Edward Fitzwilliam's *The Queen of a Day*
Pyne and Harrison 1855 edition

Act 2, Scene 1
Turnwell's Inn at Rochester

Enter Turnwell and Cicely

Turn. Thank Heaven, the guests are gone! Come hither, child, I want to speak with you. On my return from Dover, yesterday, I found two travellers had arrived here with a numerous train of attendants - they had ordered separate apartments, a splendid entertainment, and paid for everything beforehand.

Cicely. Then what alarms you

Turn. You shall hear. I drew from one of the servants the astounding intelligence that his mistress was no less a personage than the betrothed wife of King Charles the 2nd.

Cicely. A Queen!

Turn. A Queen - that is if the Cavaliers should again get into power - but at present the Roundheads are uppermost and I make it a point of conscience to side with the strongest party.

Cicely. Then what do you intend to do?

Turn. To do? I've done it already. There is a law existing, which condemns the Stuarts to death, and all who give them shelter - so to make all sure I've despatched a letter to the sheriff, informing him of my suspicions.

Cicely. Oh, Uncle, you are needlessly alarmed – a queen in a public inn – impossible

Enter Lady Oldcourt

Turn. What do I see? Lady Oldcourt!

Lady O. Well may you be surprized but great as is the honor I confer upon you by this visit; a still greater is in store for you - did not a young lady, attended by a numerous suite, arrive last night?

Turn. There did

Lady O. Conduct me to her feet.

Turn. She has not yet risen.

Lady O. When she condescends to awaken let the earliest intelligence be conveyed to me - in the mean time take charge of this letter. (g*ives letter to Turn*.)

Turn. What, then it really is the –

Lady O. Hush, Timothy - utter not the sacred name but provide everything worthy of your distinguished guest.

Cicely. It is the Queen !

Lady O. It is the young Princess of Portugal, who, braving every danger, hastens to join her affianced husband and share his perils - yes, the glorious sun of royalty shall again illume our beloved native land. Be faithful and discreet and your fortune's made

(*Exit*)

Turn. Oh dear, what an ass I've been – Walter (*Enter Walter*) Run to the Sheriff's and ask for the letter I sent to him. Say it's a mistake - bring it back to me, or I'm a dead man. (*Pushes Walter off*) and you, Cicely, inform me immediately her Maj - I mean the Que - I mean the exalted person is stirring. (*Exit Cicely*) Only let me get my letter back again, and I have nothing to fear.

Song

When cavaliers shall bear the sway,
And roundhead days are waning,
I'll tarn my coat, and do as they,
Uphold the power reigning;
For if 'tis fair an honest man
But as he sows may reap it,
He'll get together what he can,
And when he gets it - keep it.

Let fools of independence prate,
In politics most dreaded,
One's conscience is a thing to hate
If through it you're beheaded.
For 'tis but fair an honest man
But as he sows may reap it,
If gone is head, he never can
Get anything - nor keep it.

Cicely enters

Cicely. Uncle - The exalted person is coming hither.

(*Enter Lucy led by Sir Henry de Vere*)

Turn. Oh Lord, I tremble with excess of loyalty (*kneels*)

Sir H. How now, landlord, what means that humble posture

Turn. My humble duty, my lord - I know.

Sir H. Then silence.

Turn. I'm dumb - my house and all is at her Majesty's disposal.

Lucy. Mine!

Turn. A letter from Lady Oldcourt (*giving letter*)

Sir. H. Take it and read it.

Lucy. (reads.) “Fearful of compromising your safety, I dare not without permission present myself - that granted l am at your feet. Should your exigencies require ten or 20 thousand guineas, I will bring them with me." What does this mean?

Sir H. *(aside*.) No matter (*aloud*) Her ladyship may appear (*to Turn*) You may kiss her ladyship's hand (*he does so*.) Whoever kisses that hand is ennobled. Rise, Baron Turnwell - superintendent of the Royal. Household

Turn. A Baron? Oh, if Oliver Cromwell were alive and could see me now. (*shouting*.) Long live the Queen!

Sir H. Silence - retire.

(*Exit Turnwell*)

Lucy. Now pray explain this.

Sir H. A few years back, England had a King called Charles the First, who was beheaded. His unfortunate family have been living in exile ever since. The eldest son, however, is shortly expected to land in England, in the hope of regaining his crown. This 2nd Charles is betrothed to a young Princess of Braganza, and such is her devoted affection to her affianced husband that she has insisted on following the King, notwithstanding all our remonstrances.

Lucy. She's a true woman! I'd have done the same.

Sir H. Then you would have assisted her, had it been in your power.

Lucy. Most certainly.

Sir H. Know, then, that you have unconsciously done so. To deceive the spies of the present Government, and elude the vigilance of their cruisers, a report has been spread that the Queen had intended disembarking at Dover, in disguise - that she would leave there after a few hours rest, and remain concealed in Rochester. In the mean time the Queen has sailed for Scotland, and doubtless will be able to reach the King in safety for all the civil and military powers are concentrating round this city, in the hope of arresting

Lucy Who?

Sir H. Yourself!

Lucy. And what will they do with me?

Sir H. Respectfully escort you to London, in a carriage with perhaps six horses and then, when it is ascertained that her Majesty is safe, and the King has his own again, the Queen of a Day will once more be Lucy Lovelace - with a retiring pension of 20000 thousand crowns

Lucy. But how am I to personate the Queen ?

Sir H. Nothing can be more simple - be kind, unaffected, and affable and you will represent the Queen to the life.

(*Cicely enters and recognises Lucy*)

Turn. How dare you stare at the Queen ?

Cicely. Because I saw before

Lady O. Where?

Cicely. In a milliner's shop.

Lady O. Purchasing dresses?

Cicely. No, cutting them out.

Turn. Ridiculous

Lady O. Insulting

Sir H. Not so, Lady Oldcourt, the young woman speaks the truth - for the purpose of concealment, Her Majesty adopted the dress, and for a short time apparently followed the occupation of a milliner.

Lucy. (*aside*) Oh, how cleverly he lies

Turn. Pardon your Majesty my niece's error. (*To Cicely*,) How stupid of you, not to know a Queen from a milliner

Sir H. Her Majesty pardons the error, and to convince you of her forgiveness appoints you one of the maids of honor

Scena - Lucy

A Queen at length behold me,
While wealth power are mine;
My regal robes enfold me,
All render life divine.
But stealing through the gladness,
Such glories must impart;
I feel u silent sadness,
And fears o'erwhelm my heart.

(*Exit*)

Enter Walter

Walter. Here's the letter, uncle.

Turn. (*snatches it*) Long live the King - I mean the Queen. (*To Walter*.) Hold your tongue and take my old carbine

Lady O. You must stand sentinel at this door and suffer no one to enter this apartment. Above all, you must on no account quit your post.

(*Exit*).

Turn. Here's an event. I've seen her blessed Majesty sit on that very chair

Wal. I should like to get a peep at her

Turn. So you will, here she comes

(*Enter Lucy and others*)

Lucy. Baron – Sir Henry de Vere requires your assistance

Turn. I'm gone your majesty

(*Exit*)

Lucy. (*perceiving Walter*) Oh gracious that sentinel. Why it's Walter – I daren't tell him all about it for I shall lose the 20000 crowns. (*aloud*) Sentinel advance

Wal. (*advances*) Please your Majesty, -

Lucy. Have you no favor to solicit?

Wal. (*looking at her*.) Just her bright eyes.

Lucy. You seem alarmed - is it my presence?

Wal. No, quite the contrary. I love – that is - I beg your Majesty's pardon

Lucy. You are growing insolent - leave the room. Stay - come back - perhaps you have been deceived.

Wal. I am not deceived - it is my dear Lucy.

Lucy. It is my dear Walter

(*They embrace – omnes enter*)

Omnes. A man in her Majesty's arms.

Sir H. The cause of the King is triumphant! A courier has just arrived with the important intelligence that King Charles the Second bas entered London, amidst the acclamation of his people, accompanied by his affianced Queen.

Omnes. His Queen?

Turn. His Queen - why, she's here.

Sir H. You mistake - this young person is only her representative.

Lucy. May I abdicate

Sir H. Yes.

Lady O, Not the Queen - Who are you, then

Lucy. Lucy Lovelace, at your service.

Lady O. And your rank

Lucy. Milliner and dressmaker.

Lady O. And have I degraded myself to wait on a milliner?

Sir. H. Do not resent the apparent indignity - by so doing you have effectually served her real Majesty, to whom I will faithfully report your loyalty.

Turn. I hope my humble services will not be forgotten - I suppose I must give up the peerage.

Sir H. I fear so but you shall still keep your place.

Turn. Then I'm better off than most great men.

Cicely. And I suppose I must give up my intended husband.

Walter. Don't grieve, Cicely - I'll help you to a better. - Ah, my dear Lucy, how glad I am you're poor again.

Sir H. Not so - here are the 20000 crowns - the promised dowry - take it, and live happily.

Lucy. Oh, thank you, Sir Henry - then I am rich, after all - don't be alarmed, Walter - I have no longer any ambition - there is my hand, and with it my heart. I'll buy a splendid shop - do my best to deserve a good custom, and I hope that hope that every one here will patronize the establishment of The Queen of a Day.

Finale

May love and peace for ever shed
Their blessings on her royal head
And closing thus the mimic scene
We joyous shout for ever young Queen
Hurrah – Hurrah

End