

# PERSONS

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TABLEAU

## THE PHOENICIAN TRADERS.

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ACT I. — A.D. 63.

### THE COMING OF ST. JOSEPH

ST. JOSEPH  
ELEVEN BRETHREN  
DAVID  
ARVIRAGUS  
CATGUR  
*Courtiers*

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ACT II — A.D. 542

### THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

KING ARTHUR  
ABBOT  
HERMIT  
QUEEN MORGAN LE FAY  
QUEEN OF NORTH GALLIS  
QUEEN OF THE WASTE LANDS  
NIMUE, THE LADY OF THE LAKE  
*Chieftains, Acolytes, Bearers*

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ACT III — SCENE 1 — A.D. 878

### KING ALFRED

KING ALFRED  
OSMUND  
DENULF  
GUNDRED  
BEOWULF  
*Children*

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SCENE II.

### THE PEACE OF WEDMORE.

KING ALFRED  
QUEEN ETHELSWYTHA  
THE ATHELING  
EDMUND  
EDWARD  
ETHELWOLD  
ETHELFLEDA  
ASSER (*Bishop of Sherborne*)  
GUTHRUM  
*Danish Chiefs, Nobles, Monks*

ACT IV.—A.D. 940.

**ST DUNSTAN AND KING EDMUND IRONSIDES**

KING EDMUND

ST DUNSTAN

CEDRIC (*a Page*)

*Monks and Nobles*

*TABLEAU* ..... TRIBUTE OF WOLVES' SKINS AT EDGARLEY

KING EDGAR      QUEEN

*Chieftains*

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ACT V.—A.D. 1127.

**KING HENRY I. GRANTING THE CHARTER FOR TOR FAIR**

KING HENRY I.

QUEEN

*Herald, King's Jester, Abbot, Monks, Courtiers, Women, Townsfolk*

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ACT VI.—A.D. 1539.

**DISSOLUTION OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY**

ABBOT WHYTING

PRIOR

SUB-PRIOR

THOMAS HORNE (*the Abbot's adopted son*)

BROTHER STEPHEN

LORD RUSSELL

COMMISSIONER LAYTON

COMMISSIONER MOYLE

COMMISSIONER POLLARD

*Twelve Jurymen, Monks, Clerk, Crier, Men, a Boy, Townsfolk*

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ACT VII.—A.D. 1685.

**"KING MONMOUTH."**

DUKE OF MONMOUTH

PARSON JOHN RADFORD

*Seven Men from Butleigh, Schoolmistress, Twenty Girls, Herald, Officers*

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ACT VIII

**THE CHANGE OF STYLE IN 1752 AT GLASTONBURY**

MASTER RICHARDS (*Keeper of The Abbey Ruins*)

SALLY PETERS

SAMMY FORD

*Men and Women.*

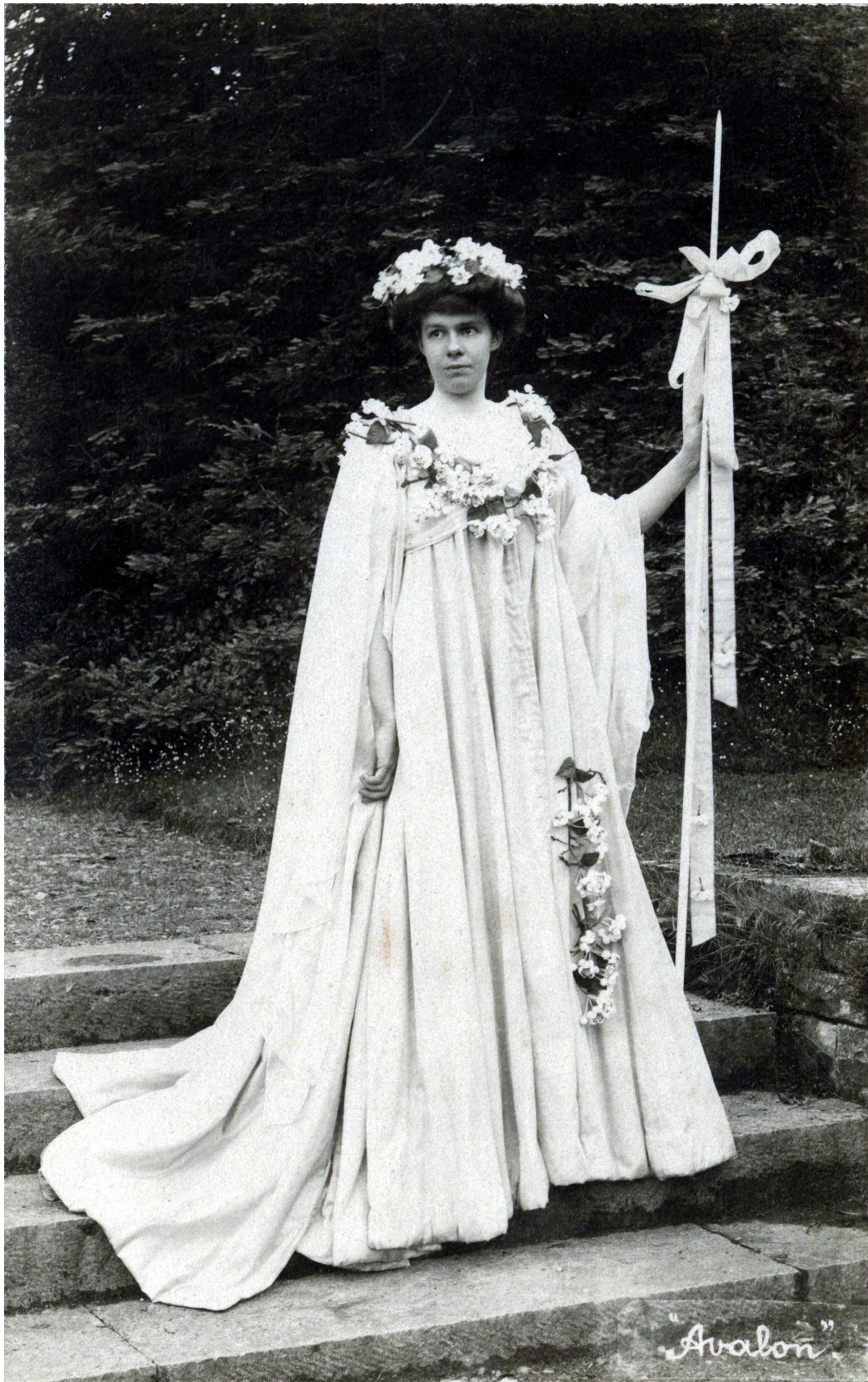
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**GRAND PROCESSION**



**The Herald**

George James Turner born 23 Jul 1885 son of George and Ruth (nee Lye) Turner. George's father was a butcher and both parents came from old Butleigh families. George junior married Edith Murrow in 1910 and they lived at 'Sweets' – he was a butcher like his father.



#### **The Spirit of Avalon**

Miss Marjorie Fownes Somerville was born 7th September 1883, the daughter of Arthur Fownes Somerville of Dinder. He was the eldest son of James Curtis Somerville who had married Emily Periam Hood, daughter of Sir Alexander and Amelia Hood in Butleigh on June 23rd 1846. Marjorie was a renowned elocutionist and spoke the Prologue to the Revel. She often took part in recitals and songs at concerts in Glastonbury, Croscombe and Dinder.

# THE BUTLEIGH REVEL

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(*The Herald blows a fanfare*)  
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## PROLOGUE.

Friends, welcome all ! Your courtesy we crave ;  
We beg indulgence for our imperfections,  
And kind forbearance for the many faults  
With which we may offend you !  
But away ! Why dream of failure ? May not fair success,  
Robed in her rainbow garment, laurel-crowned,  
Attend our steps in this our maiden-work,  
The first-born efforts of our hearts, hands, heads,  
Which we to-day will give you ? By the Thorn  
That blows so fair at Glaston, we'll delight you !  
We, by our magic, now will conjure up  
The years long swallowed by Time's restless waves !  
Show you great saints, and heroes long since dead !  
Call to your minds the deeds and prayers of those  
Who, raising Brittia from the unknown dust,  
Have made our Island what she is to-day !  
Rise from your tombs, O Arthur, Alfred. Dunstan !  
Come forth once more, and show th' expectant world  
That still your names are mighty ; that your hands,  
Though turned to dust from which they first were made,  
Are yet not idle ! That they shape the fate  
And hew the fortunes of our Island kingdom !  
And you, great Joseph, by Saint Philip sent,  
For love of CHRIST, from out the burning East,  
Come, plant your Staff once more on Wyrhall's Height,  
And to the faithless teach the Lore of Life !  
Nor, while we gaze on Saint, or Priest, or King,  
Or mighty Chieftain from the olden age,  
Must we forget the memory that is due  
To Richard Whyting, last of our great line  
Of mitred Abbots, who, for truth and right,  
Did stand condemned before King Henry's Throne,  
And died for the great Abbey he held dear.  
But I have kept you long, I must away !  
No longer will I weary you with praises  
Of Avalon's great Saints and Hero-Kings.  
Yourselves shall see if I have spoken sooth.  
And, seeing all our skill can represent,  
'Tis you yourselves shall judge us.— Fare you well !

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**MARCH** ..... " OCCASIONAL OVERTURE" ..... *Handel*

*TABLEAU* ..... THE PHOENICIAN TRADERS.  
(after Lord Leighton's painting in the Royal Exchange.)

**ACT 1..... THE COMING OF ST JOSEPH.**

SCENE ..... THE PLANTING OF THE STAFF.  
TIME ..... A.D. 63.

INTRODUCTORY VERSE.

Lo ! from the East the dawn of the white CHRIST  
Is slowly breaking ; Pagan darkness flies ;  
The power of Gwyn, the demon-king, is broken.  
To Ynyswytryn's shores, by God directed,  
Comes now great Joseph, with his twice-six saints.

*(Enter St. Joseph and his BRETHREN. They walk slowly up, leaning on their staves and chanting monotonously as they come : " Weary all ! Weary all ! Weary all ! ")*

*St. Joseph.* *(halting)* We are 'weary all' indeed ! Long did we battle with the storm in our frail and rudderless craft ; but the dangers of the sea are past, David ; and God hath brought us to a fair land !

*David.* Aye, a fair land ! but I fear an evil one, for sure am I that 'tis haunted of wicked spirits !

*St. Joseph.* *(sternly)* What are the demons of wood and forest that we should dread them ? Rather let us give thanks to GOD that HE hath brought us here and saved us from the perils of our journey !

*(He kneels, and they all follow his example. They pray silently for a short space, then all rise slowly up.)*

*David.* Alas ! I am still fearful, Father ! I pray you give us a sign that our faith may be strengthened !

*St. Joseph.* What ! After our long and perilous journey safely ended, after that we have been guided here by angels, do ye still ask for a sign ?

*All* Yes ! A sign ! A sign !

*St. Joseph.* Then will I give you this sign ! *(He raises his staff, and strikes it into the earth.)* That shall live for ever, and proclaim to unborn generations the Message of the Gospel, and the story of our coming !

*All.* A miracle ! A miracle ! The Staff has blossomed !

*David.* The Staff has become a Thorn-tree !

*St. Joseph.* And the Thorn-tree shall grow and flourish, and each year, at the Feast of the Nativity, shall it bear flowers as a token to Mankind for ever of the coming of CHRIST. *(To David)* My Son, what sayest thou now ? After this manifestation of GOD's Power, is thy faith still weak ?

*(DAVID kneels at ST. JOSEPH'S feet, hiding his face in his hands.)*

SCENE II, .. ENTER KING ARVIRAGUS AND SIX CHIEFTAINS.

*Arviragus.* Are these the strangers, Catgur, whom thou didst see landing from the ship ?

*Catgur.* They are, my Lord King ! From our hiding-place we watched them dis-



**St. Dunstan and St. Joseph  
Are standing in the van,  
Conversing with Benignus,  
A most superior man**

The Rev. G. W. Berkeley (vicar of Butleigh), the Rev. G. D'Angibau (vicar of Queen Camel) and Rev. George K. Saunders (curate of Street, later vicar at Curry Rivel). George D'Angibau (born 1868 Bath) was a last minute replacement as St. Dunstan after the unfortunate demise of the Rev. G. Cartwright.

embark and turn their faces to the West; then, fearing lest their intentions were as evil as their mien is strange, we hastened to tell my Lord Arviragus of their coming.

*Arviragus.* Thou didst well, Catgur ! I will have speech of them, and learn wherefore they are come to this mystic Isle. (*To St. Joseph*) Stranger, who art thou ? Whence art thou come ?

*St. Joseph.* My name is Joseph ; in a country far beyond Gaul was I born. Who is it that would know me ?

*Arviragus.* Arviragus, the King of this land. Why come ye here ' And what is your errand ?

*St. Joseph.* We are Servants of Christ, come hither to proclaim His Gospel.

*Arviragus.* What is that Gospel ?

*St. Joseph.* The new Law of Peace and **Love.**

*Arviragus.* Peace? Arviragus loves not peace! He lives for war, and for the chase ! Nevertheless, thou mayest preach to my subjects here.

*(Turning, he points to the group of Britons.)*

*St. Joseph.* Where may we build a Temple for the Worship of our GOD ?

*Arviragus.* To you, Stranger (for I like your presence well), will I grant a portion of land whereon to build a fitting temple, and to each of your followers a hide of land to dress as pleaseth him, and whereon he may dwell.

*St. Joseph.* We thank thee, O Arviragus ! But, tell me. how call you this fair Isle ?

*Arviragus.* This is Ynyswytryn, the Glassy Isle, the land of dead Warriors and of Chiefs — Avalon, the Island of Apples !

*St. Joseph.* Soon shall 't be no longer the Land of the Dead, but of the Living ! Come Brothers, to work, and let us in the name of Christ build the first Church in this land of Britain.

*(Exeunt opposite ways. Re-enter the Brethren with hurdles.)*

PSALM **LXXXIV** .. " QUAM "DILECTA."







**Robert Neville-Grenville**

**ACT II** ..... THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

SCENE I. .... THE BURIAL OF ARTHUR.  
SCENE ..... ABBEY OF GLASTON, A.D. 542.

**MARCH** ..... "ALCESTIS" ..... *GLUCK*

INTRODUCTORY VERSE.

Arthur has passed to Avalon. There comes  
A shivering cry of mourning from the West.  
The year is born in blood-shed and in war,  
And all is dark with grief, but Arthur sleeps  
In bless'd Avilion, thence to come again.

ABBOT BENIGNUS, BROTHERS LIONEL *and* BORS, MONKS, HERMIT, *and*  
TWO ACOLYTES ; QUEENS MORGAN LE FAY, NORTH GALLIS, *and* WASTE  
LANDS, BRITISH CHIEFS, TOWNSFOLK, *and* CHILDREN.

*(Enter ST. BENIGNUS and TWO MONKS; from opposite side funeral chant is heard.)*

*St. Benignus.* Who comes to his last rest in the peaceful Vale of Avalon ?  
*Bro. Lionel.* I know not, Father ; perchance a warrior, slain in battle.  
*Bro. Bors.* Meseems 'tis the body of some great chief they bear.  
*St. Benignus.* Brother Lionel, go thou and ask who comes to burial.

*(The singing now grows louder. The funeral procession moves slowly across the stage. QUEEN MORGAN, accompanied by QUEEN OF NORTH GALLIS, The QUEEN OF THE WASTE LANDS, and NIMUE, THE LADY OF THE LAKE. The bier is borne by four BRITISH CHIEFTAINS, TWO BRITONS precede and two follow it, and there is with the procession a HERMIT, and ACOLYTES bearing tapers. BROTHER LIONEL goes forward to meet them.)*

*Morgan.* Father, are you come from the Abbot of this place ?  
*Bro. Lionel.* Even so ! And, in the Lord Abbot's name, whom bring you hither ?  
*Morgan,* A great warrior from the Cornish Land, slain in the King's wars.

*(While they are speaking the ABBOT has advanced nearer to them.)*

*St. Benignus.* Father, are you the Abbot of this House ?  
I am, my daughter, Benignus, Abbot of this Island Cloister. What is thy need ? Whom bring you thither ?

*Morgan.* Alas ! 'Tis Arthur the King, my noble brother.

*St. Benignus.* Is our great Arthur indeed gone to his rest ?

*Morgan.* He has passed from us to be King among the dead. *(Turning)* Set down, Bearers ! and let the people of Avalon see that their King is no more !  
*(The Bearers set down the bier. Enter a young Servant.)*

*Servant.* My Lord Abbot, the townfolk clamour for entrance. They have marked the procession, and know the King is dead.



**Robert Neville-Grenville**

*St. Benignus.* Let them enter. Call the Brethren also, to do honour to the King !  
*(Exit Servant. Townsfolk rush in, followed slowly by the Monks. Children enter by another door.)*

*St. Benignus.* People of Avalon ! Your King is dead !  
*People.* Alas! Alas! Good King Arthur !  
*St. Benignus.* How died my Lord the King ?  
*Morgan.* In the Battle at Camlen he fell, far in the West, fighting against his nephew, the traitor Mordred.

*St. Benignus.* And Mordred won the day ?  
*Morgan.* Not so ! King Arthur slew him, but himself was killed ! Oh Arthur, my brother ! Is my sin of treachery against thee not yet forgiven ?  
*(She sinks on her knees beside the bier, and hides her face in her hands.)*

*St. Benignus.* Peace, daughter! Cease thy weeping : thy tears have won thee pardon !

*Queen of North Gallis* My fair sister, do not weep ; Arthur thy brother shall come again !  
*Morgan.* I weep not that he is dead, but for my sin of long ago, when I did steal the scabbard of the Sword Excalibur !

*Queen, of North Gallis* Wherefore should thy tears flow now ?  
*Morgan.* Alas ! He who wore the Sheath of Excalibur was healed of all wounds ! Then lies not Arthur's death on me ?

*St. Benignus.* Said I not daughter, that thy tears had won thee pardon ?  
*Queen of North Gallis* Listen, sister, to the words of the holy Abbot, and take comfort ! Arthur has passed to be King amongst the dead ; and it seemeth that Britain now hath no protector from the heathen : but the souls of the dead are ever mindful ! and in the hour appointed Arthur shall return !

*Queen of Waste Lands* Even so, sister ! When Britain's need is sorest, then shall Arthur come !  
*Morgan.* *(rising)* Then shall Arthur come ! Thou speakest sooth !  
*Queen of Waste Lands* 'Tis Ancient Merlin's rede ! — And Merlin *NEVER* lies ! From the deep seas of Cornwall Arthur came, to the deep seas of Avalon is he come, and from Avalon shall he come again in years that are not yet!  
*(All this time the people are praying round the bier ; the Children, who have strewn it with boughs, stand apart in bewilderment)*

*A Monk* *(loudly)* To your homes, good people! We would close the Abbey Gates !  
*(The People rise up)*

*1st Woman.* Who will guard, us now, since the good King is dead ?  
*2nd Woman.* Ah, holy Father ! Who will ward the heathen from us ?  
*A Man.* Now we have no King will the Lords of the White Horse triumph !  
*1st Woman.* Alas our poor children ! What will become of our little ones ?  
*St. Benignus.* Why fear ye, my children ? God will protect His Own; and is not Avalon a holy spot? But see, the sun is red in the West, and night draws on. Away! and lay the King to rest beneath the Abbey walls.  
*(The procession starts again, joined by the ABBOT and his MONKS, chanting the funeral hymn)*

" REQUIEM SEMPITERNAM " ..... ..... ..... ..... ..... ..... ..... ..... *CHERUBINI*



**King Alfred** - Played by Edwin Langdale Christie born 1863 Aigburth, Lancashire, the son of a wealthy cotton broker, he had been a Yeomanry officer in the Boer War. He rented Charlton House, Charlton Mackrell, from the Dickinson family until 1905 when they sold it, and then he had moved to Charlton Horethorne. A friend of Rev. Brymer.

**ACT III** ..... **ALFRED THE GREAT.**

SCENE I ..... ALFRED IN THE HUT OF DENULF.  
SCENE ..... ATHELNEY—TIME 878—OR THEREABOUTS.

" DANISH FOLK SONGS."

INTRODUCTORY VERSE

Who comes ? A wandering soldier from the marsh ?  
Is it a forester who shelter craves  
In Denulf's lowly hut ?  
Nay ! 'tis the King !  
'Tis Alfred, Lover of the Truth, once mighty,  
Now robbed of Throne and Crown by heathen Dane.

DENULF THE SWINEHERD, GUNDRED (HIS WIFE), THEIR CHILDREN, KING  
ALFRED, OSMOND, BEOWULF.

*(Enter Denulf)*

*Denulf.* Gundred ! Where is the woman, Gundred ?

*Gundred.* *(from behind)* Oh, yes! Gundred ! Thou dost want Gundred !  
Well, thou must e'en wait for Gundred !

*Denulf.* Gundred, come in. I've that I must say to thee, woman.

*(Enter Gundred.)*

*Gundred.* So thou'rt back early to-day, Denulf ?

*Denulf.* Thou seest that I am! Wherefore ask ? But a woman ever likes to  
waste her words.

*Gundred.* *(crossly)* And a man his temper, though he hath but little to spare.  
Would that thou hadst stayed away if thou art in so evil a mood. Here I  
toil for thee from morn till eve, chopping thy wood and drawing thy  
water, while thou dost sit out in the forest with thy herd of swine !  
Dost think I get any thanks for all my trouble ? Not I ! Only black  
looks ! Hast thou stalled the pigs, Denulf ?

*Denulf.* No, they are out by the door yonder. I left them to come and say a  
word to thee, Gundred.

*Gundred,* *(shrieking)* You left them ? Then are we lost, for the Danes will have them.

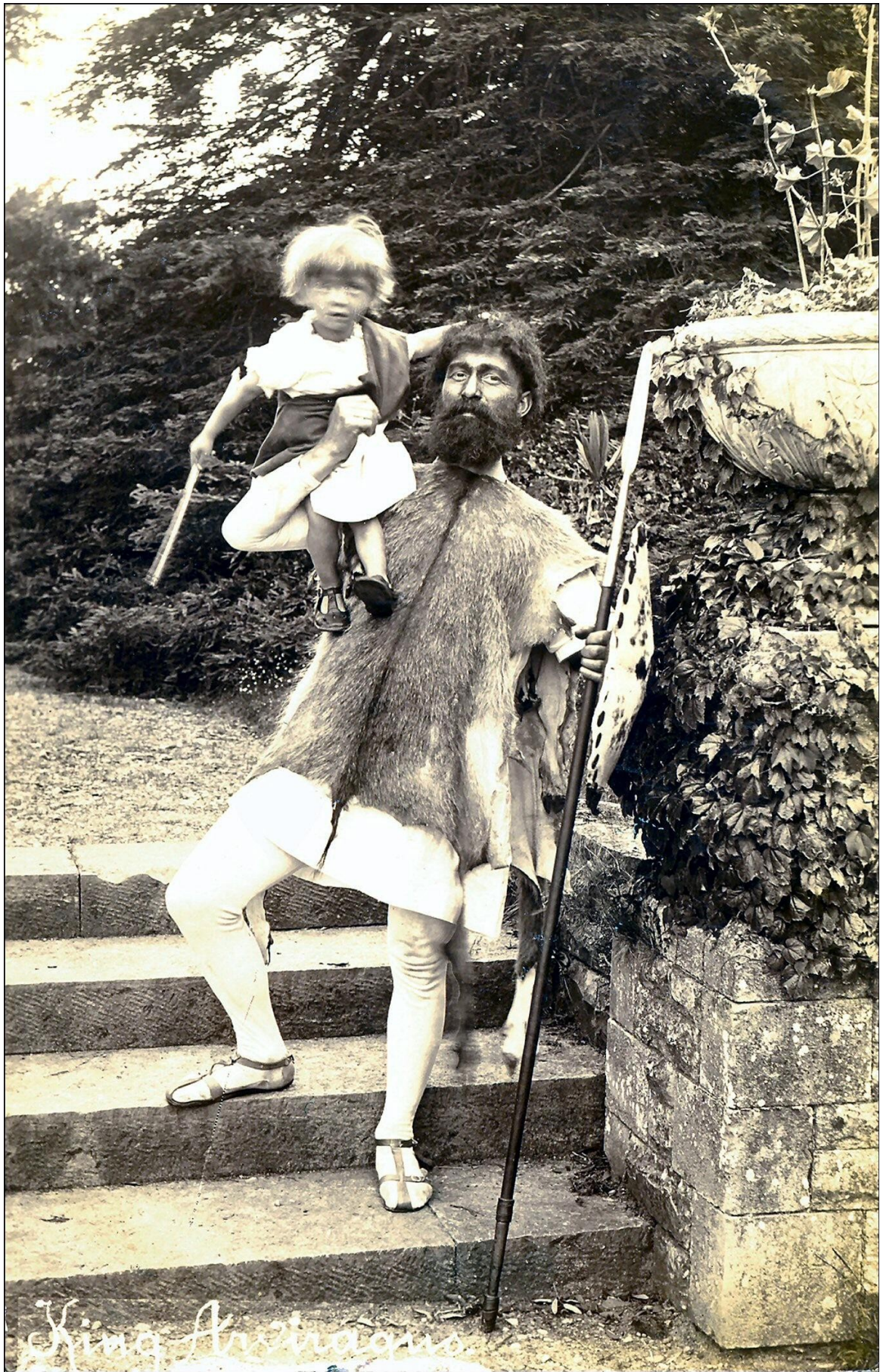
*Denulf.* Thou dost know full well that the Danes come not here, good wife !  
The pigs are safe enough ; besides, they are close at hand, and will  
come when I call.

*Gundred.* And what is the word that thou wouldst say to me ! Quick !

*Denulf.* 'Tis even this - I have brought home a guest.

*Gundred.* *(shrieking)* A guest ? thou hast brought home a guest ? Alack ! The  
man is mad ! What have we in the house to feed a guest on ?

*Denulf.* He is but a poor man, a soldier of the King, whom I found wandering  
in the marshes. *(Aloud, calling to Alfred.)* Come in, friend, and show  
thyself. *(Enter ALFRED.)* Thou art welcome here, though we have but  
poor fare.



*King Arviragus* – played by the squire's gardener Tom Carter, born 1866 Bathealton, with his son 'Bobby' on shoulder

*Gundred.* Poor fare, indeed, and scanty too ! but no Saxon woman ever yet turned a stranger from her door, so thou art welcome in my house.

*Alfred.* You have my thanks, good woman. I ask but shelter for a few nights.

*Denulf.* (*aside, to Alfred*) Gundred has a sharp tongue, but a kind heart.  
*(aloud)* Well, since I have brought you hither, I will go back to the forest, and look to the Thane's herd of swine.  
*(Exit Denulf)*

*Gundred.* By what name will it please you to be called, stranger ?

*Alfred.* Thou mayest call me Alfred ; 'tis the name my father gave me. I am, as thou dost see, a soldier hiding from the Danes.

*Gundred.* Thou art safe here, then, for the Danes come not so far as this ! but I am idle, and thou too dost nought but chafe thy hands ! Wilt help me Somewhat in my work ?

*Alfred.* That will I, right gladly.  
*(Gundred goes out, and returns with a tray of cakes, which she sets on the Hearth-stone.)*

*Gundred.* There ! I must leave thee. I go to a friend yonder who is sick. Do thou watch the cakes till my return ! Hast wit enough for that ?

*Alfred.* Truly, I am no cook ; yet will I do what thou dost ask of me. What must I do ?

*Gundred.* Have I not said ? Thou must watch the cakes, and when they be brown enough on one side thou must turn them ; and when both sides be brown, then they will be baked and ready for eating ; and when they be ready for eating, thou mayest take them away. Do I tax thee too sore ?

*Alfred.* 'Tis a hard task thou settest me.  
*(Gundred goes out. Alfred seats himself on a stool, and begins to mend his arrows)*  
 Surely I am in an evil plight ! Anglia is ravaged by the heathen Danes, who fought beneath the banner of the Raven. My Kingdom have they reft from me: and I, Alfred the King, the son of Ethelwulf, am a wanderer and a fugitive. Whither can I go now ? I know not! Am I then, to fly from my enemies like a cowardly fool ? —to yield up my throne and crown to the Dane like a madman ? —to see my people oppressed and murdered by the Viking thieves ?—No ! by my Kingdom, no ! They may pursue me now like a boar i' the forest, but, by the help of Heaven, 'tis Alfred who shall hunt e'er long !

*(Gundred re-appears.)*

*Gundred.* And hast thou tended the cakes, friend Alfred ? Are they ready ?

*Alfred.* *(starting up and looking at her blankly)* The cakes ? — What cakes, good woman ?

*Gundred.* *(with a shriek)* What cakes ? He asks me. What cakes ? and I set him to watch them ! *(She rushes over to the hearth, and kneels beside the stone.)*  
 Oh, the knave ! He has let the barley-cakes burn. Oh the wicked man ! he has spoilt the supper. *(Rises and faces Alfred furiously.)* Ah ! thou art slow in the cooking of supper; but, when it comes to eating it, mercy, thou'rt quick enough then ! Oh what will Denulf say ? Alack ! Alack !

*Alfred.* Have I then neglected thy commands ?

**Opposite** – Mr. F. Linham, b. 1861 West Pennard, as *Denulf*





*Gundred.* Neglected, quotha ! Thou hast spoilt the supper and wasted a measure of barley-flour, and we be poor folks who must toil for each dry crust! Dost take Denulf for a rich man, who has food and to spare at his command ? Art a Thane thyself, belike, who has never known want ? But I'll aid thee to think ! I'll teach thee to make cakes, friend Alfred ! *(Seizing the ashen poker.)* There ! mayhap this will teach thee how to watch baking in the future ! Mayhap this will teach thee not to waste poor folks' fare ! *(She deals him two or three blows across the back.)* Perhaps thou wilt be more careful now ? *(She strikes him again. A horn is sound outside.)* Why, what sound is that? Who comes here ?  
*(Horn again.)*

*Alfred.* The signal! Can it be that my friends have come already ?  
*(Denulf runs in.)*

*Denulf.* Is supper ready ?

*Gundred.* Supper should be ready ! I set this worthless churl to watch the barley cakes while I went out and he let them burn !  
*(She shakes her fist angrily at Alfred. Enter OSMUND and BEOWULF.)*

*Osmund.* Is this the hut of Denulf the Swineherd ?

*Gundred.* More guests and no supper !

*Denulf.* I am Denulf, noble Thanes !

*Beowulf.* And here, Heaven be praised, is my Lord the King ! We have sought high and low for him, and came hither by the guidance of one Gurth, who had seen Denulf the Swineherd talking with a stranger.

*Alfred.* Right glad am I to see you, friends ! Bring you good news ?

*Osmund.* The enemy is sleeping, my Lord King : he has moved his army to the south-west, where he remains inactive.

*Alfred.* If not good news, at least 'tis not ill !

*Gundred.* Did I hear wrongly ? or did you call yon stranger the Lord King ?

*Beowulf.* Thou did'st hear aright, mother. Yonder stands good King Alfred. Why! What ails thee, woman ?

*Gundred.* *(in despair)* Alack ! Alack! Woe is me! Will my Lord but deign to forgive me ? Truly I chastised thee, but I knew not that it was the King !

*Alfred.* Why, good woman, I have nought to forgive. Of a truth thou didst hit hard, as my shoulders tell me! but I was an idle pupil, and well deserved my thrashing ! Nay, more, I have robbed thee of thy supper, and wasted a measure of barley.

*Gundred.* If the King will but believe-----!

*Alfred.* Nay, nay, good woman ! let me rather remember that Denulf and Gundred gave shelter to an outcast! When I come to my own again, Denulf shall be made a Thane.

*Denulf and Gundred.* Heaven bless King Alfred, and restore him to his own !

*Alfred.* Amen ! but I will not further tax you. I must go with my friends here. Farewell !  
*(Alfred and the two Thanes go out together.)*

*Gundred.* *(looking at the poker which she still holds)* And I laid this stout ashen stick across his kingly shoulders ! Come Denulf! let us eat the cakes which the King has burnt !  
*(They go out together.)*



*Brother monk and Lady of the Lake* – Sydney (1866 - 1952) and Sarah (1863 – 1923) Oram

SCENE 11 ..... THE PEACE OF WEDMORE.

SCENE II ..... WEDMORE TIME, A.D. 878.

INTRODUCTORY VERSE

Saxon and Dane have laid aside their arms.  
Peace reigns once more o'er Anglia. The Kings,  
Who once were foes, meet on this day like brothers;  
Alfred regains his own, and Danish Guthrum,  
By Asser taught, bows to the Rule of CHRIST.

KING ALFRED, QUEEN ETHELSWITHA, *the* ROYAL CHILDREN (THE ETHELING, EDMUND, EDWARD, ETHELWOLD, *and* ETHELFLEDA). SAXON NOBLES *and* LADIES, ASSER BISHOP OF SHERBORNE (*Alfred's Chronicler*), GUTHRUM KING OF THE DANES, TWO DANISH CHIEFS, MONKS, TWO MONKISH SCRIBES, DENULF THE SWINEHERD, CROWD.

*(Enter KING ALFRED and his Court. Caps are thrown into the air, and the people shout: " Long live good King Alfred ! Long live Alfred the Truth-teller ! Long live the King ! ")*

*Ethelfleda.* Father ! Why is there such a mighty gathering of the people, and why do all they make merry and rejoice ?

*Alfred.* Have they not cause to rejoice, my Ethelfleda ? The weary war is over, and we have won back that which we had lost. Our people come to witness the confirming of the Peace, and the Chrisom-feast of Guthrum the Dane, who hath embraced our faith.

*Etheling.* I would we had slain him in the battle at Edington, or driven him back to his own cold country !

*Edward.* I too ! Gladly would I see the Banner of the Raven lying in the mire !  
*Ethelwold.* *(to Edmund)* Wouldst thou not have joyfully slain Guthrum with thine own hand, brother ?

*Edmund.* That would I ! I would have broken in his skull with a battle-axe, and So avenged our years of poverty and hiding !

*Alfred.* Are ye Pagan Danes yourselves, that ye should thirst for blood and vengeance ? Shame on you, sons of Alfred.

*Queen.* Hither comes holy Asser, with his royal pupil, Guthrum of Denmark.  
*(From the right comes the sound of singing. Enter ASSER, leading GUTHRUM by the hand, followed by TWO DANISH CHIEFS and a procession of MONKS.)*

*Asser.* Alfred of West Anglia, called the Truth-teller, I bring to thee the convert of my poor teaching!

*Guthrum* *(kneeling to Alfred)* Behold Guthrum the Dane, your servant; once a Pagan, now, by the Mercy of GOD, a Christian.

*Alfred.* Rise from thy knees, Guthrum ; kneel not to me, but to GOD. Art thou not also a King ?

*Guthrum.* I was ; but *now* the captive of Alfred's bow and spear.



*St. Dunstan* – Played by George D'Angibau born 1867, Vicar of Queen Camel

*Alfred.* Say, rather, that thou *wast* my captive, Guthrum! Rise from thy knees no longer a prisoner, but a free Christian King!  
*(Guthrum slowly rises.)*

*Asser.* My Lord, the time is passing; shall we not sign the Treaty of Peace?  
*Alfred.* Surely, good Asser! Thou dost rightly put us in mind thereof,  
*(to the Scribe)* Read it, Father! that we may set our hands thereto.  
*(rising, and unrolling the Parchment)* These be the terms of the Treaty signed at Wedmore by Saxon and Dane in the Year of CHRIST 878. "Peace shall exist between Saxon and Dane on the terms here following;—*(shouts of "Aye! Aye!" from Crowd.)*—Guthrum the Dane shall receive East Anglia and certain lands in Mercia and Essex, to have and to hold, provided only that he and his subjects do keep within the lands of the Danelagh, and cross not the Watling Street to enter the Western Land. They shall stay in peace in their own Kingdom, and molest not their Saxon neighbours."

*Alfred.* Dost agree, Guthrum?  
*Guthrum.* Aye; and would gladly set my name thereto, but that I am no scribe!  
*Alfred.* Set to it the mark of the CROSS, in token that thou wilt keep this treaty so long as life shall last, with the help of a higher King than thou or I.  
*(together)* Amen!  
*(Guthrum signs, then Alfred.)*

*Alfred.* And now, brother Guthrum, to the Banquet! *(They begin to move slowly out. As they reach the centre, Alfred stops short, catching sight of Denulf in the crowd.)* Ha! My trusty host. Denulf the Swineherd! Come hither, friend!

*Denulf.* Has my Lord, then, not forgotten the rough tongue of Gundred my wife?

*Alfred.* *(laughing)* In very sooth, no! Nor am I like to, though I live a hundred Years! But fear not — Gundred taught me a good lesson, and now I will repay! Wilt become a Statesman, Denulf?

*Denulf.* I—A Statesman!  
*Alfred.* I will make thee a Thane, Denulf, and teach thee to be a scribe and scholar!

*Denulf.* The King does but jest with the poor swineherd! I—— a scribe, a scholar!

*Alfred.* On the oath of a Christian, Denulf, I jest not! I will in very truth reward thy faithfulness. Come, do not falter! I will make of thee a Thane, scribe, scholar, statesman!

*Denulf.* My Lord the King——!  
*Alfred.* Nay, further, Denulf — thou shalt sit in the Witana-Gemot, and one day, perchance, wear the robes of a bishop. What sayest thou to that?  
*(Denulf is silent.)*

*Alfred.* I have struck him dumb! Never fear, Denulf; Alfred the Truth-teller will perform his promise.  
*(He passes on with his Court.)*

**Opposite** – Arthur Prince (1830 – 1910), gamekeeper, as *King Henry I*



**ACT IV** ..... THE **LATER SAXONS.**

SCENE I ..... ST. DUNSTAN AND KING EDMUND ~~IRONSIDES~~.  
TIME ..... ..A.D. 940.

MARCH ..... " ZAUBERFLÖTE" ..... *MOZART.*

INTRODUCTORY VERSE

Alas! Once more do Dane and Saxon fight!  
Glaston's great Church, by heathen hands destroyed,  
Lies desolate and ruined. But not long  
Shall Anglia's earliest Abbey be profaned—  
Dunstan, the Saint, beloved of Royal Edmund,  
Restores her arches, rears her fallen walls,  
And from her ashes raises her to fame.

[MAGNIFICENT]

KING EDMUND ~~IRONSIDES~~, CEDRIC *his Page*, TWO NOBLES, FOUR PRIESTS,  
ST. DUNSTAN.  
(*Enter KING EDMUND, who seats himself, attended by CEDRIC and the Two NOBLES.*)

*King Edmund.* Cedric, look forth, and tell me if the holy Dunstan comes at the hour  
Appointed.

*Cedric.* (*running forward and shading his eyes with his hand*) He comes, my Lord,  
and with him four venerable priests.  
(*Enter DUNSTAN, followed by FOUR MONKS, one of whom carries a big roll of parchment.*)

*King Edmund.* (*rising and advancing two steps*) Welcome, holy Dunstan! What  
would'st thou of the King!

*Dunstan.* My Liege, call me not holy, for I am but a poor man and a sinful! I  
come to ask a boon of my Lord the King, nor do I fear but he will grant it.

*King Edmund.* Speak! Dunstan! What is the boon thou cravest?

*Dunstan.* I crave your leave, O King, to re-build the Abbey Church at  
Glastonbury, destroyed and pillaged by the Danes. After a grievous  
sickness I went thither, longing once more to behold my childhood's  
home (for I love it well), and lo! the Church was burnt and  
desecrated, and sheltering among its ruins a few holy men, priests of  
Ireland, a poor remnant of the brethren!

*King Edmund.* And thou would'st restore this ruined Church to its former glory?

*Dunstan.* Aye, my Liege! and to far more than that! I would make it  
beautiful beyond all dreams, glorious beyond all other Churches: Is it  
not our oldest shrine, founded by those who knew CHRIST in the days  
when HE walked on Earth!

*King Edmund.* Even so, Dunstan! But how can'st hope to do this mighty thing?

*Dunstan.* (*taking the parchment from the Monk*) A plan have I here of the great  
Church which shall one day be reared upon the old foundations.  
(*Unrolls parchment.*)

\*Correction by Mary Berkeley of her original script

Right *Joseph of Arimathea* – Played by Rev. G. W. Berkeley (b. 1845)





*King Edmund.* Surely no Church so great has ever yet been built ? How can'st thou hope to compass such a mighty work ?

*Dunstan.* Listen, Edmund, whom men call "~~Ironsides~~ !"\* One night, in a vision, I saw the great Church of Glastonbury - not as now, defaced and desecrated, deserted save by these few — restored and beautified beyond our powers of imagination. Great was its height, and great its length, noble its arches with rich sculptured work, such as no man ever saw ; and as I gazed I knew that thus should it appear to the eyes of countless worshippers and pilgrims, gathered from all lands to glorify GOD in the House which Dunstan's hands had shaped. And thus, O King, shall it be in very sooth ! For so hath GOD revealed it.

*King Edmund.* Thou sayest truly, Dunstan — thus shall it be! A new and greater Church shall rise up from these ruins; and thou, its restorer, shall be its Abbot — thou, and none other. (*rising*) And when the eyes of Edmund Ironsides shall close in death, his body shall lie within the sheltering walls of the Abbey, raised by the hands of holy Dunstan!

(*Exit EDMUND, leaning on DUNSTAN'S shoulder, followed by CEDRIC, NOBLES, and MONKS.*)

\* (see previous) IRONSIDES WAS AN ERROR IN THE SCRIPT - SHOULD BE "MAGNIFICENT"

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TABLEAU ..... THE TRIBUTE OF WOLVES' SKINS AT EDGARLEY.

**ACT V ..... KING HENRY I**

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SCENE I ..... KING HENRY GRANTS A CHARTER.  
 SCENE ..... GLASTONBURY.  
 TIME ..... A.D. 1127.

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MARCH — "OLD ENGLISH PASTIMES."

INTRODUCTORY VERSE

One comes with knights and ladies ! Who is he ?  
 Why enters he in splendour ? He, the grandsire,  
 The founder is of England's royal House,  
 The Scholar-King, whom men call the first Henry.  
 Why comes he here, to Glaston ? He will grant  
 A charter to the townfolk and the Abbey,  
 Bidding them honour great Saint Michael's name !

HENRY I, QUEEN, KNIGHTS, LADIES, PAGES, HERALD, *the* KING'S FOOL, ABBOT, MONKS, CROWD.

(*The Crowd streams on*)

*1st Man.* So the King's come to Glaston ?  
*2nd Man,* Aye ! didst thou not see him ? He came yesternight.

**Right - St. Benignus** – Played by Rev. G. W. Saunders (1879 - 1951) curate of Street, later vicar of Martock



*1st Man.* So, I was from home. What like is he ?  
*1st Woman.* He is very brave to look upon. I saw him this day, as he rode by to Beckery.  
*2nd Woman.* And so did I ! He went to worship at the Shrine of St. Bridget.  
*3rd Man.* Think you we shall have another sight of him ?  
*3rd Woman.* Why surely ! Here he comes !  
*(Enter THE FOOL, running. He jangles his bells and cuts capers.)*  
*All the Women.* Oh, see the funny little fellow !  
*1st Man.* Hush ! 'Tis treason to speak like that o' the King's Grace !  
*The Women.* *(alarmed)* Treason ? We meant no harm !  
*2nd Man.* That's not the King ! That's his son !  
*1st Woman.* The King has no son ; belike 'tis his servant ?  
*3rd Man.* Yes ! Yes ! 'Tis his servant !  
*The Women.* *(re-assured)* See the bravery of his garments ! Hearken how his bells jangle !  
*(Enter MONKS and ABBOT.)*  
*1st Man.* The good Fathers !  
*2nd Man.* The Knights and Ladies !  
*(Enter the Retinue.)*  
*3rd Man.* The King and Queen !  
*(Enter KING HENRY and the QUEEN.)*  
*Crowd.* Long live the King ! Long live the Queen !  
*Herald.* Oyez ! Oyez ! Oyez !  
*Crowd.* Long live King Henry !  
*Herald.* Oyez ! Oyez ! Listen, O People, to the words of the Charter granted by the most renowned King and mighty Prince, Henry I, by the Grace of God King of this Royaume of Englonde, to the Abbey of this Church of Glaston, in the Yeare of Our LORD 1127 ! *(reads)* "The Precentor of the Church of Glastonbury shall hold a fair at the Monastery of St. Michael de Torre, in the Isle of Glaston, belonging to the Chantry of the Abbey of Glastonbury, on the day before the Feast of St. Michael and on the day of that Feast, with all the liberties and free customs usually belonging to fairs of that sort, provided only that the said fair be not to the detriment of other fairs in the neighbourhood."  
*(Roars of approval. Cries of " Long live the King ! ")*  
*(Enter DANCERS, and Fair proceeds.)*

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**TOR FAIR IN THE OLDEN TIME.**

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**ACT VI ..... THE DISSOLUTION OF THE ABBEY.**

SCENE I ..... THE ARREST OF ABBOT WHYTING.  
 SCENE ..... SHARPHAM PARK.  
 TIME ..... SEPTEMBER 19th, 1539.

**Right – Abbot Whyting** – Played by Rev. Henry Dawes born 1860, vicar of Baltonsborough



Abbot Whyting—  
"We appeal to the Judgment of God."

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 INTRODUCTORY VERSE

Alas ! the sands are run. The glorious Church,  
 Founded ere dawned the history of our Isle,  
 Is burnt and pillaged. Hate, and rage, and greed,  
 And royal tyranny have worked its downfall.  
 Forth now the monks must fly into the world,  
 Homeless and helpless ; while their mitred chief,  
 Together with his best loved friends, must die.

-----  
 ABBOT WHYTING, PRIOR JOHN THORNE, SUB-PRIOR ROGER JAMES,  
 (*Commissioners*) LAYTON, POLLARD, and MOYLE, STEPHEN (*a lay-Brother*)  
 THOMAS HORNE (*Whyting's adopted son.*)

(*Enter the Abbot, Prior, and Sub-Prior, followed by Horne, who carries a heavy book. The Abbot seats himself in a chair by the table, while Horne sits on a low stool at his feet waiting for an order to begin writing, the other two remain standing.*)

*Horne.* Are we not safe, Father Abbot, in this peaceful retreat ?  
*Whyting.* Son, we are in the Hands of GOD. Where shall we find a tower of  
 refuge in this world of war, this England. Crushed by tyranny, and torn  
 by factions of Church and Court ? Answer me that, Son Thomas !  
*Horne.* Nay. My Lord Abbot, I know not !  
*Whyting.* Hast thou ready the parchments, the ink-horn, and the quills for  
 writing ?  
*Horne.* They are here. my Father.  
*Whyting.* Open then the book; and inscribe (as I shall tell thee how) the martyr-  
 dom of that most glorious saint, blessed Thomas of Canterbury.  
*Prior.* Hath the Lord Abbot then so worshipful a regard for good Saint Thomas ?  
*Whyting.* Even as my friend I love him. John. Did he not lay down his life for  
 Holy Church ?  
*Sub-Prior,* Alas. my father !—even as thou art like to do.  
*Prior.* And will your Lordship then hold out to the last against these matters  
 of the King's Divorce and the surrender of the Abbey plate ?  
*Whyting.* Dost thou ask me that, Prior John ? What ! Put away Queen  
 Katharine ? Rather let my head fall from my shoulders, and our great  
 abbey crumble to dust ere I consent to so vile a thing ! And as to the  
 plate—'tis God's, and how shall I render up that which is not mine ?  
*Prior and Sub-Prior.* Alas ! Alas! my Father, Then wilt thou surely die !  
*Whyting.* Wherefore not, my children ? All men must die, and how better than  
 as martyrs for our Holy Church ?  
*Horne.* Most reverend Father, meseems 'tis my patron, St. Thomas à Becket  
 Himself who speaks  
*Whyting.* Faithful indeed was he — aye, to the death, as I do pray to be.  
*Prior.* (*Catching his enthusiasm*) And if they slay thee, my Father, let them slay  
 me too ! For, by St. Joseph's staff, I will never leave thee !

**Right – Gundred** – Played by Beryl Friend, b. 1886 pupil then teacher at Butleigh Vicarage



*Sub-Prior.* And by St. Joseph's Church neither will I! I will die with thee for the Church and Right!  
*(They kneel before him. Enter BRO. STEPHEN, running.)*

*Bro. Stephen.* My Lord Abbot! My Lord Abbot: They are even now upon us! Fly! Fly for your life!

*Whyting*  
*Bro. Stephen.* Nay, Brother Stephen; have no fear! Whence come the soldiers?  
 Alack, holy Sir! They come from Glaston, by way of Street, over Pomparles Bridge!

*Whyting*  
*Bro. Stephen.* And they are, sayest thou, *now* close upon us?  
*Bro. Stephen.* My Lord Abbot, they are even at the gate.  
*Whyting* The end is coming, and the time is very short. Leave us, Brother Stephen, with these our friends, Prior and Sub-Prior.  
*(Exit Brother Stephen.)*

*Prior.* Nay, Father, thou would'st speak thy last words to thy son Thomas Horne.  
*(Exeunt.)*

*Whyting* Lad, I love thee with a father's love, and yet my mind misgives me sorely!

*Horne.* *(playing with the pages of the book)* The Lord Abbot, then, doth no longer trust his son?

*Whyting* Judas betrayed his MASTER. But away — I do thee injustice, lad, for I love thee well, and I doubt thee not!

*Horne.* *(looking away from him)* Hath not Brother Stephen mistaken? For I know of no danger, and Sharpham is remote!

*Whyting* Who knocks? Enter!  
*(Enter BRO. STEPHEN)*

*Bro. Stephen* My Lord Abbot, your pardon! The King's Commissioners would take no denial, and I was forced to let them in!

*Whyting* Thou didst well, Brother Stephen!

*Horne.* *(to himself, wildly, as he turns aside)* And it was I betrayed him! I told them the way! May Heaven have Mercy on me!  
*(Enter Layton, Pollard, and Moyle.)*

*Whyting* *(motioning to Horne and Stephen)* I would meet these men alone!  
*(Exeunt Horne and Stephen.)*

*Layton.* Are you Richard Whyting, some time Abbot of Glastonbury?  
*Whyting* Craving your pardon, I am Abbot still!  
*Layton.* Bandy not words with the King's Commissioner! I tell thee, old man, there is no Abbey now, and no Abbot! Thou art our prisoner, Richard Whyting!

*Whyting* By whose right?  
*Layton.* By the King's warrant, empowering us to seize thy person. Canst thou clear thyself?

*Whyting* I would know the charge.  
*Moyle.* Art thou true friend to our Sovereign Lord, King Harry?  
*Whyting* I wish him no ill.  
*Moyle.* But thou dost not wish him well! Mark that, Master Layton! But to proceed — The Oath of Supremacy? Hast thou taken it?

*Whyting* Alas, I have! Most deeply do I repent thereof.  
*Pollard.* And why repent, Sir Priest?  
*Whyting* 'Twas an act of sin, of treason to the Church.





*Thomas Horne* – Played by Bert Ebsworth born 1891 Butleigh

*Layton.* And wilt thou not renew it ?  
*Whyting* Never ! though my life be forfeit !  
*Moyle.* The King's divorce ?—What thinkest thou of that ?  
*Whyting* I protest against it ! 'Twas an evil act, and will bring a heavy punishment.  
*Moyle.* Heard ye ever the like o' that, my masters ? (*to Whyting*) The Abbey plate ! — Where hast thou concealed it ?  
*Whyting* I cannot reveal it.  
*Layton.* One more question shall we ask of thee. Reveal to us the names of those who with money and arms supported that Northern rebellion, the Pilgrimage of Grace (for the secret is known to thee alone), and thy life shall be spared.  
*Whyting* Never ! I will not buy my life by treachery, or take reward to slay the Innocent !  
*Layton.* Then thy last hope is gone ! For that thou *hast* the papers whereon these names are writ, we know full well ! And find them we *will*, though we pull down thine Abbey stone by stone. If not — to the Tower of London thou shalt go, and through the Traitor's Gate pass to a traitor's death !  
*Whyting* So be it ! I fear not death !  
*Layton.* Then come to meet it ! Forward, Sirs — and, may be, on to the Tower. (*They close round Whyting, and pass out, with the Abbot in their midst.*)

**SCENE II ..... THE TRIAL OF ABBOT WHYTING.**

SCENE ..... WELLS; THE BISHOP'S PALACE.  
TIME ..... NOVEMBER 14th, 1593.

(*Enter several Gentlemen, from different ways.*)

*1st Gent.* Well met, friends ! — How think you we shall end this day's work ?  
*2nd Gent.* There's little doubt ! — Abbot Whyting and his two monks will hang for their fault!  
*3rd Gent.* Alas ! So fear I ! 'Tis an evil thing that we must do !  
*4th Gent.* Peace ! Or thou'lt pay the penalty of high treason thyself !  
*Enter the Judge's crier.*  
*Crier.* Oyez ! Oyez ! Oyez ! My lords the King's justices do strictly charge and command all manner of persons to keep silence, on pain of imprisonment !  
(*The Gentlemen fall back respectfully, and doff their hats. Enter LORD RUSSELL, the CLERK, the three COMMISSIONERS, the PRISONERS, one or two SOLDIERS. They go to their seats ; the Gentlemen get into their places as jurymen.*)  
*Lord Russell.* These be the prisoners against whom we proceed this day ! Three men

**Right – The Clerk** – Played by Herbert J. Brooks born 1847, draper of Glastonbury



well advanced in years, who ought ere now to have learnt how evil and profitless a thing it is to stand against good King Henry ! Clerk, read the charge against the prisoners !

*Clerk.* *(reading)* "Richard Whyting, sometime mitred Abbot of Glastonbury, being a subject of our Sovereign Lord Henry VIII, by the Grace of God of the Kingdoms of Britain, France, and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, not having the fear of God before his eyes, nor weighing the duty of his allegiance, but being moved and seduced at the instigation of the Devil, and entirely withdrawing the love and true and due obedience which every subject of our said Sovereign Lord the King should, and of right ought to, bear toward our said present Sovereign Lord the King, and wickedly desiring and contriving to rob his Majesty the King of his just rights, has, with that intent, feloniously hidden the treasures of the Abbey of Glastonbury, to wit :— Sundry chalices, patens, reliquaries, parcels of plate, gold and silver in vessels, ornaments, and money, conferred upon the King by Act of Parliament, contrary to the duty of his allegiance, against the peace of our said Lord the King, his Crown and dignity."

*Lord Russell.* What say you. Richard Whyting ? Guilty or not guilty ?  
*Whyting,* How can I plead guilty where no guilt is ? The treasures were entrusted me to keep for God and for the Church ; no earthly power may lawfully take to itself the houses of God for a possession. Am I tried by an assembly of Christian or of heathen men ?

*Lord Russell.* Do not revile your judges ! As an Englishman, you were bound, by Act of Parliament, to deliver the treasure to the King.

*Whyting.* You have on your side but one Parliament ; on ours are all the parliaments from the Witana-Gemot downwards, which granted and continued to us of Glastonbury the possessions you would snatch from us. To resist such oppression and sacrilege is *not* guilt, and therefore in that sense I plead ' not guilty ' ! Neither can I be accused of treason toward the King, who wrongfully seeks that which is not his. I disallow the charge as damnable and impious !

*(Roars and cheers from the crowd)*

*Lord Russell.* You hear him ! He abuses the Court in bold, treasonable words !

Who giveth evidence against this man ?

*Layton.* My Lord, when we apprehended him at Sharpham, he spoke words of treason concerning the King's divorce. He refused, moreover, to reveal to us where he had concealed the Abbey plate.

*Moyle* Neither would he give the names of those persons who aided and abetted the Pilgrimage of Grace.

*Lord Russell* Found you aught else against him ?

*Moyle.* Later, on searching his house, we found a treatise against the King's divorce (in which was much treason written) ; also a life of Thomas Becket, who most justly perished for withstanding the King.

*Lord Russell.* Was this book Richard Whyting's own work ?

*Layton.* Aye ! written in his hand, my Lord !

*Lord Russell.* What hast thou to say against these charges, old man ?

*Whyting* They are true ; wherefore deny that, wherein I see no shame !

*Lord Russell.* *(to the Jury)* Worships ! Your verdict ! Beware how you give it, for your own loyalty is on trial this day !



**Joseph of Arimathea and the wattle church**  
The Reverend George William Berkeley

*Jury.* (reluctantly) He is guilty!  
*Lord Russell.* (turning to the Prior and Sub-Prior) And these two?—Prior Thorne and Sub-Prior James — have they aught to say? Speak, fellows! Can you answer the questions put to your Abbot?  
*Prior.* It ill becomes us to be weak where he was firm! Furthermore, we cannot as Christians answer what you ask.  
*Lord Russell.* And you, Roger James? What have you to say?  
*Sub-Prior.* Where my Superiors have been silent, shall I speak? Nay! I am bound by my oaths to GOD, to St. Benedict, and the Lord Abbot!  
*Lord Russell.* Then hear your most just doom! You have been tried before a jury of the King's loyal subjects, and have been found guilty of high treason, in seeking to deprive the King of what is his by right, granted him by the high estates of the Realm in trust for the nation. Tomorrow, therefore, shall you be drawn on hurdles to the summit of Glastonbury Tor, there to be hanged by the neck; but not till you are dead; for while yet living you shall be taken down, your heads struck off, and your bodies quartered, each quarter to be at the King's disposal. May GOD have mercy on your souls!  
*Whyting.* So be it! From your judgement do we appeal to the Judgement of GOD, at whose Bar we shall meet again.  
*(Exeunt)*

**LARGO IN G** ..... *HANDEL.*

**SCENE III** ..... **THE PROCESSION TO TOR HILL.**

SCENE ..... GLASTONBURY.  
 TIME ..... NOVEMBER 15th. 1539.

*The people of Glastonbury, a few Monks, Scoffers. Enemies of the Abbot, Crowd.*  
*1st Woman.* (gazing into the distance) Alas! the day is come, and up yonder—up yonder! —  
*(She breaks off with a sob, points in the direction of the Tor, and retires into the crowd.)*  
*2nd Woman.* Who will have pity on us now the good Fathers are gone?  
*3rd Woman.* Alas! they have robbed us of our benefactors!  
*4th Woman.* They have taken our friends, our protectors!  
*1st Woman.* Who will care for us now? Who will comfort the sick and dying?  
 Who will instruct our children or give alms to the poor? (*Shrieking*)  
 Who, I say, will do that now?  
*1st Man.* Marry! That will King Harry do!  
*A Boy.* Now, by my Halidom! I would it were the King himself who is to hang up yonder this day!  
*2nd Man.* Hush, foolish lad! Thy words are treason!  
*The Boy.* I care not! That is my wish!  
*3rd Man.* Hush! They come!  
*Crowd.* They come! They come!  
*(Enter left THE ABBOT, PRIOR, and SUB-PRIOR, drawn on hurdles. They are guarded.)*



Mary Albinia Berkeley

1st Woman. *Peace be with you, holy Fathers!*  
 2nd Woman. Blessed be the martyred Abbot !  
 Scoffers. *(half-heartedly)* Traitors ! Thieves ! Where is the Abbey plate !  
 The Men. *(rushing forward)* Shame on you to taunt dying men !  
 The Women. Aye ! Shame on you to mock at the holy martyrs !  
 1st Scoffer. *(repenting)* May Heaven be merciful to the Lord Abbot!  
 An Enemy. To your work ! Scoff at them ! Revile them ! Are you not paid ?  
 Scoffers We will not do this thing ! We will forfeit our wages !  
*(A sudden silence falls. After a moment it is broken by the Abbot.)*  
 Whyting *(raising himself on one elbow)* My Monks! Do I not see some of my  
 Monks in the crowd ? May I not bid them farewell ?  
 Monks. *(rushing forward)* Father! Father!  
*(They are repulsed ; one manages to push through and reach the Abbot's hurdle.  
 The others stand with bowed heads and folded arms.)*  
 Monk. Father Abbot, is not thy soul filled with dread at what is before thee ?  
 Whyting It is easier to bear than the Cross, Brother !  
 Monk. Ah Father!

*(He is dragged back and pushed away. The cavalcade starts forward again. The whole crowd, including the Scoffers, fall on their knees and remain praying till the procession has passed from sight. Then the Crowd rises and streams out after it, leaving the Monks kneeling. From the distance comes the sound of many voices shouting together.)*

1st Monk, *(rising)* It is over, Brethren !  
*(The rest rise up.)*  
 2nd Monk. Peace, be with them !  
 1st Monk. Now must we hence — for Glastonbury Abbey is no more.  
 3rd Monk. Alas ! We have no homes ! Whither can we go, Brother Robert ?  
 4th Monk. We have no refuge !  
 1st Monk. We must become wanderers ; fear not, God will direct our steps.  
 Away ! Let us not stay here, for Glastonbury is our home no longer !  
*(They go out together.)*

## ACT VII ..... "KING MONMOUTH."

SCENE I ..... THE SEVEN MEN OF BUTLEIGH.  
 SCENE ..... MARKET PLACE, TAUNTON, TIME, 1685.

MARCH —

### INTRODUCTORY VERSE

Now through the land a torch of warfare flies.  
 A flume of fury and rebellion, kindling  
 The Western men to rise against their King.  
 The flag of Monmouth flutters on the breezes,  
 And Taunton's Maids and Butleigh's Yeomen throng;  
 To swear him fealty, and to die for him.





*Queen Morgan le Fay* Played by Mary Albinia Berkeley

**MONMOUTH, SOLDIERS, PARSON JOHN RADFORD, SEVEN MEN OF BUTLEIGH, HERALD, CROWD.**

*(Enter HERALD, MONMOUTH, and his SOLDIERS. Advance to central position, and Crowd cheering.)*

- Crowd.* Long live the Protestant Duke ! Long live King Monmouth !  
*(Cheers. The Duke takes off his hat and bows.)*
- Voice.* Let we pass thro'! Let we pass thro'. I zay ! I want to spake with the Duke !
- 1st Man.* Duke don't want to speak wi' the likes o' thee, wold man !  
*Radford.* *(pushing through the crowd, followed by SEVEN MEN, armed with spades, scythes and pitchforks)* Yes he do ! He do want to speak wi' all honest Men, for zartin sure ! Be that the Duke up yonder ?  
*(Jerks his thumb in the direction of Monmouth.)*
- 1st Woman.* Yes, that's the Duke, bless his heart!
- Crowd.* GOD save King Monmouth !
- Radford.* GOD bless King Monmouth an' the Protestant Succession !  
*(Advances, and takes off his hat.)* My Lord Duke! — that is, your Majesty !
- Officer.* *(stepping forward)* Back fellow!
- Monmouth.* Nay ! It is our pleasure to hear him ! Tell me your name, and where you come from ?
- Radford.* I be Passon John Radvord, Sir ; from Butleigh, up handy Glastonbury.
- Monmouth.* And what is your business with us, Parson John Radford ?
- Radford.* *(pointing to the Seven Men)* Them's my business, Sir! I be come to bring Seven Stout Lads, from Higher Rock Farm up to Butleigh, to fight for 'ee Sir !—all of 'em strong men an' brave, an' sturdy Protestants !
- Monmouth.* It much rejoices me to hear of the devotion of Butleigh, who has sent us seven of her bold sons.
- Radford.* They baint all of 'em true, Sir ! They're most of 'em for King James in Butleigh, Sir!
- Monmouth.* What, with you for their pastor, Mr. Radford ? Surely you must be wrong?
- Radford.* No, Sir, I hain't wrong ! There be only seven in all Butleigh ready to die for your Grace an' the Protestant Succession! Baint that true, lads ? *The* That's zo ! 'T'es true what Passon do tell!
- Seven.* I am glad that Butleigh holds seven men ready to die for the cause.
- Monmouth.* Present to me my new recruits and subjects, Master Radford !
- Radford.* Come, lads, his Grace do want to larn the names of 'ee ! Step for'ard, an' salute when I do call 'ee !
- The Seven.* Aye ! Aye !  
*(Radford calls the names. Each man steps forward and touches his cap.)*
- Monmouth,* Right glad am I to receive the seven stout men before me. Mr. Radford, do you also follow us ?
- Radford.* Not I, Sir! *(chuckles)* I be a passon, and a wold man ! I must go home to my vlock over to Butleigh.
- Monmouth.* To win more good subjects ? For those seven sturdy troopers I thank you ! When Monmouth comes unto his own, Butleigh and her seven men shall not be forgotten.  
*(Crowd cheers. Seven Men retire behind the Duke's troopers. Radford takes up his stand on the edge of the crowd.)*

**Right – Hermit** Played by John Heywood born 1840 Oakford



## SCENE II.

*(Enter the Maids of Taunton, led by their School-Mistress.)*

*Monmouth.* Who comes? I' faith! a bevy of the fairest ladies of Taunton Town!

*Mistress.* Your Majesty, I come hither with the maidens of my school to wish you God-speed, and to do you honour.

*Monmouth.* Madam! I am sensible of the honour, and I thank you. Are these fair maidens here the children of your school?

*Mistress.* Yes, an' it please your Majesty! *(signs to one of the girls, who hands her a Bible. Kneeling, she presents it to the Duke.)* I would fain offer your Majesty this Sacred Book, as a token of my loyalty, and a guide to your Majesty's footsteps.

*Monmouth.* *(taking Bible and raising her)* I thank you, Madam. *(Holds the Bible high over his head.)* The truths contained in this Book will I defend, and seal, if need be, with my blood!

*Girls.* God bless King Monmouth and the Protestant Succession.  
*(Cheers. School-Mistress draws back.)*

*Head-Girl.* *(kneeling, and presenting the Duke with a Sword on a crimson cushion)* I would offer your Majesty the Sword of Justice and of Righteousness, wherewith to win your inheritance, to defend as your Majesty hath promised the sacred Truths written in that Book, and the liberties of your subjects.

*Monmouth.* *(raising her)* I am grateful to you, Mistress, and with the sword your fair hands have offered me will I win back my Kingdom.  
*(Takes Sword. Girl curtsies and retires. Another Girl advances with half-furled Banner.)*

*2nd Girl.* Will your Grace accept the gift we offer?—the best work of our hands and the truest wishes of our hearts.  
*(Monmouth takes Banner and raises the Girl.)*

*Monmouth.* You have my heartfelt thanks. If ever I win my rightful Throne I will not forget the Taunton Maids. Worked by hands so fair, and blessed with the wishes of such loyal hearts, this banner must lead to victory.

*All the Girls.* God save the King!

*Crowd.* God save the King! Long live King Monmouth and the Protestant Succession for ever! A Monmouth! A Monmouth! A Monmouth!  
*(Exeunt in procession.)*

ACT VIII ..... THE CHANGE OF STYLE.

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SCENE ..... GLASTONBURY ABBEY.  
TIME ..... CHRISTMAS EVE, 1752.

**MARCH** ..... "POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE" ..... *ELGAR.*

Right – *Lord Russell* Played by Wilfred Brymer born 1883



## INTRODUCTORY VERSE

Why throng the men of Glastonbury hither ?  
Why, bearing lanthornes, do they wildly rush  
Unto the ruins of their Abbey ?

Know ye

" Th' old order changeth, yielding place to new,"  
And to the Sacred Thorn-Tree flock the people.  
What do they seek to learn ?

They would consult

The Flowering Tree, would see if it bear blossom  
Upon this Eve of Christmas. Monk and Saint  
Have died and passed away, but still the Thorn  
Survives the Great Destruction, and each year  
" Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our LORD ! "

MASTER RICHARDS (*Care-taker of the Abbey Ruins*), SALLY PETERS, SAMMY FORD, and other of the *Townsfolk*:. Crowd.

(*Enter RICHARDS, carrying a Lanthorne, followed by several of the Townsfolk.*)

Richards. Now hearken to me, all on 'ee ! Be we, or beant we, a-goin' to stand thiky change o' style ?

2nd Woman. What's that, now ?

Richards. Thiky change in calendar — the year, I do mean !

Crowd. No ! So ! We baent a-goin' to stand no change ; the wold style's good enough vor our gramfers, and 'tis good enough for we !

Sally Peters. (*stepping forward*) I don't hold wi' no change, I don't! I do zim it aint Chirstian-like, or right!

(*Roars of approval.*)

Richards. No! 'tidden right — 'tidden! An' I've a-written to King Jarge up to Lunnon to let 'un know what I do think o' un !

3rd Woman, An' what did 'ee tell 'un, Maister Richards ?

Richards. Why I did tell 'un vor zure 'twas wrong to alter thik there calendar ! He do rob honest volks o' their days', an' besides — the LARD made they wold days an' 'tidden right to change 'em. No, 'tidden !

Crowd. No ! No ! tidden right !

Sally Peters. Vor zartin zure 'tidden right! An' how's the Holy Tharn to blow when the day be changed ?

Crowd. Aye ! Aye ! Cassen tell us that ?

Richards. Why that beant no difficulty, vriends ! Vor zure Tharn 'ud blow on the right day o' the year. An' if her don't blow thiky night —

(*pauses*) — then — (*triumphantly*) — why then, 'tidden Christmas Eve !

(*Roars of approval.*)

Sally Peters. Be we a-goin' to look at Tharn, Maister Richards ?

Sammy Ford. What ever vor ?

Sally Peters. Why to zee *if* her do blow, vor zure !

2nd Woman. An' if her don't blow, what then !

Richards. Why 'tidden Chirsmas !

(*Laughter.*)

Right – *Butleigh man and Woman* Played by Michael and Harriet Wilcox



## EPILOGUE

The dream is dreamed, the ancient tale is done ;  
The magic tapestry of History spun ;  
The Olden Times have long since passed away—  
" Alas! the Good Old Times ! " we sadly say.  
So too the present flies, the Future comes;  
We mourn dead Time, and sound his funeral drums;  
But ever present is old England's Past,  
And while this sphered Earth of ours shall last  
No single hero seen by you this day  
Shall in oblivion's darkness melt away!  
Still Avalon shall be the blessed Isle  
Round whose grey Ruins fruitful orchards smile—  
Where blessed Joseph breathed the earliest prayer  
That rose on Heavenward wings through British air,  
The Island where St. Dunstan's harp once rang,  
Where Choirs of Angels never ceasing sang.  
In future years shall more green laurels grow  
" Where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow."  
With kind indulgence have you heard us through,  
And Butleigh's heartiest thanks to you are due.  
No longer will we hold you captive here,  
God-speed ! we bid you with a mighty cheer.  
*(The, Crowd gives loud cheers.)*  
We pray this memory in your hearts may dwell—  
Give us but one kind thought, and so— *(all)*—Farewell!

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## GOD SAVE THE KING

The audience are earnestly requested to keep their seats during the final procession.

