

# DRAKE

## A PAGEANT-PLAY

IN THREE ACTS

BY

LOUIS N. PARKER

AUTHOR OF "POMANDER WALK," "DISRAELI," ETC.

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MCMXII

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**TO**  
**SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE**

The author desires to express his obligation to Miss I. M. Freeman, of Tavistock, for much advice and assistance.

THE play was first produced at His Majesty's Theatre, London, under the management of SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, on the evening of Tuesday, September 3, 1912, with the following cast :

FRANCIS DRAKE	<i>Lyn Harding</i>
QUEEN ELIZABETH	<i>Phyllis Neilson Terry</i>
LORD BURLEIGH	<i>Bassett Roe</i>
LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM	<i>Frederick Sargent</i>
CHRISTOPHER HATTON	<i>Rohan Clensy</i>
SIR WALTER RALEIGH	<i>Harold Bliss</i>
JOHN DOUGHTY	<i>Herbert Waring</i>
THOMAS DOUGHTY	<i>Philip Merivale</i>
DON GUERAU D'ESPES	<i>Francis Chamier</i>
DON PEDRO ZUBIAUR	<i>W. E. Gehe</i>
DON BERNARDINO DE MENDOZA	<i>Digby Strous</i>
DON PEDRO DE VALDEZ	<i>E. A. Smythe</i>
SIR GEORGE SYDENHAM	<i>Henry Morrell</i>
LE SIEUR DE MARCHAUMONT	<i>Arthur V. Webster</i>
SIR JOHN HAWKINS	<i>Fred Vigay</i>
MARTIN FROBISHER	<i>William Harberd</i>
JOHN WYNTER	<i>N. Campbell Browne</i>
JOHN CHESTER	<i>J. Esmond Walls</i>
CAPTAIN JOHN THOMAS	<i>Chris Walker</i>
THOMAS FENNER	<i>Scott Clarke</i>
TOM MOONE	<i>A. E. George</i>
GREGORY	<i>Ross Shore</i>
BREWER	<i>Frederick Ross</i>
LADY LENOX	<i>Elinor Foster</i>
MOTHER MOONE	<i>Cicely Richards</i>
BRIGHT	<i>Roy Byfo d</i>
FLEMING	<i>Howard Rose</i>
REV. FRANCIS FLETCHER	<i>Ben Field</i>
PEDRO	<i>Stanley Howlett</i>
DIEGO	<i>Loring Fernie</i>
MR. VICARY	<i>Anthony Warde</i>
MR. CHARLES	<i>Frederick J. Burnett</i>
MR. CAURE	<i>H. E. Nicholls</i>

COOKE	<i>Ernest Digges</i>
WILLIAM HAWKINS	<i>W. Esmonde</i>
YOLE	<i>Alfred H. Goddard</i>
POTTER	<i>Archibald Forbes</i>
BEWES	<i>A. E. Allen</i>
DOIDGE	<i>Sydney Gouldie</i>
MENHENNICK	<i>Montague Kerr</i>
BECKERLEG	<i>Gordon Carr</i>
COURTENAY	<i>Arthur Chicken</i>
TAILOR	<i>M. A. Buxton</i>
HARERDASHER	<i>A. Thornley</i>
PIKEMAN	<i>George Laundry</i>
BALLADMONGER	<i>Alexander Sarnier</i>
DAME SYDENHAM	<i>Stella St. Audrie</i>
ELIZABETH SYDENHAM	<i>Amy Brandon-Thomas</i>

The overture and incidental music composed by SIR CHARLES VILLIARS STANFORD, and conducted by ADOLF SCHMID.

The scenery by JOSEPH HARKER and ALFRED E. CRAVEN.

Stage Manager : CECIL KING.

Associate Stage Manager : STANLEY BALL.

# PERSONS

IN THE ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE

LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM  
LADY LENOX  
DON GUERAU D'ESPES, *Spanish Ambassador*  
DON PEDRO ZUBIAUR  
ELIZABETH SYDENHAM  
JOHN DOUGHTY  
A PAGE  
THOMAS DOUGHTY  
QUEEN ELIZABETH  
LORD BURGHLEY  
CHRISTOPHER HATTON  
FRANCIS DRAKE  
PEDRO, *A Maroon Chieftain*  
TOM MOONE  
GREGORY  
THOMAS FENNER  
FLEMING  
MARTIN FROBISHER  
JOHN WYNTER  
JOHN CHESTER  
DIEGO, *A Young Maroon*  
BREWER  
BRIGHT  
TRYPHENA MOONE  
JOHN HAWKINS  
SIR GEORGE SYDENHAM  
DAME SYDENHAM

## PERSONS

REV. FRANCIS FLETCHER  
 MR. CHARLES  
 MR. CAUBE  
 CAPTAIN JOHN THOMAS  
 MR. VICARY  
 COOKE  
 DON BERNARDINO DE MENDOZA, *Spanish Ambassador*  
 LE SIEUR DE MARCHAUMONT  
 WILLIAM HAWKINS, *Mayor of Plymouth*  
 YOLE  
 POTTER  
 BEWES  
 DOIDGE  
 MENEHENNICK  
 BECKERLEG  
 COURTENAY  
 SIR WALTER RALEIGH  
 DON PEDRO DE VALDEZ  
 A TAILOR  
 A HABERDASHER  
 PIKEMAN  
 BALLADMONGER

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER AND CHOIR OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL ; THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY ; GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS ; COURTIERS (MEN AND WOMEN) ; THE LORD MAYOR, SHERIFFS, AND ALDERMEN OF LONDON ; THE MACE-BEARER AND SWORD-BEARER ; JUDGES ; MASTERS AND BANNER-BEARERS OF THE CITY COMPANIES ; APPRENTICES ; FLOWER-GIRLS ; MOUNTBANKS ; GIPSIES ; PEDLARS ; FISHERFOLK ; SOLDIERS ; SAILORS ; SPANISH SOLDIERS AND SAILORS ; CITIZENS ; CHILDREN.

## ACT I

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1572.*  
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**ACT I**  
**DRAKE'S DRUM,**

SCENE I

*A Chamber at Hampton Court.* 1571

LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM

LADY LENOX

DON GUERAU D'ESPES, *Spanish Ambassador*

DON PEDRO ZUBIAUR

ELIZABETH SYDENHAM

JOHN DOUGHTY

A PAGE

THOMAS DOUGHTY

QUEEN ELIZABETH

LORD BURGHLEY

CHRISTOPHER HATTON

FRANCIS DRAKE

LORDS AND LADIES; GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS; PAGES

# DRAKE

## ACT I

### DRAKE'S DRUM

SCENE I—*A Chamber in Hampton Court Palace. At the back a bay window with a view of the gardens. Doors R. and L.*

[LADY LENOX and the QUEEN'S LADIES are spinning or reading. LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM is playing with a dog.]

HOWARD [*To the dog*] What? A frolic in the gardens? Come, then. [*He moves towards door L.*]

LADY LENOX. Do not stir, Lord Howard. We shall presently be summoned.

HOWARD. Oh, the plague!

LADY LENOX. And be on your guard. The Queen is out o' tune with the world.

HOWARD. The Queen o' Scots again?

LADY LENOX. The Queen o' Scots, the Nobles of the Old Faith, and Spain. Burdens enough. Are all the ladies here? [*She looks about her*] Where is Mistress Elizabeth Sydenham?

HOWARD. Ask, rather, where is Master John Doughty? Since he came home from the Netherlands he hath not left her side.

LADY LENOX. She is new to the Court. I must teach her.

## D R A K E

[Enter DON GUERAU d'ESPES and DON PEDRO ZUBIAUR, L.]

DON GUERAU [*With an elaborate bow*] Out of a rose garden, into a garden of roses!

LADY LENOX. Don Guerau d'Espes —! Faith, sir, you come on an ill-starred day. Anon the Queen was coupling your name with threats.

DON GUERAU [*Haughtily*] The Queen cannot threaten the Ambassador of Spain.

HOWARD [*Laughing*] Queen Elizabeth would threaten the Archangel Michael!

DON GUERAU [*Presenting*] My friend, Don Pedro Zubiaur —

[LADY LENOX makes a deep curtsey, but turns away coldly]

DON PEDRO [*To DON GUERAU*] Must we go, then?

DON GUERAU. I will not go until I have seen John Doughty.

HOWARD [*At the window, to LADY LENOX*] Here is your pretty truant, with John Doughty at her heels!

[Enter ELIZABETH SYDENHAM, followed by JOHN DOUGHTY]

ELIZABETH [*Gaily*] Good morrow to you all! — Sweet Lady Lenox! — Oh, what a cloudy face! What have I done amiss?

LADY LENOX. You are very late.

ELIZABETH. By your leave, I was very early. For at dawn I was in the gardens, and into a boat, and rowed myself to Kingston and back.

LADY LENOX [*Relaxing*] I shall have much ado to shape you.

## D R A K E

ELIZABETH. I'm content as I am — save that I would I were on Dartmoor.

LADY LENOX [*Tapping her cheek*] Hush, pretty barbarian! [*She goes up*]

JOHN DOUGHTY [*At ELIZABETH'S side*] Mistress Sydenham — !

ELIZABETH [*With displeasure, yet playfully*] Oh — shadow! — Look! Lady Clinton is making sheep's-eyes at you!

JOHN [*Gaily*] Let her make what eyes she will: there are no eyes in the world for me but yours. I await your answer!

ELIZABETH. Faith, sir, I am but newly born: for to come out of Devonshire to court, is a new birth. Let me grow up, then: let me learn the world! Ods pippins! Would you have me wed within a week of my birth?

JOHN. I'll wait. But if any man come betwixt me and my waiting, he shall rue it.

ELIZABETH [*Laughing*] Oh! Oh! Would you kill my husband?

JOHN. Ay, gladly, to marry his widow!

[*Enter a PAGE, R.*]

PAGE. Lady Lenox, Lord Burghley has ridden from town, and her Majesty desires your presence.

LADY LENOX [*To the others*] The Queen summons us.

[*All file out, R., except DON GUERAU, ZUBIAUR, and JOHN DOUGHTY. These come together quickly and speak hurriedly.*]

DON GUERAU [*To JOHN*] Quickly! Quickly! Your news from Ridolfi?

JOHN. Here — ?

## D R A K E

DON GUERAU. Ay, here — in the open. Here they'll not suspect us. [*Presenting*] This is Don Pedro Zubiaur, confidential emissary of King Philip of Spain. [*To ZUBIAUR*] John Doughty, our warmest friend — Nay, Mr. Doughty, tell him yourself.

JOHN [*Gravely*] I am a faithful son of Holy Church, Don Pedro; though in this unhappy country I must hide my religion if I would serve it. I have devoted my life to leading England back to her true Queen — Queen Mary — and to Mary, Queen of heaven.

ZUBIAUR [*With a low bow*] I am much privileged. And now? — you have seen Ridolfi?

JOHN. I am fresh from the Netherlands. Signor Ridolfi has agreed with the Duke of Alva. King Philip has raised a great loan in Genoa, and as soon as the treasure ships reach Alva, he will strike.

ZUBIAUR. Spain is aflame to restore the Faith in England and oust the usurper. Her fleet is ready. The greatest the world ever saw; with Don Juan of Austria, the greatest general that ever sailed the sea, in command.

JOHN. Does he know our difficult coast?

DON GUERAU. Every Spaniard knows it. 'Tis only the English know it not.

ZUBIAUR. And here, in England? How fares the cause?

JOHN. Oh, well! Well! Thank God!

DON GUERAU. But we must strike at once. [*With a mocking laugh*] Oriana, the spinster Queen, is wearying of her maidenhood — what's left of it! — She is hot for a marriage with Anjou. An alliance with France would undo us.

[*Enter THOMAS DOUGHTY, R.*]

## D R A K E

JOHN [*Greeting* THOMAS] Ah — ! — Don Pedro, my brother — Thomas Doughty, private Secretary to Mr. Christopher Hatton.

THOMAS [*After saluting* DON PEDRO, *gaily*] Don Guerau, I heard you were here, and I come with a friendly warning. Her Majesty is on her way hither. Letters of yours have fallen into her hands, with a certain epigram on Oriana. She is most amazingly angered —

DON GUERAU. My young friend, I am grateful. I will not tempt her anger. [*To* JOHN] Farewell, Mr. Doughty.

[*Exchange of salutes, and exeunt* DON GUERAU and ZUBIAUR, *L.*]

THOMAS [*Suspiciously*] John — what mischief are you brewing with those Spaniards?

JOHN. Nought worse than tennis, brother.

THOMAS. Take care.

[*Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH, *R.*, with LORD BURGHLEY, LORD HOWARD, MR. CHRISTOPHER HATTON, ELIZABETH SYDENHAM and the other LADIES]

THE QUEEN [*In a fury*] The treacherous villain! The Malapert! “Oriana”! He shall have news of Oriana! — Where is he?

JOHN DOUGHTY. Don Guerau d’Espes has but now ridden hence!

THE QUEEN. I’ll reach him, though he ride to Land’s End. And when I reach him he’ll write no more epigrams, I promise him.

BURGHLEY [*Calmly*] Your Grace is justified —

THE QUEEN [*Turning on him*] Justified! — I thank you, Lord Burghley!

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BURGHLEY. Yet, remember, Don Guerau is Ambassador of Spain.

THE QUEEN. Spain! Spain! Spain! — Must I not defend my own name, lest Spain take umbrage? God-a-mercy, am I Spain's vassal? Spain would cut my throat, Spain would set the Frenchwoman on my throne, Spain sends this rat-legged son of a scorpion, this ounce of liquorice, this — this — *thing* — to spy upon me, and I am to kiss his hand! By the Lord! I'll have him by the heels, and hang him by the heels, till the venom he calls his soul run out at his nose!

BURGHLEY. Ay — ay — yet — Spain is mighty and England weak; Spain is wealthy and England poor; Spain follows one purpose and England is rent this way and that; Spain's fleet is invincible and England has none.

THE QUEEN. A lie! My sailors are all over the world.

BURGHLEY. Half the world — and in cockleshells.

THE QUEEN. The cockleshells float; and the men in them fight. Ask John Hawkins.

BURGHLEY. Alas, Madam, the only answer Hawkins could give would grieve you, for his slaving-expedition to the West Indies has come home from San Juan de Lua, utterly undone.

THE QUEEN [*After a pause of stupor*] And my own ship — ? The ship I bought in Lubeck — ? The ship my money was in — ? The Jesus — ? Speak!

BOURGHLEY. Captured — with others.

THE QUEEN. My men — my ships — my money!

HATTON. Madam —

THE QUEEN [*Impatiently*] Silence, Mutton! I'm in no mood to hear thee bleat!

## D R A K E

HATTON [*Persisting*] There is another chapter to Lord Burghley's story.

THE QUEEN. Of disaster?

HATTON. No, of glory.

THE QUEEN. Say on, then! But who told thee, sheep?

HATTON [*Pointing to THOMAS DOUGHTY*] Thomas Doughty, here.

THE QUEEN. And what doth Thomas Doughty know?

THOMAS. If it please your Grace, 't is not my tale, but Francis Drake's.

THE QUEEN. And who, in heaven's name, is Francis Drake?

ELIZABETH SYDENHAM [*Almost involuntarily*] I think I know!

[*The COURT are shocked*]

THE QUEEN [*Turning on her*] Hoity-toity, Miss Pert! Who asked your counsel? — Speak, Mr. Doughty!

THOMAS. Francis Drake is own cousin to John Hawkins.

THE QUEEN. A West-Countryman, then?

ELIZABETH SYDENHAM. Ay, Madam.

THE QUEEN [*Flicking her aside*] Tsht! — [*To THOMAS DOUGHTY*] Go on.

THOMAS. I was with him in Ireland. For all his roughness I learned to love the man.

THE QUEEN. What has this to do with my ships?

THOMAS. He was in command of the little Judith of fifty tons — but, Madam, will you not hear it from his own lips? He is in the palace.

BURGHLEY [*Stepping forward*] By no means, Madam.

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The man is nothing — a common sailor — the son of a ranter in the Chatham hulks —

ELIZABETH SYDENHAM [*Flashing out*] Ay! his father was driven out of Tavistock for the Faith! — [*Abashed*] As I've heard say.

THE QUEEN. Tsht! tsht! — Do you know the man?

ELIZABETH SYDENHAM. No, Madam; I have never seen him.

THE QUEEN. Hold your peace, then. [*To THOMAS DOUGHTY*] Bring him in.

[*Exit THOMAS, L.*]

JOHN DOUGHTY [*To ELIZABETH SYDENHAM, gravely*] Take my advice kindly, mistress; you are a little forward with your answers.

ELIZABETH SYDENHAM. Have you found me so?

THOMAS [*Re-entering, L.*] Your Majesty — Mr. Francis Drake.

[*Enter FRANCIS DRAKE. He kneels on one knee*]

THE QUEEN. Now, Master Drake, stand up and speak out. What brought you to Hampton Court?

DRAKE. Rage, Madam, and a hunger for bloody vengeance!

THE QUEEN [*Laughing*] Here's plain speech! — Vengeance upon whom?

DRAKE. Upon a parcel of as treasonable damned rogues as crawl on God's earth.

BURGHLEY. This is insufferable!

THE QUEEN. Ay — for those who do not love fresh air. [*To DRAKE*] Wast thou at San Juan?

DRAKE. Ay, Madam, and all my fortune.

THE QUEEN. What happened?

DRAKE. We had done well, for, God be praised, our negroes were all sold to advantage. We lay peaceably

## D R A K E

in harbour cleaning our ships, when up comes Don Martin Enriquez in a great galleas, with twelve other ships. Our Admiral — Hawkins — [*proudly*] my cousin, Madam — procured a solemn treaty that we should continue unmolested. But, thirteen to five not being odds enough, Don Martin fetched soldiers under cover of the night and stuffed his ships' bellies full of 'em. The next day, as I and my men were on shore, foregathering with the Spaniards, all friendly and brotherly, and our Admiral was feasting their officers — lo! a sudden trumpet, and the devils were at our throats and pouring into the ships, to kill, burn and sink! Then was there such a fight as never men saw before.

THE QUEEN. But you — on shore — how did you escape?

DRAKE. Every man with me was cut down. [*Laughing*] But I swarmed along a hawser to the Judith, while the Spaniards shot at me — and missed me.

THE QUEEN. — And the Judith — ?

DRAKE [*Clumsily*] Well — we cut her out — and stood by — and fought till she was a sieve — and had it not been for the guns of the fort, we'd have sunk every mother's son of 'em!

ELIZABETH SYDENHAM [*Who has been watching DRAKE with increasing pleasure, breaks out*] True Devon!

DRAKE [*To her, radiant*] Are you West Country?

ELIZABETH SYDENHAM [*With a curtsey*] Iss fay!

THE QUEEN. And you brought the Judith out?

DRAKE [*Riveted on ELIZABETH, starts*] Ay! Safe and sound? But the treasure was all on your ship, and that the Spaniard got. Not a stiver, not a groat, have we brought back for all our labour.

## D R A K E

THE QUEEN [*Striding to and fro in her anger*] My ships sunk — my men slain treacherously — my money stolen — a veritable ambuscado! — was ever such villainy?

DRAKE [*Striding at her side, to the horror of the COURT*] That's what I say! We must wipe out the affront!

HATTON [*Trying to get DRAKE away*] Mr. Drake —  
THE QUEEN. Let him be, Christopher. I need his counsel.

JOHN DOUGHTY [*To BURGHLEY*] A dangerous rogue.  
BURGHLEY. So I see.

DRAKE. As for you, Madam, you can win your treasure back at once.

THE QUEEN [*Stopping short*] What? — How?

DRAKE. Child's play. Philip has raised a loan in Genoa to pay Alva's soldiers. The bullion-ships have fled from French privateers into Plymouth, Southampton, and Falmouth; they cannot get out, for the French are nosing after them. [*With great emphasis*] Seize those ships and their treasure, and you give Spain such a blow as —

THE QUEEN. Francis Drake! That's magnificent!

BURGHLEY. Good God, Madam! 'Tis rank piracy!

THE QUEEN [*Laughing*] Fie, what a word! The Genoese loan to Philip shall be a loan to Elizabeth. What odds to the Genoese? Is not Elizabeth's word as sound as Philip's?

BURGHLEY. But he'll declare war!

DRAKE. How? If he have not the money?

ELIZABETH SYDENHAM [*Clapping her hands*] A mere common sailor!

DRAKE [*To her*] Your name, Lady?

ELIZABETH SYDENHAM. Elizabeth Sydenham.

## D R A K E

THE QUEEN [*To BURGHLEY, who has been expostulating with her*] Enough. See this done at once, and secretly, ere your Spanish — friends — get wind on 't. [*As he is about to speak, with decision*] It is my will!

THOMAS DOUGHTY [*As if to lead DRAKE away*] Now, friend Drake —

THE QUEEN. Have I dismissed him? [*To DRAKE*] What more's in that bold brain of thine — pirate?

DRAKE [*Laughing*] Things my Lord of Burghley will not stomach.

THE QUEEN. Pass over my Lord of Burghley's stomach, and speak.

DRAKE. The wealth of Spain is drawn from the shores of the South Atlantic, to which she alone holds the road — as yet. On the hitherward side of Darien lies Nombre de Dios, whither the treasure is brought to be shipped home — wealth unimaginable!

[*The COURT have crowded round. HATTON makes a movement*]

THE QUEEN. Does thy mouth water, Mutton? — Nay, thou art not to speak.

DRAKE. I have joined with several gentlemen. We seize Nombre de Dios and all its treasure, and we cripple Spain for ever!

BURGHLEY [*Breaking out*] Piracy! Piracy! [*To the QUEEN*] Nay, visit me with your anger, if you will; but my duty to England, my duty to you, bids me speak. If you have any finger in this, war must follow, and the destruction of your realm.

HOWARD [*Agreeing*] Indeed, Madam —

HATTON. Be advised —

JOHN DOUGHTY. 'T were self-murder!

THE QUEEN. Peace! — No, Master Drake. My

## D R A K E

Lord is in the right this time. This were piracy and war, and I'll not meddle with it.

BURGHLEY [*Sternly*] The Queen forbids it, sir!

THE QUEEN. The Queen neither bids nor forbids! [*To DRAKE*] But Philip is too strong. I dare not flout him so.

BURGHLEY [*Relieved*] Thank God!

DRAKE [*Beginning quietly*] My Lord, do you thank God for your enemy's strength? Do you thank God that England must ever pipe the tune he calls? How long do you think England will hold, if she be as weak as you thank God for? Philip has swallowed the Netherlands; anon he may swallow France. Then England will be but a mouthful, and cold-blooded Alva Stattholder of a Spanish province called Inglaterra! Shall we thank God for that? No, my Lord! But I thank God for stout oaks to build new ships with, for stout hearts to man them, and a stout will to teach Philip manners. The day shall come, my Lord, by heaven the day shall come! And then, when the seas are open and our shores are safe, we will all thank God together that we can fear our own God and honour our own King!

THE QUEEN. By the Splendour of God, thou art a man! Go thy ways, and keep thy neck out of the noose. Come, Lenox.

[*She and the COURT go out, R.* ELIZABETH SYDENHAM stands gazing with admiration on DRAKE. JOHN DOUGHTY watches in the background. As ELIZABETH moves to go:—]

DRAKE. Mistress Sydenham, wait! What shall I bring you from Nombre de Dios?

ELIZABETH. Nay — only come back alive!

## D R A K E

JOHN DOUGHTY [*Stepping forward*] Mistress Sydenham!

ELIZABETH [*Vexed*] Oh, shadow!— Go before, for once!

[*Exit JOHN, R.*]

DRAKE. But what shall I bring you? A chain of pearls?

ELIZABETH. Ay; if you bring it yourself.

DRAKE. And what will you say, when I bring it?

ELIZABETH [*With a curtsey*] “Mr. Drake, I thank you kindly!”

[*She runs out, R.*]

DRAKE. Hah! For that “Thank-you!” I’d sail to Hell!

THE SCENE CHANGES

SCENE II

*A Pass across the Isthmus of Darien.* 1572

FRANCIS DRAKE

PEDRO, *a Chieftain of the Maroons*

TOM MOONE

THOMAS FENNER

MARTIN FROBISHER

GREGORY

NICHOLAS FLEMING

DIEGO, *a Young Maroon*

MARINERS; SPANISH SOLDIERS; A SPANISH OFFICER; SLAVES

## SCENE II

SCENE II — *A wild pass across the backbone of the Isthmus of Darien. The track winds up from the left behind a crag which juts out nearly to the centre of the stage. It winds down again behind a similar crag on the right. The gap between is closed at the back by thick foliage, above which only the sky is seen. In front of the crag is an open space. A rough path leads to the top of the crag on the left, which is also accessible from behind. On the top of this crag is a tree in the branches of which a sort of crow's nest has been built, reached by steps cut in the branches. Other trees close by have been cut down to within two or three feet of the ground. It is the lustrous night of the tropics, very near dawn.*

[*Enter PEDRO, a Maroon (native) from the right. He looks about him cautiously, then turns and whistles a bird-call.*]

[*Enter DRAKE, TOM MOONE, JOHN WYNTER, THOMAS FENNER, JOHN CHESTER, MARTIN FROBISHER, THOMAS FLEMING, GREGORY, and other sailors. They are all armed to the teeth. Some are loaded with camp paraphernalia, amongst them a drum; some are wounded and hastily bandaged, all are weary and woe-begone. Most of them lie down, exhausted.*]

DRAKE. Is all well, Pedro?

PEDRO. All is well.

DRAKE. Tom Moone — Gregory — get to work, and cook our breakfast.

## D R A K E

[TOM MOONE and GREGORY light a fire at the foot of the crag, R.]

TOM. Ay, to-day's breakfast, and yesterday's dinner, and last night's supper, all in one, seeing us had n't time to think on 'em in their seasons.

DRAKE. We'll take our ease for an hour, Mr. Frobisher. Pedro, where are we?

PEDRO. This is the track I told you of. [*He points L.*] That way they bring the treasure from below there — oh, far! far! — Gold and silver and shining stones such as white men love. And so they bear it [*pointing R.*] down there, in mule-trains to Nombre de Dios.

DRAKE. Talk not of Nombre de Dios. We had a hot welcome!

FENNER [*Coming up*] By your leave, Captain — the men are growling — more especially Fleming.

DRAKE [*Calling*] Fleming! hither! — What's the grievance, Fleming?

FLEMING. 'T is a cheerless job, Captain. You promised us gold, Captain, and bloody heads is all us 've got. Get us back to the ships, Cap'n, and back home.

DRAKE. Are there many like you, Fleming?

TOM [*Scornfully*] Aw — ! Same's the cow said by the heap o' toads: they be all o' one sort.

DRAKE [*To FLEMING*] Take heart, Fleming. The Dons are asleep in their beds, thinking us safely at sea; and the Pascha and the other ships are safe in hiding, ready for us when we're ready for them; and the road to them's safe, eh, Pedro?

PEDRO [*With a touch of scorn*] The road is safe. Children could travel it. The white men have nothing to fear.

## D R A K E

DRAKE [*Laughing*] Swallow that! [*To MOONE*] Oh, put food in their bellies!

FROBISHER. I marvel you keep a good courage, Mr. Drake!

DRAKE. What use in fretting? [*Sadly*] Yet our failure disappoints me, for I had promised — someone — a string of pearls — [*He turns away*]

PEDRO. Don Francesco is sad?

DRAKE. I had hopes —

PEDRO. And we are sad: I and my people, the Maroons. We were slaves to the Spaniards, and we fled and made a tribe, for they used us ill. But you have ever been good and merciful, and we love you and would help you.

DRAKE. You *have* helped me, Pedro. You have shown me this safe road to our ships.

PEDRO. I can show you something more, if you will come.

DRAKE. Come whither?

PEDRO [*Pointing to the tree*] Only up there. You shall see where the pearls and the gold and silver come from. You shall see — Ah! but come!

FROBISHER. It has a curst look o' the gallows, Mr. Drake. Don't go. Don't trust him.

DRAKE. I trust all men till I find them false. Lead on, Pedro.

[*He and PEDRO go up the cliff and mount the platform*]

TOM. How's that cookery coming along, Gregory? Do smell good.

GREGORY. Ay — there's nought wrong with the smell, Tom; but my heart's not in the broth.

TOM. Thank the Lord for that, Gregory!

## D R A K E

[DRAKE and PEDRO are now on the platform, in the light. The stage below is in comparative darkness]

PEDRO. We are just in time. The sun is on earth's edge. Look to the west. [*He points back*]

DRAKE. I look into a great shadow.

PEDRO. The shadow of this mountain.

DRAKE. The stars are new. The shadow shrinks towards me.

PEDRO [*With increasing excitement*] The sun leaps up! Look, Don Francesco!

DRAKE. Gold! A sea of gold!

PEDRO. The sun has risen!

DRAKE [*Turns to face the sun*] Ay! — Over the sea whose paths I know! [*Turns back*] But that! But that! — [*He stands rapt*]

PEDRO. The Spaniards call it El Mar del Sur: the Southern Sea. It is the highway of their treasure. For up and down the westward coast their galleons bring the wealth of the world — !

DRAKE [*Eagerly*] And so over this pass to Nombre de Dios into the Northern Sea?

PEDRO. There is no other way.

DRAKE. There *is* another way! Through the hell's gate Magellan found.

PEDRO. Magalhaëns — I have heard tell of him.

DRAKE [*Dreamily*] The Southern Sea —

PEDRO. Spain's sea! For no ship but Spain's has ever sailed in it: no ship but Spain's dare sail in it —

DRAKE. Dare! — Now by the Lord who hears me, I swear I will dare! I swear I will not rest until that Sea has given up its mystery. The Spanish Sea! No! but I swear it shall be the English Sea! [*Raising*

## D R A K E

*his arms, with exaltation*] I beseech Thee, Almighty God, to give me life and leave to sail an English Ship in that sea! — [*After a moment he turns to the men below*] Ho! Tom Moone! Ho! Gregory! Hither!

TOM and GREGORY [*Together*] Ay, ay, sir! [*They clamber up quickly*]

DRAKE. Come! Gladden your eyes! Look! —

GREGORY [*In amazement*] By the Lord — !

TOM. Do seem I can see half round the world!

DRAKE. And if God grant my prayer, you shall see *all* round the world!

GREGORY. 'T would need all the wealth o' Spain for such a venture.

TOM. Wi' your luck, Cap'n, you'll find the means; and unless you beat me from your company, by God's Grace I'll follow 'ee.

DRAKE [*Gripping his hand*] A bond, Tom Moone! — Call up the others! Let them feast their eyes.

[*He comes down to the level space*]

TOM [*Shouting*] Below there! Come hither and see the road to fortune.

[*The men, who were eating their broth, etc. break up*]

FROBISHER. What is it, Tom?

DRAKE. Go up, Mr. Frobisher; go up, all of you. Up into the sunshine of hope.

WYNTER [*Who has reached the summit, gives an exclamation*] Oh! — [*To CHESTER, who is behind him*] Give me thy hand!

CHESTER [*After a cry of surprise, to the next man, helping him*] Up with thee, Gregory!

GREGORY [*As above*] Yarely, Fleming! — A new world!

## D R A K E

FLEMING. What is it? Water?

FENNER. Ay, longface! So big's horsepond to Ippelen!

FROBISHER [*With enthusiasm, uncovering*] The Lord be praised for this sight.

[*All the men are on the summit now; and all uncover. DRAKE is standing below, lost in thought. Suddenly, up the left path rushes a young Maroon in wild haste. He throws himself at DRAKE's feet, and embraces his knees, with a piteous cry*]

DRAKE. What's this, now? Rise, man, rise!

[*PEDRO hurries down the cliff to them. The young Maroon clings to DRAKE, moaning*]

PEDRO. I know him. 'T is Diego, slave to that evil beast, Don Garcia. The Spanish treasure goes through Garcia's hands, to be sent on.

DRAKE [*Interested*] Oho! This may be worth hearing of. [*To PEDRO*] Bid him speak.

[*PEDRO stoops and raises DIEGO. The latter hurriedly speaks indistinguishable words to PEDRO*]

PEDRO [*Rapidly*] He was sent with other slaves, down there — (*pointing left*) to load mules: for — haha! — the great Draqué had fled!

DRAKE. That's good!

[*PEDRO points to DRAKE, and explains that this is DRAQUÉ himself. DIEGO gives a cry of joy, and abases himself again. Then he tears off a portion of his jacket to show his back*]

PEDRO. But last night they beat him — look! the wounds are open!

## D R A K E

DRAKE. Horrible!

PEDRO. So he fled. But they are at his heels —

DRAKE. Who?

PEDRO. The others — with the mule-train —

DRAKE [*Eagerly*] A mule-train?

PEDRO [*Always prompted by DIEGO*] Ay — with coffers of gold and silver — and many men — soldiers — more than can be counted.

DRAKE. By the Lord — ! How far behind are they?

PEDRO. He says a bow-shot — nothing!

DRAKE. Give him food.

PEDRO [*Interpreting DIEGO'S action. DIEGO is stretching his hands towards DRAKE, and speaking entreatingly*] He beseeches you to protect him. He offers you his life.

DRAKE [*pointing to his drum*] Faith! He shall be my state drummer.

[*PEDRO leads DIEGO to one side and gives him food.  
DIEGO sit and eats*]

DRAKE [*Calls*] Tom Moone!

TOM [*Above*] Ay, ay, sir!

DRAKE [*Matter-of-fact*] Come down when you've had enough of the prospect.

TOM. 'Tis most amazing.

DRAKE. So is my news.

TOM. What news, Cap'n?

DRAKE [*Calmly*] The DONS are upon us.

TOM [*Startled*] What! [*The other MEN listen excitedly*]

DRAKE [*Eating*] Keep quiet. And all of you, come down orderly and take your weapons.

[*With a clamour of surprise the MEN clamber down the cliff and hurry to their arms*]

## D R A K E

DRAKE. D'ye call that keeping quiet?

FROBISHER. And you peaceably at breakfast!

DRAKE. 'Tis ill fighting on an empty stomach.

*[A shot is fired from below. The bowl in DRAKE'S hand is smashed]*

DRAKE *[Calmly]* There! — They heard you. *[Rises]* Mr. Frobisher, take your half up the cliff and drop in the midst of the mule-train when my drum sounds. *[To the MEN]* Now, my masters, if we beat them we are made men, but if they beat us — for you the galleys, and for me the gallows! *[Bowing to FROBISHER]* When you please, Mr. Frobisher.

*[FROBISHER takes half the MEN silently up the cliff. The other half stay with DRAKE at the bottom. The bells of the mule-train are heard approaching from the left. Then enter, from the left, a company of SPANISH SOLDIERS led by an OFFICER, all on the alert. Presently, behind them, are seen the leading mules of the mule-train]*

DRAKE *[To DIEGO, with a motion of his hand]* Now! — Saint George and the Queen! —

*[DIEGO beats clumsily on the drum. General mil'è. FROBISHER and his men drop with a yell behind the cliff, where the mule bells are jangling in confusion amidst shouts and cries. The SPANIARDS, seeing themselves surrounded, fly down the pass to the right. DRAKE and the SPANISH OFFICER have been engaged in a hand to hand fight with rapier and dagger, and the OFFICER wounds DRAKE]*

## D R A K E

*before he escapes with the others. FROBISHER and his men re-enter from behind the cliff on the left. Some of the men are wounded. They help each other, bandage each other, etc.]*

DRAKE [*Concealing his wound, and speaking very cheerily*] Short and sharp, Mr. Frobisher. Any killed?

FROBISHER. None, sir.

DRAKE. Thank God! [*To MOONE*] See to the treasure.

TOM. Ay, ay, sir!

*[He goes off L. with some of the men. They are presently seen handling chests, leading mules across, etc.]*

DRAKE [*Calls*] Pedro — ! 'Tis to thee we owe this for leading us hither. How can I reward thee?

PEDRO. I'll take nothing, Don Francesco, save thy magic sword.

DRAKE [*Handing it to him*] That is thine, with all my heart.

DRAKE [*To MOONE*] Well, Tom? The treasure? Pearls, Tom?

TOM [*Wiping the perspiration from his brow; with contempt*] Aw! — Pearls! — Sacks of 'em! and gold and silver till you can't see! Aw, Cap'n, you'm a wizard, sure 'nough. "I'll sail the Southern Sea," says you, not having a groat to your back! And up comes the Spaniard and brings you enough treasure to buy the Southern Sea — let alone sail on it.

DRAKE [*Gasping for breath*] Drake's luck, eh, Tom — But first — home — Elizabeth — [*He staggers*] Tom — the sun's going out! — Tom! — [*He falls fainting into MOONE'S arms*]

## D R A K E

TOM [*Alarmed*] What be thick? — Cap'n! — Mr. Frobisher! — Mr. Fenner!

[*All hurry up. PEDRO has knelt beside DRAKE and cuts open his doublet.*]

FENNER. } What's to do?

FROBISHER. } What ails the Captain?

PEDRO. He is wounded.

FROBISHER [*Kneeling the other side of DRAKE*] The Lord ha' mercy on us! Is the Captain dead?

TOM. Far from!

THE SCENE CHANGES

SCENE III

*The Quay at Plymouth. August 9th, 1573*

BREWER

BRIGHT

TRYPHENA MOONE

JOHN HAWKINS

SIR GEORGE SYDENHAM

DAME SYDENHAM

JOHN DOUGHTY

ELIZABETH SYDENHAM

THOMAS DOUGHTY

REV. FRANCIS FLETCHER

FRANCIS DRAKE

" TOM MOONE

DIEGO

FISHERMEN; MARINERS; CITIZENS; CHILDREN

### SCENE III

SCENE III. — *The Quay at Plymouth. On the left are old wooden houses at right angles to the spectator. The middle house is MOTHER MOONE'S Inn, "The Welcome Home." On the same side, beyond the houses, a wooden jetty juts out towards the centre of the stage, with a cresset at the end of it. A low wooden parapet runs round the small inner basin of the harbour, which is full of fishing boats with their sails and nets hanging to dry. On the right is the entrance to the Parish Church. In the background, across the water, are St. Nicholas' Island and Staddon Heights. It is a blazing summer morning. FISHERMEN are leaning against the parapet, looking seaward. During the entire scene MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN of all ranks cross the stage, stand gossiping in groups, and ultimately pass into the Church.*

BREWER. Hot weather, sure 'nough, Bright.

BRIGHT. Don't expec' frost in August, Brewer.

BREWER. Comin' for critch o' zyder afore Church?

BRIGHT. Ay, and thank 'ee. If 'tidden too bold-makin'.

BREWER [*Knocking at the Inn door*] Mother Moone!  
Ho! Mother Moone!

BRIGHT. Aw — I doubt her be Widow Moone, by now.

BREWER. Ay — poor Tom —! Dead's a hammer,  
I warrant. Mother Moone!

D R A K E

[MOTHER MOONE, a cheery person of about forty flings open the door. She is in her Sunday best]

MOTHER MOONE. What's all the racket?

BREWER. Critch o' zyder for I and Bright. Us'll drink 'n i' the sun.

MOTHER MOONE. No, ye won't, neither. Not 'pon Lord's Day. Wi' all the gentry passin'. Them as wants drink o' Sundays must come inside.

BRIGHT [*Coaxingly*] Now — widow!

MOTHER MOONE. Widow! — Who be you miscalling a widow, you girt, lantern-jawed mommet?

BRIGHT. I did n' mean no harm, but 't is well knowed Cap'n Drake hev a-gone down wi' all hands.

MOTHER MOONE. Oh, is it? Then tidden no time for drinkin'.

BREWER. There — there — us only told 'ee, case ye fancied to wed wi' one o' us.

[MOTHER MOONE slams the door in his face.

BREWER and BRIGHT join the other FISHERMEN crestfallen]

[Six CHILDREN, three boys and three girls, cross the stage hand in hand, singing:—]

Us must n't play o' Sundays  
Because it is a sin;  
But us can play o' week-days  
Till Sunday comes ag'in.

[*They go into the Church. Enter JOHN HAWKINS, L.*]

BREWER. Looksee! Here be Cap'n John Hawkins.

BRIGHT. So 't is. [*Touching his forelock*] How be doin', Cap'n Hawkins?

HAWKINS. A fair Lord's Day to you, my men. How's the fishing, Brewer?

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BREWER. Middlinish, Cap'n.

HAWKINS. Ay, ay. You'll be fishing in troubled waters anon, I doubt.

BRIGHT. How 's that, Cap'n ?

[*All the FISHERMEN crowd round to listen*]

HAWKINS. The Spaniards are astir. 'T won't be long ere we see 'em poking their noses round Penlee Point.

BREWER [*Contemptuously*] Spaniards — ! [*Spits*] Pooh! — As thoff an Englishman wadden so good 's six o' they!

BRIGHT. Be sure. An' Mr. John Doughty — a civil-spoken gentleman biding up to Hall —

BREWER. Ay — him what 's to wed wi' Mistress Elizabeth —

BRIGHT. He told us, no later'n yesterday, the Spaniards was all for peace.

HAWKINS. Peace! — Ay! The peace of the gorged wolf, when he's swallowed the lamb — wool and all. I tell you, men, unless Mr. Drake have captured their treasure, the Spanish Fleet will be upon us ere we can turn.

BREWER. 'T is a dark look-out for us, then; for Mr. John Doughty do say Cap'n Drake be drowned.

HAWKINS [*Laughing*] Never believe that till you see his ghost.

BRIGHT. Wi' you two leadin', us 'll pull any nose as shows in our waters.

BREWER. Ay! Tho' 't were old Scratch hisself.

ALL. So us will!

BRIGHT [*With quiet conviction*] Be sure.

[*Enter SIR GEORGE and DAME SYDENHAM, with ELIZABETH; and JOHN and THOMAS DOUGHTY. HAWKINS crosses to them. Greetings, etc.*]

## D R A K E

SIR GEORGE [*Stout, red-faced, fussy*] I told 'ee so. We are hours before our time. I say we are hours before our time.

DAME SYDENHAM. Now do be reasonable, Sir George. I saw Parson Fletcher behind us.

JOHN DOUGHTY [*To ELIZABETH, offering her a handful of wild flowers*] Mistress Elizabeth, will you wear this posy I gathered on the way?

ELIZABETH. I thank you, Mr. Doughty, but I fear its fragrance would send me swooning in Church.

JOHN DOUGHTY. I hoped it would be sweeter than the stench of tar and fish.

DAME SYDENHAM. Take the flowers, girl, and thank Mr. Doughty for his kindly thought.

ELIZABETH. I thank him for his kindly thought, but I love the smell of tar and fish, for 'tis the smell of the sea.

JOHN [*Tossing the flowers away*] You love the sea, Mistress?

ELIZABETH. Ay, sir — and all in it — and on it.

*[She turns away from him, and he turns angrily to his brother]*

DAME SYDENHAM [*To ELIZABETH*] I have no patience with you, headstrong!

SIR GEORGE [*Who was talking to HAWKINS*] Eh? — What's the matter?

DAME SYDENHAM. This hoyden hath slighted Mr. Doughty.

SIR GEORGE. Enough of this, Bess! You do know the Queen's wishes. You're to wed with Mr. Doughty, and there's an end o' the matter! I say, there's an end on 't!

## D R A K E

ELIZABETH [*Laughingly wistfully*] And there's end of me, if it come true!

[MOTHER MOONE *has come out, and is trying attract ELIZABETH'S attention. Now ELIZABETH runs across to her with relief*]

ELIZABETH. Mother Moone! Dear Mother Moone! MOTHER MOONE [*Fondling her*] Why, nursli Why, pet! [*Holding her at arm's length*] Eh, Lunnon hath withered thy roses! Thou'rt all fa away!

JOHN [*To DAME SYDENHAM*] Who is the old bagga DAME SYDENHAM. Take no heed. She was Elizabeth's nurse.

ELIZABETH [*Taking MOTHER MOONE apart*] Motl Mother, your nursling's the unhappiest girl in Devon.

MOTHER MOONE. Now, what for, child? What f Do they know thy love for Mr. Drake?

ELIZABETH. No — At least — Mr. Doughty s pects. And now they tell me Mr. Drake is lost. O Mother, think! If he be dead, I may not even sh grief.

MOTHER MOONE. Drake dead! — Ho! next-coi never-time! Id n' my man, Tom, with him? D think he'd let Drake die, or drown, or be killed? Now you bide patiently, pet. For when you le expect you'll hear a girt roll o' thunder, and that'll Drake's drum, and there'll be Drake hisself, wi' T beside him, all dressed up in gold and diamonds!

ELIZABETH. Oh, let him be dressed in barnac so he come! There, Mother! you've made me lau, you've given me new heart. I'll wait and suffer for dear.

## D R A K E

[MOTHER MOONE *kisses her, and goes into Church*]

JOHN [To ELIZABETH] Fair mistress, I rejoice to see the colour in your cheeks again.

ELIZABETH. My nurse gave me good news, sir.

JOHN. Good news of what?

ELIZABETH. Good news of the sea. [*She passes on to her mother*]

JOHN [To THOMAS] That accurst Drake casts a spell over the girl from the other side of the world! O Thomas, Thomas! When you brought him before the Queen, you did the Doughtys an ill service!

THOMAS. The Doughtys —? Nay, me he cannot touch.

JOHN. If he have succeeded, he'll touch us all: me in my love, and you in your ambition.

[FLETCHER *comes up to them*]

FLETCHER. Mr. Thomas Doughty —?

THOMAS. I am he.

FLETCHER [*Bowing low*] Fletcher, sir. Francis Fletcher. *Artium Magister*. Once a poor servitor of Oxford. Many's the time I've carven for your honour.

THOMAS. And now you're a parson, eh? But still have skill in carving, I trust? Well — cut your discourse at both ends.

[*The church-bell rings*]

SIR GEORGE. The bidding-bell! Pa'son Fletcher, lead the way. I say lead the way.

[FLETCHER *goes into the Church*. DAME SYDENHAM *takes SIR GEORGE's hand*]

## D R A K E

DAME SYDENHAM [*To ELIZABETH*] Give Mr. John Doughty thy hand, Bess. Hast thou learnt no manners at Court?

THOMAS [*Quickly to JOHN; laughing*] Thou — the zealot — in our Church?

[*JOHN angrily motions him to silence, and takes ELIZABETH'S hand. The gentry file into Church processionally. Only a few FISHERMEN are left. Some of these follow into Church*]

BREWER. Church, Bright — or —? [*He points with his thumb to the Inn*]

BRIGHT. If us don't go to Church, us goes to Old Nick.

BREWER. Well, theer us won't get nobbut a drop o' water off Lazarus' finger — wi' luck.

BRIGHT. Aw —! Let's wet our whistle while us can!

[*BREWER, BRIGHT, and the remaining FISHERMEN go into the Inn. The stage is empty. The church-bell ceases. Droning voices are heard from the Church; laughter from the Inn. The sun seems to blaze more fiercely. Now a Psalm is sung in the Church — long-drawn, nasal. Suddenly, but slowly and quite noiselessly a ship draws up alongside the jetty, from the left. The CREW have just reefed the sails. TOM MOONE is on the deck, superintending. One man leaps out with a rope, which he makes fast. A gangway is pushed out. All this at signs from MOONE, without a word spoken. DRAKE comes out of his quarters and crosses the gangway, followed by DIEGO with his drum, and by TOM MOONE. Some of the CREW stream out of the ship and form up at the back. The Psalm continues*]

## D R A K E

DRAKE [*Quietly, laughing*] Well done, Tom! [*He looks round*] All in Church! [*Laughter from the Inn*] No, not all! — Tom!

TOM [*Also quietly*]. Cap'n?

DRAKE [*Chuckling*] What if your wife's married again?

TOM. Aw! — Get on, Cap'n! Him an' me'll try a fall for her!

DRAKE [*Laughing*] Heaven help him if you fall on top! — Well, 't is a frolic after my own heart! — Now, Diego, if you've mastered a roll, let 'em have it!

[DIEGO beats a long roll. The Psalm and the laughter stop abruptly. Intent pause. At a motion from DRAKE, DIEGO beats another roll, fiercer and louder. A great shout is heard from the Church and from the Inn: — "Drake!" [At once the doors are burst open and the people tumble out wildly, crying: "Drake! — Drake's drum — Drake's drum! — Drake's come back!" Some of the windows of the houses are thrown open and the heads of horrible old men and women peer out, gibbering ecstatically. The people mob DRAKE with shouts of delight. MOTHER MOONE rushes out of the Church, and, thrusting everyone aside, throws her arms round DRAKE and kisses him]

MOTHER MOONE. Where is he? Stand away, you rabble! — Oh!

DRAKE [*Laughing*] Why, Mother! — But here's Tom!

MOTHER MOONE. Tom can wait! — [*Confidential*] Captain! Her's faithful and true!

DRAKE [*Radiant*] I know that!

## D R A K E

MOTHER MOONE [*Turns to TOM*] Tom! Now's thy turn!

TOM [*Gruffly*] Is there any left?

[*Meanwhile the SYDENHAMS, etc. have come out of Church. They are followed by FLETCHER, in his canonicals. ELIZABETH comes last, and stands rapt in the porch.*]

SIR GEORGE [*Shouting*] Scandalous! I say 'tis scandalous! [*Calling*] Come back to Church — you!

[*But the CROWD are now excitedly greeting all the SAILORS. Wives greet husbands, children fathers, girls their sweethearts. Nobody pays the slightest attention to SIR GEORGE. DRAKE stands forward gazing at ELIZABETH. The SYDENHAMS and DOUGHTYS are between them*]

SIR GEORGE [*Dancing with rage*] Am I a Justice o' the Peace, or am I not? I'll have you all in the stocks, I say I'll have you all —

JOHN [*Taking his arm*] Look to your daughter, Sir George!

SIR GEORGE. Hey? — What d'ye mean?

DRAKE [*Coming towards ELIZABETH*] Mistress Elizabeth —

SIR GEORGE. Hey? — How dare you? — I say how dare you speak to my daughter?

DRAKE [*Enthusiastically offering his hand*] Ah! — Her father! — Worthy knight, I rejoice to know you.

SIR GEORGE [*Refusing his hand*] You do not know me, sir! And Sydenham's heiress will have no traffic with such beggarly jetsam!

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DRAKE [*Laughing*] Oh! — If I must purchase our friendship —!

[*He motions to MOONE. The latter whistles. At once the rest of the CREW come out of the ship, bearing bales, coffers, and naked ingots, which they lay in a heap on the ground. Meanwhile HAWKINS comes forward*]

HAWKINS. Cousin Francis! I said you would come, and I rejoice.

DRAKE. Ah, John! I would you had been with us!

HAWKINS. Would God I had! [*They embrace*]

THOMAS DOUGHTY [*To his brother*] He has succeeded — look!

JOHN. I see! — I see! — This wealth will beggar our fortunes!

DRAKE [*To THOMAS*] Thomas Doughty — My dear friend!

THOMAS [*Shaking hands coldly*] Mr. Drake —

DRAKE I am much beholden to you for your intercession with the Queen's Majesty. You have made me; and, by the Lord, I'll make you!

THOMAS [*Bowing slightly, and turning away*] I — I — give you joy.

JOHN [*To him*] He lords it over you already.

DRAKE [*To the CROWD, who are admiring the treasure, which the SAILORS are displaying*] Well, friends, here is a sample of what the beggarly jetsam has won! [*Cheers*] This is nought. The ship is gorged with it. [*Cheers*] And not mine only. Mr. Frobisher and Mr. Wynter bring double as much. [*Cheers*] In itself 't is nothing; but 't was to have been used against England. Now [*laughing*] 't is in England! [*Cheers*] Not Span-

## D R A K E

ish ships shall be built with it, but English ships, God willing! [*Cheers*]

[*The SAILORS carry the treasure back to the ship, watched by the CROWD*]

JOHN [*To THOMAS*] Ride to London with me in all haste. We will bear this news to Burghley!

[*He and THOMAS hurry out*]

DRAKE [*Drawing a splendid pearl necklace from his breast*] Mistress Elizabeth, I have not forgotten my promise. [*He advances towards her*]

SIR GEORGE [*Interposing*] What promise? I say what promise?

DRAKE. By your leave, sir.

[*He gently thrusts SIR GEORGE aside, and hands ELIZABETH the necklace, which she quickly thrusts into her bosom. SIR GEORGE tries to stop her, but TOM MOONE is unaccountably and imperturbably in the way*]

SIR GEORGE. Throw it away, girl! Don't stand there like that! Odzookers! *say* something!

ELIZABETH [*With a curtsey*] Mr. Drake, I thank you kindly.

DRAKE [*With delight*] Hah!— [*He turns to FLETCHER*] Mr. Fletcher, I cut your service short, for which I grieve.

FLETCHER [*Obsequiously*] Oh, Mr. Drake, 't is nought.

DRAKE. Ay, but it is, though. [*To the CROWD*] Come, friends! Let us in, and thank God!

[*Movement of the CROWD towards the Church*]

## D R A K E

DAME SYDENHAM [*To ELIZABETH*] Away, girl  
Hast thou no shame? Away!

ELIZABETH [*Radiant*] Ay, mother! For I can thank  
God wherever I be!

[SIR GEORGE, DAME SYDENHAM, and ELIZABETH go out]

THE CROWD [*Surrounding DRAKE*] Shoulder him!  
— Up wi' him! — A Drake! A Drake!

[DRAKE is lifted shoulder-high, and all go off shouting, almost dancing, into the Church]

CURTAIN



**ACT II**  
**THE WORLD ENCOMPASSED**

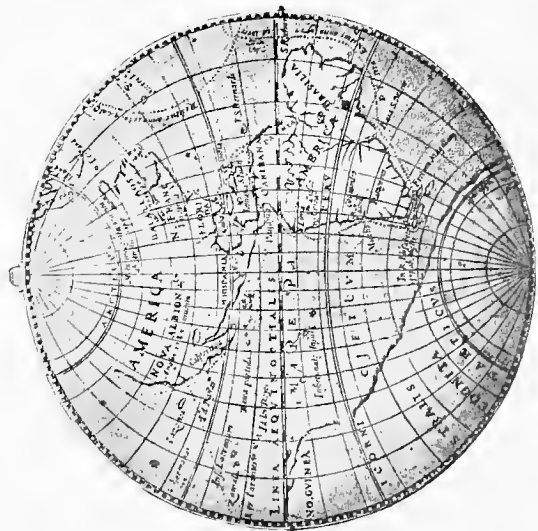
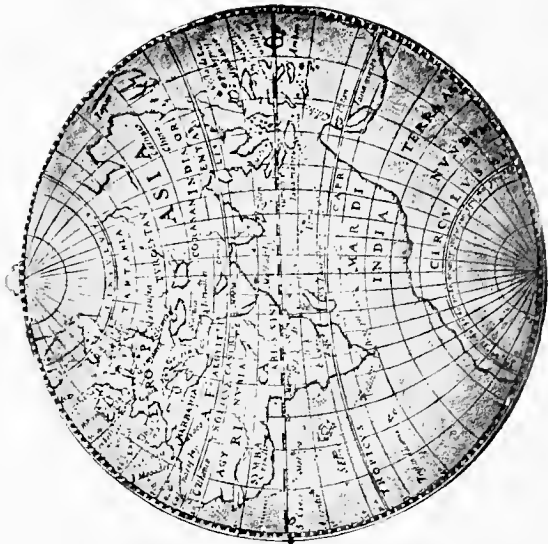
SCENE I

*Drake's Garden at Plymouth.* 1577.

TOM MOONE  
TRYPHENA MOONE  
EDWARD BRIGHT  
FLETCHER  
BREWER  
FRANCIS DRAKE  
THE QUEEN  
ELIZABETH SYDENHAM  
BURGHLEY  
JOHN DOUGHTY  
THOMAS DOUGHTY  
DON PEDRO ZUBIAUR

LORDS AND LADIES; FISHERMEN; FISHWIVES; CHILDREN;  
GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS





THE SILVER MAP OF THE WORLD, SHOWING DRAKE'S FAMOUS VOYAGE OF CIRCUMNAVIGATION  
 From the plaque in the British Museum. Reproduced from Christy's "The Silver Map of the World," by permission  
 of Messrs. Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles

## ACT II

### THE WORLD ENCOMPASSED

SCENE I— *The Round Point in DRAKE'S Garden at Plymouth. It is the turf-covered point of convergence of three great avenues, bordered with lofty yew-hedges. The main avenue stretches away at the back, where it turns off to the left. There is a smaller avenue on the right, and another leading to the house, which is not seen, on the left. On the right, in front, is a great cedar with a seat under it, before which a carpet is spread. Statues (Hermes) stand at all the angles of the avenues. It is late afternoon, merging into sunset and starlit night.*

[*At the rise of the curtain, TOM MOONE, MOTHER MOONE, BREWER, BRIGHT, and two GIRLS are practising the steps of a dance. FLETCHER is walking to and fro in the background, reading from a long scroll, with frantic gestures. Other FISHERFOLK, etc., in their Sunday best, wander in and out, talking excitedly*]

TOM. Two to the left, old 'oman! Don't 'ee know your left from your right, yet?

MOTHER MOONE. Aw — ! The Queen 'll only laugh at we, Tom!

BRIGHT. When 's her coming?

FLETCHER. Anon. Mr. Drake has gone forth to meet her Majesty.

MOTHER MOONE. The Queen of England in Mr. Drake's house! He 've done well for hisself, I wool say!

## D R A K E

**BREWER.** How he can leave it all, do beat me. Why, he's a gentleman now, and could bide at home and go fishin'.

**TOM.** The call o' the sea, lad. There! You'm nobbut a coast-wise fisherman to-day, but wait till you've a-seen what us'll show 'ee!

**BRIGHT** [*Insinuatingly*] Where be us goin' to, Mr. Moone?

**TOM.** Don't 'ee niver ax no questions, and you won't niver be told no lies!

**BREWER.** Well, to-morrow, up-anchor! But to-day us'll fill our skins, by Mr. Drake's leave.

**FLETCHER.** I counsel moderation. Mr. Thomas Doughty loves not drunkenness.

**TOM.** What's Mr. Thomas Doughty to do wi' it, if you please, Pa'son?

**FLETCHER.** Surely — he is the General of the expedition?

**TOM.** Oh! — and what's Mr. Drake, if I may make so bold?

**FLETCHER.** He is answerable for the navigation only. My Lord Burghley insists on that. So do the Doughtys; and our own Sir George has petitioned the Queen to the same purpose.

**TOM.** By the living thunder — as a man might say — what's Sir George put his finger in our pie for?

**FLETCHER.** Mr. Drake has grievously offended him. The Sydenhams will not even grace his house to-day.

**MOTHER MOONE.** Won't they? Their daughter will, though!

**FLETCHER.** Mistress Elizabeth, here! — Impossible!

**MOTHER MOONE.** Where else? Id n' her one o' the Queen's Ladies? First thing the Queen did, when her come to Plymouth, was to send for she.

## D R A K E

[*Roll of drum. All the people in the garden flock in. TOM MOONE ranges them right and left. Enter, down the centre avenue, DIEGO, in gala dress, beating his drum; then*] six GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS, then the QUEEN, borne in a litter. DRAKE, hat in hand and weaponless, walks on the right of the litter. It is followed by the LORDS and LADIES of the Court, among whom are BURGHLEY, the two DOUGHTYS, and ELIZABETH SYDENHAM. The litter is set down by the cedar. Meanwhile, while passing down, DRAKE gets near ELIZABETH SYDENHAM]

DRAKE [*Hurriedly, to her*] By-and-by! Slip away and come hither!

[ELIZABETH expresses surprise and alarm. DRAKE hands the QUEEN out of the litter, which is at once borne off, R., and leads her to the seat under the cedar]

DRAKE [*Pointing to FLETCHER*] Lacking eloquence of my own, meet for such an occasion, Master Francis Fletcher, our Chaplain of the Fleet, shall be my mouth-piece, Madam.

THE QUEEN [*Sitting, and with a sigh of resignation*] Let us hear the Pirate's Chaplain!

[*At a sign from DRAKE, FLETCHER advances, kneels on both knees, puts on a pair of horn spectacles, clears his throat, unrolls his scroll, and begins*]

FLETCHER. ?

Triste absit letum dignare amplector omen —

THE QUEEN. Marry come up! here be Latin hexameters! How many of them, my little Chaplain?

## D R A K E

FLETCHER. Alas, Madam, my poor wits ran but to five hundred lines!

THE QUEEN. They merit more leisurely reading. [*She takes the scroll and hands it to BURGHLEY*] My Lord Treasurer shall peruse them. [FLETCHER retires]

DRAKE [*Presenting TOM MOONE*] This is Tom Moone, Madam, of whom I have told you —

[*TOM stands helpless, first on one foot, and then on the other, twirling his cap*]

THE QUEEN [*Laughing*] I am glad to see thee, Tom Moone.

DRAKE [*Encouragingly*] Well, Tom? [CRIES: “*Speak up, Tom!*”]

TOM [*Clumsily*] By your leave, Cap’n — [*He beckons MOTHER MOONE forward*] My old ’ooman — she ’ve-a brought a nosegay.

MOTHER MOONE [*Curtseying, and handing the QUEEN a bunch of flowers*] Theer, Madam — all out o’ my own bit garden-place: Hen-an’ chickens; Kiss-me-quicks; Lady’s garters; Love-in-a-mist; and Mother-o’-thousands.

THE QUEEN. I thank you heartily. [*Laughing*] But — two moons and no son?

MOTHER MOONE. Law-dear-heart! Seven! And I wish you as many!

[*The COURT are scandalized, the CROWD delighted.*]

CRIES: “*So do us!*”]

TOM [*Pulling MOTHER MOONE away*] Come away, you foolish old clacker!

THE QUEEN. Now, Mr. Drake, bid these good folk remove a while.

DRAKE. Neighbours, in the orchard yonder, are

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meats to hearten you for the dance, and barrels of cider and ale —

[*Before he can finish the Crowd have disappeared with joyous cries, R. THE QUEEN leaves her seat*]

THE QUEEN. Tell me what hopes thou hast of this new venture.

DRAKE. Every hope, Madam. The ships are ready, the men willing, the wind sets fair, and to-morrow we sail.

BURGHLEY [*Coming forward; grandly*] Sail whither, Mr. Drake?

THE QUEEN. You have been told, my lord. The honest gentlemen sail to Alexandria, on a private venture, in which Mutton and I have a share.

BURGHLEY [*Deeply offended*] To buy currants, Madam. Ay, I've heard that story.

THE QUEEN [*Indignant*] My lord!

BURGHLEY. Madam, why will you use me like a child? Doth a man go armed to buy groceries?

DRAKE [*Lightly*] My Lord Treasurer is in the right, Madam. [*To BURGHLEY*] No, my lord, we do not sail to buy currants only, but — I will be frank and open — call it — a Schooling Expedition.

BURGHLEY. A schooling expedition — ?

DRAKE. Ay, sir. As 't were a nursery. The oaks are ripe for the axe: the 'prentice shipwrights have learnt their trade: God be praised, the fighters are ready. Only the officers know not their office. Wherefore now we are going forth to learn it. Are you content, my lord?

BURGHLEY. I am not content, sir. [*He turns to the QUEEN*] I do not trust Mr. Drake. He cannot

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stir but he gives Spain new cause for anger. If this expedition must be made, put it under Mr. Thomas Doughty. He is a soldier and a — gentleman.

[THOMAS DOUGHTY *starts forward with pleasure;*  
DRAKE *misinterprets his movement*]

DRAKE. Peace, peace, Mr. Doughty. My lord speaks his mind honestly, and there is no offence. [To BURGHLEY] My lord, here is no question of soldier-ship —

BURGHLEY. When was it known that English soldiers served under a mere sailor?

DRAKE. It was never hitherto known. Until this day English sailors and English ships have been at the bidding of landmen. That is folly! For a soldier on board ship is no better than a sailor on horseback. — He is worse, for he is very sea-sick. Wherefore, with all respect to Mr. Doughty, whom I love, never again will I serve under a soldier!

THE QUEEN. Mr. Drake hath done well. Mr. Drake shall be General.

BURGHLEY. Madam, I beseech you!

THE QUEEN. I have spoken, my lord!

DRAKE. Madam, I thank you. [To THOMAS] I promise your honour shall not be diminished.

[THOMAS *turns from him angrily.* JOHN *intervenes*]

JOHN. My brother accepts your assurances, Mr. Drake.

DRAKE [To the QUEEN] Now, Madam, will it please you to honour my poor house?

THE QUEEN. Ay, let me sit awhile where there are no Mayors, or preachers, or wrangling lords, or blood-thirsty mariners!

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DRAKE [*Leading her off, L.*] Faith, Madam! Englishmen will wrangle! But all for the good of England!

[*Preceded by the GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS, the QUEEN, DRAKE, and the COURT go off L. BURGHLEY and the two DOUGHTYS remain. BRIGHT comes in to arrange the QUEEN'S seat*]

BURGHLEY [*To THOMAS*] I grieve, Mr. Doughty —  
THOMAS [*Hotly*] Grieve not for me! I'll have no more to do with this cursed marauding!

BURGHLEY [*Startled*] Marauding — ? — Too strong a word!

THOMAS [*Passionately*] What think you it is? What fairy-tale is this of babes and sucklings taken for a sea-jaunt to learn the names of ropes? Are you so cheaply gulled, my lord? Currants and nurseries, forsooth! No! But into the great Southern Sea, with all the western shore of the New World at his mercy! With his knife at the very heart of Spain's wealth!

BURGHLEY [*Horried*] And the Queen a party! But this must be stopped!

THOMAS. Who's to stop him? He hath bought the Court; the Councillors, Mr. Hatton — he hath bought the Queen herself!

BURGHLEY [*Outraged*] Mr. Doughty!

THOMAS. Is it not plain? Would they all be so eager, but for favours received or hoped for?

BURGHLEY [*Walking to and fro in great agitation*] Into the Southern Sea — ! It must not be! It shall not be! Mr. Doughty, you must hinder it!

THOMAS. I tell you I will not sail with him!

BURGHLEY. You must! Pocket your pride, man! For the safety of your country. God help England, if you go not. Drake loves you; you will be hourly with

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him. Use all friendly means to turn him from his purpose.

DRAKE. None will avail.

BURGHLEY. Then thwart his purpose by whatever means you can! — Whatever you do — [*with emphasis*] Whatever you do — I stand warrant for your safety. [BRIGHT slips out]

THOMAS. I promise nothing.

BURGHLEY [*With a gesture of disappointment*] Ah! — Persuade him, Mr. John. [*Exit, L.*]

JOHN [*After a pause*] Grasp the nettle, Thomas.

THOMAS. And play seconds to that upstart? I cannot do it. I will not.

JOHN. If you stay here idly, there is an end of you. You will be the Mr. Doughty whose courage failed him and who turned tail on danger; and Drake will shine all the brighter. But, sail with us, and we are no sooner out of sight of land but you can wrest the command from him. What? He'll have the soldiers under the sailors? Then every soldier in the Fleet will be for you. Drake starts with disaffection enwrapping him like the air he breathes! Thomas, Thomas! Remember Burghley's words: "Thwart Drake by whatever means you can."

THOMAS [*Sunk in thought*] I loved the man.

JOHN. How has he rewarded your love? What I foretold is happening. Me he is robbing of the woman; you he is robbing of honour. He is in our way, Thomas.

THOMAS. Yet he is a loyal friend to England!

JOHN. He is a treacherous foe to England! While he lives, they who love England know no peace! — How long, think you, will Spain suffer this goad in her flanks? If Drake were — dead — [THOMAS starts] Ah! — I waste my breath on a meek-spirited boy!

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THOMAS. But — to slay one who was my friend — who thinks me his friend — ?

JOHN. Who spoke of slaying? Leave that to others. Only come with us. Assert your rights. Play the man! Let the rest come as it may.

THOMAS [*After a pause*] I will come!

JOHN. Ah! —

[*Enter DRAKE, L. Immediately afterwards ELIZABETH SYDENHAM slips in unperceived, and waits in the shadow. The sun has set. Afterglow*]

DRAKE [*Calling*] Tom Moone! — [*To the DOUGHTYS*] Into the house with you, friends! They've broached a butt of Malmsey. [*With great emphasis*] And on your life not a word to Burghley of our true purpose — he'd warn Spain! 'T is the Queen's command!

JOHN. By your leave, Mr. Drake, we'll in, and pay court to her Majesty.

DRAKE [*Laughing*] To speak plain truth, her Majesty is most majestically asleep. But her ladies are wide awake, and sighing for just such gallants.

[*JOHN and THOMAS go out, L. Meanwhile TOM MOONE has entered R., and is waiting*]

DRAKE. Now, Tom! Gather our friends. When the Queen wakes let her see that Devonshire folk can shake a leg with the best of them.

TOM. Ay, ay, sir! [*Exit R.*]

DRAKE [*Seeing ELIZABETH SYDENHAM*] Ah! At last!

ELIZABETH. I am frightened! What if the Queen woke?

DRAKE [*Taking her passionately in his arms*] Do you love me?

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ELIZABETH. Too well for my peace.

DRAKE. But do you love me well enough for mine?

ELIZABETH. Oh, Francis, Francis, have I not shown my love? Am I not at feud with my father and mother for my love's sake? Have I not waited — Ah, how long is it already? — And you know not what that means.

DRAKE. Ay, but I do, though. For I have waited as long.

ELIZABETH [*With a wistful laugh*] Yours is not waiting. You are hammering your enemies, and the time flies. But I! — I sit and spin. — Would I could spin a thread that would draw you to me, and bind you to me!

DRAKE. You have done that. Wherever I be, that thread tugs at my heart.

ELIZABETH. Yet 't will not hold — for no sooner are you here than you are gone again.

DRAKE. There is only one call that can lure me from you.

ELIZABETH. The call of the sea?

DRAKE. Not even that. — The call of England. O, Bess! Send me forth! Love of you has inspired me with a great purpose: to make England Queen of the Seas. Let your love be the food of my soul, to keep the purpose alive. Love me, that I may know myself worthy to love England.

ELIZABETH. Thus do I love you, Man and Fighter!

DRAKE. Your man, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH. Alas, no! — Were you mine, I would hearten you on. But when you are gone, and the days never end, and there is no dawn to the nights, and every rustling leaf whispers of storm and shipwreck —

DRAKE [*Laughing*] I was not born to be drowned, Bess! No! nor to be hanged, neither!

ELIZABETH. And that is not all! —

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DRAKE. What more?

ELIZABETH. If — if John Doughty come back — alone — I shall be forced to marry him!

DRAKE. By heaven, I'll fire a shot through the earth, and the bullet shall shatter the altar!

ELIZABETH. I shall be forced! My father and mother are at me unceasingly.

DRAKE. Rebel! — Defy them!

ELIZABETH [*Very gravely*] And the Queen?

DRAKE [*Startled*] The Queen?

ELIZABETH. She is drawn to this match. Already she calls me a rebellious child. A little more, and she will command.

DRAKE. But — as soon as I come home — !

ELIZABETH. But — if you do not come?

DRAKE [*With a sudden resolve*] Then, by heaven, John Doughty shall marry my widow!

ELIZABETH [*Starting away from him*] Oh! — what do you mean, now?

DRAKE. I mean, we will wed ere I sail.

ELIZABETH. You are crazed!

DRAKE. I mean, we will wed to-night!

ELIZABETH. Crazed! Crazed!

DRAKE. To-night! The Queen herself cannot bid you marry two husbands.

ELIZABETH. It is a mad idea.

DRAKE. All great ideas are mad ideas. — To my heart, dear woman! To-night you shall be my wife.

ELIZABETH [*In his arms*] Mad sailorman, to-night I lie in my father's house, behind locked doors!

DRAKE. Are there no rope-ladders, foolish maid?

ELIZABETH. Mad sailorman, where is the priest? Where are the witnesses?

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DRAKE. Here, foolish maid, ready and waiting.  
[*He calls*] Ho! Tom!

[TOM MOONE *appears, R.*]

TOM. Ay, ay, sir.

DRAKE. Call Mr. Fletcher; call your wife. [TOM *exit*] Now, look demure, if you can, and say no word!

ELIZABETH [*Abruptly*] Francis, Mr. Fletcher will go straight from the Church to my father.

DRAKE [*Laughing*] Mr. Fletcher will go, willy nilly — straight from the Church to his ship!

ELIZABETH [*Laughing*] Oh, thou — corsair!

[*Enter TOM MOONE, MOTHER MOONE, and FLETCHER*]

DRAKE [*Solemnly*] Mr. Fletcher — Tom — Mistress Moone — I bid you meet me in Church to-night, at ten of the clock.

[*Surprise of those addressed. ELIZABETH is whispering with MOTHER MOONE*]

FLETCHER [*Suspiciously*] I make so bold as to ask your purpose.

DRAKE [*Shocked*] You! — You ask that? Are we not starting on a long and perilous adventure? — And you ask why we should seek guidance? Fie, Mr. Fletcher! Fie!

FLETCHER. That is a worthy and pious object [*Blandly*] Will Mistress Sydenham be present?

ELIZABETH. Fie, Mr. Fletcher! Should I not be abed, and asleep?

DRAKE [*Taking FLETCHER by the arm, and edging him off, R.*] At ten! — Oh! the Queen read your discourse and found it masterly. Faith! 't will be Mr. Dean,

## D R A K E

anon! And my Lord Bishop — ay, ay! — and when Canterbury falls vacant — [*He pushes FLETCHER off*]

A SERVANT [*Appearing L.*] The Queen calls for you, Mr. Drake!

DRAKE. Now, Tom! Have Diego ready.

[*He kisses his hand to ELIZABETH, and exit L.*]

MOTHER MOONE. What's toward, nursling?

ELIZABETH. Madness and folly, Mother, and trouble, and heaven's own happiness!

MOTHER MOONE. That sounds like marriage!

[*Enter the QUEEN, DRAKE, and the COURT, L.*]

THE QUEEN [*To MOTHER MOONE*] I hear you were her nurse. Bid her be wise, and marry the worthy gentleman who seeks her.

MOTHER MOONE. That's what I be doin', your Highness!

THE QUEEN [*Under the cedar, to DRAKE*] Well, Pirate? And this dance?

[*DRAKE signals to DIEGO, who has entered R., with his drum. He beats a flourish. Enter from all sides, with shouts and laughter, a great company of merry-makers, each bearing a lighted torch, preceded by a PIPER and a TABOR-PLAYER. Morris Dance. Meanwhile a cloaked and hooded figure comes to JOHN DOUGHTY, bringing a black cloak*]

THE FIGURE. Your cloak, Master.

JOHN [*Starting*] Zubiaur! Madman, your life is at stake!

ZUBIAUR [*With a deprecatory gesture*] To-morrow I sail for Spain. What message for the King?

## D R A K E

JOHN. Say Drake aims at the Southern Seas.  
[ZUBIAUR starts] But he will not reach them.

ZUBIAUR. Why not?

JOHN. He will be dead. Begone.

[ZUBIAUR slips out]

DRAKE [In the dance] Bess, Bess! It is but eight o' the clock! Will ten never strike?

ELIZABETH. Ah, too soon! And to-morrow thou wilt be gone!

DRAKE. Think of the time when we can say "To-morrow we shall meet!" — Look! the Queen rises!

[The dance stops. The DANCERS form up along the circular hedge]

THE QUEEN [Standing] I thank you, friends. Many say the mirth has gone out of England, but that, I thank God, is a lie. 'Tis simple mirth keepeth high courage alive; and God He knoweth England hath need enough of that — ay, and of brave defenders. And, good Devon folk, of these we count your Mr. Drake one of the bravest. Come hither, Drake. [DRAKE sinks on one knee before her.] Thine own sword thou gavest to a Chieftain at Nombre de Dios; but it is not seemly that one of our Captains should go weaponless. Wherefore (A GENTLEMAN-AT-ARMS hands her a beautiful jewelled sword) here we commit this sword into thy keeping. [With great emphasis] And we do account that he which striketh at thee, Drake, striketh at us.

[She hangs the sword about him. Great cheering]

DRAKE. Madam — this will I wield against your enemies and England's, while God shall give me strength!

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*[The QUEEN'S litter is brought in. The TORCH-BEARERS now line each side of the centre avenue. DRAKE hands the QUEEN into the litter, and, taking a torch from TOM, with the drawn sword in one hand and the torch in the other, escorts the QUEEN through the cheering throng, the COURT preceding]*

THE SCENE CHANGES

## SCENE II

*The Admiral's Quarters on board the "Pelican."* 1578

MR. CHARLES

MR. CAUBE

FRANCIS DRAKE

CAPTAIN JOHN THOMAS

REV. FRANCIS FLETCHER

TOM MOONE

CAPTAIN CHESTER

DIEGO

BREWER

BRIGHT

COOKE

GREGORY

THOMAS DOUGHTY

OFFICERS; MARINERS; SOLDIERS

## SCENE II

SCENE II — *The Admiral's Quarters on board the Pelican, seen slightly diagonally. The back, being the side of the ship, slopes slightly inward. It is interrupted by a semi-circular bay or turret, projecting outward, which, as well as the flat part, is pierced with practically continuous large square portholes glazed with small panes, the upper being of stained glass with heraldic devices. The stern, R. slopes sharply outward and is all glazed. There is a door opening to a gallery with a richly carved and gilded handrail, which runs round the stern of the ship. In the centre of the partition on the left, which is perpendicular, is a broad staircase, leading up to the deck, and, curtained off; on each side of this is a small door; that in front leads to the galley, that at the back to the ADMIRAL'S bed-room. The thickness of the oaken sides of the ship can be seen through the port-holes, but within the room is panelled in rare woods, and there are hangings of Flemish tapestry where possible. The floor is covered with handsome rugs; the beams of the ceiling, slightly curved, are carved, and the boards they support are painted with heraldic devices, among which a Golden Hind "trippant" is conspicuous. Candelabra hang from the beams and are fixed to the walls. In the centre of the room is an oblong black oak table covered with silver dishes of fruit, silver plates, Venetian flacons and Venetian goblets. At the head of the table R. is a richly carved chair*

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*with a high leather back on which the Golden Hind is stamped. In one corner of the room is a terrestrial globe. Instruments of navigation and charts are lying about. There is a service-table at the back. The stern, R., is raised one step. The whole effect is one of sober splendour. Beyond the port-holes the sea shimmers, and in the near distance the coast is seen.*

[*When the curtain rises four MUSICIANS (theorbo, viol, viol-d'amore, and viola da gamba) are playing in the stern, R. DRAKE is seated in the great chair, lost in thought. FLETCHER is at the foot of the table; WYNTER on DRAKE'S right; CHESTER on his left; CAPTAIN THOMAS next to CHESTER; MR. VICARY next to THOMAS; MR. CHARLES on FLETCHER'S left; MR. CAUBE next to CHARLES. They are drinking and laughing. DIEGO is serving wine.*]

CHARLES [*Rising*] Mr. Caube, I pledge you!

CAUBE [*Rising*] I thank you, Mr. Charles.

DRAKE [*Starting out of his thoughts*] Gentlemen! [*The MUSICIANS cease playing and exeunt, L.*] I have a matter to impart to you. [*Movement*] We are nearing the worst of our voyage.

CAUBE [*Rather impudently*] Lord save us! As if there 'd been any best!

DRAKE [*Taking no notice beyond a rapid glance*] St. Julian's Bay, where we now lie, is the threshold of Magellan's Straits.

CAPTAIN THOMAS. 'T is the devil's own land.

VICARY. 'T is accurst for Magellan's cruelty. For here he murdered one of his Captains, hanged another, and a third he marooned.

DRAKE [*Sternly*] They had mutinied. By the Lord, Mr. Vicary, I would have done the same! [*Silence*] But I was saying. In the face of coming dangers our

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little fleet must be made handier. I shall break up Tom Moone's ship, the "Christopher." But then we shall have nothing to remind us of our well-wisher, Mr. Christopher Hatton.

WYNTER [*Bitterly*] Oh, ay! We shall have his friends, the Doughtys!

VICARY [*Hotly*] What have *you* against the Doughtys?

DRAKE [*Motioning silence*] Wherefore, in Mr. Hatton's honour, I purpose to re-name this ship — the Pelican — the Golden Hind. Thus, Mr. Wynter's Elizabeth shall carry the Queen's name, [*with his own meaning*] the name we love; Mr. Thomas's Marigold shall remind us of English meadows; and the Golden Hind [*pointing to the device on the ceiling*] shall bear Mr. Hatton's cognisance into new waters. My Masters, drink with me: Good luck, fair winds, and smooth seas to the Golden Hind!

ALL BUT VICARY [*Rise*] The Golden Hind! — Mr. Drake!

DRAKE [*Surprised*] Mr. Vicary — ?

VICARY. I cannot drink with you, Mr. Drake. [*Amazement*] This pretended honour to Mr. Hatton is mere mockery while you keep his friends the Doughtys in prison.

[*Uproar for and against*]

DRAKE [*Bringing his fist down on the table*] Silence! [*Coldly*] Mr. Vicary, if you cannot stand with me, you cannot sit with me.

CHARLES [*Hotly*] If Mr. Vicary goes, I go with him!

CAUBE. And I!

FLETCHER. Peace, gentlemen! Peace!

VICARY [*Going*] And I make bold to tell you that

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every soldier and every *gentleman* in the fleet thinks with me. And so I wish you a good digestion!

[VICARY, CHARLES, and CAUBE *swagger up the stairs*, DRAKE *leaves his seat and walks to and fro*]

CAPTAIN THOMAS. How long will you suffer this, Mr. Drake? From the moment we lost sight of the Lizard, the Doughtys have stirred up this mutinous spirit.

WYNTER. We cannot go forward while Thomas Doughty is with us. If you loosen him he breeds mischief, if you bind him his friends breed trouble.

CHESTER. He aims at your life, sir! He aims at your life!

WYNTER. Bring him to trial, and be convinced!

[*Enter TOM MOONE, down the companion, with papers. DRAKE meets him*]

TOM. Mr. Thomas Doughty, Admiral.

DRAKE [*With a frown*] What now?

TOM. Mr. Gregory reports he is raising mutiny among his men.

DRAKE. God's Patience!

TOM [*Offering the papers*] These were found on him; showing he had stirred up the officers to kill you.

DRAKE. Let me see!

[*After a glance at them he throws them on the table and sinks despondently on a chair*]

And I loved him!

CAPTAIN WYNTER, THOMAS, AND CHESTER [*Together*] Make an end on 't! Bring him to trial! Short shrift!

DRAKE [*Rising abruptly*] Masters, summon your

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officers and men. Diego, beat the assembly. Mr. Wynter, send Thomas Doughty guarded.

WYNTER. And John?

DRAKE. One is enough.

[*Exeunt FLETCHER, WYNTER, CAPTAIN THOMAS, CHESTER, and DIEGO, up the companion*]

TOM. The Lord be praised! You be come to your senses at last, Admiral!

DRAKE. God give me strength to do the right.

[*Exit into his cabin*]

TOM [*Calling at the galley door*] Brewer! Bright! [*They enter*] Lift thicky table on to platform— [*Indicating R.*] Put big chair behind 'un; a chair o' both sides.

[*The MEN do as they are told, and remove the plates, dishes, and glasses to the service table*]

BRIGHT. Do look like assizes to Tavistock.

TOM. That 's what 't is. Doughty 's coming to trial at last.

BREWER. By Gor! 'Twere time thicky warlock was laid by the heels! He 'd a sunk the whole fleet.

BRIGHT. Be sure! Why, he called fog and storms out o' his cap-case, so a did.

BREWER. Said a cud conjure wi' any man. Said a cud poison a man so 's a wudden die, not for a twelve-month.

BRIGHT. Purty thing for a man to carry about in 's belly!

[*Enter VICARY, CHARLES, CAUBE, GREGORY, tumultuously down the companion. All the following is spoken almost simultaneously*]

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VICARY. He hath no lawful power!

CHARLES. What commission hath he?

GREGORY. I say he's in the right!

[Enter WYNTER, CAPTAIN THOMAS, CHESTER,  
FLETCHER, *similarly*]

WYNTER. We shall be rid of a traitor.

CAPTAIN THOMAS. High time!

[Enter MARINERS. *Among them COOKE*]

BREWER [*Shouting to them as they enter*] A trial!  
Thomas Doughty's on trial!

COOKE. Should be t' other way round.

BREWER [*To him*] Shall I knock thy lubberly girt  
head off thee?

[*Enter more SAILORS, until the cabin is a seething  
mass of gesticulating, shouting men*]

COOKE [*Shouting*] Shall we stand by and see this?  
Mr. Vicary, take the lead!

VICARY. Not I, Cooke! I'm but a private venturer.  
Charles!

SHOUTS. Charles! Charles!

WYNTER [*To Captain THOMAS*] This begins to look  
black!

CAPTAIN THOMAS. Hold your hanger loose.

SHOUTS. Down with Drake!

TOM [*Furious*] What traitor cried "Down with  
Drake"?

CAUBE [*Shouting*] Doughty, here!

[*DOUGHTY's friends collect round CHARLES and  
CAUBE*]

FLETCHER. Madmen! Hold your peace!

CAPTAIN THOMAS. Drake, here!

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[DRAKE'S friends collect round the CAPTAINS. Weapons are drawn. Uproar. Enter DRAKE. Sudden hush, with threatening murmurs. DRAKE goes calmly to his seat behind the table on the dais]

DRAKE. Captain Thomas, on my left. You shall be Assessor. Mr. Gregory, you shall act as Provost Marshal. Mr. Wynter, is the accused on board?

WYNTER. Yes, Admiral.

DRAKE. Then, Mr. Gregory, fetch him. [Exit GREGORY]

[The murmurs increase. They threaten to burst into shouts. DRAKE raises his hand. Silence]

DRAKE. My masters, I see by your faces you know what is toward, and like it not. [Murmurs] Neither do I. But I am not here to pleasure you or myself, but to do justice. [Burst of protest. DRAKE unhooks his sword and lays it on the table before him] I lay my sword on the table. Now whosoever raises his hand against me commits murder upon a weaponless man, and will hang accordingly.

[Hush of admiration. Murmurs]

TOM. By Gor! That's fine!

[Enter THOMAS DOUGHTY, guarded, with GREGORY preceding him. He is received with murmurs of sympathy. CHARLES shakes his hand. He bears himself haughtily]

CAPTAIN THOMAS. Silence! The Court is opened.

DRAKE [When all is quiet] Thomas Doughty, ever since my first acquaintance with you, I have used you as my other self and as my inmost friend. Yet you have still sought to discredit me, thwarting my will,

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to the great peril of this voyage. You have even [*touching the papers*] in your jealous ambition aimed at my life. Therefore I have brought you to trial.

THOMAS [*Lightly*] Why, Lord General, you have no power or commission. [*Assenting murmurs*]

DRAKE [*Coldly*] I warrant you, my commission is good enough.

VICARY. I protest! Show your commission! Show it!

CRIES. Hear him! Show it!

DRAKE [*Turning on him fiercely*] I have nought to do with crafty lawyers. [*Touching the sword*] Here is my commission. Thomas Doughty saw the Queen's Majesty honour me with this sword in my garden, and heard her say: "He which striketh at thee, Drake, striketh at us!" — Hath any man a better commission? [*Silence*] [*To THOMAS*] With a heavy heart I do indict you, Thomas Doughty. You came into this venture with a traitorous intent. You have stolen our common treasure; you have striven to corrupt my friends; you tempted some to piracy; and now you are lying in wait, like a base assassin, to take my life.

CRIES. There is no proof! Bring proof!

DRAKE [*Holding up one of the papers*] Can you deny this writing? Here, under your own hand, you plan to murder me. For the rest, Chester — Gregory — Have I spoken truth?

CHESTER and GREGORY. Ay — less than the truth.

DRAKE. But there is graver matter, even, than my murder! — High Treason against the Sovereign Majesty of the Queen! — [*Commotion*] Call Edward Bright.

GREGORY [*Calling*] Edward Bright!

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BRIGHT [*Thrusting his way through the CROWD*]  
Here.

[GREGORY *in dumb show puts him to the oath, and makes him kiss the Book*]

MURMURS. A common sailor! Shall gentlemen submit to riffraff?

DRAKE. Gentlemen shall submit to the truth. [*To BRIGHT*] Say what thou knowest.

BRIGHT. The night afore us sailed, I heard 'n say this was a maraudin' for piracy an' murder; and the Court and the Council and Mr. Hatton had been bought to wink at it — yea, and the Queen's Majesty herself!

[*Shock of surprise. Then murmurs increasing to shouts*]

CRIES. What! — The Queen bought! — The Queen a pirate! He never said it! — 'T is a lie — [*Uproar*]

CAPTAIN THOMAS. Silence!

DRAKE [*To DOUGHTY*] What do you answer?

THOMAS. I never said it! — or — if I did — I was beside myself with anger — A man knows not what he says —

DRAKE [*Sternly*] There is more! There is treason against us all! [*Curiosity among the CROWD*] My masters, Her Majesty gave me special commandment that of all men Lord Burghley must be kept in ignorance of our true errand, by reason of his fear of Spain. For if he gat wind on 't, and we failed, every man here would surely hang.

VICARY [*Impudently*] Lord Burghley never did know!

DRAKE. Edward Bright, to whom did Thomas Doughty say what you have reported?

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BRIGHT. To my Lord Burghley. [*Sensation*]

CRIES. Lord Burghley!—Then Doughty's a traitor!—

DRAKE [*To DOUGHTY*] Again—how do you answer?

THOMAS. I—I—I refuse to answer.

DRAKE. You gave him a full plot of the voyage.

[*THOMAS remains silent*]

DRAKE. And Burghley sent you with us to hinder our enterprise and to report our deeds.

THOMAS [*At bay*] Yes, then! For he feared your rashness!

[*Sensation*]

DRAKE. His own mouth hath confessed his treachery. [*A short pause. Then with emphasis*] Now, my masters, will your mutinies and discords cease? What! Here be we, a little band of Englishmen bent on a great undertaking, the like of which was never seen, and we fling our glory away for jealousies, and our country's honour for personal hate! Henceforth I will have the gentleman haul with the mariner, and the mariner with the gentleman, and if any refuse, let them sail home! [*Pause*] Now, considering my past love for Thomas Doughty, and that I impeach him of aiming at my life, I cannot be his judge. It is for you to say whether he be innocent or guilty. If guilty, his punishment is death—Provost-Marshal, lead the accused away. [*THOMAS is led away in silence*] For me, I will await your finding, and abide by it. [*He goes out to the balcony behind him*]

CAPTAIN THOMAS. Make short work on't.

WYNTER. He hath confessed treason against the

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Queen, the Captain General, his own master — Mr. Hatton — us all, and England, by disclosing our venture to Burghley. He hath been amongst us as Burghley's spy, and now hath betrayed Burghley himself. For me he is guilty, and worthy of death.

CAPTAIN THOMAS. They that in their conscience think Thomas Doughty worthy of death, hold up their right hands.

[*All but CHARLES, CAUBE, and COOKE do so*]

CAPTAIN THOMAS. To the contrary? [*No one stirs*] Summon the Captain General.

[*TOM opens the door of the balcony. Re-enter DRAKE*]

CHARLES. Do you condemn him, Vicary?

VICARY [*With a shrug of indifference*] I think of my own head.

DRAKE. Bring the accused.

[*THOMAS DOUGHTY is brought in*]

DRAKE. Mr. Wynter, how say you? Guilty? Or not guilty?

WYNTER. Guilty.

DRAKE. Thomas Doughty, God knows I desire nothing better than to save your life, if I may with safety to the voyage. Wherefore I give you the choice: will you be set on shore, or will you be conveyed to England, to be tried before the Lords of Her Majesty's Council? If you refuse these, you must suffer death, here, and now.

THOMAS. Good Captain, for this I humbly thank you. I will not be left here among the native devils. I will not be sent to England. The shame of the return

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would be worse than death. I beseech you only to grant me the death of a gentleman.

**DRAKE.** This is the heaviest hour of my life — My masters, leave me private with my friend. Master Fletcher, attend us, to make our peace with God.

*[As the OFFICERS and MEN go out, many shake DOUGHTY by the hand]*

**THOMAS.** My good masters all, pray for me, I beseech you.

*[Preceded by FLETCHER, he and DRAKE go out by the ADMIRAL'S door. CHARLES, CAUBE, VICARY, and TOM MOONE remain]*

**CHARLES.** Well! God knows what they'll say of this day's work in England!

**VICARY.** They'll say nought. Neither will we, if you trust me. Too many of the great are in this matter, and we should burn our tongues.

**CAUBE.** But — his brother — John Doughty?

**VICARY.** If you love him, bid him hold his peace.

*[They go out. TOM remains. Re-enter DRAKE, DOUGHTY, and FLETCHER. The latter wrings DOUGHTY'S hand and goes up the companion-way, weeping]*

**DRAKE** *[Quietly, to TOM]* The stirrup-cup.

*[TOM fills a great goblet with red wine, and hands it to THOMAS]*

**THOMAS.** Francis, I am very near the threshold. God hath witnessed our reconciliation. I pray God to strengthen thy hand for England. *[Takes the cup in both hands]* And I drink to thee in all love and reverence.

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*[He drinks, and hands the cup to DRAKE]*

DRAKE. I drink to the memory of happy days. I drink to thee — a friend's God-speed.

*[He drinks and hands the cup to TOM, who hurls it through the open port-hole into the sea. Roll of muffled drum on deck. DRAKE and THOMAS clasp hands. Enter, down the companion-way, GREGORY, with two GUARDS with drawn swords]*

THOMAS *[To them]* I am ready, friends. *[To DRAKE]* Farewell!

*[They embrace. Then THOMAS goes out erect and smiling. DRAKE falls on his knees in prayer. TOM stands with his back to DRAKE, motionless, looking out to sea. Roll of drum]*

THE SCENE CHANGES

### SCENE III

*The Deck of the Golden Hind alongside the Quay at  
Deptford, April 4th, 1581*

TOM MOONE

TRYPHENA MOONE

JOHN DOUGHTY

DON BERNARDINO DE MENDOZA, *Spanish Ambassador*

DON PEDRO ZUBIAUR

FRANCIS DRAKE

BREWER

BRIGHT

ELIZABETH SYDENHAM

THE QUEEN

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON

REV. FRANCIS FLETCHER

LA SIEUR DE MARCHAUMONT

LORDS AND LADIES; MEN AND WOMEN OF DEPTFORD;  
GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS; MARINERS.

### SCENE III

SCENE III — *A portion of the deck of the Golden Hind, lying alongside the quay at Deptford, and seen broadside on. It is the waist of the ship. The ship is lying a few yards from the shore, with which a broad gangway connects her. On the left is the mainmast, with its shrouds; on the right the foremast, with similar shrouds. On the left an indication of the "castle," on the right similar indications of the "forecastle." Against the mast, L., is the chair of state DRAKE used in the previous scene; the deck has been cleared, but the guns are in position. Between the masts cordage and tackle in bewildering confusion. From the spar of the mainmast the sail hangs half-furled. It is torn and weather-stained, but the three "leopards" of England are still traceable in faded colours. Beyond the ship is the narrow Quay of Deptford, with gabled timber-houses facing it. These are all gaily decorated with bunting. The ship is absolutely bare of any decoration. Beyond Deptford rise well-wooded heights. It is a brilliant day in April.*

*[On the quay a motley crowd is watching the ship excitedly. One man is nailing up a board, on which is painted*

O Natvre, to old England still  
Continve these mistakes;  
Still giue vs for ovr Kings svche Qvenes  
And for ovr Dvx svche Drakes.

*Only TOM MOONE and MOTHER MOONE are on deck]*

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TOM [*Shouting*] Now, you folk o' Deptford Town! stand further off, wool 'ee!

VOICE [*From shore*] When's the Admiral coming, old codfish?

TOM [*Furious*] I'll come and bang your silly heads together! Passel o' linendrapers! [*Shouting towards R.*] Brewer — Bright! You understan'? Not a man's to show his ugly nose till Drake bids 'ee!

BREWER [*Within*] Ay, ay, Cap'n Moone!

MOTHER MOONE. Poor Mr. Drake! Three years parted from his wife! And since he've been home, him in disgrace at Plymouth, and her waitin' on the Queen in Lunnon.

TOM. All Burghley, cuss un. But sun do shine agen now. Doth any know of the marriage?

MOTHER MOONE. Not a livin' soul.

VOICE [*On shore*] Tell 'ee what! That ship should be put a-top o' Paul's steeple for a monument! [*"Ay, ay!" Laughter and cheers*]

ANOTHER VOICE [*On shore*] Here come gentry.

[*Movement in the crowd*]

ANOTHER VOICE. Is it Drake?

ANOTHER VOICE [*Disgusted*] No —! — Spaniards!

[*Angry murmurs. Enter, on shore, JOHN DOUGHTY with DON BERNARDINO DE MENDOZA and ZUBI-AUR. The CROWD make way unwillingly*]

TOM. By Gor! Here's John Doughty! Who'm thick along wi' 'un?

DOUGHTY. Make way, make way! [*The three come on board*] Ill-mannered rabble! [*To TOM*] My friends have come to see the ship, Mr. Moone.

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MOTHER MOONE. Captain Moone, if you please!

DOUGHTY. This is Don Bernardino de Mendoza, Ambassador of Spain.

TOM. Glad to see you. Mr. Doughty'll show 'ee the ship till Admiral do come. And *he*'ll be glad to see you. He'm ever ready wi' a warm welcome for your countrymen. [*Turns to CROWD on shore*] Don't bide theer, starin' at nowt! Do 'ee go up along Greenwich Road: you'll meet the Admiral —

CRIES. Up Greenwich Road — Come along! — Drake! —

[*The CROWD disperse*]

TOM [*Taking MOTHER MOONE by the arm*] Aw — come along!

[*They go into the MEN's quarters, R.*]

DOUGHTY. This insufferable insolence!

MENDOZA. It is the new spirit, my friend. Before your Draqué came home your countrymen gave us the road: now they take it. But wait — wait!

DOUGHTY. How long? O, God of Vengeance, how long?

ZUBIAUR. Friend Doughty, your big words have come to nothing. Remember your promise in Drake's garden: "He will be dead," said you — He is not dead.

MENDOZA [*Laughing*] By Saint James, he is on the threshold of his life. Now that he has taught England the use of ships and filled her with the ambition of the sea, — now he is armed! Now he will act! — Unless —

ZUBIAUR. King Philip promises the man who works Drake's undoing twenty thousand ducats.

DOUGHTY [*Passionately*] Money! — Don Bernar-

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dino, I am a man crushed by sorrow and misfortune. I mourn for my country in the darkness of heresy, ruled by an excommunicated usurper; I love a woman hopelessly, and I thirst for my rival's life; I loved my brother, and his blood cries to me for vengeance. Money —! What is money to me? As God is my witness, my day will come; and I shall strike with mine own hand, and strike deep, not for money, but for the love of my faith, of my country, of my brother, and of my love!

SHOUTS [*Off*] Drake! — Drake! — England's Drake!

MENDOZA. Aha! — The dragon of the sea!

DOUGHTY. Will you stay?

MENDOZA. Assuredly. The Queen is coming. I have a message from my King that will temper her ardour for her pirate. [*With intention*] Show me where your brother was condemned.

DOUGHTY [*Pointing L.*] Here. In the Admiral's quarters.

[*They go out L. Enter TOM R., in time to see them disappear. MOTHER MOONE follows*]

TOM. Here's Admiral! Old 'ooman, come up, come up!

[*Enter, on shore, DRAKE, followed by a cheering, dancing, and shouting CROWD*]

DRAKE [*At the gangway*] Thanks, and thanks again! But keep your shouting for the Queen!

[*He shakes hands with several, and comes on board. The CROWD remains, watching him*]

DRAKE [*Seeing MOTHER MOONE*] O, Tom, you lucky devil! Your wife's been with you these five

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months! — while mine —! — But to-day, Tom! I shall see her to-day!

MOTHER MOONE. Sooner 'n you think, belike!

DRAKE. What do you mean?

MOTHER MOONE. Theer! Her do always get wheer her wants afore you know her 's comin'!

VOICE [*On shore, pointing L. between the quay and the ship*] Look! — A boat! — Oho! a fair lady! — Oh, these sailors! — 'Ware, Admiral! She'll board you!

ELIZABETH SYDENHAM'S VOICE [*Below*] Golden Hind, ahoy!

DRAKE [*Startled*] What's that?

TOM [*Looking over the side and throwing over a rope-ladder; indifferently*] Nowt.

[*ELIZABETH'S head appears over the bulwarks*]

ELIZABETH. Mad sailorman!

DRAKE [*With a shout*] BESS! [*To TOM*] Out o' the way!

[*He lifts her over the bulwarks, and kisses the life out of her, entirely oblivious of the CROWD*]

VOICES [*On shore*] 'T is his sweetheart. — Told you so. — Pretty wench. — Fine pair o' legs. — [*Sarcastically*] Why don't you kiss her, Captain?

DRAKE [*Realising the CROWD*] Oh, the scoundrels! [*To ELIZABETH*] My quarters! — [*Drags her L.*]

TOM. Stop! that's full o' strangers.

DRAKE. Damnation! [*Drags her R.*]

TOM. Stop! — That's full o' crew!

DRAKE. To hell with 'em!

TOM [*Shouting*] Here! Brewer! Bright! [*They appear*] Lower that sheet! Lively, now, lively! Haul her aslant!

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[*They lower the sail on the mainmast and haul it round, so that it shuts out the CROWD. The latter utter a groan of good-humoured protest, which turns to laughter and cheers*]

TOM [*To MOTHER MOONE, who is hugging ELIZABETH*] Come on, old 'ooman. [*To the MEN*] Off with 'ee and keep your mouths shut. [*They go. To DRAKE*] Theer, Admiral! So snug's a bug in a rug.  
[*Exit R.*]

DRAKE [*Holding ELIZABETH at arm's length*] Bess! — Is it true? Do I hold you? See you? Hear you?

ELIZABETH. Let me look straight into your eyes. Have you loved me all this weary time?

DRAKE. Loved you, longed for you, hungered for you, thirsted for you!

ELIZABETH. Ay — but have you *thought* of me?

DRAKE. In the burning tropics, in the whirlwind and the gale, the one thought in my brain was "Bess!"

ELIZABETH. So small a word to fill so great a brain!

DRAKE. A word to fill the world! I have seen new stars in a new heaven, but they had no light for me, for they did not shine on you. But when I saw the Northern Star again, I made holiday!

ELIZABETH. I felt the throb of your heart across the world, so that when Captain Wynter came with news of your death, I only smiled!

DRAKE. Captain Wynter is gone! Now spring is our Captain! — Bess! Bess! I have encompassed the world, and now I hold you fast! My World Encompassed!

ELIZABETH. Mad sailorman!

DRAKE. Ay, mad with joy and love and longing! [*Eagerly*] Bess! Shall we let the banquet go, and up

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horse and away, over mountain and river and moor, till we come to our nest? Shall we? Shall we?

ELIZABETH. And to-morrow they'd cut your head off, for a traitor!

[*Shouts on shore*]

DRAKE. And 'tis too late! [*To TOM, who returns with BREWER, BRIGHT, and DIEGO with his drum*] Up with the sail again!

ELIZABETH [*To MOTHER MOONE, who has entered*] Hide me, mother! I slipped away from the Queen at Greenwich. She must not know!

MOTHER MOONE. Aw —! Get behind me, child!

[*Now the sail is hauled up and the quay is seen, crowded. The QUEEN is brought on in a litter, to the foot of the gangway, where DRAKE meets her and leads her on board. As the QUEEN sets foot on the gangway DIEGO gives a great roll. Out of the Men's quarters the CREW swarm up, led by BREWER and BRIGHT. They form up from the gangway to the mainmast. They are exaggeratedly ragged and woebegone. The QUEEN is followed by a small RETINUE including SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON, LE SIEUR DE MARCHAUMONT and PARSON FLETCHER. She stops just this side of the gangway. The RETINUE pass on and group in the extreme left corner, front. As they do so, ELIZABETH SYDENHAM slips among them, unnoticed by the QUEEN. HATTON remains with the QUEEN*]

THE QUEEN [*With emotion*] The Golden Hind —! [*To HATTON*] Are you proud of the name, Sir Christopher?

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HATTON [*Indicating DRAKE*] Proud of the name, Madam, and proud of the man!

THE QUEEN [*Gazing at DRAKE*] That one man in so small a ship could do such a piece of work!

DRAKE [*Pointing to the CREW*] Not one man alone, Madam; but all these good men, with a man to lead them.

THE QUEEN [*Amazed at the appearance of the CREW*] God's mercy! What ragged and forlorn images are these?

HATTON [*With a smile of understanding*] Methinks, Mr. Drake, you might have dressed the ship and the men against her Majesty's coming.

DRAKE. The ship and the men are dressed as best befits her Majesty's notice.

THE QUEEN. Expound, good Pirate!

DRAKE. So the ship stood, with no ornament but the leopards of England on her sail, and your standard floating from the maintop; and so the men stood, in rags, battered, broken, and weary, when there were twenty thousand miles of untravelled sea 'twixt us and the green harbour we saw in our dreams.

QUEEN [*Deeply moved*] God's pity! — My poor mariners! — My heart aches for you!

TOM [*Enthusiastically*] We be ready to start again, so soon's you gi'e the word!

BREWER. Gi'e the word and try us!

BRIGHT. Be sure! [*All the MEN cheer*]

QUEEN [*Moving along the line of SAILORS*] Truly, this battered ship — these battered heroes — Ah! seemlier in their rags than in purple and fine linen —! [*She is seated*] Pirate, come hither. Captain Wynter told us of the beginnings, but tell us somewhat of the voyage since he turned tail. How came you all in such a plight?

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[*All group to listen. The CROWD on shore presses forward. Some sit on the edge of the quay. Dead silence. DRAKE'S speech is accompanied by slight movements of the hearers; swayings; murmurs; cries*]

DRAKE [*Standing alone*] How came we in such a plight? — Ah, Madam, they that fare through Magellan's Straits pay a heavy toll. — When we had sailed southward many days and had won the narrows, we wore into them through intolerable tempests and mountainous seas. We crept and crawled and beat about through a very maze of ice-capped crags. They stood in front of us, sheer and black, so that no man could guess at an issue. They closed in upon us, fierce and merciless, like monstrous jaws. We could not measure their height; and beneath us no soundings touched bottom. We seemed on the floor of the world, yet hanging over an abyss. Yea, and the moon was darkened horribly, and in that blackness the whirlpool swallowed the unhappy Marigold, and we heard the piteous cries of drowning men and could bring no help. And when, at long last, by God's mercy we had wound our way out of the jaw of the Straits, many days and many nights the wind made a plaything of us and drave us down and down to the nethermost ends of the earth — down to the wild white waters where great cliffs of ice floated and gleamed like phantoms of dead mountains. We that had burned in the tropics now froze! yea, the very blood froze in our veins. And now we were alone, for the Elizabeth had been forced back — we were alone in the unknown world. But these poor mariners toiled by day and by night; forgetting hunger and thirst and sleep. They set their teeth in the face

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of the fiends. And at last, at last! the English Leopards leapt into the Golden Sea, and the flag of England laughed to the new stars! — That, Madam, is how we came in such a plight. [*Deep emotion. No cheering*]

QUEEN [*Has risen on the words "English Leopards"*] Truly, they that go down to the sea in ships: and do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep!

[*Emotional pause*]

HATTON [*Joyously*] But your reward, Master Drake! Tell of the Golden Coast!

DRAKE [*Laughing*] Nay, let the treasure now lying in the Tower tell of that! Let the wealth each of these scarecrows brought, tell of that! Ay! And let Spain tell of it!

[*Now the pent-up feelings of the CROWD find relief in a tremendous cheer*]

DRAKE [*Quietly to TOM*] Now, Tom!

[*At a motion from TOM the CREW vanish swiftly into their quarters. DIEGO remains*]

QUEEN. What now, Pirate?

DRAKE. A trifling refection I dare offer your Grace.

QUEEN. Wizard! How wilt thou summon a banquet from emptiness?

[*At a sign from DRAKE DIEGO beats a short roll*]

QUEEN. Ah! that drum of thine! Did it thunder in the Southern Sea?

DRAKE [*With a swagger*] There is no sea it hath not thundered in! And it shall thunder again in England's need!

## DRAKE

[*At the first beat the CREW bring planks and barrels with which they make a table. Over this they lay a fair cloth and on it a banquet in silver and golden dishes. It is all done in the twinkling of an eye. The MUSICIANS of the previous scene accompany the bustle with a merry tune*]

TOM [*Very ceremoniously*] Her Majesty is served!

[*The CREW vanish*]

[*DRAKE offers the QUEEN his hand. She rises. DON BERNARDINO, DOUGHTY and ZUBIAUR step into prominence*]

QUEEN [*Displeased*] Don Bernardino! I marvel to see you here!

MENDOZA [*Haughtily*] I am here as my duty to my King bids me. It is intolerable that English ships trespass in our waters!

QUEEN. It were intolerable should English ships be shut out of any waters.

MENDOZA. My King is grievously offended. It is at your risk and peril that you show favour to this — marauder.

QUEEN. Grammercy! I had thought to honour him more! But you fill me with fear! I must needs give heed to the omnipotent Philip! [*To DRAKE*] Summon thy men!

[*DIEGO beats a signal. The CREW re-enter; but now they have hastily changed their coats, put on ribbons and flowers, and are very splendid*]

QUEEN. Drake, thou hast heard the Spanish Ambassador. Thou art a man forbid and undone, and thy sovereign must cast thee out and deny thee at the word

D R A K E

of a foreign Prince. Drake, Drake, give me back the sword thou hadst of me in thy garden at Plymouth.

[*Joy of MENDOZA, etc. Consternation of the others.*

DRAKE *is nonplussed.* ELIZABETH SYDENHAM *distressed*]

DRAKE. Madam — have I deserved this indignity?

QUEEN. Give me thy sword, I say! 'T is fit for a Queen to handle now, for well hast thou gilded it.

[DRAKE *hands it to her proudly*]

Kneel, Francis Drake!

[*Now the spectators break into delirious joy. MENDOZA steps forward, livid with rage*]

MENDOZA. Madam, if you persist, matters will come to the cannon.

QUEEN [*Quietly*] If you use threats, I will fling you into a dungeon.

MENDOZA. I thank God I have a king who will fetch me out.

QUEEN. Good people, thus I do to honour the man who opened the seas of the world to English ships, and taught Englishmen to be sailors! [*She hands the sword to MARCHAUMONT, who steps forward and gives DRAKE the accolade*]

QUEEN Rise, Sir Francis Drake! [*She gives him back the sword*]

DRAKE. Men! Oh, comrades in peril! Oh, brothers in failure and success! See how the Queen has honoured you — God save the Queen!

ALL [*With waving of caps, etc.*] God save the Queen!

ELIZABETH SYDENHAM [*Curtseying*] Madam, I hum-

## D R A K E

bly thank you; and I will try to bear my new honour with dignity.

QUEEN. In heaven's name, what is 't to thee, child?

ELIZABETH [DRAKE *is now at her side*] If you please — oh, Francis, hold my hand! — If you please, you have made me Dame Drake.

QUEEN [*Laughing*] Why, scapegrace, there needs a parson for that, and a ring, and the Lord knows what!

ELIZABETH. If you please, Madam, we had all that years ago!

DOUGHTY [*To MENDOZA and ZUBIAUR, with despair*] Mine own hand shall strike. Come! [*They go out unperceived*]

QUEEN [*Amazed, to DRAKE*] Is this true?

DRAKE. Chaplain Fletcher wedded us, and Tom Moone and his wife were witnesses, and [*whimsically, pointing to the table*] Madam, you are humbly bidden to the wedding-breakfast.

QUEEN [*Bursting out laughing*] Oh, thou master-thief! — But what saith Chaplain Fletcher?

DRAKE. Chaplain Fletcher saith Grace! [*To Tom*] Unfurl!

[*At once, as the QUEEN takes her seat amid music and cheering, streamers and pennons are unfurled, so that the ship is a blaze of colour*]

CURTAIN



**ACT III**

**THE FORTUNATE AND INVINCIBLE  
ARMADA**

## SCENE I

*Plymouth Hoe. July 19th, 1588.*

WILLIAM HAWKINS, *Mayor of Plymouth*

YOLE

POTTER

BEWES

DOIDGE

MENHENNICK

BECKERLEG

COURTENAY

TOM MOONE

BREWER

BRIGHT

LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM

JOHN HAWKINS

MARTIN FROBISHER

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

THOMAS FENNER

TRYPHENA MOONE

SIR GEORGE SYDENHAM

DAME SYDENHAM

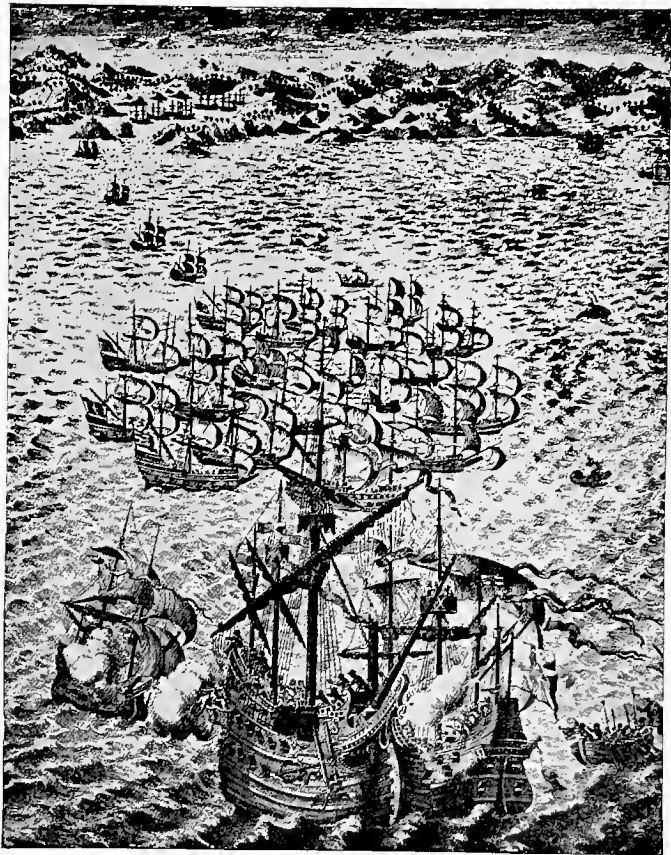
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

DAME ELIZABETH DRAKE

NICHOLAS FLEMING

CITIZENS OF PLYMOUTH; CAPTAINS; MARINERS





THE ENGLISH FLEET OFF PLYMOUTH : DRAKE CAPTURES  
VALDEZ

From Pine's engravings of the tapestries in the old House of Lords

## ACT III

### THE FORTUNATE AND INVINCIBLE ARMADA

SCENE I — *Plymouth Hoe.* A level turfed space on the top of a cliff. Beyond the edge at the back, are seen, across the water, on the left of the spectator Staddon Heights; on the right Mount Edgcumbe; and, nearer in, St. Nicholas' Island. In the centre, between Staddon Heights and Mount Edgcumbe is the channel, opening from the harbour to the sea. The waters are covered with ships.

[Stray groups of CITIZENS of Plymouth, among whom are TOM MOONE and his wife, and BREWER and BRIGHT, are excitedly talking together. WILLIAM HAWKINS, Mayor of Plymouth, and two of his friends are playing at bowls.]

MAYOR [*Throwing down his bowls*] 'Tis no use, neighbour Yole, I've no stomach for bowls. [*Indicating his bowls*] This wood's so heavy as the devil's conscience when I think of what's in store.

YOLE. We have Drake to lean on, Master Mayor.

POTTER [*A wizened little shoemaker, to another group*] I said how 't would be. If Drake was n't put away, the Spaniards would come, I said. And now they're coming.

BEWES [*A fat butcher*] How do you know? They han't been heard of for weeks.

YOLE. That's the worst on 't. Keeps me awake o' nights.

## D R A K E

POTTER. I say 't would ha' been better for us if John Doughty's knife had struck straight.

DOIDGE [*A blacksmith*] Think shame! Thou shouldst be in prison along wi' that black-hearted villain!

MENHENNICK [*Grocer*] To speak so of England's Drake!

BECKERLEG [*A baker*] Devon's Drake!

MAYOR. Plymouth's Drake!

POTTER. You 'll alter your tune when the Spaniards come!

COURTENAY [*A jovial vintner*] Will Drake let 'em? He 'll play at bowls wi' 'em, I warrant! [*Points off*] Do but look at his fleet! Do seem 's though he 'd split his wood up, and every splinter had a-turned into a ship!

POTTER. Pooh! One Spanish galleon would swallow the lot! D'ye know what the Spaniards call their fleet? The Fortunate and Invincible Armada, they call it! — Invincible! — And they ought to know!

TOM [*Coming up*] Who 's talkin'?

BREWER. Aw — ! That little foreigner from Lunnon.

TOM. Then us don't need to take no heed.

BRIGHT. Be sure!

POTTER. Foreigner! — Me! — Two years set up in Plymouth! — There! That 's the sperrit that 's brought England to this pass. The proud stomach, and the eyes swelling with fatness!

[*Enter LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM, JOHN HAWKINS, MARTIN FROBISHER, SIR WALTER RALEIGH, and THOMAS FENNER, with other CAPTAINS, deep in consultation*]

MENHENNICK. Looksee! Here be Captains o' the Fleet!

## D R A K E

MOTHER MOONE. Which be the Lord High Admiral, Tom?

TOM. Lord Howard of Effingham, yonder, goes by the name; but 't is Drake us looks to.

BRIGHT. Be sure!

HOWARD [*To his group*] The reports you bring are disastrous.

FROBISHER. It has been a cruel winter, Lord Howard, and so far the summer has been worse. We could do no work at all.

HAWKINS. Our fruitless hunt for the enemy a month ago has exasperated the men.

FENNER. We must thank God the Spaniard did not come a year since as he was minded.

RALEIGH. Faith, sirs, we must thank Drake too. For had he not, as he calls it, singed the King of Spain's beard at Cadiz —

POTTER [*To his group*] All his life, Drake's stirred up their righteous anger. And since his Knighthood! thrashed them at Vigo, Bilbao, Bayona, San Domingo, Cartagena! — And then Cadiz! Think o' Cadiz! Burning and sinking their whole Fleet! Shameful!

COURTENAY. Was n't it making ready to fall on England?

POTTER. Ha'n't they a right to assemble their own ships in their own harbour, then?

MENHENNICK. They'd stolen our corn-ships!

POTTER. And did n't Drake steal the great San Felipe — the King's treasure-ship?

BEWES [*Laughing*] Ay, that crippled 'em! Singed the King's beard, by Gor!

POTTER. I only know one useful and Christian year in all Drake's life. The year he was Mayor of Plymouth.

## D R A K E

HOWARD [*To his group*] Medina Sidonia has forty thousand tons against our thirty. Three thousand guns against our eight hundred. Thirty thousand men against our fifteen! —

RALEIGH. And hundreds of those disabled by sickness and ill-feeding.

FROBISHER. And disheartened. Summoned and disbanded — summoned and disbanded.

HOWARD. Well! England is greatest when she stands alone, with all the odds against her!

POTTER [*To his group*] What does Lord Burghley say. I s'pose you'll grant he's somebody? He says the ships are ready, the men are ready, and the Spaniards have no thought of fighting.

RALEIGH [*In the other group*] I say, fight them in the open seas. This waiting is the very devil.

HOWARD. If we knew where they were! But where, in heaven's name, are they?

POTTER [*In his group*] Disperse the ships; disband the men; receive the Spaniards peaceably; and 't will be good for trade.

COURTENAY. What! Will you have the Spanish Standard flying here on Plymouth Hoe?

POTTER. Gah! One flag or another! They're only coloured rags!

MAYOR. My gorge rises at him! [*Crosses to HAWKINS*] Good day to you, Mr. Hawkins. Can you give us good counsel?

HAWKINS. Serve God daily; love one another; preserve your victuals; beware of fire; and keep good company.

[*Enter SIR FRANCIS DRAKE and DAME ELIZABETH DRAKE, with SIR GEORGE and DAME SYDENHAM*]

## D R A K E

SIR GEORGE. You've done a great work, son-in-law. I say a great work! And Plymouth is proud of you! You put a new compass on the Hoe! You brought water into the town!

COURTENAY. Ay! He just walked and whistled, and the water came running after him.

DAME SYDENHAM. Don't forget the beautiful scarlet gowns he gave the Corporation!

SIR GEORGE. I was coming to them. These are the things that will hand your name down to posterity.

TOM [*Coming to DRAKE*] Sir Francis —

DRAKE. Ah! — friend Tom! — [*Takes him apart*] Well?

TOM. Ill. Some o' they white-livered land-rats be talkin' up treason. Ay, and even the captains are worritted.

DRAKE. And no wonder. We're in a parlous state, Tom. For now we're locked in, and the wind's contrary, and if the Armada surprise us, we shall be as helpless as a bear tied to a stake and baited by dogs.

TOM. Lord Howard's at his wits' ends!

DRAKE. So am I, Tom. But we must n't show it.

[*TOM moves away*]

ELIZABETH. What will you do, Francis?

DRAKE. I'll be hanged if I know, sweetheart. But to-night I must go on board the *Revenge* and muster my men. Another parting, Bess!

ELIZABETH. I tremble for thee so on shore, I am almost glad to know thee on sea!

DRAKE. Still afraid of John Doughty? The poor wretch sits fast in prison for his attempt.

ELIZABETH. They say he has been released.

DRAKE. But he will have learnt manners. Bess,

## D R A K E

put on a merrier face, lest these good folk think I tell thee ill tidings.

HOWARD. In good time, Sir Francis! And your fair lady! Mars and Venus, then!

ELIZABETH [*Laughing*] No, no, my lord! We're lawfully wed!

HAWKINS. What do you counsel, Coz?

DRAKE. Whistle for a wind, Coz!

HOWARD. I protest before God, I would I had not a foot of land in England, so that the wind would serve.

FROBISHER. The cits harass us with questions. The spirit has gone out of them.

DRAKE. Ay! — I see — My old friend Potter's at his tricks! [*To POTTER*] Well, friend? Burning with love of country as ever? [*All laugh*]

POTTER. I speak as I think, Sir Francis.

DRAKE. As you think you think. You must know, sirs, our friend is a true British bull-dog, and must ever growl over his own bone. To hear him you'd say England's sailors were old hens, her soldiers fledglings, and her cause ever the wrong cause. You'd say dry-rot had weakened her sinews and warped her conscience; you'd say if Potter had her keys in his keeping he'd hand them to the enemy on a golden platter and thank him kindly for wiping his boots on his cloak. But let the enemy show his nose — and he, — yes, you, Potter! — will be the first to unhook his gun and offer his life. I know Potter, and I know all my Plymouth men. I know that if we were beaten off the seas and the enemy landed, the Tailor would take his shears, the Cobbler his awl, the Baker his shovel, the Smith his hammer, the Butcher his hatchet, and give a good account of the foe. Every house would spit fire; and

## D R A K E

when the men had finished the women would begin. [*Cheers*] Marry, my masters, with such a spirit moving us all, what have we to fear? [*Cheers*] Moreover, the Spaniard's not in sight. For all we know, Leviathan hath made a meal of him! [*Laughter*] Let's put black thoughts out of our mind. The sun's shining, and the turf's level. My lord Howard — Sir Walter — I'll match you at bowls! Come, sirs! Spain shall be the Jack, and we'll see who'll give it the closest rub!

[*Cheers and laughter. A space is cleared*]

TOM [*Bringing bowls to HOWARD*] Choose your woods, my lord!

MAYOR [*To DRAKE, offering his bowls*] Take mine, Sir Francis.

DRAKE. Ay, Mr. Mayor. They'll have the true bias.

HOWARD. Dame Drake, will you cast the Jack?

ELIZABETH [*Throwing the small ball*] So, then! — Towards Spain — for luck!

[*The men play. All watch with keen interest*]

HOWARD [*Shouting after his bowl*] Rub! Rub!

MENHENNICK [*As RALEIGH is about to play*] Now, Sir Walter! Now! Fetch a compass!

[*RALEIGH casts wide. The CROWD groan*]

RALEIGH [*Laughing*] Odds my life! A straight cast needs a swivel eye!

CRIES [*As DRAKE is about to play*] Drake! — Watch Drake! — Knock him, Sir Francis! — Cut him out!

[*Just as DRAKE is about to cast, a wild, breathless, dishevelled MARINER rushes in. It is FLEMING*]

## D R A K E

FLEMING [*Shouting*] Sir Francis Drake! Sir Francis Drake!

DRAKE. Now thirty thousand plagues take thee, whoever thou be! — What! Nicholas Fleming!

CRIES. Fleming the pirate! — Fleming the deserter! — Fleming the outlaw! — Death!

DRAKE [*Protecting FLEMING*] Not so fast! He hath some purpose!

FLEMING [*Panting for breath*] The — the — Spaniards are upon us!

ALL [*In wild confusion*] The Spaniards! — The Armada! — They're in the Sound! They're at our gates!

DRAKE. Peace! Peace! — Hi, there! See you touch not the Jack or the woods! — Now, rascal?

FLEMING. I was hove-to off the Scillys —

DRAKE. Waiting to pounce on a mouse — pirate!

FLEMING [*With a grin*] As you waited for the San Felipe, Sir Francis —

DRAKE [*Laughing*] Forward with thy tale!

FLEMING. And the look-out cried: “Sail to starboard!” and “Sail to larboard!” and “Sail ahead!” — and up they came, a great half-moon — the horns showed first, and then the middle — a hundred and forty sail — Seven miles across!

[*Great excitement*]

HOWARD. Up! — Up! — Make ready!

DRAKE. Wait — [*To FLEMING*] Were they sailing fast or slow?

FLEMING. Slow.

DRAKE. Did they spy thee?

FLEMING. No. I was off like an arrow, ere they got fairly over the edge of the sea.

## D R A K E

FENNER. How do we know the fellow speaks truth?

ELIZABETH. O sirs! He's outlawed. He hath risked his life to bring the tidings!

DRAKE. Well said, Bess! [To SIR GEORGE] Sir George, you're a Justice of the Peace —

SIR GEORGE. Nicholas Fleming — I will cause the outlawry to be lifted from thee — but thou and thy men shall serve the Queen.

FLEMING. That's what I'm here for!

HOWARD [*Impatiently*] But now, Sir Francis?

DRAKE. Mr. Mayor, send runners. Let the beacons blaze to-night. Start a girdle of fire about all England. [*The MAYOR sends BOYS off. To HOWARD*] My lord, at sundown the wind will turn. Then I'll pilot you out of the harbour.

HOWARD. But — in the meanwhile — ?

DRAKE [*Coolly*] In the meanwhile, my lord, let us finish our game.

[*Consternation. "Is he crazy ?"*]

DRAKE. Come, my wood! I'll have my cast over again. There's time to finish the game and beat the Spaniards too!

[*As he is about to cast, the curtains close for a moment. When they open, it is night. Beacons are lighted on all the heights. The stage is empty*]

A VOICE [*The speaker is unseen*] Who goes there?

ANOTHER [*As above*] A friend.

1ST VOICE. The word?

2ND VOICE. England is watching.

1ST VOICE. Pass, friend!

THE SCENE CHANGES

**SCENE II**

*On board the Revenge at Sea*

**SIR FRANCIS DRAKE**

**TOM MOONE**

**BREWER**

**BRIGHT**

**DIEGO**

**DON PEDRO DE VALDEZ**, *Admiral of the Andalusian  
Squadron*

**ENGLISH AND SPANISH MARINERS AND SOLDIERS**

## SCENE II

SCENE II — *As soon as the curtains close on the previous scene, distant sounds of battle are heard: discordant trumpet-calls; drum rolls; cannon; cries of men; crash of timber. These continue throughout the following scene, more and more removed. When the curtains open, the deck of the Revenge is seen, broadside on, and behind and alongside the towering height of a great Spanish galleon. The two ships are grappling in a death-struggle, and the Spaniard is in a terrible plight; her mainmast is shattered and gone by the board; her tackle is in wild confusion; her sails are rags; her side is shot in, and she is all aslant and sinking. The Revenge has suffered also, and there are dead and wounded on her deck. Both the ships are seen through a haze and the background is all swarthy and lurid smoke, lighted up fitfully with sudden flashes of flame.*

*[Around the broken mast of the Spaniard her survivors are huddled for a last stand. Among them is DON PEDRO DE VALDEZ, in full armour. DRAKE, also in full armour, is standing on the left of the deck of the Revenge. By his side are BREWER — his trumpeter — and DIEGO with his drum]*

DRAKE. Grapple! — Thrust up the bridge! — For God and the Queen!

*[The crew of the Revenge cheer frantically. A sort of broad stairway with hooked ends is hurled*

## DRAKE

*against the Spaniard, where there is a great breach in her side, and the men begin to swarm up it. DON PEDRO throws up his hands in despair, and advances, expressing his desire to parley. At once DRAKE motions to BREWER and DIEGO. Trumpet-call and roll. The men, who were half up the steps, scramble down, leaving TOM MOONE alone on them]*

DRAKE. Mr. Moone, bid them surrender.

TOM [*To DON PEDRO*] Do you surrender?

DON PEDRO. I am Don Pedro de Valdez, Admiral of the Andalusian Squadron. I stand upon my honour. I demand conditions.

TOM [*To Drake*] Says he wants conditions.

DRAKE. I have no leisure to parley. If he yield — well. If not, sink him.

TOM [*To DON PEDRO*] Yield or sink, says Drake.

DON PEDRO [*Startled*] Is your Captain El Draqué?

TOM. Ay, is he!

DON PEDRO. I yield!

TOM [*To DRAKE*] He yields!

DRAKE. Then receive him with all honour.

*[The crew of the Revenge line up and form a guard of honour. Trumpet flourish and drum roll. DON PEDRO and his MEN come down the improvised bridge. The MEN, all but two OFFICERS who remain with DON PEDRO, are led off. DRAKE steps forward to meet DON PEDRO. DON PEDRO ceremoniously hands DRAKE his sword, which he as ceremoniously receives]*

DON PEDRO. Don Francesco, my men and I were resolved to die —

## D R A K E

DRAKE [*Very courteously*] A Spaniard has no need to tell me that.

DON PEDRO. Had we not fallen into the hands of the most famous of English Captains, whose valour and generosity are proverbial, even among his greatest foes.

DRAKE. Don Pedro de Valdez, we all bear witness to your prowess. It is but the fortune of war that you are on my ship, not I on yours. The Revenge is proud to hold the flower of Spanish chivalry as her guest.

[*With much ceremony* DRAKE escorts DON PEDRO off L.]

TOM. Now, boys, let's see what's inside her!

[*As the MEN swarm into the Spanish ship with a yell:*]

THE SCENE CHANGES

### SCENE III

#### *The West Front of Old St. Paul's*

A TAILOR  
A HABERDASHER  
JOHN DOUGHTY  
DON PEDRO ZUBIAUR  
TRYPHENA MOONE  
A PIKEMAN  
MENHENNICK  
DOIDGE  
POTTEE  
BALLADMONGER  
THE QUEEN  
DAME ELIZABETH DRAKE  
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

*All the other characters in the play (except THOMAS DOUGHTY)  
and*

FAIR-FOLK; THE GUILDS OF LONDON; THE LORD MAYOR;  
SHERIFFS; ALDERMEN OF LONDON; MACE-BEARER; SWORD-  
BEARER; DEAN; CHAPTER AND CHOIR OF ST. PAUL'S; BISHOP  
OF SALISBURY; APPRENTICES; GIRLS; FLOWER-GIRLS; MAR-  
INERS; MEN-AT-ARMS; TRUMPETERS; PIKEMEN; CROWD; ETC.

### SCENE III

SCENE III — *The West Front of Old St. Paul's, seen from between the last two houses of Ludgate Hill where it opens into St. Paul's Churchyard. At the back a flight of broad steps lead up to the door of the Cathedral. On each side of the Cathedral the houses surrounding it are seen; but nearer the front they are out of sight owing to the projecting angles of Ludgate Hill. The houses are all hung with blue cloth and gorgeously decorated. Across Ludgate Hill, wreaths of roses, alternately red and white, are so closely hung that the front of the scene remains throughout in half light. The entrances are from each side beyond the Cathedral, from behind each angle of Ludgate Hill, and a very narrow and dark lane — Creed Lane — debouches on the left, close in front. When the curtains open, the stage is not crowded, but is full of bustle and activity. Groups of country-people who have been waiting all night are camped on the steps of St. Paul's eating the provisions they have brought with them. Boys are strewing green rushes on the ground. Workmen are putting finishing touches to the decorations. The sound of distant bells and distant music is in the air. On the right of Ludgate Hill a TAILOR is putting up his shutters, helped by his APPRENTICE. On the left a HABERDASHER and his APPRENTICE are similarly engaged. At the corner of Creed Lane JOHN DOUGHTY, heavily cloaked, is lurking, with ZUBIAUR at his side.*

TAILOR [*Shouting across the street*] Great day for England, neighbour!

## D R A K E

HABERDASHER. Bad for trade, though! To have to shut up shop at ten i' the morning!

TAILOR. I'd do more than that to pleasure the Queen!

HABERDASHER [*Laughing*] Ay, 't is well known you 'd marry her if she 'd have you!

TAILOR'S APPRENTICE [*Pointing up R.*] Here come the shoemaker 'prentices!

HABERDASHER'S APPRENTICE. Down with 'em—! [*Shouts*] Mercers here!

SHOEMAKER APPRENTICES [*Coming down from the far corner*] Shoemakers here!

[APPRENTICES *rush in and join sides. Tremendous fight, which drives the peaceful picnic-parties off St. Paul's steps. Now a crowd of GIRLS come running down from the far corner L.*]

THE GIRLS [*Shouting*] The fair-folk from Southwark! — Fair-folk! Fair-folk!

ALL THE APPRENTICES [*Cease fighting, and shout*] Pax! Pax! Pax!

[*They join the GIRLS, and with them surge up to the left, where a body of mountebanks and gipsies enter in a gay procession, preceded by a drum and fife*]

TAILOR [*Who has crossed to the HABERDASHER*] Thank the Lord we got our shutters up!

[*Now everybody is watching the fair-folk who are performing in the churchyard*]

ZUBIAUR. Is the knife sharp?

JOHN DOUGHTY [*Showing an ugly curved knife*] Feel!

## D R A K E

ZUBIAUR. You know 't is certain death?

DOUGHTY. And certain Paradise.

ZUBIAUR. You failed once before.

DOUGHTY. I struck in blind rage: only for revenge; and I thought of my own safety. Prison has purified me. My sainted brother speaks to me — counsels me: He bids me strike for the glory of God, and he offers me the martyr's crown. [*Exalted*] I shall be with him to-day! [*As though he saw his brother*] Ay, Thomas, to-day! — And I shall see my enemy in everlasting flames.

ZUBIAUR. Shall I stay with you?

DOUGHTY. No. Go to Spain. Tell King Philip that what all his Invincible Armada could not do, the hand of one man hath done.

ZUBIAUR. But — to leave you — alone — !

DOUGHTY [*Pointing to an unseen figure*] My brother is here, whispering comfort. Begone!

[ZUBIAUR *slips down the lane. DOUGHTY stays hidden behind a projection, but always in sight of the audience. Now a company of PIKEMEN march in and clear the centre of the stage, driving the people to the sides of the churchyard and to the corners of Ludgate Hill. Behind them, coming out from the right corner of Ludgate Hill, enter MOTHER MOONE with DOIDGE, MENHENNICK, and POTTER. The CROWD point at them good-naturedly; they are quite unconcerned*]

CRIS. Hulloo, Mother! Got three strings to your bow, eh? We 're looking at you!

A VOICE [*Very gravely*] Dear, dear! If your poor husband saw you now!



## D R A K E

### BALLAD-MONGER.

Sir Francis Drake was born, I ween,  
At Tavistock in Devon,  
And when he quits this mortal scene  
He'll surely go to Heaven.

[*Spoken*] Thirty-nine verses, setting forth the birth, life, and heroic deeds of Francis Drake, Knight, with his true presentment done from life. One groat. Buy! Buy! Buy!

MOTHER MOONE. Here, young feller! Gi'e us one.

DOIDGE [*Pointing to the far corner, R.*] Oh, look! look!

[*From beyond St. Paul's, R., comes a procession of the GUILDS OF LONDON, with their banners. They march to C., divide and line up on each side, in front of the crowd*]

HABERDASHER. These be the Honourable City Companies.

MENHENNICK. Ay — us ha' Guilds to Plymouth, all so well.

DOIDGE [*Pointing upwards to St. Paul's*] Do but hark to the bim-boms!

BALLAD-MONGER [*Returning*] Buy! Buy! Buy! The complaint of the Spanish Don on leaving his country to fight England. [*Sings:—*]

And must I leave my native shore?  
Alas, my heart will break!  
I do not want to go to war  
And meet the cruel Drake.

DOIDGE [*Pointing to far R.*] Who 'm thick?

TAILOR [*Not understanding*] Eh? — Oh! who's

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that? — That's Sir Richard Martin, Lord Mayor o' London, with the Sheriffs and Aldermen.

[*Enter from R. the LORD MAYOR, with the MACE-BEARER, SWORD-BEARER, SHERIFFS, and ALDERMEN. With them the MAYOR OF PLYMOUTH, with YOLE, BEWES, COURTENAY and BECKERLEG, all in scarlet gowns*]

MENHENNICK [*To POTTER*] Be you thankful us brought 'ee along?

POTTER. Pooh! I'm a Londoner! I've scen Pageants afore now. You should ha' been here when King Philip o' Spain came to marry Queen Mary. That *was* something!

DOIDGE Aw —! Stop thy cackle. There's our Mayor! There's William Hawkins!

MENHENNICK. So 'tis! And Yole, Bewes, Beckerleg, and Courtenay!

MOTHER MOONE [*Shouting*] Keep it up, William! You're looking first rate, William!

MENHENNICK [*Yelling*] Beckerleg!

PIKEMAN. Less shouting, there!

DOIDGE. The Lord Mayor o' Lunnon's shaking hands wi' un.

POTTER. A great honour.

MOTHER MOONE. Aw — William was never stuck up; he'd shake hands wi' anybody!

HABERDASHER. Look — look! — They're opening Paul's Church. The Singing Men! That's the Chapter. That's the Dean! Who's that?

TAILOR. The Bishop o' Salisbury.

[*The great doors of St. Paul's open and the CHOIR come out. They divide on the top step to let the*

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CHAPTER *pass through. The CANONS divide, pass along the step below, and get back to the top step at each end of the CHOIR. The DEAN and the BISHOP remain in the centre of the CHOIR. A BEADLE brings a velvet cushion and places it on the step below the BISHOP]*

DOIDGE. What 's he puttin' on step?

TAILOR. A cushion for the Queen to say her prayers on.

MENHENNICK. Id n' her goin' into Church, then?

TAILOR. No. She 's to thank God in the open, before all her people. [*To MOTHER MOONE*] Think of it! You 'll see the Queen!

MOTHER MOONE. Aw — ! Don't talk to me! — I be all on tenterhooks to see my Tom!

HABERDASHER. Soon now. Here be the flower-girls, to greet the Queen.

[*Six GIRLS in white with wreaths on their heads, and bearing rush baskets of flowers come down, R. Distant trumpets*]

TAILOR [*In great excitement*] Hark! The Queen!

[*Movement in the CROWD — a surging forward and turning towards L. back, repressed by the PIKEMEN. Confused cries, murmurs, shouts, but the following words stand out: — “The Queen's coming!” — “The Queen!” — “Where?” — “I see her coach!” — [A CHILD] “Mother, I can't see nothing!” — [The CHILD is lifted shoulder high] “Here she comes!” — “She's got her crown on!” — “Bow-ing and smiling!” — “Look at the flower-girls!” — “Pretty maids!” — “There's Hatton!” — “Raleigh! Raleigh!” — “There's old Burghley!” —*

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“Wonder how he feels!” [Now the shouts increase]  
“The Queen! — Elizabeth! — Long live the Queen!”  
—[An unanimous uproar]“God save the Queen!”—]  
[Meanwhile, coming from the far corner, L., the  
QUEEN’S PROCESSION has entered, as follows:  
First a MARSHAL, bearing a white wand; then  
eight trumpeters, with long silver trumpets;  
PENSIONER, and FOOTMEN; GENTLEMEN-AT-  
ARMS; the QUEEN’S coach, drawn by two milk-  
white steeds, led by grooms; beside the Coach,  
WILLIAM DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX, leads the  
QUEEN’S horse of state; then LADIES of the Court,  
including ELIZABETH SYDENHAM; then the  
LORDS of the Council, including BURGHLEY,  
RALEIGH, and HATTON; then JUDGES. GEN-  
TLEMEN-AT-ARMS close the procession. The  
TRUMPETERS turn off and standing on the lowest  
step of St. Paul’s blow a trumpet-march while  
the procession makes the circuit of the stage. The  
QUEEN’S coach, which is merely a platform on  
very low wheels inside the frame, has a canopy of  
cloth of gold supported by four gilt pillars. It is  
brought up at the right angle of Ludgate Hill.  
There the horses are unhooked and led off, R.  
Four PENSIONERS lift the pillars out of their  
sockets, and so carry off the canopy. Two FOOT-  
MEN let down the side of the coach which forms  
steps, and now the coach is a throne. The COUR-  
TIERS, etc. form two groups below and above the  
throne. Meanwhile the LORD MAYOR and  
SHERIFFS have advanced with the MACE-BEARER  
and SWORD-BEARER. The LORD MAYOR takes  
the sword and offers it to the QUEEN. She touches  
it and he hands it back to the SWORD-BEARER.

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*All rise, bow, and retire to the right end of St. Paul's steps. Meanwhile, as soon as the cries of the CROWD have subsided:—*

MOTHER MOONE [*Sobbing for joy*] Aw — ! There's nursling! — There's Bess! — There's Dame Drake! — 'T is too much! I shall cry in a minute!

TAILOR. I am crying!

HABERDASHER [*Excited*] Did you say Dame Drake? Which? Which?

MOTHER MOONE. Why, the purtiest, o' course! — Don't speak to I!

[*Now enter briskly from the far L. LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM, JOHN HAWKINS, MARTIN FROBISHER, JOHN FENNER, and other Captains. The CROWD burst out with renewed enthusiasm*]

MENHENNICK [*Dancing with excitement*] The Captains! The Captains!

[*The Captains salute the QUEEN, and, as they pass before her, she gives HAWKINS and FROBISHER the accolade of knighthood*]

TAILOR. Where's Drake? 'T is Drake I want to see!

MOTHER MOONE [*Amazed*] He 'm not wi' 'em.

DOIDGE. Why not? Why in blazes not?

HABERDASHER. Look! The Queen's knightin' 'em!

DOIDGE. Aw — ! I don't care! Wheer's Drake?

POTTER. He has many enemies.

MENHENNICK [*Fiercely*] What d' ye mean?

POTTER. Nothing. But an accident soon happens.

DOIDGE [*Pushing his sleeves back*] If harm's come to 'un all Devon'll be up!

[*Shouting in the far L., which gradually spreads to the whole crowd*]

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TAILOR. What are they shouting for up yonder?

HARERDASHER. Is it Drake?

*[Enter, led by TOM MOONE, eleven SAILORS, each carrying a tattered, smoke-begrimed banner. The CROWD grow wildly enthusiastic]*

MOTHER MOONE *[Craning forward]* No! 'T is the sailor-men, wi' the colours we've won. Here's Tom! Here's Tom! Here's Tom!

PIKEMAN. Be still!

MOTHER MOONE. Be still yourself! — *[She shouts]* Tom! Tom Moone!

*[He waves his sword at her. Frantic cheers. The SAILORS dip the colours before the QUEEN. They are just turning to go up, when: — ]*

MOTHER MOONE. Aw — ! I can't bear it!

*[And before the PIKEMEN can do anything she dashes at TOM, throws her arms round his neck and gives him a sounding kiss. The people burst into Homeric laughter, in which the QUEEN joins, and which merges into a joyous cheer. PIKEMEN run out to seize MOTHER MOONE, but retire at a motion from the QUEEN, and MOTHER MOONE stands proudly with TOM. The SAILORS take the banners up St. Paul's steps and fix them in sockets in the wall. Then they form up at the bottom on the left.]*

*Now all the APPRENTICES and GIRLS come running down from the far L., waving their caps, etc., and shouting 'Drake!' — 'Here's Drake!'*

*The CROWD surges upwards and is with difficulty held back by the PIKEMEN. It looks as though there were going to be an ugly rush. Continual shouts*

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of "Drake!" — "England's Drake!" Finally the CROWD are forced back into some sort of order, but there is only just room enough for DRAKE to pass, and the CROWD sways and gesticulates in a sort of frenzy of excitement.

Meanwhile DOUGHTY has been praying in his hiding-place, conversing with his unseen brother, and working himself up into the wildest exaltation.

Enter DRAKE, preceded by DIEGO with his drum, and by BREWER, BRIGHT, and FLEMING. He comes down hat in hand, debonair, self-possessed, laughing, waving his hand. The CROWD are beside themselves with joy. Roses are flung at him, showered on him from the windows; caps are tossed in the air; GIRLS tear off their neckerchiefs to wave at him. The QUEEN summons ELIZABETH SYDENHAM to her side. At the moment when DRAKE has reached the left corner in front, DOUGHTY cries fiercely: — ]

DOUGHTY. Into Thy hands, O God!

[He dashes out wildly, and makes a horrible stab at DRAKE. The QUEEN leaps to her feet. ELIZABETH SYDENHAM utters a scream. The CROWD give a cry of horror. There is a sudden dead silence. Then rumours and increasing cries: "Drake's killed!" — "Treason!" — "The Queen's killed" — "What's happened?" — "Drake!" — "Murder!" — "Stone him!" — "Hang him!" — "Death!" "Death!" — The cries swell to a roar of bloodthirsty rage. DOUGHTY'S knife has got caught in DRAKE'S short cloak, and before he can strike again, DRAKE has hold of his wrist. PIKEMEN and others have rushed forward]

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DRAKE [*Shouting*] Back! — [*Quickly, to BREWER, BRIGHT, and FLEMING*] Down Creed Lane! — the river! — a boat! — [*Then he steps briskly forward, where the CROWD can see him, shouting*] I am unhurt! — No harm but a rent in my cloak! — [*Showing it, and laughing*] Not the first!

CRIES. He 's safe! — Drake 's unhurt! — Thank God — [*Cheers*]

[*The excitement dies down. Meanwhile the SAILORS have quickly and roughly dragged and pushed DOUGHTY down Creed Lane. They return immediately. DRAKE has crossed to the QUEEN. He kneels before her. She expresses her concern, and he assures her and his wife of his safety. He kisses the QUEEN'S hand. THE MARSHALL signals to the TRUMPETERS. Two of them blow a flourish. All the noises of the CROWD gradually cease. There are cries of "Silence!" — "Hearken!" — etc.*]

QUEEN. Now, more than ever, have we cause to thank God! Come, my lords!

[*With BURGHLEY and HATTON on either side she goes up the steps of St. Paul's. FLOWER-GIRLS run forward and strew roses in front of her. The CAPTAINS are ranged on the left of the steps. DRAKE and ELIZABETH SYDENHAM stand with the CAPTAINS, but nearest the QUEEN. The QUEEN kneels, facing the Cathedral. The BISHOP stands in front of her*]

CROWD. She 's going to give thanks! — Hats off! — Silence!

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[*A moment of absolute silence. The QUEEN beckons to ELIZABETH SYDENHAM. She gives her a velvet bag, which ELIZABETH lays on the golden alms-dish the DEAN is holding ready*]

CROWD. She's giving her thank-offering. — That's Dame Drake.

[*The BISHOP pronounces the Blessing over the QUEEN, unheard. She rises. Flourish of four trumpets. The QUEEN turns towards her people. Tears are streaming from her eyes*]

CROWD. She's going to speak — silence!

[*A great "Ssh!" goes up from the CROWD. They try to press closer*]

QUEEN [*With great emotion*] My loving People!

[*A sudden strenuous shout: "God save the Queen!"*]

QUEEN [*Smiling through her tears, and holding up her hand*] Nay, you must listen, if you would hear what I have to say.

CROWD. Quiet! Silence! —

QUEEN. My heart is so full that I cannot make a long oration. [*Murmurs*] You may well have a greater prince: you shall never have a more loving prince. [*"Ah, hear her! Elizabeth!"*] We thank Almighty God to-day that for all our manifold shortcomings he hath not suffered the enemy to prevail [*Subdued cheers*] nor the oppressor to set his yoke upon our necks. [*Great cheers*] And, under God, we must thank the brave men who safe-guarded our realm with their lives, and went forth unfearing against overwhelming odds. [*Great cheers. She turns to the CAPTAINS and the MEN*] Officers and men — gentle

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and simple — the greatest and the least — your Queen thanks you! — the Nation thanks you! — God bless you all!

[*Enthusiastic cheering. Then: —*]

A VOICE. We want Drake!

[*This cry is taken up. "Drake!" — "Let Drake speak!" — "Drake! Drake!" This becomes a tremendous shout*]

[*The QUEEN beckons to DRAKE and shows him the eager crowd. She motions to him to come up higher. He obeys, and stands on the same step as the QUEEN. His wife is one step lower, looking up at him. All on the steps make way, so that DRAKE is clearly seen; and all turn to hear him. The CROWD press and urge forward. Enthusiastic cheers. The SAILORS are frantic with joy*]

DRAKE. Men of England!

CROWD. Silence! — Hush! [*Intense silence*]

DRAKE. I cannot speak as I would, for your love grips me by the throat, and chokes my voice, and makes my words seem meaningless. [*Murmurs*] Is it a marvel we fought gladly, ay, and would gladly have died, for so dear a land and for such a Queen? [*Cheers*] We have opened the gates of the Sea, we have given you the keys of the World. [*Cheers*] The little spot ye stand on has become the centre of the earth. [*Cheers*] From this day forward the English merchant can rove whither he will, and no man shall say him nay. [*Cheers*] Our labour is done: yours is to begin. [*"Tell us!"*] Men pass away, but the People abide. See that ye hold fast the heritage we leave you [*"Ay, ay!"*] Yea, and teach your children its value: that never in the

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coming centuries their hearts may fail them, or their hands grow weak! [*Cheers*] Men of England! Hitherto we have been too much afraid! Henceforth we will fear only God!

[*Moved by a common impulse, the CROWD on both sides of the open space sway resistlessly inward and break spontaneously into the following Psalm, which the CHOIR on St. Paul's steps take up, as does also the Organ within the Cathedral:*]

Let God arise, and then His foes  
Will turn themselves to flight:  
His enemies then will run abroad,  
And scatter out of sight.

[*ELIZABETH SYDENHAM has sunk on her husband's breast. At the end of the Psalm the PEOPLE all turn towards the QUEEN and DRAKE with outstretched arms. CRIES: "God save the Queen!" — "God save Drake!" — "God save England!" — Flags are waved. Roses are tossed on high, trumpets blare, bells clash, and the sun quivers on the QUEEN and DRAKE*]

CURTAIN



