

DRAKE

that? — That's Sir Richard Martin, Lord Mayor o' London, with the Sheriffs and Aldermen.

[Enter from R. the LORD MAYOR, with the MACE-BEARER, SWORD-BEARER, SHERIFFS, and ALDERMEN. With them the MAYOR OF PLYMOUTH, with YOLE, BEWES, COURTENAY and BECKERLEG, all in scarlet gowns]

MENHENNICK *[To POTTER]* Be you thankful us brought 'ee along?

POTTER. Pooh! I'm a Londoner! I've seen Pageants afore now. You should ha' been here when King Philip o' Spain came to marry Queen Mary. That *was* something!

DOIDGE Aw — ! Stop thy cackle. There's our Mayor! There's William Hawkins!

MENHENNICK. So 't is! And Yole, Bewes, Beckerleg, and Courtenay!

MOTHER MOONE *[Shouting]* Keep it up, William! You're looking first rate, William!

MENHENNICK *[Yelling]* Beckerleg!

PIKEMAN. Less shouting, there!

DOIDGE. The Lord Mayor o' Lunnon's shaking hands wi' un.

POTTER. A great honour.

MOTHER MOONE. Aw — William was never stuck up; he'd shake hands wi' anybody!

HABERDASHER. Look — look! — They're opening Paul's Church. The Singing Men! That's the Chapter. That's the Dean! Who's that?

TAILOR. The Bishop o' Salisbury.

[The great doors of St. Paul's open and the CHOIR come out. They divide on the top step to let the