

**THE REVOLT OF  
FLANDERS, AN  
HISTORICAL  
TRAGEDY. IN FIVE ACTS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649693160

The Revolt of Flanders, an Historical Tragedy. In Five Acts by Emma Robinson

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**EMMA ROBINSON**

**THE REVOLT OF  
FLANDERS, AN  
HISTORICAL  
TRAGEDY. IN FIVE ACTS**



THE  
REVOLT OF FLANDERS.

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PROHIBITED" COMEDY,

**"Richelieu in Love."**

"I AM DEAD,  
THOU LIV'ST; REPORT ME AND MY CAUSE ARIGHT  
TO THE UNSATISFIED."  
*Hamlet.*



LONDON:  
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,  
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MDCCKLVIII

## INVOCATION.

---

**SPIRIT!** whose world-o'ershadowing plumes are spread,  
Now for some flight beyond all omen's fear,  
Beyond all onward gaze of Hope!—the Dead  
That were thine heralds through so many a year  
Of doubt and terror, when thy coming wings  
Darkened the Heavens, and men saw not the light,—  
Snowy as that which earliest morning flings  
Over the gloomy Alps,—silver their night  
Of sable pinion! yea, *thy* Dead, O Name,  
That should be Thing!—call from their sepulchres,  
And bid thee cloud not their unsetting fame,  
Proving a vulture shape of blood and tears  
Whom they announced—a Dove, whose sky-broad breast  
Should brood o'er all the earth, and give it—**REST!**

APRIL 14, 1848.



## Dramatis Personæ.

---

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDT, *Son of Jacob, formerly Chief of the revolted Flemings.*

LOIS DE MALE, *Count of Flanders.*

PHŒBUS LE HAZE, *his natural Son.*

VANDENBOSCH, }  
FRANS ACKERMAN, } *Captains of the People of Gaunt.*

SIR RAOUL D'HARZELLE, *a Knight, revolted from the Count.*

LORD LAVAL, *a Noble of the Count's party.*

GUISBERT, }  
SYMON, } *Citizens of Gaunt, partisans of the Count.*

CHARLES VI. (a Boy), *King of France.*

DUKE OF BURGUNDY, *Regent of France.*

LENOR, *Lady of Ardennes.*

YOLANDE, *Wife to Philip, Daughter of Vandebosch.*

*Deacons of the Trades, Soldiers, Rabble, and other Attendants.*

---

*Scene—FLANDERS.*

*Time—The close of the Fourteenth Century.*





# PHILIP OF ARTEVELDT.

---

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*Before PHILIP'S house, in the market-place of Gaunt.*

*SYMON and GUISBERT entering on opposite sides.*

SYMON.

Who goes, this dead of night?

GUISBERT.

What, Symon there?

SYMON.

Guisbert! abroad like any bachelor?

GUISBERT.

Few sleep in Gaunt; this wolf of famine gnaws  
At all men's hearts. Have you heard any news?

SYMON.

What, from the armies? None.

GUIBERT. ~

Should they but meet,  
And luck shine on the Count, our work is done.  
Better than blows, hunger hath tamed these beasts;  
And though, in fear of bloody Vandenbosch,  
No man dares mutter peace even in his prayers,  
Yet in their wan and woe-begone visages  
Speak oracles.

SYMON.

They madden o'er their ills!  
Mothers do slay the whimpering babes that pinch  
Their dry breasts vainly, sons their sires, and eat  
Of their dear flesh; yea, in the market-place  
Sit munching horrid fragments, and none blame!  
Spectres and grisly portents are as rife  
I' th' sun at noonday as by churchyard moons;  
Yea, some report that ancient chief of theirs,  
Renowned Jacob—

GUIBERT.

Hush! who goes there?

SYMON.

None, none!—

Lies it not easy on thy conscience yet?  
What if our daggers pinked the first hole in him?  
All Gaunt assisted, tore him limb from limb  
Into such fragments that his grave was like  
A shambles' sweepings.

GUIBERT.

Most ungrateful beasts!  
That 'tis to serve the people! Ten long years,