

**DACRE OF THE SOUTH;  
OR, THE OLDEN TIME.  
A DRAMA**

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Dacre of the South; Or, the Olden Time. A Drama by C. F. Gore

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**C. F. GORE**

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**A DRAMA.**

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1840.

901.



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TO THE AUTHOR OF VATHEK,

THIS PLAY IS INSCRIBED

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF SINCERE ADMIRATION

BY

C. F. GORE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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LORD DACRE OF THE SOUTH.

EARL OF ABERGAVENNY, *his father-in-law.*

LORD AUDLEY DE WALDEN, *Chancellor and High Steward  
to Henry VIII.*

SIR NICHOLAS PELHAM, *Sheriff of Sussex.*

HUBERT PELHAM, *his Nephew.*

SIR WALTER MANSEL, *affianced to the sister of Lord Dacre.*

MASTERS POYNTZ,  
ROYDON, } *friends of Dacre.*  
CHENIES, }  
FROWDS, }

MARK, *an old Seneschal of Lord Dacre.*

DICK SUMNER, *Pelham's Park-keeper.*

LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER.

SECRETARY TO LORD AUDLEY.

*Privy Councillors, Courtiers, Guests.*

*Serving Men, Pages, Javelin Men, Yeomen of the Guard.*

THE LADY MARY, *wife to Lord Dacre.*

LADY ANNE FIENNES, *his Sister.*

MADGE SUMNER.

*Time—Reign of Henry VIII.*



# DACRE OF THE SOUTH.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*A chamber in Hurstmonceaux Castle, adorned with armoury.  
In the background, tables for shovel-board, &c.*

*Enter Mark, and two serving men.*

*Mark.* Is all in order for the banqueting?—

*First Man.* All, Master Seneschal! Fresh rushes  
spread

O'erstrewn with spicy herbs;—the tables set,—

The bossy flagons ready for their frothing

From a fresh broach of Gascony!—

*Second Man.* The feast

Reeks from our vaulted kitchen with a steam

Might fill a hungry man! The lordly haunch,

The goodly chine, fat capons, cygnets, quails,

Sweat i' the basting; while a garnish'd boar's head

Grins in the midst!—It makes a fellow's lips  
Run o'er, to talk on 't.

*Mark.* It were well, Sir knave,  
Thy lips and tongue ran less. Mark me!—To-night  
The Pelhams and their mates pledge with my lord  
A wassail cup of amity. I charge ye,  
Upon your zeal, give these proud men no pretext  
To call the Castle wanting in its welcome.

*Second Man.* Old Nicholas a guest at Hurstmonceaux?  
Methinks — (a horn sounds.)

*Mark.* How now?—

*First Man.* It is my noble lord  
Home from the hawking.

*Second Man.* Or some smell-feast neighbour  
Seeking to scan our cheer—

*Mark.* Leave prating, Sirrah!  
Look out, there!—To the hall! [Exeunt Men.  
(Looking out.) Now, by the rood!

The bearings of the noble house of Neville.  
My lady's sire, the venerable Earl!—

*Re-enter serving men, showing in the Earl of Aber-  
gavenny and his train.*

My gracious lord! (with reverence.) Welcome to Hurst-  
monceaux!

*Aberg.* Old Mark?—Still at thy post?—

*Mark.* (bowing.) There to remain  
Till palsy shake the wand from my old hand!

[Abergavenny signs to his train to retire. Exeunt.]

*Aberg.* My daughter and her lord, yon knaves inform me,  
Are stèl a-field?—'Tis well!—Should the wind serve  
I'll join their sport to-morrow.

*Mark.* Good, my Lord,  
The o'er-night promise chimes not ever with  
The morn's observance. We've a banquet toward  
Will make the roofs ring and the torches blaze  
Far into midnight. The old Knight of Laughton  
And Master Pelham are our guests.

*Aberg.* I'm glad on't!  
There ran ill-blood of old betwixt your lord  
And old Sir Nicholas.—Heaven's mercy keep him  
From foes so potent as these vauntful Pelhams!—

*Mark.* Foes, my good Lord?—They're now stanch  
friends—sworn brothers!—

*Aberg.* Tut, man!—Such bitter feuds ne'er ended yet  
In friendship worth the trusting. (*Bugles heard.*)

Ha! my daughter!

*Enter from hawking, Lord Dacre and his Lady, Hubert Pelham, Poyntz, Roydon, Frowds, Chenies, and attendants.*

*The Lady kneels to Abergavenny.*

*Aberg.* (*raising her*). Rise, dearest! (*to her Lord*)

Dacre! a foud father's blessing

Is earn'd thee by this wench's sunny looks.  
The Pe'nsey breezes, girl, have fix'd the hues  
Of health upon thy cheek.

*Lady.* Say rather, Sir,  
The cheer of happy hours.