

The Sherborne Pageant

In Celebration of the Twelve-hundredth
Anniversary of the Founding of the
Town of Sherborne, the Bishopric
of Sherborne, and Sherborne School, by
St. Ealdhelm, A.D. 705. —————

London,

January, 1905.

In the compilation of the following Folk-play dealing with a few events in the history of one of the most interesting—and, let me add, one of the least known—of English towns, I have allowed myself very little play of imagination. My authorities are Mr. Wildman's History of Sherborne and the same author's History of Saint Ealdhelm, of which he kindly permitted me to read the M.S. The connecting Narrative Choruses, the Song 'Fons Limpidus,' and the final Song of Triumph, are by Mr. James Rhoades; and the Seventh Episode is by Mr. Walter Raymond. To these gentlemen I herewith offer my cordial thanks for their invaluable help.

LOUIS N. PARKER.

PERSONS.

INTRODUCTION.

FOUR TRUMPETERS.

THE ORCHESTRA.

THE NARRATIVE CHORUS.

FIRST EPISODE.

A.D. 705.

THE COMING OF EALDHELM.

AN ENGLISH CHIEFTAIN
1ST TRIBESMAN
2ND TRIBESMAN
OTHER TRIBESMEN
WOMEN
CHILDREN
EALDHELM
1ST DISCIPLE (*cross-bearer*)

2ND DISCIPLE (*the sculptor*)
TEN OTHER DISCIPLES
KING INE
THE QUEEN
FOUR PAGES
SIX COURTIERS
TWO ESQUIRES

SECOND EPISODE.

A.D. 845.

THE DEFEAT OF THE DANES.

BISHOP EALHSTAN
TWO ACOLYTES
TWELVE MONKS
TWENTY MEN (*English*)

WOMEN
CHILDREN
A DANISH CHIEFTAIN
TWENTY DANES

THIRD EPISODE.

A.D. 860.

THE DEATH OF ETHELBALD AND THE COMING OF ALFRED.

ETHELBALD
 ETHELBERT
 ALFRED
 BISHOP EALHSTAN
 OSBURGA

FOUR MONKS (*with the Bishop*)
 A CROSS BEARER
 TWO ACOLYTES
 A WARRIOR CARRYING
 ROYAL INSIGNIA
 FOUR WARRIORS CARRYING
 THE BIER
 FOUR MONKS WITH
 LIGHTED TAPERS
 A PRIEST
 FOUR OTHER MONKS
 TOWNSMEN
 WOMEN
 CHILDREN
 EIGHT WARRIORS (*with Ethelbert*)

Funeral procession.

FOURTH EPISODE.

A.D. 998.

THE BENEDICTINE RULE INTRODUCED AT SHERBORNE.

BISHOP WULFSY III.
 A YOUNG MONK
 ELEVEN OTHER MONKS

TOWNSMEN
 SIX SERVITORS

FIFTH EPISODE.

A.D. 1075.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR REMOVES THE SEE TO SARUM.

WILLIAM I.
 BISHOP HERMANN
 THE TWELVE MONKS
 A HERALD

TOWNSMEN
 WOMEN
 SIX ARMED KNIGHTS

SIXTH EPISODE.

A.D. 1107.

ROGER OF CAEN LAYS THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE CASTLE.

ROGER OF CAEN (*Bishop of Sarum and Abbot of Sherborne*)
 THE TWELVE MONKS

TOWNSMEN
 WOMEN
 MASONS

SEVENTH EPISODE.

A.D. 1437.

THE QUARREL BETWEEN THE TOWN AND THE MONASTERY.

ROBERT NEVILLE (*Bishop of Sarum*)

ABBOT BRADFORD

FIRST TOWNSMAN

SECOND TOWNSMAN

THIRD TOWNSMAN

RICHARD VOWELL

FIFTH TOWNSMAN

SIXTH TOWNSMAN

SEVENTH TOWNSMAN

EIGHTH TOWNSMAN

THE PARISH PRIEST

} *Group A.*

WALTER GALLOR

FIRST TOWNSMAN

SECOND TOWNSMAN

THIRD TOWNSMAN

TWENTY TOWNSMEN

THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON (*Robin Hood*)

MAID MARIAN

PRIAR TUCK

LITTLE JOHN

THE DRAMATIC CHORUS

} *Group B.*

MORRIS DANCE.

EIGHTH EPISODE.

A.D. 1437.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE ALMSHOUSE.

ROBERT NEVILLE (*Bishop of Sarum*)

DAME MARGARET GOUGH

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD

JOHN FAUNTLEROY

JOHN BARET

TWELVE ALMSHOUSE MEN

FOUR ALMSHOUSE WOMEN

THE TOWNSFOLK

NINTH EPISODE.

A.D. 1539.

THE EXPULSION OF THE MONKS.

ABBOT BARNSTAPLE

PRIOR DUNSTER

SIR JOHN HORSEY

A WOMAN

JOHN HART

JOHN PAYNTER

THOMAS CAPEL

JOHN STYLE

JOHN BISHOP

WILLIAM VOWELL

THOMAS ELIOT

GILBERT SAUNDER

JOHN KING

WILLIAM CREDE

JOHN CLARKE

ROBERT PITMAN

ROGER PERCYE (*very old*)

AUGUSTINE GREEN

BARTHOLOMEW STARRE

SIR JOHN HORSEY'S SERVANT

TWO LAWYERS

THE TOWNSFOLK IN INCREASED NUMBERS
CHILDREN} *Monks.*

TENTH EPISODE.

A.D. 1550.

THE SCHOOL RECEIVES ITS CHARTER.

SIR JOHN HORSEY

A HERALD

TWO TRUMPETERS

A KNIGHT WITH KING EDWARD VI'S. BANNER

FOUR OTHER KNIGHTS

A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY (OXON.)

A MASTER OF ARTS (CAM.)

THE SCHOOL

THE TOWNSFOLK

ELEVENTH EPISODE.

A.D. 1593.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH COMES TO SHERBORNE.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

ELIZABETH THROCKMORTON (*his wife*)

HIS SERVANT

LADIES

GENTLEMEN

THE SCHOOL

THE TOWNSFOLK

MAYPOLE DANCE.

THE DRAMATIC CHORUS

CHILDREN DANCERS

FINAL PICTURE.

THE CHORUS

THE DRAMATIC CHORUS

A SOLO SINGER

SHERBORNE

ALL THE PRINCIPALS

ALL THE TOWNSFOLK

THE RIFLE BRIGADE

THE CADET CORPS

THE SCHOOL

THE SHERBORNE MERCURY (*with attendants*)

THE YEOMEN

CHILDREN WITH SHIELDS
(*and optionally*)

HANDICRAFTS

DEPUTATIONS

ETC., ETC., ETC.,

THE SHERBORNE PAGEANT.

The Arena comprises the entire area of the Ruins of Sherborne Castle, embracing on the right of the performers the gatehouse, and on their left the passage across the eastern moat hereafter called the Chapel Entrance or Exit. The episodes are all enacted within the quadrangle formed by the ruins of the keep, but the processions etc. are so timed as to allow them to enter and go out deliberately by the Gatehouse or the Chapel Exit.

At the commencement of the pageant a large oblong stone about two feet thick, four feet wide, and eight or nine feet long, is lying in the centre of the quadrangle. About fifteen feet to the left of it rushes and other aquatic plants indicate the presence of a spring.

Upon the stroke of three o'clock four trumpeters habited as heralds issue from the turret, and, standing back to back, blow a flourish to the four points of the compass. The orchestra which is concealed by a trellis covered with evergreens round the oak standing near the left angle of the ruins at once begins

A SOLEMN MARCH

to which the Narrative Chorus (hereafter called simply The Chorus) ENTERS from the rear of the Ruins and advances to the centre of the arena. There it divides into two portions and takes up its position at the benches set in readiness for it. These are so arranged as to form a sort of proscenium leading the eye of the spectator to the quadrangle.

The two sections of the Chorus are labelled A for the right hand section and B for the left, while C means that they sing together.

As soon as they are in their places and the introductory march has ceased, the chorus breaks into song :—

THE CHORUS.

Why have the heralds summoned us, and why
So throng the folk together ?

Wot ye well
To chant the fame of Sherborne are we come,
And to her laud and honour all men press.

How shall we do this mighty thing ?

Call up
The buried ages, and rehearse the deeds
Done by our fathers.

Where shall we begin ?

At dawn of history shape we forth our song,
E'en from the coming of God's Saint, who gave
Life to the lifeless, to the unknown a name.

Say of whom speak ye ?

Peace ! behold, he comes !

FIRST EPISODE.

Already an English Chieftain has been seen coming in from the chapel entrance. He is dressed for the hunt. He is followed by a retinue of three, one of whom leads hounds on a leash. The Chieftain himself is armed with bow and arrow ('breast bow'); he takes aim, and shoots so that his arrow disappears behind a projection of the ruins. Two of his attendants swiftly run forward with the hounds and bring on a dead deer with the arrow quivering in it. The attendants send up a shout and lay the deer on the great stone in the centre of the arena.

The Chieftain. This stone was an altar of the old gods before the wise men of Wales brought us word of the white Christ.

1st Attendant. Perchance 'twas the old gods gave luck to thine arrow.

2nd Attendant. It were well to offer a burnt-offering in token of thanks.

The Chieftain. Thou knowest, Gurth, the old gods are dead.

2nd Attendant. I know we have ceased to worship them. But I fear them still. For dead they are not. Now they haunt the woods as evil spirits.

(The others assent)

1st Attendant. Wherefore, O Chieftain turn away their anger.

The Chieftain. Why, kindle a fire, then, and bring me a knife.

(Two of the men pick up wood and lay it with dead leaves on the stone. Another sets to work trying to knock a spark out of two flints. Now the sound of singing is heard in the distance, and through the underwood at the Chapel Entrance a little procession is seen making its way across the arena. First comes a young Monk bearing a rough cross fashioned of two sticks bound together with a leathern thong. Then EALDHELM, an old and venerable man, leaning heavily upon a staff. Behind him follow eleven Brethren of varying ages, one of whom carries a great book. These and the cross-bearer are all clad in grey gowns bound about the waist with ropes; hoods are drawn over their heads. Ealdhelm's gown is white. All wear sandals. They are chanting the Twenty-third Psalm in English to an ancient tone.)

At whatever point they have reached in the Psalm, when they get to the centre of the arena Ealdhelm raises his hand to command silence. Then he addresses the English Chieftain).

Ealdhelm. My son, what is this thing thou art about to do?

The Chieftain. Who are you, sir, that come weaponless amongst us, and speak with such gentle speech?

Ealdhelm. My name is Ealdhelm—a poor priest of the Lord—but answer me, my son.

The Chieftain. Sir, I am making ready a thank-offering for the luck the god has brought me in the chase.

Ealdhelm. Well knowest thou that Christians may not offer burnt-offerings.

The Chieftain. Christains we are, but so long is it since we have had any teaching, that we have half-forgotten the new faith, and lean half on the old gods.

Ealdhelm. *(turning to his disciples)* Behold, children we come in God's time.

(But in the meantime, attracted by curiosity, the rest of the tribe of Englishmen, have crept out of their hiding places, the nooks and crannies of the ruins. They come shyly encouraging each other until they surround the group at the spring)

1st Woman. Who is the stranger ?

2nd Woman. He is unarmed.

3rd Woman. His looks are gentle.

1st Attendant. Peace ! He calls himself a priest.

4th Woman. A magician then ? *(They cower frightened)*

Ealdhelm. *(to Chieftain, pointing to the spring)* My son, by what name is this water known ?

The Chieftain. Sir, in our ancient tongue we call this water the Scir burn—the clear stream.—It is a holy place.

Ealdhelm. *(interrupting him)* A holy place indeed, for here I plant the standard of Christ *(he turns to his cross-bearer)* Give me the Cross, my son. *(he takes the Cross, and with one thrust fixes it in the earth, by the side of the spring).*

The Chieftain. Sir, what does this mean ?

Ealdhelm. Upon this holy place, by this clear stream, and on this pleasant hill, I will build a city and a church. From this holy place the knowledge of the true God shall spread throughout the western Lands. *(He dips his hand in the spring and sprinkles the ground with the water).* And it shall be known throughout all ages as the place of the clear streams, and unto the end of time its children shall call it—Sherborne.

(The crowd repeat the word 'Sherborne' with awe)

Ealdhelm. *(to the CHIEFTAIN)* What is this stone, my son ?

The Chieftain. This was the altar of our gods. It has been soaked by the blood of many a sacrifice.

Ealdhelm. It shall know the taste of blood no more. *(He turns to one of his disciples)* Son, hast thou thy chisel and mallet ?

The Disciple. *(stepping forward and producing them)* Ay, father.

Ealdhelm. *(to his other disciples)* Lift the stone on end.

(The disciples look at the stone, and then glance at each other in consternation)

1st Disciple. Father, the stone is a great stone, and we are faint with fasting. It is beyond our strength.

Ealdhelm. *(smiling)* O children of little faith, do as I bid you. Use your girdles for ropes, and straightway set me the stone upright.

(While they do his bidding the women chatter)

1st Woman. *(laughing)* My Gurth could lift the stone with his own hands.

2nd Woman. Oh, look how weak their arms are !

3rd Woman. Mere children !

4th Woman. *(laughing)* Shall we offer help ?

(With much misgiving a disciple takes off his rope girdle. The disciples pass it under the end of the stone furthest from the audience, and then, harnessing themselves in two groups to the two ends of the rope, haul with all their might. EALDHELM watches them smilingly and the English look on with suppressed mirth. Presently the disciples succeed in raising the end. As it rises we see that there is no vegetation where the stone has lain. When the stone is at an angle of forty five degrees the disciple with the mallet and chisel who is not hauling gives a great cry)

The Disciple. Father ! The rope is breaking !

Ealdhelm. Peace ! Peace ! *(He dips his hand in the spring and sprinkles the rope with water. It becomes taut, and with a mighty effort the disciples pull the stone upright)*

The English. *(amazed)* A miracle ! A miracle ! *(They fall on their knees to EALDHELM)*

The Chieftain. Father, we are thy children. What thou biddest us do, that will we do.

Ealdhelm. *(to the sculptor disciple)* Out of this stone, my son, carve me the sign of our faith.

(The disciple goes to work with mallet and chisel on the standing stone. The other brothers crowd round him to watch, and so hide his work from the audience)

Ealdhelm. *(to the English)* But now I am weary. Bring me a seat.

(Two of the English fetch a great log, which they lay about six feet in front of the stone. Two women fetch boughs of evergreen with which they cover the log)

(A woman fetches from behind the ruins a leaf on which is a little flat round loaf, such as might be baked on ashes).

Woman. *(offering it to EALDHELM)* Sir, will you not eat ?

Ealdhelm. I thank you, daughter.

(Another woman dips a folded leaf in the spring and offers it as a cup to EALDHELM).

Woman. Father, will it please you to drink ?

Ealdhelm. Again I thank you. *(He breaks the bread)* Thus, then, I break bread for the first time in Sherborne, and drink of its waters.

The Sculptor Disciple. *(stepping forward)* Father, it is done.

(The disciples round the stone step apart. The stone has been fashioned into a rough cross).

Ealdhelm. It is well done, my son.

(A woman has hastily made a wreath of bright flowers which she now hangs over the cross ; EALDHELM sits upon the seat prepared for him ; his disciples group themselves in a semicircle behind him. The English respectfully stand apart on EALDHELM'S right)

Ealdhelm. Now, daughters, bring me the children.

(The women lead forward the children in detached groups, one by one, and two by two. The children sit on the grass at EALDHELM'S feet. He beckons to the two smallest—a boy and a girl—who shyly toddle forward and nestle in his arms)

Ealdhelm.

O children, you shall come to me day by day in the sweet hours of the dawn and towards evensong, and I will teach you fair speech and tell you of the goodly things God has set in the world for your profit and delight. And when I, whose weak and weary feet shall soon step into eternity, am gone from you, what I have taught you, you shall teach others down the unborn generations.

(He rises, with one babe in his arm, and the other clinging to his other hand)

And we will call our gathering the pleasant school by the clear stream—the School of Sherborne.

(A trumpet is heard in the distance, and a procession on horseback is seen approaching from the chapel entrance. First, four pages bearing, the first a Bishop's Staff, the second a cope, the third a mitre, and the fourth a ring. Then KING INE, accompanied by his QUEEN. They are followed by a retinue of courtiers. The procession halts and dismounts just without the quadrangle. The KING and QUEEN approach EALDHELM, the heralds following them, and the courtiers bringing up the rear. The horses are at once led off behind the ruins by esquires)

Ealdhelm.

Children ! The King !

(The Disciples cross their arms on their breasts and stand in an attitude of humility. KING INE and his QUEEN come slowly forward and kneel to EALDHELM. The courtiers remain at the right corner of the quadrangle)

Ealdhelm.

O, cousin Ine, God's blessing be upon thee. Now rise and speak and tell me what errand brings thee hither.

Ine.

(rising) I am weary of the world, Cousin, and my Queen and I are going upon a pilgrimage for our soul's health ; but, ere I set forth, I bring thee the Bishop's staff and the mitre in token that thou art the shepherd of these western lands and spiritual lord hence unto both seas and the borders of the Welsh.

Ealdhelm.

(in distress) Nay, nay, I am no ruler of men !

Ine.

In all my realm is none more fitted—!

Ealdhelm.

Nay, I am but a humble priest.

Ine.

The humble shall be exalted—!

Ealdhelm.

Nay, I am an old man and my days are few.

Ine.

The wiser art thou, and the nearer to God.

The Disciples.

(stretching forth their arms in entreaty) Father ! Father !

Ealdhelm.

Alas, fain would I have ended my days in prayer and fasting as God's meanest servant : fain would I have set aside this burden of authority : yet, not my will, but God's be done.

(At a sign from INE the heralds hand the staff the cope and the mitre to three of EALDHELM'S disciples who step forward to receive them. The ring is handed to INE. One of the disciples places the staff in EALDHELM'S hand ; another lays the cope on his shoulders ; a third places the mitre on his brow. KING INE slips the episcopal ring on the index of EALDHELM'S right hand. Then all kneel to him as he stands with uplifted face in the act of blessing them)

Ealdhelm.

(to one of his disciples) Son, give me the book.

(The disciple brings forward a great book, open, so as to show it is an illuminated manuscript, and hands it to EALDHELM)

Ealdhelm.

(*to INE, pointing to the book which he does not take*) Cousin, my first act is to give thee the Holy Songs of King David as I have set them forth in the vulgar tongue, to be a comfort to thee and a refreshment on thy pilgrimage.

(*The disciple hands the book to INE, who reverently kisses it and hands it to the pages*)

Ealdhelm.

And now will we set thee lovingly upon thy way.

(*He begins to move off towards the back of the ruins with INE upon his right and the QUEEN upon his left. The disciples fall in behind him. Then the pages and courtiers, and lastly the people. Meanwhile :—*

THE CHORUS

- A. Thus from Christ's birth five years and hundreds seven
Was by Saint Ealdhelm founded Sherborne's See.
- B. Thus from Christ's birth five years and hundreds seven
Was by Saint Ealdhelm founded Sherborne's Town.
- A. Thus from Christ's birth five years and hundreds seven
Was by Saint Ealdhelm founded Sherborne's School.
- B. Long from her place hath passed Saint Ealdhelm's See.
- A. Twelve hundred years are passed, and prosperous yet
Reared by Saint Ealdhelm standeth Sherborne Town.
- B. Twelve hundred years are passed, and famous still
Reared by Saint Ealdhelm standeth Sherborne School.
- C. Beloved and revered ever more and more
In all men's memory live Saint Ealdhelm's name!

SECOND EPISODE.

(*in the meantime the group in the quadrangle has disappeared behind the ruins*)

THE CHORUS.

- A. Onward still onward flow the tides of time.
- B. And in the land Christ's Church is waxen strong.
- A. Rapine and war, with garments rolled in Blood,
Mar the fair earth.
- B. At hour of sorest need
Stands forth a champion to defend the right.

(*From the right angle of the ruins ENTERS BISHOP EALHSTAN. He presents a striking contrast to EALDHELM. He wears full armour of the period, with, over it, whatever episcopal insignia are possible. He is followed by one or two acolytes, and a number of monks burst in excitedly after him*)

Ealhstan.

The Danes are upon us! Sound the alarm! Ring the tocsin! And, men of peace though we be, each seize what weapon he can, and lay about him with all his strength.

(The monks gather their gowns between their legs and rush about in great excitement. Horns are blown. A bell clangs wildly; and presently a mob of townsfolk, men, women, and children, rushes in in confusion. The men are armed with any weapon that came to their hand: bows and arrows, cross-bows, scythes, sickles, flails, sledge-hammers, slings and stones, etc. EALHSTAN forms them up in rough battle-array facing eastward. The women are at the back of the men, holding their arrows and the bolts for the cross-bows. The children gather stones for the slingers. Now from the Chapel Entrance a wild band of Danes rushes in with fierce war-cries. EALHSTAN does not wait to be attacked. Having caused his archers and cross-bow-men to pour a shower of missiles into the ranks of the Danes, which is seen to do considerable damage, he leads a bold charge against them with the cry 'For God and Home.' There is a terrific hand-to-hand encounter and the Danes are driven back through the Chapel Exit leaving their dead and wounded on the ground. Some of the Shirburnians remove the dead behind the ruins while the rest lift EALHSTAN on their shoulders, and with shouts of triumph bear him into the quadrangle, and so out at the back of the ruins.)

THE CHORUS.

Thus were the Danesmen from our borders driven.
And Sherborne's sons in war did mightily.
A handful smote a hundred!—On that day
Methinks a banner was unfurled in heaven.—
Yea, and pursued them, till brave Ealhstan
Saw Parret's channel choked with Danish dead.

THIRD EPISODE.

(In the remote distance the sound of the Dies Irae has for some time been heard chanted by priests, and now the head of a funeral procession enters through the Gatehouse)

THE CHORUS

Who hither comes with mournful chanting priests?
Borne on his death bed, Ethelbald the King.

From the Chapel Entrance another cavalcade has come in sight. It is led by ETHELBERT, who bears on the crupper in front of him a radiantly beautiful boy. Behind them QUEEN OSBURGA is borne in in a litter. Three or four ladies and eight nobles follow on horseback, with pages and esquires on foot.

THE CHORUS

Yonder to Ethelbald comes Ethelbert,
His princely brother.

Yea, and led by him,
The royal mother of those royal sons,
Osburga.

Long at feud with Ethelbald,
Ethelbert now would clasp his hand in death.
Yon fair lad on the crupper—who is he?
Of those three brothers this the youngest-born,
Alfred.

A name that, down the centuries
Far-echoing, shall be called the Good, the Great.

(It is understood that both the processions have been slowly nearing the centre of the quadrangle all this time. The funeral procession is made up as follows: First a cross-bearer; then two acolytes swinging smoking censers; then a warrior bearing a crown and a sceptre on a cushion; then the bier formed of branches of trees covered with a thick layer of evergreens, on which the dying ETHELBALD is stretched, wrapped in regal purple. The bier is borne by four warriors, and on either side of it walk two monks with lighted candles. Behind the bier follows a priest, and behind him four monks and lastly the people. EALHSTAN in his episcopal robes has come from the back of the ruins and, with four monks, waits by the stone cross. When the bier is set down in front of the cross ETHELBERT dismounts, lifts ALFRED out of the saddle, and the latter at once runs to shelter in his mother's arms. QUEEN OSBURGA issues from her litter, and her ladies dismount and stand around her. The retinue remain mounted at the left angle of the ruins. The monks and the people make a great semi-circle round the central group which includes QUEEN OSBURGA and her ladies. The dying ETHELBALD is raised in the arms of two young monks. He and ETHELBERT embrace and kiss each other on either cheek. ETHELBERT beckons to ALFRED. OSBURGA leads him to the dying man's side, and then kneels at the foot of the bier. All those who are unmounted kneel. The men on horseback lower their spears and swords, and reverently bow their heads. ETHELBALD stretches out his hands over the head of the child, and falls back dead.)

While the assistants remain on their knees the body of the dead king is borne out across the arena and through the Chapel Exit, the monks chanting all the time in a very subdued monotone. As soon as it has got beyond the left angle of the ruins, EALHSTAN steps forward, and all rise from their knees)

Ealhstan. (pointing to ALFRED) King Ethelbert, who is this child?

Ethelbert. This is our youngest brother, Alfred. The noble lady, Queen Osburga, brings him to you, that in your sacred house you may teach him such things as be of good repute.

Ealhstan. (bowing to OSBURGA) Welcome, High Lady! (Turning to the boy) I see as it were a halo about his young brow.

Osburga. Already, O Father, the boy has travelled much and seen many lands, and the Holy Father has hallowed him King to be!

(The Townsfolk try to crowd in to see the youth, but are restrained by the monks.)

Ealhstan. It is great glory for the House of Sherborne and for Sherborne School to have him amongst us. For his presence lifts Sherborne on high as the Chief City of Wessex.

Osburga. Nay, but he comes in all humility,
Not as a King, but as an innocent child.
Yours be the task to make a man of him.
For many barbarous tribes o'er-run the land
Slaying and burning, worshipping false gods.
When he is King, he shall tread out the fire,
Set the True God on high, and staunch the wounds,
That all the land may call him blessed.

(To ALFRED)

Child,

The steadfast heart, high courage, trust in God—
These are the armour of the Christian King,
And here at Sherborne shall these arms be forged:—
Kneel, and do homage.

Alfred. (kneeling, and folding his arms humbly across his breast) Teach me, Father.

Osburga.

(raising him)

So!

Farewell, dear child!—No weeping! Play the man!

(She hands ALFRED to EALHSTAN. The royal retinue on horseback clash their weapons against their shields, and as ALFRED, ETHELBERT, EALHSTAN, and OSBURGA begin to go out at the back, the retinue and the Townsfolk cry with a great shout 'Long live the King!')

THE CHORUS.

- A. Onward still onward speed the wings of time.
- B. Alfred hath lived his life-days, done good deeds,
Stablished his throne, and wrought his kingdom peace.
- A. O'er Sherborne many a Bishop hath held sway—
Heahmund and Ethelage, Wulfsy the first
And Asser.
- B. Aethelward, King Alfred's son
And Westan, by the Dane-folk done to death.
- A. Aethelbald too and Sighelm hath she seen,
And Alfred, Wulfsy second of that name,
Surnamed the saint, Aelfwold and Aethelsy.
- B. But the great House, the holy Brotherhood,
By wealth corrupted, sunk in slothful ease.
Now waxeth wanton.
- A. Lo! the tale of years
Is told, till of a thousand lack but twain.
- C. And the Millennium neareth, and men's hearts
Melt in them at the coming of the end.

FOURTH EPISODE.

(While this chorus has been in progress, two servitors have removed the stone cross from the quadrangle; three others have brought in and set up a rough table on trestles, and have placed forms on either side of it. A sixth servitor has put blackjacks and ancient three handled mugs on the table).

(Monks in nondescript gowns have entered jovially, and have seated themselves round the table. Now the servitors bring in huge dishes of viands which they set upon the table, and a wooden trencher for each monk. The monks attack the viands, each carving his own piece with his own knife, and throwing the bones over his shoulder).

(Country folk—men and women—come in, laden with poultry, great fish, fruits and other presents which they cast grumblingly at the feet of the monks. One brother enters the gifts in a book, scolds some for the smallness of their gifts and sends others away with his blessing. A pale young monk, seated at the end of the table nearest the audience takes a small book out of his gown and endeavours to study).

- 1st Monk. (*nudging his neighbour, and pointing to the young Monk*)
Ho! Look! The Student!
- 2nd Monk. (*next to the young Monk; looking over his shoulder*) Virgil!
- 3rd Monk. (*with horror*) Pagan stuff.
- 4th Monk. (*to his neighbour*)
Canst thou read Latin?
- 5th Monk. (*laughing*) Nay!—scarce English!
- 6th Monk. (*to the young Monk—passing him a mug*) Thou!
Here is sound Severn wine from English grape!
- The Young Monk. (*putting it gently aside*)
Let be, I pray thee, brother.
- 7th Monk. Cast aside.
That heathen rubbish!
- 8th Monk. He is proud!
- 9th Monk. Thinks himself better than his fellows! Ugh!
- 10th Monk. He'd shame us!
- 11th Monk. Snatch the book away!
- 1st Monk. Destroy it!
- 2nd Monk. (*snatching the book out of the YOUNG MONK'S hand and tossing it across the table*)
Hie! Catch it.
- 3rd Monk. Tear it!
- 4th Monk. Fling it to the dogs!
- (*Amid great uproar they tear the leaves out of the book and fling them to the winds.*)
(*In the midst of this riot BISHOP WULFSY ENTERS from the back, and stands, an impressive figure of indignant sorrow, at the head of the table.*)
- Wulfsy. O, shame!
- 1st Monk. The Bishop!
- 2nd Monk. What care I?
- Several Monks. Or I?
- 4th Monk. (*shouting and pointing to the black-jack*) That black-jack comes my way too seldom!
- Wulfsy. Shame!
- Will ye not hearken?
- 5th Monk. No!
- 6th Monk. We do no harm!
- 7th Monk. Live and let live, say I.
- 8th Monk. For life is short!
- Wulfsy. (*thundering*) Ay, life is short, and hell is near at hand.
(*The MONKS growl.*)

Wulfsy. (sweeping off the black-jack and the cups nearest to him) Sweep off these cursèd vessels.

(Uproar)

Ye shall hear!

Deaf adders! Graceless brood of vipers!
Stinging the breast that warms you! Know ye not
What year it is? Will ye be found like this
When the great clarion rends the gates of heaven,
And the seas vanish at the Presence of God?
To-day—to-morrow—in a little while—
For no man knoweth day or hour—the call
Shall come—the call shall come!—and ye must answer!

(Ironically)

Thus, then? Amid the wine-cups? From this sty?
While with a curse ye seize the poor man's store,
And send him empty to his empty thatch?
Think ye to bribe your God, and win forgiveness
With gifts wrung from the starving? Blind and mad!
Ye were set here a lamp to light the land,
But are a fire, devouring all the land,
And kindle fires that shall devour your souls—

(The MONKS have gradually been subdued and now display every symptom of panic)

Half the Monks. Woe! Whither shall we fly?

Second Half. How save our souls?

First Half. Speak, Father!

Second Half. Pity us!

First Half. Have mercy!

All. Speak!

Wulfsy. (after a short pause)

If with a contrite heart ye truly seek Him,
God will be pitiful. This mischief came
Because the House of Sherborne till this day
Hath had no guidance, living without rule.
Henceforth Saint Benedict shall be our guide
Who lived austerely in a lonely cave:
Monte Cassino and its Brotherhood
Shall be our model. Stand! and be endued
With the dark habit, token of his rule.

(He turns and beckons to the six servitors behind him. The MONKS are all standing in humble attitudes with arms folded. The six servitors have brought in twelve black gowns with hoods, which they now lay over the shoulders of the MONKS who adjust them and draw the hoods over their faces).

Wulfsy. Kneel in the dust!

(The MONKS fall on their knees and bury their heads in their arms on the benches round the table).

Wulfsy.

Pour out your hearts in prayer.
 Ichabod!—Evil days are hard at hand!
 Our glory fades from less to less!—I faint!
 Help me! I faint!

(He sways, and sinks fainting into the arms of two servitors, who lead him out. The other servitors gather the drinking vessels etc. together and carry them out. The MONKS remain absolutely motionless in the attitudes into which they have fallen.)

THE CHORUS

- A. Now Bishop followeth Bishop hard upon.
 B. Comes Aethelric, the second Aethelsy,
 Brightwy the first, and Aelmer.
 A. Following him
 Brightwy the second, and Aelfwold the saint,
 B. The Conqueror William sails the midway main,
 And holds all England in his iron grip.
 C. Hermann the while now rules o'er Sherborne's see.

FIFTH EPISODE.

Already towards the end of the previous episode a procession has begun to ENTER through the gatehouse. At its head rides a HERALD, bearing the escutcheon and banner of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. Then the CONQUEROR himself, in full armour. He is followed by an escort of armed knights. The escort stops at the right corner of the ruins; but WILLIAM rides right across the quadrangle to the head of the table, round which the MONKS are still prostrate in prayer and oblivious of all around them. He draws his great two-handled sword, and with it smites a mighty blow on the table, which brings the MONKS to their feet with a cry of terror.

William. Ho! Shavelings! Where is your Bishop?

1st Monk. Many have we had, O King, since Wulfsy set our house in order, and now we are under the rule of a mere Outlander.

William. *(fiercely).* A mere Outlander, quotha! And what am I, but a mere Outlander? But by God's grace ye shall find William the Norman hath a swift hand to seize, and a strong hand to hold.

(A MONK has hurried out, and now returns with BISHOP HERMANN from the back of the ruins. At the same time the townsfolk have crept in from various parts of the ruins and stand watching anxiously)

William *(seeing the Bishop)* Is this the Outlander Bishop, belike?

(HERMANN bows)

Your name?

Hermann. Hermann, great King.

William. This Bishopric is unwieldy. Your cathedral stands where it is of but little use.

Hermann. A saint built it, O, King, and it stands where it has stood three hundred and fifty years.

William. Enough. Sherborne is no longer a See. Your Church no longer a Cathedral. Your town no longer the chief city of Wessex.

(THE MONKS and the people raise their arms in distress and utter a cry of horror)

William. *(to HERMANN)* Follow me to the Hill of Sarum. Thither I transfer your bishopric.

Hermann. Hear me, O King—

William. I have spoken. Follow!

(He waves to his knights and rides forward towards the Chapel Exit. Three MONKS have brought the episcopal insignia: the staff, the mitre, and the cope. HERMANN embraces several of the MONKS and then, staff in hand, and accompanied by the two MONKS bearing the mitre and cope, follows WILLIAM on foot. WILLIAM'S knights on horseback close in, and all EXEUNT across the arena by the Chapel Exit. The people left behind with the MONKS consult with them eagerly)

THE CHORUS.

A. William is gathered to his fathers' dust,
And Rufus slain, and the first Henry King.

B. Osmund, of Sarum Bishop, and thereto
Abbot of Sherborne, learn'd in godly lore,
With ordered service hath the Church adorned.

A. Roger of Caen, the mighty, following him,
Mighty to counsel, mightier yet to build,
O'er See alike and Abbey holdeth sway.

SIXTH EPISODE.

ROGER OF CAEN in his Abbot's robes (with Episcopal insignia) ENTERS from the Keep Turret.

Roger. *(To the Monks and people)* Grieve not, children, for though the greatness of your house have departed, yet I will build it up again, so that, though my throne be at Sarum, my home shall be here. Here will I build a great church, that in all the world there shall be none fairer; and here, on this very spot where we now stand, I will build a stronghold, which, though all the storms of history beat against it, shall witness of our glory to unborn generations.

(Delight of the crowd)

Roger. *(in a loud voice)* Come forward, Masons of Sherborne, and set me the corner-stone, four square!

(Round the left hand corner of the ruins ENTERS a procession of the Masons of Sherborne in Masonic Insignia. In their midst is a low trolley, dragged on by two richly caparisoned white horses. The trolley itself is profusely decorated with flowers. Upon it is a large stone.

(The Masons lift the stone out of the trolley, which is at once led off round the right corner of the ruins. The Masons with proper (but much abbreviated) rites, set the stone in its place. While this is being done a Masonic Ode or hymn is sung).

Roger.

(when the stone is well and duly laid) Thus Sherborne Abbey and Sherborne Castle shall still be standing when Sarum is but a heap of dust.

(The MASONs and ROGER go out in procession through the back of the ruins, leaving the townsfolk in the quadrangle)

THE CHORUS.

- A. The hours to days, the months to years, speed on,
 B. The years to centuries.
 A. All, all is change.
 B. Now 'twixt the townsmen and the Brotherhood
 Lewd wrath and godless jealousies are sown.
 C. Whereof the harvest in red strife is reaped,
 And breaking of God's House, and arrowy fire.

SEVENTH EPISODE.

A Townsman. (to the women) There's trouble afoot. Get along whoam.

(THE WOMEN go out at the back in confusion)

(ENTER from the right back, ABBOT BRADFORD surrounded by eight townsmen all talking at once)

Bradford. Patience, neighbour townsmen. This noise shall not avail. Good Bishop Neville, of Sarum (he points towards the Chapel entrance where the BISHOP is seen riding in slowly with a small retinue) and, behold, my Lord cometh—set a seat for him—

(TWO TOWNSMEN go out and fetch a great oak chair, which they set well down front, centre)

—he shall presently decide the right, and put a reasonable end to strife.

(N.B. the townsmen who were already present when the ABBOT entered, form the opposing faction to the eight who have come in wrangling with him. These latter are lettered A and the former B).

- 1st A. We don't want no reasonable end !
 2nd A. No, no ! Put back thik font.
 3rd A. The Bishop 'll uphold the Abbey. Zo he 'ool !
 4th A. (shaking his fist at the ABBOT) Let un pull down thik bit o' wall, I tell 'ee. I be a ringer, I be. A man mid pray when he's a-minded. Midden er ? Any hour o' the night if he do think vit. Ay, an' ring the parish bells too.
 5th A. An' zo be I, too. I be a ringer all zo well. Ah ! Shatten never close thy eyes I tell 'ee. Shatten ha' a wink o' sleep till right is done.
 6th A. Lauk-a-massy ! A pirty thing, soce ! Vor we not to ring our parish bells—neet zay our prayers !
 7th A. Ay. An' what be we made to goo all out roun' an back vor ? That's what I do zay.

8th A. Let un ope the wold arch again, I tell ee. Tidden vor Sherborne volk to crawl drough his footy little rat's-hole!

Abbot. Silence, I say again! I'll have ye whipped all at the cart's tail, ye rabble. There be better men shall fairly have their say. Let your clergy speak as to the law. Silence, ye fools...

(ENTER from the back the PARISH PRIEST. The ABBOT and his MONKS stand on the right of the BISHOP'S seat; the PARISH PRIEST on the left, in front of group B of the townsmen. Group A is down right).

Parish Priest. (to group A) Hush, good people. My lord the Bishop draws near. Hush, I say!

(GROUP A. are arguing amongst themselves).

1st B. (crossing to group A) Shut up I tell 'ee. Shut up, all o'ee.

2nd B. (crossing to A.) Cassen see Bishop coming then?

3rd B. (crossing to A.) You'll make un zo mad as a bull wi' your tom-fool chatter avore he do hear the rights o' it all, an' the words o' wisdom we shall put avore un.

(Group B. beats and thrusts group A. back against the keep, with cries and uproar. BISHOP NEVILLE, a particularly mild and gentle old man, has dismounted and has been led by the ABBOT and the PARISH PRIEST to his seat. The two priests accompanying him follow and stand behind his chair. Group B. returns to its place. THE ABBOT and the PARISH PRIEST resume their places)

Bishop. Now all the rest keep silence. One of you, good men of Sherborne, set forth the cause of these dissensions. Choose your own spokesman. Let him alone speak for the others.

1st A. Richard Vowell—He's the man!

2nd A. Ay. For Dick hath the gift.

Richard Vowell No, no, good neighbours. I wur never glib o' tongue. 'Tis zo much as I
4th A. can ax for my victuals an' say grace.

(The rest of the A. group thrust him forward)

1st A. Noo! Noobeddy but Richard Vowell!

2nd A. He's the man.

3rd A. Speak up, Richard!

5th A. Put thy trust in God an' veare no man.

6th A. Tell the Lard Bishop how the parish have a-bin sar'ed.

7th A. He caen't eat thee, Richard!

8th A. Noo veare!

Bishop. Ay, Master Vowell, set forth your grievance without more ado. 'Tis my command.

Richard. Oh, wull then, if I be to be the man to speak, I be, an' zo be it. You mus' know, my lard, time out o' mind one half o' the abbey church have a-bin the Parish Church zo he idden the Abbey Church in a manner o' speakin like, though the Abbot, he've a-got the han's o' un. Zo he've a turned we out. He've a-blocked up the arch, and left a bit of a vive-voot doorway. (Turns to group A) Tidden no wider neighbours, I warr'nt tidden.

} All speaking at once.

- Group A.* Not an inch !
- 1st B.* Wull, mid be vive-voot six.
- 1st A.* 'Tis scand'lous I do call it.
- Richard.* An' when you've a-got to goo drough to kirsen another little kirstin, be it a bwoy or a wench, why so much as ever there's room for kirsnen robe.
- 1st A.* (*breaking in*) Ay, an the font put back in a carner—zoo as you caen't get at it to do the job vitty an' tidy like.
- Several A.* No you caen't !
- Other A.* Dall if you can !
- (*Uproar*)
- Bishop.* Silence, good people ! Silence ! I command !—If this be found—then all shall be set back as heretofore.
- (*Uproarious delight of the parish. Shouts, cheers, and derision of the ABBOT'S party. The ABBOT steps forward.*)
- Bishop.* Peace ! Peace, I say !—And hear the Abbot speak !
- (*The Parish hoots, but the noise gradually subsides.*)
- Abbot.* (*very angry*) Ay, my lord Bishop. But all hath not been told. These same eight men, who make, as shall be seen, complaints without foundation, wanting the fear of God in their hearts, and at the instigation of the devil, have set up at their proper costs in the Church of Allhallowes, their own font—
- Bishop.* (*greatly shocked*) What ! Set up a font at the instigation of the devil ? Then let it straightway be torn down, broken up, and utterly effaced !
- (*Great applause from the ABBOT'S party. Cheers and shouts. When silence is obtained*)—
- Abbot.* And worse than that, my lord, these same men in the hardness of their hearts, do ring the bells of Allhallowes at daybreak and before, just as my monks are wont to take their brief hours of slumber, and thus do awaken them to their great hurt.
- Bishop.* 'Tis credible indeed. I do well believe it. For the men who at the instigation of the devil could set up a font will stick at nothing. Therefore I do decree until the Abbey clock hath struck the hour of six, no tongue of parish bell shall wag.
- (*Cheers and jeers of the Abbey party. Confusion of group A.*)
- 1st A.* But what if thik Abbot do put back thik clock ?
- 2nd A.* There's no rightship to put it in his han's like that.
- 3rd A.* Why, he can stop un, soce !
- 4th A.* Massy 'pon us, if 'tis his clock, he got noo need to win' un up vrom now till Doomsday !
- 5th A.* Noo ! An' never wun't. I'll bet the Bishop a crown o' that.
- 6th A.* Let's run and burn his wold clock, neighbour !
- 7th A.* We be Sherborne men : we beant a-gwain to be put upon !

- 8th A.** Not by he!
- All Group A.** Come on! Come on!
(*They surge up to the back. Group B. rushes to meet them*)
- Group B.** Stop 'em! Stop 'em!
(*Skirmish and blows at the back*)
- Bishop.** (*alarmed*) I can do nothing here. My judgment shall be sent in writing!
I will sit here no more! It shall be sent in writing!
(*He hurries out with his attendants round left corner of ruins*)
- (*Now through the Gatehouse the EARL OF HUNTINGDON (ROBIN HOOD) is seen entering with MAID MARIAN, FRIAR TUCK, LITTLE JOHN and the DRAMATIC CHORUS dressed in Lincoln green. Being on foot, they advance slowly. Group A., has come down right front again. Group B., left front.*)
- Abbot.** (*shouting above the din*) The law is with us! We will break down and destroy their font!
- 1st B.** Who shall do it? Who'll undertake it?
- Abbot.** Fetch Walter Gallor, the stout butcher, for he can knock down an ox with his fist.
(*Group A. is attentive*)
(*WALTER GALLOR pushes his way through GROUP B. nearly knocking them all down. He stands before the ABBOT, elated, with both fists clenched*)
- Walter.** Zoo I can, mun. Zoo I can. Where is the ox?
- Abbot.** Come with us, Walter Gallor. We have work for you.
- The Monks.** Come! Come!
- 1st A.** But you be a Sherborne Man, Walter. You do belong to we. (*They try to hold him*).
- Walter.** (*shaking them off*) Let be, neighbours. Play wi' they what do play wi' you—that's my maxim. Fifteen years I've a-supplied the Abbot wi' butcher's meat. All best joints. Surloins o' beef, an' saddles o' Welsh mutton, an' nothen can't never be too vat. Noo, noo. If a man ud' live by his craft, he mus' gi'e a thought to his customer. (*To ABBOT*) Come on, sir!
(*He, the ABBOT, the MONKS, and group B, rush off at back*)
- The Parish Priest.** Richard Vowel, give me thy bow and arrow.
- Richard.** Here 'tis, father. What be gwain to do?
- Parish Priest.** (*feverishly doing what he describes*) Wrap tow round the arrow's head. Give me a flint and steel.
(*One of Group A. gives it to him; he sets the tow alight, and swinging the blazing arrow round his head, cries*) Now follow me, some of you, and see the Abbot's thatch burn!

(*HE goes out, followed by four, (1. 3. 5. 7.) of Group A.*)

2nd A. What's he up to?

4th A. No good.

6th A. Don't let's bide here. Let's do summat.

8th A. We've a-got no leader.

(*ROBIN HOOD and his party have now reached the quadrangle*)

Robin Hood. What? No leader? What's toward?

2nd A. A fight in Sherborne town. The men o' Sherborne against the Abbot.

Robin Hood. Ho ho! my merry men! Abbots are our meat, eh, Little John? Eh, Friar Tuck? I'll be your leader.

4th A. An' who be you, pray?

Robin Hood. The Earl of Huntingdon if I had my rights, but here—Robin Hood.

(*Group A. cheers*)

(*The DRAMATIC CHOIR have got to the left of the quadrangle. THE ABBOT RE-ENTERS with his MONKS, WALTER GALLOR and Group B.*)

Abbot. (*joyfully*) Walter Gallor hath destroyed the font!

(*Group B. cheers*)

Robin Hood. Then have at thee, Walter Gallor!

(*Short quarter-staff bout between WALTER and ROBIN HOOD.*)

(*RE-ENTER the four of Group A. bearing the PARISH PRIEST on their shoulders. At the back beyond the ruins a cloud of smoke is seen rising*)

The Four. Sir Priest hath shot a fiery arrow into the Abbey Thatch!

(*Group A. cheers*)

Abbot. (*distraught, while some of the MONKS rush out*) What! A fiery arrow! Oh, my poor thatchen roof! Oh, my beautiful new walls blackened and charred!

(*GROUP A and B threaten each other furiously.*)

And Robin Hood on their side? They'll burn down the monastery and the town if I stay them not. (*He comes between the rival groups.*)

Peace! Peace! (*With an injured air*) Why this strife? This needless strife and insensate destruction?

(*All come to an amazed standstill.*)

Why these sad misunderstandings among friends? And everything so simple, too—so easy of adjustment?

(*Dead silence.*)

(*He continues impressively*) Let Alhallowes Church be your parish church—Why not? What to prevent? Your parish church all to yourselves—your parish church with a font complete—

All. (*throwing their caps in the air*) A parish church with font complete!

Abbot. So Harmony and kindness dwell in Sherborne once more!

(Great cheering. The townswomen and children have come in and join in the rejoicing. ROBIN HOOD and MAID MARIAN step forward. FRIAR TUCK and LITTLE JOHN have got into hobby horses behind the ruins. So have GALLOR and another townsman. Three young girls of ROBIN HOOD'S following, and three young girls of Sherborne, with three young men of each party, properly dressed for the Morris Dance, come forward. The Dramatic Choir crosses to the centre of the arena behind the dancers. The ABBOT and MONKS come down left, the Townsfolk Right. To a tune sung by the DRAMATIC CHOIR, ROBIN HOOD, MAID MARIAN etc. dance)

A MORRIS DANCE

(At the end of the dance the Morris-Dancers dance off to the right and left of the quadrangle leaving the Townsfolk on the arena).

THE CHORUS.

- A. Lo! now, what peaceful gathering have we here?
Bishop and yeoman, knight and landed dame?
- B. These, of their substance lending unto God,
Do build a hospital to house His poor.

EIGHTH EPISODE.

ROBERT NEVILLE (Bishop of Sarum) SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, MARGARET GOUGH, JOHN FAUNTLEROY, and JOHN BARET ENTER from the back of the ruins, the Townsfolk respectfully dividing to make way for them.

- Robert. (addressing the others) To celebrate the return of peace to your town and as an act of expiation, Sir Humphrey Stafford (each bows) Dame Margaret Gough, John Fauntleroy and John Baret, is it your good will to join with me in founding an hospital in this fair town of Sherborne, to the Glory of God, and in honour of Saint John the Baptist and Saint John the Evangelist?
- The Others. (together) Such is our will.
- Robert. Then offer your gifts.
- Sir H. For my part, as a beginning, I bring ten pounds and eight loads of timber.
- Dame G. I bestow a messuage called Julian on the Green, situate in Sherborne.
(The Townsfolk cheer)
- Fauntleroy. I give twenty pounds (An 'Oh' of admiration from the Crowd) and eighty loads of timber—
(Great cheers, SIR HUMPHREY is rather disgusted.)
(FAUNTLEROY goes on defiantly) And my wife, for her part, gives Five pounds.
- Robert. (To BARET who is very angry) Master Baret—?
- Baret. (surlily) I'll give what I choose, when I see what's needed.
(The CROWD murmurs disappointment).
(He proceeds hotly) and perhaps 'twon't be less than others.
(CROWD cheers),

Robert.

The house shall shelter twelve men and four women of seemly lives, who shall be governed by one of themselves, to be called the Prior, and by a good housewife to buy and dress their food, to wash their clothes, and make their beds; and she shall be called The Housewife of Saint John's House.

(The twelve men and four women in their characteristic dress, and led by the PRIOR and the HOUSEWIFE, have stepped forward. Some of the men are carrying a closed triptych fixed on two poles).

Robert.

And besides other gifts I bestow this wonderful picture for instruction and edification.

(The wings of the triptych fly open and disclose a copy of the famous Alms-house altar-piece. This is borne round the quadrangle in procession followed by the founders and men and women of the hospital, and so out at the back of the ruins. The townsfolk remain in the quadrangle).

THE CHORUS

- A.* What shadow, deepening up the face of heaven,
Hangs, fraught with fate, o'er Sherborne's town and tower?
- B.* A thundercloud of wrath broods o'er the land,
And big with dissolution, soon must break.
- A.* Let pray the priests: God will defend His own.
- B.* 'Twixt Pope and potentate fierce feud hath risen.
- C.* Old ways are changed, new troubles hard at hand.

NINTH EPISODE.

(In the meantime through the Chapel entrance SIR JOHN HORSEY is seen riding in hot haste followed by his servant, both armed to the teeth. The Crowd of townsfolk eagerly turn towards him).

1st Townsman. Looksee, here's Sir John Horsey, riding vit to bust hisself!

Sir John. *(still on horseback)* Fetch Abbot Barnstaple, one of ee!

(A man hurries out at the back. SIR JOHN dismounts, and his servant leads the horses off behind the ruins)

2nd Townsman. Why be-ee in sich a taking, Sir John?

Sir John. Girt news from Lunnun, Willum.

All. What news? What news?

Sir John. Bide till Abbot cometh.

(ENTER from the back ABBOT BARNSTABLE, accompanied by PRIOR DUNSTER, and followed by the MONKS whose names appear later)

Abbot. Welcome home to Sherborne, Sir John.

Sir John. John Barnstaple, my wold vriend, I ha' bad news for thee.

- Sir John.* (*He produces a parchment with a great seal hanging to it*) Here be King's Writ to zay thou and thy monks mun quit Sherborne Abbey to-day—now—this instant minute.
- (*A cry goes up from all present. The townsfolk express sorrow and indignation. PRIOR DUNSTER, a burly MONK, goes amongst them evidently inciting them to rebellion.*)
- Abbot.* (*raising his hand to command silence*) Bad news, indeed, though not unlooked for. Brother Dunster, what sayst thou to this?
- Dunster.* (*coming forward defiantly*) I say the King's Writ is of no avail. We were set in this house by one greater than the King, and only at his command will we leave it.
- (*The MONKS group themselves defiantly round their ABBOT and PRIOR. The Townsfolk murmur sympathetically, and, as if by magic, clubs and pitchforks appear.*)
- Sir John.* Now don't-ee be a vule, Abbot John. Though I be alone here to read King's Writ, King's men are within call to see it carried out.
- Dunster.* What if we lock ourselves in our house?
- Sir John.* Much Harry cares for thy locks! He'll fire thy house and smoke 'ee out.
- A Woman.* (*bursting wildly through the crowd*) People of Sherborne, will you stand by and see this wrong done?
- Sir John.* (*alarmed*) What's this mad woman!
- (*Townsfolk simultaneously cheer.*)
- The Woman.* (*violently*) Who clothed the poor and fed the hungry, but the Good Fathers?
- Townsfolk.* Ay! Ay!
- The Woman.* Who nursed the sick and comforted the dying but the Good Fathers?
- Townsfolk.* Ay! Ay!
- The Woman.* You, Women of Sherborne, who taught your little ones, but the Good Fathers?
- The Women.* (*wailing*) Alas!
- The Woman.* Will you see them driven from their homes, then?
- All.* (*with a roar, and advancing threateningly*) No!
- A Townsman.* But there's King's Writ!
- (*The men fall back, murmuring 'King's Writ'*)
- The Woman.* What care I for King's Writ? If you men are such poor things, we women will show Sir John we have claws to scratch with!
- The Women.* (*rushing forward with a yell*) Out with him!
- Sir John.* My good women, think what you're doing! Out the Monks must go or I mun hang everyone of 'em to the trees in their orchard.
- (*The Women fall back alarmed*)
- Abbot.* Is that in the King's Writ?

Sir John.

Ay, sure; set forth in excellent Latin. They as wun't go willingly and peacefully, shall hang peacefully and unwillingly (*To the Townsfolk*) And any layman offering help shall not only hang, but be dra'an an' quartered (*Turning again to the ABBOT*) Think o' what's happened to Abbot Whiting of Glastonbury. So there. Pack up thy traps and be off.

(*At the threat of hanging, the MONKS have surrounded the ABBOT and are entreating him to submit. Among the Townsfolk the Women are hanging round their husbands' necks, and with great clamour beg them to throw their weapons away. The men do so, not unwillingly. The WOMAN who incited the uproar mingles in the crowd with a gesture of rage and despair*)

Abbot.

By force, then, not by—

Sir John.

Words, words. I must make sure you're all gone. How many of 'ee be there?

Abbot.

The House has fallen from its high estate. All told we are but seventeen. (*Hands SIR JOHN a paper*). Here is the roll.

Sir John.

Good. As I call, let each man go forth wi' his bundle.

Abbot.

We have nothing to take.

Sir John.

'Twill be the easier going, for sure.

(*Meanwhile the townsfolk have surged to the left corner of the ruins in anticipation of the departure of the MONKS*)

Sir John.

(*reading from the roll*) John Hart.

(*A MONK steps out of the ranks, bows to the ABBOT, and with arms folded across his breast and bent head walks slowly off. Some of the people kneel and touch his gown as he passes. EACH MONK as SIR JOHN calls his name goes out with similar business*)

Sir John.

(*reading*) John Paynter—Thomas Capel—John Style—John Bishop—William Vowel—Thomas Elliott—Gilbert Saunder—John King—William Crede—John Clarke—Robert Pitman—Roger Percy (ROGER PERCYE is a very, very old man and infirm)

Roger.

'Tes no manner o' use, Sir John. My lags bain't no good, seave to kneel and pray for thy poor soul. Here I've a-lived ninety-nine year—and here I mun die (*Murmurs of deep sympathy from the crowd*)

Sir John.

Augustine Green and Bartholomew Starre help him out, for out he must (*Cries of 'Shame'*)

(*The two monks last named take ROGER PERCYE under the arms and slowly lead him off. With a great cry of pity the Townsfolk fall on their knees and invoke his blessing. One woman raises her child in her arms for him to touch. The two younger monks lift his arms in the attitude of benediction and the old man stoops and kisses the child. Then he is led out. Now all the monks except the ABBOT and the PRIOR have disappeared round the left angle of the ruins*).

Sir John.

Prior Dunster, 'tis thy turn.

(*DUNSTER swaggers up to Sir John*)

Dunster.

'Tis an ill day's work thou art doing, John Horsey and many ill days shall thy soul rue it.

Sir John. That's as may be, Prior. I am but the King's mouthpiece.

Dunster. (*snapping his fingers under Sir John's nose*) That for the King.

(*He swaggers out amid the suppressed cheers of the crowd.*)

Sir John. (*laughingly shouting after him*) Go up to London and do that under Harry's nose. (*to the Abbot*) Now, wold viend, vollow thy children.

Abbot. As for us, it matters nothing whether we live, or how soon we die. (*Then, pointing to the children in the crowd*) But here be children whom thy king hath bereft of their spiritual fathers. What of them? What of the School Saint Ealdhelm founded? What of the School that has stood eight hundred years?

Sir John. Never fash thyself about the school, John. 'Twill be in as good hands as thine, belike.

Abbot. God's will be done.

(*He goes off amid the same display of sorrow from the crowd as the others. Sir John turns to the people of Sherborne.*)

Sir John. Good volk of Sherborne, Iv'e a-bought the buildings o' the monastery, but the Abbey Church bain't no manner o' good to me seave I make a barn o't. Come, now, what ull 'ee gie me for't? Come, now—bid! bid!

1st Townsman. Vifty marks, Sir John.

Sir John. Fifty marks! Think shame o' thyself! Why 'tes no more than thou d'st gie for a pig-stye.

2nd Townsman. Seb'nty vive marks!

Sir John. Seventy-five. That's better, though 'tes nowt to brag on.

3rd Townsman. Eighty marks.

Sir John. Eighty. All the Abbey Church of Sherborne, with its furniture, its organs, its bells, going for eighty marks! Speak up now.

4th Townsman. Eighty-five!

5th Townsman. Ninety!

6th Townsman. Ninety-five.

7th Townsman. Ninety-seven and a half.

Sir John. (*laughing*) No, no! I won't take halves. Ninety-five is bid.

1st Townsman. A hundred marks.

Sir John. What! Hast found thy courage? A hundred marks! A hundred marks! Is that the last bid? (*pause*) The Abbey Church of Sherborne, that was set up by Saint Ealdhelm, that has stood for eight hundred and fifty years, that was once a cathedral, that is the most glorious church in the west of England—ay, and as fair as any in the world—bought for a hundred marks—Does nobody speak? A hundred marks—Sold!

(*While the chorus take up the thread of their song and the actors in the next Episode are riding in, SIR JOHN HORSEY and the townsfolk are busy signing legal documents referring to the sale, which have been brought by two LAWYERS.*)

THE CHORUS

- A. While thus they chaffer for the House of God,
Time speeds apace.
- B. Beside his royal sires
Sleeps great King Harry.
- A. Edward, gracious boy—
Name of fair omen—sits on Alfred's throne,
- C. And, Alfred-like, with love of learning fired
Makes thee, O Sherborne, first his kingly care.

TENTH EPISODE.

(In the meantime a little group of horsemen advances through the gatehouse. At its head is a knight bearing a large silken banner, on one side of which is painted in bright colours the portrait of Edward VI. as he stands in the School Dining Hall; on the other side the School arms are emblazoned. He is followed by two magnificently appparelled trumpeters. Behind them, on a richly caparisoned steed rides a herald, with a large scroll in his hand. Following him come an Oxford Doctor of Divinity and a Cambridge Master of Arts, also on horseback. The first carries a large book: the other a globe and a pair of compasses. The procession is closed by three or four knights. The horsemen pull up at the right corner of the ruins. The trumpeters, however, advance and blow a long flourish. SIR JOHN HORSEY and the townspeople are greatly surprised, and the latter disperse to the right, and left of the quadrangle, leaving SIR JOHN alone in the centre. Now the trumpeters cross to the opposite corner, where they wheel their horses round and then stand rigid. The HERALD advances and cries:—)

Herald.

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Men of Sherborne, Edward the Sixth, by the Grace of God, of England, France and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith and Supreme Head throughout the world of the Anglican and Irish Church, to all to whom these presents are brought, sends greeting, and by my hand delivers unto Sir John Horsey, Knight, the New Charter of Sherborne School.

(Great cheers)

Summon the School!

(With a great shout a swarm of boys rushes in from the back and forms up on the left side of the Quadrangle.)

Kneel, Sir John.

(SIR JOHN does so. The HERALD hands him the parchment.)

Read the King's word, Sir John.

(He passes across the quadrangle and draws up his horse in front of the trumpeters. The trumpeters blow a short flourish and the Townsfolk and all present uncover.)

Sir John.

(reads in a loud voice) 'Know all men, that we hearkening to the humble petition both of the inhabitants of the town of Sherborne, in the County of Dorset, and the greater number of our subjects dwelling in the neighbouring district of our peculiar Grace and as well by our own motion and knowledge as by the advice of our council, will concede and ordain that there be a Grammar School in the said town of Sherborne, which said School shall be called the Free Grammar School of Edward the Sixth for the education, upbringing and instruction of boys and youths in grammar; and by these presents we erect, create, ordain and found the said School for all time under one Head Master—'

(at this the DOCTOR of DIVINITY with the book steps forward and is saluted by the boys)

And one Second Master or Usher—

(The MASTER of ARTS steps forward).

In witness whereof we append our great seal this thirteenth day of May in the fourth year of our reign. (SIR JOHN speaks) Long live the King!

(The boys throw their caps in the air and send up a great shout 'Vivat Rex Edwardus Sextus!'. The trumpeters blow a flourish. Then the upper end of the group of boys wheels down, across the quadrangle, and so forms a line right from one side of the ruins to the other. The Knight bearing the banner hands it to the Head of the School who stands forward with the Headmaster on one side and the Second Master on the other, and the school breaks into the following song).

FONS LIMPIDUS.

O shrine of the silver waterspring, name renowned
 When Saxon and Dane strove mightily which should win,
 Once Queen of the west and once by a King re-crowned,
 Almost with the birth of England didst thou begin!
 How reckon the tale of summers that o'er thee rolled
 Ere Roger the mighty upreared thy Norman hold?
 O Sherborne, won from the wilderness who knows when?
 For the days that are past we bless thee, Mother of men!

What though thy cloisters have echoed to saints and kings,
 And Ealdhelm loved thee, and Alfred about thee played,
 From heroes perished a seed as of heroes springs,
 Thy crown is a crown of youth, and it doth not fade;
 And musing on many, thy later-born, through thee
 From fetters of self or of craven fear set free,
 Made holy of heart, and famous with sword or pen,
 For the days that are now we bless thee, Mother of men!

Nor lacketh there yet, to comfort us, saint and king;
 The soul of our Alfred standeth at God's right hand,
 Yet haply as sweet shall the name of Edward ring,
 Who trims thee, a lamp for ever to light the land.
 For us, we are born; we perish; our days are few;
 Thy days are many, to-day thou art born anew;
 Immortal amidst our threescore years and ten,
 For the ages to be we bless thee, Mother of men!

(During the song the Knights who accompanied the herald ride round behind the School to where the herald and the trumpeters are waiting, and with them ride off behind the ruins unnoticed. At the close of the song the School divides in the middle and wheels back to each side of the quadrangle, while the Townsfolk come round either flank and so get in front on either side).

THE CHORUS.

Who is the gallant with yon gentle dame,
 That hither thus in rich apparel dight,
 Comes riding?

- B. Raleigh, roamer of the earth,
And empire-builder, who, from oversea,
Wearied of questing, sighs for wife and home.
- A. Shall home and wife enthrall him ?
- B. Nay, methinks,
The restless spirit will be roaming still.

ELEVENTH EPISODE.

(Through the Gate House ENTER on horseback SIR WALTER RALEIGH and his wife ELIZABETH THROCKMORTON. Immediately behind them a young hobbledehoy of a SERVANT. They are followed by a small retinue of ladies and gentlemen on horseback. SIR WALTER is gorgeous to behold, in a marvellous rich costume covered with jewels. Round his hat is a fourfold string of pearls. His wife is equally richly dressed. As SIR WALTER reaches the centre of the quadrangle he dismounts, but in doing so, stumbles and falls. The townsfolk and the school give a cry of alarm. A man hurries forward and takes SIR WALTER'S horse, which he leads off. LADY RALEIGH, the SERVANT, and the retinue, hastily dismount, and their horses also are led off).

Lady Raleigh. (kneeling at SIR WALTER'S side)
You are not hurt ?

Sir Walter. (laughing)
This fall is not my first,
Nor will not be—I much misdoubt—the worst.
(he clasps the turf in his hands)
'Tis a fair omen—Sherborne holds me dear—
I seize her, then ; and build my castle here.

(Great laughter. SIR WALTER rises and steps to the left corner of the ruins followed by LADY RALEIGH. In a twinkling the Townsfolk, helped by the School, transform the quadrangle into a comfortably furnished apartment. They bring on a great oak table on which they place a book, a pewter inkstand, quill pens, a tobacco jar, a pipe, a lighted candle, a jug of beer, and a mug. On the left they place a great handsomely carved oak chair ; on the right a spinning-wheel and a stool. Then the men bow to SIR WALTER and LADY RALEIGH, the women curtsy, a small child gives her a big nosegay, and they all go out at the back. SIR WALTER ceremoniously leads his wife across to the spinning stool where she sits and begins to spin. SIR WALTER sits in the great chair, takes the book on his knees, and reads).

Lady Raleigh. Dear lord at last your wanderings come to rest
In this fair mansion in the peaceful west.

Sir Walter. (closes the book and lays it aside ; with a half laugh)
Dear lady, I am but midway through life ;
Still much remains of sorrow and of strife.

Lady Raleigh. (rises, comes across to his chair and leans over it lovingly)
Yet here, 'mid flow'ry mead and shady grove
Give a short time, my lord, to me and love.

- Sir Walter.* (*looking up, and taking one of her hands in both his*)
 Ah, Bess, you know your love hath been a light
 Beckoning me home through many a murky night.
- Lady Raleigh.* (*coquettishly*)
 Alas, can I believe what Walter saith
 And does not 'Bess' mean—
 (*with a mock curtesy*) Queen Elizabeth?
- Sir Walter.* (*laughing*)
 Nay, here at least, let be that royal shrew!
 Have I not lost her favour, winning you?
 And gladly lost it?—Though from glory hurled
 You, sweetheart—dearest—wife—are all my world.
 And, till the new call summon me, I bide
 Weary of courts and queens by your dear side.
- Tell men of high condition
 That rule affairs of state,
 Their purpose—is ambition,
 Their practice—only hate.
 And if they once reply,
 Then give them all the lie.
- Tell Fortune—of her blindness,
 Tell Nature—of decay;
 Tell Friendship—of unkindness,
 Tell Justice—of delay.
 And if they will reply,
 Then give them all the lie! *
- Lady Raleigh.* (*who has come round to the other side (R.) of his chair*)
 Nay, you are sad—You were not wont to sing
 Thus in our secret love's first day of spring.
 (*She kneels and takes his hand in hers*)
- Tell Love—it comes unbidden,
 Tell Faith—'tis in my heart,
 Tell Loyalty—though chidden
 It never shall depart;
 The world saith they will die—?
 Then give the world the lie!
- Sir Walter.* Ah, tender heart, brave heart, 'tis I who lie,
 Prating of falseness, while you're standing by.
- (*LADY RALEIGH is now filling his pipe*).
- Lady Raleigh.* Now rest awhile. Taste the Virginian weed
 To soothe your soul—and happier thoughts to breed.
- Sir Walter.* (*taking the pipe*)
 The happiest thought, dear love, 'twixt me and death
 Is the sweet name of my Elizabeth.

* From a poem by Sir Walter Raleigh.

Lady Raleigh.

(holding a spill which she has lighted at the candle)

Here is the flame, my lord. Is it alight ?

(with a deep curtsy)

A fair good-night, sir.

Sir Walter.

Dearest love, good-night !

(She goes out slowly. He sinks back in the chair and contentedly puffs great clouds.)

(between the puffs)

Ah, Edmund Spenser, friend of my hot youth,

Well hast thou sung, with beauty and with truth—

'Thrice happy she that is so well assur'd

Unto herself, and settled so in heart

That neither will for better be allur'd

Ne fears to worse with any chance to start—

(At this point the SERVANT ENTERS, sees his master smoking, raises his hands in horror, and creeps up to the table.)

Sir Walter.

(continuing)

Most happy she that most assured doth rest,

But he most happy who such one loves best.

(The SERVANT takes up the jug of ale, and watches for further smoke, which comes.)

Servant.

(shouts)

Master's burning ! Master's burning !

(Running in front of SIR WALTER he throws the contents of the jug over him. SIR WALTER leaps up, drives the servant off at the back, and goes out after him.)

THE CHORUS.

(Rise from their seats and, wheeling, join and advance ; until they form a straight line across the quadrangle. Then they sing.)

TRIUMPH SONG.

Down the ocean of the ages, over seas that broke and boiled,
Or where belts of tropic slumber lulled the dreaming halcyon's breast,
Where the stabbing reef thrust upward, where the warping current foiled,
We have tracked the good ship Sherborne to this haven of her rest.

Oak of England, pine of Ida, for the poet's palm may vie,
Never sown was lustier timber than the axe of Ealdhelm felled ;
Never keel was straightlier fashioned ; never mast so neared the sky ;
Never canvas whiter woven was by fairer gale impelled.

Storm and stress of youth were over, when once more she took the main ;
By the star of truth she steered her, led by captains of renown ;
She has thrud the shoals of knowledge, and again and yet again
She shall flap the self-same pennon, she shall tread the surges down.

Men of might who thronged her bulwarks, men whose fame the world knew well,
Men whose fame the world ne'er heard of—and who knows the happier lot ?—
These and all who thought and wrought for her, or fought for her and fell,
Are the nearer to our heart of hearts because we name them not.

With the tribute of our praises, words of worship and of love,
Though not half be said or sung for her that in our breast we bore,
With twelve hundred years beneath her, and the bend of heaven above,
Down the ocean of the ages lo ! we launch her forth once more !

(During this chorus a Maypole has been set up immediately behind the singers and well outside the ruins; The **DRAMATIC CHOIR**, still in the Lincoln Green of the Robin Hood scene, march on and, with them, a troop of children dressed as little shepherds and shepherdesses. As soon as the Narrative Chorus has finished, it swings open again, but now remains standing in two wings at right angles with the ruins. The Dramatic Chorus forms a semi-circle across the front of the quadrangle, partly masking it, and sings 'With a laugh as we go round' from Sir Sterndale Bennett's 'May Queen.' To this the children with happy laughter dance a

MAYPOLE DANCE.

And while this is in progress the

FINAL PICTURE

is being constructed within the Quadrangle. At the end of the Dance the Dramatic Chorus and the Children take up a position at the Left angle of the Ruins. The left wing of the Narrative Chorus joins the right wing, and the united body takes up its position at the right corner of the Ruins. It is now seen that a stately Female Figure symbolical of **SHERBORNE** has been raised on a Gothic pedestal in the centre of the Quadrangle, from which steps descend to the floor of the arena. Her long loose hair is surmounted with a castellated crown. In her right hand she bears a model of the Abbey. Her left hand reposes on a shield, bearing the arms of the School. On her right stands her daughter, the **AMERICAN SHERBORN**, bearing in her right hand a model of a caravel, and resting her left hand on the arms of the State of Massachusetts. On her head is a diadem of stars. While the bands play a solemn March all the principal figures who have appeared in the Pageant collect round the pedestal, some on foot and others on horseback; those on horseback on each side move towards the rear. Behind them again the Townsfolk in the various costumes they have worn during the performance. Now from the left **ENTERS** the Sherborne Brigade of Riflemen, with band and colours. Then from the right the School Cadet Corps with drum and fife. Suddenly from the back of the ruins the School itself marches through the crowd, singing the 'Carmen.' This body forms up in front, but in such a manner as not to conceal any of the tableau. On the right a trolley has brought on a Printing Press. Over the trolley is a scroll bearing the words 'Sherborne Mercury' and the date of its first number. Workmen are busy pulling copies of the paper. Now from both ends of the arena the Yeomen gallop on at the charge. They pull up abruptly at the angles of the Quadrangle, and then slowly enclose the whole group within the Quadrangle in a great semi-circle. A deputation from The Men of Dorset in London advances, and is followed by other deputations from Towns and Villages in the ancient See of Sherborne. Lastly, from either side of the arena, Children bearing shields on which the arms of neighbouring towns and villages, and of the principal county families are brightly emblazoned, run on, and forming a straight line right across the arena, suddenly kneel behind their shields. These should touch each other and form a gorgeous line of colour in front of the rest of the picture.

The entire crowd in the arena, to the accompaniment of the Massed Bands, and together with the Audience now burst into the first verse of

THE HUNDREDTH PSALM,

and that changes into

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM,

the second verse of this being sung by an Alto Soloist in appropriate costume in front of the pedestal. At the beginning of the last verse all the banners are unfurled and waved and all the crowd on the arena toss a shower of roses at the figure of SHERBORNE. The figure of SHERBORNE now descends from her pedestal, clasps her daughter's hand, and, with her, leads a well organised procession of all the performers, the choruses, the crowds, etc., out by the left corner of the ruins, and so as quickly as possible, yet without indecent haste out of sight. Music must not cease until the last Yeoman has disappeared.)

THE END.

PROPERTY LIST.

FIRST EPISODE.

An oblong stone, 2ft. thick, 8ft. long,
4ft. wide ; made to fall into the
shape of a cross.

Rushes and water-plants. Behind
them, sunk in the ground, a pail
full of water.

Benches for the Chorus.

Trellis-work covered with evergreens
to conceal the orchestra.

Bow and arrows for Chieftain.

Hounds.

Dead deer with arrow sticking in it.

Sticks for fire.

Two flints.

A knife.

A rough cross made of two pieces
of wood tied together.

A staff for Ealdhelm.

Mallet and chisel.

A large book (folio) bound in calf,
with two pages illuminated.

A log to form a seat

Boughs of evergreen.

A wreath of flowers.

A Bishop's staff.

A mitre.

A cope.

A ring.

SECOND EPISODE.

A bell to ring the tocsin.

Bows and arrows.

Crossbows and bolts.

Slings and stones.

Weapons for the Danes.

THIRD EPISODE.

A cross.

Two censers.

A crown and sceptre on a cushion.

A bier.

Twelve long candles.

Book for the priest.

FOURTH EPISODE.

A rough table on trestles.

Two benches.

Blackjacks, ancient drinking-mugs.

Dishes of viands (practicable).

Wooden trenchers.

Knives.

Poultry (imitation), Fish, Fruit, etc.,
etc.

A book for the steward.

Small book for the studious monk.

Twelve Benedictine robes with hoods.

FIFTH EPISODE.

William's Banner.

William's two-handled sword.

The cope, mitre, and Bishop's staff.

SIXTH EPISODE.

A low trolly decorated with flowers to
be dragged by hand.

A square stone 4 x 4 x 4.
Masonic properties

SEVENTH EPISODE.

A great oak seat for the Bishop.
Cudgells for the Townsfolk.
Bow and arrow for Walter Gallor.

Tow.
Flint and steel.
Quarter-staffs.

MORRIS DANCE.

Four Hobby horses

Wreaths of flowers.

EIGHTH EPISODE.

A copy of the Almshouse Picture.

NINTH EPISODE.

A document for Sir John, with a
great seal hanging to it.
Clubs and pitchforks.

The list of monks.
A legal document.

TENTH EPISODE.

Edward VI's banner.
Scroll for herald.

Large book.
Globe and compasses.

ELEVENTH EPISODE.

An oak table.
A book.
Pewter instand.
Quill pens.
Tobacco jar.
Pipe.
Lighted candle.

Jug of beer.
Mug.
Carved oak chair.
Spinning wheel.
Stool.
Nosegay.

MAYPOLE DANCE.

A maypole with wreaths and ribbons.

FINAL PICTURE.

Pedestal for Sherborne.
Crown for Sherborne.
Model of the Abbey (made of card-
board, as light as possible).
Shield, with arms of the School.
Hand properties for all the principals,
as used in their scenes.
Edward VI's banner for the School.
A large trolley, gaily decorated, as
described, for the Sherborne
Mercury.

Printing Press and copies of Souvenir
for the same.
Small heraldic banners for the yeomen.
Shields for the children. The number
of them and the devices on them
must be settled later. Roughly
speaking, not less than fifty. The
shape and size must be uniform,
each about four feet high.
Enormous quantities of artificial roses,
white and red.