

**ROSES AND THISTLES: OR,  
A SEQUEL TO THE  
NORMAN CONQUEST, A  
DRAMATIC FRAGMENT**

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Roses and Thistles: Or, a Sequel to the Norman Conquest, a Dramatic Fragment by  
Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

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# ROSES AND THISTLES :

OR,

A SEQUEL TO THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

*A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.*

BY A NOTTINGHAM POET.

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*"Colligite fragmenta."*

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JAMES BELL, PRINTER, CARLTON STREET.



## HISTORICAL PERSONAGES, &c.

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EDWARD, *The Confessor, King of England.*

EDITHA, *Queen of England.*

AGATHA, *Dowager of Edward Atheling.*

EDGAR, *son of Edward Atheling, and nephew of the Confessor.*

MARGARET, *Edgar's sister, afterwards Queen of Scotland.*

CHRISTINA, *Margaret's sister.*

HAROLD, *Chief of the English Nobility, afterwards Harold II.*

GURTH, LEOFWIN,	}	Harold's Brothers.
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EDWIN, MARKAB,	}	Harold's Brothers-in-law, Chiefs of Mercia and Northumbria.
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STIGAND, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

ELMER, *a Monk of Westminster.*

SIR ARTHUR, *a Saxon Knight.*

INGOLF, *a Saxon Student.*

INWOOD, *a Degenerate Dane.*

THOMAS, *a Boatman of the Thames, sometime Guardian of the Royal Fugitives.*

GENIUS OF ALBION, SAXON MINSTRELS, FAIRY APPARITION,	}	with <i>Threnodies and Harmonies.</i>
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Soldiers, Volunteers, Peasants, Children, etc.,  
introducing Songs, Speeches, etc.

WILLIAM, *Duke of Normandy.*

WILLIAM FITZ OSBORN, *Seneschal of Normandy.*

DOM HUGHES MAIGROT, *(Monk) Duke's Ambassador.*

Tallifer and Norman Minstrels, *(Nostalgic Symphony.*  
Norman Emissaries.

MALCOLM III, *King of Scotland.*

DONALD, *a Scottish Nobleman of the Court.*

MAXWELL, *King's Chief Page.*

Gipsy Queen and Children *(with songs).*

Genius of Scotland, Scottish Minstrels, Temple Choirs,  
Children of the Court, King's Jester, Guards,  
Mariners, Fairies, Muses, Graces, Dryads, Courtiers,  
etc., with *Minstrelsy, etc.*

Various Officers, Attendants, etc.





## ROSES AND THISTLES.

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### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Winchester—Wood near the Palace.*  
*Time, Night. The great comet of 1066 supposed shining.*

*Enter PRINCE EDGAR.*

*Edgar (after a meditative pause.)*

Sweet shades! how will these sorrows end?

A weeping queen, a mourning palace;

A dying king:—what clouds descend,

What looming griefs in image pass!

I could not bear them trace my tears,

Nor dare reveal foreboding fears.

No;—let me wander through this wood,

Comparing lamps o'er heaven strewed

To light her chosen ones to Good!

Perhaps, communing here alone,

To me may counsel wise be shown,

They say the ancient sages sought

Your dusky groves for clearer thought.

'Tis night. And see, amidst the stars

Yon fiery comet redly gleaming.

Doth this portend some rueful wars?

Or wherefore hoves it nightly beaming?

Doth that star tell some wondrous birth,  
Some saint to wayward mortals given ?

Or blazeth on above dull earth,  
Compelling men to gaze to heaven ?

Mark how solemnly it steers  
Stern orbit through immensity ;  
Night by night the flame appears  
To glow with more intensity.

Oh ! if in yon globes of light,  
That dance beneath the throne divine,

If there tarry angels bright,  
Beholding that fleet-comet shine ;

If there dwell a mortal race,  
In those worlds of varied hue ?

Surely they its path must trace  
With astonished vision too !

Never since the stars of morn,  
Bounding in celestial mirth,

Sang their chorus at the birth  
Of our young, eventful earth,

Have those sapphire heavens worn  
Such a brow of brilliancy !

Can this speak hostility ?

Or beams that star in jubilee ?

Isolated majesty,—

Would to heaven we could foresee !

What says the astrologer

To this startling apparition ?

What will our chronologer

Record after its transition ?  
With all the scholar's erudition,  
All the statesman's proud ambition,  
They know not that weird comet's mission !  
Would some kind interpreter,  
Or wise man from the east stood here,  
To whose lore could we defer,  
Whether most to hope or fear.  
Would some cherub might fly down  
Bewildered man to catechise,  
And, in clemency, make known  
The burning mysteries of the skies !  
Oh ! terrific, glorious light,  
For whatsoever purpose given,  
Mayst thou erring souls incite  
To search the God-spread scrolls of heaven !

*Enter ELMER.*

*Elmer.* Prince Edgar here ! So, prince you are  
Contemplating that red star,  
Pursuing its insulate path  
Amidst the trembling hosts of heaven.  
Ah ! it gleams a vial of wrath,—  
A monitor to England given ;  
'Tis a star of misty fears,  
Of shattered pride,—a star of tears !  
They say, in eras long gone by,  
That herald visited our sky,  
Proclaiming famines, sorrows, wars,  
From the empires of the stars !