
over-sea.

LADY. And banish'd us to Woodstock, and the
fields.

The colours of our Queen are green and white;
These fields are only green, they make me gape.

ELIZABETH. There's white-thorn, girl.

LADY. Ay, for an hour in May.

But court is always May, buds out in masques,
Breaks into feather'd merriments, and flowers
In silken pageants. Why do they keep us here?
Why still suspect your Grace?

ELIZABETH. Hard upon both.

[*Writes on the window with a diamond.*]

Much suspected, of me
Nothing proven can be,
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner.

LADY. What hath your Highness written?

ELIZABETH. A true rhyme.

LADY. Cut with a diamond; so to last like truth.

Queen Mary

ELIZABETH. Ay, if truth last.

LADY. But truth, they say, will out;
So it must last. It is not like a word,
That comes and goes in uttering.

ELIZABETH. Truth, a word!
The very Truth and very Word are one.
But truth of story, which I glanced at, girl,
Is like a word that comes from olden days,
And passes thro' the peoples; every tongue
Alters it passing till it spells and speaks
Quite other than at first.

LADY. I do not follow.

ELIZABETH. How many names, in the long sweep
of time
That so foreshortens greatness, may but hang
On the chance mention of some fool that once
Broke bread with us, perhaps; and my poor chronicle
Is but of glass. Sir Henry Bedingfield
May split it for a spite.

LADY. God grant it last,
And witness to your Grace's innocence,
Till doomsday melt it!

ELIZABETH. Or a second fire,
Like that which lately crackled underfoot
And in this very chamber, fuse the glass,
And char us back again into the dust
We spring from. Never peacock against rain
Scream'd as you did for water.

Queen Mary

Daisies grow again,
Kingcups blow again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me,
Kiss'd me well, I vow.
Cuff him could I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Swallows fly again,
Cuckoos cry again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,
Come and kiss me now;
Help it can I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Ringdoves coo again,
All things woo again.
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow!

ELIZABETH. Right honest and red-cheek'd; Robin
was violent,
And she was crafty—a sweet violence,
And a sweet craft. I would I were a milkmaid,
To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake, and die,
Then have my simple headstone by the church,
And all things lived and ended honestly.
I could not if I would. I am Harry's daughter.
Gardiner would have my head. They are not sweet,
The violence and the craft that do divide
The world of nature; what is weak must lie.
The lion needs but roar to guard his young;

Queen Mary

The lapwing lies, says "here" when they are there.
Threaten the child, "I 'll scourge you if you did it;"
What weapon hath the child, save his soft tongue,
To say "I did not"? and my rod's the block.
I never lay my head upon the pillow
But that I think, "Wilt thou lie there to-morrow?"
How oft the falling axe, that never fell,
Hath shock'd me back into the daylight truth
That it may fall to-day! Those damp, black, dead
Nights in the Tower; dead—with the fear of death
Too dead even for a death-watch! Toll of a bell,
Stroke of a clock, the scurrying of a rat
Affrighted me, and then delighted me,
For there was life—And there was life in death—
The little murder'd princes, in a pale light,
Rose hand in hand, and whisper'd, "Come away!
The civil wars are gone for evermore;
Thou last of all the Tudors, come away!
With us is peace!" The last? It was a dream;
I must not dream, not wink, but watch. She has
gone,
Maid Marian to her Robin—by and by
Both happy! a fox may filch a hen by night,
And make a morning outcry in the yard;
But there 's no Renard here to "catch her tripping."
Catch me who can; yet, sometime I have wish'd
That I were caught, and kill'd away at once
Out of the flutter. The grey rogue, Gardiner,

Queen Mary

For I will come no nearer to your Grace;

[*Laying down the letter.*]

And, whether it brings you bitter news or sweet,
And God hath given your Grace a nose or not,
I 'll help you, if I may.

ELIZABETH. Your pardon, then;

It is the heat and narrowness of the cage
That makes the captive testy; with free wing
The world were all one Araby. Leave me now,
Will you, companion to myself, sir?

BEDINGFIELD. Will I?

With most exceeding willingness, I will;
You know I never come till I be call'd.

[*Exit.*]

ELIZABETH. It lies there folded; is there venom
in it?

A snake—and if I touch it, it may sting.
Come, come, the worst!
Best wisdom is to know the worst at once.

[*Reads.*]

“It is the King's wish that you should wed Prince
Philibert of Savoy. You are to come to Court on the
instant; and think of this in your coming.

“MARY THE QUEEN.”

Think! I have many thoughts;
I think there may be bird-lime here for me;
I think they fain would have me from the realm;
I think the Queen may never bear a child;

Queen Mary

I think that I may be some time the Queen,
Then, Queen, indeed; no foreign prince or priest
Should fill my throne, myself upon the steps.
I think I will not marry any one,
Specially not this landless Philibert
Of Savoy; but, if Philip menace me,
I think that I will play with Philibert,—
As once the Holy Father did with mine,
Before my father married my good mother,—
For fear of Spain.

Enter LADY.

LADY. O Lord! your Grace, your Grace,
I feel so happy. It seems that we shall fly
These bald, blank fields, and dance into the sun
That shines on princes.

ELIZABETH. Yet, a moment since,
I wish'd myself the milkmaid singing here,
To kiss and cuff among the birds and flowers—
A right rough life and healthful.

LADY. But the wench
Hath her own troubles; she is weeping now;
For the wrong Robin took her at her word.
Then the cow kick'd, and all her milk was spilt.
Your Highness such a milkmaid?

ELIZABETH. I had kept
My Robins and my cows in sweeter order
Had I been such.

Queen Mary

LADY (*slyly*). And had your Grace a Robin?

ELIZABETH. Come, come, you are chill here; you
want the sun

That shines at court; make ready for the journey.

Pray God, we 'scape the sunstroke! Ready at once.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—LONDON. A ROOM IN THE PALACE

LORD PETRE *and* LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.

PETRE. You cannot see the Queen. Renard denied her

Even now to me.

HOWARD. Their Flemish go-between
And all-in-all. I came to thank her Majesty
For freeing my friend Bagenhall from the Tower;
A grace to me! Mercy, that herb-of-grace,
Flowers now but seldom.

PETRE. Only now, perhaps,
Because the Queen hath been three days in tears
For Philip's going—like the wild hedge-rose
Of a soft winter, possible, not probable,
However you have proven it.

HOWARD. I must see her.

Enter RENARD.

RENARD. My lords, you cannot see her Majesty.

HOWARD. Why, then the King! for I would have
him bring it

Queen Mary

Home to the leisure wisdom of his Queen,
Before he go, that since these statutes past,
Gardiner out-Gardiniers Gardiner in his heat,
Bonner cannot out-Bonner his own self—
Beast!—but they play with fire as children do,
And burn the house. I know that these are breed-
ing

A fierce resolve and fixt heart-hate in men
Against the King, the Queen, the Holy Father,
The faith itself. Can I not see him?

RENARD.

Not now.

And in all this, my lord, her Majesty
Is flint of flint; you may strike fire from her,
Not hope to melt her. I will give your message.

[*Exeunt* PETRE and HOWARD.]

Enter PHILIP (*musings*).

PHILIP. She will not have Prince Philibert of
Savoy,
I talk'd with her in vain—says she will live
And die true maid—a goodly creature too.
Would *she* had been the Queen! yet she must have
him.

She troubles England; that she breathes in England
Is life and lungs to every rebel birth
That passes out of embryo.

Simon Renard!—

This Howard, whom they fear, what was he saying?

Queen Mary

RENARD. What your imperial father said, my liege,

To deal with heresy gentlier. Gardiner burns
And Bonner burns; and it would seem this people
Care more for our brief life in their wet land
Than yours in happier Spain. I told my lord
He should not vex her Highness; she would say
These are the means God works with, that His church
May flourish.

PHILIP. Ay, sir, but in statesmanship
To strike too soon is oft to miss the blow.
Thou knowest I bade my chaplain, Castro, preach
Against these burnings.

RENARD. And the Emperor
Approved you, and, when last he wrote, declared
His comfort in your Grace that you were bland
And affable to men of all estates,
In hope to charm them from their hate of Spain.

PHILIP. In hope to crush all heresy under Spain.
But, Renard, I am sicker staying here
Than any sea could make me passing hence,
Tho' I be ever deadly sick at sea;
So sick am I with biding for this child.
Is it the fashion in this clime for women
To go twelve months in bearing of a child?
The nurses yawn'd, the cradle gaped, they led
Processions, chanted litanies, clash'd their bells,
Shot off their lying cannon, and her priests

Queen Mary

Have preach'd, the fools, of this fair prince to come,
Till, by Saint James, I find myself the fool.
Why do you lift your eyebrow at me thus?

RENARD. I never saw your Highness moved till
now.

PHILIP. So weary am I of this wet land of theirs,
And every soul of man that breathes therein.

RENARD. My liege, we must not drop the mask
before
The masquerade is over—

PHILIP. Have I dropt it?
I have but shown a loathing face to you,
Who knew it from the first.

Enter MARY.

MARY (*aside*). With Renard. Still
Parleying with Renard, all the day with Renard,
And scarce a greeting all the day for me—
And goes to-morrow. [Exit MARY.]

PHILIP (*to RENARD, who advances to him*).

Well, sir, is there more?

RENARD (*who has perceived the QUEEN*). May Simon
Renard speak a single word?

PHILIP. Ay.

RENARD. And be forgiven for it?

PHILIP. Simon Renard
Knows me too well to speak a single word
That could not be forgiven.

Queen Mary

RENARD. Well, my liege,
Your Grace hath a most chaste and loving wife.

PHILIP. Why not? The Queen of Philip should
be chaste.

RENARD. Ay, but, my lord, you know what Virgil
sings,
Woman is various and most mutable.

PHILIP. She play the harlot! never.

RENARD. No, sire, no,
Not dream'd of by the rabidest gospeller.
There was a paper thrown into the palace,
"The King hath wearied of his barren bride."
She came upon it, read it, and then rent it,
With all the rage of one who hates a truth
He cannot but allow. Sire, I would have you—
What should I say, I cannot pick my words—
Be somewhat less—majestic to your Queen.

PHILIP. Am I to change my manners, Simon
Renard,
Because these islanders are brutal beasts?
Or would you have me turn a sonneteer,
And warble those brief-sighted eyes of hers?

RENARD. Brief-sighted tho' they be, I have seen
them, sire,
When you perchance were trifling royally
With some fair dame of court, suddenly fill
With such fierce fire—had it been indeed fire
It would have burnt both speakers.

Queen Mary

PHILIP. Ay, and then?

RENARD. Sire, might it not be policy in some matter

Of small importance now and then to cede
A point to her demand?

PHILIP. Well, I am going.

RENARD. For should her love when you are gone,
my liege,

Witness these papers, there will not be wanting
Those that will urge her injury—should her love—
And I have known such women more than one—
Veer to the counterpoint, and jealousy
Hath in it an alchemic force to fuse
Almost into one metal love and hate,—
And she impress her wrongs upon her Council,
And these again upon her Parliament—
We are not loved here, and would be then perhaps
Not so well holpen in our wars with France,
As else we might be—here she comes.

Enter MARY.

MARY. O Philip!

Nay, must you go indeed?

PHILIP. Madam, I must.

MARY. The parting of a husband and a wife
Is like the cleaving of a heart; one half
Will flutter here, one there.

PHILIP. You say true, Madam.

Queen Mary

MARY. The Holy Virgin will not have me yet
Lose the sweet hope that I may bear a prince.
If such a prince were born, and you not here!

PHILIP. I should be here if such a prince were born.

MARY. But must you go?

PHILIP. Madam, you know my father,
Retiring into cloistral solitude
To yield the remnant of his years to heaven,
Will shift the yoke and weight of all the world
From off his neck to mine. We meet at Brussels.
But since mine absence will not be for long,
Your Majesty shall go to Dover with me,
And wait my coming back.

MARY. To Dover? no,
I am too feeble. I will go to Greenwich,
So you will have me with you; and there watch
All that is gracious in the breath of heaven
Draw with your sails from our poor land and pass
And leave me, Philip, with my prayers for you.

PHILIP. And doubtless I shall profit by your
prayers.

MARY. Methinks that would you tarry one day
more—
The news was sudden—I could mould myself
To bear your going better; will you do it?

PHILIP. Madam, a day may sink or save a realm.

MARY. A day may save a heart from breaking too.

PHILIP. Well, Simon Renard, shall we stop a day?

Queen Mary

RENARD. Your Grace's business will not suffer,
sire,

For one day more, so far as I can tell.

PHILIP. Then one day more to please her Majesty.

MARY. The sunshine sweeps across my life again.
O, if I knew you felt this parting, Philip,
As I do!

PHILIP. By Saint James I do protest,
Upon the faith and honour of a Spaniard,
I am vastly grieved to leave your Majesty.
Simon, is supper ready?

RENARD. Ay, my liege,
I saw the covers laying.

PHILIP. Let us have it.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT IV

SCENE I.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE

MARY, CARDINAL POLE.

MARY. What have you there?

POLE. So please your Majesty,
A long petition from the foreign exiles
To spare the life of Cranmer. Bishop Thirlby,
And my Lord Paget and Lord William Howard,
Crave, in the same cause, hearing of your Grace.
Hath he not written himself—infatuated—
To sue you for his life?

MARY. His life? O, no;
Not sued for that—he knows it were in vain.
But so much of the anti-papal leaven
Works in him yet, he hath pray'd me not to sully
Mine own prerogative, and degrade the realm
By seeking justice at a stranger's hand
Against my natural subject. King and Queen,
To whom he owes his loyalty after God,

Queen Mary

Shall these accuse him to a foreign prince?
Death would not grieve him more. I cannot be
True to this realm of England and the Pope
Together, says the heretic.

POLE. And there errs;
As he hath ever err'd thro' vanity.
A secular kingdom is but as the body
Lacking a soul; and in itself a beast.
The Holy Father in a secular kingdom
Is as the soul descending out of heaven
Into a body generate.

MARY. Write to him, then.

POLE. I will.

MARY. And sharply, Pole.

POLE. Here come the Cranmerites!

Enter THIRLBY, LORD PAGET, LORD WILLIAM HOWARD

HOWARD. Health to your Grace! Good morrow,
my Lord Cardinal;
We make our humble prayer unto your Grace
That Cranmer may withdraw to foreign parts,
Or into private life within the realm.
In several bills and declarations, Madam,
He hath recanted all his heresies.

PAGET. Ay, ay; if Bonner have not forged the
bills. *[Aside.*

MARY. Did not More die, and Fisher? he must
burn.

Queen Mary

HOWARD. He hath recanted, Madam.

MARY. The better for him.
He burns in purgatory, not in hell.

HOWARD. Ay, ay, your Grace; but it was never seen
That any one recanting thus at full,
As Cranmer hath, came to the fire on earth.

MARY. It will be seen now, then.

THIRLBY. O Madam, Madam!
I thus implore you, low upon my knees,
To reach the hand of mercy to my friend.
I have err'd with him; with him I have recanted.
What human reason is there why my friend
Should meet with lesser mercy than myself?

MARY. My Lord of Ely, this. After a riot
We hang the leaders, let their following go.
Cranmer is head and father of these heresies,
New learning as they call it; yea, may God
Forget me at most need when I forget
Her foul divorce—my sainted mother—No!—

HOWARD. Ay, ay, but mighty doctors doubted
there.
The Pope himself waver'd; and more than one
Row'd in that galley—Gardiner to wit,
Whom truly I deny not to have been
Your faithful friend and trusty councillor.
Hath not your Highness ever read his book,
His tractate upon True Obedience,
Writ by himself and Bonner?

Queen Mary

MARY. I will take
Such order with all bad, heretical books
That none shall hold them in his house and live,
Henceforward. No, my lord.

HOWARD. Then never read it.
The truth is here. Your father was a man
Of such colossal kinghood, yet so courteous,
Except when wroth, you scarce could meet his eye
And hold your own; and were he wroth indeed,
You held it less, or not at all. I say,
Your father had a will that beat men down;
Your father had a brain that beat men down—

POLE. Not me, my lord.

HOWARD. No, for you were not here;
You sit upon this fallen Cranmer's throne;
And it would more become you, my Lord Legate,
To join a voice, so potent with her Highness,
To ours in plea for Cranmer than to stand
On naked self-assertion.

MARY. All your voices
Are waves on flint. The heretic must burn.

HOWARD. Yet once he saved your Majesty's own
life;
Stood out against the King in your behalf,
At his own peril.

MARY. I know not if he did;
And if he did I care not, my Lord Howard.
My life is not so happy, no such boon,

Queen Mary

That I should spare to take a heretic priest's,
Who saved it or not saved. Why do you vex
me?

PAGET. Yet to save Cranmer were to serve the
Church,
Your Majesty's I mean; he is effaced,
Self-blotted out; so wounded in his honour,
He can but creep down into some dark hole
Like a hurt beast, and hide himself and die;
But if you burn him,—well, your Highness knows
The saying, "Martyr's blood—seed of the Church."

MARY. Of the true Church; but his is none, nor
will be.

You are too politic for me, my Lord Paget.
And if he have to live so loath'd a life,
It were more merciful to burn him now.

THIRLBY. O, yet relent! O, Madam, if you knew
him

As I do, ever gentle, and so gracious,
With all his learning—

MARY. Yet a heretic still.
His learning makes his burning the more just.

THIRLBY. So worshipt of all those that came
across him;

The stranger at his hearth, and all his house—

MARY. His children and his concubine, belike.

THIRLBY. To do him any wrong was to beget
A kindness from him, for his heart was rich,

Queen Mary

Of such fine mould that if you sow'd therein
The seed of Hate, it blossom'd Charity.

POLE. "After his kind it costs him nothing,"
there 's

An old world English adage to the point.
These are but natural graces, my good bishop,
Which in the Catholic garden are as flowers,
But on the heretic dunghill only weeds.

HOWARD. Such weeds make dunghills gracious.

MARY. Enough, my lords.

It is God's will, the Holy Father's will,
And Philip's will, and mine, that he should burn.
He is pronounced anathema.

HOWARD. Farewell, Madam,
God grant you ampler mercy at your call
Than you have shown to Cranmer.

[*Exeunt* LORDS.]

POLE. After this,
Your Grace will hardly care to overlook
This same petition of the foreign exiles
For Cranmer's life.

MARY. Make out the writ to-night.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II.—OXFORD. CRANMER IN PRISON.

CRANMER. Last night, I dream'd the faggots were
alight,
And that myself was fasten'd to the stake,

Queen Mary

And found it all a visionary flame,
Cool as the light in old decaying wood;
And then King Harry look'd from out a cloud,
And bade me have good courage; and I heard
An angel cry, "There is more joy in Heaven,"—
And after that, the trumpet of the dead.

[Trumpets without.

Why, there are trumpets blowing now; what is
it?

Enter FATHER COLE.

COLE. Cranmer, I come to question you again.
Have you remain'd in the true Catholic faith
I left you in?

CRANMER. In the true Catholic faith,
By Heaven's grace, I am more and more confirm'd.
Why are the trumpets blowing, Father Cole?

COLE. Cranmer, it is decided by the Council
That you to-day should read your recantation
Before the people in Saint Mary's Church.
And there be many heretics in the town,
Who loathe you for your late return to Rome,
And might assail you passing through the street,
And tear you piecemeal; so you have a guard.

CRANMER. Or seek to rescue me. I thank the
Council.

COLE. Do you lack any money?

CRANMER. Nay, why should I?

Queen Mary

The prison fare is good enough for me.

COLE. Ay, but to give the poor.

CRANMER. Hand it me, then!

I thank you.

COLE. For a little space, farewell;

Until I see you in Saint Mary's Church.

[Exit COLE.]

CRANMER. It is against all precedent to burn

One who recants; they mean to pardon me.

To give the poor—they give the poor who die.

Well, burn me or not burn me I am fixt;

It is but a communion, not a mass,

A holy supper, not a sacrifice;

No man can make his Maker—Villa Garcia.

Enter VILLA GARCIA.

VILLA GARCIA. Pray you write out this paper for
me, Cranmer.

CRANMER. Have I not writ enough to satisfy you?

VILLA GARCIA. It is the last.

CRANMER. Give it me, then.

[He writes.]

VILLA GARCIA. Now sign.

CRANMER. I have sign'd enough, and I will sign
no more.

VILLA GARCIA. It is no more than what you have
sign'd already,

The public form thereof.

Queen Mary

CRANMER. It may be so;
I sign it with my presence, if I read it.

VILLA GARCIA. But this is idle of you. Well, sir,
well,

You are to beg the people to pray for you;
Exhort them to a pure and virtuous life;
Declare the Queen's right to the throne; confess
Your faith before all hearers; and retract
That Eucharistic doctrine in your book.
Will you not sign it now?

CRANMER. No, Villa Garcia,
I sign no more. Will they have mercy on me?

VILLA GARCIA. Have you good hopes of mercy!
So, farewell. [Exit.

CRANMER. Good hopes, not theirs, have I that I
am fixt,

Fixt beyond fall; however, in strange hours,
After the long brain-dazing colloquies,
And thousand-times recurring argument
Of those two friars ever in my prison,
When left alone in my despondency,
Without a friend, a book, my faith would seem
Dead or half-drown'd, or else swam heavily
Against the huge corruptions of the Church,
Monsters of mistradition, old enough
To scare me into dreaming, "what am I,
Cranmer, against whole ages?" was it so,
Or am I slandering my most inward friend,

Queen Mary

To veil the fault of my most outward foe—
The soft and tremulous coward in the flesh?
O higher, holier, earlier, purer church,
I have found thee and not leave thee any more.
It is but a communion, not a mass—
No sacrifice, but a life-giving feast!
(Writes.) So, so, this will I say—thus will I pray.
[Puts up the paper.]

Enter BONNER.

BONNER. Good day, old friend; what, you look
somewhat worn;
And yet it is a day to test your health
Even at the best. I scarce have spoken with you
Since when?—your degradation. At your trial
Never stood up a bolder man than you;
You would not cap the Pope's commissioner—
Your learning, and your stoutness, and your heresy,
Dumbfounded half of us. So, after that,
We had to dis-archbishop and unlord,
And make you simple Cranmer once again.
The common barber clipt your hair, and I
Scraped from your finger-points the holy oil;
And worse than all, you had to kneel to *me*;
Which was not pleasant for you, Master Cranmer.
Now you, that would not recognise the Pope,
And you, that would not own the Real Presence,
Have found a real presence in the stake,

Queen Mary

Which frights you back into the ancient faith;
And so you have recanted to the Pope.

How are the mighty fallen, Master Cranmer!

CRANMER. You have been more fierce against the
Pope than I;

But why fling back the stone he strikes me with?

[*Aside.*

O Bonner, if I ever did you kindness—

Power hath been given you to try faith by fire—

Pray you, remembering how yourself have changed,

Be somewhat pitiful, after I have gone,

To the poor flock—to women and to children—

That when I was archbishop held with me.

BONNER. Ay—gentle as they call you—live or
die!

Pitiful to this pitiful heresy?

I must obey the Queen and Council, man.

Win thro' this day with honour to yourself,

And I 'll say something for you—so—good-bye. [*Exit.*

CRANMER. This hard coarse man of old hath
crouch'd to me

Till I myself was half ashamed for him.

Enter THIRLBY.

Weep not, good Thirlby.

THIRLBY. O, my lord, my lord!

My heart is no such block as Bonner's is:

Who would not weep?

Queen Mary

CRANMER. Why do you so my-lord me,
Who am disgraced?

THIRLBY. On earth; but saved in heaven
By your recanting.

CRANMER. Will they burn me, Thirlby?

THIRLBY. Alas, they will! these burnings will not
help

The purpose of the faith; but my poor voice
Against them is a whisper to the roar
Of a spring-tide.

CRANMER. And they will surely burn me?

THIRLBY. Ay; and besides will have you in the
church

Repeat your recantation in the ears
Of all men, to the saving of their souls,
Before your execution. May God help you
Thro' that hard hour!

CRANMER. And may God bless you, Thirlby!
Well, they shall hear my recantation there.

[Exit THIRLBY.]

Disgraced, dishonour'd!—not by them, indeed,
By mine own self—by mine own hand!
O thin-skinn'd hand and jutting veins, t' was you
That sign'd the burning of poor Joan of Kent;
But then she was a witch. You have written
much,

But you were never raised to plead for Frith,
Whose dogmas I have reach'd. He was deliver'd

Queen Mary

To the secular arm to burn; and there was Lambert;
Who can foresee himself? truly these burnings,
As Thirlby says, are profitless to the burners,
And help the other side. You shall burn, too,
Burn first when I am burnt.
Fire—inch by inch to die in agony! Latimer
Had a brief end—not Ridley. Hooper burn'd
Three-quarters of an hour. Will my faggots
Be wet as his were? It is a day of rain.
I will not muse upon it.
My fancy takes the burner's part, and makes
The fire seem even crueller than it is.
No, I not doubt that God will give me strength,
Albeit I have denied Him.

Enter SOTO and VILLA GARCIA.

VILLA GARCIA. We are ready
To take you to Saint Mary's, Master Cranmer.
CRANMER. And I. Lead on; ye loose me from
my bonds. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—ST. MARY'S CHURCH

COLE *in the Pulpit*, LORD WILLIAMS OF THAME *pre-*
siding. LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, LORD PAGET,
and others. CRANMER *enters between SOTO and*
VILLA GARCIA, and the whole Choir strike up, "Nunc
Dimittis." CRANMER *is set upon a Scaffold before*
the people.

Queen Mary

COLE. Behold him—

[A pause: people in the foreground.]

PEOPLE. O, unhappy sight!

FIRST PROTESTANT. See how the tears run down
his fatherly face.

SECOND PROTESTANT. James, didst thou ever see
a carrion crow

Stand watching a sick beast before he dies?

FIRST PROTESTANT. Him perched up there? I
wish some thunderbolt

Would make this Cole a cinder, pulpit and all.

COLE. Behold him, brethren; he hath cause to
weep!—

So have we all. Weep with him if ye will,
Yet—

It is expedient for one man to die,

Yea, for the people, lest the people die.

Yet wherefore should he die that hath return'd

To the one Catholic Universal Church

Repentant of his errors?

PROTESTANT MURMURS. Ay, tell us that.

COLE. Those of the wrong side will despise the
man,

Deeming him one that thro' the fear of death

Gave up his cause, except he seal his faith

In sight of all with flaming martyrdom.

CRANMER. Ay.

COLE. Ye hear him, and albeit there may seem

Queen Mary

According to the canons pardon due
To him that so repents, yet are there causes
Wherefore our Queen and Council at this time
Adjudge him to the death. He hath been a traitor,
A shaker and confounder of the realm;
And when the King's divorce was sued at Rome,
He here, this heretic metropolitan,
As if he had been the Holy Father, sat
And judged it. Did I call him heretic?
A huge heresiarch? never was it known
That any man so writing, preaching so,
So poisoning the Church, so long continuing,
Hath found his pardon; therefore he must die,
For warning and example.

Other reasons

There be for this man's ending, which our Queen
And Council at this present deem it not
Expedient to be known.

PROTESTANT MURMURS. I warrant you.

COLE. Take therefore, all, example by this man,
For if our Holy Queen not pardon him,
Much less shall others in like cause escape,
That all of you, the highest as the lowest,
May learn there is no power against the Lord.
There stands a man, once of so high degree,
Chief prelate of our Church, archbishop, first
In Council, second person in the realm,
Friend for so long time of a mighty King;

Queen Mary

And now ye see downfallen and debased
From councillor to caitiff—fallen so low,
The leprous flutterings of the byway, scum
And offal of the city, would not change
Estates with him; in brief, so miserable
There is no hope of better left for him,
No place for worse.

Yet, Cranmer, be thou glad.

This is the work of God. He is glorified
In thy conversion; lo! thou art reclaim'd;
He brings thee home; nor fear but that to-day
Thou shalt receive the penitent thief's award,
And be with Christ the Lord in Paradise.
Remember how God made the fierce fire seem
To those three children like a pleasant dew.
Remember, too,
The triumph of Saint Andrew on his cross,
The patience of Saint Lawrence in the fire.
Thus, if thou call on God and all the Saints
God will beat down the fury of the flame,
Or give thee saintly strength to undergo.
And for thy soul shall masses here be sung
By every priest in Oxford. Pray for him.

CRANMER. Ay, one and all, dear brothers, pray
for me;

Pray with one breath, one heart, one soul for me.

COLE. And now, lest any one among you doubt
The man's conversion and remorse of heart,

Queen Mary

Yourselves shall hear him speak. Speak, Master
Cranmer,

Fulfil your promise made me, and proclaim
Your true undoubted faith, that all may hear.

CRANMER. And that I will. O God, Father of
Heaven!

O Son of God, Redeemer of the world!
O Holy Ghost, proceeding from them both!
Three persons and one God, have mercy on me,
Most miserable sinner, wretched man!
I have offended against heaven and earth
More grievously than any tongue can tell.
Then whither should I flee for any help?
I am ashamed to lift my eyes to heaven,
And I can find no refuge upon earth.
Shall I despair then? God forbid! O God,
For Thou art merciful, refusing none
That come to Thee for succour, unto Thee,
Therefore, I come; humble myself to Thee;
Saying, O Lord God, although my sins be great,
For Thy great mercy have mercy! O God the Son,
Not for slight faults alone, when Thou becamest
Man in the flesh, was the great mystery wrought;
O God the Father, not for little sins
Didst Thou yield up Thy Son to human death!
But for the greatest sin that can be sinn'd,
Yea, even such as mine, incalculable,
Unpardonable,—sin against the light,

Queen Mary

The truth of God, which I had proven and known.
Thy mercy must be greater than all sin.
Forgive me, Father, for no merit of mine,
But that Thy name by man be glorified,
And Thy most blessed Son's, who died for man.

Good people, every man at time of death
Would fain set forth some saying that may live
After his death and better humankind;
For death gives life's last word a power to live,
And, like the stone-cut epitaph, remain
After the vanish'd voice, and speak to men.
God grant me grace to glorify my God!
And first I say it is a grievous case,
Many so dote upon this bubble world,
Whose colours in a moment break and fly,
They care for nothing else. What saith Saint John?
"Love of this world is hatred against God."
Again, I pray you all that, next to God,
You do un murmuringly and willingly
Obey your King and Queen, and not for dread
Of these alone, but from the fear of Him
Whose ministers they be to govern you.
Thirdly, I pray you all to live together
Like brethren; yet what hatred Christian men
Bear to each other, seeming not as brethren,
But mortal foes! But do you good to all
As much as in you lieth. Hurt no man more
Than you would harm your loving natural brother

Queen Mary

Of the same roof, same breast. If any do,
Albeit he think himself at home with God,
Of this be sure, he is whole worlds away.

PROTESTANT MURMURS. What sort of brothers
then be those that lust
To burn each other?

WILLIAMS. Peace among you, there!

CRANMER. Fourthly, to those that own exceeding
wealth,

Remember that sore saying spoken once
By Him that was the truth, "How hard it is
For the rich man to enter into heaven!"
Let all rich men remember that hard word.
I have not time for more; if ever, now
Let them flow forth in charity, seeing now
The poor so many, and all food so dear.
Long have I lain in prison, yet have heard
Of all their wretchedness. Give to the poor,
Ye give to God. He is with us in the poor.

And now, and forasmuch as I have come
To the last end of life, and thereupon
Hangs all my past, and all my life to be,
Either to live with Christ in heaven with joy,
Or to be still in pain with devils in hell;
And, seeing in a moment I shall find

[*Pointing upwards.*

Heaven or else hell ready to swallow me,
[*Pointing downwards.*

Queen Mary

I shall declare to you my very faith
Without all colour.

COLE. Hear him, my good brethren.

CRANMER. I do believe in God, Father of all;
In every article of the Catholic faith,
And every syllable taught us by our Lord,
His prophets, and apostles, in the Testaments,
Both Old and New.

COLE. Be plainer, Master Cranmer.

CRANMER. And now I come to the great cause
that weighs

Upon my conscience more than anything
Or said or done in all my life by me;
For there be writings I have set abroad
Against the truth I knew within my heart,
Written for fear of death, to save my life,
If that might be; the papers by my hand
Sign'd since my degradation—by this hand

[Holding out his right hand.]

Written and sign'd—I here renounce them all;
And, since my hand offended, having written
Against my heart, my hand shall first be burnt,
So I may come to the fire. *[Dead silence.]*

PROTESTANT *murmurs.*

FIRST PROTESTANT. I knew it would be so.

SECOND PROTESTANT. Our prayers are heard!

THIRD PROTESTANT. God bless him!

Queen Mary

CATHOLIC murmurs.

Out upon him! out upon him!

Liar! dissembler! traitor! to the fire!

WILLIAMS (*raising his voice*). You know that you
recanted all you said

Touching the sacrament in that same book
You wrote against my Lord of Winchester;
Dissemble not; play the plain Christian man.

CRANMER. Alas, my lord,
I have been a man loved plainness all my life;
I *did* dissemble, but the hour has come
For utter truth and plainness; wherefore, I say,
I hold by all I wrote within that book.

Moreover,
As for the Pope, I count him Antichrist,
With all his devil's doctrines, and refuse,
Reject him, and abhor him. I have said.

[*Cries on all sides, "Pull him down! Away with
him!"*]

COLE. Ay, stop the heretic's mouth! Hale him
away!

WILLIAMS. Harm him not, harm him not! have
him to the fire!

[*CRANMER goes out between Two Friars, smiling;
hands are reached to him from the crowd. LORD
WILLIAM HOWARD and LORD PAGET are left
alone in the church.*]

Queen Mary

PAGET. The nave and aisles all empty as a fool's
jest!

No, here 's Lord William Howard. What, my lord,
You have not gone to see the burning?

HOWARD. Fie!

To stand at ease, and stare as at a show,
And watch a good man burn. Never again.
I saw the deaths of Latimer and Ridley.
Moreover, tho' a Catholic, I would not,
For the pure honour of our common nature,
Hear what I might—another recantation
Of Cranmer at the stake.

PAGET. You 'd not hear that.
He pass'd out smiling, and he walk'd upright;
His eye was like a soldier's, whom the general
He looks to and he leans on as his God,
Hath rated for some backwardness and bidden him
Charge one against a thousand, and the man
Hurls his soil'd life against the pikes and dies.

HOWARD. Yet that he might not after all those
papers
Of recantation yield again, who knows?

PAGET. Papers of recantation! Think you then
That Cranmer read all papers that he sign'd?
Or sign'd all those they tell us that he sign'd?
Nay, I trow not; and you shall see, my lord,
That howsoever hero-like the man
Dies in the fire, this Bonner or another

Queen Mary

Will in some lying fashion misreport
His ending to the glory of their church.
And you saw Latimer and Ridley die?
Latimer was eighty, was he not? his best
Of life was over then.

HOWARD. His eighty years
Look'd somewhat crooked on him in his frieze;
But after they had stript him to his shroud
He stood upright a lad of twenty-one,
And gather'd with his hands the starting flame,
And wash'd his hands and all his face therein,
Until the powder suddenly blew him dead.
Ridley was longer burning; but he died
As manfully and boldly, and, 'fore God,
I know them heretics, but right English ones.
If ever, as heaven grant, we clash with Spain,
Our Ridley-soldiers and our Latimer-sailors
Will teach her something.

PAGET. Your mild legate Pole
Will tell you that the devil helpt them thro' it.

[*A murmur of the Crowd in the distance.*]

Hark, how those Roman wolf-dogs howl and bay him!

HOWARD. Might it not be the other side rejoicing
In his brave end?

PAGET. They are too crush'd, too broken,
They can but weep in silence.

HOWARD. Ay, ay, Paget,
They have brought it in large measure on themselves.

Queen Mary

Nor whither. I conclude the King a beast;
Verily a lion if you will—the world
A most obedient beast and fool—myself
Half beast and fool as appertaining to it;
Altho' your lordship hath as little of each
Cleaving to your original Adam-clay
As may be consonant with mortality.

HOWARD. We talk and Cranmer suffers.
The kindest man I ever knew; see, see,
I speak of him in the past. Unhappy land!
Hard-natured Queen, half-Spanish in herself,
And grafted on the hard-grain'd stock of Spain—
Her life, since Philip left her, and she lost
Her fierce desire of bearing him a child,
Hath, like a brief and bitter winter's day,
Gone narrowing down and darkening to a close.
There will be more conspiracies, I fear.

PAGET. Ay, ay, beware of France.

HOWARD.

O Paget, Paget!

I have seen heretics of the poorer sort,
Expectant of the rack from day to day,
To whom the fire were welcome, lying chain'd
In breathless dungeons over steaming sewers,
Fed with rank bread that crawl'd upon the tongue,
And putrid water, every drop a worm,
Until they died of rotted limbs; and then
Cast on the dunghill naked, and become
Hideously alive again from head to heel,

Queen Mary

Made even the carrion-nosing mongrel vomit
With hate and horror.

PAGET. Nay, you sicken *me*
To hear you.

HOWARD. Fancy-sick; these things are done,
Done right against the promise of this Queen
Twice given.

PAGET. No faith with heretics, my lord!
Hist! there be two old gossips—gospellers,
I take it; stand behind the pillar here;
I warrant you they talk about the burning.

Enter TWO OLD WOMEN. JOAN, and after her TIB.

JOAN. Why, it be Tib!

TIB. I cum behind tha, gall, and could n't make
tha hear. Eh, the wind and the wet! What a day,
what a day! nigh upo' judgment daay loike. Pwoaps
be pretty things, Joan, but they wunt set i' the Lord's
cheer o' that daay.

JOAN. I must set down myself, Tib; it be a var
waay vor my owld legs up vro' Islip. Eh, my rheu-
matizy be that bad, howiver be I to win to the burnin'?

TIB. I should saay 't wur ower by now. I 'd ha'
been here avore, but Dumble wur blow'd wi' the wind,
and Dumble's the best milcher in Islip.

JOAN. Our Daisy's as good 'z her.

TIB. Noa, Joan.

JOAN. Our Daisy's butter's as good 'z hern.

Queen Mary

TIB. Noa, Joan.

JOAN. Our Daisy's cheeses be better.

TIB. Noa, Joan.

JOAN. Eh, then ha' thy waay wi' me, Tib; ez thou hast wi' thy owld man.

TIB. Ay, Joan, and my owld man wur up and awaay betimes wi' dree hard eggs for a good pleace at the burnin'; and barrin' the wet, Hodge 'ud ha' been a-harrowin' o' white peasen i' the outfield—and barrin' the wind, Dumble wur blow'd wi' the wind, so 'z we was forced to stick her, but we fetched her round at last. Thank the Lord therevore. Dumble's the best milcher in Islip.

JOAN. Thou's thy way wi' man and beast, Tib. I wonder at tha', it beats me! Eh, but I do know ez Pwoaps and vires be bad things; tell 'ee now, I heerd summat as summun towld summun o' owld Bishop Gardiner's end; there wur an owld lord a-cum to dine wi' un, and a wur so owld a could n't bide vor his dinner, but a had to bide howsomiver, vor "I wunt dine," says my Lord Bishop, says he, "not till I hears ez Latimer and Ridley be a-vire;" and so they bided on and on till vour o' the clock, till his man cum in post vro' here, and tells un ez the vire has tuk holt. "Now," says the Bishop, says he, "we 'll gwo to dinner;" and the owld lord fell to 's meat wi' a will, God bless un! but Gardiner wur struck down like by the hand o' God avore a could

Queen Mary

taste a mossel, and a set un all a-vire, so 'z the tongue on un cum a-lolluping out o' 'is mouth as black as a rat. Thank the Lord therevore!

PAGET. The fools!

TIB. Ay, Joan; and Queen Mary gwoes on a-burnin' and a-burnin', to get her baaby born; but all her burnin's 'ill never burn out the hypocrisy that makes the water in her. There 's nought but the vire of God's hell ez can burn out that.

JOAN. Thank the Lord therevore!

PAGET. The fools!

TIB. A-burnin,' and a-burnin', and a-makin' o' volk madder and madder; but tek thou my word vor 't, Joan,—and I bean't wrong not twice i' ten year—the burnin' o' the owld archbishop 'll burn the Pwoap out o' this 'ere land vor iver and iver.

HOWARD. Out of the church, you brace of cursed crones,

Or I will have you duck'd! (*Women hurry out.*) Said I not right?

For how should reverend prelate or throned prince
Brook for an hour such brute malignity?
Ah, what an acrid wine has Luther brew'd!

PAGET. Pooh, pooh, my lord! poor garrulous country-wives.

Buy you their cheeses, and they 'll side with you;
You cannot judge the liquor from the lees.

Queen Mary

HOWARD. I think that in some sort we may.

But see,

Enter PETERS.

Peters, my gentleman, an honest Catholic,
Who follow'd with the crowd to Cranmer's fire.
One that would neither misreport nor lie,
Not to gain paradise; no, nor if the Pope
Charged him to do it—he is white as death.
Peters, how pale you look! you bring the smoke
Of Cranmer's burning with you.

PETERS. Twice or thrice
The smoke of Cranmer's burning wrapt me round.

HOWARD. Peters, you know me Catholic, but
English.

Did he die bravely? Tell me that, or leave
All else untold.

PETERS. My lord, he died most bravely.

HOWARD. Then tell me all.

PAGET. Ay, Master Peters, tell us.

PETERS. You saw him how he past among the
crowd;
And ever as he walk'd the Spanish friars
Still plied him with entreaty and reproach;
But Cranmer, as the helmsman at the helm
Steers, ever looking to the happy haven
Where he shall rest at night, moved to his death;
And I could see that many silent hands

Queen Mary

Came from the crowd and met his own; and thus,
When we had come where Ridley burnt with Latimer,
He, with a cheerful smile, as one whose mind
Is all made up, in haste put off the rags
They had mock'd his misery with, and all in white,
His long white beard, which he had never shaven
Since Henry's death, down-sweeping to the chain
Wherewith they bound him to the stake, he stood
More like an ancient father of the Church
Than heretic of these times; and still the friars
Plied him, but Cranmer only shook his head,
Or answer'd them in smiling negatives;
Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden cry:—
“Make short! make short!” and so they lit the
wood.

Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven,
And thrust his right into the bitter flame;
And crying, in his deep voice, more than once,
“This hath offended—this unworthy hand!”
So held it till it all was burn'd, before
The flame had reach'd his body; I stood near—
Mark'd him—he never uttered moan of pain.
He never stirr'd or writhed, but, like a statue,
Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,
Gave up the ghost; and so past martyr-like—
Martyr I may not call him—past—but whither?

PAGET. To purgatory, man, to purgatory.

PETERS. Nay, but, my lord, he denied purgatory.

Queen Mary

PAGET. Why then to heaven, and God ha' mercy
on him!

HOWARD. Paget, despite his fearful heresies,
I loved the man, and needs must moan for him;
O Cranmer!

PAGET. But your moan is useless now.
Come out, my lord, it is a world of fools.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT V

SCENE I.—LONDON. HALL IN THE PALACE

QUEEN, SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.

HEATH. Madam,

I do assure you that it must be look'd to.
Calais is but ill-garrison'd, in Guisnes
Are scarce two hundred men, and the French fleet
Rule in the narrow seas. It must be look'd to,
If war should fall between yourself and France;
Or you will lose your Calais.

MARY. It shall be look'd to;
I wish you a good morning, good Sir Nicholas.
Here is the King. [Exit HEATH.

Enter PHILIP.

PHILIP. Sir Nicholas tells you true.
And you must look to Calais when I go.

MARY. Go? must you go, indeed—again—so soon?
Why, nature's licensed vagabond, the swallow,

Queen Mary

That might live always in the sun's warm heart,
Stays longer here in our poor North than you—
Knows where he nested—ever comes again.

PHILIP. And, Madam, so shall I.

MARY. O, will you? will you?
I am faint with fear that you will come no more.

PHILIP. Ay, ay; but many voices call me hence.

MARY. Voices—I hear unhappy rumours—nay,
I say not, I believe. What voices call you
Dearer than mine that should be dearest to you?
Alas, my lord! what voices and how many?

PHILIP. The voices of Castile and Aragon,
Granada, Naples, Sicily, and Milan,—
The voices of Franche-Comté, and the Netherlands,
The voices of Peru and Mexico,
Tunis, and Oran, and the Philipines,
And all the fair spice-islands of the East.

MARY (*admiringly*). You are the mightiest monarch
upon earth,
I but a little Queen; and so, indeed,
Need you the more.

PHILIP. A little Queen! but when
I came to wed your majesty, Lord Howard,
Sending an insolent shot that dash'd the seas
Upon us, made us lower our kingly flag
To yours of England.

MARY. Howard is all English!
There is no king, not were he ten times king,

Queen Mary

Ten times our husband, but must lower his flag
To that of England in the seas of England.

PHILIP. Is that your answer?

MARY. Being Queen of England,
I have none other.

PHILIP. So.

MARY. But wherefore not
Helm the huge vessel of your State, my liege,
Here by the side of her who loves you most?

PHILIP. No, Madam, no! a candle in the sun
Is all but smoke—a star beside the moon
Is all but lost; your people will not crown me—
Your people are as cheerless as your clime.
Hate me and mine; witness the brawls, the gib-
bets.

Here swings a Spaniard—there an Englishman;
The peoples are unlike as their complexion;
Yet will I be your swallow and return—
But now I cannot bide.

MARY. Not to help *me*?
They hate *me* also for my love to you,
My Philip; and these judgments on the land—
Harvestless autumns, horrible agues, plague—

PHILIP. The blood and sweat of heretics at the
stake
Is God's best dew upon the barren field.
Burn more!

MARY. I will, I will; and you will stay?

Queen Mary

PHILIP. Have I not said? Madam, I came to
sue

Your Council and yourself to declare war.

MARY. Sir, there are many English in your ranks
To help your battle.

PHILIP. So far, good. I say
I came to sue your Council and yourself
To declare war against the King of France.

MARY. Not to see me?

PHILIP. Ay, Madam, to see you.
Unalterably and pesteringly fond! [Aside.
But soon or late you must have war with France;
King Henry warms your traitors at his hearth.
Carew is there, and Thomas Stafford there.
Courtenay, belike—

MARY. A fool and featherhead!

PHILIP. Ay, but they use his name. In brief, this
Henry

Stirs up your land against you to the intent
That you may lose your English heritage.
And then, your Scottish namesake marrying
The Dauphin, he would weld France, England, Scot-
land,

Into one sword to hack at Spain and me.

MARY. And yet the Pope is now colleagued with
France;

You make your wars upon him down in Italy—
Philip, can that be well?

Queen Mary

You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.
She stands between you and the Queen of Scots.

MARY. The Queen of Scots at least is Catholic.

PHILIP. Ay, Madam, Catholic; but I will not have
The King of France the King of England too.

MARY. But she 's a heretic, and, when I am gone,
Brings the new learning back.

PHILIP. It must be done.

You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.

MARY. Then it is done; but you will stay your going
Somewhat beyond your settled purpose?

PHILIP. No!

MARY. What, not one day?

PHILIP. You beat upon the rock.

MARY. And I am broken there.

PHILIP. Is this a place
To wail in, Madam? what! a public hall?

Go in, I pray you.

MARY. Do not seem so changed.

Say go; but only say it lovingly.

PHILIP. You do mistake. I am not one to change.
I never loved you more.

MARY. Sire, I obey you.

Come quickly.

PHILIP. Ay. [Exit MARY.]

Enter COUNT DE FERIA.

FERIA (*aside*). The Queen in tears!

Queen Mary

PHILIP. Feria!

Hast thou not mark'd—come closer to mine ear—
How doubly aged this Queen of ours hath grown
Since she lost hope of bearing us a child?

FERIA. Sire, if your Grace hath mark'd it, so
have I.

PHILIP. Hast thou not likewise mark'd Elizabeth,
How fair and royal—like a queen, indeed?

FERIA. Allow me the same answer as before—
That if your Grace hath mark'd her, so have I.

PHILIP. Good, now; methinks my Queen is like
enough
To leave me by and by.

FERIA. To leave you, sire?

PHILIP. I mean not like to live. Elizabeth—
To Philibert of Savoy, as you know,
We meant to wed her; but I am not sure
She will not serve me better—so my Queen
Would leave me—as—my wife.

FERIA. Sire, even so.

PHILIP. She will not have Prince Philibert of
Savoy.

FERIA. No, sire.

PHILIP. I have to pray you, some odd time,
To sound the Princess carelessly on this;
Not as from me, but as your phantasy;
And tell me how she takes it.

FERIA. Sire, I will.

Queen Mary

PHILIP. I am not certain but that Philibert
Shall be the man; and I shall urge his suit
Upon the Queen, because I am not certain.
You understand, FERIA.

FERIA. Sire, I do.

PHILIP. And if you be not secret in this matter,
You understand me there, too?

FERIA. Sire, I do.

PHILIP. You must be sweet and supple, like a
Frenchman.
She is none of those who loathe the honeycomb.

[Exit FERIA.]

Enter RENARD.

RENARD. My liege, I bring you goodly tidings.

PHILIP. Well?

RENARD. There *will* be war with France, at last,
my liege;

Sir Thomas Stafford, a bull-headed ass,
Sailing from France, with thirty Englishmen,
Hath taken Scarboro' Castle, north of York;
Proclaims himself protector, and affirms
The Queen has forfeited her right to reign
By marriage with an alien—other things
As idle; a weak Wyatt! Little doubt
This buzz will soon be silenced; but the Council—
I have talk'd with some already—are for war.
This is the fifth conspiracy hatch'd in France;

Queen Mary

They show their teeth upon it; and your Grace,
So you will take advice of mine, should stay
Yet for a while, to shape and guide the event.

PHILIP. Good! Renard, I will stay then.

RENARD. Also, sire,
Might I not say—to please your wife, the Queen?

PHILIP. Ay, Renard, if you care to put it so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE

MARY, *sitting: a rose in her hand.* LADY CLARENCE.
ALICE *in the background.*

MARY. Look! I have play'd with this poor rose
so long
I have broken off the head.

LADY CLARENCE. Your Grace hath been
More merciful to many a rebel head
That should have fallen, and may rise again.

MARY. There were not many hang'd for Wyatt's
rising.

LADY CLARENCE. Nay, not two hundred.

MARY. I could weep for them
And her, and mine own self and all the world.

LADY CLARENCE. For her? for whom, your Grace?

Enter USHER.

USHER.

The Cardinal.

Queen Mary

Enter CARDINAL POLE (*MARY rises*).

MARY. Reginald Pole, what news hath plagued
thy heart?

What makes thy favour like the bloodless head
Fallen on the block, and held up by the hair?
Philip?—

POLE. No, Philip is as warm in life
As ever.

MARY. Ay, and then as cold as ever.
Is Calais taken?

POLE. Cousin, there hath chanced
A sharper harm to England and to Rome
Than Calais taken. Julius the Third
Was ever just, and mild, and father-like;
But this new Pope Caraffa, Paul the Fourth,
Not only reft me of that legateship
Which Julius gave me, and the legateship
Annex'd to Canterbury—nay, but worse—
And yet I must obey the Holy Father,
And so must you, good cousin;—worse than all,
A passing bell toll'd in a dying ear—
He hath cited me to Rome, for heresy,
Before his Inquisition.

MARY. I knew it, cousin,
But held from you all papers sent by Rome,
That you might rest among us, till the Pope,
To compass which I wrote myself to Rome,

Queen Mary

Reversed his doom, and that you might not seem
To disobey his Holiness.

POLE. He hates Philip;
He is all Italian, and he hates the Spaniard;
He cannot dream that *I* advised the war;
He strikes thro' me at Philip and yourself.
Nay, but I know it of old, he hates me too;
So brands me in the stare of Christendom
A heretic!

Now, even now, when bow'd before my time,
The house half-ruin'd ere the lease be out;
When I should guide the Church in peace at home,
After my twenty years of banishment,
And all my lifelong labour to uphold
The primacy—a heretic! Long ago,
When I was ruler in the patrimony,
I was too lenient to the Lutheran,
And I and learned friends among ourselves
Would freely canvass certain Lutheranisms.
What then, he knew I was no Lutheran.
A heretic!

He drew this shaft against me to the head,
When it was thought I might be chosen Pope,
But then withdrew it. In full consistory,
When I was made archbishop, he approved me.
And how should he have sent me legate hither,
Deeming me heretic? and what heresy since?
But he was evermore mine enemy,

Queen Mary

And hates the Spaniard—fiery-choleric,
A drinker of black, strong, volcanic wines,
That ever make him fierier. I, a heretic?
Your Highness knows that in pursuing heresy
I have gone beyond your late Lord Chancellor,—
He cried “Enough! enough!” before his death,—
Gone beyond him and mine own natural man—
It was God’s cause—so far they call me now
The scourge and butcher of their English church.

MARY. Have courage, your reward is heaven
itself.

POLE. They groan amen; they swarm into the
fire

Like flies—for what? no dogma. They know nothing;
They burn for nothing.

MARY. You have done your best.

POLE. Have done my best, and as a faithful son,
That all day long hath wrought his father’s work,
When back he comes at evening hath the door
Shut on him by the father whom he loved,
His early follies cast into his teeth,
And the poor son turn’d out into the street
To sleep, to die—I shall die of it, cousin.

MARY. I pray you be not so disconsolate;
I still will do mine utmost with the Pope.
Poor cousin!
Have not I been the fast friend of your life
Since mine began, and it was thought we two

Queen Mary

Might make one flesh, and cleave unto each other
As man and wife?

POLE. Ah, cousin, I remember
How I would dandle you upon my knee
At lisping-age. I watch'd you dancing once
With your huge father; he look'd the Great Harry,
You but his cockboat; prettily you did it,
And innocently. No—we were not made
One flesh in happiness, no happiness here;
But now we are made one flesh in misery;
Our bridesmaids are not lovely—Disappointment,
Ingratitude, Injustice, Evil-tongue,
Labour-in-vain.

MARY. Surely, not all in vain.
Peace, cousin, peace! I am sad at heart myself.

POLE. Our altar is a mound of dead men's clay,
Dug from the grave that yawns for us beyond;
And there is one Death stands behind the groom,
And there is one Death stands behind the bride—

MARY. Have you been looking at the "Dance of
Death"?

POLE. No; but these libellous papers which I
found

Strewn in your palace. Look you here—the Pope
Pointing at me with "Pole, the heretic,
Thou hast burnt others, do thou burn thyself,
Or I will burn thee;" and this other; see!—
"We pray continually for the death

Queen Mary

Of our accursed Queen and Cardinal Pole.”
This last—I dare not read it her. [Aside.

MARY. Away!

Why do you bring me these?
I thought you knew me better. I never read,
I tear them; they come back upon my dreams.
The hands that write them should be burnt clean
off

As Cranmer's, and the fiends that utter them
Tongue-torn with pincers, lash'd to death, or lie
Famishing in black cells, while famish'd rats
Eat them alive. Why do they bring me these?
Do you mean to drive me mad?

POLE. I had forgotten
How these poor libels trouble you. Your pardon,
Sweet cousin, and farewell! “O bubble world,
Whose colours in a moment break and fly!”
Why, who said that? I know not—true enough!

[Puts up the papers, all but the last, which falls.

Exit POLE.

ALICE. If Cranmer's spirit were a mocking one,
And heard these two, there might be sport for
him. [Aside.

MARY. Clarence, they hate me; even while I
speak
There lurks a silent dagger, listening
In some dark closet, some long gallery, drawn,
And panting for my blood as I go by.

Queen Mary

LADY CLARENCE. Nay, Madam, there be loyal papers too,
And I have often found them.

MARY. Find me one!

LADY CLARENCE. Ay, Madam; but Sir Nicholas Heath, the Chancellor,
Would see your Highness.

MARY. Wherefore should I see him?

LADY CLARENCE. Well, Madam, he may bring you news from Philip.

MARY. So, Clarence.

LADY CLARENCE. Let me first put up your hair; It tumbles all abroad.

MARY. And the grey dawn
Of an old age that never will be mine
Is all the clearer seen. No, no; what matters?
Forlorn I am, and let me look forlorn.

Enter SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.

HEATH. I bring your Majesty such grievous news I grieve to bring it. Madam, Calais is taken.

MARY. What traitor spoke? Here, let my cousin Pole
Seize him and burn him for a Lutheran.

HEATH. Her Highness is unwell. I will retire.

LADY CLARENCE. Madam, your Chancellor, Sir Nicholas Heath.

Queen Mary

MARY. Sir Nicholas! I am stunn'd—Nicholas
Heath?

Methought some traitor smote me on the head.
What said you, my good lord, that our brave
English

Had sallied out from Calais and driven back
The Frenchmen from their trenches?

HEATH. Alas! no.

That gateway to the mainland over which
Our flag hath floated for two hundred years
Is France again.

MARY. So: but it is not lost—
Not yet. Send out; let England as of old
Rise lionlike, strike hard and deep into
The prey they are rending from her—ay, and rend
The renders too. Send out, send out, and make
Musters in all the counties; gather all
From sixteen years to sixty; collect the fleet;
Let every craft that carries sail and gun
Steer toward Calais. Guisnes is not taken yet?

HEATH. Guisnes is not taken yet.

MARY. There yet is hope.

HEATH. Ah, Madam, but your people are so cold;
I do much fear that England will not care.
Methinks there is no manhood left among us.

MARY. Send out; I am too weak to stir abroad.
Tell my mind to the Council—to the Parliament;
Proclaim it to the winds. Thou art cold thyself

Queen Mary

To babble of their coldness. O, would I were
My father for an hour! Away now—quick!

[Exit HEATH.]

I hoped I had served God with all my might!
It seems I have not. Ah! much heresy
Shelter'd in Calais. Saints, I have rebuilt
Your shrines, set up your broken images;
Be comfortable to me. Suffer not
That my brief reign in England be defamed
Thro' all her angry chronicles hereafter
By loss of Calais. Grant me Calais. Philip,
We have made war upon the Holy Father
All for your sake. What good could come of that?

LADY CLARENCE. No, Madam, not against the
Holy Father;

You did but help King Philip's war with France,
Your troops were never down in Italy.

MARY. I am a byword. Heretic and rebel
Point at me and make merry. Philip gone!
And Calais gone! Time that I were gone too!

LADY CLARENCE. Nay, if the fetid gutter had a
voice

And cried I was not clean, what should I care?
Or you, for heretic cries? And I believe,
Spite of your melancholy Sir Nicholas,
Your England is as loyal as myself.

MARY (*seeing the paper dropt by POLE*). There!
there! another paper! Said you not

Queen Mary

(She sings.)

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing!
Beauty passes like a breath, and love is lost in loathing.
Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but say the world is
nothing—

Low, lute, low!

Love will hover round the flowers when they first awaken;
Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be overtaken.
Low, my lute! O, low, my lute! we fade and are forsaken—
Low, dear lute, low!

Take it away! not low enough for me!

ALICE. Your Grace hath a low voice.

MARY. How dare you say it?

Even for that he hates me. A low voice
Lost in a wilderness where none can hear!
A voice of shipwreck on a shoreless sea!
A low voice from the dust and from the grave!
(Sitting on the ground). There, am I low enough now?

ALICE. Good Lord! how grim and ghastly looks
her Grace,

With both her knees drawn upward to her chin.
There was an old-world tomb beside my father's,
And this was open'd, and the dead were found
Sitting, and in this fashion; she looks a corpse.

Enter LADY MAGDALEN DACRES.

LADY MAGDALEN. Madam, the Count de Feria
waits without,

In hopes to see your Highness.

Queen Mary

LADY CLARENCE (*pointing to MARY*). Wait he
must—

Her trance again. She neither sees nor hears,
And may not speak for hours.

LADY MAGDALEN. Unhappiest
Of queens and wives and women!

ALICE (*in the foreground with LADY MAGDALEN*).
And all along
Of Philip.

LADY MAGDALEN. Not so loud! Our Clarence
there
Sees ever such an aureole round the Queen,
It gilds the greatest wronger of her peace,
Who stands the nearest to her.

ALICE. Ay, this Philip;
I used to love the Queen with all my heart—
God help me, but methinks I love her less
For such a dotage upon such a man.
I would I were as tall and strong as you.

LADY MAGDALEN. I seem half-shamed at times to
be so tall.

ALICE. You are the stateliest deer in all the
herd—
Beyond his aim—but I am small and scandalous,
And love to hear bad tales of Philip.

LADY MAGDALEN. Why?
I never heard him utter worse of you
Than that you were low-statured.

Queen Mary

ALICE. Does he think
Low stature is low nature, or all women's
Low as his own?

LADY MAGDALEN. There you strike in the nail.
This coarseness is a want of phantasy.
It is the low man thinks the woman low;
Sin is too dull to see beyond himself.

ALICE. Ah, Magdalen, sin is bold as well as dull.
How dared he?

LADY MAGDALEN. Stupid soldiers oft are bold.
Poor lads, they see not what the general sees,
A risk of utter ruin. I am *not*
Beyond his aim, or was not.

ALICE. Who? Not you?
Tell, tell me; save my credit with myself.

LADY MAGDALEN. I never breathed it to a bird
in the eaves,
Would not for all the stars and maiden moon
Our drooping Queen should know! In Hampton
Court

My window look'd upon the corridor;
And I was robing;—this poor throat of mine
Barer than I should wish a man to see it,—
When he we speak of drove the window back,
And, like a thief, push'd in his royal hand;
But by God's providence a good stout staff
Lay near me, and you know me strong of arm.
I do believe I lamed his Majesty's

Queen Mary

For a day or two, tho', give the devil his due,
I never found he bore me any spite.

ALICE. I would she could have wedded that poor
youth,

My Lord of Devon,—light enough, God knows,
And mixt with Wyatt's rising,—and the boy
Not out of him—but neither cold, coarse, cruel,
And more than all—no Spaniard.

LADY CLARENCE. Not so loud.

Lord Devon, girls! what are you whispering here?

ALICE. Probing an old state-secret—how it
chanced

That this young earl was sent on foreign travel,
Not lost his head.

LADY CLARENCE. There was no proof against him.

ALICE. Nay, madam; did not Gardiner intercept
A letter which the Count de Noailles wrote
To that dead traitor Wyatt, with full proof
Of Courtenay's treason? What became of that?

LADY CLARENCE. Some say that Gardiner, out of
love for him,

Burnt it, and some relate that it was lost
When Wyatt sack'd the Chancellor's house in South-
wark.

Let dead things rest.

ALICE. Ay, and with him who died
Alone in Italy.

LADY CLARENCE. Much changed, I hear,

Queen Mary

Had put off levity and put graveness on.
The foreign courts report him in his manner
Noble as his young person and old shield.
It might be so—but all is over now;
He caught a chill in the lagoons of Venice,
And died in Padua.

MARY (*looking up suddenly*). Died in the true
faith?

LADY CLARENCE. Ay, Madam, happily.

MARY. Happier he than I.

LADY MAGDALEN. It seems her Highness hath
awaken'd. Think you

That I might dare to tell her that the Count—

MARY. I will see no man hence for evermore,
Saving my confessor and my cousin Pole.

LADY MAGDALEN. It is the Count de Feria, my
dear lady.

MARY. What count?

LADY MAGDALEN. The Count de Feria, from his
Majesty

King Philip.

MARY. Philip! quick! loop up my hair!
Throw cushions on that seat, and make it throne-
like.

Arrange my dress—the gorgeous Indian shawl
That Philip brought me in our happy days!—
That covers all. So—am I somewhat queenlike,
Bride of the mightiest sovereign upon earth?

Queen Mary

LADY CLARENCE. Ay, so your Grace would bide
a moment yet.

MARY. No, no, he brings a letter. I may die
Before I read it. Let me see him at once.

Enter COUNT DE FERIA (*kneels*).

FERIA. I trust your Grace is well. (*Aside.*) How
her hand burns!

MARY. I am not well, but it will better me,
Sir Count, to read the letter which you bring.

FERIA. Madam, I bring no letter.

MARY. How! no letter?

FERIA. His Highness is so vex'd with strange
affairs—

MARY. That his own wife is no affair of his.

FERIA. Nay, Madam, nay! he sends his veriest
love,

And says he will come quickly.

MARY. Doth he, indeed?

You, sir, do *you* remember what *you* said
When last you came to England?

FERIA. Madam, I brought
My King's congratulations; it was hoped
Your Highness was once more in happy state
To give him an heir male.

MARY. Sir, you said more;
You said he would come quickly. I had horses
On all the road from Dover, day and night;

Queen Mary

SCENE III.—A HOUSE NEAR LONDON.

ELIZABETH, STEWARD OF THE HOUSEHOLD,
ATTENDANTS.

ELIZABETH. There's half an angel wrong'd in
your account;

Methinks I am all angel, that I bear it
Without more ruffling. Cast it o'er again.

STEWARD. I were whole devil if I wrong'd you,
madam. [Exit STEWARD.

ATTENDANT. The Count de Feria, from the King
of Spain.

ELIZABETH. Ah!—let him enter. Nay, you need
not go: [To her LADIES.

Remain within the chamber, but apart.

We'll have no private conference. Welcome to
England!

Enter FERIA.

FERIA. Fair island star!

ELIZABETH. I shine! What else, Sir Count?

FERIA. As far as France, and into Philip's heart.
My King would know if you be fairly served,
And lodged, and treated.

ELIZABETH. You see the lodging, sir.
I am well-served, and am in everything
Most loyal and most grateful to the Queen.

FERIA. You should be grateful to my master, too.

Queen Mary

He spoke of this; and unto him you owe
That Mary hath acknowledged you her heir.

ELIZABETH. No, not to her nor him; but to the
people,
Who know my right, and love me, as I love
The people! whom God aid!

FERIA. You will be Queen,
And, were I Philip—

ELIZABETH. Wherefore pause you—what?

FERIA. Nay, but I speak from mine own self,
not him.
Your royal sister cannot last; your hand
Will be much coveted! What a delicate one!
Our Spanish ladies have none such—and there,
Were you in Spain, this fine fair gossamer gold—
Like sun-gilt breathings on a frosty dawn—
That hovers round your shoulder—

ELIZABETH. Is it so fine?
Troth, some have said so.

FERIA. —would be deemed a miracle.

ELIZABETH. Your Philip hath gold hair and
golden beard;
There must be ladies many with hair like mine.

FERIA. Some few of Gothic blood have golden hair,
But none like yours.

ELIZABETH. I am happy you approve it.

FERIA. But as to Philip and your Grace,—con-
sider,—

Queen Mary

If such a one as you should match with Spain,
What hinders but that Spain and England join'd
Should make the mightiest empire earth has known.
Spain would be England on her seas, and England
Mistress of the Indies.

ELIZABETH. It may chance that England
Will be the Mistress of the Indies yet,
Without the help of Spain.

FERIA. Impossible;
Except you put Spain down.
Wide of the mark even for a madman's dream.

ELIZABETH. Perhaps; but we have seamen. Count
de Feria,

I take it that the King hath spoken to you;
But is Don Carlos such a goodly match?

FERIA. Don Carlos, madam, is but twelve years old.

ELIZABETH. Ay, tell the King that I will muse
upon it;

He is my good friend, and I would keep him so;
But—he would have me Catholic of Rome,
And that I scarce can be; and, sir, till now
My sister's marriage, and my father's marriages,
Make me full fain to live and die a maid.
But I am much beholden to your King.
Have you aught else to tell me?

FERIA. Nothing, madam,
Save that methought I gather'd from the Queen
That she would see your Grace before she—died.

Queen Mary

ELIZABETH. God's death! and wherefore spake
you not before?

We dally with our lazy moments here,
And hers are number'd. Horses there, without!
I am much beholden to the King, your master.
Why did you keep me prating? Horses, there!

[Exit ELIZABETH, etc.]

FERIA. So from a clear sky falls the thunderbolt!
Don Carlos? Madam, if you marry Philip,
Then I and he will snaffle your "God's death,"
And break your paces in, and make you tame.
God's death, forsooth—you do not know King Philip!

[Exit

SCENE IV.—LONDON. BEFORE THE PALACE

A light burning within. VOICES of the night passing.

FIRST. Is not yon light in the Queen's chamber?

SECOND. Ay,

They say she's dying.

FIRST. So is Cardinal Pole.

May the great angels join their wings, and make
Down for their heads to heaven!

SECOND. Amen. Come on.

[Exeunt.]

TWO OTHERS.

FIRST. There's the Queen's light. I hear she can-
not live.

Queen Mary

SECOND. God curse her and her legatè! Gardiner
burns

Already; but to pay them full in kind,
The hottest hold in all the devil's den
Were but a sort of winter. Sir, in Guernsey,
I watch'd a woman burn; and in her agony
The mother came upon her—a child was born—
And, sir, they hurl'd it back into the fire,
That, being but baptised in fire, the babe
Might be in fire for ever. Ah, good neighbour,
There should be something fierier than fire
To yield them their deserts.

FIRST.

Amen to all

Your wish, and further!

A THIRD VOICE. Deserts! Amen to what? Whose
deserts? Yours? You have a gold ring on your fin-
ger, and soft raiment about your body; and is not
the woman up yonder sleeping after all she has done,
in peace and quietness, on a soft bed, in a closed room,
with light, fire, physic, tendance; and I have seen the
true men of Christ lying famine-dead by scores, and
under no ceiling but the cloud that wept on them,
not for them.

FIRST. Friend, tho' so late, it is not safe to preach.
You had best go home. What are you?

THIRD. What am I? One who cries continually
with sweat and tears to the Lord God that it would
please Him out of His infinite love to break down all

Queen Mary

kingship and queenship, all priesthood and prelacy; to cancel and abolish all bonds of human allegiance, all the magistracy, all the nobles, and all the wealthy; and to send us again, according to His promise, the one King, the Christ, and all things in common, as in the day of the first church, when Christ Jesus was King.

FIRST. If ever I heard a madman,—let 's away!
Why, you long-winded—Sir, you go beyond me.
I pride myself on being moderate.
Good night! Go home! Besides, you curse so loud,
The watch will hear you. Get you home at once.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—LONDON. A ROOM IN THE PALACE

A Gallery on one side. The moonlight streaming through a range of windows on the wall opposite. MARY, LADY CLARENCE, LADY MAGDALEN DACRES, ALICE. QUEEN pacing the Gallery. A writing table in front. QUEEN comes to the table and writes and goes again, pacing the Gallery.

LADY CLARENCE. Mine eyes are dim: what hath she written? read.

ALICE. "I am dying, Philip; come to me."

LADY MAGDALEN. There—up and down, poor lady, up and down.

ALICE. And how her shadow crosses one by one

Queen Mary

The moonlight casements pattern'd on the wall,
Following her like her sorrow! She turns again.

[QUEEN *sits and writes and goes again.*

LADY CLARENCE. What hath she written now?

ALICE. Nothing; but "come, come, come," and
all awry,

And blotted by her tears. This cannot last.

[QUEEN *returns.*

MARY. I whistle to the bird has broken cage,
And all in vain. [Sitting down.

Calais gone—Guisnes gone, too—and Philip gone!

LADY CLARENCE. Dear Madam, Philip is but at
the wars;

I cannot doubt but that he comes again;
And he is with you in a measure still.
I never look'd upon so fair a likeness
As your great King in armour there, his hand
Upon his helmet.

[*Pointing to the portrait of PHILIP on the wall.*

MARY. Doth he not look noble?

I had heard of him in battle over seas,
And I would have my warrior all in arms.
He said it was not courtly to stand helmeted
Before the Queen. He had his gracious mo-
ment,

Altho' you 'll not believe me. How he smiles
As if he loved me yet!

LADY CLARENCE. And so he does.

Queen Mary

MARY. He never loved me—nay, he could not
love me.

It was his father's policy against France.

I am eleven years older than he,

Poor boy!

[Weeps.]

ALICE. That was a lusty boy of twenty-seven;

[Aside.]

Poor enough in God's grace!

MARY.

And all in vain!

The Queen of Scots is married to the Dauphin,

And Charles, the lord of this low world, is gone;

And all his wars and wisdoms past away;

And in a moment I shall follow him.

LADY CLARENCE. Nay, dearest lady, see your good
physician.

MARY. Drugs—but he knows they cannot help me
—says

That rest is all—tells me I must not think—

That I must rest—I shall rest by and by.

Catch the wild cat, cage him, and when he springs

And maims himself against the bars, say "rest."

Why, you must kill him if you would have him
rest—

Dead or alive, you cannot make him happy.

LADY CLARENCE. Your Majesty has lived so pure
a life,

And done such mighty things by Holy Church,

I trust that God will make you happy yet.

Queen Mary

MARY. What is the strange thing happiness? Sit
down here.

Tell me thine happiest hour.

LADY CLARENCE. I will, if that
May make your Grace forget yourself a little.
There runs a shallow brook across our field
For twenty miles, where the black crow flies five,
And so doth bound and babble all the way
As if itself were happy. It was May-time,
And I was walking with the man I loved.
I loved him, but I thought I was not loved.
And both were silent, letting the wild brook
Speak for us—till he stoop'd and gather'd one
From out a bed of thick forget-me-nots,
Look'd hard and sweet at me, and gave it me.
I took it, tho' I did not know I took it,
And put it in my bosom, and all at once
I felt his arms about me, and his lips—

MARY. O God! I have been too slack, too slack;
There are Hot Gospellers even among our guards—
Nobles we dared not touch. We have but burnt
The heretic priest, workmen, and women and children.
Wet, famine, ague, fever, storm, wreck, wrath,—
We have so play'd the coward; but by God's grace,
We 'll follow Philip's leading, and set up
The Holy Office here—garner the wheat,
And burn the tares with unquenchable fire!
Burn!—

Queen Mary

Fie, what a savour! tell the cooks to close
The doors of all the offices below.

Latimer!

Sir, we are private with our women here—
Ever a tough, blunt, and uncourtly fellow—
Thou light a torch that never will go out!
'T is out—mine flames. Women, the Holy Father
Has ta'en the legateship from our cousin Pole—
Was that well done? and poor Pole pines of it,
As I do, to the death. I am but a woman,
I have no power.—Ah, weak and meek old man,
Sevenfold dishonour'd even in the sight
Of thine own sectaries—No, no. No pardon!—
Why, that was false; there is the right hand still
Beckons me hence.

Sir, you were burnt for heresy, not for treason,
Remember that! 't was I and Bonner did it,
And Pole; we are three to one—Have you found mercy
there,

Grant it me here—and see, he smiles and goes,
Gentle as in life.

ALICE. Madam, who goes? King Philip?

MARY. No, Philip comes and goes, but never goes.
Women, when I am dead,
Open my heart, and there you will find written
Two names, Philip and Calais; open his,—
So that he have one,—
You will find Philip only, policy, policy,—

Queen Mary

Ay, worse than that—not one hour true to me!
Foul maggots crawling in a fester'd vice!
Adulterous to the very heart of hell!
Hast thou a knife?

ALICE. Ay, Madam, but o' God's mercy—

MARY. Fool, think'st thou I would peril mine own
soul

By slaughter of the body? I could not, girl,
Not this way—callous with a constant stripe,
Unwoundable. The knife!

ALICE. Take heed, take heed!
The blade is keen as death.

MARY. This Philip shall not
Stare in upon me in my haggardness;
Old, miserable, diseased,
Incapable of children. Come thou down.

[Cuts out the picture and throws it down.]

Lie there. (*Wails.*) O God, I have kill'd my
Philip!

ALICE. No,
Madam, you have but cut the canvas out;
We can replace it.

MARY. All is well then; rest—
I will to rest; he said I must have rest.

[Cries of "ELIZABETH" in the street.]

A cry! What 's that? Elizabeth? revolt?
A new Northumberland, another Wyatt?
I 'll fight it on the threshold of the grave.

Queen Mary

LADY CLARENCE. Madam, your royal sister comes
to see you.

MARY. I will not see her.

Who knows if Boleyn's daughter be my sister?
I will see none except the priest. Your arm.

[To LADY CLARENCE.

O Saint of Aragon, with that sweet worn smile
Among thy patient wrinkles—help me hence.

[*Exeunt.*

*The PRIEST passes. Enter ELIZABETH and SIR WIL-
LIAM CECIL.*

ELIZABETH. Good counsel yours.—No one in wait-
ing? still,

As if the chamberlain were Death himself!
The room she sleeps in—is not this the way?
No, that way there are voices. Am I too late?
Cecil . . . God guide me lest I lose the way!

[*Exit ELIZABETH.*

CECIL. Many points weather'd, many perilous
ones,

At last a harbour opens; but therein
Sunk rocks—they need fine steering—much it is
To be nor mad nor bigot—have a mind—
Nor let priests' talk, or dream of worlds to be,
Miscolour things about her—sudden touches
For him, or him—sunk rocks; no passionate faith—
But—if let be—balance and compromise;

Queen Mary

More beautiful than in life. Why would you vex
yourself,

Poor sister? Sir, I swear I have no heart
To be your Queen. To reign is restless fence,
Tierce, quart, and trickery. Peace is with the dead.
Her life was winter, for her spring was nipt;
And she loved much: pray God she be forgiven!

CECIL. Peace with the dead, who never were at
peace!

Yet she loved one so much—I needs must say—
That never English monarch dying left
England so little.

ELIZABETH. But with Cecil's aid
And others, if our person be secured
From traitor stabs—we will make England great.

*Enter PAGET, and other LORDS OF THE COUNCIL,
SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, etc.*

LORDS. God save Elizabeth, the Queen of England!
BAGENHALL. God save the Crown! the Papacy is
no more.

PAGET (*aside*). Are we so sure of that?

ACCLAMATION. God save the Queen!

Harold

A Drama

TO HIS EXCELLENCY
THE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTON

Viceroy and Governor-General of India

MY DEAR LORD LYTTON,—After old-world records—such as the Bayeux tapestry and the Roman de Rou,—Edward Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest, and your father's Historical Romance treating of the same times, have been mainly helpful to me in writing this Drama. Your father dedicated his "Harold" to my father's brother; allow me to dedicate my "Harold" to yourself.

A. TENNYSON.



Show-Day at Battle Abbey 1876

A GARDEN here—May breath and bloom of
spring—

The cuckoo yonder from an English elm
Crying, "With my false egg I overwhelm
The native nest"; and fancy hears the ring
Of harness, and that deathful arrow sing,
And Saxon battle-axe clang on Norman helm.
Here rose the dragon-banner of our realm;
Here fought, here fell, our Norman-slander'd king.
O Garden blossoming out of English blood!
O strange hate-healer Time! We stroll and stare
Where might made right eight hundred years ago;
Might, right? ay, good, so all things make for good—
But he and he, if soul be soul, are where
Each stands full face with all he did below.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

STIGAND, *created Archbishop of Canterbury by the Anti-pope Benedict.*

ALDRED, *Archbishop of York.*

THE NORMAN BISHOP OF LONDON.

HAROLD, *Earl of Wessex, afterwards
King of England*

TOSTIG, *Earl of Northumbria*

GURTH, *Earl of East Anglia*

LEOFWIN, *Earl of Kent and Essex*

WULFNOTH

COUNT WILLIAM OF NORMANDY.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

WILLIAM MALET, *a Norman Noble.*¹

EDWIN, *Earl of Mercia*

MORCAR, *Earl of Northumbria
after Tostig*

} Sons of
Godwin.

} Sons of Alfgar
of Mercia.

¹ . . . quidam partim Normannus et Anglus
Comptater Herald. (*Guy of Amiens*, 587.)

Barold

GAMEL, *a Northumbrian Thane.*

GUY, *Count of Ponthieu.*

ROLF, *a Ponthieu Fisherman.*

HUGH MARGOT, *a Norman Monk.*

OSGOD and ATHELRIC, *Canons from Waltham.*

THE QUEEN, *Edward the Confessor's wife, Daughter of Godwin.*

ALDWYTH, *Daughter of Alfgar and widow of Griffyth King of Wales.*

EDITH, *Ward of King Edward.*

Courtiers, Earls, and Thanes, Men-At-Arms, Canons of Waltham, Fishermen, etc.





Harold

ACT I

SCENE I.—LONDON. THE KING'S PALACE

(*A comet seen through the open window.*)

ALDWYTH, GAMEL, COURTIER *talking together.*

FIRST COURTIER. Lo! there once more—this is
the seventh night!

Yon grimly-glaring, treble-brandish'd scourge
Of England!

SECOND COURTIER. Horrible!

FIRST COURTIER. Look you, there 's a star
That dances in it as mad with agony!

THIRD COURTIER. Ay, like a spirit in hell who
skips and flies
To right and left, and cannot scape the flame.

SECOND COURTIER. Steam'd upward from the
undescendible
Abysm.

Harold

FIRST COURTIER. Or floated downward from the throne
Of God Almighty.

ALDWYTH. Gamel, son of Orm,
What thinkest thou this means?

GAMEL. War, my dear lady!

ALDWYTH. Doth this affright thee?

GAMEL. Mightily, my dear lady!

ALDWYTH. Stand by me then, and look upon my face,
Not on the comet.

Enter MORCAR.

Brother! why so pale?

MORCAR. It glares in heaven, it flares upon the Thames,
The people are as thick as bees below,
They hum like bees,—they cannot speak—for awe;
Look to the skies, then to the river, strike
Their hearts, and hold their babies up to it.
I think that they would Molochise them too,
To have the heavens clear.

ALDWYTH. They fright not me.

Enter LEOFWIN, after him GURTH.

Ask thou Lord Leofwin what he thinks of this!

MORCAR. Lord Leofwin, dost thou believe that these

Harold

Three rods of blood-red fire up yonder mean
The doom of England and the wrath of Heaven?

BISHOP OF LONDON (*passing*). Did ye not cast
with bestial violence

Our holy Norman bishops down from all
Their thrones in England? I alone remain.
Why should not Heaven be wroth?

LEOFWIN. With us, or thee?

BISHOP OF LONDON. Did ye not outlaw your
archbishop Robert,
Robert of Jumièges—well-nigh murder him too?

Is there no reason for the wrath of Heaven?

LEOFWIN. Why, then the wrath of Heaven hath
three tails,

The devil only one. [*Exit* BISHOP OF LONDON.]

Enter ARCHBISHOP STIGAND

Ask *our* archbishop.

Stigand should know the purposes of Heaven.

STIGAND. Not I. I cannot read the face of heaven;
Perhaps our vines will grow the better for it.

LEOFWIN (*laughing*). He can but read the King's
face on his coins.

STIGAND. Ay, ay, young lord, *there* the King's
face is power.

GURTH. O father, mock not at a public fear,
But tell us, is this pendent hell in heaven
A harm to England?

Harold

STIGAND. Ask it of King Edward!
And he may tell thee *I* am harm to England.
Old uncanonical Stigand—ask of *me*
Who had my pallium from an Antipope!
Not he the man—for in our windy world
What 's up is faith, what 's down is heresy.
Our friends, the Normans, help to shake his chair.
I have a Norman fever on me, son,
And cannot answer sanely.—What it means?
Ask our broad earl.

[*Pointing to HAROLD, who enters.*]

HAROLD (*seeing* GAMEL). Hail, Gamel, son of Orm!
Albeit no rolling stone, my good friend Gamel,
Thou hast rounded since we met. Thy life at home
Is easier than mine here. Look! am I not
Work-wan, flesh-fallen?

GAMEL. Art thou sick, good earl?

HAROLD. Sick as an autumn swallow for a voyage,
Sick for an idle week of hawk and hound
Beyond the seas—a change! When camest thou
hither?

GAMEL. To-day, good earl.

HAROLD. Is the North quiet, Gamel?

GAMEL. Nay, there be murmurs, for thy brother
breaks us

With over-taxing—quiet, ay, as yet—
Nothing as yet.

HAROLD. Stand by him, mine old friend,

Harold

Thou art a great voice in Northumberland!
Advise him; speak him sweetly, he will hear thee.
He is passionate but honest. Stand thou by him!
More talk of this to-morrow, if yon weird sign
Not blast us in our dreams—Well, father Stigand—

[To STIGAND, *who advances to him.*

STIGAND (*Pointing to the comet*). War there, my
son? is that the doom of England?

HAROLD. Why not the doom of all the world as
well?

For all the world sees it as well as England.
These meteors came and went before our day,
Not harming any; it threatens us no more
Than French or Norman. War? the worst that follows
Things that seem' jerk'd out of the common rut
Of nature is the hot religious fool,
Who, seeing war in heaven, for heaven's credit
Makes it on earth—but look, where Edward draws
A faint foot hither, leaning upon Tostig.
He hath learnt to love our Tostig much of late.

LEOFWIN. And *he* hath learnt, despite the tiger in
him,

To sleek and supple himself to the King's hand.

GURTH. I trust the kingly touch that cures the evil
May serve to charm the tiger out of him.

LEOFWIN. He hath as much of cat as tiger in him.
Our Tostig loves the hand and not the man.

HAROLD. Nay! Better die than lie!

Harold

Enter KING, QUEEN, and TOSTIG.

EDWARD. In heaven signs!
Signs upon earth! signs everywhere! your priests
Gross, worldly, simoniacal, unlearn'd!
They scarce can read their Psalter; and your
churches
Uncouth, unhandsome, while in Normanland
God speaks thro' abler voices, as He dwells
In statelier shrines. I say not this, as being
Half Norman-blooded, nor, as some have held,
Because I love the Norman better—no,
But dreading God's revenge upon this realm
For narrowness and coldness; and I say it
For the last time perchance, before I go
To find the sweet refreshment of the Saints.
I have lived a life of utter purity;
I have builded the great church of Holy Peter;
I have wrought miracles—to God the glory!—
And miracles will in my name be wrought
Hereafter.—I have fought the fight and go—
I see the flashing of the gates of pearl—
And it is well with me, tho' some of you
Have scorn'd me—ay—but after I am gone
Woe, woe to England! I have had a vision;
The Seven Sleepers in the cave at Ephesus
Have turn'd from right to left.

HAROLD. My most dear master,

Harold

What matters? let them turn from left to right
And sleep again.

TOSTIG. Too hardy with thy King!
A life of prayer and fasting well may see
Deeper into the mysteries of heaven
Than thou, good brother.

ALDWYTH (*aside*). Sees he into thine,
That thou wouldst have his promise for the crown?

EDWARD. Tostig says true; my son, thou art too
hard,
Not stagger'd by this ominous earth and heaven;
But heaven and earth are threads of the same loom,
Play into one another, and weave the web
That may confound thee yet.

HAROLD. Nay, I trust not,
For I have served thee long and honestly.

EDWARD. I know it, son; I am not thankless; thou
Hast broken all my foes, lighten'd for me
The weight of this poor crown, and left me time
And peace for prayer to gain a better one.
Twelve years of service! England loves thee for it.
Thou art the man to rule her!

ALDWYTH (*aside*). So, not Tostig!

HAROLD. And after those twelve years a boon,
my King,
Respite, a holiday,—thyself wast wont
To love the chase,—thy leave to set my feet
On board, and hunt and hawk beyond the seas!

Harold

EDWARD. What, with this flaming horror overhead?

HAROLD. Well, when it passes then.

EDWARD. Ay, if it pass.

Go not to Normandy—go not to Normandy.

HAROLD. And wherefore not, my King, to Normandy?

Is not my brother Wulfnoth hostage there

For my dead father's loyalty to thee?

I pray thee, let me hence and bring him home.

EDWARD. Not thee, my son; some other messenger.

HAROLD. And why not me, my lord, to Normandy? Is not the Norman Count thy friend and mine?

EDWARD. I pray thee, do not go to Normandy.

HAROLD. Because my father drove the Normans out

Of England?—That was many a summer gone—

Forgotten and forgiven by them and thee.

EDWARD. Harold, I will not yield thee leave to go.

HAROLD. Why, then to Flanders. I will hawk and hunt

In Flanders.

EDWARD. Be there not fair woods and fields

In England? Wilful, wilful! Go—the Saints

Pilot and prosper all thy wandering out

And homeward!—Tostig, I am faint again.—

Son Harold, I will in and pray for thee.

[Exit, leaning on TOSTIG, and followed by STIGAND,

MORCAR, and COURTIERS.

Harold

HAROLD. What lies upon the mind of our good
King,
That he should harp this way on Normandy?

QUEEN. Brother, the King is wiser than he seems;
And Tostig knows it; Tostig loves the King.

HAROLD. And love should know; and—be the
King so wise,—
Then Tostig too were wiser than he seems.
I love the man, but not his phantasies.

Re-enter TOSTIG.

Well, brother,
When didst thou hear from thy Northumbria?

TOSTIG. When did I hear aught but this "*When*"
from thee?

Leave me alone, brother, with my Northumbria;
She is *my* mistress, let *me* look to her!
The King hath made me earl; make me no fool!
Nor make the King a fool, who made me earl!

HAROLD. No, Tostig—lest I make myself a fool
Who made the King who made thee make thee earl.

TOSTIG. Why chafe me then? Thou knowest I
soon go wild.

GURTH. Come, come! as yet thou art not gone so
wild
But thou canst hear the best and wisest of us.

HAROLD. So says old Gurth, not I; yet hear! thine
earldom,

Harold

Tostig, hath been a kingdom. Their old crown
Is yet a force among them, a sun set
But leaving light enough for Alfgar's house
To strike thee down by—nay, this ghastly glare
May heat their fancies.

TOSTIG. My most worthy brother,
Thou art the quietest man in all the world—
Ay, ay, and wise in peace and great in war—
Pray God the people choose thee for their king!
But all the powers of the house of Godwin
Are not enfram'd in thee.

HAROLD. Thank the Saints, no!
But thou hast drain'd them shallow by thy tolls,
And thou art ever here about the King.
Thine absence well may seem a want of care.
Cling to their love; for, now the sons of Godwin
Sit topmost in the field of England, envy,
Like the rough bear beneath the tree, good brother,
Waits till the man let go.

TOSTIG. Good counsel truly!
I heard from my Northumbria yesterday.

HAROLD. How goes it then with thy Northumbria? Well?

TOSTIG. And wouldst thou that it went aught else than well?

HAROLD. I would it went as well as with mine earldom,
Leofwin's and Gurth's.

Harold

TOSTIG. Ye govern milder men.

GURTH. We have made them milder by just government.

TOSTIG. Ay, ever give yourselves your own good word.

LEOFWIN. An honest gift, by all the Saints, if giver

And taker be but honest! but they bribe
Each other, and so often, an honest world
Will not believe them.

HAROLD. I may tell thee, Tostig,
I heard from thy Northumberland to-day.

TOSTIG. From spies of thine to spy my nakedness
In my poor North.

HAROLD. There is a movement there
A blind one—nothing yet.

TOSTIG. Crush it at once
With all the power I have!—I must—I will!—
Crush it half-born! Fool still? or wisdom there,
My wise head-shaking Harold?

HAROLD. Make not thou
The nothing something. Wisdom when in power
And wisest should not frown as Power, but smile
As kindness, watching all, till the true *must*
Shall make her strike as Power: but when to strike—
O Tostig, O dear brother—if they prance,
Rein in, not lash them, lest they rear and run
And break both neck and axle.

Barold

TOSTIG. Good again!
Good counsel tho' scarce needed. Pour not water
In the full vessel running out at top
To swamp the house.

LEOFWIN. Nor thou be a wild thing
Out of the waste, to turn and bite the hand
Would help thee from the trap.

TOSTIG. Thou playest in tune.

LEOFWIN. To the deaf adder thee, that wilt not
dance
However wisely charm'd.

TOSTIG. No more, no more!

GURTH. I likewise cry "no more." Unwhole-
some talk
For Godwin's house! Leofwin, thou hast a tongue!
Tostig, thou look'st as thou wouldst spring upon
him.

Saint Olaf, not while I am by! Come, come,
Join hands, let brethren dwell in unity;
Let kith and kin stand close as our shield-wall,
Who breaks us then? I say, thou hast a tongue,
And Tostig is not stout enough to bear it.
Vex him not, Leofwin.

TOSTIG. No, I am not vext,—
Altho' ye seek to vex me, one and all.
I have to make report of my good earldom
To the good King who gave it—not to you—
Not any of you.—I am not vext at all.

Harold

HAROLD. The King? the King is ever at his prayers;
In all that handles matter of the State
I am the King.

TOSTIG. That shalt thou never be
If I can thwart thee.

HAROLD. Brother, brother!

TOSTIG. Away!

[Exit TOSTIG.]

QUEEN. Spite of this grisly star ye three must gall
Poor Tostig.

LEOFWIN. Tostig, sister, galls himself;
He cannot smell a rose but pricks his nose
Against the thorn, and rails against the rose.

QUEEN. I am the only rose of all the stock
That never thorn'd him; Edward loves him, so
Ye hate him. Harold always hated him.
Why—how they fought when boys—and, Holy Mary!
How Harold used to beat him!

HAROLD. Why, boys will fight.
Leofwin would often fight me, and I beat him.
Even old Gurth would fight. I had much ado
To hold mine own against old Gurth. Old Gurth,
We fought like great states for grave cause; but
Tostig—

On a sudden—at a something—for a nothing—
The boy would fist me hard, and when we fought
I conquer'd, and he loved me none the less,
Till thou wouldst get him all apart, and tell him

Harold

Were deafen'd and he pray'd them dumb, and thus
I dumb thee too, my wingless nightingale!

[*Kissing her.*]

EDITH. Thou art my music! Would their wings
were mine
To follow thee to Flanders! Must thou go?

HAROLD. Not must, but will. It is but for one
moon.

EDITH. Leaving so many foes in Edward's hall—
To league against thy weal. The Lady Aldwyth
Was here to-day, and when she touch'd on thee
She stammer'd in her hate; I am sure she hates thee,
Pants for thy blood.

HAROLD. Well, I have given her cause—
I fear no woman.

EDITH. Hate not one who felt
Some pity for thy hater! I am sure
Her morning wanted sunlight, she so praised
The convent and lone life—within the pale—
Beyond the passion. Nay—she held with Edward,
At least methought she held with holy Edward,
That marriage was half sin.

HAROLD. A lesson worth
Finger and thumb—thus (*snaps his fingers*).

And my answer to it—
See here—an interwoven H and E!
Take thou this ring; I will demand his ward
From Edward when I come again. Ay, would she?

Harold

She to shut up my blossom in the dark!
Thou art *my* nun, thy cloister in mine arms.

EDITH (*taking the ring*). Yea, but Earl Tostig—

HAROLD. That 's a truer fear!

For if the North take fire, I should be back;
I shall be, soon enough.

EDITH. Ay, but last night
An evil dream that ever came and went—

HAROLD. A gnat that vext thy pillow! Had I
been by,

I would have spoil'd his horn. My girl, what was it?

EDITH. O that thou wert not going!
For so methought it was our marriage-morn,
And while we stood together, a dead man
Rose from behind the altar, tore away
My marriage ring, and rent my bridal veil;
And then I turn'd, and saw the church all fill'd
With dead men upright from their graves, and all
The dead men made at thee to murder thee,
But thou didst back thyself against a pillar,
And strike among them with thy battle-axe—
There, what a dream!

HAROLD. Well, well—a dream—no more!

EDITH. Did not Heaven speak to men in dreams
of old?

HAROLD. Ay—well—of old. I tell thee what, my
child;

Thou hast misread this merry dream of thine,

Harold

Enter ALDWYTH from the thicket.

ALDWYTH. The kiss that charms thine eyelids into
sleep

Will hold mine waking. Hate him? I could love him
More, tenfold, than this fearful child can do;
Griffyth I hated; why not hate the foe
Of England? Griffyth, when I saw him flee,
Chased deer-like up his mountains, all the blood
That should have only pulsed for Griffyth beat
For his pursuer. I love him, or think I love him.
If he were King of England, I his queen,
I might be sure of it. Nay, I do love him.—
She must be cloister'd somehow, lest the King
Should yield his ward to Harold's will. What
harm?

She hath but blood enough to live, not love.—
When Harold goes and Tostig, shall I play
The craftier Tostig with him? fawn upon him?
Chime in with all? "O thou more saint than king!"
And that were true enough. "O blessed relics!"
"O Holy Peter!" If he found me thus,
Harold might hate me; he is broad and honest,
Breathing an easy gladness—not like Aldwyth—
For which I strangely love him. Should not England
Love Aldwyth, if she stay the feuds that part
The sons of Godwin from the sons of Alfgar
By such a marrying? Courage, noble Aldwyth!

Harold

Let all thy people bless thee!

Our wild Tostig,
Edward hath made him earl; he would be king.
The dog that snapt the shadow dropt the bone.
I trust he may do well, this Gamel, whom
I play upon, that he may play the note
Whereat the dog shall howl and run, and Harold
Hear the King's music, all alone with him,
Pronounced his heir of England.
I see the goal and half the way to it.—
Peace-lover is our Harold for the sake
Of England's wholeness—so—to shake the North
With earthquake and disruption—some division—
Then fling mine own fair person in the gap
A sacrifice to Harold, a peace-offering,
A scapegoat marriage—all the sins of both
The houses on mine head—then a fair life
And bless the Queen of England!

MORCAR (*coming from the thicket*). Art thou assured
By this, that Harold loves but Edith?

ALDWYTH.

Morcar!

Why creep'st thou like a timorous beast of prey
Out of the bush by night?

MORCAR.

I follow'd thee.

ALDWYTH. Follow my lead, and I will make thee
earl.

MORCAR. What lead then?

ALDWYTH.

Thou shalt flash it secretly

Harold

Among the good Northumbrian folk, that I—
That Harold loves me—yea, and presently
That I and Harold are betroth'd—and last—
Perchance that Harold wrongs me; tho' I would not
That it should come to that.

MORCAR. I will both flash
And thunder for thee.

ALDWYTH. I said "secretly";
It is the flash that murders, the poor thunder
Never harm'd head.

MORCAR. But thunder may bring down
That which the flash hath stricken.

ALDWYTH. Down with Tostig!
That first of all.—And when doth Harold go?

MORCAR. To-morrow—first to Bosham, then to
Flanders.

ALDWYTH. Not to come back till Tostig shall have
shown

And redden'd with his people's blood the teeth
That shall be broken by us—yea, and thou
Chair'd in his place. Good-night, and dream thyself
Their chosen earl. [Exit ALDWYTH.

MORCAR. Earl first, and after that
Who knows I may not dream myself their king?



ACT II.

SCENE I.—SEASHORE. PONTHEIU. NIGHT

HAROLD *and his MEN, wrecked.*

HAROLD. Friends, in that last inhospitable
plunge
Our boat hath burst her ribs; but ours are
whole;
I have but bark'd my hands.

ATTENDANT. I dug mine into
My old fast friend the shore, and clinging thus
Felt the remorseless outdraught of the deep
Haul like a great strong fellow at my legs,
And then I rose and ran. The blast that came
So suddenly hath fallen as suddenly—
Put thou the comet and this blast together—

HAROLD. Put thou thyself and mother-wit to-
gether.
Be not a fool!

Harold

Enter FISHERMEN with torches, HAROLD going up to one of them, ROLF.

Wicked sea-will-o'-the-wisp!

Wolf of the shore! dog, with thy lying lights
Thou hast betray'd us on these rocks of thine!

ROLF. Ay, but thou liest as loud as the black her-
ring-pond behind thee. We be fishermen; I came to
see after my nets.

HAROLD. To drag us into them. Fishermen? devils!
Who, while ye fish for men with your false fires,
Let the great devil fish for your own souls.

ROLF. Nay then, we be liker the blessed Apostles;
they were fishers of men, Father Jean says.

HAROLD. I had liefer that the fish had swallowed me,
Like Jonah, than have known there were such devils.
What 's to be done?

[To his MEN—goes apart with them.]

FISHERMAN. Rolf, what fish did swallow Jonah?

ROLF. A whale!

FISHERMAN. Then a whale to a whelk we have
swallowed the King of England. I saw him over there.
Look thee, Rolf, when I was down in' the fever, *she*
was down with the hunger, and thou didst stand by
her and give her thy crabs, and set her up again, till
now, by the patient Saints, she 's as crabb'd as ever.

ROLF. And I 'll give her my crabs again, when
thou art down again.

Harold

FISHERMAN. I thank thee, Rolf. Run thou to Count Guy; he is hard at hand. Tell him what hath crept into our creel, and he will fee thee as freely as he will wrench this outlander's ransom out of him—and why not? for what right had he to get himself wrecked on another man's land?

ROLF. Thou art the human-heartedest, Christian-charitiest of all crab-catchers. Share and share alike!

[*Exit.*]

HAROLD (*to FISHERMAN*). Fellow, dost thou catch crabs?

FISHERMAN. As few as I may in a wind, and less than I would in a calm. Ay!

HAROLD. I have a mind that thou shalt catch no more.

FISHERMAN. How?

HAROLD. I have a mind to brain thee with mine axe.

FISHERMAN. Ay, do, do, and our great Count-crab will make his nippers meet in thine heart; he 'll sweat it out of thee, he 'll sweat it out of thee! Look, he 's here! He 'll speak for himself. Hold thine own, if thou canst!

Enter GUY, COUNT OF PONTHEIU.

HAROLD. Guy, Count of Ponthieu?

GUY. Harold, Earl of Wessex!

HAROLD. Thy villains with their lying lights have wreck'd us!

Harold

GUY. Art thou not Earl of Wessex?

HAROLD. In mine earldom
A man may hang gold bracelets on a bush,
And leave them for a year, and coming back
Find them again.

GUY. Thou art a mighty man
In thine own earldom!

HAROLD. Were such murderous liars
In Wessex—if I caught them, they should hang
Cliff-gibbeted for sea-marks, our sea-mew
Winging their only wail!

GUY. Ay, but my men
Hold that the shipwreckt are accursed of God;—
What hinders me to hold with mine own men?

HAROLD. The Christian manhood of the man who
reigns!

GUY. Ay, rave thy worst, but in our oubli-
ettes

Thou shalt or rot or ransom.—Hale him hence!

[*To one of his ATTENDANTS.*]

Fly thou to William; tell him we have Harold.

SCENE II.—BAYEUX. PALACE

COUNT WILLIAM *and* WILLIAM MALET.

WILLIAM. We hold our Saxon woodcock in the
springe,
But he begins to flutter. As I think

Barold

He was thine host in England when I went
To visit Edward.

MALET. Yea, and there, my lord,
To make allowance for their rougher fashions,
I found him all a noble host should be.

WILLIAM. Thou art his friend. Thou know'st my
 claim on England
Thro' Edward's promise. We have him in the toils;
And it were well if thou shouldst let him feel
How dense a fold of danger nets him round,
So that he bristle himself against my will.

MALET. What would I do, my lord, if I were you?

WILLIAM. What wouldst thou do?

MALET. My lord, he is thy guest.

WILLIAM. Nay, by the splendour of God, no guest
 of mine.

He came not to see me, had past me by
To hunt and hawk elsewhere, save for the fate
Which hunted *him* when that un-Saxon blast,
And bolts of thunder moulded in high heaven
To serve the Norman purpose, drave and crack'd
His boat on Ponthieu beach; where our friend
 Guy

Had wrung his ransom from him by the rack,
But that I stept between and purchased him,
Translating his captivity from Guy
To mine own hearth at Bayeux, where he sits
My ransom'd prisoner.

Harold

MALET. Well, if not with gold,
With golden deeds and iron strokes that brought
Thy war with Brittany to a goodlier close
Than else had been, he paid his ransom back.

WILLIAM. So that henceforth they are not like to
league
With Harold against *me*.

MALET. A marvel, how
He from the liquid sands of Coesnon
Haled thy shore-swallow'd, armour'd Normans up
To fight for thee again!

WILLIAM. Perchance against
Their saver, save thou save him from himself.

MALET. But I should let him home again, my lord.

WILLIAM. Simple! let fly the bird within the hand,
To catch the bird again within the bush!
No.

Smooth thou my way, before he clash with me;
I want his voice in England for the crown,
I want thy voice with him to bring him round;
And being brave he must be subtly cow'd,
And being truthful wrought upon to swear
Vows that he dare not break. England our own
Thro' Harold's help, he shall be my dear friend
As well as thine, and thou thyself shalt have
Large lordship there of lands and territory.

MALET. I knew thy purpose; he and Wulfnoth
never

Harold

Have met, except in public; shall they meet
In private? I have often talk'd with Wulfnoth,
And stuff'd the boy with fears, that these may act
On Harold when they meet.

WILLIAM. Then let them meet!

MALET. I can but love this noble, honest Harold.

WILLIAM. Love him! why not? thine is a loving
office,

I have commission'd thee to save the man.
Help the good ship, showing the sunken rock,
Or he is wreckt for ever.

Enter WILLIAM RUFUS.

WILLIAM RUFUS. Father.

WILLIAM. Well, boy.

WILLIAM RUFUS. They have taken away the toy
thou gavest me,
The Norman knight.

WILLIAM. Why, boy?

WILLIAM RUFUS. Because I broke
The horse's leg—it was mine own to break;
I like to have my toys, and break them too.

WILLIAM. Well, thou shalt have another Norman
knight.

WILLIAM RUFUS. And may I break his legs?

WILLIAM. Yea,—get thee gone!

WILLIAM RUFUS. I 'll tell them I have had my
way with thee. [Exit.]

Harold

MALET. I never knew thee check thy will for aught
Save for the prattling of thy little ones.

WILLIAM. Who shall be kings of England. I am
heir
Of England by the promise of her king.

MALET. But there the great Assembly choose their
king,
The choice of England is the voice of England.

WILLIAM. I will be King of England by the laws,
The choice, and voice of England.

MALET. Can that be?

WILLIAM. The voice of any people is the sword
That guards them, or the sword that beats them
down.

Here comes the would-be what I will be—kinglike. . .
Tho' scarce at ease; for, save our meshes break,
More kinglike he than like to prove a king.

Enter HAROLD, musing, with his eyes on the ground.

He sees me not—and yet he dreams of me.
Earl, wilt thou fly my falcons this fair day?
They are of the best, strong-wing'd against the
wind.

HAROLD (*looking up suddenly, having caught but the
last word*). Which way does it blow?

WILLIAM. Blowing for England, ha?
Not yet. Thou hast not learnt thy quarters here.
The winds so cross and jostle among these towers.

Harold

HAROLD. Count of the Normans, thou hast ransom'd us,
Maintain'd, and entertain'd us royally!

WILLIAM. And thou for us hast fought as loyally,
Which binds us friendship-fast for ever!

HAROLD. Good!
But lest we turn the scale of courtesy
By too much pressure on it, I would fain,
Since thou hast promised Wulfnoth home with us,
Be home again with Wulfnoth.

WILLIAM. Stay—as yet
Thou hast but seen how Norman hands can strike,
But walk'd our Norman field, scarce touch'd or tasted,
The splendours of our court.

HAROLD. I am in no mood;
I should be as the shadow of a cloud
Crossing your light.

WILLIAM. Nay, rest a week or two,
And we will fill thee full of Norman sun,
And send thee back among thine island mists
With laughter.

HAROLD. Count, I thank thee, but had rather
Breathe the free wind from off our Saxon downs,
Tho' charged with all the wet of all the west.

WILLIAM. Why if thou wilt, so let it be—thou
shalt.
That were a graceless hospitality
To chain the free guest to the banquet-board;

Harold

To-morrow we will ride with thee to Harfleur,
And see thee shipt, and pray in thy behalf
For happier homeward winds than that which
 crack'd

Thy bark at Ponthieu,—yet to us, in faith,
A happy one—whereby we came to know
Thy valour and thy value, noble earl.
Ay, and perchance a happy one for thee,
Provided—I will go with thee to-morrow—
Nay—but there be conditions, easy ones,
So thou, fair friend, will take them easily.

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. My lord, there is a post from over seas
With news for thee. *[Exit PAGE.]*

WILLIAM. Come, Malet, let us hear!

[Exeunt COUNT WILLIAM and MALET.]

HAROLD. Conditions? What conditions? pay him
 back

His ransom? “easy”—that were easy—nay—
No money-lover he! What said the King?
“I pray you do not go to Normandy.”
And fate hath blown me hither, bound me too
With bitter obligation to the Count—
Have I not fought it out? What did he mean?
There lodged a gleaming grimness in his eyes,
Gave his shorn smile the lie. The walls oppress
 me,

Harold

And yon huge keep that hinders half the heaven.
Free air! free field!

[Moves to go out. A MAN-AT-ARMS follows him.]

HAROLD *(to the MAN-AT-ARMS)*. I need thee not.
Why dost thou follow me?

MAN-AT-ARMS. I have the Count's commands to
follow thee.

HAROLD. What then? Am I in danger in this
court?

MAN-AT-ARMS. I cannot tell. I have the Count's
commands.

HAROLD. Stand out of earshot then, and keep me
still

In eyeshot.

MAN-AT-ARMS. Yea, lord Harold. *[Withdraws.]*

HAROLD. And arm'd men

Ever keep watch beside my chamber door,
And if I walk within the lonely wood,
There is an arm'd man ever glides behind!

Enter MALET.

Why am I follow'd, haunted, harass'd, watch'd?
See yonder!

[Pointing to the MAN-AT-ARMS.]

MALET. 'T is the good Count's care for thee!
The Normans love thee not, nor thou the Normans,
Or—so they deem.

HAROLD. But wherefore is the wind,

Harold

Which way soever the vane-arrow swing,
Not ever fair for England? Why, but now
He said—thou heardst him—that I must not hence
Save on conditions.

MALET. So in truth he said.

HAROLD. Malet, thy mother was an Englishwoman;
There somewhere beats an English pulse in thee!

MALET. Well—for my mother's sake I love your
England,
But for my father I love Normandy.

HAROLD. Speak for thy mother's sake, and tell me
true.

MALET. Then for my mother's sake, and England's
sake
That suffers in the daily want of thee,
Obey the Count's conditions, my good friend.

HAROLD. How, Malet, if they be not honourable!

MALET. Seem to obey them.

HAROLD. Better die than lie!

MALET. Choose therefore whether thou wilt have
thy conscience
White as a maiden's hand, or whether England
Be shatter'd into fragments.

HAROLD. News from England?

MALET. Morcar and Edwin have stirr'd up the
thanes
Against thy brother Tostig's governance;
And all the North of Humber is one storm.

Harold

HAROLD. I should be there, Malet, I should be there!

MALET. And Tostig in his own hall on suspicion Hath massacred the thane that was his guest, Gamel, the son of Orm; and there be more As villainously slain.

HAROLD. The wolf! the beast! Ill news for guests, ha, Malet! More? What more? What do they say? did Edward know of this?

MALET. They say his wife was knowing and abetting.

HAROLD. They say his wife!—To marry and have no husband
Makes the wife fool. My God, I should be there!
I 'll hack my way to the sea

MALET. Thou canst not, Harold;
Our duke is all between thee and the sea,
Our duke is all about thee like a God;
All passes block'd. Obey him, speak him fair,
For he is only debonair to those
That follow where he leads, but stark as death
To those that cross him.—Look thou, here is Wulfnoth.

I leave thee to thy talk with him alone;
How wan, poor lad! how sick and sad for home!

[Exit MALET.]

HAROLD (*muttering*). Go not to Normandy—go not to Normandy!

Harold

“Marry, the Saints must go along with us,
And, brother, we will find a way,” said he—
Yea, yea, he would be King of England.

HAROLD. Never!

WULFNOTH. Yea, but thou must not this way
answer *him*.

HAROLD. Is it not better still to speak the
truth?

WULFNOTH. Not here, or thou wilt never hence
nor I;

For in the racing toward this golden goal
He turns not right or left, but tramples flat
Whatever thwarts him; hast thou never heard
His savagery at Alençon,—the town
Hung out raw hides along their walls, and cried,
“Work for the tanner.”

HAROLD. That had anger'd *me*
Had I been William.

WULFNOTH. Nay, but he had prisoners,
He tore their eyes out, sliced their hands away,
And flung them streaming o'er the battlements
Upon the heads of those who walk'd within—
O, speak him fair, Harold, for thine own sake!

HAROLD. Your Welshman says, “The Truth
against the World,”
Much more the truth against myself.

WULFNOTH. Thyself?
But for my sake, O brother! O, for my sake!





Harold

HAROLD. Poor Wulfnoth! do they not entreat thee
well?

WULFNOTH. I see the blackness of my dungeon
loom

Across their lamps of revel, and beyond
The merriest murmurs of their banquet clank
The shackles that will bind me to the wall.

HAROLD. Too fearful still.

WULFNOTH. O, no, no—speak him fair!
Call it to temporise, and not to lie;
Harold, I do not counsel thee to lie.
The man that hath to foil a murderous aim
May, surely, play with words.

HAROLD. Words are the man.
Not even for thy sake, brother, would I lie.

WULFNOTH. Then for thine Edith?

HAROLD. There thou prick'st me deep.

WULFNOTH. And for our Mother England?

HAROLD. Deeper still.

WULFNOTH. And deeper still the deep-down ou-
blette,
Down thirty feet below the smiling day—
In blackness—dogs' food thrown upon thy head.
And over thee the suns arise and set,
And the lark sings, the sweet stars come and go,
And men are at their markets, in their fields,
And woo their loves and have forgotten thee;
And thou art upright in thy living grave,

Harold

Where there is barely room to shift thy side,
And all thine England hath forgotten thee;
And he our lazy-pious Norman King,
With all his Normans round him once again,
Counts his old beads, and hath forgotten thee.

HAROLD. Thou art of my blood, and so methinks,
my boy,
Thy fears infect me beyond reason. Peace!

WULFNOTH. And then our fiery Tostig, while thy
hands
Are palsied here, if his Northumbrians rise
And hurl him from them,—I have heard the Normans
Count upon this confusion—may he not make
A league with William, so to bring him back?

HAROLD. That lies within the shadow of the
chance.

WULFNOTH. And like a river in flood thro' a burst
dam
Descends the ruthless Norman—our good King
Kneels mumbling some old bone—our helpless folk
Are wash'd away, wailing, in their own blood—

HAROLD. Wailing! not warring? Boy, thou hast
forgotten
That thou art English.

WULFNOTH. Then our modest women—
I know the Norman licence—thine own Edith—

HAROLD. No more! I will not hear thee—Wil-
liam comes.

Harold

WULFNOTH. I dare not well be seen in talk with thee.

Make thou not mention that I spake with thee.

[Moves away to the back of the stage.]

Enter WILLIAM, MALET, and OFFICER.

OFFICER. We have the man that rail'd against thy birth.

WILLIAM. Tear out his tongue.

OFFICER. He shall not rail again.
He said that he should see confusion fall
On thee and on thine house.

WILLIAM. Tear out his eyes,
And plunge him into prison.

OFFICER. It shall be done.

[Exit OFFICER.]

WILLIAM. Look not amazed, fair earl! Better
leave undone

Than do by halves—tongueless and eyeless, prison'd—

HAROLD. Better methinks have slain the man at
once!

WILLIAM. We have respect for man's immortal
soul,

We seldom take man's life, except in war;

It frights the traitor more to maim and blind.

HAROLD. In mine own land I should have scorn'd
the man,

Or lash'd his rascal back, and let him go.

Harold

WILLIAM. And let him go? To slander thee again!
Yet in thine own land in thy father's day
They blinded my young kinsman, Alfred—ay,
Some said it was thy father's deed.

HAROLD. They lied.

WILLIAM. But thou and he—whom at thy word,
for thou
Art known a speaker of the truth, I free
From this foul charge—

HAROLD. Nay, nay, he freed himself
By oath and compurgation from the charge.
The King, the lords, the people clear'd him of it.

WILLIAM. But thou and he drove our good Nor-
mans out
From England, and this rankles in us yet.
Archbishop Robert hardly scaped with life.

HAROLD. Archbishop Robert! Robert the Arch-
bishop!
Robert of Jumièges, he that—

MALET. Quiet! quiet!

HAROLD. Count! if there sat within the Norman
chair

A ruler all for England—one who fill'd
All offices, all bishoprics with English—
We could not move from Dover to the Humber
Saving thro' Norman bishoprics—I say
Ye would applaud that Norman who should drive
The stranger to the fiends!

Harold

WILLIAM. Why, that is reason!
Warrior thou art, and mighty wise withal!
Ay, ay, but many among our Norman lords
Hate thee for this, and press upon me—saying
God and the sea have given thee to our hands—
To plunge thee into lifelong prison here;—
Yet I hold out against them, as I may,
Yea—would hold out, yea, tho' they should revolt—
For thou hast done the battle in my cause.
I am thy fastest friend in Normandy.

HAROLD. I am doubly bound to thee—if this be so.

WILLIAM. And I would bind thee more, and
would myself
Be bounden to thee more.

HAROLD. Then let me hence
With Wulfnoth to King Edward.

WILLIAM. So we will.
We hear he hath not long to live.

HAROLD. It may be.

WILLIAM. Why then, the heir of England, who is
he?

HAROLD. The Atheling is nearest to the throne.

WILLIAM. But sickly, slight, half-witted and a
child,
Will England have him king?

HAROLD. It may be, no.

WILLIAM. And hath King Edward not pronounced
his heir?

Harold

HAROLD. Not that I know.

WILLIAM. When he was here in Normandy,
He loved us and we him, because we found him
A Norman of the Normans.

HAROLD. So did we.

WILLIAM. A gentle, gracious, pure and saintly
man!

And grateful to the hand that shielded him,
He promised that if ever he were king
In England, he would give his kingly voice
To me as his successor. Knowest thou this?

HAROLD. I learn it now.

WILLIAM. Thou knowest I am his cousin,
And that my wife descends from Alfred?

HAROLD. Ay.

WILLIAM. Who hath a better claim then to the
crown

So that ye will not crown the Atheling?

HAROLD. None that I know—if that but hung
upon

King Edward's will.

WILLIAM. Wilt *thou* uphold my claim?

MALET (*aside to HAROLD*). Be careful of thine an-
swer, my good friend.

WULFNOTH (*aside to HAROLD*). O Harold, for my
sake and for thine own!

HAROLD. Ay . . . if the King have not revoked
his promise.

Harold

WILLIAM. But hath he done it then?

HAROLD. Not that I know.

WILLIAM. Good, good, and thou wilt help me to
the crown?

HAROLD. Ay—if the Witan will consent to
this.

WILLIAM. Thou art the mightiest voice in Eng-
land, man,

Thy voice will lead the Witan—shall I have it?

WULFNOTH (*aside to HAROLD*). O Harold, if thou
love thine Edith, ay.

HAROLD. Ay, if—

MALET (*aside to HAROLD*). Thine “ifs” will sear
thine eyes out—ay.

WILLIAM. I ask thee, wilt thou help me to the
crown?

And I will make thee my great earl of earls,

Foremost in England and in Normandy;

Thou shalt be verily king—all but the name—

For I shall most sojourn in Normandy;

And thou be my vice-king in England. Speak.

WULFNOTH (*aside to HAROLD*). Ay, brother—for
the sake of England—ay.

HAROLD. My lord—

MALET (*aside to HAROLD*). Take heed now.

HAROLD. Ay.

WILLIAM. I am content,
For thou art truthful, and thy word thy bond.

Harold

To-morrow will we ride with thee to Harfleur.

[Exit WILLIAM.]

MALET. Harold, I am thy friend, one life with thee,

And even as I should bless thee saving mine,
I thank thee now for having saved thyself.

[Exit MALET.]

HAROLD. For having lost myself to save myself,
Said "ay" when I meant "no," lied like a lad
That dreads the pendent scourge, said "ay" for
"no"!

Ay! No!—he hath not bound me by an oath—

Is "ay" an oath? is "ay" strong as an oath?

Or is it the same sin to break my word

As break mine oath? He call'd my word my bond!

He is a liar who knows I am a liar,

And makes believe that he believes my word—

The crime be on his head—not bounden—no.

[Suddenly doors are flung open, discovering in an inner hall COUNT WILLIAM in his state robes, seated upon his throne, between two BISHOPS, ODO OF BAYEUX being one; in the centre of the hall an ark covered with cloth of gold, and on either side of it the NORMAN BARONS.]

Enter a JAILOR before WILLIAM'S throne.

WILLIAM (to JAILOR). Knave, hast thou let the prisoner scape?

Harold

WILLIAM (*savagely*). Swear thou to help me to the crown of England.

MALET (*whispering* HAROLD). My friend, thou hast gone too far to palter now.

WULFNOTH (*whispering* HAROLD). Swear thou to-day, to-morrow is thine own.

HAROLD. I swear to help thee to the crown of England—

According as King Edward promises.

WILLIAM. Thou must swear absolutely, noble earl.

MALET (*whispering*). Delay is death to thee, ruin to England.

WULFNOTH (*whispering*). Swear, dearest brother, I beseech thee, swear!

HAROLD (*putting his hand on the jewel*). I swear to help thee to the crown of England.

WILLIAM. Thanks, truthful earl; I did not doubt thy word,

But that my barons might believe thy word,

And that the Holy Saints of Normandy

When thou art home in England, with thine own,

Might strengthen thee in keeping of thy word,

I made thee swear. Show him by whom he hath sworn.

[*The two BISHOPS advance, and raise the cloth of gold. The bodies and bones of Saints are seen lying in the ark.*]

Harold

The holy bones of all the canonised
From all the holiest shrines in Normandy!

HAROLD. Horrible!

[They let the cloth fall again.]

WILLIAM. Ay, for thou hast sworn an oath
Which, if not kept, would make the hard earth rive
To the very devil's horns, the bright sky cleave
To the very feet of God, and send her hosts
Of injured Saints to scatter sparks of plague
Thro' all your cities, blast your infants, dash
The torch of war among your standing corn,
Dabble your hearths with your own blood.—Enough!
Thou wilt not break it! I, the Count—the King—
Thy friend—am grateful for thine honest oath,
Not coming fiercely like a conqueror, now,
But softly as a bridegroom to his own.
For I shall rule according to your laws,
And make your ever-jarring earldoms move
To music and in order—Angle, Jute,
Dane, Saxon, Norman, help to build a throne
Out-towering hers of France.—The wind is fair
For England now.—To-night we will be merry.
To-morrow will I ride with thee to Harfleur.

[Exeunt WILLIAM and all the NORMAN BARONS, etc.]

HAROLD. To-night we will be merry—and to-
morrow—
Juggler and bastard—bastard—he hates that most—
William the tanner's bastard! Would he heard me!

Harold

O God, that I were in some wide, waste field
With nothing but my battle-axe and him
To spatter his brains! Why, let earth rive, gulf in
These cursed Normans—yea, and mine own self!
Cleave heaven, and send thy Saints that I may say
Even to their faces, "If ye side with William
Ye are not noble!" How their pointed fingers
Glared at me! Am I Harold, Harold, son
Of our great Godwin? Lo! I touch mine arms,
My limbs—they are not mine—they are a liar's—
I mean to be a liar—I am not bound—
Stigand shall give me absolution for it—
Did the chest move? did it move? I am utter craven!
O Wulfnoth, Wulfnoth, brother, thou hast betray'd
me!

WULFNOTH. Forgive me, brother, I will live here
and die.

Enter PAGE

PAGE. My lord! the duke awaits thee at the banquet.

HAROLD. Where they eat dead men's flesh, and
drink their blood.

PAGE. My lord—

HAROLD. I know your Norman cookery is so
spiced,

It masks all this.

PAGE. My lord! thou art white as death.

Harold

HAROLD. With looking on the dead. Am I so
white?

Thy duke will seem the darker. Hence, I follow.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT III

SCENE I.—THE KING'S PALACE. LONDON

KING EDWARD, *dying on a couch, and by him standing the QUEEN, HAROLD, ARCHBISHOP STIGAND, GURTH, LEOFWIN, ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, ALDWYTH, and EDITH.*

STIGAND. Sleeping or dying there? If this be death,
Then our great Council wait to crown thee King—
Come hither, I have a power;

[*To HAROLD.*

They call me near, for I am close to thee
And England—I, old shrivell'd Stigand, I,
Dry as an old wood-fungus on a dead tree,
I have a power!
See here this little key about my neck!
There lies a treasure buried down in Ely.
If e'er the Norman grow too hard for thee,
Ask me for this at thy most need, son Harold,
At thy most need—not sooner.

Harold

HAROLD. So I will.

STIGAND. Red gold—a hundred purses—yea, and more!

If thou canst make a wholesome use of these
To chink against the Norman, I do believe
My old crook'd spine would bud out two young wings
To fly to heaven straight with.

HAROLD. Thank thee, father!
Thou art English, Edward too is English now,
He hath clean repented of his Normanism.

STIGAND. Ay, as the libertine repents who cannot
Make done undone, when thro' his dying sense
Shrills, "Lost thro' thee!" They have built their
castles here;

Our priories are Norman; the Norman adder
Hath bitten us; we are poison'd; our dear England
Is demi-Norman. He!—

[*Pointing to KING EDWARD, sleeping.*]

HAROLD. I would I were
As holy and as passionless as he!
That I might rest as calmly! Look at him—
The rosy face, and long down-silvering beard,
The brows unwrinkled as a summer mere.—

STIGAND. A summer mere with sudden wreckful
gusts
From a side-gorge. Passionless? How he flamed
When Tostig's anger'd earldom flung him, nay,
He fain had calcined all Northumbria

Harold

Of lightnings, wherewithal he cleft the tree
From off the bearing trunk, and hurl'd it from him
Three fields away, and then he dash'd and drench'd,
He dyed, he soak'd the trunk with human blood,
And brought the sunder'd tree again, and set it
Straight on the trunk, that, thus baptised in blood,
Grew ever high and higher, beyond my seeing,
And shot out sidelong boughs across the deep
That dropt themselves, and rooted in far isles
Beyond my seeing; and the great Angel rose
And past again along the highest, crying,
"The doom of England!"—Tostig, raise my head!

[Falls back senseless.]

HAROLD (*raising him*). Let Harold serve for
Tostig!

QUEEN. Harold served
Tostig so ill, he cannot serve for Tostig!
Ay, raise his head, for thou hast laid it low!
The sickness of our saintly King, for whom
My prayers go up as fast as my tears fall,
I well believe, hath mainly drawn itself
From lack of Tostig—thou hast banish'd him.

HAROLD. Nay—but the Council, and the King
himself.

QUEEN. Thou hatest him, hatest him!

HAROLD (*coldly*). Ay—Stigand; unriddle
This vision, canst thou?

STIGAND. Dotage!

Harold

EDWARD (*starting up*). It is finish'd.
I have built the Lord a house—the Lord hath dwelt
In darkness. I have built the Lord a house—
Palms, flowers, pomegranates, golden cherubim
With twenty-cubit wings from wall to wall—
I have built the Lord a house—sing, Asaph! clash
The cymbal, Heman! blow the trumpet, priest!
Fall, cloud, and fill the house—lo! my two pillars,
Jachin and Boaz!— [Seeing HAROLD and GURTH.

Harold, Gurth,—where am I?

Where is the charter of our Westminster?

STIGAND. It lies beside thee, King, upon thy bed.

EDWARD. Sign, sign at once—take, sign it, Stigand, Aldred!

Sign it, my good son Harold, Gurth, and Leofwin!

Sign it, my Queen!

ALL. We have sign'd it.

EDWARD. It is finish'd!

The kingliest abbey in all Christian lands,

The lordliest, loftiest minster ever built

To Holy Peter in our English isle!

Let me be buried there, and all our kings,

And all our just and wise and holy men

That shall be born hereafter. It is finish'd!

Hast thou had absolution for thine oath?

[To HAROLD.

HAROLD. Stigand hath given me absolution for
it.

Harold

EDWARD. Stigand is not canonical enough
To save thee from the wrath of Norman Saints.

STIGAND. Norman enough! Be there no Saints of
England
To help us from their brethren yonder?

EDWARD. Prelate,
The Saints are one, but those of Normanland
Are mightier than our own.—Ask it of Aldred.

[To HAROLD.]

ALDRED. It shall be granted him, my King; for
he
Who vows a vow to strangle his own mother
Is guiltier keeping this than breaking it.

EDWARD. O friends, I shall not overlive the
day!

STIGAND. Why, then the throne is empty. Who
inherits?
For tho' we be not bound by the King's voice
In making of a king, yet the King's voice
Is much toward his making. Who inherits?
Edgar the Atheling?

EDWARD. No, no, but Harold.
I love him; he hath served me; none but he
Can rule all England. Yet the curse is on him
For swearing falsely by those blessed bones;
He did not mean to keep his vow.

HAROLD. Not mean
To make our England Norman.

Harold

Are all oaths to be broken then, all promises
Made in our agony for help from Heaven?
Son, there is one who loves thee; and a wife,
What matters who, so she be serviceable
In all obedience, as mine own hath been?
God bless thee, wedded daughter!

[*Laying his hand on the QUEEN's head.*]

QUEEN. Bless thou too
That brother whom I love beyond the rest,
My banish'd Tostig.

EDWARD. All the sweet Saints bless him!
Spare and forbear him, Harold, if he comes!
And let him pass unscathed; he loves me, Harold!
Be kindly to the Normans left among us,
Who follow'd me for love! and dear son, swear
When thou art king, to see my solemn vow
Accomplish'd.

HAROLD. Nay, dear lord, for I have sworn
Not to swear falsely twice.

EDWARD. Thou wilt not swear?

HAROLD. I cannot.

EDWARD. Then on thee remains the curse,
Harold, if thou embrace her; and on thee,
Edith, if thou abide it,—

[*The KING swoons; EDITH falls and kneels by the
couch.*]

STIGAND. He hath swoon'd.
Death?—no, as yet a breath.

Harold

HAROLD. Look up! look up!
Edith!

ALDRED. Confuse her not; she hath begun
Her lifelong prayer for thee.

ALDWYTH. O noble Harold,
I would thou couldst have sworn.

HAROLD. For thine own pleasure?

ALDWYTH. No, but to please our dying King, and
those
Who make thy good their own—all England, earl.

ALDRED. I would thou couldst have sworn. Our
holy King
Hath given his virgin lamb to Holy Church
To save thee from the curse.

HAROLD. Alas! poor man,
His promise brought it on me.

ALDRED. O good son!
That knowledge made him all the carefuller
To find a means whereby the curse might glance
From thee and England.

HAROLD. Father, we so loved—

ALDRED. The more the love, the mightier is the
prayer;
The more the love, the more acceptable
The sacrifice of both your loves to Heaven.
No sacrifice to Heaven, no help from Heaven;
That runs thro' all the faiths of all the world.
And sacrifice there must be, for the King

Harold

Is holy, and hath talk'd with God, and seen
A shadowing horror; there are signs in heaven—

HAROLD. Your comet came and went.

ALDRED. And signs on earth!

Knowest thou Senlac hill?

HAROLD. I know all Sussex;

A good entrenchment for a perilous hour!

ALDRED. Pray God that come not suddenly!

There is one

Who passing by that hill three nights ago—

He shook so that he scarce could out with it—

Heard, heard—

HAROLD. The wind in his hair?

ALDRED. A ghostly horn

Blowing continually, and faint battle-hymns,

And cries, and clashes, and the groans of men;

And dreadful shadows strove upon the hill,

And dreadful lights crept up from out the marsh—

Corpse-candles gliding over nameless graves—

HAROLD. At Senlac?

ALDRED. Senlac.

EDWARD (*waking*). Senlac! Sanguelac,
The Lake of Blood!

STIGAND. This lightning before death
Plays on the word,—and Normanises too!

HAROLD. Hush, father, hush!

EDWARD. Thou uncanonical fool,
Wilt *thou* play with the thunder? North and South

Harold

Thunder together, showers of blood are blown
Before a never-ending blast, and hiss
Against the blaze they cannot quench—a lake,
A sea of blood—we are drown'd in blood—for God
Has fill'd the quiver, and Death has drawn the
bow—

Sanguelac! Sanguelac! the arrow! the arrow! [*Dies.*]

STIGAND. It is the arrow of death in his own
heart—

And our great Council wait to crown thee King.

SCENE II.—IN THE GARDEN. THE KING'S HOUSE
NEAR LONDON

EDITH. Crown'd, crown'd and lost, crown'd King
—and lost to me!

(*Singing.*)

Two young lovers in winter weather,
None to guide them,
Walk'd at night on the misty heather;
Night, as black as a raven's feather;
Both were lost and found together,
None beside them.

That is the burthen of it—lost and found
Together in the cruel river Swale
A hundred years ago; and there 's another,

Lost, lost, the light of day,

To which the lover answers lovingly:

Harold

"I am beside thee."

Lost, lost, we have lost the way.

"Love, I will guide thee."

Whither, O whither? into the river,

Where we two may be lost together,

And lost for ever? "O, never! O, never!

Tho' we be lost and be found together."

Some think they loved within the pale forbidden
By Holy Church; but who shall say? the truth
Was lost in that fierce North, where *they* were lost,
Where all good things are lost, where Tostig lost
The good hearts of his people. It is Harold!

Enter HAROLD.

Harold the King!

HAROLD. Call me not King, but Harold,

EDITH. Nay, thou art King!

HAROLD. Thine, thine, or King or churl!

My girl, thou hast been weeping; turn not thou

Thy face away, but rather let me be

King of the moment to thee, and command

That kiss my due when subject, which will make

My kingship kinglier to me than to reign

King of the world without it.

EDITH. Ask me not,

Lest I should yield it, and the second curse

Descend upon thine head, and thou be only

King of the moment over England.

Harold

HAROLD. Their anthems of no church, how sweet
they are!

Nor kingly priest, nor priestly king to cross
Their billings ere they nest.

EDITH. They are but of spring,
They fly the winter change—not so with us—
No wings to come and go.

HAROLD. But wing'd souls flying
Beyond all change and in the eternal distance
To settle on the Truth.

EDITH. They are not so true,
They change their mates.

HAROLD. Do they? I did not know it.

EDITH. They say thou art to wed the Lady Ald-
wyth.

HAROLD. They say, they say!

EDITH. If this be politic,
And well for thee and England—and for her—
Care not for me who love thee.

GURTH (*calling*). Harold, Harold!

HAROLD. The voice of Gurth! (*Enter GURTH.*)
Good even, my good brother!

GURTH. Good even, gentle Edith.

EDITH. Good even, Gurth.

GURTH. Ill news hath come! Our hapless brother,
Tostig—

He, and the giant King of Norway, Harold
Hardrada—Scotland, Ireland, Iceland, Orkney,

Harold

Are landed north of Humber, and in a field
So packt with carnage that the dykes and brooks
Were bridged and damm'd with dead, have over-
thrown

Morcar and Edwin.

HAROLD. Well then, we must fight.
How blows the wind?

GURTH. Against Saint Valery
And William.

HAROLD. Well then, we will to the North.

GURTH. Ay, but worse news: this William sent to
Rome,

Swearing thou swarest falsely by his Saints.
The Pope and that Archdeacon Hildebrand,
His master, heard him, and have sent him back
A holy gonfanon, and a blessed hair
Of Peter, and all France, all Burgundy,
Poitou, all Christendom is raised against thee.
He hath cursed thee and all those who fight for thee,
And given thy realm of England to the bastard.

HAROLD. Ha! ha!

EDITH. O, laugh not!—Strange and ghastly in the
gloom

And shadowing of this double thunder-cloud
That lours on England—laughter!

HAROLD. No, not strange!
This was old human laughter in old Rome
Before a Pope was born, when that which reign'd



ACT IV

SCENE I.—IN NORTHUMBRIA

ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, MORCAR, EDWIN, *and* FORCES.

Enter HAROLD, the standard of the golden Dragon of Wessex preceding him.

HAROLD. What! are thy people sullen from defeat?
Our Wessex dragon flies beyond the Humber,
No voice to greet it.

EDWIN. Let not our great King
Believe us sullen—only shamed to the quick
Before the King—as having been so bruised
By Harold, King of Norway; but our help
Is Harold, King of England. Pardon us, thou!
Our silence is our reverence for the King!

HAROLD. Earl of the Mercians! if the truth be
gall,
Cram me not thou with honey, when our good hive
Needs every sting to save it.

VOICES. Aldwyth! Aldwyth!

Harold

HAROLD. Why cry thy people on thy sister's name?

MORCAR. She hath won upon our people thro' her beauty

And pleasantness among them.

VOICES. Aldwyth! Aldwyth!

HAROLD. They shout as they would have her for a queen.

MORCAR. She hath follow'd with our host, and suffer'd all.

HAROLD. What would ye, men?

VOICE. Our old Northumbrian crown,
And kings of our own choosing.

HAROLD. Your old crown
Were little help without our Saxon carles
Against Hardrada.

VOICE. Little! we are Danes,
Who conquer'd what we walk on, our own field.

HAROLD. They have been plotting here! [*Aside.*

VOICE. He calls us little!

HAROLD. The kingdoms of this world began with little,

A hill, a fort, a city—that reach'd a hand
Down to the field beneath it, "Be thou mine,"
Then to the next, "Thou also!" If the field
Cried out, "I am mine own," another hill,
Or fort, or city, took it, and the first
Fell, and the next became an empire.

Harold

VOICE. Ay, and I love him now, for mine own
father
Was great, and cobbled.

VOICE. Thou art Tostig's brother,
Who wastes the land.

HAROLD. This brother comes to save
Your land from waste; I saved it once before,
For when your people banish'd Tostig hence,
And Edward would have sent a host against you,
Then I, who loved my brother, bade the King,
Who doted on him, sanction your decree
Of Tostig's banishment, and choice of Morcar,
To help the realm from scattering.

VOICE. King! thy brother,
If one may dare to speak the truth, was wrong'd.
Wild was he, born so; but the plots against him
Had madden'd tamer men.

MORCAR. Thou art one of those
Who brake into Lord Tostig's treasure-house
And slew two hundred of his following,
And now, when Tostig hath come back with power,
Are frighted back to Tostig.

OLD THANES. Ugh! Plots and feuds!
This is my ninetieth birthday. Can ye not
Be brethren? Godwin still at feud with Alfgar,
And Alfgar hates King Harold. Plots and feuds!
This is my ninetieth birthday!

HAROLD. Old man, Harold

Harold

Hates nothing; not *his* fault, if our two houses
Be less than brothers.

VOICES. Aldwyth, Harold, Aldwyth!

HAROLD. Again! Morcar! Edwin! What do they
mean?

EDWIN. So the good King would deign to lend an
ear

Not overscornful, we might chance—perchance—
To guess their meaning.

MORCAR. Thine own meaning, Harold,
To make all England one, to close all feuds,
Mixing our bloods, that thence a king may rise
Half-Godwin and half-Alfgar, one to rule
All England beyond question, beyond quarrel.

HAROLD. Who sow'd this fancy here among the
people?

MORCAR. Who knows what sows itself among the
people?

A goodly flower at times.

HAROLD. The Queen of Wales?
Why, Morcar, it is all but duty in her
To hate me; I have heard she hates me.

MORCAR. No!
For I can swear to that, but cannot swear
That these will follow thee against the Norsemen,
If thou deny them this.

HAROLD. Morcar and Edwin,
When will ye cease to plot against my house?

Harold

EDWIN. The King can scarcely dream that we,
who know

His prowess in the mountains of the West,
Should care to plot against him in the North.

MORCAR. Who dares arraign us, King, of such
a plot?

HAROLD. Ye heard one witness even now.

MORCAR. The craven!
There is a faction risen again for Tostig,
Since Tostig came with Norway—fright, not love.

HAROLD. Morcar and Edwin, will ye, if I
yield,
Follow against the Norsemen?

MORCAR. Surely, surely!

HAROLD. Morcar and Edwin, will ye upon oath
Help us against the Norman?

MORCAR. With good will;
Yea, take the Sacrament upon it, King.

HAROLD. Where is thy sister?

MORCAR. Somewhere hard at hand.
Call and she comes.

[One goes out, then enter ALDWYTH.]

HAROLD. I doubt not but thou knowest
Why thou art summon'd.

ALDWYTH. Why?—I stay with these,
Lest thy fierce Tostig spy me out alone,
And flay me all alive.

HAROLD. Canst thou love one

Harold

Who did discrown thine husband, unqueen thee?
Didst thou not love thine husband?

ALDWYTH. O! my lord,
The nimble, wild, red, wiry, savage king—
That was, my lord, a match of policy.

HAROLD. Was it?
I knew him brave; he loved his land; he fain
Had made her great; his finger on her harp—
I heard him more than once—had in it Wales,
Her floods, her woods, her hills. Had I been his,
I had been all Welsh.

ALDWYTH. O, ay!—all Welsh—and yet
I saw thee drive him up his hills—and women
Cling to the conquer'd, if they love, the more;
If not, they cannot hate the conqueror.
We never—O good Morcar, speak for us,
His conqueror conquer'd Aldwyth.

HAROLD. Goodly news!
MORCAR. Doubt it not thou! Since Griffyth's
head was sent
To Edward, she hath said it.

HAROLD. I had rather
She would have loved her husband. Aldwyth, Ald-
wyth,
Canst thou love me, thou knowing where I love?

ALDWYTH. I can, my lord, for mine own sake, for
thine,
For England, for thy poor white dove, who flutters

Harold

Between thee and the porch, but then would find
Her nest within the cloister and be still.

HAROLD. Canst thou love one who cannot love
again?

ALDWYTH. Full hope have I that love will answer
love.

HAROLD. Then in the name of the great God, so
be it!

Come, Aldred, join our hands before the hosts,
That all may see.

[ALDRED joins the hands of HAROLD and ALDWYTH,
and blesses them.]

VOICES. Harold, Harold and Aldwyth!

HAROLD. Set forth our golden Dragon, let him
flap

The wings that beat down Wales!

Advance our Standard of the Warrior,

Dark among gems and gold; and thou, brave banner,
Blaze like a night of fatal stars on those

Who read their doom and die.

Where lie the Norsemen? on the Derwent? ay,

At Stamford-Bridge.

Morcar, collect thy men; Edwin, my friend—

Thou lingerest.—Gurth,—

Last night King Edward came to me in dreams—

The rosy face and long down-silvering beard—

He told me I should conquer.—

I am no woman to put faith in dreams.

Harold

(To his army.)

Last night King Edward came to me in dreams,
And told me we should conquer.

VOICES. Forward! Forward!

Harold and Holy Cross!

ALDWYTH. The day is won!

SCENE II.—A PLAIN. BEFORE THE BATTLE OF
STAMFORD-BRIDGE

HAROLD and his GUARD..

HAROLD. Who is it comes this way? Tostig?

(Enter TOSTIG with a small force.) O brother,

What art thou doing here?

TOSTIG. I am foraging

For Norway's army.

HAROLD. I could take and slay thee.

Thou art in arms against us.

TOSTIG. Take and slay me,

For Edward loved me.

HAROLD. Edward bade me spare thee.

TOSTIG. I hate King Edward, for he join'd with
thee

To drive me outlaw'd. Take and slay me, I say,
Or I shall count thee fool.

HAROLD. Take thee, or free thee,

Free thee or slay thee, Norway will have war;

Harold

ALDWYTH (*talking with HAROLD*). Answer them
thou!

Is this our marriage-banquet? Would the wines
Of wedding had been dash'd into the cups
Of victory, and our marriage and thy glory
Been drunk together! these poor hands but sew,
Spin, broider—would that they were man's to have
held

The battle-axe by thee.

HAROLD. There *was* a moment
When, being forced aloof from all my guard,
And striking at Hardrada and his madmen,
I had wish'd for any weapon.

ALDWYTH. Why art thou sad?

HAROLD. I have lost the boy who play'd at ball
with me,
With whom I fought another fight than this
Of Stamford-Bridge.

ALDWYTH. Ay! ay! thy victories
Over our own poor Wales, when at thy side
He conquer'd with thee.

HAROLD. No—the childish fist
That cannot strike again.

ALDWYTH. Thou art too kindly.
Why didst thou let so many Norsemen hence?
Thy fierce forekings had clench'd their pirate hides
To the bleak church doors, like kites upon a barn.

HAROLD. Is there so great a need to tell thee why?

Harold

ALDWYTH. Yea, am I not thy wife?

VOICES. Hail, Harold, Aldwyth!

Bridegroom and bride!

ALDWYTH. Answer them! [*To HAROLD.*

HAROLD (*to all*). Earls and thanes!

Full thanks for your fair greeting of my bride!

Earls, thanes, and all our countrymen! the day,

Our day beside the Derwent, will not shine

Less than a star among the goldenest hours

Of Alfred, or of Edward his great son,

Or Athelstan, or English Ironside

Who fought with Knut, or Knut who coming Dane

Died English. Every man about his King

Fought like a king; the King like his own man,

No better; one for all, and all for one,

One soul! and therefore have we shatter'd back

The hugest wave from Norseland ever yet

Surged on us, and our battle-axes broken

The Raven's wing, and dumb'd his carrion croak

From the grey sea for ever. Many are gone—

Drink to the dead who died for us, the living

Who fought and would have died, but happier lived,

If happier be to live; they both have life

In the large mouth of England, till *her* voice

Die with the world. Hail—hail!

MORCAR. May all invaders perish like Hardrada!

All traitors fail like Tostig! [*All drink but HAROLD.*

ALDWYTH. Thy cup's full!

Harold

HAROLD. I saw the hand of Tostig cover it.
Our dear, dead traitor-brother, Tostig, him
Reverently we buried. Friends, had I been here,
Without too large self-lauding I must hold
The sequel had been other than his league
With Norway, and this battle. Peace be with him!
He was not of the worst. If there be those
At banquet in this hall, and hearing me—
For there be those, I fear, who prick'd the lion
To make him spring, that sight of Danish blood
Might serve an end not English—peace with them
Likewise, if *they* can be at peace with what
God gave us to divide us from the wolf!

ALDWYTH (*aside to HAROLD*). Make not our Morcar
sullen; it is not wise.

HAROLD. Hail to the living who fought, the dead
who fell!

VOICES. Hail! hail!

FIRST THANE. How ran that answer which King
Harold gave
To his dead namesake, when he ask'd for England?

LEOFWIN. "Seven feet of English earth, or some-
thing more,
Seeing he is a giant!"

FIRST THANE. Then for the bastard
Six feet and nothing more!

LEOFWIN. Ay, but belike
Thou hast not learnt his measure.

Harold

FIRST THANE. By Saint Edmund
I over-measure him. Sound sleep to the man
Here by dead Norway without dream or dawn!

SECOND THANE. What, is he bragging still that
he will come,
To thrust our Harold's throne from under him?
My nurse would tell me of a molehill crying
To a mountain, "Stand aside and room for me!"

FIRST THANE. Let him come! Let him come!
Here 's to him, sink or swim! [Drinks.

SECOND THANE. God sink him!

FIRST THANE. Cannot hands which had the
strength
To shove that stranded iceberg off our shores,
And send the shatter'd North again to sea,
Scuttle his cockle-shell? What 's Brunanburg
To Stamford-Bridge? a war-crash, and so hard,
So loud, that, by Saint Dunstan, old Saint Thor—
By God, we thought him dead—but our old Thor
Heard his own thunder again, and woke and came
Among us again, and mark'd the sons of those
Who made this Britain England, break the North—

Mark'd how the war-axe swang,
Heard how the war-horn sang,
Mark'd how the spear-head sprang,
Heard how the shield-wall rang,
Iron on iron clang,
Anvil on hammer bang—

Harold

SECOND THANE. Hammer on anvil, hammer on anvil. Old dog,

Thou art drunk, old dog!

FIRST THANE. Too drunk to fight with thee!

SECOND THANE. Fight thou with thine own double, not with me,

Keep that for Norman William!

FIRST THANE. Down with William!

THIRD THANE. The washerwoman's brat!

FOURTH THANE. The tanner's bastard!

FIFTH THANE. The Falaise byblow!

Enter a THANE, from Pevensey, spattered with mud.

HAROLD. Ay, but what late guest,
As haggard as a fast of forty days,
And caked and plaster'd with a hundred mires,
Hath stumbled on our cups?

THANE FROM PEVENSEY. My lord the King!
William the Norman, for the wind had changed—

HAROLD. I felt it in the middle of that fierce
fight

At Stamford-Bridge. William hath landed, ha?

THANE FROM PEVENSEY. Landed at Pevensey—I
am from Pevensey—

Hath wasted all the land at Pevensey—

Hath harried mine own cattle—God confound him!

I have ridden night and day from Pevensey—

A thousand ships—a hundred thousand men—

Harold

Thousands of horses, like as many lions
Neighing and roaring as they leapt to land—

HAROLD. How oft in coming hast thou broken
bread?

THANE FROM PEVENSEY. Some thrice, or so.

HAROLD. Bring not thy hollowness
On our full feast. Famine is fear, were it but
Of being starved. Sit down, sit down, and eat,
And, when again red-blooded, speak again.

(*Aside*). The men that guarded England to the
South

Were scattered to the harvest.—No power mine
To hold their force together.—Many are fallen
At Stamford-Bridge—the people stupid-sure
Sleep like their swine—in South and North at once
I could not be.

(*Aloud*.) Gurth, Leofwin, Morcar, Edwin!

(*Pointing to the revellers*.) The curse of England!
these are drown'd in wassail,

And cannot see the world but thro' their wines!
Leave them! and thee too, Aldwyth, must I leave—
Harsh is the news! hard is our honeymoon!

Thy pardon. (*Turning round to his attendants*.)

Break the banquet up—Ye four!

And thou, my carrier-pigeon of black news,
Cram thy crop full, but come when thou art call'd.

[*Exit* HAROLD.]



ACT V

SCENE I.—A TENT ON A MOUND, FROM WHICH CAN
BE SEEN THE FIELD OF SENLAC.

HAROLD, *sitting*; by him standing HUGH MARGOT the
Monk, GURTH, LEOFWIN.


HAROLD. Refer my cause, my crown to Rome!—
The wolf

Mudded the brook and predetermined all.
Monk,

Thou hast said thy say, and had my constant "No"
For all but instant battle. I hear no more.

MARGOT. Hear me again—for the last time. Arise,
Scatter thy people home, descend the hill,
Lay hands of full allegiance in thy Lord's
And crave his mercy, for the Holy Father
Hath given this realm of England to the Norman.

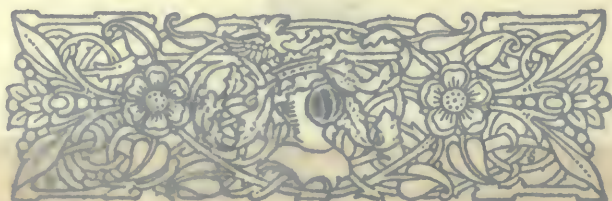
HAROLD. Then for the last time, monk, I ask
again
When had the Lateran and the Holy Father
To do with England's choice of her own king?



Harold—Act V, Scene I

Margot, Mock-king, I am the messenger
of God,
His Norman Daniel!

From the drama by Frederick Simpson Courten



ACT V

SCENE I.—A TENT ON A MOUND, FROM WHICH CAN
BE SEEN THE FIELD OF SENLAC.

HAROLD, *sitting*; by him standing HUGH MARGOT the
Harold—Act V, Scene I
MONK, GURTH, BLODWIN.

HAROLD. **Margot, Mock-king, I am the messenger**
of God,
His Norman Daniel!
Mudded the world and pre-determined all.
Monk,

From the drawing by Frederick Simpson Coburn "No"
For all but instant battle. I hear no more.

MARGOT. *Hear me again—for the last time.* Arise,
Scatter thy people home, descend the hill,
Lay hands of full allegiance in thy Lord's
And crave his mercy, for the Holy Father
Hath given this realm of England to the Norman.

HAROLD. Then for the last time, monk, I ask
again
When had the Lateran and the Holy Father
To do with England's choice of her own king?



Harold

MARGOT. Earl, the first Christian Cæsar drew to
the East

To leave the Pope dominion in the West.
He gave him all the kingdoms of the West.

HAROLD. So!—did he?—Earl—I have a mind to
play

The William with thine eyesight and thy tongue.
Earl—ay—thou art but a messenger of William.
I am weary—go; make me not wroth with thee!

MARGOT. Mock-king, I am the messenger of
God,

His Norman Daniel! *Mene, Mene, Tekel!*

Is thy wrath hell, that I should spare to cry,
Yon Heaven is wroth with *thee*? Hear me again!
Our Saints have moved the Church that moves the
world,

And all the Heavens and very God; they heard—
They know King Edward's promise and thine—thine.

HAROLD. Should they not know free England
crowns herself?

Not know that he nor I had power to promise?
Not know that Edward cancell'd his own promise?
And for *my* part therein—Back to that juggler,

[*Rising.*

Tell him the Saints are nobler than he dreams,
Tell him that God is nobler than the Saints,
And tell him we stand arm'd on Senlac Hill,
And bide the doom of God.

Harold

GURTH. Thou hast lost thine even temper, brother
Harold!

HAROLD. Gurth, when I past by Waltham, my
foundation

For men who serve the neighbour, not themselves,
I cast me down prone, praying; and, when I rose,
They told me that the Holy Rood had lean'd
And bow'd above me; whether that which held it
Had weaken'd, and the Rood itself were bound
To that necessity which binds us down;
Whether it bow'd at all but in their fancy;
Or if it bow'd, whether it symbol'd ruin
Or glory, who shall tell? but they were sad,
And somewhat sadden'd me.

GURTH. Yet if a fear,
Or shadow of a fear, lest the strange Saints
By whom thou swarest should have power to balk
Thy puissance in this fight with him who made
And heard thee swear—brother—I have not sworn—
If the King fall, may not the kingdom fall?
But if I fall, I fall, and thou art King;
And if I win, I win, and thou art King;
Draw thou to London, there make strength to breast
Whatever chance, but leave this day to me.

LEOFWIN (*entering*). And waste the land about
thee as thou goest,
And be thy hand as winter on the field,
To leave the foe no forage.

Harold

HAROLD. Noble Gurth!
Best son of Godwin! If I fall, I fall—
The doom of God! How should the people fight
When the King flies? And, Leofwin, art thou mad?
How should the King of England waste the fields
Of England, his own people?—No glance yet
Of the Northumbrian helmet on the heath?

LEOFWIN. No, but a shoal of wives upon the heath,
And some one saw thy willy-nilly nun
Vying a tress against our golden fern.

HAROLD. Vying a tear with our cold dews, a
sigh
With these low-moaning heavens. Let her be fetch'd.
We have parted from our wife without reproach,
Tho' we have pierced thro' all her practices;
And that is well.

LEOFWIN. I saw her even now;
She hath not left us.

HAROLD. Nought of Morcar then?

GURTH. Nor seen, nor heard; thine, William's,
or his own
As wind blows, or tide flows. Belike he watches
If this war-storm in one of its rough rolls
Wash up that old crown of Northumberland.

HAROLD. I married her for Morcar—a sin against
The truth of love. Evil for good, it seems,
Is oft as childless of the good as evil
For evil.

Harold

LEOFWIN. Good for good hath borne at times
A bastard false as William.

HAROLD. Ay, if Wisdom
Pair'd not with Good. But I am somewhat worn,
A snatch of sleep were like the peace of God.
Gurth, Leofwin, go once more about the hill—
What did the dead man call it—Sanguelac,
The lake of blood?

LEOFWIN. A lake that dips in William
As well as Harold.

HAROLD. Like enough. I have seen
The trenches dug, the palisades uprear'd
And wattled thick with ash and willow-wands,
Yea, wrought at them myself. Go round once more;
See all be sound and whole. No Norman horse
Can shatter England, standing shield by shield;
Tell that again to all.

GURTH. I will, good brother.

HAROLD. Our guardsman hath but toil'd his hand
and foot,
I hand, foot, heart, and head. Some wine! (*One
pours wine into a goblet which he hands to
HAROLD.*) Too much!

What? we must use our battle-axe to-day.
Our guardsmen have slept well, since we came in?

LEOFWIN. Ay, slept and snored. Your second-
sighted man
That scared the dying conscience of the King

Harold

Misheard their snores for groans. They are up again
And chanting that old song of Brunanburg
Where England conquer'd.

HAROLD. That is well. The Norman,
What is he doing?

LEOFWIN. Praying for Normandy;
Our scouts have heard the tinkle of their bells.

HAROLD. And our old songs are prayers for
England too!

But by all Saints—

LEOFWIN. Barring the Norman!

HAROLD. Nay,
Were the great trumpet blowing doomsday dawn,
I needs must rest. Call when the Norman moves—

[*Exeunt all but HAROLD.*]

No horse—thousands of horses—our shield wall—
Wall—break it not—break not—break— [*Sleeps.*]

VISION OF EDWARD. Son Harold, I thy King, who
came before

To tell thee thou shouldst win at Stamford-
Bridge,

Come yet once more, from where I am at peace,
Because I loved thee in my mortal day,
To tell thee thou shalt die on Senlac Hill—
Sanguelac!

VISION OF WULFNOTH. O brother, from my
ghastly oubliette

I send my voice across the narrow seas—

Harold

No more, no more, dear brother, nevermore—
Sanguelac!

VISION OF TOSTIG. O brother, most unbrotherlike
to me,
Thou gavest thy voice against me in my life,
I give my voice against thee from the grave—
Sanguelac!

VISION OF NORMAN SAINTS. O hapless Harold!
King but for an hour!

Thou swarest falsely by our blessed bones,
We give our voice against thee out of heaven!
Sanguelac! Sanguelac! The arrow! the arrow!

HAROLD. (*starting up, battle-axe in hand*). Away!
My battle-axe against your voices. Peace!
The King's last word—"the arrow!" I shall die—
I die for England then, who lived for England—
What nobler? men must die.

I cannot fall into a falser world—
I have done no man wrong. Tostig, poor brother,
Art *thou* so anger'd?
Fain had I kept thine earldom in thy hands
Save for thy wild and violent will that wretch'd
All hearts of freemen from thee. I could do
No other than this way advise the King
Against the race of Godwin. Is it possible
That mortal men should bear their earthly heats
Into yon bloodless world, and threaten us thence
Unschool'd of Death? Thus then thou art revenged—

Barold

I left our England naked to the South
To meet thee in the North. The Norseman's
raid

Hath helpt the Norman, and the race of Godwin
Hath ruin'd Godwin. No—our waking thoughts
Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools
Of sullen slumber, and arise again
Disjointed; only dreams—where mine own self
Takes part against myself! Why? for a spark
Of self-disdain born in me when I swear
Falsely to him, the falser Norman, over
His gilded ark of mummy-saints, by whom
I knew not that I swear,—not for myself—
For England—yet not wholly—

Enter EDITH.

Edith, Edith,

Get thou into thy cloister as the King
Will'd it; be safe, the perjury-mongering Count
Hath made too good an use of Holy Church
To break her close! There the great God of truth
Fill all thine hours with peace!—A lying devil
Hath haunted me—mine oath—my wife—I fain
Had made my marriage not a lie; I could not.
Thou art my bride! and thou in after years
Praying perchance for this poor soul of mine
In cold, white cells beneath an icy moon—
This memory to thee!—and this to England,
My legacy of war against the Pope

Harold

From child to child, from Pope to Pope, from age to
age,

Till the sea wash her level with her shores,
Or till the Pope be Christ's.

Enter ALDWYTH.

ALDWYTH (*to* EDITH). Away from him!

EDITH. I will.—I have not spoken to the King
One word; and one I must. Farewell! [*Going.*]

HAROLD. Not yet.
Stay.

EDITH. To what use?

HAROLD. The King commands thee, woman!

(*To* ALDWYTH.)

Have thy two brethren sent their forces in?

ALDWYTH. Nay, I fear not.

HAROLD. Then there 's no force in thee!
Thou didst possess thyself of Edward's ear
To part me from the woman that I loved!
Thou didst arouse the fierce Northumbrians!
Thou hast been false to England and to me!—
As—in some sort—I have been false to thee.
Leave me. No more—Pardon on both sides—Go!

ALDWYTH. Alas, my lord, I loved thee.

HAROLD (*bitterly*). With a love
Passing thy love for Griffyth! wherefore now
Obey my first and last commandment. Go!

Harold

ALDWYTH. O Harold! husband! Shall we meet again?

HAROLD. After the battle—after the battle.
Go.

ALDWYTH. I go. (*Aside.*) That I could stab her standing there!

[*Exit* ALDWYTH.]

EDITH. Alas, my lord, she loved thee.

HAROLD. Never! never!

EDITH. I saw it in her eyes!

HAROLD. I see it in thine.

And not on thee—nor England—fall God's doom!

EDITH. On *thee*? on me! And thou art England!
Alfred

Was England. Ethelred was nothing. England
Is but her king, and thou art Harold!

HAROLD. Edith,

The sign in heaven—the sudden blast at sea—
My fatal oath—the dead Saints—the dark dreams—
The Pope's anathema—the Holy Rood
That bow'd to me at Waltham—Edith, if
I, the last English King of England—

EDITH. No,

First of a line that coming from the people,
And chosen by the people—

HAROLD. And fighting for

And dying for the people—

EDITH. Living! living!

Harold

HAROLD. Yea, so, good cheer! thou art Harold, I
am Edith!

Look not thus wan!

EDITH. What matters how I look?
Have we not broken Wales and Norseland? slain,
Whose life was all one battle, incarnate war,
Their giant-king, a mightier man-in-arms
Than William.

HAROLD. Ay, my girl, no tricks in him—
No bastard he! when all was lost, he yell'd,
And bit his shield, and dash'd it on the ground,
And swaying his two-handed sword about him,
Two deaths at every swing, ran in upon us
And died so, and I loved him as I hate
This liar who made me liar. If Hate can kill,
And Loathing wield a Saxon battle-axe—

EDITH. Waste not thy might before the battle!

HAROLD. No,
And thou must hence. Stigand will see thee safe,
And so—Farewell. [*He is going, but turns back.*

The ring thou darrest not wear,
I have had it fashion'd, see, to meet my hand.

[HAROLD *shows the ring which is on his finger.*
Farewell! [*He is going, but turns back again.*
I am dead as Death this day to aught of earth's
Save William's death or mine.

EDITH. Thy death!—to-day!
Is it not thy birthday?

Harold

STIGAND. Yea, so will I, daughter, until I find
Which way the battle balance. I can see it
From where we stand; and, live or die, I would
I were among them!

CANONS *from Waltham (singing without).*

Salva patriam,
Sancte Pater,
Salva, Fili,
Salva, Spiritus,
Salva patriam,
Sancta Mater.¹

EDITH. Are those the blessed angels quiring,
father?

STIGAND. No, daughter, but the canons out of
Waltham,

The King's foundation, that have follow'd him.

EDITH. O God of battles, make their wall of
shields

Firm as thy cliffs, strengthen their palisades!

What is that whirring sound?

STIGAND. The Norman arrow!

EDITH. Look out upon the battle—is he safe?

STIGAND. The King of England stands between
his banners.

He glitters on the crowning of the hill.

God save King Harold!

¹ The *a* throughout these Latin hymns should be sounded broad, as in "father."

Harold

EDITH. —chosen by his people
And fighting for his people!

STIGAND. There is one
Come as Goliath came of yore—he flings
His brand in air and catches it again,
He is chanting some old war-song.

EDITH. And no David
To meet him?

STIGAND. Ay, there springs a Saxon on
him,
Falls—and another falls.

EDITH. Have mercy on us!

STIGAND. Lo! our good Gurth hath smitten him
to the death.

EDITH. So perish all the enemies of Harold!

CANONS (*singing*).

Hostis in Angliam
Ruit prædator;
Illorum, Domine,
Scutum scindatur!
Hostis per Angliæ
Plagas bacchatur;
Casa crematur,
Pastor fugatur,
Grex trucidatur—

STIGAND. *Illos trucida, Domine.*

EDITH. Ay, good father.

Harold

CANONS (*singing*).

Illorum scelera
Pœna sequatur!

ENGLISH CRIES. Harold and Holy Cross! Out!
Out!

STIGAND. Our javelins
Answer their arrows. All the Norman foot
Are storming up the hill. The range of knights
Sit, each a statue on his horse, and wait.

ENGLISH CRIES. Harold and God Almighty!

NORMAN CRIES. Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

CANONS (*singing*).

Eques cum pedite
Præpediatur!
Illorum in lacrymas
Cruor fundatur!
Pereant, pereant,
Anglia precatur.

STIGAND. Look, daughter, look.

EDITH. Nay, father, look for *me!*

STIGAND. Our axes lighten with a single flash
About the summit of the hill, and heads
And arms are sliver'd off and splinter'd by
Their lightning—and they fly—the Norman flies.

EDITH. Stigand, O father, have we won the day?

STIGAND. No, daughter, no—they fall behind the
horse—

Barold

Their horse are thronging to the barricades;
I see the gonfanon of Holy Peter
Flouting above their helmets—ha! he is down!

EDITH. He down! Who down?

STIGAND. The Norman Count is down.

EDITH. So perish all the enemies of England!

STIGAND. No, no, he hath risen again—he bares
his face—

Shouts something—he points onward—all their
horse

Swallow the hill locust-like, swarming up.

EDITH. O God of battles, make his battle-axe
keen

As thine own sharp-dividing justice, heavy
As thine own bolts that fall on crimeful heads
Charged with the weight of heaven wherefrom they
fall!

CANONS (*singing*).

Jacta tonitrua,
Deus bellator!
Surgas e tenebris,
Sis vindicator!
Fulmina, fulmina,
-Deus vastator!

EDITH. O God of battles, they are three to
one,
Make thou one man as three to roll them down!

Harold

CANONS (*singing*).

Equus cum equite

Dejiciatur!

Acies, acies

Prona sternatur!

Illorum lanceas

Frangere, Creator!

STIGAND. Yea, yea, for how their lances snap and
shiver

Against the sifting blaze of Harold's axe!

War-woodman of old Woden, how he fells

The mortal copse of faces! There! And there!

The horse and horseman cannot meet the shield,

The blow that brains the horseman cleaves the horse,

The horse and horseman roll along the hill,

They fly once more, they fly, the Norman flies!

Equus com equite

Præcipitatur.

EDITH. O God, the God of truth hath heard my
cry!

Follow them, follow them, drive them to the sea!

Illorum scelera

Pœna sequatur!

STIGAND. Truth! no; a lie; a trick, a Norman trick!
They turn on the pursuer, horse against foot,
They murder all that follow.

EDITH.

Have mercy on us!

Barold

STIGAND. Hot-headed fools—to burst the wall of shields!

They have broken the commandment of the King!

EDITH. *His* oath was broken—O holy Norman Saints,

Ye that are now of heaven, and see beyond
Your Norman shrines, pardon it, pardon it,
That he forsware himself for all he loved,
Me, me and all! Look out upon the battle!

STIGAND. They thunder again upon the barricades.
My sight is eagle, but the strife so thick—
This is the hottest of it; hold, ash! hold, willow!

ENGLISH CRIES. Out, out!

NORMAN CRIES. Ha Rou!

STIGAND. Ha! Gurth had leapt upon him
And slain him; he hath fallen.

EDITH. And I am heard.
Glory to God in the Highest! fallen, fallen!

STIGAND. No, no, his horse—he mounts another
—wields

His war-club, dashes it on Gurth, and Gurth,
Our noble Gurth, is down!

EDITH. Have mercy on us!

STIGAND. And Leofwin is down!

EDITH. Have mercy on us!
O Thou that knowest, let not my strong prayer
Be weaken'd in thy sight, because I love
The husband of another!

Harold

NORMAN CRIES. Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

EDITH. I do not hear our English war-cry.

STIGAND. No.

EDITH. Look out upon the battle—is he safe?

STIGAND. He stands between the banners with the
dead

So piled about him he can hardly move.

EDITH (*takes up the war-cry*). Out! out!

NORMAN CRIES. Ha Rou!

EDITH (*cries out*). Harold and Holy Cross!

NORMAN CRIES. Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

EDITH. What is that whirring sound?

STIGAND. The Norman sends his arrows up to
heaven,

They fall on those within the palisade!

EDITH. Look out upon the hill—is Harold there?

STIGAND. Sanguelac—Sanguelac—the arrow—the
arrow!—away!

SCENE II.—FIELD OF THE DEAD. NIGHT

ALDWYTH and EDITH.

ALDWYTH. O Edith, art thou here? O Harold,
Harold—

Our Harold—we shall never see him more.

EDITH. For there was more than sister in my kiss,
And so the Saints were wroth. I cannot love them,
For they are Norman Saints—and yet I should—
They are so much holier than their harlot's son

Harold

With whom they play'd their game against the King!

ALDWYTH. The King is slain, the kingdom over-
thrown!

EDITH. No matter!

ALDWYTH. How no matter, Harold slain?
I cannot find his body. O, help me thou!

O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee,
Forgive me thou, and help me here!

EDITH. No matter!

ALDWYTH. Not help me, nor forgive me?

EDITH. So thou saidest.

ALDWYTH. I say it now, forgive me!

EDITH. Cross me not!

I am seeking one who wedded me in secret.

Whisper! God's angels only know it. Ha!

What art *thou* doing here among the dead?

They are stripping the dead bodies naked yonder,

And thou art come to rob them of their rings!

ALDWYTH. O Edith, Edith, I have lost both crown
And husband.

EDITH. So have I.

ALDWYTH. I tell thee, girl,
I am seeking my dead Harold.

EDITH. And I mine!

The Holy Father strangled him with a hair

Of Peter, and his brother Tostig helpt;

The wicked sister clapt her hands and laugh'd;

Then all the dead fell on him.

Harold—Act V, Scene II

Always. She is crazed!
Edith. That does not matter either.
Lower the light,
He must be here.

From the drawing by Frederick Simpson on G. Brown

Harold

With whom they play'd their game against the King!

ALDWYTH. The King is slain, the kingdom over-
thrown!

EDITH. No matter!

ALDWYTH. How no matter, Harold slain?
I cannot find his body. O, help me thou!

O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee,
Forgive me thou, and help me here!

EDITH. No matter!

ALDWYTH. Not help me, nor forgive me?

Harold—Act V, Scene II So thou saidest.

ALDWYTH. I say it now, forgive me!

Edith. *Aldwyth.* She is crazed! Cross me not!

I am seeking one who wedded me in secret.

Edith. *Lower the light,*
Whisper! God's angels only know it. Ha!

He must be here.

What art *thou* doing here among the dead?

They are stripping the dead bodies naked yonder,

From the drawing by Frederick Simpson Coburn
And to rob them of their rings!

ALDWYTH. O ~~Edith~~, Edith, I have lost both crown
And husband.

EDITH. So have I.

ALDWYTH. I tell thee, girl,
I am seeking my dead Harold.

EDITH. And I mine!
The Holy Father strangled him with a hair
Of Peter, and his brother Tostig helpt;
The wicked sister clapt her hands and laugh'd;
Then all the dead fell on him.



Harold

ALDWYTH. Edith, Edith—

EDITH. What was he like, this husband? like to thee?

Call not for help from me. I knew him not.
He lies not here; not close beside the standard.
Here fell the truest, manliest hearts of England.
Go further hence and find him.

ALDWYTH. She is crazed!

EDITH. That doth not matter either. Lower the light.

He must be here.

Enter two CANONS, OSGOD and ATHELRIC, with torches. They turn over the dead bodies and examine them as they pass.

OSGOD. I think that this is Thurkill.

ATHELRIC. More likely Godric.

OSGOD. I am sure this body

Is Alfwig, the King's uncle.

ATHELRIC. So it is!

No, no,—brave Gurth, one gash from brow to knee!

OSGOD. And here is Leofwin.

EDITH. And here is *he!*

ALDWYTH. Harold? O, no—nay, if it were—my God,

They have so maim'd and murder'd all his face

There is no man can swear to him!

EDITH. But one woman!

Harold

Look you, we never mean to part again.
I have found him, I am happy.
Was there not some one ask'd me for forgiveness?
I yield it freely, being the true wife
Of this dead King, who never bore revenge.

Enter COUNT WILLIAM *and* WILLIAM MALET.

WILLIAM. Who be these women? And what body
is this?

EDITH. Harold, thy better!

WILLIAM. Ay, and what art thou?

EDITH. His wife!

MALET. Not true, my girl, here is the Queen!
[Pointing out ALDWYTH.

WILLIAM *(to* ALDWYTH). Wast thou his Queen?

ALDWYTH. I was the Queen of Wales.

WILLIAM. Why, then of England. Madam, fear us
not.

(To MALET.) Knowest thou this other?

MALET. When I visited England,
Some held she was his wife in secret—some—
Well—some believed she was his paramour.

EDITH. Norman, thou liest! liars all of you,
Your Saints and all! *I* am his wife! and she—
For look, our marriage ring!

[She draws it off the finger of HAROLD.

I lost it somehow—
I lost it, playing with it when I was wild.

Harold

That bred the doubt! but I am wiser now—
I am too wise—Will none among you all
Bear me true witness—only for this once—
That I have found it here again? [*She puts it on.*
And thou,
Thy wife am I for ever and evermore.

[*Falls on the body and dies.*

WILLIAM. Death!—and enough of death for this
one day,
The day of Saint Calixtus, and the day,
My day when I was born.

MALET. And this dead King's,
Who, king or not, hath kinglike fought and
fallen,
His birthday, too. It seems but yestereven
I held it with him in his English halls.
His day, with all his roof-tree ringing "Harold,"
Before he fell into the snare of Guy;
When all men counted Harold would be King,
And Harold was most happy.

WILLIAM. Thou art half English.
Take them away!
Malet, I vow to build a church to God
Here on the hill of battle; let our high altar
Stand where their standard fell—where these two
lie.

Take them away, I do not love to see them.
Pluck the dead woman off the dead man, Malet!

Harold

MALET. Faster than ivy! Must I hack her arms
off?
How shall I part them?

WILLIAM. Leave them. Let them be!
Bury him and his paramour together.
He that was false in oath to me, it seems
Was false to his own wife. We will not give him
A Christian burial; yet he was a warrior,
And wise, yea truthful, till that blighted vow
Which God avenged to-day.
Wrap them together in a purple cloak,
And lay them both upon the waste seashore
At Hastings, there to guard the land for which
He did forswear himself—a warrior—ay,
And but that Holy Peter fought for us,
And that the false Northumbrian held aloof,
And save for that chance arrow which the Saints
Sharpen'd and sent against him—who can tell?—
Three horses had I slain beneath me; twice
I thought that all was lost. Since I knew battle,
And that was from my boyhood, never yet—
No, by the splendour of God—have I fought men
Like Harold and his brethren, and his guard
Of English. Every man about his King
Fell where he stood. They loved him; and, pray God
My Normans may but move as true with me
To the door of death! Of one self-stock at first,
Make them again one people—Norman, English,

Harold

And English, Norman; we should have a hand
To grasp the world with, and a foot to stamp it—
Flat. Praise the Saints! It is over. No more blood!
I am King of England, so they thwart me not,
And I will rule according to their laws.

(To ALDWYTH.) Madam, we will entreat thee with
all honour.

ALDWYTH. My punishment is more than I can
bear.



The Cup
A Tragedy



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SYNORIX, *an ex-Tetrarch.*

SINNATUS, *a Tetrarch.*

PHŒBE.

CAMMA, *wife of Sinnatus, afterwards
Priestess in the Temple of Artemis.*

MAID.

ATTENDANT.

BOY.

ANTONIUS, *a Roman General.*

PUBLIUS.

NOBLEMAN.

MESSENGER.

} Galatians

} Romans



The Cup

ACT I

SCENE I.—DISTANT VIEW OF A CITY OF GALATIA

As the curtain rises, Priestesses are heard singing in the Temple. Boy discovered on a pathway among Rocks, picking grapes. A party of Roman Soldiers, guarding a prisoner in chains, come down the pathway and exeunt.

Enter SYNORIX (looking round). Singing ceases.

SYNORIX. Pine, beech and plane, oak, walnut,
apricot,
Vine, cypress, poplar, myrtle, bowering-in
The city where she dwells. She past me here
Three years ago when I was flying from
My tetrarchy to Rome. I almost touch'd her—
A maiden slowly moving on to music
Among her maidens to this temple—O Gods!
She is my fate—else wherefore has my fate
Brought me again to her own city?—married

The Cup

Since—married Sinnatus, the tetrarch here—
But if he be conspirator, Rome will chain
Or slay him. I may trust to gain her then
When I shall have my tetrarchy restored
By Rome, our mistress, grateful that I show'd her
The weakness and the dissonance of our clans,
And how to crush them easily. Wretched race!
And once I wish'd to scourge them to the bones.
But in this narrow breathing-time of life
Is vengeance for its own sake worth the while,
If once our ends are gain'd? and now this cup—
I never felt such passion for a woman.

[Brings out a cup and scroll from under his cloak.

What have I written to her? *[Reading the scroll.*

“To the admired Camma, wife of Sinnatus the Tetrarch, one who years ago, himself an adorer of our great goddess Artemis, beheld you afar off worshipping in her temple, and loved you for it, sends you this cup rescued from the burning of one of her shrines in a city thro' which he past with the Roman army: it is the cup we use in our marriages. Receive it from one who cannot at present write himself other than

“A GALATIAN SERVING BY FORCE

IN THE ROMAN LEGION.”

[Turns and looks up to Boy.

Boy, dost thou know the house of Sinnatus?

Boy. These grapes are for the house of Sinnatus—
Close to the temple.

The Cup

SYNORIX. Yonder?

BOY. Yes.

SYNORIX (*aside*). That I

With all my range of women should yet shun
To meet her face to face at once! My boy,
[*Boy comes down rocks to him.*]

Take thou this letter and this cup to Camma,
The wife of Sinnatus.

BOY. Going or gone to-day
To hunt with Sinnatus.

SYNORIX. That matters not.
Take thou this cup and leave it at her doors.

[*Gives the cup and scroll to the Boy.*]

BOY. I will, my lord.

[*Takes his basket of grapes and exit.*]

Enter ANTONIUS.

ANTONIUS (*meeting the Boy as he goes out*).

Why, whither runs the boy?

Is that the cup you rescued from the fire?

SYNORIX. I send it to the wife of Sinnatus,
One half besotted in religious rites.

You come here with your soldiers to enforce
The long-withholden tribute; you suspect
This Sinnatus of playing patriotism,
Which in your sense is treason. You have yet
No proof against him. Now this pious cup
Is passport to their house, and open arms

The Cup

CAMMA. Good then, we will climb
The mountain opposite and watch the chase.

[*They descend the rocks and exeunt.*]

SYNORIX (*watching her*). (*Aside.*) The bust of Juno
and the brows and eyes
Of Venus; face and form unmatchable!

ANTONIUS. Why do you look at her so lingeringly?

SYNORIX. To see if years have changed her.

ANTONIUS (*sarcastically*). Love her, do you?

SYNORIX. I envied Sinnatus when he married
her.

ANTONIUS. She knows it? Ha!

SYNORIX. She—no, nor even my face.

ANTONIUS. Nor Sinnatus either?

SYNORIX. No, nor Sinnatus.

ANTONIUS. Hot-blooded! I have heard them say
in Rome,

That your own people cast you from their bounds
For some unprincely violence to a woman,
As Rome did Tarquin.

SYNORIX. Well, if this were so
I here return like Tarquin—for a crown.

ANTONIUS. And may be foil'd like Tarquin, if you
follow

Not the dry light of Rome's straight-going policy,
But the fool-fire of love or lust, which well
May make you lose yourself, may even drown you
In the good regard of Rome.

The Cup

SYNORIX. Tut—fear me not;
I ever had my victories among women.
I am most true to Rome.

ANTONIUS (*aside*). I hate the man!
What filthy tools our Senate works with! Still
I must obey them. (*Aloud.*) Fare you well.

[*Going.*

SYNORIX. Farewell!

ANTONIUS (*stopping*). A moment! If you track
this Sinnatus

In any treason, I give you here an order

[*Produces a paper.*

To seize upon him. Let me sign it. (*Signs it.*)

There—

“Antonius, leader of the Roman Legion.”

[*Hands the paper to SYNORIX. Goes up pathway
and exit.*

SYNORIX. Woman again!—but I am wiser now.
No rushing on the game—the net,—the net.

[*Shouts of “Sinnatus! Sinnatus!” Then horn.
Looking off stage.*] He comes, a rough, bluff, simple-
looking fellow.

If we may judge the kernel by the husk,
Not one to keep a woman’s fealty when
Assailed by Craft and Love. I ’ll join with him;
I may reap something from him—come upon *her*
Again, perhaps, to-day—*her*. Who are with him?
I see no face that knows me. Shall I risk it?

The Cup

I am a Roman now, they dare not touch me.
I will.

Enter SINNATUS, HUNTSMEN and hounds.

Fair sir, a happy day to you!
You reckon but little of the Roman here,
While you can take your pastime in the woods.

SINNATUS. Ay, ay, why not? What would you
with me, man?

SYNORIX. I am a lifelong lover of the chase,
And tho' a stranger fain would be allow'd
To join the hunt.

SINNATUS. Your name?

SYNORIX. Strato, my name.

SINNATUS. No Roman name?

SYNORIX. A Greek, my lord; you know
That we Galatians are both Greek and Gaul.

[Shouts and horns in the distance.]

SINNATUS. Hillo, the stag! (To SYNORIX.) What,
you are all unfurnish'd?
Give him a bow and arrows—follow—follow.

[Exit, followed by HUNTSMEN.]

SYNORIX. Slowly but surely—till I see my way.
It is the one step in the dark beyond
Our expectation, that amazes us.

[Distant shouts and horns.]

Hillo! Hillo!

[Exit SYNORIX. Shouts and horns.]

The Cup

SCENE II.—A ROOM IN THE TETRARCH'S HOUSE

Frescoed figures on the walls. Evening. Moonlight outside. A couch with cushions on it. A small table with a flagon of wine, cups, plate of grapes, etc., also the cup of Scene I. A chair with drapery on it.

CAMMA enters, and opens curtains of window.

CAMMA. No Sinnatus yet—and there the rising moon.

[Takes up a cithern and sits on couch. Plays and sings.

Moon on the field and the foam,
Moon on the waste and the wold,
Moon bring him home, bring him home,
Safe from the dark and the cold,
Home, sweet moon, bring him home,
Home with the flock to the fold—
Safe from the wolf—

(Listening.) Is he coming? I thought I heard
A footstep. No, not yet. They say that Rome
Sprang from a wolf. I fear my dear lord mixt
With some conspiracy against the wolf.
This mountain shepherd never dream'd of Rome.

[Sings.

Safe from the wolf to the fold—

And that great break of precipice that runs
Thro' all the wood, where twenty years ago

The Cup

Huntsman and hound and deer were all neck-broken!
Nay, here he comes.

Enter SINNATUS followed by SYNORIX.

SINNATUS (*angrily*). I tell thee, my good fellow,
My arrow struck the stag.

SYNORIX. But was it so?
Nay, you were further off; besides the wind
Went with my arrow.

SINNATUS. I am sure I struck him.

SYNORIX. And I am just as sure, my lord, I struck
him.

(*Aside.*) And I may strike your game when you are
gone.

CAMMA. Come, come, we will not quarrel about
the stag.

I have had a weary day in watching you.

Yours must have been a wearier. Sit and eat,

And take a hunter's vengeance on the meats.

SINNATUS. No, no—we have eaten—we are
heated. Wine!

CAMMA. Who is our guest?

SINNATUS. Strato he calls himself.

[CAMMA offers wine to SYNORIX, while SINNATUS
helps himself.

SINNATUS. I pledge you, Strato. [*Drinks.*

SYNORIX. And I you, my lord.

[*Drinks.*

The Cup

SINNATUS (*seeing the cup sent to CAMMA*). What 's here?

CAMMA. A strange gift sent to me to-day.
A sacred cup saved from a blazing shrine
Of our great Goddess, in some city where
Antonius past. I had believed that Rome
Made war upon the peoples, not the Gods.

SYNORIX. Most like the city rose against Antonius,
Whereon he fired it, and the sacred shrine
By chance was burnt along with it.

SINNATUS. Had you then
No message with the cup?

CAMMA. Why, yes, see here.
[*Gives him the scroll.*]

SINNATUS (*reads*). "To the admired Camma,—beheld you afar off—loved you—sends you this cup—the cup we use in our marriages—cannot at present write himself other than

"A GALATIAN SERVING BY FORCE
IN THE ROMAN LEGION."

Serving by force! Were there no boughs to hang on,
Rivers to drown in? Serve by force? No force
Could make me serve by force.

SYNORIX. How then, my lord?
The Roman is encampt without your city—
The force of Rome a thousand-fold our own.
Must all Galatia hang or drown herself?
And you a prince and tetrarch in this province—

The Cup

SINNATUS. Province!

SYNORIX. Well, well, they call it so in Rome.

SINNATUS (*angrily*). Province!

SYNORIX. A noble anger! but Antonius
To-morrow will demand your tribute—you,
Can you make war? Have you alliances?
Bithynia, Pontus, Paphlagonia?
We have had our leagues of old with Eastern kings.
There is my hand—if such a league there be.
What will you do?

SINNATUS. Not set myself abroad
And run my mind out to a random guest
Who join'd me in the hunt. You saw my hounds
True to the scent; and we have two-legg'd dogs
Among us who can smell a true occasion,
And when to bark and how.

SYNORIX. My good Lord Sinnatus,
I once was at the hunting of a lion.
Roused by the clamour of the chase he woke,
Came to the front of the wood—his monarch mane
Bristled about his quick ears—he stood there
Staring upon the hunter. A score of dogs
Gnaw'd at his ankles; at the last he felt
The trouble of his feet, put forth one paw,
Slew four, and knew it not, and so remain'd
Staring upon the hunter. And this Rome
Will crush you if you wrestle with her; then,
Save for some slight report in her own Senate,

The Cup

Scarce know what she has done.

(*Aside.*) Would I could move him,
Provoke him any way! (*Aloud.*) The Lady Camma,
Wise I am sure as she is beautiful,
Will close with me that to submit at once
Is better than a wholly hopeless war,
Our gallant citizens murder'd all in vain,
Son, husband, brother gash'd to death in vain,
And the small state more cruelly trampled on
Than had she never moved.

CAMMA. Sir, I had once
A boy who died a babe; but were he living
And grown to man and Sinnatus will'd it, I
Would set him in the front rank of the fight
With scarce a pang. (*Rises.*) Sir, if a state submit
At once, she may be blotted out at once
And swallow'd in the conqueror's chronicle.
Whereas in wars of freedom and defence
The glory and grief of battle won or lost
Solders a race together—yea—tho' they fail,
The names of those who fought and fell are like
A bank'd-up fire that flashes out again
From century to century, and at last
May lead them on to victory—I hope so—
Like phantoms of the Gods.

SINNATUS. Well spoken, wife.

SYNORIX (*bowing*). Madam, so well I yield.

SINNATUS. I should not wonder

The Cup

First, lady, know myself am that Galatian
Who sent the cup.

CAMMA. I thank you from my heart.

SYNORIX. Then that I serve with Rome to serve
Galatia.

That is my secret; keep it, or you sell me
To torment and to death. [Coming closer.

For your ear only—

I love you—for your love to the great Goddess.
The Romans sent me here a spy upon you,
To draw you and your husband to your doom.
I 'd sooner die than do it.

[Takes out paper given him by ANTONIUS.

This paper sign'd

Antonius—will you take it, read it? there!

CAMMA (*reads*). "You are to seize on Sinnatus,—
if—"

SYNORIX (*snatches paper*). No more.

What follows is for no wife's eyes. O Camma,
Rome has a glimpse of this conspiracy;
Rome never yet hath spar'd conspirator.
Horrible! flaying, scourging, crucifying—

CAMMA. I am tender enough. Why do you practise
on me?

SYNORIX. Why should I practise on you? How
you wrong me!

I am sure of being every way malign'd.
And if you should betray me to your husband—

The Cup

CAMMA. Will *you* betray him by this order?

SYNORIX. See,

I tear it all to pieces, never dream'd

Of acting on it. [Tears the paper.]

CAMMA. I owe you thanks for ever.

SYNORIX. Hath Sinnatus never told you of this
plot?

CAMMA. What plot?

SYNORIX. A child's sand-castle on the beach
For the next wave,—all seen,—all calculated,
All known by Rome. No chance for Sinnatus.

CAMMA. Why said you not as much to my brave
Sinnatus?

SYNORIX. Brave—ay—too brave, too over-con-
fident,

Too like to ruin himself, and you, and me!
Who else, with this black thunderbolt of Rome
Above him, would have chased the stag to-day
In the full face of all the Roman camp?
A miracle that they let him home again,
Not caught, maim'd, blinded him.

[CAMMA *shudders*.

(*Aside.*) I have made her tremble.

(*Aloud.*) I know they mean to torture him to death.

I dare not tell him how I came to know it;

I durst not trust him with—my serving Rome

To serve Galatia; you heard him on the letter.

Not say as much? I all but said as much.

The Cup

I am sure I told him that his plot was folly.
I say it to you—you are wiser—Rome knows all,
But you know not the savagery of Rome.

CAMMA. O!—have you power with Rome? use it
for him!

SYNORIX. Alas! I have no such power with Rome.
All that
Lies with Antonius.

[As if struck by a sudden thought. Comes over to her.]

He will pass to-morrow
In the grey dawn before the Temple doors.
You have beauty,—O, great beauty,—and Antonius,
So gracious toward women, never yet
Flung back a woman's prayer. Plead to him,
I am sure you will prevail.

CAMMA. Still—I should tell
My husband.

SYNORIX. Will he let you plead for him
To a Roman?

CAMMA. I fear not.

SYNORIX. Then do not tell him.
Or tell him, if you will, when you return,
When you have charm'd our general into mercy,
And all is safe again. O dearest lady,

[Murmurs of "Synorix! Synorix!" heard outside.]

Think,—torture,—death,—and come.

The Cup

CAMMA I will, I will.
And I will not betray you.

SYNORIX (*aside, as SINNATUS enters*). Stand apart.

Enter SINNATUS and ATTENDANT.

SINNATUS. Thou art that Synorix! One whom
thou hast wrong'd
Without there knew thee with Antonius.
They howl for thee, to rend thee head from limb.

SYNORIX. I am much malign'd. I thought to
serve Galatia.

SINNATUS. Serve thyself first, villain! They shall
not harm
My guest within my house. There! (*points to door*)
there! this door
Opens upon the forest! Out, begone!
Henceforth I am thy mortal enemy.

SYNORIX. However, I thank thee (*draws his sword*);
thou hast saved my life.

[*Exit.*

SINNATUS (*to ATTENDANT*). Return and tell them
Synorix is not here. [*Exit ATTENDANT.*
What did that villain Synorix say to you?

CAMMA. Is *he—that*—Synorix?

SINNATUS. Wherefore should you doubt it?
One of the men there knew him.

CAMMA. Only one,
And he perhaps mistaken in the face.

The Cup

SINNATUS. Come, come, could he deny it? What did he say?

CAMMA. What *should* he say?

SINNATUS. What *should* he say, my wife! He should say this, that being tetrarch once His own true people cast him from their doors Like a base coin.

CAMMA. Not kindly to them?

SINNATUS. Kindly?

O, the most kindly prince in all the world! Would clap his honest citizens on the back, Bandy their own rude jests with them, be curious About the welfare of their babes, their wives, O, ay—their wives—their wives! What should he say?

He should say nothing to my wife if I Were by to throttle him! He steep'd himself In all the lust of Rome. How should *you* guess What manner of beast it is?

CAMMA. Yet he seem'd kindly, And said he loathed the cruelties that Rome Wrought on her vassals.

SINNATUS. Did he, *honest* man?

CAMMA. And you, that seldom brook the stranger here, Have let him hunt the stag with you to-day.

SINNATUS. I warrant you now, he said *he* struck the stag.

The Cup

CAMMA. Why, no, he never touch'd upon the stag.

SINNATUS. Why, so I said, *my* arrow. Well, to sleep. [Goes to close door.]

CAMMA. Nay, close not yet the door upon a night That looks half day.

SINNATUS. True; and my friends may spy him And slay him as he runs.

CAMMA. He is gone already.

O, look,—yon grove upon the mountain,—white

In the sweet moon as with a lovelier snow!

But what a blotch of blackness underneath!

Sinnatus, you remember—yea, you must,

That there three years ago—the vast vine-bowers

Ran to the summit of the trees, and dropt

Their streamers earthward, which a breeze of May

Took ever and anon, and open'd out

The purple zone of hill and heaven. There

You told your love; and like the swaying vines—

Yea,—with our eyes,—our hearts, our prophet

hopes

Let in the happy distance, and that all

But cloudless heaven which we have found together

In our three married years! You kiss'd me there

For the first time. Sinnatus, kiss me now.

SINNATUS. First kiss. (*Kisses her.*) There, then.

You talk almost as if it

Might be the last.

CAMMA. Will you not eat a little?

The Cup

SINNATUS. No, no, we found a goatherd's hut and
shared
His fruits and milk. Liar! You will believe
Now that he never struck the stag—a brave
one
Which you shall see to-morrow.

CAMMA. I rise to-morrow
In the grey dawn, and take this holy cup
To lodge it in the shrine of Artemis.

SINNATUS. Good!

CAMMA. If I be not back in half an hour,
Come after me.

SINNATUS. What! is there danger?

CAMMA. Nay,
None that I know; 't is but a step from here
To the Temple.

SINNATUS. All my brain is full of sleep.
Wake me before you go, I 'll after you—
After *me* now! [Closes door and exit.

CAMMA (*drawing curtains*). Your shadow. Syn-
orix—
His face was not malignant, and he said
That men malign'd him. Shall I go? Shall I
go?

Death, torture—
“He never yet flung back a woman's prayer”—
I go, but I will have my dagger with me.

[Exit.

The Cup

SCENE III.—SAME AS SCENE I. DAWN

Music and Singing in the Temple.

Enter SYNORIX watchfully, after him PUBLIUS and
SOLDIERS.

SYNORIX. Publius!

PUBLIUS. Here!

SYNORIX. Do you remember what
I told you?

PUBLIUS. When you cry, "Rome, Rome," to seize
On whomsoever may be talking with you,
Or man, or woman, as traitors unto Rome.

SYNORIX. Right. Back again. How many of you
are there?

PUBLIUS. Some half a score.

[*Exeunt SOLDIERS and PUBLIUS.*]

SYNORIX. I have my guard about me.
I need not fear the crowd that hunted me
Across the woods, last night. I hardly gain'd
The camp at midnight. Will she come to me
Now that she knows me Synorix? Not if Sinnatus
Has told her all the truth about me. Well,
I cannot help the mould that I was cast in.
I fling all that upon my fate, my star.
I know that I am genial, I would be
Happy, and make all others happy, so
They did not thwart me. Nay, she will not come.
Yet if she be a true and loving wife

The Cup

She may, perchance, to save this husband. Ay!
See, see, my white bird stepping toward the snare.
Why, now I count it all but miracle,
That this brave heart of mine should shake me
so,
As helplessly as some unbearded boy's
When first he meets his maiden in a bower.

Enter CAMMA (with cup).

The lark first takes the sunlight on his wing,
But you, twin sister of the morning star,
Forelead the sun.

CAMMA. Where is Antonius?

SYNORIX. Not here as yet. You are too early for
him.

[She crosses towards Temple.

SYNORIX. Nay, whither go you now?

CAMMA. To lodge this cup
Within the holy shrine of Artemis,
And so return.

SYNORIX. To find Antonius here.

[She goes into the Temple, he looks after her.

The loveliest life that ever drew the light
From heaven to brood upon her, and enrich
Earth with her shadow! I trust she *will* return.
These Romans dare not violate the Temple.
No, I must lure my game into the camp.
A woman I could live and die for. What!

The Cup

Die for a woman, what new faith is this?
I am not mad, not sick, not old enough
To dote on one alone. Yes, mad for her,
Camma the stately, Camma the great-hearted,
So mad, I fear some strange and evil chance
Coming upon me, for, by the Gods I seem
Strange to myself!

Re-enter CAMMA.

CAMMA. Where is Antonius?

SYNORIX. Where? As I said before, you are still
too early.

CAMMA. Too early to be here alone with thee;
For whether men malign thy name, or no,
It bears an evil savour among women.
Where is Antonius? (*Loud.*)

SYNORIX. Madam, as you know,
The camp is half a league without the city;
If you will walk with me we needs must meet
Antonius coming, or at least shall find him
There in the camp.

CAMMA. No, not one step with thee.
Where is Antonius? (*Louder.*)

SYNORIX (*advancing towards her*). Then for your
own sake,
Lady, I say it with all gentleness,
And for the sake of Sinnatus your husband,
I must compel you.

The Cup

CAMMA (*drawing her dagger*). Stay!—too near is death.

SYNORIX (*disarming her*). Is it not easy to disarm a woman?

Enter SINNATUS (seizes him from behind by the throat).

SYNORIX (*throttled and scarce audible*). Rome!
Rome!

SINNATUS. Adulterous dog!

SYNORIX (*stabbing him with CAMMA's dagger*).
What! will you have it?

CAMMA *utters a cry and runs to SINNATUS.*

SINNATUS (*falls backward*). I have it in my heart—
to the Temple—fly—

For my sake—or they seize on thee. Remember!
Away—farewell! [Dies.

CAMMA (*runs up the steps into the Temple, looking back*). Farewell!

SYNORIX (*seeing her escape*). The women of the
Temple drag her in.

Publius! Publius! No,
Antonius would not suffer me to break
Into the sanctuary. She hath escaped.

[Looking down at SINNATUS.

“Adulterous dog!” that red-faced rage at me!
Then with one quick short stab—eternal peace.
So end all passions. Then what use in passions?
To warm the cold bonds of our dying life

The Cup—Act I, Scene III

Gamma. (Runs up the steps into the
Temple, looking back) Farewell!

From the drawing by Frederick Simpson Coburn



The Cup

CAMMA (*drawing her dagger*). Stay!—too near is death.

SYNORIX (*disarming her*). Is it not easy to disarm a woman?

Enter SINNATUS (seizes him from behind by the throat).

SYNORIX (*throttled and scarce audible*). Rome! Rome!

SINNATUS. Adulterous dog!

SYNORIX (*stabbing him with CAMMA's dagger*).

The Cup—Act I, Scene III

CAMMA utters a cry and runs to SINNATUS.

Camma. (*Runs up the steps into the Temple, looking back.*) Farewell!

SINNATUS (*falls backward*). I have it in my heart—
to the Temple—fly—

For my sake—or they seize on thee. Remember!

Away—farewell. *From the drawing by Frederick Simpson Coburn* [Dies.]

CAMMA (*runs up the steps into the Temple, looking back*). Farewell!

SYNORIX (*seeing her escape*). The women of the Temple drag her in.

Publius! Publius! No,

Antonius would not suffer me to break

Into the sanctuary. She hath escaped.

[Looking down at SINNATUS.]

“Adulterous dog!” that red-faced rage at me!

Then with one quick short stab—eternal peace.

So end all passions. Then what use in passions?

To warm the cold bonds of our dying life



The Cup

And, lest we freeze in mortal apathy,
Employ us, heat us, quicken us, help us, keep us
From seeing all too near that urn, those ashes
Which all must be. Well used, they serve us well.
I heard a saying in Egypt, that ambition
Is like the sea wave, which the more you drink
The more you thirst—yea—drink too much, as
men

Have done on rafts of wreck—it drives you mad.
I will be no such wreck, am no such gamester
As, having won the stake, would dare the chance
Of double, or losing all. The Roman Senate,
For I have always play'd into their hands,
Means me the crown. And Camma for my bride—
The people love her—if I win her love,
They too will cleave to me, as one with her.
There then I rest, Rome's tributary king.

[*Looking down on SINNATUS.*]

Why did I strike him?—having proof enough
Against the man, I surely should have left
That stroke to Rome. He saved my life too. Did he?
It seem'd so. I have play'd the sudden fool.
And that sets her against me—for the moment.
Camma—well, well, I never found the woman
I could not force or wheedle to my will.
She will be glad at last to wear my crown.
And I will make Galatia prosperous too,
And we will chirp among our vines, and smile

The Cup

At bygone things till that (*pointing to SINNATUS*)
eternal peace.

Rome! Rome!

Enter PUBLIUS and SOLDIERS.

Twice I cried Rome. Why came ye not before?

PUBLIUS. Why come we now? Whom shall we
seize upon?

SYNORIX (*pointing to the body of SINNATUS*). The
body of that dead traitor Sinnatus.

Bear him away.

Music and Singing in Temple





ACT II

SCENE.—INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS

Small gold gates on platform in front of the veil before the colossal statue of the Goddess, and in the centre of the Temple a tripod altar, on which is a lighted lamp. Lamps (lighted) suspended between the pillars. Tripods, vases, garlands of flowers, etc., about stage. Altar at back close to Goddess, with two cups. Solenn music. Priestesses decorating the Temple.

(The Chorus of PRIESTESSES sing as they enter.)

Artemis, Artemis, hear us, O Mother, hear us, and bless us!
Artemis, thou that art life to the wind, to the wave, to the
glebe, to the fire!

Hear thy people who praise thee! O, help us from all that
oppress us!

Hear thy priestesses hymn thy glory! O, yield them all
their desire!

PRIESTESS. Phœbe, that man from Synorix, who
has been

The Cup

So oft to see the priestess, waits once more
Before the Temple.

PHŒBE. We will let her know.

[*Signs to one of the Priestesses, who goes out.*]

Since Camma fled from Synorix to our Temple,
And for her beauty, stateliness, and power,
Was chosen priestess here, have you not mark'd
Her eyes were ever on the marble floor?
To-day they are fixt and bright—they look straight
out.

Hath she made up her mind to marry him?

PRIESTESS. To marry him who stabb'd her Sin-
natus!

You will not easily make me credit that.

PHŒBE. Ask her.

Enter CAMMA as Priestess (in front of the curtains).

PRIESTESS. You will not marry Synorix?

CAMMA. My girl, I am the bride of Death, and only
Marry the dead.

PRIESTESS. Not Synorix then?

CAMMA. My girl,

At times this oracle of great Artemis
Has no more power than other oracles
To speak directly.

PHŒBE. Will you speak to him,
The messenger from Synorix who waits
Before the Temple?

The Cup

CAMMA. Why not? Let him enter.
[Comes forward on to step by tripod.]

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER (*kneels*). Greeting and health from
Synorix! More than once
You have refused his hand. When last I saw
you,
You all but yielded. He entreats you now
For your last answer. When he struck at Sinnatus—
As I have many a time declared to you—
He knew not at the moment who had fasten'd
About his throat—he begs you to forget it
As scarce his act—a random stroke. All else
Was love for you; he prays you to believe him.

CAMMA. I pray him to believe—that I believe
him.

MESSENGER. Why, that is well. You mean to
marry him?

CAMMA. I mean to marry him—if that be well.

MESSENGER. This very day the Romans crown
him King
For all his faithful services to Rome.
He wills you then this day to marry him,
And so be throned together in the sight
Of all the people, that the world may know
You twain are reconciled, and no more feuds
Disturb our peaceful vassalage to Rome.

The Cup

CAMMA. To-day? Too sudden. I will brood upon it.

When do they crown him?

MESSENGER. Even now.

CAMMA. And where?

MESSENGER. Here by your temple.

CAMMA. Come once more to me
Before the crowning,—I will answer you.

[Exit MESSENGER.]

PHŒBE. Great Artemis! O Camma, can it be well,
Or good, or wise, that you should clasp a hand
Red with the sacred blood of Sinnatus?

CAMMA. Good! mine own dagger driven by Syno-
rix found

All good in the true heart of Sinnatus,
And quench'd it there for ever. Wise!
Life yields to Death, and Wisdom bows to Fate,
Is wisest doing so. Did not this man
Speak well? We cannot fight imperial Rome,
But he and I are both Galatian-born;
And tributary sovereigns, he and I
Might teach this Rome—from knowledge of our
people—

Where to lay on her tribute—heavily here
And lightly there. Might I not live for that,
And drown all poor self-passion in the sense
Of public good?

PHŒBE. I am sure you will not marry him.

The Cup

CAMMA. Are you so sure? I pray you wait and see.

[*Shouts (from the distance) "Synorix! Synorix!"*]

CAMMA. Synorix, Synorix! So they cried Sinnatus
Not so long since—they sicken me. The One
Who shifts his policy suffers something, must
Accuse himself, excuse himself; the Many
Will feel no shame to give themselves the lie.

PHOEBE. Most like it was the Roman soldier
shouted.

CAMMA. Their shield-borne patriot of the morning
star
Hang'd at midday, their traitor of the dawn
The clamour'd darling of their afternoon!
And that same head they would have play'd at ball
with
And kick'd it featureless—they now would crown!

[*Flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter a Galatian NOBLEMAN *with crown on a cushion.*

NOBLE (*kneels*). Greeting and health from Synorix.

He sends you

This diadem of the first Galatian Queen,
That you may feed your fancy on the glory of it,
And join your life this day with his, and wear it
Beside him on his throne. He waits your answer.

CAMMA. Tell him there is one shadow among the
shadows,
One ghost of all the ghosts—as yet so new,

The Cup

So strange among them—such an alien there,
So much of husband in it still—that if
The shout of Synorix and Camma sitting
Upon one throne, should reach it, *it* would rise—
HE!—HE, with that red star between the ribs,
And my knife there—and blast the King and me,
And blanch the crowd with horror. I dare not, sir!
Throne him—and then the marriage—ay, and tell
him

That I accept the diadem of Galatia—

[*All are amazed.*]

Yea, that ye saw me crown myself withal.

[*Puts on the crown.*]

I wait him his crown'd queen.

NOBLE. So will I tell him.

[*Exit.*]

Music. Two Priestesses go up the steps before the shrine, draw the curtains on either side (discovering the Goddess), then open the gates and remain on steps, one on either side, and kneel. A Priestess goes off and returns with a veil of marriage, then assists PHOEBE to veil CAMMA. At the same time Priestesses enter and stand on either side of the Temple. CAMMA and all the Priestesses kneel, raise their hands to the Goddess, and bow down.

[*Shouts, "Synorix! Synorix!" All rise.*]

CAMMA. Fling wide the doors, and let the new-made children

The Cup

Of our imperial mother see the show.

[*Sunlight pours through the doors.*

I have no heart to do it. (To PHŒBE.) Look for me!

[*Crouches. PHŒBE looks out.*

[*Shouts, "Synorix! Synorix!"*

PHŒBE. He climbs the throne. Hot blood, ambition, pride

So bloat and redden his face—O, would it were

His third last apoplexy! O, bestial!

O, how unlike our goodly Sinnatus!

CAMMA (*on the ground*). You wrong him surely;
far as the face goes

A goodlier-looking man than Sinnatus.

PHŒBE (*aside*). How dare she say it? I could
hate her for it

But that she is distracted.

[*A flourish of trumpets.*

CAMMA. Is he crown'd?

PHŒBE. Ay, there they crown him.

[*Crowd without shout, "Synorix! Synorix!"*

[*A Priestess brings a box of spices to CAMMA, who throws them on the altar-flame.*

CAMMA. Rouse the dead altar-flame, fling in the
spices,

Nard, cinnamon, amomum, benzoin.

Let all the air reel into a mist of odour,

As in the midmost heart of Paradise.

Lay down the Lydian carpets for the King.

The Cup

The King should pace on purple to his bride,
And music there to greet my lord the King. [*Music.*
(*To PHŒBE.*) Dost thou remember when I wedded
Sinnatus?

Ay, thou wast there—whether from maiden fears
Or reverential love for him I loved,
Or some strange second-sight, the marriage-cup
Wherefrom we make libation to the Goddess
So shook within my hand that the red wine
Ran down the marble and lookt like blood, like blood.

PHŒBE. I do remember your first-marriage fears.

CAMMA. I have no fears at this my second
marriage.

See here—I stretch my hand out—hold it there.
How steady it is!

PHŒBE. Steady enough to stab him!

CAMMA. O, hush! O, peace! This violence ill be-
comes

The silence of our Temple. Gentleness,
Low words best chime with this solemnity.

*Enter a procession of Priestesses and Children bearing
garlands and golden goblets, and strewing flowers.*

*Enter SYNORIX (as King, with gold laurel-wreath crown
and purple robes), followed by ANTONIUS, PUBLIUS
Noblemen, Guards, and the Populace.*

CAMMA. Hail, King!

SYNORIX. Hail, Queen!

The Cup

The wheel of Fate has roll'd me to the top.
I would that happiness were gold, that I
Might cast my largess of it to the crowd!
I would that every man made feast to-day,
Beneath the shadow of our pines and planes!
For all my truer life begins to-day.
The past is like a travell'd land now sunk
Below the horizon—like a barren shore
That grew salt weeds, but now all drown'd in love
And glittering at full tide—the bounteous bays
And havens filling with a blissful sea.
Nor speak I now too mightily, being King
And happy! happiest, Lady, in my power
To make you happy.

CAMMA. Yes, sir.

SYNORIX. Our Antonius,
Our faithful friend of Rome, tho' Rome may set
A free foot where she will, yet of his courtesy
Entreats he may be present at our marriage.

CAMMA. Let him come—a legion with him, if he will.
(To ANTONIUS.) Welcome, my lord Antonius, to
our Temple.

(To SYNORIX.) You on this side the altar. (To
ANTONIUS.) You on that.

Call first upon the Goddess, Synorix.

[*All face the Goddess. Priestesses, Children, Popu-
lace, and Guards kneel—the others remain stand-
ing.*

The Cup

SYNORIX. O thou that dost inspire the germ with
life,
The child, a thread within the house of birth,
And give him limbs, then air, and send him forth
The glory of his father—thou whose breath
Is balmy wind to robe our hills with grass,
And kindle all our vales with myrtle-blossom,
And roll the golden oceans of our grain,
And sway the long grape-bunches of our vines,
And fill all hearts with fatness and the lust
Of plenty—make me happy in my marriage!

CHORUS (*chanting*). Artemis, Artemis, hear him,
Ionian Artemis!

CAMMA. O thou that slayest the babe within the
womb
Or in the being born, or after slayest him
As boy or man, great Goddess, whose storm-voice
Unsockets the strong oak, and rears his root
Beyond his head, and strows our fruits, and lays
Our golden grain, and runs to sea and makes it
Foam over all the fleeted wealth of kings
And peoples, hear!
Whose arrow is the plague—whose quick flash
splits
The mid-sea mast, and rifts the tower to the
rock,
And hurls the victor's column down with him
That crowns it, hear!

The Cup

Who causeth the safe earth to shudder and gape,
And gulf and flatten in her closing chasm
Domed cities, hear!

Whose lava-torrents blast and blacken a province
To a cinder, hear!

Whose winter-cataracts find a realm and leave it
A waste of rock and ruin, hear! I call thee
To make my marriage prosper to my wish!

CHORUS. Artemis, Artemis, hear her, Ephesian
Artemis!

CAMMA. Artemis, Artemis, hear me, Galatian Ar-
temis!

I call on our own Goddess in our own Temple.

CHORUS. Artemis, Artemis, hear her, Galatian Ar-
temis! [Thunder. All rise.

SYNORIX (*aside*). Thunder! Ay, ay, the storm was
drawing hither

Across the hills when I was being crown'd.

I wonder if I look as pale as she?

CAMMA. Art thou—still bent—on marrying?

SYNORIX. Surely—yet

These are strange words to speak to Artemis.

CAMMA. Words are not always what they seem,
my King.

I will be faithful to thee till thou die.

SYNORIX. I thank thee, Camma,—I thank
thee.

CAMMA (*turning to ANTONIUS*). Antonius,

The Cup

Much graced are we that our Queen Rome in
you

Deigns to look in upon our barbarisms.

[Turns, goes up steps to altar before the Goddess.

Takes a cup from off the altar. Holds it towards

ANTONIUS. ANTONIUS goes up to the foot of the
steps opposite to SYNORIX.

You see this cup, my lord. *[Gives it to him.*

ANTONIUS. Most curious!

The many-breasted mother Artemis

Emboss'd upon it.

CAMMA. It is old, I know not

How many hundred years. Give it me again.

It is the cup belonging our own Temple.

[Puts it back on altar, and takes up the cup of Act I.

Showing it to ANTONIUS.

Here is another sacred to the Goddess,

The gift of Synorix; and the Goddess, being

For this most grateful, wills, thro' me her priest-
ess,

In honour of his gift and of our marriage,

That Synorix should drink from his own cup.

SYNORIX. I thank thee, Camma,—I thank thee.

CAMMA. For—my lord—

It is our ancient custom in Galatia

That ere two souls be knit for life and death,

They two should drink together from one cup,

In symbol of their married unity,

The Cup

Making libation to the Goddess. Bring me
The costly wines we use in marriages.

[They bring in a large jar of wine. CAMMA pours wine into cup.]

(To SYNORIX.) See here, I fill it. (To ANTONIUS.) Will you drink, my lord?

ANTONIUS. I? Why should I? I am not to be married.

CAMMA. But that might bring a Roman blessing on us.

ANTONIUS (*refusing cup*). Thy pardon, Priestess!

CAMMA. Thou art in the right.

This blessing is for Synorix and for me.

See, first I make libation to the Goddess,

[Makes libation.]

And now I drink.

[Drinks and fills the cup again.]

Thy turn, Galatian King.

Drink and drink deep—our marriage will be fruitful.

Drink and drink deep, and thou wilt make me happy.

[SYNORIX goes up to her. She hands him the cup. He drinks.]

SYNORIX. There, Camma! I have almost drain'd the cup—

A few drops left.

CAMMA. Libation to the Goddess.

[He throws the remaining drops on the altar and gives CAMMA the cup.]

The Cup

CAMMA (*placing the cup on the altar*). Why, then
the Goddess hears.

[*Comes down and forward to tripod*. ANTONIUS
follows.

Antonius,

Where wast thou on that morning when I came
To plead to thee for Sinnatus's life,
Beside this temple half a year ago?

ANTONIUS. I never heard of this request of
thine.

SYNORIX (*coming forward hastily to foot of tripod
steps*). I sought him and I could not find him.

Pray you,

Go on with the marriage rites.

CAMMA.

Antonius—

"Camma!" Who spake?

ANTONIUS.

Not I.

PHOEBE.

Nor any here.

CAMMA. I am all but sure that some one spake.

Antonius,

If you had found him plotting against Rome,
Would you have tortured Sinnatus to death?

ANTONIUS. No thought was mine of torture or of
death,

But had I found him plotting, I had counsell'd him
To rest from vain resistance. Rome is fated
To rule the world. Then, if he had not listen'd,
I might have sent him prisoner to Rome.

The Cup

SYNORIX. Why do you palter with the ceremony?

Go on with the marriage rites.

CAMMA. They are finish'd.

SYNORIX. How!

CAMMA. Thou hast drunk deep enough to make me happy.

Dost thou not feel the love I bear to thee
Glow thro' thy veins?

SYNORIX. The love I bear to thee
Glow thro' my veins since first I look'd on thee.
But wherefore slur the perfect ceremony?
The sovereign of Galatia weds his Queen.
Let all be done to the fullest in the sight
Of all the Gods.

Nay, rather than so clip
The flowery robe of Hymen, we would add
Some golden fringe of gorgeousness beyond
Old use, to make the day memorial, when
Synorix, first King, Camma, first Queen o' the
Realm,
Drew here the richest lot from Fate, to live
And die together.

This pain—what is it?—again?
I had a touch of this last year—in—Rome.
Yes, yes. (*To ANTONIUS.*) Your arm—a moment—
it will pass.
I reel beneath the weight of utter joy—

The Cup

This all too happy day, crown—queen at once.

[*Staggers.*]

O all ye Gods—Jupiter!—Jupiter!

[*Falls backward.*]

CAMMA. Dost thou cry out upon the Gods of Rome?
Thou art Galatian-born. Our Artemis
Has vanquish'd their Diana.

SYNORIX (*on the ground*). I am poison'd.
She—close the Temple door. Let her not fly.

CAMMA (*leaning on tripod*). Have I not drunk of
the same cup with thee?

SYNORIX. Ay, by the Gods of Rome and all the
world,

She too—she too—the bride! the Queen! and I—
Monstrous! I that loved her.

CAMMA. I loved *him*.

SYNORIX. O murderous mad-woman! I pray you
lift me
And make me walk awhile. I have heard these poisons
May be walk'd down.

[*ANTONIUS and PUBLIUS raise him up.*]

My feet are tons of lead,
They will break in the earth—I am sinking—hold
me—

Let me alone.

[*They leave him; he sinks down on ground.*]

Too late—thought myself wise—
A woman's dupe! Antonius, tell the Senate

The Cup

I have been most true to Rome—would have been
true

To her—if—if— [Falls as if dead.

CAMMA (*coming and leaning over him*). So falls the
throne of an hour.

SYNORIX (*half rising*). Throne? is it thou? the
Fates are throned, not we—

Not guilty of ourselves—thy doom and mine—

Thou—coming my way too—Camma—good-night.

[Dies.

CAMMA (*upheld by weeping Priestesses*). Thy way?
poor worm, crawl down thine own black hole

To the lowest hell. Antonius, is *he* there?

I meant thee to have follow'd—better thus.

Nay, if my people must be thralls of Rome,

He is gentle, tho' a Roman.

[Sinks back into the arms of the Priestesses.

ANTONIUS. Thou art one

With thine own people, and though a Roman I

Forgive thee, Camma.

CAMMA (*raising herself*). "Camma!"—why, there
again

I am most sure that some one call'd. O women,

Ye will have Roman masters. I am glad

I shall not see it. Did not some old Greek

Say death was the chief good? He had my fate for it,

Poison'd. (*Sinks back again.*) Have I the crown on?

I will go

The Cup

To meet him, crown'd! crown'd victor of my will—
On my last voyage—but the wind has fail'd—
Growing dark too—but light enough to row.
Row to the Blessed Isles! the Blessed Isles!—
Sinnatus!

Why comes he not to meet me? It is the crown
Offends him—and my hands are too sleepy
To lift it off (*PHŒBE takes the crown off*). Who
touched me then? I thank you.

[Rises, with outspread arms.]

There—league on league of ever-shining shore
Beneath an ever-rising sun—I see him—
“Camma, Camma!” Sinnatus, Sinnatus! *[Dies.]*



The Promise of May

"A surface man of theories, true to none."



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FARMER DOBSON.

MR. PHILIP EDGAR (*afterwards* MR. HAROLD).

FARMER STEER (*DORA and EVA's Father*).

MR. WILSON (*a Schoolmaster*).

HIGGINS

JAMES

DAN SMITH

JACKSON

ALLEN

} *Farm Labourers.*

DORA STEER.

EVA STEER.

SALLY ALLEN

MILLY

} *Farm Servants.*

Farm Servants, Labourers, etc.



The Promise of May

ACT I

SCENE.—BEFORE FARMHOUSE

Farming Men and Women. Farming Men carrying forms, etc., Women carrying baskets of knives and forks, etc.

FIRST FARMING MAN. Be thou a-gawin' to the long barn?

SECOND FARMING MAN. Ay, to be sewer! Be thou?

FIRST FARMING MAN. Why, o' coorse, fur it be the owd man's birthdaäy. He be heighty this very daäy, and 'e telled all on us to be i' the long barn by one o'clock, fur he 'll gie us a big dinner, and haäfe th' parish 'll be theer, an' Miss Dora, an' Miss Eva, an' all!

SECOND FARMING MAN. Miss Dora be coomed back, then?

FIRST FARMING MAN. Ay, haäfe an hour ago. She

The Promise of May

be in their now. (*Pointing to house.*) Owd Steer wur afeård she would n't be back i'time to keep his birth-daäy, and he wur in a tew about it all the murnin'; and he sent me wi' the gig to Littlechester to fetch 'er; and 'er an' the owd man they fell a kissin' o' one another like two sweet'arts i' the poorch as soon as he clapt eyes of 'er.

SECOND FARMING MAN. Foälks says he likes Miss Eva the best.

FIRST FARMING MAN. Naäy, I knaws nowt o' what foälks says, an' I caäres nowt neither. Foälks does n't hallus knaw thessens; but sewer I be, they be two o' the purtiest gels ye can see of a summer murnin'.

SECOND FARMING MAN. Beänt Miss Eva gone off a bit of 'er good looks o' laäte?

FIRST FARMING MAN. Noä, not a bit.

SECOND FARMING MAN. Why, coöm awaäy, then, to the long barn. [*Exeunt.*]

DORA *looks out of window.* Enter DOBSON.

DORA (*singing*).

The town lay still in the low sunlight,
The hen cluckt late by the white farm gate,
The maid to her dairy came in from the cow,
The stock-dove coo'd at the fall of night,
The blossom had open'd on every bough;
O, joy for the promise of May, of May,
O, joy for the promise of May!

(*Nodding at DOBSON.*) I 'm coming down, Mr. Dobson.

The Promise of May

I have n't seen Eva yet. Is she anywhere in the garden?

DOBSON. Noä, Miss. I ha'n't seed 'er neither.

DORA (*enters singing*).

But a red fire woke in the heart of the town,
And a fox from the glen ran away with the hen,
And a cat to the cream, and a rat to the cheese;
And the stock-dove coo'd, till a kite dropt down,
And a salt wind burnt the blossoming trees;
O, grief for the promise of May, of May,
O, grief for the promise of May!

I don't know why I sing that song; I don't love it.

DOBSON. Blessings on your pretty voice, Miss Dora! Wheer did they larn ye that?

DORA. In Cumberland, Mr. Dobson.

DOBSON. An' how did ye leäve the owd uncle i' Coomberland?

DORA. Getting better, Mr. Dobson. But he'll never be the same man again.

DOBSON. An' how d' ye find the owd man 'ere?

DORA. As well as ever. I came back to keep his birthday.

DOBSON. Well, I be coomed to keep his birthdaäy an' all. The owd man be heighty to-daäy, beänt he?

DORA. Yes, Mr. Dobson. And the day 's bright like a friend, but the wind east like an enemy. Help me to move this bench for him into the sun. (*They move bench.*) No, not that way—here, under the

The Promise of May

apple tree. Thank you. Look how full of rosy blossom it is. *[Pointing to apple tree.]*

DOBSON. Theer be redder blossoms nor them, Miss Dora.

DORA. Where do they blow, Mr. Dobson?

DOBSON. Under your eyes, Miss Dora.

DORA. Do they?

DOBSON. And your eyes be as blue as—

DORA. What, Mr. Dobson? A butcher's frock?

DOBSON. Noã, Miss Dora; as blue as—

DORA. Bluebell, harebell, speedwell, blue-bottle, succory, forget-me-not?

DOBSON. Noã, Miss Dora; as blue as—

DORA. The sky? or the sea on a blue day?

DOBSON. Naãy, then. I meãn'd they be as blue as violets.

DORA. Are they?

DOBSON. Theer ye goãs ageãn, Miss, niver believing owt I says to ye—hallus a-fobbing ma off, tho' ye knaws I love ye. I warrants ye 'll think moor o' this young Squire Edgar as ha' coomed among us—the Lord knaws how—ye 'll think more on 'is little finger than hall my hand at the haltar.

DORA. Perhaps, Master Dobson. I can't tell, for I have never seen him. But my sister wrote that he was mighty pleasant, and had no pride in him.

DOBSON. He 'll be arter you now, Miss Dora.

DORA. Will he? How can I tell?

The Promise of May

DOBSON. He 's been arter Miss Eva, haän't he?

DORA. Not that I know.

DOBSON. Did n't I spy 'em a-sitting i' the woodbine harbour together?

DORA. What of that? Eva told me that he was taking her likeness. He 's an artist.

DOBSON. What 's a hartist? I doänt believe he 's iver a 'eart under his waistcoat. And I tells ye what, Miss Dora: he 's no respect for the Queen, or the parson, or the justice o' peace, or owt. I ha' heärd 'im a-gawin' on 'ud make your 'air—God bless it!—stan' on end. And wuss nor that. When theer wur a meeting o' farmers at Littlechester t' other daäy, and they was all a-crying out at the bad times, he cooms up, and he calls out among our oän men, "The land belongs to the people!"

DORA. And what did *you* say to that?

DOBSON. Well, I says, s'pose my pig 's the land, and you says it belongs to the parish, and theer be a thousand i' the parish, taäkin' in the women and childer; and s'pose I kills my pig, and gi'es it among 'em, why there wud n't be a dinner for nawbody, and I should ha' lost the pig.

DORA. And what did he say to that?

DOBSON. Nowt—what could he saäy? But I taäkes 'im fur a bad lot and a burn fool, and I haätes the very sight on him.

The Promise of May

DORA (*looking at DOBSON*). Master Dobson, you are a comely man to look at.

DOBSON. I thank you for that, Miss Dora, onyhow.

DORA. Ay, but you turn right ugly when you 're in an ill temper; and I promise you that if you forget yourself in your behaviour to this gentleman, my father's friend, I will never change word with you again.

Enter FARMING MAN from barn.

FARMING MAN. Miss, the farming men 'ull hev their dinner i' the long barn, and the master 'ud be straänge an' pleased if you 'd step in fust, and see that all be right and reg'lar fur 'em afoor he coöm.

[*Exit.*

DORA. I go. Master Dobson, did you hear what I said?

DOBSON. Yeäs, yeäs! I 'll not meddle wi' 'im if he doänt meddle wi' meä. (*Exit DORA.*) "Coomly," says she. I niver thowt o' mysen i' that waäy; but if she 'd taäke to ma i' that waäy, or ony waäy, I 'd slaäve out my life fur 'er. "Coomly to look at," says she—but she said it spiteful-like. To look at—yeäs, "coomly"; and she may n't be so fur out theer. But if that be nowt to she, then it be nowt to me. (*Looking off stage.*) Schoolmaster! Why if Steer han't haxed schoolmaster to dinner, thaw 'e knaws I was hallus ageän heving schoolmaster i' the parish! fur

The Promise of May

him as be handy wi' a booök beänt but haäfe a hand at a pitchfork.

Enter WILSON.

Well, Wilson. I seed that one cow o' thine i' the pinfold ageän as I wur a-coomin' 'ere.

WILSON. Very likely, Mr. Dobson. She *will* break fence. I can't keep her in order.

DOBSON. An' if tha can't keep thy one cow i' hor-der, how can tha keep all thy scholards i' hor-der? But let that goä by. What dost a knaw o' this Mr. Hedgar as be a-lodgin' wi' ye? I coom'd upon 'im t' other daäy lookin' at the coounry, then a-scrat-tin upon a bit o' paäper, then a-lookin' ageän; and I taäked 'im fur soom sort of a land surveyor—but a beänt.

WILSON. He 's a Somersetshire man, and a very civil-spoken gentleman.

DOBSON. Gentleman! What be he a-doing here ten mile an' moor fro' a raäil? We laäys out o' the waäy fur gentlefoälk altogether—leästwaäys they niver cooms 'ere but fur the trout i' our beck, fur they be knaw'd as far as Littlechester. But 'e doänt fish neither.

WILSON. Well, it's no sin in a gentleman not to fish.

DOBSON. Noä, but I haätes 'im.

WILSON. Better step out of his road, then, for he 's walking to us, and with a book in his hand.

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DOBSON. An' I haätes booöks an' all, fur they puts foälk off the owd waäys.

Enter EDGAR, reading—not seeing DOBSON and WILSON.

EDGAR. This author, with his charm of simple style

And close dialectic, all but proving man
An automatic series of sensations,
Has often numb'd me into apathy
Against the unpleasant jolts of this rough road
That breaks off short into the abysses—made me
A Quietist taking all things easily.

DOBSON (*aside*). There mun be summut wrong
theer, Wilson, fur I doänt understan' it.

WILSON (*aside*). Nor I either, Mr. Dobson.

DOBSON (*scornfully*). An' thou doänt understan'
it neither—and thou schoolmaster an' all!

EDGAR. What can a man, then, live for but sensations,

Pleasant ones? men of old would undergo
Unpleasant for the sake of pleasant ones
Hereafter, like the Moslem beauties waiting
To clasp their lovers by the golden gates.
For me, whose cheerless Houris after death
Are Night and Silence, pleasant ones—the while—
If possible, here! to crop the flower and pass.

DOBSON. Well, I never 'eärd the likes o' that afoor.

WILSON (*aside*). But I have, Mr. Dobson. It 's

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the old Scripture text, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." I'm sorry for it, for, tho' he never comes to church, I thought better of him.

EDGAR. "What are we," says the blind old man in Lear?

"As flies to the gods; they kill us for their sport."

DOBSON (*aside*). Then the owd man i' Lear should be shaamed of hissén, but noán o' the parishes goäs by that naäme 'ereabouts.

EDGAR. The gods! but they, the shadows of ourselves,

Have past for ever. It is Nature kills,
And not for *her* sport either. She knows nothing.
Man only knows, the worse for him! for why
Cannot *he* take his pastime like the flies?
And if my pleasure breed another's pain,
Well—is not that the course of Nature too,
From the dim dawn of being—her main law
Whereby she grows in beauty—that her flies
Must massacre each other? this poor Nature!

DOBSON. Natur! Natur! Well, it be i' *my* natur to knock 'im o' the 'eäd now; but I weänt.

EDGAR. A Quietest taking all things easily—
why—

Have I been dipping into this again
To steel myself against the leaving her?

[Closes book, seeing WILSON.]

Good day!

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WILSON. Good day, sir.

[DOBSON *looks hard at* EDGAR.

EDGAR (*to* DOBSON). Have I the pleasure, friend, of knowing you?

DOBSON. Dobson.

EDGAR. Good day, then, Dobson. [Exit.

DOBSON. "Good daäy then, Dobson!" Civil-spoken i'deed! Why, Wilson, tha 'eärd 'im thysen—the feller could n't find a Mister in his mouth fur me, as farms five hoonderd haäcre.

WILSON. You never find one for me, Mr. Dobson.

DOBSON. Noä, fur thou be nobbut schoolmaster; but I taäkes 'im for a Lunnun swindler, and a burn fool.

WILSON. He can hardly be both, and he pays me regular every Saturday.

DOBSON. Yeäs; but I haätes 'im.

Enter STEER, FARM MEN and WOMEN.

STEER (*goes and sits under apple tree*). Hev' ony o' ye seen Eva?

DOBSON. Noä, Mr. Steer.

STEER. Well, I reckons they 'll hev' a fine cider-crop to-year if the blossom 'owds. Good murnin', neighbours, and the saäme to you, my men. I taäkes it kindly of all o' you that you be coomed—what 's the newspaäper word, Wilson?—celebrate—to celebrate my birthdaäy i' this fashion. Niver man 'ed better

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friends, and I will saÿ niver master 'ed better men; fur thaw I may ha' fallen out wi' ye sometimes, the fault, mebbe, wur as much mine as yours; and, thaw I says it mysen, niver men 'ed a better master—and I knaws what men be, and what masters be, fur I wur nobbut a laäbourer, and now I be a landlord—burn a plowman, and now, as far as money goäs, I be a gentleman, thaw I beänt naw scholard, fur I 'ednt naw time to maäke mysen a scholard while I wur maäkin' mysen a gentleman, but I ha' taäen good care to turn out boäth my darters right down fine laädies.

DOBSON. An' soä they be.

FIRST FARMING MAN. Soä they be! soä they be!

SECOND FARMING MAN. The Lord bless boäth on 'em!

THIRD FARMING MAN. An' the saäme to you, master!

FOURTH FARMING MAN. And long life to boäth on 'em! An' the saäme to you, Master Steer, likewise!

STEER. Thank ye!

Enter EVA.

Wheer 'asta been?

EVA (*timidly*). Many happy returns of the day, father.

STEER. They can't be many, my dear, but I 'oäpes they 'll be 'appy.

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DOBSON. Why, tha looks haäle anew to last to a hoonderd.

STEER. An' why should n't I last to a hoonderd? Haäle! why should n't I be haäle? fur thaw I be heighty this very daäy, I niver 'es sa much as one pin's prick of paäin; an' I can taäke my glass along wi' the youngest, fur I niver touched a drop of owt till my oän wedding-daäy, an' then I wur turned huppads o' sixty. Why should n't I be haäle? I ha' plowed the ten-aäcre—it be mine now—afoor ony o' ye wur burn—ye all knaws the ten-aäcre—I mun ha' plowed it moor nor a hoonderd times; hallus hup at sunrise, and I 'd drive the plow straäit as a line right i' the faäce o' the sun, then back ageän, a-follering my oän shadder—then hup ageän i' the faäce o' the sun. Eh! how the sun 'ud shine, and the larks 'ud sing i' them daäys, and the smell o' the mou'd an' all. Eh! if I could ha' gone on wi' the plowin' nobbut the smell o' the mou'd 'ud ha' maäde ma live as long as Jerusalem.

EVA. Methuselah, father.

STEER. Ay, lass, but when thou be as owd as me thou 'll put one word fur another as I does.

DOBSON. But, Steer, thaw thou be haäle anew I seed tha a-limpin' up just now wi' the roomatics i' the knee.

STEER. Roomatics! Noä; I laäme' t my knee last night running arter a thief. Beänt there house-

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breakers down i' Littlechester, Dobson—doänt ye hear of ony?

DOBSON. Ay, that there be. Immanuel Goldsmith's was broke into o' Monday night, and ower a hoonderd pounds worth o' rings stolen.

STEER. So I thowt, and I heard the winder—that 's the winder at the end o' the passage, that goäs by thy chaumber. (*Turning to EVA.*) Why, lass, what maäkes tha sa red? Did 'e git into thy chaumber?

EVA. Father!

STEER. Well, I runned arter thief i' the dark, and fell ageän coalscuttle and my kneeä gev waäy or I 'd ha' cotched 'im, but afoor I coomed up he got thruff the winder ageän.

EVA. Got thro' the window again?

STEER. Ay, but he left the mark of 'is foot i' the flower-bed; now theer be noän o' my men, thinks I to mysen, 'ud ha' done it 'cep' it were Dan Smith, fur I cotched 'im once a-steälin' coäls, an' I sent fur 'im, an' I measured his foot wi' the mark i' the bed, but it wouldn't fit—seeäms to me the mark wur maäde by a Lunnun boot. (*Looks at EVA.*) Why, now, what maäkes tha sa white?

EVA. Fright, father!

STEER. Maäke thysen eäsy. I 'll hev the winder naäiled up, and put Towser under it.

EVA (*clasping her hands*). No, no, father! Towser 'll tear him all to pieces.

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STEER. Let him keep awaây, then; but coom, coom! let 's be gawin'. They ha' broached a barrel of aäle i' the long barn, and the fiddler be theer, an the lads and lassies 'ull hev a dance.

EVA (*aside*). Dance! small heart have I to dance. I should seem to be dancing upon a grave.

STEER. Wheer be Mr. Edgar? about the pre-mises?

DOBSON. Hallus about the premises!

STEER. So much the better, so much the better. I likes 'im, and Eva likes 'im. Eva can do owt wi' 'im; look for 'im, Eva, and bring 'im to the barn. He 'ant naw pride in 'im, and we 'll git 'im to speechify for us arter dinner.

EVA. Yes, father! [*Exit.*

STEER. Coom along then, all the rest o' ye! Church-warden be a coomin', thaw me and 'im we niver 'grees about the tithe; and parson mebbe, thaw he niver mended that gap i' the glebe fence as I telled 'im; and blacksmith, thaw he niver shoes a herse to my likings; and baäker, thaw I sticks to hoäm-maäde—but all on 'em welcome, all on 'em welcome; and I've hed the long barn cleared out of all the machines and the sacks, and the taäters, and the mangles, and theer 'll be room anew for all o' ye. Foller me.

ALL. Yeäs, yeäs! Three cheers for Mr. Steer.

[*All exeunt except DOBSON into barn.*]

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Enter EDGAR.

DOBSON (*who is going, turns*). Squire!—if so be you be a squire.

EDGAR. Dobbins, I think.

DOBSON. Dobbins, you thinks; and I thinks ye weârs a Lunnun boot.

EDGAR. Well?

DOBSON. And I thinks I 'd like to taake the measure o' your foot.

EDGAR. Ay, if you 'd like to measure your own length upon the grass.

DOBSON. Coom, coom, that 's a good un. Why, I could throw four o' ye; but I promised one of the Misses I would n't meddle wi' ye, and I weânt.

[Exit into barn.

EDGAR. Jealous of me with Eva! Is it so? Well, tho' I grudge the pretty jewel, that I Have worn, to such a clod, yet that might be The best way out of it, if the child could keep Her counsel. I am sure I wish her happy. But I must free myself from this entanglement. I have all my life before me—so has she— Give her a month or two, and her affections Will flower toward the light in some new face. Still I am half-afraid to meet her now. She will urge marriage on me. I hate tears. Marriage is but an old tradition. I hate

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Traditions, ever since my narrow father,
After my frolic with his tenant's girl,
Made younger elder son, violated the whole
Tradition of our land, and left his heir,
Born, happily, with some sense of art, to live
By brush and pencil. By and by, when Thought
Comes down among the crowd, and man perceives
that

The lost gleam of an after-life but leaves him
A beast of prey in the dark, why then the crowd
May wreak my wrongs upon my wrongers. Marriage!
That fine, fat, hook-nosed uncle of mine, old Harold,
Who leaves me all his land at Littlechester,
He, too, would oust me from his will, if I
Made such a marriage. And marriage in itself—
The storm is hard at hand will sweep away
Thrones, churches, ranks, traditions, customs, mar-
riage

One of the feeblest! Then the man, the woman,
Following their best affinities, will each
Bid their old bond farewell with smiles, not tears;
Good wishes, not reproaches; with no fear
Of the world's gossiping clamour, and no need
Of veiling their desires.

Conventionalism,
Who shrieks by day at what she does by night,
Would call this vice; but one time's vice may be
The virtue of another; and Vice and Virtue

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Are but two masks of self; and what hereafter
Shall mark out Vice from Virtue in the gulf
Of never-dawning darkness?

Enter EVA.

My sweet Eva,
Where have you lain in ambush all the morning?
They say your sister, Dora, has return'd,
And that should make you happy, if you love her!
But you look troubled.

EVA. O, I love her so,
I was afraid of her, and I hid myself.
We never kept a secret from each other;
She would have seen at once into my trouble,
And ask'd me what I could not answer. O, Philip,
Father heard you last night. Our savage mastiff,
That all but kill'd the beggar, will be placed
Beneath the window, Philip.

EDGAR. Savage, is he?
What matters? Come, give me your hand and kiss me
This beautiful May-morning.

EVA. The most beautiful
May we have had for many years!

EDGAR. And here
Is the most beautiful morning of this May.
Nay, you must smile upon me! There—you make
The May and morning still more beautiful,
You, the most beautiful blossom of the May.

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EVA. Dear Philip, all the world is beautiful
If we were happy, and could chime in with it.

EDGAR. True; for the senses, love, are for the
world;

That for the senses.

EVA. Yes.

EDGAR. And when the man,
The child of evolution, flings aside
His swaddling-bands, the morals of the tribe,
He, following his own instincts as his God,
Will enter on the larger golden age,
No pleasure then taboo'd; for when the tide
Of full democracy has overwhelm'd
This Old World, from that flood will rise the New,
Like the Love-goddess, with no bridal veil,
Ring, trinket of the Church, but naked Nature
In all her loveliness.

EVA. What are you saying?

EDGAR. That, if we did not strain to make our-
selves

Better and higher than Nature, we might be
As happy as the bees there at their honey
In these sweet blossoms.

EVA. Yes; how sweet they smell!

EDGAR. There! let me break some off for you.

[Breaking branch off.]

EVA. My thanks.

But, look, how wasteful of the blossom you are!

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One, two, three, four, five, six—you have robb'd poor
father

Of ten good apples. O, I forgot to tell you
He wishes you to dine along with us,
And speak for him after—you that are so clever!

EDGAR. I grieve I cannot; but, indeed—

EVA. What is it?

EDGAR. Well, business. I must leave you, love,
to-day.

EVA. Leave me, to-day! And when will you
return?

EDGAR. I cannot tell precisely; but—

EVA. But what?

EDGAR. I trust, my dear, we shall be always friends.

EVA. After all that has gone between us—friends!

What, only friends? [Drops branch.

EDGAR. All that has gone between us

Should surely make us friends.

EVA. But keep us lovers.

EDGAR. Child, do you love me now?

EVA. Yes, now and ever.

EDGAR. Then you should wish us both to love
for ever.

But, if you *will* bind love to one for ever,
Altho' at first he take his bonds for flowers,
As years go on, he feels them press upon him,
Begins to flutter in them, and at last
Breaks thro' them, and so flies away for ever;

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While, had you left him free use of his wings,
Who knows that he had ever dream'd of flying?

EVA. But all that sounds so wicked and so strange;
"Till death us part"—those are the only words,
The true ones—nay, and those not true enough,
For they that love do not believe that death
Will part them. Why do you jest with me, and
try

To fright me? Tho' you are a gentleman,
I but a farmer's daughter—

EDGAR. Tut! you talk
Old feudalism. When the great Democracy
Makes a new world—

EVA. And if you be not jesting,
Neither the old world, nor the new, nor father,
Sister, nor you, shall ever see me more.

EDGAR (*moved*). Then—(*aside*) Shall I say it?—
(*aloud*) fly with me to-day.

EVA. No! Philip, Philip, if you do not marry me,
I shall go mad for utter shame and die.

EDGAR. Then, if we needs must be conventional,
When shall your parish-parson bawl our banns
Before your gaping clowns?

EVA. Not in our church—
I think I scarce could hold my head up there.
Is there no other way?

EDGAR. Yes; if you cared
To see an over-opulent superstition,

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Then they would grant you what they call a licence
To marry. Do you wish it?

EVA. Do I wish it?

EDGAR. In London.

EVA. You will write to me?

EDGAR. I will.

EVA. And I will fly to you thro' the night, the
storm—

Yes, tho' the fire should run along the ground,
As once it did in Egypt. O, you see,
I was just out of school, I had no mother—
My sister far away—and you, a gentleman,
Told me to trust you—yes, in everything—
That was the only *true* love; and I trusted—
O, yes, indeed, I would have died for you.
How could you—O, how could you?—nay, how
could I?

But now you will set all right again, and I
Shall not be made the laughter of the village,
And poor old father not die miserable.

DORA (*singing in the distance*).

O, joy for the promise of May, of May,

O, joy for the promise of May!

EDGAR. Speak not so loudly; that must be your
sister.

You never told her, then, of what has past
Between us.

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EVA. Never!

EDGAR. Do not till I bid you.

EVA. No, Philip, no. [Turns away.

EDGAR (*moved*). How gracefully there she stands
Weeping—the little Niobe! What! we prize
The statue or the picture all the more
When we have made them ours! Is she less
lovable,
Less lovely, being wholly mine? To stay—
Follow my art among these quiet fields,
Live with these honest folk—

and play the fool!

No! she that gave herself to me so easily
Will yield herself as easily to another.

EVA. Did you speak, Philip?

EDGAR. Nothing more, farewell.
[They embrace.

DORA (*coming nearer*).

O, grief for the promise of May, of May,
O, grief for the promise of May!

EDGAR (*still embracing her*). Keep up your heart
until we meet again.

EVA. If that should break before we meet again?

EDGAR. Break! nay, but call for Philip when you
will,

And he returns.

EVA. Heaven hears you, Philip Edgar!

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EDGAR (*moved*). And *he* would hear you even from the grave.

Heaven curse him if he come not at your call! [*Exit.*]

Enter DORA.

DORA. Well, Eva!

EVA. O, Dora, Dora, how long you have been away from home! O, how often I have wished for you! It seemed to me that we were parted for ever.

DORA. For ever, you foolish child! What 's come over you? We parted like the brook yonder about the alder island, to come together again in a moment and to go on together again, till one of us be married. But where is this Mr. Edgar whom you praised so in your first letters? You have n't even mentioned him in your last?

EVA. He has gone to London.

DORA. Ay, child; and you look thin and pale. Is it for his absence? Have you fancied yourself in love with him? That is all nonsense, you know, such a baby as you are. But you shall tell me all about it.

EVA. Not now—presently. Yes, I have been in trouble, but I am happy—I think, quite happy now.

DORA (*taking EVA's hand*). Come, then, and make them happy in the long barn, for father is in his glory, and there is a piece of beef like a house-side, and a

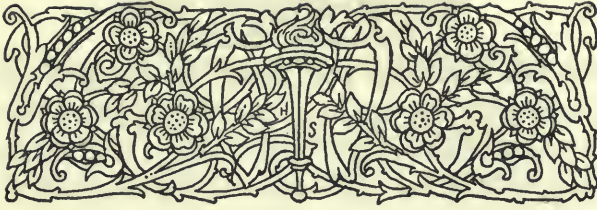
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plum-pudding as big as the round haystack. But see, they are coming out for the dance already. Well, my child, let us join them.

Enter all from barn, laughing. EVA sits reluctantly under apple tree. STEER enters, smoking, sits by EVA.

Dance.





ACT II

Five years have elapsed between Acts I. and II.

SCENE.—A MEADOW. ON ONE SIDE A PATHWAY GOING OVER A RUSTIC BRIDGE. AT BACK THE FARMHOUSE AMONG TREES. IN THE DISTANCE A CHURCH SPIRE.

DOBSON *and* DORA.

DOBSON. So the owd unclē i' Coomberland be deād, Miss Dora, beānt he?

DORA. Yes, Mr. Dobson, I 've been attending on his death-bed and his burial.

DOBSON. It be five year sin' ye went afoor to him, and it seems to me nobbut t'other day. Hes n't he left ye nowt?

DORA. No, Mr. Dobson.

DOBSON. But he were mighty fond o' ye, warn't he?

DORA. Fonder of poor Eva—like everybody else.

DOBSON (*handing DORA basket of roses*). Not like

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me, Miss Dora; and I ha' browt these roses to ye—I forgits what they calls 'em, but I hallus gi'ed soom on 'em to Miss Eva at this time o' year. Will ya taäke 'em? fur Miss Eva, she set the bush by my dairy win-der afoor she went to school at Littlechester—so I allus browt soom on 'em to her; and now she be gone, will ye taäke 'em, Miss Dora?

DORA. I thank you. They tell me that yesterday you mentioned her name too suddenly before my father. See that you do not do so again!

DOBSON. Noä; I knaws a deäl better now. I seed how the owd man wur vext.

DORA. I take them, then, for Eva's sake.

[Takes basket, places some in her dress.]

DOBSON. Eva's saäke. Yeäs. Poor gell, poor gell! I can't abeär to think on 'er now, fur I 'd ha' done owt fur 'er mysen; an' ony o' Steer's men, an' ony o' my men 'ud ha' done owt fur 'er, an' all the parish 'ud ha' done owt fur 'er, fur we was all on us proud on 'er, an' them theer be soom of her oän roses, an' she wur as sweet as ony on 'em—the Lord bless 'er—'er oän sen; an' weänt ye taäke 'em now, Miss Dora, fur 'er saäke an' fur my saäke an' all?

DORA. Do you want them back again?

DOBSON. Noä, noä! Keep 'em. But I hed a word to saäy to ye.

DORA. Why, Farmer, you should be in the hay-

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field looking after your men; you could n't have more splendid weather.

DOBSON. I be a going theer; but I thowt I 'd bring tha them roses fust. The weather 's well anew, but the glass be a bit shaäky. S'iver we 've led moäst on it.

DORA. Ay! but you must not be too sudden with it either, as you were last year, when you put it in green, and your stack caught fire.

DOBSON. I were insured, Miss, an' I lost nowt by it. But I weänt be too sudden wi' it; and I feel sewer, Miss Dora, that I ha' been noän too sudden wi' you, fur I ha' sarved fer ye well nigh as long as the man sarved for 'is sweet'art i' Scriptur'. Weänt ye gi'e me a kind answer at last?

DORA. I have no thought of marriage, my friend. We have been in such grief these five years, not only on my sister's account, but the ill success of the farm, and the debts, and my father's breaking down, and his blindness. How could I think of leaving him?

DOBSON. Eh, but I be well to do; and if ye would nobbut hev me, I would taäke the owd blind man to my oän fireside. You should hev him allus wi' ye.

DORA. You are generous, but it cannot be. I cannot love you; nay, I think I never can be brought to love any man. It seems to me that I hate men, ever

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since my sister left us. O, see here. (*Pulls out a letter.*) I wear it next my heart. Poor sister, I had it five years ago. "Dearest Dora,—I have lost myself, and am lost for ever to you and my poor father. I thought Mr. Edgar the best of men, and he has proved himself the worst. Seek not for me, or you may find me at the bottom of the river.—EVA."

DOBSON. Be that my fault?

DORA. No; but how should I, with this grief still at my heart, take to the milking of your cows, the fatting of your calves, the making of your butter, and the managing of your poultry?

DOBSON. Naäy, but I hev an owd woman as 'ud see to all that; and you should sit i' your oän parlour quite like a laädy, ye should!

DORA. It cannot be.

DOBSON. And plaäy the pianner, if ye liked, all daäy long, like a laädy, ye should an' all.

DORA. It cannot be.

DOBSON. And I would loove tha moor nor ony gentleman 'ud loove tha.

DORA. No, no; it cannot be.

DOBSON. And p'raps ye hears 'at I soomtimes taäkes a drop too much; but that be all along o' you, Miss, because ye weänt hev me; but, if ye would, I could put all that o' one side eäsy anew.

DORA. Cannot you understand plain words, Mr. Dobson? I tell you, it cannot be.

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DOBSON. Eh, lass! Thy feyther eddicated his darters to marry gentlefoalk, and see what's coomed on it.

DORA. That is enough, Farmer Dobson. You have shown me that, though fortune had born *you* into the estate of a gentleman, you would still have been Farmer Dobson. You had better attend to your hayfield. Good afternoon. *[Exit.*

DOBSON. "Farmer Dobson!" Well, I be Farmer Dobson; but I thinks Farmer Dobson's dog 'ud ha' know'd better nor to cast her sister's misfortin inter 'er teeth arter she 'd been a-reädin' me the letter wi' 'er voice a-shaäkin', and the drop in 'er eye. Theer she goäs! Shall I foller 'er and ax 'er to maäke it up? Noä, not yet. Let 'er cool upon it; I likes 'er all the better fur taäkin' me down, like a laädy, as she be. Farmer Dobson! I be Farmer Dobson, sewer anew; but if iver I cooms upo' Gentleman Hedgar ageän, and doänt laäy my cartwhip athurt 'is shou'ders, why then I beänt Farmer Dobson, but summun else—blaäme't if I beänt!

Enter HAYMAKERS with a load of hay.

The last on it, eh?

FIRST HAYMAKER. Yeäs.

DOBSON. Hoäm wi' it, then.

[Exit surlily.

FIRST HAYMAKER. Well, it be the last loäd hoäm.

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SECOND HAYMAKER. Yeās, an' owd Dobson should be glad on it. What maākes 'im allus sa glum?

SALLY ALLEN. Glum! he be wuss nor glum. He coom'd up to me yisterdaāy i' the haāyfield, when meā and my sweet'art was a-workin' along o' one side wi' one another, and he sent 'im awaāy to t' other end o' the field; and when I axed 'im why, he telled me 'at sweet'arts niver worked well together; and I telled 'im 'at sweet'arts allus worked best together; and then he called me a rude naāme, and I can't abide 'im.

JAMES. Why, lass, doānt tha know he be sweet upo' Dora Steer, and she weānt sa much as look at 'im? And whenever 'e sees two sweet'arts together like thou and me, Sally, he be fit to bust hissén wi' spites and jealousies.

SALLY. Let 'im bust hissén, then, for owt *I* cares.

FIRST HAYMAKER. Well, but, as I said afoor, it be the last loād hoām; do thou and thy sweet'art sing us hoām to supper—"The Last Loād Hoām."

ALL. Ay! "The Last Loād Hoām."

SONG

What did ye do, and what did ye saāy,
Wi' the wild white rose, an' the woodbine sa gaāy,
An' the midders all mow'd, an' the sky sa blue—
What did ye saāy, and what did ye do,
When ye thowt there were nawbody watchin' o' you,
And you an' your Sally was forkin' the haāy,
At the end of the daāy,
For the last loād hoām?

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What did we do, and what did we saäy,
Wi' the briar sa green, an' the willer sa graäy,
An' the midders all mow'd, an' the sky sa blue—
Do ye think I be gawin' to tell it to you,
What we mowt saäy, and what we mowt do,
When me an' my Sally was forkin' the haäy,
At the end of the daäy,
For the last loäd hoäm?

But what did ye saäy, and what did ye do,
Wi' the butterflies out, and the swallers at plaäy,
An' the midders all mow'd, an' the sky sa blue?
Why, coom then, owd feller, I 'll tell it to you;
For me an' my Sally we sweär'd to be true,
To be true to each other, let 'appen what maäy,
Till the end of the daäy,
And the last loäd hoäm.

ALL. Well sung!

JAMES. Fanny be the naäme i' the song but I swopt it fur *she*. [Pointing to SALLY.]

SALLY. Let ma aloän afoor foälk, wilt tha?

FIRST HAYMAKER. Ye shall sing that ageän to-night, fur owd Dobson 'll gi'e us a bit o' supper.

SALLY. I weänt goä to owd Dobson; he wur rude to me i' tha haäyfield, and he'll be rude to me ageän to-night. Owd Steer's gotten all his grass down and wants a hand, an I 'll goä to him.

FIRST HAYMAKER. Owd Steer gi'es nubbut cowd tea to 'is men, and owd Dobson gi'es beer.

SALLY. But I 'd like owd Steer's cowd tea better nor Dobson's beer. Good-bye. [Going.]

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JAMES. Gi'e us a buss fust, lass.

SALLY. I tell'd tha to let ma aloän!

JAMES. Why, was n't thou and me a-bussin' o' one another t' other side o' the haäycock, when owd Dobson coom'd upo' us? I can't let tha aloän if I would, Sally.

[Offering to kiss her.

SALLY. Git along wi' ye, do!

[Exit.

[All laugh; exeunt singing.

To be true to each other, let 'appen what maäy,
Till the end o' the daäy,
An' the last loäd hoäm.

Enter HAROLD.

HAROLD. Not Harold! "Philip Edgar, Philip Edgar!"

Her phantom call'd me by the name she loved.
I told her I should hear her from the grave.
Ay! yonder is her casement. I remember
Her bright face beaming starlike down upon me
Thro' that rich cloud of blossom. Since I left her
Here weeping, I have ranged the world, and sat
Thro' every sensual course of that full feast
That leaves but emptiness.

SONG.

To be true to each other, let 'appen what maäy,
To the end o' the daäy,
An' the last loäd hoäm.

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HAROLD. Poor Eva! O my God, if man be only
A willy-nilly current of sensations—
Reaction needs must follow revel—yet—
Why feel remorse, he, knowing that he *must* have
Moved in the iron grooves of Destiny?
Remorse then is a part of Destiny,
Nature a liar, making us feel guilty
Of her own faults.

My grandfather—of him
They say, that women—

O, this mortal house,
Which we are born into, is haunted by
The ghosts of the dead passions of dead men;
And these take flesh again with our own flesh,
And bring us to confusion.

He was only
A poor philosopher who call'd the mind
Of children a blank page, a *tabula rasa*.
There, there, is written in invisible inks
“Lust, Prodigality, Covetousness, Craft,
Cowardice, Murder”—and the heat and fire
Of life will bring them out, and black enough,
So the child grow to manhood. Better death
With our first wail than life—

SONG (*further off*).

Till the end o' the daäy,
An' the last loäd hoäm,
Loäd hoäm.

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This bridge again! (*Steps on the bridge.*)

How often have I stood
With Eva here! The brook among its flowers!
Forget-me-not, meadow-sweet, willow-herb.
I had some smattering of science then,
Taught her the learned names, anatomised
The flowers for her—and now I only wish
This pool were deep enough, that I might plunge
And lose myself for ever.

Enter DAN SMITH (singing).

Gee oop! whoä! Gee oop! whoä!
Scizzars an' Pumpy was good uns to goä
Thruf slush an' squad
When roäds was bad,
But hallus 'ud stop at the Vine-an'-the-Hop,
Fur boäth on 'em knawed as well as mysen
That beer be as good fur 'erses as men.
Gee oop! whoä! Gee oop! whoä!
Scizzars an' Pumpy was good uns to goä.

The beer 's gotten oop into my 'eäd. S'iver I mun
git along back to the farm, fur she tell'd ma to taäke
the cart to Littlechester.

Enter DORA.

DORA. Half an hour late! why are you loitering
here? Away with you at once. [*Exit DAN SMITH.*]

(*Seeing HAROLD on bridge.*)

Some madman, is it,

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HAROLD. Are you—you are—that Dora,
The sister. I have heard of you. The likeness
Is very striking.

DORA. You knew Eva then?,

HAROLD. Yes—I was thinking of her when—O, yes,
Many years back, and never since have met
Her equal for pure innocence of nature,
And loveliness of feature.

DORA. No, nor I.

HAROLD. Except, indeed, I have found it once
again

In your own self.

DORA. You flatter me. Dear Eva
Was always thought the prettier.

HAROLD. And *her* charm
Of voice is also yours; and I was brooding
Upon a great unhappiness when you spoke.

DORA. Indeed, you seem'd in trouble, sir.

HAROLD. And you
Seem my good angel who may help me from it.

DORA (*aside*). How worn he looks, poor man! who
is it, I wonder.

How can I help him? (*Aloud.*) Might I ask your
name?

HAROLD. Harold.

DORA. I never heard her mention you.

HAROLD. I met her first at a farm in Cumberland—
Her uncle's.

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DORA. She was there six years ago.

HAROLD. And if she never mention'd me, perhaps
The painful circumstances which I heard—
I will not vex you by repeating them—
Only last week at Littlechester, drove me
From out her memory. She has disappear'd,
They told me, from the farm—and darker news.

DORA. She has disappear'd, poor darling, from the
world—

Left but one dreadful line to say, that we
Should find her in the river; and we dragg'd
The Littlechester river all in vain,
Have sorrow'd for her all these years in vain.
And my poor father, utterly broken down
By losing her—she was his favourite child—
Has let his farm, all his affairs, I fear,
But for the slender help that I can give,
Fall into ruin. Ah! that villain, Edgar,
If he should ever show his face among us,
Our men and boys would hoot him, stone him, hunt
him

With pitchforks off the farm, for all of them
Loved her, and she was worthy of all love.

HAROLD. They say, we should forgive our enemies.

DORA. Ay, if the wretch were dead I might for-
give him;

We know not whether he be dead or living.

HAROLD. What Edgar?

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DORA. Philip Edgar of Toft Hall
In Somerset. Perhaps you know him?

HAROLD. Slightly.

(*Aside.*) Ay, for how slightly have I known myself!

DORA. This Edgar, then, is living?

HAROLD. Living? well—
One Philip Edgar of Toft Hall in Somerset
Is lately dead.

DORA. Dead!—is there more than one?

HAROLD. Nay—now—not one, (*aside*) for I am
Philip Harold.

DORA. That one, is he then—dead!

HAROLD (*aside*). My father's death,
Let her believe it mine; this, for the moment,
Will leave me a free field.

DORA. Dead! and this world
Is brighter for his absence, as that other
Is darker for his presence.

HAROLD. Is not this
To speak too pitilessly of the dead?

DORA. My five-years' anger cannot die at once,
Not all at once with death and him. I trust
I shall forgive him—by-and-by—not now.
O sir, you seem to have a heart; if you
Had seen us that wild morning when we found
Her bed unslept in, storm and shower lashing
Her casement, her poor spaniel wailing for her,
That desolate letter, blotted with her tears,

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Which told us we should never see her more—
Our old nurse crying as if for her own child,
My father stricken with his first paralysis,
And then with blindness—had you been one of us
And seen all this, then you would know it is not
So easy to forgive—even the dead.

HAROLD. But sure am I that of your gentleness
You will forgive him. She you mourn for seem'd
A miracle of gentleness—would not blur
A moth's wing by the touching; would not crush
The fly that drew her blood; and, were she living,
Would not—if penitent—have denied him *her*
Forgiveness. And perhaps the man himself,
When hearing of that piteous death, has suffer'd
More than we know. But wherefore waste your heart,
In looking on a chill and changeless past?
Iron will fuse, and marble melt; the past
Remains the past. But you are young, and—par-
don me—

As lovely as your sister. Who can tell
What golden hours, with what full hands, may be
Waiting you in the distance? Might I call
Upon your father—I have seen the world—
And cheer his blindness with a traveller's tales?

DORA. Call if you will, and when you will. I can-
not
Well answer for my father; but if you
Can tell me anything of our sweet Eva

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HAROLD. I cannot tell, tho' standing in her presence.

(*Aside.*) She colours!

DORA. Sir!

HAROLD. Be not afraid of me,

- For these are no conventional flourishes.

I do most earnestly assure you that

Your likeness— [*Shouts and cries without.*]

DORA. What was that? my poor blind father—

Enter FARMING MAN.

FARMING MAN. Miss Dora, Dan Smith's cart hes runned ower a laädy i' the holler laäne, and they ha' ta'en the body up inter your chaumber, and they be all a-callin' for ye.

DORA. The body!—Heavens! I come!

HAROLD. But you are trembling.

Allow me to go with you to the farm. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter DOBSON.

DOBSON. What feller wur it as 'a' been a-talkin' fur haäfe an hour wi' my Dora? (*Looking after him.*) Seeäms I ommost knaws the back on 'im—drest like a gentleman, too. Damn all gentlemen, says I! I should ha' thowt they 'd hed anew o' gentlefoälk, as I telled 'er to-daäy when she fell foul upo' me.

Minds ma o' summun. I could sweär to that; but that be all one, fur I haätes 'im afoor I knaws what

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'e be. Theer! he turns round. Philip Hedgar o' Soomerset! Philip Hedgar o' Soomerset!—Noä—yeäs—thaw the feller 's gone and maäde such a litter of his faäce.

Eh lad, if it be thou, I 'll Philip tha! a-plaäyin' the saäme gaäme wi' my Dora—I 'll Soomerset tha!

I 'd like to drag 'im thruff the herse-pond, and she to be a-lookin' at it. I 'd like to leather 'im black and blue, and she to be a-laughin' at it. I 'd like to fell 'im as deäd as a bullock! (*Clenching his fist.*)

But what 'ud she saäy to that? She telled me once not to meddle wi' 'im, and now she be fallen out wi' ma, and I can't coom at 'er.

It mun be *him*. Noä! Fur she 'd niver 'a' been talkin' haäfe an hour wi' the divil 'at killed her oän sister, or she beänt Dora Steer.

Yeäs! Fur she niver knawed 'is faäce when 'e wur 'ere afoor; but I 'll maäke 'er knaw! I 'll maäke 'er knaw!

Enter HAROLD.

Naäy, but I mun git out on 'is waäy now, or I shall be the death on 'im. *[Exit.*

HAROLD. How the clown glared at me! that Dobbins, is it,
With whom I used to jar? but can he trace me
Thro' five years' absence, and my change of
name,

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The tan of Southern summers and the beard?
I may as well avoid him.

Ladylike!

Lilylike in her stateliness and sweetness!
How came she by it?—a daughter of the fields,
This Dora!

She gave her hand, unask'd, at the farm-gate;
I almost think she half return'd the pressure
Of mine. What, I that held the orange blossom
Dark as the yew? but may not those, who march
Before their age, turn back at times, and make
Courtesy to custom? and now the stronger motive,
Misnamed free-will—the crowd would call it con-
science—

Moves me—to what? I am dreaming; for the past
Look'd thro' the present, Eva's eyes thro' hers—
A spell upon me! Surely I loved Eva
More than I knew! or is it but the past
That brightens in retiring? O, last night,
Tired, pacing my new lands at Littlechester,
I dozed upon the bridge, and the black river
Flow'd thro' my dreams—if dreams they were. She
rose

From the foul flood and pointed toward the farm,
And her cry rang to me across the years,
“I call you, Philip Edgar, Philip Edgar!
Come, you will set all right again, and father
Will not die miserable.” I could make his age

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A comfort to him—so be more at peace
With mine own self. Some of my former friends
Would find my logic faulty; let them. Colour
Flows thro' my life again, and I have lighted
On a new pleasure. Anyhow we must
Move in the line of least resistance when
The stronger motive rules.

But she hates Edgar.

May not this Dobbins, or some other, spy
Edgar in Harold? Well then, I must make her
Love Harold first, and then she will forgive
Edgar for Harold's sake. She said herself
She would forgive him, by-and-by, not now—
For her own sake *then*, if not for mine—not now—
But by-and-by.

Enter DOBSON behind.

DOBSON. By-and-by—eh, lad, dosta know this paäper? Ye dropt it upo' the road. "Philip Edgar, Esq." Ay, you be a pretty squire. I ha' fun' ye out, I hev. Eh, lad, dosta know what tha meäns wi' by-and-by? Fur if ye be goin' to sarve our Dora as ye sarved our Eva—then, by-and-by, if she weänt listen to me when I be a-tryin' to saäve 'er—if she weänt—look to thysen, for, by the Lord, I 'd think na moor o' maäkin' an end o' tha nor a carrion crow—noä—thaw they hanged ma at 'Size fur it.

HAROLD. Dobbins, I think!

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DOBSON. I beänt Dobbins.

HAROLD. Nor am I Edgar, my good fellow.

DOBSON. Tha lies! What hasta been saäyin' to my Dora?

HAROLD. I have been telling her of the death of one Philip Edgar of Toft Hall, Somerset.

DOBSON. Tha lies!

HAROLD (*pulling out a newspaper*). Well, my man, it seems that you can read. Look there —under the deaths.

DOBSON. "O' the 17th, Philip Edgar, o' Toft Hall, Soomerset." How coom thou to be sa like 'im, then?

HAROLD. Naturally enough; for I am closely related to the dead man's family.

DOBSON. An' 'ow coom thou by the letter to 'im?

HAROLD. Naturally again; for, as I used to transact all his business for him, I had to look over his letters. Now then, see these (*takes out letters*). Half a score of them, all directed to me—Harold.

DOBSON. 'Aroid! 'Aroid! 'Aroid, so they be.

HAROLD. My name is Harold! Good day, Dobbins! [*Exit.*]

DOBSON. 'Aroid! The feller 's cleän daäzed, an' maäzed, an' maäted, an' muddled ma. Deäd! It mun be true, fur it wur i' print as black as owt. Naäy, but "Good daäy, Dobbins." Why, that wur the very twang on 'im. Eh, lad, but whether thou be Hedgar, or Hedgar's business man, thou hes n't naw business

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'ere wi' *my* Dora, as I knaws on, an' whether thou calls thysen Hedgar or Harold, if thou stick to she I'll stick to thee—stick to tha like a weasel to a rabbit, I will. Ay! and I'd like to shoot tha like a rabbit an' all. "Good daäy, Dobbins." Dang tha!





ACT III

SCENE.—A ROOM IN STEER'S HOUSE. DOOR LEADING INTO BEDROOM AT THE BACK.

DORA (*ringing a handbell*). Milly!

Enter MILLY.

MILLY. The little 'ymn? Yeäs, Miss; but I wur so ta'en up wi' leädin' the owd man about all the blessed murnin' 'at I ha' nobbut larned mysen haäfe on it.

O man, forgive thy mortal foe,
Nor ever strike him blow for blow;
For all the souls on earth that live
To be forgiven must forgive.
Forgive him seventy times and seven;
For all the blessed souls in heaven
Are both forgivers and forgiven.

But I 'll git the book ageän, and larn mysen the rest, and saäy it to ye afoor dark; ye ringed fur that, Miss, did n't ye?

DORA. No, Milly; but if the farming-men be come for their wages, to send them up to me.

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MILLY. Yeäs, Miss.

[Exit.

DORA (*sitting at desk counting money*). Enough at any rate for the present. (*Enter FARMING MEN.*) Good afternoon, my friends. I am sorry Mr. Steer still continues too unwell to attend to you, but the schoolmaster looked to the paying you your wages when I was away, did n't he?

MEN. Yeäs; and thanks to ye.

DORA. Some of our workmen have left us, but he sent me an alphabetical list of those that remain, so, Allen, I may as well begin with you.

ALLEN (*with his hand to his ear*). Halfabitical! Taäke one o' the young uns fust, Miss, fur I be a bit deaf, and I wur hallus scaäred by a big word; leäst-waäys, I should be wi' a lawyer.

DORA. I spoke of your names, Allen, as they are arranged here (*shows book*)—according to their first letters.

ALLEN. Letters! Yeäs, I sees now. Them be what they larns the childer' at school, but I were burn afoor schoolin'-time.

DORA. But, Allen, tho' you can't read, you could whitewash that cottage of yours where your grandson had the fever.

ALLEN. I'll hev it done o' Monday.

DORA. Else if the fever spread, the parish will have to thank you for it.

ALLEN. Meä? why, it be the Lord's doin', noän

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o' mine; d' ye think I 'd gi'e 'em the fever? But I thanks ye all the saäme, Miss. (*Takes money.*)

DORA (*calling out names*). Higgins, Jackson, Luscombe, Nokes, Oldham, Skipworth! (*All take money.*) Did you find that you worked at all the worse upon the cold tea than you would have done upon the beer?

HIGGINS. Noä, Miss; we worked naw wuss upo' the cowl tea; but we 'd ha' worked better upo' the beer.

DORA. Come, come, you worked well enough, and I am much obliged to all of you. There 's for you, and you, and you. Count the money and see if it 's all right.

MEN. All right, Miss; and thank ye kindly.

[*Exeunt LUSCOMBE, NOKES, OLDHAM, SKIPWORTH.*]

DORA. Dan Smith, my father and I forgave you stealing our coals. [DAN SMITH *advances to DORA.*]

DAN SMITH (*bellowing*). Whoy, O lor, Miss! that wur sa long back, and the walls sa thin, and the winders brokken, and the weather sa cowl, and my missus a-gittin' ower 'er lynin'-in.

DORA. Did n't I say that we had forgiven you? But, Dan Smith, they tell me that you—and you have six children—spent all your last Saturday's wages at the alehouse; that you were stupid drunk all Sunday, and so ill in consequence all Monday that you did not come into the hayfield. Why should I pay you your full wages?

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DAN SMITH. I be ready to taäke the pledge.

DORA. And as ready to break it again. Besides, it was you that were driving the cart—and I fear you were tipsy then, too—when you lamed the lady in the hollow lane.

DAN SMITH (*bellowing*). O lor, Miss! noä, noä, noä! Ye sees the holler laäne be hallus sa dark i' the arternoon, and wheere the big esh-tree cuts athurt it, it gi'es a turn like, and 'ow should I see to laäme the laädy, and meä coomin' along pretty sharp an' all?

DORA. Well, there are your wages; the next time you waste them at a pothouse you get no more from me. (*Exit DAN SMITH.*) Sally Allen, you worked for Mr. Dobson, did n't you?

SALLY (*advancing*). Yeäs, Miss; but he wur so rough wi' ma, I could n't abide 'im.

DORA. Why should he be rough with you? You are as good as a man in the hayfield. What 's become of your brother?

SALLY. 'Listed for a soädger, Miss, i' the Queen's Real Hard Tillery.

DORA. And your sweetheart—when are you and he to be married?

SALLY. At Michaelmas, Miss, please God.

DORA. You are an honest pair. I will come to your wedding.

SALLY. An' I thanks ye fur that, Miss, moor nor fur the waäge.

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(Going—returns.) 'A cotched ma about the waäist, Miss, when 'e wur 'ere afoor, an' axed ma to be 'is lit-tle sweet'art, an' soã I knaw'd 'im when I seed 'im ageãn an' I telled feyther on 'im.

DORA. What is all this, Allen?

ALLEN. Why, Miss Dora, meã and my maãtes, us three, we wants to hev three words wi' ye.

HIGGINS. That be 'im, and meã, Miss.

JACKSON. An' meã, Miss.

ALLEN. An' we weãnt mention naw naãmes, we 'd as lief talk o' the divil afoor ye as 'im, fur they says the master goãs cleãn off his 'eãd when he 'eãrs the naãme on 'im; but us three, arter Sally 'd telled us on 'im, we fun' 'im out a-walkin' i' West Field wi' a white 'at, nine o'clock, upo' Tuesday murnin', and all on us, wi' your leave, we wants to leather 'im.

DORA. Who?

ALLEN. Him as did the mischief here, five year' sin'.

DORA. Mr. Edgar?

ALLEN. Theer, Miss! You ha' naãmed 'im—not me.

DORA. He 's dead, man—dead; gone to his account—dead and buried.

ALLEN. I beãnt sa sewer o' that, fur Sally knaw'd 'im. Now then?

DORA. Yes; it was in the Somersetshire papers.

ALLEN. Then yon mun be his brother, an' we 'll leather 'im.

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DORA. I never heard that he had a brother. Some foolish mistake of Sally's; but what! would you beat a man for his brother's fault? That were a wild justice indeed. Let bygones be bygones. Go home! Good night! (*All exeunt.*) I have once more paid them all. The work of the farm will go on still, but for how long? We are almost at the bottom of the well: little more to be drawn from it—and what then? Encumbered as we are, who would lend us anything? We shall have to sell all the land, which father, for a whole life, has been getting together, again, and that, I am sure, would be the death of him. What am I to do? Farmer Dobson, were I to marry him, has promised to keep our heads above water; and the man has doubtless a good heart, and a true and lasting love for me; yet—though I can be sorry for him—as the good Sally says, “I can't abide him”—almost brutal, and matched with my Harold is like a hedge thistle by a garden rose. But then, he, too—will he ever be of one faith with his wife? which is my dream of a true marriage. Can I fancy him kneeling with me, and uttering the same prayer; standing up side by side with me, and singing the same hymn? I fear not. Have I done wisely, then, in accepting him? But may not a girl's love-dream have too much romance in it to be realised all at once, or altogether, or anywhere but in heaven? And yet I had once a vision of a pure and perfect marriage, where the man and the woman,

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only differing as the stronger and the weaker, should walk hand in hand together down this valley of tears, as they call it so truly, to the grave at the bottom, and lie down there together in the darkness which would seem but for a moment, to be awakened again together by the light of the resurrection, and no more partings for ever and for ever. (*Walks up and down. She sings.*)

O happy lark, that warblest high
Above thy lowly nest,
O brook, that brawlest merrily by
Thro' fields that once were blest;
O tower spiring to the sky,
O graves in daisies drest,
O Love and Life, how weary am I,
And how I long for rest!

There, there, I am a fool! Tears! I have sometimes been moved to tears by a chapter of fine writing in a novel; but what have I to do with tears now? All depends on me—father, this poor girl, the farm, everything; and they both love me—I am all in all to both; and he loves me too, I am quite sure of that. Courage, courage! and all will go well. (*Goes to bedroom door; opens it.*) How dark your room is! Let me bring you in here where there is still full daylight. (*Brings EVA forward.*) Why, you look better.

EVA. And I feel so much better that I trust I may be able by-and-by to help you in the business of the

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farm; but I must not be known yet. Has any one found me out, Dora?

DORA. O, no; you kept your veil too close for that when they carried you in; since then, no one has seen you but myself.

EVA. Yes—this Milly.

DORA. Poor blind father's little guide, Milly, who came to us three years after you were gone, how should she know you? But now that you have been brought to us as it were from the grave, dearest Eva, and have been here so long, will you not speak with father to-day?

EVA. Do you think that I may? No, not yet. I am not equal to it yet.

DORA. Why? Do you still suffer from your fall in the hollow lane?

EVA. Bruised; but no bones broken.

DORA. I have always told father that the huge old ash-tree there would cause an accident some day; but he would never cut it down, because one of the Steers had planted it there in former times.

EVA. If it had killed one of the Steers there the other day, it might have been better for her, for him, and for you.

DORA. Come, come, keep a good heart! Better for me! That 's good. How better for me?

EVA. You tell me you have a lover. Will he not

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fly from you if he learn the story of my shame and that I am still living?

DORA. No; I am sure that when we are married he will be willing that you and father should live with us; for, indeed, he tells me that he met you once in the old times, and was much taken with you, my dear.

EVA. Taken with me; who was he? Have you told him I am here?

DORA. No; do you wish it?

EVA. See, Dora; you yourself are ashamed of me (*weeps*), and I do not wonder at it.

DORA. But I should wonder at myself if it were so. Have we not been all in all to one another from the time when we first peeped into the bird's nest, waded in the brook, ran after the butterflies, and prattled to each other that we would marry fine gentlemen, and played at being fine ladies?

EVA. That last was my father's fault, poor man. And this lover of yours—this Mr. Harold—is a gentleman?

DORA. That he is, from head to foot. I do believe I lost my heart to him the very first time we met, and I love him so much—

EVA. Poor Dora!

DORA. That I dare not tell him how much I love him.

EVA. Better not. Has he offered you marriage, this gentleman?

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DORA. Could I love him else?

EVA. And are you quite sure that after marriage this gentleman will not be shamed of his poor farmer's daughter among the ladies in his drawing-room?

DORA. Shamed of me in a drawing-room! Was n't Miss Vavasour, our schoolmistress at Littlechester, a lady born? Were not our fellow-pupils all ladies? Was n't dear mother herself at least by one side a lady? Can't I speak like a lady; pen a letter like a lady; talk a little French like a lady; play a little like a lady? Can't a girl when she loves her husband, and he her, make herself anything he wishes her to be? Shamed of me in a drawing-room, indeed! See here! "I hope your lordship is quite recovered of your gout?" (*Curtseys.*) "Will your ladyship ride to cover to-day?" (*Curtseys.*) I can recommend our Voltigeur." "I am sorry that we could not attend your grace's party on the roth!" (*Curtseys.*) There, I am glad my non-sense has made you smile!

EVA. I have heard that "your lordship" and "your ladyship" and "your grace" are all growing old-fashioned!

DORA. But the love of sister for sister can never be old-fashioned. I have been unwilling to trouble you with questions, but you seem somewhat better to-day. We found a letter in your bedroom torn into bits. I could n't make it out. What was it?

EVA. From him! from him! He said we had been

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most happy together, and he trusted that some time we should meet again, for he had not forgotten his promise to come when I called him. But that was a mockery, you know, for he gave me no address, and there was no word of marriage; and, O Dora, he signed himself "Yours gratefully"—fancy, Dora, "gratefully"! "Yours gratefully"!

DORA. Infamous wretch! (*Aside.*) Shall I tell her he is dead? No; she is still too feeble.

EVA. Hark! Dora, some one is coming. I cannot and I will not see anybody.

DORA. It is only Milly.

Enter MILLY, with basket of roses.

Well, Milly, why do you come in so roughly? The sick lady here might have been asleep.

MILLY. Please, Miss, Mr. Dobson told me to say he 's browt some of Miss Eva's roses for the sick laädy to smell on.

DORA. Take them, dear. Say that the sick lady thanks him! Is he here?

MILLY. Yeäs, Miss; and he wants to speak to ye partic'lar.

DORA. Tell him I cannot leave the sick lady just yet.

MILLY. Yeäs, Miss; but he says he wants to tell ye summut very partic'lar.

DORA. Not to-day. What are you staying for?

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MILLY. Why, Miss, I be afeard I shall set him a-sweāring like onythink.

DORA. And what harm will that do you, so that you do not copy his bad manners? Go, child. (*Exit MILLY.*) But, Eva, why did you write "Seek me at the bottom of the river"?

EVA. Why? because I meant it!—that dreadful night! that lonely walk to Littlechester, the rain beating in my face all the way, dead midnight when I came upon the bridge; the river, black, slimy, swirling under me in the lamplight, by the rotten wharfs—but I was so mad that I mounted upon the parapet—

DORA. You make me shudder!

EVA. To fling myself over, when I heard a voice, "Girl, what are you doing there?" It was a Sister of Mercy, come from the death-bed of a pauper who had died in his misery blessing God, and the Sister took me to her house, and bit by bit—for she promised secrecy—I told her all.

DORA. And what then?

EVA. She would have persuaded me to come back here, but I could n't. Then she got me a place as nursery governess, and when the children grew too old for me, and I asked her once more to help me, once more she said, "Go home"; but I had n't the heart or face to do it. And then—what would father say?—I sank so low that I went into service—the drudge of a lodging-house—and when the mistress died, and

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I appealed to the Sister again, her answer—I think I have it about me—yes, there it is!

DORA (*reads*). “My dear Child,—I can do no more for you. I have done wrong in keeping your secret; your father must be now in extreme old age. Go back to him and ask his forgiveness before he dies.—SISTER AGATHA.” Sister Agatha is right. Don’t you long for father’s forgiveness?

EVA. I would almost die to have it!

DORA. And he may die before he gives it; may drop off any day, any hour. You must see him at once. (*Rings bell. Enter MILLY.*) Milly, my dear, how did you leave Mr. Steer?

MILLY. He ’s been a-moänin’ and a-groänin’ in ’is sleep, but I thinks he be wakkenin’ oop.

DORA. Tell him that I and the lady here wish to see him. You see she is lamed, and cannot go down to him.

MILLY. Yeäs, Miss, I will. [*Exit MILLY.*]

DORA. I ought to prepare you. You must not expect to find our father as he was five years ago. He is much altered; but I trust that your return—for you know, my dear, you were always his favourite—will give him, as they say, a new lease of life.

EVA (*clinging to DORA*). O, Dora, Dora!

Enter STEER led by MILLY.

STEER. Hes the cow cawved?

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DORA. No, father.

STEER. Be the colt deäð?

DORA. No, father.

STEER. He wur sa bellows'd out wi' the wind this murnin', 'at I tell'd 'em to gallop 'im. Be he deäð?

DORA. Not that I know.

STEER. What hasta sent fur me, then, fur?

DORA (*taking STEER's arm*). Well, father, I have a surprise for you.

STEER. I ha' niver been surprised but once i' my life, and I went blind upon it.

DORA. Eva has come home.

STEER. Hoäm? fro' the bottom o' the river?

DORA. No, father, that was a mistake. She 's here again.

STEER. The Steers was all gentlefoälks i' the owd times, an' I worked early an' laäte to maäke 'em all gentlefoälks ageän. The land belonged to the Steers i' the owd times, an' it belongs to the Steers ageän: I bowt it back ageän; but I could n't buy my darter back ägeän when she lost hersen, could I? I eddicated boäth on 'em to marry gentlemen, an' one on 'em went an' lost hersen i' the river.

DORA. No, father, she 's here.

STEER. Here! she moänt coom here. What would her mother saäy? If it be her ghoäst, we mun abide it. We can't keep a ghoäst out.

EVA (*falling at his feet*). O, forgive me! forgive me!

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STEER. Who said that? Taäke me awaäy, little gell. It be one o' my bad daäys.

[Exit STEER led by MILLY.

DORA (*smoothing EVA's forehead*). Be not so cast down, my sweet Eva. You heard him say it was one of his bad days. He will be sure to know you to-morrow.

EVA. It is almost the last of my bad days, I think. I am very faint. I must lie down. Give me your arm. Lead me back again.

[DORA takes EVA into inner room.

Enter MILLY.

MILLY. Miss Dora! Miss Dora!

DORA (*returning and leaving the bedroom door ajar*). Quiet! Quiet! What is it?

MILLY. Mr. 'Arold, Miss.

DORA. Below?

MILLY. Yeäs, Miss. He be saäyin' a word to the owd man, but he 'll coom up if ye lets 'im.

DORA. Tell him, then, that I 'm waiting for him.

MILLY. Yeäs, Miss.

[Exit. DORA sits pensively and waits.

Enter HAROLD.

HAROLD. You are pale, my Dora! but the ruddiest cheek

That ever charm'd the plowman of your wolds

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DORA. Yes; our carters and our shepherds
Still find a comfort there.

HAROLD. Carters and shepherds!

DORA. Scorn! I hate scorn. A soul with no religion—

My mother used to say that such a one
Was without rudder, anchor, compass—might be
Blown every way with every gust and wreck
On any rock; and tho' you are good and gentle,
Yet if thro' any want—

HAROLD. Of this religion?
Child, read a little history, you will find
The common brotherhood of man has been
Wrong'd by the cruelties of his religions
More than could ever have happen'd thro' the want
Of any or all of them.

DORA. But, O dear friend,
If thro' the want of any—I mean the true one—
And pardon me for saying it—you should ever
Be tempted into doing what might seem
Not altogether worthy of you, I think
That I should break my heart, for you have taught me
To love you.

HAROLD. What is this? some one been stirring
Against me? he, your rustic amourist,
The polish'd Damon of your pastoral here,
This Dobson of your idyll?

DORA. No, sir, no!

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Did you not tell me he was crazed with jealousy,
Had threaten'd even your life, and would say any-
thing?

Did *I* not promise not to listen to him,
Nor even to see the man?

HAROLD. Good; then what is it
That makes you talk so dolefully?

DORA. I told you—
My father. Well, indeed, a friend just now,
One that has been much wrong'd, whose griefs are
mine,

Was warning me that if a gentleman
Should wed a farmer's daughter, he would be
Sooner or later shamed of her among
The ladies, born his equals.

HAROLD. More fool he!
What, I that have been call'd a Socialist,
A Communist, a Nihilist—what you will!—

DORA. What are all these?

HAROLD. Utopian idiotcies.
They did not last three Junes. Such rampant
weeds

Strangle each other, die, and make the soil
For Cæsars, Cromwells, and Napoleons
To root their power in. I have freed myself
From all such dreams, and some will say because
I have inherited my uncle. Let them.
But—shamed of you, my empress! I should prize

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Here crawling in this boundless Nature. Dora,
If marriage ever brought a woman happiness
I doubt not I can make you happy.

DORA. You make me
Happy already.

HAROLD. And I never said
As much before to any woman living.

DORA. No?

HAROLD. No! by this true kiss, *you* are the first
I ever have loved truly.

[*They kiss each other.*]

EVA (*with a wild cry*). Philip Edgar!

HAROLD. The phantom cry! *You*—did *you* hear
a cry?

DORA. She must be crying out "Edgar" in her
sleep.

HAROLD. Who must be crying out "Edgar" in
her sleep?

DORA. Your pardon for a minute. She must be
waked.

HAROLD. Who must be waked?

DORA. I am not deaf; you fright me.
What ails you?

HAROLD. Speak.

DORA. You know her, Eva.

HAROLD. Eva!

[*EVA opens the door and stands in the entry.*
She!

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EVA. Make her happy, then, and I forgive you.

[Falls dead.]

DORA. Happy! What? Edgar? Is it so? Can it be?
They told me so. Yes, yes! I see it all now.

O, she has fainted! Sister, Eva, sister!

He is yours again—he will love *you* again;

I give him back to you again. Look up!

One word, or do but smile! Sweet, do you hear me?

[Puts her hand on EVA's heart.]

There, there—the heart, O God!—the poor young
heart

Broken at last—all still—and nothing left

To live for. [Falls on body of her sister.]

HAROLD. Living—dead—She said “all still.
Nothing to live for.”

She—she knows me—now—

(A pause.)

She knew me from the first, she juggled with me,

She hid this sister, told me she was dead—

I have wasted pity on her—not dead now—

No! acting, playing on me, both of them.

They drag the river for her! no, not they!

Playing on me—not dead now—a swoon—a scene—

Yet—how she made her wail as for the dead!

Enter MILLY.

MILLY. Please, Mister 'Arold.

HAROLD (*roughly*).

Well?

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MILLY. The owd man 's coom'd ageän to 'issen,
an' wants

To hev a word wi' ye about the marriage.

HAROLD. The what?

MILLY. The marriage.

HAROLD. The marriage?

MILLY. Yeäs, the marriage.

Granny says marriages be maäde i' 'eaven.

HAROLD. She lies! They are made in hell. Child,
can't you see?

Tell them to fly for a doctor.

MILLY. O, law—yeäs, sir.

I 'll run fur 'im mysen. [Exit.

HAROLD. All silent there,

Yes, deathlike! Dead? I dare not look. If dead,
Were it best to steal away, to spare myself,
And her too, pain, pain, pain?

My curse on all

This world of mud, on all its idiot gleams
Of pleasure, all the foul fatalities
That blast our natural passions into pains!

Enter DOBSON.

DOBSON. You, Master Hedgar, Harold, or what-
iver

They calls ye, for I warrants that ye goäs
By haäfe a scor o' naämes—out o' the chaumber!

[*Dragging him past the body.*

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HAROLD. Not that way, man! Curse on your brutal strength!

I cannot pass that way.

DOBSON. Out o' the chamber!

I 'll mash tha into nowt.

HAROLD. The mere wild-beast!

DOBSON. Out o' the chamber, dang tha!

HAROLD. Lout, churl, clown!

[*While they are shouting and struggling DORA rises and comes between them.*]

DORA (to DOBSON). Peace, let him be; it is the chamber of Death!

Sir, you are tenfold more a gentleman,
A hundred times more worth a woman's love,
Than this, this—but I waste no words upon him:
His wickedness is like my wretchedness—
Beyond all language.

(To HAROLD.) You—you see her there!

Only fifteen when first you came on her,
And then the sweetest flower of all the wolds,
So lovely in the promise of her May,
So winsome in her grace and gaiety,
So loved by all the village people here,
So happy in herself and in her home—

DOBSON (*agitated*). Theer, theer! ha' done. I
can't abear to see her. [Exit.]

DORA. A child, and all as trustful as a child!
Five years of shame and suffering broke the heart

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That only beat for you; and he, the father,
Thro' that dishonour which you brought upon us,
Has lost his health, his eyesight, even his mind.

HAROLD (*covering his face*). Enough!

DORA. It seem'd so; only there was left
A second daughter, and to her you came
Veiling one sin to act another.

HAROLD. No!

You wrong me there! hear, hear me! I wish'd, if
you— [Pauses.

DORA. If I—

HAROLD. Could love, could be brought to love me
As I loved you—

DORA. What then?

HAROLD. I wish'd, I hoped
To make, to make—

DORA. *What* did you hope to make?

HAROLD. 'T were best to make an end of my lost
life.

O Dora, Dora!

DORA. *What* did you hope to make?

HAROLD. Make, make! I cannot find the word—
forgive it—

Amends.

DORA. For what? to whom?

HAROLD. To him, to you!

[*Falling at her feet.*

DORA. To *him!* to *me!*

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No, not with all your wealth,
Your land, your life! Out in the fiercest storm
That ever made earth tremble—he, nor I—
The shelter of *your* roof—not for one moment—
Nothing from *you*!
Sunk in the deepest pit of pauperism,
Push'd from all doors as if we bore the plague,
Smitten with fever in the open field,
Laid famine-stricken at the gates of death—
Nothing from you!

But she there—her last word
Forgave—and I forgive you. If you ever
Forgive yourself, you are even lower and baser
Than even I can well believe you. Go!

[He lies at her feet. Curtain falls.]





