

**THE EARL OF
LEICESTER. A
TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS**

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The Earl of Leicester. A Tragedy, in Five Acts by Samuel Heath

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SAMUEL HEATH

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EARL OF LEICESTER.

A Tragedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY SAMUEL HEATH.

LONDON

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1843.



PREFACE.

THE following Play is the result of an attempt to construct an effective acting drama on the foundation of one of the most beautiful novels in the English language. As every reader of the ensuing pages will, doubtless, be familiar with their source, it is unnecessary for me to particularize for what, either in incident or language, I am indebted to the gifted author of "Kenilworth." My aim has been to avoid a close resemblance; but with the object I had in view, it would have been folly not to have made use of the tale when it suited my purpose.

29th June, 1843.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EARL OF LEICESTER.

EARL OF SUSSEX.

LORD HUNSDON.

TRESSILIAN.

VARNEY.

FOSTER.

ALASCO.

GOSLING.

LAMBOURN.

WAYLAND.

GOLDTHREAD.

STEELWELL.

SIMON.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

AMY, *Countess of Leicester.*

JANET.

Courtiers, Pages, Servants, &c.

THE
EARL OF LEICESTER.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

*The Interior of the Black Bear at Cumnor; GOLD-
THREAD, STEELWELL, and other guests, seated at
different tables; TRISSILIAN reclining on a bench
apart.*

Enter GOSLING.

How now, my customers!—where is your wit?
Is't dead amongst ye? Why so dull, I pray?

GOLDTHREAD.

Truly, I know not we are dull, mine host.
What say'st thou, neighbour Steelwell?

STEELWELL.

Why, I say,

Old Fill-the-pot esteems us always dull,
Save when we call for liquor and the score.
But bless thy lucky stars, Giles! for here comes
Another guest to cheer thee.

Enter LAMBOURN, dressed as from a journey.

LAMBOURN.

Where's the host ?

Ho, host!—where art thou, host? A cup of sack!
Where art thou, host?

GOSLING.

Here, sir, at your service.

LAMBOURN.

Didst thou not hear me? Quick—a cup of sack!

GOSLING.

Sir, certainly. Tapster, a cup of sack!

LAMBOURN.

Host, take my hat, and help remove my cloak.

(Tapster brings LAMBOURN a cup of sack; he drinks.)

'Tis good—yes, it is good! It suits my palate.

Another—quick. And now, my host, dost know me?

GOSLING.

I think I never saw you, sir, till now.

LAMBOURN.

And, boys, do none of you remember me?

(The guests look at him.)

GOLDTHREAD.

Marry, not I! Dost thou, friend Steelwell—eh?

STEELWELL.

I somehow fancy he is like a youth—

A pretty youth—whom you knew, master Gosling;

I mean your nephew.

GOSLING.

Mike? A murrain on him!

LAMBOURN.

You hear him, gentlemen; he curses me!
Yes, me! I have not for these five years been
Beneath his roof; now that I set my foot
Within his house's door, a gentleman,—
Ay, ev'ry inch of me a gentleman,—
He curses me!

GOSLING.

What! art thou Mike Lambourn?
In fortune's name, who dreamt of seeing thee?

LAMBOURN.

Ay, prick thee for a fool!—I am Mike Lambourn,
And thy relation—if thou'lt own me such.
Dost call me nephew, or wilt drive me forth
To seek a lodging, which this well-filled purse
Will well, I wot, command from any host?

GOSLING.

Nay, it shall ne'er be said I shut my door
Against my sister's son; and Mike, I hope
Thou art less wilful and less wild, or else——

LAMBOURN.

What else?

GOSLING.

Why else,—Heaven help thee, lad,—that's all!