Queen Mary; and, Harold

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

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Title: Queen Mary; and, Harold

Author: Baron Alfred Tennyson Tennyson

Release date: October 1, 2005 [eBook #9176] Most recently updated: February 10, 2019

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/9176

Credits: Etext produced by Jonathan Ingram, Tapio Riikonen and Distributed Proofreaders HTML file produced by David Widger

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QUEEN MARY and HAROLD

By Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate

CONTENTS

QUEEN MARY: A DRAMA.

HAROLD: A DRAMA.

QUEEN MARY: A DRAMA.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE 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. 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 the Queen. ALICE | to the Princess Elizabeth. MAID OF HONOUR | 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, didn't the Parliament make her a bastard? SECOND CITIZEN. No; it was the Lady Elizabeth. 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 Christmasses. 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. 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. 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? 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. O, 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 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, 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.'—'Tis written, '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. 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 conduct: 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. MARCHIONESS 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.

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. NOAILLES. Friend Roger, steal thou in among the crowd, And get the swine to shout Elizabeth. Yon gray 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. 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 gurgoyle: 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 Elizabeth 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 anyway— 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. 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 entreats 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. 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. 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 anyone 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. 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 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 forbad 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. 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. 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. 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 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. 'Tis mine own wish fulfill'd before the word Was spoken, for in truth I had meant to crave 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 'tis 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; 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 dogstar 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, methinks, 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 Ev'n 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 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 harken'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 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, 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— 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, repulpited The shepherd of St. 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). MARY. What is that you mutter? GARDINER. Oh, Madam, take it bluntly; marry Philip, And be stepmother of a score of sons! The prince is known in Spain, in Flanders, ha! For Philip— MARY. You offend us; you may leave us. You see thro' warping glasses. GARDINER. If your Majesty— MARY. I have sworn upon the body and blood of Christ I'll none but Philip. GARDINER. Hath your Grace so sworn? MARY. Ay, Simon Renard knows it. GARDINER. News to me! It then remains for your poor Gardiner, So you still care

to trust him somewhat less Than Simon Renard, to compose the event In some such form as least may harm your Grace. MARY. I'll have the scandal sounded to the mud. I know it a scandal. GARDINER. All my hope is now It may be found a scandal. MARY. You offend us. GARDINER (aside). These princes are like children, must be physick'd, The bitter in the sweet. I have lost mine office, It may be, thro' mine honesty, like a fool. [Exit. 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— Foreseeing, 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. NOAILLES (going, returns). I would your answer had been other, Madam, For I foresee dark days. MARY. And so do I, sir; Your master works against me in the dark. I do believe he holp Northumberland Against me. NOAILLES. Nay, pure phantasy, your Grace. Why should he move against you? MARY. Will you hear why? Mary of Scotland,—for I have not own'd My sister, and I will not,—after me Is heir of England; and my royal father, To make the crown of Scotland one with ours, Had mark'd her for my brother Edward's bride; Ay, but your king stole her a babe from Scotland In order to betroth her to your Dauphin. See then: Mary of Scotland, married to your Dauphin, Would make our England, France; Mary of England, joining hands with Spain, Would be too strong for France. Yea,

were there issue born to her, Spain and we, One crown, might rule the world. There lies your fear. That is your drift. You play at hide and seek. Show me your faces! 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. 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; 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, Bad 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. 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 beyond 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, 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 past upon them all, Spared you the Duke of Suffolk, Guildford Dudley, Ev'n 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, 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 love-sick 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. 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, Ev'n 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? 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? 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-ridd'n) 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. Doesn'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 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 couldn't eat in Spain, I couldn't sleep in Spain. I hate Spain, Sir Thomas. WYATT. But thou could'st 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 gray 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. 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 Aesop—mountain out of mouse. Say for ten thousand ten—and pothouse knaves, Brain-dizzied with a draught of morning ale. Enter ANTONY KNYVETT. WILLIAM. Here's Antony 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. KNYVETT. If you can carry your head upon your shoulders. WYATT. I fear you come to carry it off my shoulders, 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, Antony! 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. 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 appearance 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 bow'd 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 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 be King, O, my God! the rope, the rack, the thumbscrew, 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 swoll'n and fed With indraughts and side-currents, in full force Roll upon London. CROWD. A Wyatt! a Wyatt! Forward! KNYVETT. Wyatt, shall we proclaim Elizabeth? WYATT. I'll think upon it, Knyvett. KNYVETT. Or Lady Jane? WYATT. No, poor soul; no. Ah, gray 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 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? 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 hangs 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. The names of Wyatt, Elizabeth, Courtenay, Nay the Queen's right to reign—'fore God, the rogues— Were freely buzzed among them. So I say Your city is divided, and I fear One scruple, this or that way, of success Would turn it thither. Wherefore now the Queen In this low pulse and palsy of the state, Bad me to tell you that she counts on you And on myself as her two hands; on you, In your own city, as her right, my

Lord, For you are loyal. WHITE. Am I Thomas White? One word before she comes. Elizabeth— Her name is much abused among these traitors. Where is she? She is loved by all of us. I scarce have heart to mingle in this matter, If she should be mishandled. HOWARD. No; she shall not. The Queen had written her word to come to court: Methought I smelt out Renard in the letter, And fearing for her, sent a secret missive, Which told her to be sick. Happily or not, It found her sick indeed. WHITE. God send her well; Here comes her Royal Grace. Enter GUARDS, MARY and GARDINER. SIR THOMAS WHITE leads her to a raised seat on the dais. 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 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 anyone 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 havock 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 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, nor 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 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! 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. SECOND ALDERMAN. Nay, no man need; but did you mark our Queen? The colour freely play'd into her face, And the half sight which makes her look so stern, Seem'd thro' that dim dilated world of hers, To read our faces; I have never seen her So queenly or so goodly. WHITE. Courage, sir, That makes or man or woman look their goodliest. Die like the torn fox dumb, but never whine Like that poor heart, Northumberland, at the block. BAGENHALL. The man had children, and he whined for those. Methinks most men are but poor-hearted, else Should we

so doat on courage, were it commoner? The Queen stands up, and speaks for her own self; And all men cry, She is queenly, she is goodly. Yet she's no goodlier; tho' my Lord Mayor here, By his own rule, he hath been so bold to-day, Should look more goodly than the rest of us. WHITE. Goodly? I feel most goodly heart and hand, And strong to throw ten Wyatts and all Kent. Ha! ha! sir; but you jest; I love it: a jest In time of danger shows the pulses even. Be merry! yet, Sir Ralph, you look but sad. I dare avouch you'd stand up for yourself, Tho' all the world should bay like winter wolves. 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 fleer 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 fleer at men, Makes enemies for himself and for his king; And if he jeer not seeing the true man Behind his folly, he is thrice the fool; And if he see the man and still will jeer, He is child and fool, and traitor to the State. Who is he? let me shun him. BAGENHALL. Nay, my Lord, He is damn'd enough already. HOWARD. I must set The guard at Ludgate. Fare you well, Sir Ralph. BAGENHALL. 'Who knows?' I am for England. But who knows, That knows the Queen, the Spaniard, and the Pope, Whether I be for Wyatt, or the Queen? [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—LONDON BRIDGE.

Enter SIR THOMAS WYATT and BRETT. WYATT. Brett, when the Duke of Norfolk moved against us Thou cried'st 'A Wyatt!' and flying to our side Left his all bare, for which I love thee, Brett. Have for thine asking aught that I can give, For thro' thine help we are come to London Bridge; But how to cross it balks me. I fear we cannot. BRETT. Nay, hardly, save by boat, swimming, or wings. WYATT. Last night I climb'd into the gate-house, Brett, And scared the gray 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. Ev'n 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. 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? 'tis 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. BRETT. Wyatt, but now you promised me a boon. WYATT. Ay, and I warrant this fine fellow's life. BRETT. Ev'n 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 Divil'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, 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 GATEHOUSE 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. 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. CRIES without. The traitor! treason! Pembroke! 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. 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 battleaxes 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. MARY. Where is Pembroke? COURTENAY. I left him somewhere in the thick of it. MARY. Left him and fled; and thou that would'st 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. 'Tis said he told Sir Maurice there was one Cognisant 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! 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 Cognisant 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 Highness will allow Some spice of wisdom in my telling you, When last we talk'd, that Philip would not come 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. 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. 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 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 have 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 Bolingbroke 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 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 Abbeylands, And ev'n before the Queen's face Gardiner buys them With Philip's gold. All greed, no faith, no courage! Why, ev'n 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 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 bad 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, Javelin-men, 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. STAFFORD. And the Dutchman, Now laughing at some jest? BAGENHALL. William of Orange, William the Silent. STAFFORD. Why do they call him so? BAGENHALL. He keeps, they say, some secret that may cost Philip his life. STAFFORD. But then he looks so merry. BAGENHALL. I cannot tell you why they call him so. [The KING and QUEEN pass, attended by Peers of the Realm, Officers of State, etc. Cannon shot off. CROWD. Philip and Mary, Philip and Mary! Long live the King and Queen, Philip and Mary! STAFFORD. They smile as if content with one another. BAGENHALL. A smile abroad is oft a scowl at home. [KING and QUEEN pass on. Procession. FIRST CITIZEN. I thought this Philip had been one of those black devils of Spain, but he hath a yellow beard. SECOND CITIZEN. Not red like Iscariot's. FIRST CITIZEN. Like a carrot's, as thou say'st, and English carrot's better than Spanish licorice; but I thought he was a beast. THIRD CITIZEN. Certain I had heard that every 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? 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 St. Paul, Make themselves drunk and mad, fly out and flare Into rebellions. I'll have their bibles burnt. 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? 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 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 languages—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 outwoman'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 Misere Mei— 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 shall 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 shall!' 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? BAGENHALL. And why should I be bolder than the rest, Or honester than all? STAFFORD. But, sir, if I— And oversea they say this state of yours Hath no more mortice than a tower of cards; And that a puff would do it—then if I And others made that move I touch'd 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.

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. 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 ev'n 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. I fear the Emperor much misvalued

me. But all is well; 'twas ev'n 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, Ev'n 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 symboll'd by The King your husband, the Pope's Holiness By mine own self. MARY. True, cousin, I am happy. When will you that we summon both our houses To take this absolution from your lips, And be regather'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 St. Andrew's be her happiest day? MARY. Then these shall meet upon St. Andrew's day. Enter PAGET, who presents the Council. Dumb show. POLE. I am an old man wearied with my journey, Ev'n 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. 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! Oh, 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! 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. Oh, 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. 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.

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. St. 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 cameleon 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, How should he bear a bridegroom out of Spain? The Queen would have him! being English churchman 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. 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 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 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 fall'n 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. [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, incenselike, 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, Oh how the blessed angels who rejoice Over one saved do triumph at this hour In the reborn 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 Into the blind sea of 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 remains 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. 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 neighboring 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? 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 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 amphisbaena, Each end a sting: Let the dead letter burn! 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 the 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. 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, 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 faggot? 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. 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. 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. 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 Catherine'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 ev'n St. 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, 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 would'st thou do hadst thou his power, thou That layest so long in heretic bonds with me; Would'st 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, cobblers, 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 ev'n within the walls, To worrying one another. My Lord Chancellor, You have an old trick of offending us; 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. 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 gulpt 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. 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 to it, Cranmer and Hooper, Ridley and Latimer, Rogers and Ferrar, for their time is come, Their hour is hard at hand, their 'dies Irae' 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,— 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 whitethorn, 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. 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 Brake 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. LADY. And I got it. I woke Sir Henry—and he's true to you I read his honest horror in his eyes. ELIZABETH. Or true to you? LADY. Sir Henry Bedingfield! I will have no man true to me, your Grace, But one that pares his nails; to me? the clown! ELIZABETH. Out, girl! you wrong a noble gentleman. LADY. For, like his cloak, his manners want the nap And gloss of court; but of this fire he says. Nay swears, it was no wicked wilfulness, Only a natural chance. ELIZABETH. A chance—perchance One of those wicked wilfuls that men make, Nor shame to call it nature. Nay, I know They hunt my blood. Save for my daily range Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ I might despair. But there hath some one come; The house is all in movement. Hence, and see. [Exit LADY. MILKMAID (singing without). Shame upon you, Robin, Shame upon you now! Kiss me would you? with

my hands Milking the cow? 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; 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 ev'n 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 gray rogue, Gardiner, Went on his knees, and pray'd me to confess In Wyatt's business,

and to cast myself Upon the good Queen's mercy; ay, when, my Lord? God save the Queen! My jailor— Enter SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD. BEDINGFIELD. One, whose bolts, That jail you from free life, bar you from death. There haunt some Papist ruffians hereabout Would murder you. ELIZABETH. I thank you heartily, sir, But I am royal, tho' your prisoner, And God hath blest or cursed me with a nose— Your boots are from the horses. BEDINGFIELD. Ay, my Lady. When next there comes a missive from the Queen It shall be all my study for one hour To rose and lavender my horsiness, Before I dare to glance upon your Grace. ELIZABETH. A missive from the Queen: last time she wrote, I had like to have lost my life: it takes my breath: O God, sir, do you look upon your boots, Are you so small a man? Help me: what think you, Is it life or death. BEDINGFIELD. I thought not on my boots; The devil take all boots were ever made Since man went barefoot. See, I lay it here, For I will come no nearer to your Grace; [Laying down the letter. And, whether it bring 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 birdlime here for me; I think they fain would have me from the realm; I think the Queen may never bear a child; 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 anyone, 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. 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, Ev'n 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 prov'n 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 Home to the leisure wisdom of his Queen, Before he go, that since these statutes past, Gardiner out-Gardiners 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 breeding 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 (musing)

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? 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 bad 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 Have preach'd, the fools, of this fair prince to come; Till, by St. 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. 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 fire indeed It would have burnt both speakers. 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. 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? 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 St. 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? Oh, 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, 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. 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? 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, 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, 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, I 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 bad 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 St. 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? 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 St. 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. 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, 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 Ev'n 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 dipt 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, 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. Oh, my Lord, my Lord! My heart is no such block as Bonner's is: Who would not weep? 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, 'twas 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 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 St. 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 presiding. 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.

COLE. Behold him— [A pause: people in the foreground. PEOPLE. Oh, 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 perch'd 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 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; 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 St. Andrew on his cross, The patience of St. 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 anyone among you doubt The man's conversion and remorse of heart, 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, 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 St. John: 'Love of this world is hatred against God.' Again, I pray you all that, next to God, You do unmurmuringly 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 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. 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! 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. 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 bidd'n 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 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 wolfdogs 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. Have I not heard them mock the blessed Host In songs so lewd, the beast might roar his claim To being in God's image, more than they? Have I not seen the gamekeeper, the groom. Gardener, and huntsman, in the parson's place, The parson from his own spire swung out dead, And Ignorance crying in the streets, and all men Regarding her? I say they have drawn the fire On their own heads: yet, Paget, I do hold The Catholic, if he have the greater right, Hath been the crueller. PAGET. Action and re-action, The miserable see-saw of our child-world, Make us despise it at odd hours, my Lord. Heaven help that this re-action not re-act Yet fiercelier under Queen Elizabeth, So that she come to rule us. HOWARD. The world's mad. PAGET. My Lord, the world is like a drunken man, Who cannot move straight to his end—but reels Now to the right, then as far to the left, Push'd by the crowd beside—and underfoot An earthquake; for since Henry for a doubt— Which a young lust had clapt upon the back, Crying, 'Forward!'—set our old church rocking, men Have hardly known what to believe, or whether They should believe in anything; the currents So shift and change, they see not how they are borne, 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 kindliest 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, 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 couldn't make tha hear. Eh, the wind and the wet! What a day, what a day! nigh upo' judgement 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 rheumatizy be that bad howiver be I to win to the burnin'. TIB. I should saay 'twur 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. 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 couldn'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 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. 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 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. 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, 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 Castille and Aragon, Granada, Naples, Sicily, and Milan,— The voices of Franche-Comte, and the Netherlands, The voices of Peru and Mexico, Tunis, and Oran, and the Philippines, 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, 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 gibbets. 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? 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, Scotland, 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? PHILIP. Content you, Madam; You must abide my judgment, and my father's, Who deems it a most just and holy war. The Pope would cast the Spaniard out of Naples: He calls us worse than Jews, Moors, Saracens. The Pope has pushed his horns beyond his mitre— Beyond his province. Now, Duke Alva will but touch him on the horns, And he withdraws; and of his holy head— For Alva is true son of the true church— No hair is harm'd. Will you not help me here? MARY. Alas! the Council will not hear of war. They say your wars are not the wars of England. They will not lay more taxes on a land So hunger-nipt and wretched; and you know The crown is poor. We have given the church-lands back: The nobles would not; nay, they clapt their hands Upon their swords when ask'd; and therefore God Is hard upon the people. What's to be done? Sir, I will move them in your cause again, And we will raise us loans and subsidies Among the merchants; and Sir Thomas Gresham Will aid us. There is Antwerp and the Jews. PHILIP. Madam, my thanks. MARY. And you will stay your going? PHILIP. And further to discourage and lay lame The plots of France, altho' you love her not, 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! 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. 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 the fifth conspiracy hatch'd in France; They show their teeth upon it; and your Grace, So you will take advice of mine, should stay Yet for awhile, 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. Enter CARDINAL POLE. (MARY rises.) MARY. Reginald Pole, what news hath plagued thy heart? What makes thy favour like the bloodless head Fall'n 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, 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, 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 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 bridemaids 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 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 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. 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 gray 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. 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 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 draft by POLE). There! there! another paper! Said you not Many of these were loyal? Shall I try If this be one of such? LADY CLARENCE. Let it be, let it be. God pardon me! I have never yet found one. [Aside. MARY (reads). 'Your people hate you as your husband hates you.' Clarence, Clarence, what have I done? what sin Beyond all grace, all pardon? Mother of God, Thou knowest never woman meant so well, And fared so ill in this disastrous world. My people hate me and desire my death. LADY CLARENCE. No, Madam, no. MARY. My husband hates me, and desires my death. LADY CLARENCE. No, Madam; these are libels. MARY. I hate myself, and I desire my death. LADY CLARENCE. Long live your Majesty! Shall Alice sing you One of her pleasant songs? Alice, my child, Bring us your lute (ALICE goes). They say the gloom of Saul Was lighten'd by young David's harp. MARY. Too young! And never knew a Philip. Re-enter ALICE. Give me the lute. He hates me! (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! oh 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. 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. 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 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 Southwark. Let dead things rest. ALICE. Ay, and with him who died Alone in Italy. LADY CLARENCE. Much changed, I hear, 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? 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; On all the road from Harwich, night and day; But the child came not, and the husband came not; And yet he will come quickly.... Thou hast learnt Thy lesson, and I mine. There is no need For Philip so to shame himself again. Return, And tell him that I know he comes no more. Tell him at last I know his love is dead, And that I am in state to bring forth death— Thou art commission'd to Elizabeth, And not to me! FERIA. Mere compliments and wishes. But shall I take some message from your Grace? MARY. Tell her to come and close my dying eyes, And wear my crown, and dance upon my grave. FERIA. Then I may say your Grace will see your sister? Your Grace is too low-spirited. Air and sunshine. I would we had you, Madam, in our warm Spain. You droop in your dim London. MARY. Have him away! I sicken of his readiness. LADY CLARENCE. My Lord Count, Her Highness is too ill for colloquy. FERIA (kneels, and kisses her hand). I wish her Highness better. (Aside) How her hand burns! [Exeunt.

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. Ay!—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. 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—consider, 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 ev'n 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. 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 cannot live. SECOND. God curse her and her Legate! 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 baptized 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 finger, 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 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 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 moment, Altho' you'll not believe me. How he smiles As if he loved me yet! LADY CLARENCE. And so he does. 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. 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 doth so 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!— 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 rough, blunt, and uncourtly fellow— Thou light a torch that never will go out! 'Tis 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, Seven-fold 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! 'twas 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,— 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. 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 WILLIAM CECIL. ELIZABETH. Good counsel yours— No one in waiting? 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; Brave, wary, sane to the heart of her—a Tudor School'd by the shadow of death—a Boleyn, too, Glancing across the Tudor—not so well. Enter ALICE. How is the good Queen now? ALICE. Away from Philip. Back in her childhood—prattling to her mother Of her betrothal to the Emperor Charles, And childlike—jealous of him again—and once She thank'd her father sweetly for his book Against that godless German. Ah, those days Were happy. It was never merry world In England, since the Bible came among us. CECIL. And who says that? ALICE. It is a saying among the Catholics. CECIL. It never will be merry world in England, Till all men have their Bible, rich and poor. ALICE. The Queen is dying, or you dare not say it. Enter ELIZABETH. ELIZABETH. The Queen is dead. CECIL. Then here she stands! my homage. ELIZABETH. She knew me, and acknowledged me her heir, Pray'd me to pay her debts, and keep the Faith: Then claspt the cross, and pass'd away in peace. I left her lying still and beautiful, 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!

END OF QUEEN MARY.

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 battleaxe 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 PERSONAE KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR. STIGAND, created Archbishop of Canterbury by the Antipope Benedict. ALDRED, Archbishop

of York. THE NORMAN BISHOP OF LONDON. HAROLD, Earl of Wessex, afterwards King of England, Son of Godwin TOSTIG, Earl of Northumbria, Son of Godwin GURTH, Earl of East Anglia, Son of Godwin LEOFWIN, Earl of Kent and Essex, Son of Godwin WULFNOTH COUNT WILLIAM OF NORMANDY. WILLIAM RUFUS. WILLIAM MALET, a Norman Noble.[1] EDWIN, Earl of Mercia, Son of Alfgar of Mercia MORCAR, Earl of Northumbria after Tostig, Son of Alfgar of Mercia 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.

[Footnote 1: ... quidam partim Normannus et Anglus Compater Heraldi. (Guy of Amiens, 587.)]

HAROLD

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LONDON. THE KING'S PALACE. (A comet seen through the open window.) ALDWYTH, GAMEL, COURTIERS 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 undescendable Abysm. 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 Molochize 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 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 Jumieges—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? STIGAND. Ask it of King Edward! And he may tell thee, I am a 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, holp 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, 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! 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, 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! 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. 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 not 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, 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 enframed 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.

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. 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.' Unwholesome talk For Godwin's house! Leofwin, thou hast a tongue! Tostig, thou look'st as thou wouldst spring upon him. St. 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. The king? the king is ever at his prayers; In all that handles matter of the state I am the king. TOSTIG. That shall 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 That where he was but worsted, he was wrong'd. Ah! thou hast taught the king to spoil him too; Now the spoilt child sways both. Take heed, take heed; Thou art the Queen; ye are boy and girl no more: Side not with Tostig in any violence, Lest thou be sideways guilty of the violence. QUEEN. Come fall not foul on me. I leave thee, brother. HAROLD. Nay, my good sister— [Exeunt QUEEN, HAROLD, GURTH, and LEOFWIN. ALDWYTH. Gamel, son of Orm, What thinkest thou this means? [Pointing to the comet. GAMEL. War, my dear lady, War, waste, plague, famine, all malignities. ALDWYTH. It means the fall of Tostig from his earldom. GAMEL. That were too small a matter for a comet! ALDWYTH. It means the lifting of the house of Alfgar. GAMEL. Too small! a comet would not show for that! ALDWYTH. Not small for thee, if thou canst compass it. GAMEL. Thy love? ALDWYTH. As much as I can give thee, man; This Tostig is, or like to be, a tyrant; Stir up thy people: oust him! GAMEL. And thy love? ALDWYTH. As much as thou canst bear. GAMEL. I can bear all, And not be giddy. ALDWYTH. No more now: to-morrow.

SCENE II.—IN THE GARDEN. THE KING'S HOUSE NEAR LONDON. SUNSET.

EDITH. Mad for thy mate, passionate nightingale.... I love thee for it—ay, but stay a moment; He can but stay a moment: he is going. I fain would hear him coming!...

near me ... near. Somewhere—To draw him nearer with a charm Like thine to thine. (Singing.) Love is come with a song and a smile, Welcome Love with a smile and a song: Love can stay but a little while. Why cannot he stay? They call him away: Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong; Love will stay for a whole life long. Enter HAROLD. HAROLD. The nightingales in Havering-at-the-Bower Sang out their loves so loud, that Edward's prayers 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? 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. Oh! 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, Taken the rifted pillars of the wood For smooth stone columns of the sanctuary, The shadows of a hundred fat dead deer For dead men's ghosts. True, that the battle-axe Was out of place; it should have been the bow.— Come, thou shalt dream no more such dreams; I swear it, By mine own eyes—and these two sapphires—these Twin rubies, that are amulets against all The kisses of all kind of womankind In Flanders, till the sea shall roll me back To tumble at thy feet. EDITH. That would but shame me, Rather than make me vain. The sea may roll Sand, shingle, shore-weed, not the living rock Which guards the land. HAROLD. Except it be a soft one, And undereaten to the fall. Mine amulet ... This last ... upon thine eyelids, to shut in A happier dream. Sleep, sleep, and thou shalt see My grayhounds fleeting like a beam of light, And hear my peregrine and her bells in heaven; And other bells on earth, which yet are heaven's; Guess what they be. EDITH. He cannot guess who knows. Farewell, my king. HAROLD. Not yet, but then—my queen. [Exeunt. 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! 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 scape-goat 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 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. PONTHIEU. 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 together. Be not a fool! 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 herring-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. 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 PONTHIEU. HAROLD. Guy, Count of Ponthieu? GUY. Harold, Earl of Wessex! HAROLD. Thy villains with their lying lights have wreck'd us! 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 oubliettes 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 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 slept between and purchased him, Translating his captivity from Guy To mine own hearth at Bayeux, where he sits My ransom'd prisoner. 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 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. MALET. I never knew thee check thy will for ought 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 ... king-like ... 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. 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; 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, 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. 'Tis 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, 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. 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! Enter WULFNOTH. Poor brother! still a hostage! WULFNOTH. Yea, and I Shall see the dewy kiss of dawn no more Make blush the maiden-white of our tall cliffs, Nor mark the sea-bird rouse himself and hover Above the windy ripple, and fill the sky With free sea-laughter—never—save indeed Thou canst make yield this iron-mooded Duke To let me go. HAROLD. Why, brother, so he will; But on conditions. Canst thou guess at them? WULFNOTH. Draw nearer,—I was in the corridor, I saw him coming with his brother Odo The Bayeux bishop, and I hid myself. HAROLD. They did thee wrong who made thee hostage; thou Wast ever fearful. WULFNOTH. And he spoke—I heard him— 'This Harold is not of the royal blood, Can have no right to the crown,' and Odo said, 'Thine is the right, for thine the might; he is here, And yonder is thy keep.' HAROLD. No, Wulfnoth, no.

WULFNOTH. And William laugh'd and swore that might was right, Far as he knew in this poor world of ours— '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 Alencon,—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, oh brother! oh! for my sake! 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. Oh no, no—speak him fair! Call it to temporize; 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 ev'n 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 oubliette, 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, 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 license—thine own Edith— HAROLD. No more! I will not hear thee—William comes. 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. 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 Normans out From England, and this rankles in us yet. Archbishop Robert hardly scaped with life. HAROLD. Archbishop Robert! Robert the Archbishop! Robert of Jumieges, 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 bishopricks with English— We could not move from Dover to the Humber Saving thro' Norman bishopricks—I say Ye would applaud that Norman who should drive The stranger to the fiends! 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 life-long 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. 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 answer, my good friend. WULFNOTH (aside to HAROLD). Oh! Harold, for my sake and for thine own! HAROLD. Ay ... if the king have not revoked his promise. 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 England, man, Thy voice will lead the Witan—shall I have it? WULFNOTH (aside to HAROLD). Oh! 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. 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 OP 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 thy prisoner scape? JAILOR. Sir Count, He had but one foot, he

must have hopt away, Yea, some familiar spirit must have help'd him. WILLIAM. Woe knave to thy familiar and to thee! Give me thy keys. [They fall clashing. Nay let them lie. Stand there and wait my will. [The JAILOR stands aside. WILLIAM (to HAROLD). Hast thou such trustless jailors in thy North? HAROLD. We have few prisoners in mine earldom there, So less chance for false keepers. WILLIAM. We have heard Of thy just, mild, and equal governance; Honour to thee! thou art perfect in all honour! Thy naked word thy bond! confirm it now Before our gather'd Norman baronage, For they will not believe thee—as I believe. [Descends from his throne and stands by the ark. Let all men here bear witness of our bond! [Beckons to HAROLD, who advances. Enter MALET behind him. Lay thou thy hand upon this golden pall! Behold the jewel of St. Pancratius Woven into the gold. Swear thou on this! HAROLD. What should I swear? Why should I swear on this? 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. 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! 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 Ev'n 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. 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. 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 To one black ash, but that thy patriot passion Siding with our great Council against Tostig, Out-passion'd his! Holy? ay, ay, forsooth, A conscience for his own soul, not his realm; A twilight conscience lighted thro' a chink; Thine by the sun; nay, by some sun to be, When all the world hath learnt to speak the truth, And lying were self-murder by that state Which was the exception. HAROLD. That sun may God speed! STIGAND. Come, Harold, shake the cloud off! HAROLD. Can I, father? Our Tostig parted cursing me and England; Our sister hates us for his banishment; He hath gone to kindle Norway against England, And

Wulfnoth is alone in Normandy. For when I rode with William down to Harfleur, 'Wulfnoth is sick,' he said; 'he cannot follow;' Then with that friendly-fiendly smile of his, 'We have learnt to love him, let him a little longer Remain a hostage for the loyalty Of Godwin's house.' As far as touches Wulfnoth I that so prized plain word and naked truth Have sinn'd against it—all in vain. LEOFWIN. Good brother, By all the truths that ever priest hath preach'd, Of all the lies that ever men have lied, Thine is the pardonablest. HAROLD. May be so! I think it so, I think I am a fool To think it can be otherwise than so. STIGAND. Tut, tut, I have absolved thee: dost thou scorn me, Because I had my Canterbury pallium, From one whom they dispoped? HAROLD. No, Stigand, no! STIGAND. Is naked truth actable in true life? I have heard a saying of thy father Godwin, That, were a man of state nakedly true, Men would but take him for the craftier liar. LEOFWIN. Be men less delicate than the Devil himself? I thought that naked Truth would shame the Devil, The Devil is so modest. GURTH. He never said it! LEOFWIN. Be thou not stupid-honest, brother Gurth! HAROLD. Better to be a liar's dog, and hold My master honest, than believe that lying And ruling men are fatal twins that cannot Move one without the other. Edward wakes!— Dazed—he hath seen a vision. EDWARD. The green tree! Then a great Angel past along the highest Crying 'the doom of England,' and at once He stood beside me, in his grasp a sword 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 baptized 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! 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. 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. EDWARD. There spake Godwin, Who hated all the Normans; but their Saints Have heard thee, Harold. EDITH. Oh! my lord, my king! He knew not whom he sware by. EDWARD. Yea, I know He knew not, but those heavenly ears have heard, Their curse is on him; wilt thou bring another, Edith, upon his head? EDITH. No, no, not I. EDWARD. Why then, thou must not wed him. HAROLD. Wherefore, wherefore? EDWARD. O son, when thou didst tell me of thine oath, I sorrow'd for my random promise given To yon fox-lion. I did not dream then I should be king.—My son, the Saints are virgins; They love the white rose of virginity, The cold, white lily blowing in her cell: I have been myself a virgin; and I sware To consecrate my virgin here to heaven— The silent, cloister'd, solitary life, A life of life-long prayer against the curse That lies on thee and England. HAROLD. No, no, no. EDWARD. Treble denial of the tongue of flesh, Like Peter's when he fell, and thou wilt have To wail for it like Peter. O my son! 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. Look up! look up! Edith! ALDRED. Confuse her not; she hath begun Her life-long 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 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 Normanizes too! HAROLD. Hush, father, hush! EDWARD. Thou uncanonical fool, Wilt thou play with the thunder? North and South 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 '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? 'Oh! never, oh! 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. Edith, Tho' somewhat less a king to my true self Than ere they crown'd me one, for I have lost Somewhat of upright stature thro' mine oath, Yet thee I would not lose, and sell not thou Our living passion for a dead man's dream; Stigand believed he knew not what he spake. Oh God! I cannot help it, but at times They seem to me too narrow, all the faiths Of this grown world of ours, whose baby eye Saw them sufficient. Fool and wise, I fear This curse, and scorn it. But a little light!— And on it falls the shadow of the priest; Heaven yield us more! for better, Woden, all Our cancell'd warrior-gods, our grim Walhalla, Eternal war, than that the Saints at peace The Holiest of our Holiest one should be This William's fellow-tricksters;—better die Than credit this, for death is death, or else Lifts us beyond the lie. Kiss me—thou art not A holy sister yet, my

girl, to fear There might be more than brother in my kiss, And more than sister in thine own. EDITH. I dare not. HAROLD. Scared by the church—'Love for a whole life long' When was that sung? EDITH. Here to the nightingales. 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 Aldwyth. 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, 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 overthrown Morcar and Edwin. HAROLD. Well then, we must fight. How blows the wind? GURTH. Against St. 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. Oh! 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 Call'd itself God.—A kindly rendering Of 'Render unto Caesar.' ... The Good Shepherd! Take

this, and render that. GURTH. They have taken York. HAROLD. The Lord was God and came as man—the Pope Is man and comes as God.—York taken? GURTH. Yea, Tostig hath taken York! HAROLD. To York then. Edith, Hadst thou been braver, I had better braved All—but I love thee and thou me—and that Remains beyond all chances and all churches, And that thou knowest. EDITH. Ay, but take back thy ring. It burns my hand—a curse to thee and me. I dare not wear it. [Proffers HAROLD the ring, which he takes. HAROLD. But I dare. God with thee! [Exeunt HAROLD and GURTH. EDITH. The King hath cursed him, if he marry me; The Pope hath cursed him, marry me or no! God help me! I know nothing—can but pray For Harold—pray, pray, pray—no help but prayer, A breath that fleets beyond this iron world, And touches Him that made it.

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. 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 followed 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. VOICE. Yet Thou art but a West Saxon: we are Danes! HAROLD. My mother is a Dane, and I am English; There is a pleasant fable in old books, Ye take a stick, and break it; bind a score All in one faggot, snap it over knee, Ye cannot. VOICE. Hear King Harold! he says true! HAROLD. Would ye be Norsemen? VOICES. No! HAROLD. Or Norman? VOICES. No! HAROLD. Snap not the faggot-band then. VOICE. That is true! VOICE. Ay, but thou art not kingly, only grandson To Wulfnoth, a poor cow-herd. HAROLD. This old Wulfnoth Would take me on his knees and tell me tales Of Alfred and of Athelstan the Great Who drove you Danes; and yet he held that Dane, Jute, Angle, Saxon, were or should be all One England, for this cow-herd, like my father, Who shook the Norman scoundrels off the throne, Had in him kingly thoughts—a king of men, Not made but born, like the great king of all, A light among the oxen. VOICE. That is true! 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, bad 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 THANE. 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 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 you cease to plot against my house? 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 Norseman? 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 Who did discrown thine husband, unqueen thee? Didst thou not love thine husband? ALDWYTH. Oh! 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. Oh, 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—oh! good Morcar, speak for us, His conqueror conquer'd Aldwyth. HAROLD. Goodly news! MORCAR. Doubt it not thou! Since Griffith's head was sent To Edward, she hath said it. HAROLD. I had rather She would have loved her husband. Aldwyth, Aldwyth, 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 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. (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 bad 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; No man would strike with Tostig, save for Norway. Thou art nothing in thine England, save for Norway, Who loves not thee but war. What dost thou here, Trampling thy mother's bosom into blood? TOSTIG. She hath wean'd me from it with such bitterness. I come for mine own Earldom, my Northumbria; Thou hast given it to the enemy of our house. HAROLD. Northumbria threw thee off, she will not have thee, Thou hast misused her: and, O crowning crime! Hast murder'd thine own guest, the son of Orm, Gamel, at thine own hearth. TOSTIG. The slow, fat fool! He drawl'd and prated so, I smote him suddenly, I knew not what I did. He held with Morcar.— I hate myself for all things that I do. HAROLD. And Morcar holds with us. Come back with him. Know what thou dost; and we may find for thee, So thou be chasten'd by thy banishment, Some easier earldom. TOSTIG. What for Norway then? He looks for land among us, he and his. HAROLD. Seven feet of English land, or something more, Seeing he is a giant. TOSTIG. That is noble! That sounds of Godwin. HAROLD. Come thou back, and be Once more a son of Godwin. TOSTIG (turns away). O brother, brother, O Harold— HAROLD (laying his hand on TOSTIG'S shoulder). Nay then, come thou back to us! TOSTIG (after a pause turning to him). Never shall any man say that I, that Tostig Conjured the mightier Harold from his North To do the battle for me here in England, Then left him for the meaner! thee!— Thou hast no passion for the House of Godwin— Thou hast but cared to make thyself a king— Thou hast sold me for a cry.— Thou gavest thy voice against me in the Council— I hate thee, and despise thee, and defy thee. Farewell for ever! [Exit. HAROLD. On to Stamford-bridge!

SCENE III.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD-BRIDGE. BANQUET. HAROLD and ALDWYTH. GURTH, LEOFWIN, MORCAR, EDWIN, and other EARLS and THANES.

VOICES. Hail! Harold! Aldwyth! hail, bridegroom and bride! 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? 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 gray 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. 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 something 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. FIRST THANE. By St. 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 St. Dunstan, old St. 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— 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— 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 scatter'd 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? MARGOT. Earl, the first Christian Caesar 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. MARGOT. Hear it thro' me. The realm for which thou art forsworn is cursed, The babe enwomb'd and at the breast is cursed, The corpse thou whelmest with thine earth is cursed, The soul who fighteth on thy side is cursed, The seed thou sowest in thy field is cursed, The steer wherewith thou plowest thy field is cursed,

The fowl that fleeth o'er thy field is cursed, And thou, usurper, liar— HAROLD. Out, beast monk! [Lifting his hand to strike him. GURTH stops the blow. I ever hated monks. MARGOT. I am but a voice Among you: murder, martyr me if ye will— HAROLD. Thanks, Gurth! The simple, silent, selfless man Is worth a world of tonguesters. (To MARGOT.) Get thee gone! He means the thing he says. See him out safe! LEOFWIN. He hath blown himself as red as fire with curses. An honest fool! Follow me, honest fool, But if thou blurt thy curse among our folk, I know not—I may give that egg-bald head The tap that silences. HAROLD. See him out safe. [Exeunt LEOFWIN and MARGOT. 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. 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 someone 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 dived 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. 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, 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 them shalt die on Senlac hill— Sanguelac! VISION OF WULFNOTH. O brother, from my ghastly oubliette I send my voice across the narrow seas— 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 wrench'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— 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 sware Falsely to him, the falser Norman, over His gilded ark of mummy-saints, by whom I knew not that I sware,—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 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! 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. 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 darest 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 ought of earth's Save William's death or mine. EDITH. Thy death!—to-day! Is it not thy birthday? HAROLD. Ay, that happy day! A birthday welcome! happy days and many! One—this! [They embrace. Look, I will bear thy blessing into the battle And front the doom of God. NORMAN CRIES (heard in the distance). Ha Rou! Ha Rou! Enter GURTH. GURTH. The Norman moves! HAROLD. Harold and Holy Cross! [Exeunt HAROLD and GURTH. Enter STIGAND. STIGAND. Our Church in arms—the lamb the lion—not Spear into pruning-hook—the counter way— Cowl, helm; and crozier, battle-axe. Abbot Alfwig, Leofric, and all the monks of Peterboro' Strike for the king; but I, old wretch, old Stigand, With hands too limp to brandish iron—and yet I have a power—would Harold ask me for it— I have a power. EDITH. What power, holy father? STIGAND. Power now from Harold to command thee hence And see thee safe from Senlac. EDITH. I remain! 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] [Footnote 1: The a throughout these Latin hymns should be sounded broad, as in 'father.'] 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! 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 warsong. 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 praedator, Illorum, Domine, Scutum scindatur! Hostis per Angliae Plagas bacchatur; Casa crematur, Pastor fugatur Grex trucidatur— STIGAND. Illos trucida, Domine. EDITH. Ay, good father. CANONS (singing). Illorum scelera Poena 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 Praepediatur! 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— Their horse are thronging to the barricades; I see the gonfanon of Holy Peter Floating 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! CANONS (singing). Equus cum equite Dejiciatur! Acies, Acies Prona sternatur! Illorum lanceas Frange Creator! STIGAND. Yea, yea, for how their lances snap and shiver Against the shifting 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 cum equite Praecipitatur. EDITH. O God, the God of truth hath heard my cry. Follow them, follow them, drive them to the sea! Illorum scelera Poena 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! 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 hath 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! 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 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. 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? Oh 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! Look you, we never mean to part again. I have found him, I am happy. Was there not someone 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. 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 St. 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 rooftree 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! 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 sea-shore 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; 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.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK QUEEN MARY; AND, HAROLD ***

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