

DRAKE

All rise, bow, and retire to the right end of St. Paul's steps. Meanwhile, as soon as the cries of the CROWD have subsided:—

MOTHER MOONE [*Sobbing for joy*] Aw — ! There's nursling! — There's Bess! — There's Dame Drake! — 'T is too much! I shall cry in a minute!

TAILOR. I am crying!

HABERDASHER [*Excited*] Did you say Dame Drake? Which? Which?

MOTHER MOONE. Why, the purtiest, o' course! — Don't speak to I!

[Now enter briskly from the far L. LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM, JOHN HAWKINS, MARTIN FROBISHER, JOHN FENNER, and other Captains. The CROWD burst out with renewed enthusiasm]

MENHENNICK [*Dancing with excitement*] The Captains! The Captains!

[The Captains salute the QUEEN, and, as they pass before her, she gives HAWKINS and FROBISHER the accolade of knighthood]

TAILOR. Where's Drake? 'T is Drake I want to see!

MOTHER MOONE [*Amazed*] He 'm not wi' 'em.

DOIDGE. Why not? Why in blazes not?

HABERDASHER. Look! The Queen's knightin' 'em!

DOIDGE. Aw — ! I don't care! Wheer's Drake?

POTTER. He has many enemies.

MENHENNICK [*Fiercely*] What d' ye mean?

POTTER. Nothing. But an accident soon happens.

DOIDGE [*Pushing his sleeves back*] If harm's come to 'un all Devon'll be up!

[Shouting in the far L., which gradually spreads to the whole crowd]