

НБ ОНУ імені І.І.Мечникова



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ЗШКАФЪ 7
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C. M. T. H. W. W. W.

SIX
OLD PLAYS,
ON WHICH
SHAKSPEARE

FOUNDED HIS

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

TAMING THE SHREW.

KING JOHN.

K. HENRY IV. AND K. HENRY V.

KING LEAR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

LONDON,

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MDCCLXXIX.

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A MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

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THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

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In the Volume page 123

(The title page and the following pages)

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—Τῆς φιλίας γεμεσῆς ἡς πόν κάλαμον ἀποδέχων εἰς νῦν.
Vet. Auc̄t. apud Suidam.

*Multa dies variusque labor mutabilis ævi
Revolit in melius, multos alterna revisens
Læsi, et in solido rursus fortuna locavit,* Virgil.

Printed for J. NICHOLS, T. EVANS, and the rest of the PROPRIETORS.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. STEEVENS being of opinion that these six dramatic pieces, which have been occasionally quoted in the notes to the last edition of Shakspeare, are requisite in an entire state to his illustration; I have undertaken to publish them without departure from the original copies. Their claim to be preserved is built on their having suggested such plans as his superior genius and judgment enabled him to improve.—A basket placed by accident over a weed, and covered with a tile, is recorded by Vitruvius as the origin of the Corinthian capital.

These Plays are here given in a size corresponding with that of the three Volumes of Antient English Dramas re-published by the late Mr. Hawkins, and may be considered as supplemental

to his work. The plays of K. John and K. Lear had indeed been separately re-printed, but were thought necessary to complete the present collection.

March 22, 1779.

J. NICHOLS.

THE

OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

MENÆCHMI.

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

THE TROUBLESOME REIGN OF K. JOHN. PART I.

THE
RIGHT EXCELLENT AND FAMOUS
H I S T O R Y E
OF
PROMOS AND CASSANDRA:

Divided into Commical Discourses.

In the Fyrste Parte is showne,

The unsufferable Abuse of a lewde MAGISTRATE
The vertuous Behaviours of a chaste LADYE:
The uncontrold Leawdenes of a favoured CURTISAN:
And the undeserved Estimation of a pernicious PARASYTE.

In the Second Parte is discoursed,

The perfect Magnanimitye of a noble KINGE,
In checking Vice and favouringe Vertue:

Wherein is showne,

The Ruyn and Overthrowe of dishonest Practises:
with the Advancement of upright Dealing.

The WORKE of
GEORGE WHETSTONES GENT.

Formæ nulla Fides.

To his worshipfull FRIENDE, and KINSEMAN,
 WILLIAM FLEETWOODE ESQUIER,
 RECORDER of LONDON.

S YR, (desirous, to acquite your tryed frendships, with some token of good will :) of late I perused divers of my unperfect workes, fully minded to bestowe on you, the travell of some of my forepassed time. But (resolved to accompanye the adventurous Captaine Syr *Humfrey Gylbert*, in his honorable voiage,) I found my leysure too litel to correct the errors in my sayd workes. So that (inforced) I lefte them disparfed, among my learned freendes, at theyr leasure, to polish, if I faild to returne: spoyling (by this meanes) my study of his necessarye furnytur. Amonge other unregarded papers, I fownde this discourse of *Promos* and *Cassandra*: which, for the rarenesse (and the needeful knowledge) of the necessary matter contained therein (to make the actions appeare more lively), I devided the whole History into two Commedies: for that, *decorum* used, it would not be conveyde in one. The effects of both, are good and bad: vertue intermyxt with vice, unlawfull desyres (yf it were possible) queancht with chaste denyals: al needeful actions (I thinke) for publike vewe. For by the rewarde of the good, the good are encowraged in wel doinge: and with the scowrge of the lewde, the lewde are feared from evill attempts: maintaining this my oppinion with *Platoes* auctority. *Nawghtinesse, contmes of the corruption of nature, and not by readinge or bearinge the lives of the good or lewde (for such publication is necessarye), but goodnesse (sayth he) is bewtified by either action.* And to these endes: *Menander, Plautus,* and *Terence* themselves many yeares since intombd (by their Commedies) in honour, live at this daye. The auncient *Romans*, heald their shoves of suche prise, that they not onely allowde the publike exercise of them, but the grave Senators themselves countenaunced the Actors with their presenc: who from these trifles wonne morallitye, as the Bee suckes honny from weedes. But the advifed devises of auncient Poets, discredited, with the tryfels of yonge, unadvifed, and rashe

witted wryters, hath brought this commendable exercise in mislike. For at this daye, the *Italian* is so lascivious in his Commedies, that honest hearers are greeved at his actions: the *Frenchman* and *Spaniard* follows the *Italians* humor: the *Germaine* is too holye: for he presentes on every common Stage, what Preachers should pronounce in Pulpets. The *Englishman* in this qualitie, is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order: he first groundes his worke, on impossibilities: then in three howers ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monifers, and bringeth Gods from Heaven, and fetcheth divels from Hel. And (that which is worst) their ground is not so unperfect, as their workinge indiscreete: not waying, so the people laugh, though they laugh them (for theyr follies) to scorne: Manye tymes (to make myrthe) they make a clowne companion with a Kinge: in theyr grave Counsels, they allow the advise of fools: yea they use one order of speach for all persons: a grosse *Indecorum*, for a Crowe, wyll yll counterfet the Nightingales sweete voice: even so, affected Specche doth misbecome a Clowne. For to worke a Commedie kindly, grave olde men, should instruct: yonge men, should showe the imperfections of youth: strumpets should be lascivious: Boyes unhappy: and Clownes, should be disorderlye: entermingling all these actions, in such sorte, as the grave matter may instruct, and the pleasant delight: for without this change, the attention, would be small: and the likinge, lesse.

But leave I this rehearfall, of the use, and abuse of Commedies: least that, I checke that in others, which I cannot amend in myself. But this I am assured, what actions so ever passeth in this History, either merry, or morneful: grave, or lascivious: the conclusion shoves, the confusion of vice, and the cherishing of Vertue. And sythe the end tends to this good, although the worke (because of evel handlinge) be unworthy your learned Censure, allowe (I beseeche you) of my good wyll, untill leasure serves me, to perfect, some labour of more worthe. No more, but that, almighty God be your protector, and preserve me from dainger, in this voiadge, the xxix. of July, 1578.

Your Kinsman to use,

GEORGE WHESTONE.

The

The PRINTER to the READER.

GENTLE Reader, this labour of Maister *Whetstone*, came into my handes, in his fyrst cobby, whose leasure was so lyttle (being then readie to depart his Country) that he had no time to worke it anew, nor to geve apt instructions, to prynte so difficult a worke, beyng full of variety, both matter, speache, and verse: for that every sundry Actor, hath in all these a sundry grace; so that, if I commit an error, without blaming the Auctor, amend my amisse: and if by chauce thou light of some speache that seemeth dark, consider of it with judgment, before thou condemne the worke: for in many places he is driven, both to praise, and blame, with one breath, which in readinge wil seeme hard, and in action appeare plaine. Using this courtesy, I hould my paynes wel satisfied, and Maister *Whetstone* uninjured: and for my owne part, I wil not faile to procure such bookes as may profit thee with delight.

Thy Friend R. I.

THE
A R G U M E N T
OF THE
W H O L E H I S T O R Y E.

IN the Cytie of *Julio* (sometimes under the dominion of *Corvinus* King of *Hungarie*, and *Boemia*) there was a law, that what man so ever committed Adultery, should lose his head, and the woman offender, should weare some disguised apparell, during her life, to make her infamously noted. This severe lawe, by the favour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded, untill the time of Lord *Promos* auctority: who convicting a yong Gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, condemned, both him, and his minion, to the execution of this statute. *Andrugio* had a very vertuous and beautiful Gentlewoman to his Sister, named *Cassandra*: *Cassandra* to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord *Promos*: *Promos* regarding her good behaviours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke: and doying good, that evill might come thereof: for a time, he repyved her brother: but wicked man, touning his liking unto unlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour, raunsome for her Brothers life: chaste *Cassandra*, abhorring both him and his sute, by no persuasion would yeald to this raunsome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitye of hir Brother (pleading for life) upon these conditions, she agreede to *Promos*. First that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos* as seareles in promise, as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe, sygnd her conditions: but worse then any Infydel, his will satisfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to

keepe his aucthoritye, unspotted with favour, and to prevent *Cassandra's* clamors, he commaunded the Gayler secretly, to present *Cassandra* with her brother's head. The Gayler, with the outeryes of *Andrugio*, abhorryng *Promos* lewdenes, by the providence of God, provyded thus for his safety. He prevented *Cassandra* with a felons head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brother's, by the Gaylor, who was fet at libertie) was so agreed at this trecherye, that at the pointe of kyl her selfe, she spared that stroke to be avenged of *Promos*. And devisyng a way, she concluded, to make her fortunes knowne unto the kinge. She (executinge this resolution) was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on *Promos*: whose judgment was, to marrye *Cassandra*, to repaire her crased honour: which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This maryage solemnised, *Cassandra* tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the common weale, before her special case, although he favoured her much) would not graunt her sute. *Andrugio* (disguised amonge the company) following the grieffe of his sister, bewrayde his safetye, and craved pardon. The kinge, to renowne the vertues of *Cassandra*, pardoned both him and *Promos*. The circumstances of this rare Historye, in action lyvelye foloweth.

THE

THE
H I S T O R I E
O F
PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Promos, Mayor, Shirife, Sworde-bearer: *One with a bunche of keyes*: Phallax, Promos Man.

YOU officers which now in *Julio* stave,
Know you our leadge, the King of *Hungarie*,
Sent me *Promos*, to joyne with you in sway,
That still we may to Justice have an eye.
And now to show my rule and power at large
Attentivelie his Letters Pattents heare:
Phallax, reade out my Soveraines chardge.

Phallax.

As you commaunde, I wyl give heedefull eare.

[*Phallax readeth the King's Letters, which must be fayre written in parchment, with some great counterfeat zeale.*

Promos.

Loe, here you see what is our soveraignes wyl;
Loe, heare his wish that right, not might beare swaye;
Loe, heare his care to weede from good the yll,
To scourge the wights good lawes that disobay.

Such

Such zeale he beares unto the Common weale,
 (How so he bids, the ignorant to save)
 As he commaundes, the lewde do rigor feele:
 Such is his wish, such is my wyll to have;
 And such a Judge, here *Promos* vowes to be.
 No wyfull wrong sharpe punishment shall mysse;
 The simple thrall shal be judgde with mercie,
 Each shall be doombde even as his merite is.
 Love shall not stave, nor hate revenge procure,
 Ne yet shall coyne corrupt or foster wrong:
 I doo protest, whylste that my charge indure,
 For friende nor foe to finge a partial song.

Thus have you heard howe my Commission goes;
 He absent, I present our Sovereigne still:
 It aunsweres then, each one his dutie showes,
 To mee, as him, what I commaunde and wyll.

Mayor.

Worthy Deputie, at thy chardge we joye,
 We doe submitte our selves to worke thy heast:
 Receive the sword of Justice to destroy
 The wicked impes, and to defend the rest.

Sbirife.

Our Citty keyes take wisht Listenant heare;
 We doe committe our safetie to thy head:
 Thy wyse foresight will keepe us voyde of feare,
 Yet wyll we be assistant still at neede.

Promos.

Both sworde and keies unto my princes use
 I doo receive and gladlie take my chardge.
 It resteth nowe, for to reforme abuse,
 We poynt a tyme of councell more at lardge;
 To treat of which, a whyle we wyll depart.

All speake.

To worke your wyll we yeelde a wylling hart.

*Love, haie
 and gaine, the
 causes of In-
 justice.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS

ACTUS I. SCENA II.

Lamia, a Curtizane, entreth synging.

The SONG.

Al a flaunt now vaunt it, brave wenche cast away care
 With Layes of Love chaunt it, for no cost see thou spare.

Sith nature hath made thee with bewty most brave,
 Sith fortune doth lade thee with what thou wouldst have;
 Ere pleasure doth vade thee, thy selfe set to sale,
 All wantons will trade thee, and stowpe to thy stalle.

All a flaunt, *ut supra.*

Yong Rufiers maintaines thee, defends thee and thine;
 Olde Dottrels retaines thee, thy beuties so shine;
 Though many disdaynes thee, yet none may thee tuch;
 Thus envie refraynes thee, thy countinaunce is such.

All a flaunt, *ut supra.*

Shee speaketh.

Triumphe fayre *Lamia* now, thy wanton flag advaunce,
 Set soorth thy self to bravest show, boist thou of happy chaunce
 Gyrle, accompt thou thy selfe the cheefe of Lady Pleasure's
 traine;

Thy face is faire, thy forme content, thy fortunes both doth
 staine.

Even as thou wouldst thy house doth stande, thy furniture is
 gay,

Thy weedes are brave, thy face is fine, and who for this doth
 paye?

Thou thy self? no, the rushing Youthes that bathe in wanton
 blisse,

Yea, olde and dooting fooles sometimes doo helpe to paye
 for this.

Free cost betweene them both I have, all this for my behove;
 I am the sterne that gides their thoughts, looke what I like,
 they love.

Few of them sturre that I byd stalle; if I bid go, they flye;
 If I on foe pursue revenge, *Alarme* a hundred crye.

The

The bravest, I their harts, their handes, their purfes holde at wyl,
 Joynde with the credite of the best, to bowlfster mee in yll.
 But see wheras my trustie man doth run; what newes brings he?

ACTUS I. SCENA III.

Rosko (Lamia's Man) Lamia.

Rosko.

Good people; did none of you my mistresse Lamia see?

Lamia.

Rosko, what newes, that in such hast you come blowing?

Rosko.

Mistresse, you must shut up your shops, and leave your occupying.

Lamia.

What so they be, foolish knave, tell me true?

Rosko.

Oh yll, for thirtie besydes you.

Lamia.

For me, good fellowe! I pray thee why so?

Rosko.

Be patient Mistresse, and you shall knowe.

Lamia.

Go too, say on.

Rosko.

Marrie, right nowe at the Sessions I was,
 And thirtie must to *Truffum corde* go.
 Among the which (I weepe to shewe) alas:

Lamia.

Why, what's the matter, man?

Rosko.

O *Andrugio*,

For loving too kindlie, must loose his heade,
 And his sweete hart must weere the shamefull weedes.
 Ordainde for Dames that fall through fleshly deedes.

Lamia.

Is this offence in question come againe?

Tell, tell no more; tys tyme this tale were done:
 See, see, how soone my triumphe turnes to paine.

Rosko.

Rosko.

Mistresse, you promised to be quiet,
 For Gods sake, for your owne sake, be so.

Lamia.

Alas, poore Rosko, our dayntie dyet
 Our braverie and all we must forgo.

Rosko.

I am forie.

Lamia.

Yea, but out alas, sorrowe wyll not serve:
 Rosko, thou must needes provide thee else where;
 My gaynes are past, yea, I my selfe might starve,
 Save that I did provide for a deare yeare.

Rosko.

They rewarde fayre (their harvest in the stacke)
 When winter comes that byd their servaunts packe.
 Alas mistresse, if you turne mee off now,
 Better then a Roge none wyll me allowe.

Lamia.

Thou shalt have a Pasporte.

Rosko.

Yea, but after what sorte?

Lamia.

Why, that thou wert my man.

Rosko.

O the judge, sylde shoves the favour,
 To let one theefe bayle another:
 Tush, I know, ere long you so wyll flyp awaye,
 As you, for your selfe, must seeke some testimony
 Of your good lyfe.

Lamia.

Never feare: honestly
 Lamia nowe meanes to lyve even tyll she dye.

Rosko.

As jumpe as apes in view of nuttes to daunce,
 Kytte will to kinde, of custome, or by chauce:
 Well, howe so you stande upon this holy poynt,
 For the thing you knowe, you wyll jeopard a joynt.

Lamia.

Admitte I would, my hazarde were in vaine.

Rosko.

Rosko.

Perhappes I know to turne the fame to gaine.

Lamia.

Thou comforts mee, good *Rosko*, tell me howe?

Rosko.

You wyl be honest, 'twere syn to hinder you.

Lamia.

I dyd but jeast, good sweete servaunt, tell mee.

Rosko.

Sweete servaunt now, and late, pack Syr, God bwy ye.

Lamia.

Tush, to trye thy unwillingnesse, I dyd but jeast.

Rosko.

And I do but trye how long you would be honest.

Lamia.

I thought thy talke was too sweete to be true.

Rosko.

Yea, but meant you to byd honestie a due?

Lamia.

No, I dyd so long since, but inforste by need,
To byd him welcome home againe, I was decreede.

Rosko.

Verie good, mistresse, I know your minde,
And for your ease this remedie I finde:
Prying abroad for playfellowes and such,
For you mistresse, I heard of one *Pballax*,
A man esteemde of *Promos* verie much:
Of whose nature I was so bolde to axe,
And I sinealt he loved lase mutton well.

Lamia.

And what of this?

Rosko.

Marry of this, if you the waye can tell
To towle him home, he of you wyl be fayne,
Whose countenance wyl so excuse your faultes,
As none, for life, dare of your lyfe complaine.

Lamia.

A good device, God graunt us good successe:
But I praye thee, what trade doth he professe?

Rosko.

He is a paltrie petyfogger.

*Lamia.**Lamia.*

All the better, suspition wyl be the lesse.
Well, go thy wayes, and if thou him espye,
Tell him from me that I a cause or two
Woulde put to him at leysure wyllinglie.

Rosko.

Hir case is so common, that small pleading wyl
serve,
I go (nay ronne), your commaundement to ob-
serve.

*The scourge of
lawe (and not
zeale) keepeth
the lowde in
awe.*

Lamia.

Aye me alas, lesse *Pballax* helpe poore wench undone I am:
My foes nowe in the winde wyl lye to worke my open shame:
Now envious eyes will prie abroad offenders to intrap,
Of force nowe *Lamia* must be chaste, to shun a more mishap.
And, wanton girle, how wilt thou shift for garments fine and
gay?
For dainty fare, can crusts content? who shal thy houferent
pay?
And that delights thee most of all, thou must thy daliaunce
leave;
And can then the force of lawe or death, thy minde of love
bereave?
In good faith, no: the wight that once hath tast the fruits of
love,
Untill her dying daye will long Sir *Chaucer's* jests to prove.

ACTUS I. SCENA IV.

*Lamia's Mayde, Lamia.**Mayde.*

Forsooth Mistris your thraule stayes for you at home:

Lamia.

Were you borne in a myll curtoll? you prate so hye.

Mayde.

The gentelman that came the last day with Captain *Prie*.

Lamia.

What, young *Hipolito*?

4

Mayde.

Mayde.

Even he.

Lamia.

Least he be gone, home hye,
And will that *Dalia* pop him in the neather roomē,
And keepe the falling doore close tyll I come;
And tell my thraule his fortune wyll not stave.

Mayde.

Wyll you ought else?

[*Exit.*

Lamia.

Pratyng vixen, away!
Gallants adue, I venter must *Hipolito* to see,
He is both young and welthy yet, the better spoyle for mee.

Note.

My haffard for his fake I trowe, shall make him pray and pay:
He, he shall pranck me in my plumes, and deck mee brave and
gay.

Of *Curtisie*, I praye you yet, if *Phallax* come this waye,
Report, to put a case with him, heare *Lamia* long dyd stay.
[*Exit.*



ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Cassandra, a Mayd.

Cassandra.

AYE mee, unhappy wenche, that I must live the day
To see *Andrugio* tymeles dye, my brother and my stay.
The only meane, God wor, that should our houle aduance
Who in the hope of his good hap, must dy through wanton
chance.

O blynde affectes in love, whose tormentes none can tell,
Yet wantons wyll byde fyre and frost, yea haffard *The force*
death, nay hell, *of Love.*

To taste thy sowre sweete frutes, digested styll with care!
Fowle fall thee Love, thy lightning joyes hath blasted my
welfare;

Thou fyrst affection fyrst within my brothers brest:

Thou

Thou mad'st *Polina* graunt him (earst) even what he would re-
quest:

Thou mad'st him crave and have a prooffe of *Venus* meede,
For which foule act he is adjudg'd eare long to lose his heade.
The lawe is so severe in scourging fleshly finne
As marriage to worke after mends doth feldome favor win.
A law first made of zeale, bur wrested much amis:

Faults should be meafured by desert, but all is one *A good lawe*
in this: *yll executed.*

The lecher fyerd with lust is punished no more
Then he which fel through force of love whose marriage salves
his fore;

So that poore I dispayre of my *Andrugio's* lyfe,
O would my dayes myght end with his, for to appease my
stryfe!

ACTUS II. SCENA II.

Andrugio in Prison. Cassandra,

Cassandra.

My good syster *Cassandra*?

Cassandra.

Who calleth *Cassandra*?

Andrugio.

Thy wofull brother *Andrugio.*

Cassandra.

Andrugio, o dismall day, what greefes doe mee assayle?
Condemned wretch to see thee here fast fettered now in jayle!
How haps thy wits were witched so that knowing death was
meede

Thou wouldest commit (to slay us both) this vile lascivious
deede.

Andrugio.

O good *Cassandra*, leave to check, and chide me thraule
therfore,

If late repentaunce wrought me helpe, I would doe so no more.
But out alas, I wretch, too late doe sorrowe my amys
Unles Lord *Promos* graunt me grace, in vayne is had ywist.

B

Wherfore

Wherefore sweete sifter whylst in hope my dampned lyfe yet were,

Assaulte his hart in my behalfe with battering tyre of teares.
If thou by fute doest save my lyfe, it both our joyes will be,
If not, it may suffice thou foughtst to set thy brother free:
Wherefore speede to proroge my dayes, to-morrowe else I dye.

Cassandra.

I wyll not fayle to pleade and praye to purchase the mercye,
Farewell awhyle, God graunt me well to speede.

Andrugio.

Syfter adew; tyl thy returne I lyve twene hope and dreede.

Cassandra.

Oh happy tyme! see where Lord *Promos* comes.
Now tongue addresse thy selfe my mind to wray:
And yet least haste worke waste, I hold it best
In covert, for some advauntage, to stay.

ACTUS II. SCENA III.

Promos with the Shrieve, and their Officers.

Promos.

'Tis strange to thinke what swarms of unthrifts live
Within this towne, by rapine, spoyle, and theft,
That were it not that justice ofte them greeve
The just mans goods by rustlers should be rest.
At this our syfe are thirtye judgde to dye
Whose falles I see their fellowes smally feare,
So that the way is, by severity
Such wicked weedes even by the rootes to teare.
Wherefore, *Shrieve*, execute with speedy pace
The dampned wights, to cutte of hope of grace.

Shrieve.

It shal be done.

Cassandra to hirselfe.

O cruell words they make my hart to bleede:
Now, now I must this dome seeke to revoke
Least grace come short when starved is the steede.

She

She kneeling speakes to Promos.

Most mighty lord, a worthy judge, thy judgement sharpe abate,
Vaile thou thine cares to heate the plaint that wretched I relate.

Behold the wofull syster here of poore *Andrugio*,
Whom though that lawe awardeth death, yet mercy do him show.

Way his yong yeares, the force of love which forced his amis,
Way, way that mariage works amends for what committed is.
He hath defilde no nuptiall bed, nor forced rape hath mov'd;
He sel through love who never ment but wive the wight he lov'd:

And wantons sure to keepe in awe these statutes first were made,

Or none but lustfull leachers should with rygrous law be payd.
And yet to adde intent thereto is farre from my pretence;
I sue with teares to wyn him grace that forrows his offence.
Wherefore herein, renowned lorde, justice with pittee payse
Which two, in equall ballance waide, to heaven your fame will raise.

Promos.

Cassandra, leave of thy bootlesse fute, by law he hath bene tride,
Lawe founde his faulte, lawe judgde him death.

Cassandra.

Yet this maye be replide,
That law a mischiefte oft permits to keepe due forme of lawe,
That lawe small faultes, with greatest doomes, to keepe men styl in awe.

Yet kings, or such as execute regall authoritye,
If mends be made, may over-rule the force of lawe with mercie.
Here is no wylful murder wrought which axeth blood againe;
Andrugio's faulte may valued be, marriage wipes out his stayne.

Promos.

Faire dame, I see the naturall zeale thou bearest to *Andrugio*,
And for thy sake (not his defart) this favour wyll I showe:
I wyll repyve him yet a whyle, and on the matter pawse;
To-morrowe you shall lycence have afresh to pleade his cause,
Shrieve execute my chardge, but staye *Andrugio*,
Untill that you in this behalfe more of my pleasure knowe.

B 2.

Shrieve.

Sbriefe.

I wyll performe your wyll.

Cassandra.

O most worthy magistrate, myfelfe thy thrall I binde,
Even for this lytle lightning hope which at thy handes I finde.
Now wyl I go and comfort him which hangs twixt death and
life. [Exit.]

Promos.

Happie is the man that injoyes the love of fuch a wife.
I do protest hir modest wordes hath wrought in me amaze.
Though she be faire, she is not deackt with garish shewes for
gaze;
Hir bewtee lures, hir lookes cut off fond futes with chaste dis-
dain;
O God I feele a fodaine change that doth my freedome chayne!
What didst thou say? fie *Promos*, fie! of hir avoide the thought,
And so I will; my other cares will cure what love has wrought.
Come away. [Exeunt.]

ACTUS II. SCENA IV.

Phallax, Promos Officer, Gripax and Rapax Promoters.

Phallax.

My trusty friendes about your businesse straight,
With symple shewes your subtile meanings bayte:
Promote all faults up into my office,
Then turne me lose the offenders to fleece.

Gripax.

Tush, to finde lawe breakers let me alone,
I have eyes will look into a myllstone.

Phallax.

God a mercy *Gripax.*

Rapax.

And I am so subtyll fighted I trowe,
As I the very thoughts of men doo know.

Gripax.

I sayth, *Rapax* what thought thy wife when she,
To lye with the preest by night stole from thee?

Rapax.

Rapax.

Marry she knew you and I were at square;
And least we fell to blowes, she did prepare
To arme my head, to match thy horned browe.

Gripax.

Goe and a knave with thee.

Rapax.

I stay for you.

Phallax.

No harme is done, here is but blow for blow,
Byrds of a fether best flye together:
Then like partners about your market goe:
Marrowes adew: God send you fayre wether.

Gripax.

Fare you well; for us take no care,
With us this brode speeche fildome breedeth square. [Exeunt.]

Phallax.

Marry Syr, wel fare an office, what some ever it be, [Phallax
The very countenance is great, though slender be the
fee. alone.]

I thanke my good Lord *Promos* now, I am an officer made,
In sooth more by hap then defart, in secret be it fayde. *Office.*
No force for that, each shyft for one, for *Phallax* will doo so;
Well fare a head can take his tyme, noy watch for tyme I trow.
I smyle to thinke of my fellowes how some brave it, some
waight,

And thinke reward there service just, with offred *A note for
shifts wyl bayght; wayghters.*

When they (poore foules) in troth do falle a myle upon
account,

For flattery and fervent plesing are meanes to make men mount:
I speak on prooffe: Lord *Promos* I have pleased many a day,
Yet am I neither learned, true, nor honest any way.

What skyls for that, by wit or wyle, I have an office got,
By force wherof every lycence, warrant, pattend, passport,
Leace, fyne, fee, *et cetera*, pas and repas, through *Phallax*
hands

Disordred persons brybe me wel to escape from justice hands.
And welthy churles for to promote, I have now set a worke
Such hungry lads as soone will smell where statute breakers
lurk;

And if they come within our grype, we meane to stripe them so
As (if they scape from open shame) their bagges with us shall goe,
And trust me this, we officers of this mylde mould are wrought;
Agree with us and sure your shame by us shal not be fought.
But soft a whyle, I see my Lord; what makes him lowre so?
I wyll intrude into his fight, perhaps his greefe to know.

ACTUS II. SCENA IV.

Phallax. Promos.

Promos.

Well mette *Pballax*, I long have wysht to showe
A cause to thee which none but I yet know.

Pballax.

Say on my Lord, a happy man weare I
If any way your wish I could supply.

Promos.

Faine would I speake, but oh, a chylling feare
(The case is such) makes mee from speech forbear.

Pballax.

These wordes my lord (whome ever have bene just)
Now makes, me thinke, that you my truth mistrust.
But cease suspect, my wyll with yours shall gree,
What so (or against whome) your dealing be.

Promos.

Against a wight of small account it is,
And yet I feare, I shall my purpose mys.

Pballax.

Feare not my Lord, the olde proverbe doth saye
Faynt harts doth steale fayre ladyes seld away.

Promos.

Fayre ladyes! O, no ladye is my love,
And yet she sure as coye as they wyl prove.

Pballax.

I thought as much love did torment you so.
But what is she that dare saye *Promos* noe?

Promos.

Doe what one can, fyre wyll breake forth I see,

My

My words unwares hath shoven what greeveth me;
My wound is such as love must be my leache,
Which cure wyll bring my gravity in speche.
For what may be a folly of more note,
Then for to see a man gray beard to dote.

Pballax.

No my lord, *Amor omnia vincit*,
And *Ovid* sayth, *Forma numen habet*.
And for to prove love's service seemes the wise,
Set *Sallamon* and *Sampson*, before your eyes;
For wyt, and strength who wonne the cheefest prife,
And both lyv'd by the lawes love did devise,
Which proves in love a certaine Godhed lyes:
And Goddes rule yearely by wisdom from the skyes,
Whose wyls (thinke I) are wrought best by the wise.

Promos.

Indeede divine I thinke loves working is,
From reasons use in that my senses swarve;
In pleasure paine, in payne I fynde a blyffe;
On woe I feede, in sight of foode I stearve:
These strange effects by love are lodg'd in mee,
My thoughts are bound, yet I myselte am free.

Pballax.

Well my good Lord, I axe (with pardon sought)
Who she may be that hath your thrauldome wrought.

Promos.

The example is such as I sygh to showe,
Syster she is to dampned *Andrugio*.

Pballax.

All the better for you the game doth goe;
The Proverbe sayth that kyt wyll unto kinde:
If this be true, this comfort then I fynde—
Cassandra's flesh is as her brother's frayle;
Then wyll she stoupe (in cheefe) when lords assayle.

Promos.

The contrary (through feare) doth worke my payne,
For in her face such modesty doth raigne,
As cuttes of loving futes with chaste disdayne.

Pballax.

What love wyll not necessity shall gayne;

B 4

Her

24 THE HISTORIE OF

Her brother's life will make her glad and fayne.

Promos.

What is it best *Andrugio* free to fet,
Ere I am sure his syfter's love to gette?

Phallax.

My lovyng lord, your seruaunt meanes not so;
But if you wyll, else where in secreet goe:
To worke your wyll, a shift I hope to showe.

Promos.

With ryght good wyll, for such my sicknes is,
As I shall dye if her good will I mys.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS II. SCENA V.

The Hangman with a greate many ropes about his necke.

The wynd is yl blowes no man's gaine, for cold I neede
not care,

Here is nyne and twenty futes of apparrell for my share:
And some, berlady, very good, for so standeth the case
As neyther gentelman nor other lord, *Promos* sheweth grace.
But I marvell much poore slaves, that they are hanged so soone;
They were wont to staye a day or two, now scarce an after
noone.

All the better for the hangman, I pardons dreaded fore,
Would cutters save whose clothes are good, I never fear'd the
poore.

Let me see, I must be dapper in this my facultie;
Heare are new ropes: how are my knots? I faith syr, slippery.
At fast or loose, with my *Giptian*, I meane to have a cast;
Tenne to one I read his fortune by the marymas fast.

Serg.

Away, what a stur is this, to see men goe to hanging?

Hangman.

Harke, God bwy ye: I must be gone, the prisners are a
comming.

[*Exit.*]

ACTUS

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA. 25

ACTUS II. SCENA VI.

*Six prisoners bounde with cords. Two Hacksters, one Woman,
one like a Giptian, the rest poore Roges, a Preacher, with
other Officers.*

They sing.

With harte and voyce to thee O Lorde,
At latter gaspe, for grace we crie:
Unto our futes, good God accorde,
Which thus appeale to thy mercie.
Forfake us not in this distresse,
Which unto thee our sinnes confesse:
Forfake us not in this distresse,
Which unto thee our sinnes confesse.

First Hackster.

All sorts of men beware by us whom present death assaults;
Looke in your conscience what you find, and sorow for your
faults.

Example take by our fresh harmes, see here the fruites of pride:
I, for my part deserved death, long ere my theft was spide.
O careles youth lead awrie with everie pleasing toy,
Note well my words, they are of woorth, the cause though my
annoy.

Shun to be pranckt in peacocks plumes for gaze which only
are;

Hate, hate the dyce even as the divell; of wanton Dames
beware.

These, these wer they that suckt my welth; what folowed them
in neede,

Twis intist by lawles men on theevish spoyles to feede.
And nussed once in wicked deedes I feard not to offende,
From bad, to worse and worst I fell, I would at leysure mende.
But oh, presuming over much styll to escape in hope,
My faultes were found and I adjudgde to totter in a rope:
To which I go with these my mates, likewise for breach of
lawes.

For murder some, for theeverie some, and some for litle cause.

Second

Second Hackster.

Beware deere friends of quarelling, thirst spoile of no mans
breath;
Blood axeth blood; I sheeding blood untimelie catch my
death.

A Woman.

Maides and women, shun pride and sloth, the rootes of every
vice;
My death ere long wil shew their ends; God graunt it make
you wife!

A Scoffing Catchpole.

How now, *Giptian*? All a mort knave, for want of com-
pany?
Be crullie man: the *Hangman* straight wil reade fortunes
with thee.

The Preacher.

With this thy scoffing speach, good friend, offend him not,
His faults are scorged; thine scape (perhaps) that do deserve
his lot.

A poore Roge.

Jesus save me, I am cast for a purse with three halfe pence.

A churlish Officer.

Dispatch, prating knave and be hang'd, that we were jogging
hence.

They leyfurablie depart synging; the *Preacher* whispering
some one or other of the Prisoners styll in the eare.

They sing.

Our secrete thoughts, thou Christ dost knowe,
Whome the worlde doth hate in thrall;
Yet hope we that thou wilt not foe,
On whome alone we thus do call.
Forfake us not in this distresse,
Which unto thee our sinnes confesse;
Forfake us not, &c.

ACTUS



ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Promos alone.

Promos.

DO what I can, no reason cooles desire:
The more I strive my fonde affectes to tame,
The hotter (oh) I feele a burning fire
Within my breast, vaine thoughts to forge and frame.
O straying effectes of blinde affected love,
From wisdomes pathes which doth astraye our wittes;
Which makes us haunt that which our harmes doth move,
A sicknesse lyke, the fever Etticke fites,
Which shakes with colde when we do burne like fire.
Even so in Love we freeze through chilling feare,
When as our hartes doth frye with hote desire.
What saide I? lyke to Etticke fites? nothing neare;
In sowrest Love, some sweete is ever suckt:
The lover findeth peace in wrangling strife,
So that if paine were from his pleasure pluckt,
There were no heaven like to the Lover's life.
But why stande I to pleade their joye or woe,
And rest unsure of hir I wish to have?
I know not if *Cassandra* love, or noe:
But yet admytte she graunt not what I crave,
If I be nyce to hir brother lyfe to give:
Hir brother's life too much wyll make her
yeelde—

*Might ma-
sters right.*

A promise then to let hir brother lyve,
Hath force inough to make her flie the felde.
Thus though sure fayle, necessitie shall wyn
Of lordlie rule the conquering power is such:
But (oh sweete sight) see where she enters in:
Both hope and dreade, at once my harte doth tuch.

ACTUS

THE HISTORIE OF
ACTUS III. SCENA II.

Cassandra, Promos.

Cassandra speakes to herselfe.

Cassandra.

I see two thralles, sweete seemes a lytle joye;
For fancies free *Andrugio's* breast hath scope:
But least detract doth rayse a new annoye,
I nowe will seeke to turne to happe his hope.
See, as I wisht, Lord *Promos* is in place;
Nowe in my sute God graunt I maye finde grace.

Shee kneeling speakes to Promos.

Renowned Lorde, whylst life in me doth last,
In homage bondes I binde my selfe to thee;
And though I did thy goodnesse latelie taste,
Yet once againe on knees I mercie seeke
In his behalfe that hanges twene death and life,
Who syll is preast if you the mendes do leeke,
His lawles love to make his lawfull wile.

Promos.

Faire dame, I wel have wayd thy sute, and wish to do thee
good,

But all in vaine, al things conclude to have thy brother's blood.
The stricknes of the lawe condemnes an ignorant abuse,
Then wyful faultes are hardlie helpt or cloked with excuse;
And what maye be more wyfull then a maide to violate?

Cassandra.

The force was smal when with her wyl he, wretch, the con-
quest gate.

Promos.

Lawe ever at the worst doth conser evyl intent.

Cassandra.

And lawe even with the worst awardest them punishment;
And sith that rigorous lawe adjudg'd him to dye,
Your glorie will be much the more in showing him mercie.
The world will think how that you do but graunt him grace
on cause:

And

And where cause is there mercy should abate the force of lawes.

Promos.

Cassandra, in thy brother's halfe thou hast sayde what may be;
And for thy sake it is, if I doe set *Andrugio* free.
Shart tale to make, thy beauty hath surpryzed me with love,
That maugre wit, I turne my thoughts as blynd affections
move.

And quite subdude by *Cupids* might, neede makes me sue for
grace

To thee *Cassandra* which doest holde my freedome in a lace.
Yeelde to my will, and then commaund even what thou wilt
of mee;

Thy brother's life, and all that else may with thy liking gree.

Cassandra.

And may it be, a Judge himself the self same [*Cassandra*
fault should ax, *to herselfe.*

For which he domes an others death? O crime without ex-
cuse!

Renowned lorde, you use this speach (I hope) your thrall to
trye,

If otherwise my brother's life so deare I will not bye.

Promos.

Faire dame my outward lookes my inward thoughts bewray,
If you mistrust, to search my harte, would God you had a
kaye!

Cassandra.

If that you love (as so you saye) the force of love you know,
Which felt, in conscience you should my brother favour show.

Promos.

In doubtfull warre one prisoner still doth fet another free.

Cassandra.

What so warre seekes, love unto warre contrary is you see.
Hate fostreth warre, love cannot hate, then maye it covet force.

Promos.

The lover ofte sues to his foe, and findeth no remorse.
Then if he hap to have a helpe to wyn his frowarde foe,
Too kinde a foole I will him holde that lers such vantage goe.

Cassandra.

Well, to be short, my selte wyll dye ere I my honor stayne;
You know my minde, leave off to tempt, your offers are in vaine.

Promos.

Promos.

Bethink yourself at price enough I purchase, sweet, your
love;

Andrugio's life suffis'd alone your straungenes to remove;
The which I graunt, with any wealth that else you wyll re-
quire:

Who buyeth love at such a rate, payes well for his desire.

Cassandra.

No, *Promos*, no; honor never at value maye be folde;
Honor farre dearer is then life, which passeth price of golde

Promos.

To buie this Juell at the full, my wife I may thee make.

Cassandra.

For unsure hope, that peerelefs pearle I never will forsake.

Promos.

These futes seemes strange at first, I see wher [To him,
modesty beares sway; *self.*

I therefore wil set down my wyll, and for hir answer stave.

Fayre *Cassandra*, the juell of my joye,

Howe so in shoue my tale seemes straunge to thee,

The same well waide, thou need'it not be so coye,

Yet for to give thee respite I agree.

I wyll two daies hope styll of thy consent;

Which if thou graunt (to cleare my clowdes of care)

Cloth'd like a Page (suspect for to prevent)

Unto my Court, some night, sweet wenche, repaire.

Tyl then adue; thou these my words in works perform'd shall
find.

Cassandra.

Farewel my Lord, but in this fute you bootles wast your
wind.

Cassandra! O most unhappy, subject to everie woe,
What tonge can tel, what thought conceive, what pen thy
guesse can shew!

Whom to scourge, heaven and earth do heapes of thral ordain,
Whose words in waste, whose works are lost, whose wishes
are in vain.

That which to others comfort yeelds, doth cause my heavy
cheer,

I meane, my beautie breedes my bale, which many hold so
deere.

I would

I would to God that kinde else where bestowed had this blase,
My vertues then had wrought regard, my shape now gives
the gase.

This forme to *Promos* fiers with love as wisdom cannot quench
His hote desire, tyll he lust in *Venus'* seas hath drencht.

At these wordes *Ganio* must be readie to speake.

ACTUS III. SCENA III.

Ganio, *Andrugio's* boye. *Cassandra.*

Ganio.

Mistress *Cassandra*, my master longs to heare of your good
speed.

Cassandra.

Poore *Ganio*, his death alas, fierce fortune hath decreed.

Ganio.

His death! God forbid all his hope should turne to such
successe;

For God's sake, go and comfort him, I forrowe his distresse.

Cassandra.

I needes must go, although with heavy cheere.

Ganio.

Sir, your syster *Cassandra* is here.

[Exit.

ACTUS III. SCENA IV.

Andrugio out of prison. *Cassandra* on the stage.

Andrugio.

My *Cassandra* what newes, good sister shoue.

Cassandra.

All things conclude thy death, *Andrugio*;
Prepare thy selfe, to hope it ware in vaine.

Andrugio.

My death! alas, what rayfed this new disdayne?

Cassandra.

Not Justice zeale in wicked *Promos* sure.

Andrugio.

Andrugio.

Sweete, shew the cause I must this doome indure.

Cassandra.

If thou dost live, I must my honor lose.
Thy raunsome is, to *Promos* fleshly wyll
That I do yelde: than which I rather chose
With torments sharpe my selfe he first should kyll.
Thus am I bent: thou seest thy death at hand:
O would my life would satisfie his yre,
Cassandra then would cancell soone thy band.

Andrugio.

And may it be a judge of his account
Can spot his minde with lawles love or lust?
But more, may he doome any fault with death,
When in such faute he findes himselfe unjust?
Syfter, that wise men love, we often see,
And where love rules, gainst thornes doth reason spurne;
But who so loves, if he rejected be,
His passing love to peevisch hate will turne.
Deare syster then note how my fortune stands:
That *Promos* love, the like is oft in use;
And sith he crave this kindnesse at your hands,
Think this, if you his pleasure do refuse,
I, in his rage (poor wretch) shall sing *Peccavi*.
Here are two evyls, the best harde to digest;
But whereas things are driven unto necessity,
There are we byd, of both evyls, choose the least.

Cassandra.

And of these evils the least, I hold, is death,
To shun whose dart we can no meane devise;
Yet honor lives when death hath done his worst;
Thus fame then lyfe is of farre more comprise.

Andrugio.

Nay, *Cassandra*, if thou thy selfe submyt,
To save my life, to *Promos* fleshly wyll,
Justice wyll say thou dost no crime commit,
For in torst raultes is no intent of yll.

Cassandra.

How so th' intent is construed in offence,
The Proverbe saies that tenne good turnes lye dead,

And one yll deede tenne tymes beyond pretence
By envious tongues, report abrode doth spread.
Andrugio, so my fame shall vallewed bee;
Dispite will blase my crime, but not the cause;
And thus, although I fayne would set thee free,
Poore wench, I feare the grype of slaunders pawes.

Andrugio.

Nay sweete syster, more slaunder would infame
Your spotles lyfe to reave your brother's breath,
When you have power for to enlarge the same;
Once in your handes doth lye my lyfe and death.
Way that I am the selfe same flesh you are;
Thinke, I once gone, our house will goe to wrack:
Knowe, forced faultes for slaunder neede not care:
Looke you for blame, if I guaile through your lack:
Consider well my great extremitie;
If other wise this doome I could revoke,
I would not spare for any jebardye
To free thee, wench, from this same heavy yoke:
But ah, I see else no way saves my life,
And yet his hope may further thy consent;
He sayde, he maye percase make thee his wife,
And t' is likelie he cannot be content
With one night's joye: if love he after seekes;
And I discharg'd, if thou aloofe then be,
Before he lose thy selfe that so he leekes,
No dought but he to marriage wyll agree.

Cassandra.

And shall I sticke to stoupe to *Promos* wyll,
Since my brother injoyeth lyfe thereby?
No, although it doth my credit kyll,
Ere that she should, my selfe would chuse to dye.
My *Andrugio*, take comfort in distresse,
Cassandra is wonne thy raunsome great to paye;
Such care she hath thy thraldome to releace
As she consentes her honor for to slay.
Farewell, I must my virgins weedes forsake,
And lyke a Page to *Promos* lewde repayre.

[Exit.

Andrugio.

My good syster, to God I thee betake,
To whome I pray that comfote change thy care.

THE HISTORIE OF
ACTUS III. SCENA V.

Phallax alone.

Pballax.

'Tis more then straunge to see Lord *Promos* plight;
He fryskes about as byrdes were in his breech.
Even now he seemes (through hope) to taste delight;
And straight (through feare) where he clawes it doth not ycht.
He museth now, strayght wayes the man doth sing;
(A fight, in sooth, unseemely for his age)
He longing lookes when any newes shal bring,
To speake with him, without there waytes a Page.
O worthy wit (fyt for a Judges head)
Unto a man to chaunge a shiftles mayde!
Wyncke not on me; twas his and not my deede:
His, nay his rule, this *Metamorphos* made—
But Holla, tongue, no more of this, I pray:
Non bonus est ludere cum sanctis.
The quietest and the thyrftiest course, they say,
Is not to checke but prayse great mens amys.
I finde it true; for soothing *Promos* vaine
None lyke my selfe is lykthe in his conceyte:
Whyle favour last, then good, I fish for gaine
(For grace wyll not byte alwayes at my bayte)
And as I wish, at hande, good fortune see.
Here coms *Rapax* and *Gripax*, but what's this?
As good as fayre handfel God graunt it bee:
The knaves bring a Woman *coram nobis*.

ACTUS III. SCENA VI.

*Phallax, Gripax, Rapax, a Bedell, and one with a browne Byll
bring in Lamia and Rosko her man.*

Lamia.

Teare not my clothes my friends, they cost more then you
are aware.

Bedell.

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA. 35

Bedell.

Tush, soon you shal have a blew gown; for these take you
no care.

Rosko.

If she tooke thy offer, poore knave, thy wife would starve
with cold.

Gripax.

Well Syr, whipping shall keepe you warme.

Pballax.

What meanes these knaves to scolde?

Rapax.

Maister *Pballax*, we finde you in good time;
A woman here we have brought afore you;
One to be chargde with many a wanton crime,
Which tryall will, with prooffe inough, finde true:
A knave of hers we have stayed likewise,
Both to be us'd as you shall us advise.

Pballax.

What call you hir name?

Rapax.

Lamia.

Pballax.

Fayre Dame, hereto what do you faye?

Lamia.

Worshipfull Sir, my selfe I happy reake
With patience that my aunswer you will heare.
These naughtie men these wordes on mallice speake,
And for this cause yll wyll to me they beare.
I scornde to keepe, their mindes with money playe;
I meane to keepe my life from open shame;
Yea, if I liv'd as lewdlie as they faye.
But I that knewe my selfe unworthy blame
Shrunk not to come unto my triall nowe:
My tale is tolde; conceyve as lyketh you.

Pballax.

My friends, what prooffe have you against this dame?
Speake on sure ground, least that you reape the shame:
The wrong is great, and craves great recompence,
To touch her honest name, without offence.

Gripax.

All *Julio*, Syr, doth ryng of her lewd lyfe.

C 2

Byll.

Byll.

Indeede she is knowne for an ydle hufwife.

Rosko.

He lyes, she is occupied day and night.

Phallax.

To sweare against her, is there any wight?

Rapax.

No, not present; but if you do detayne her,
There wil be found by oth some that wyll stayne her.

Phallax.

I see she is then on suspition stayde,
Whose faultes to searck, upon my charge is layde.
From charge of her I therefore will set you free;
My selfe will searck her faultes, if any be.
A Gods name you may depart.

2 or 3 *speake.* God bwy, Syr.

Gripax.

In such shares as this henceforth I will begin,
For all is his, in his clawes, that commeth in.

Phallax.

Fayre *Lamia*, since that we are alone,
I plainly wyll discourse to you my minde:
I thinke you not to be so chaste a one
As that your lyfe this favor ought to fynde.
No force, for that, since that you scot free goe,
Unpunished whose life is judged yll;
Yet thinke (through love) this grace the Judge doth shew,
And love with love ought to be answered styll.

Lamia.

Indeede I graunt (although I could reprove
Their lewde complayntes with goodnesse of my lyfe)
Your curtesy your detter doth me prove,
In that you tooke (my honest fame in stryfe)
My aunswere for discharge of their report:
For which good turne I at your pleasure rest,
To worke amends, in any honest fort.

Phallax.

Away with honesty, your answere then, in sooth,
Fyts me as jumpe as a pudding a Friar's mouth.

Rosko.

He is a craftie childe; dally, but do not.

[*Exeunt.**Lamia.**Lamia.*

Tush, I warrant thee, I am not so whot.
Your wordes are too harde, fir, for me to conster.

Phallax.

Then to be short, your rare bewtie my hart hath wounded so
As, (save your love become my leach) I sure shall die with
woe.

Lamia.

I see no signe of death in your face to appeare;
Tis but some usuall qualme you have pitifull dames to feare.

Phallax.

Faire *Lamia*, trust me I faine not, betimes bestow som grace.

Lamia.

Well, I admit it so; onelie to argue in your case.
I am married, so that to set your love on me, were vaine.

Phallax.

It suffiseth me that I may your secrete friend remaine.

Rosko.

A holie hood makes not a Frier devoute,
He will playe at small game, or he fitte out.

Lamia.

Though for pleasure, or to prove me, these profers you do
move,
You are to wise to haffarde life upon my yeelding love.
The man is painde with present death, that uleth wanton
pleasure.

Phallax.

To scape such paine, wise men these joyes without suspect
can measure.

Furthermore, I have ben (my Girle) a Lawier to too long,
If at a pinche I cannot wrest the law from right to wrong.

Lamia.

If lawe you do professe, I gladlie crave
In a cause or two your advise to have.

Phallax.

To resolve you, you shall commaunde my skyll,
Wherfore like friendes lets common in good wyll.

Lamia.

You are a merie man, but leave to jeaft,
To morrowe night, if you will be my geaft

C 3

At

At my poore house, you shall my causes knowe,
For good cause, which I meane not here to shewe.

Phallax.

Willinglie, and for that haste calles me hence
My fute tyll then shall remaine in suspence:
Farewell clyent, to morrowe looke for me.

[Exit.

Lamia.

Your good welcome, Sir, your best cheere will be.

Rosko.

I tolde you earst the nature of *Phallax*,
Money or faire women workes him as waxe.
And yet I must commend your sober cheere,
You told your tale, as if a Saint you were.

Lamia.

Well (in secreete be it sayde) how so I seemd divine,
I feared once a blew gowne would have bene my shrine.
But nowe that paine is fled, and pleasure keepes his holde,
I knowe that *Phallax* will my fame hence forth upholde:
To entertaine which Geast I will some dayntie cheere prepare;
Yet ere I go, in pleasant song, I meane to purge my care.

THE SONG.

ADUE, poore care adue,
Go cloye some helples wretche;
My life, to make me rue,
Thy forces do not stretche.

Thy harbor, is the harte,
Whom wrong hath wrapt in woe;
But wrong doth take my parte
With cloke of right in shoe.

My faultes inquirie scape,
At them the judges winke;
Those for my fall that gape,
To shewe my lewdnesse shrinke.

Then filly care, go packe,
Thou art no geast for me;
I have, and have no lacke,
And lacke is shrowde for thee.

[Exeunt.
ACTUS

ACTUS III. SCENA VII.

Cassandra, apparelled like a Page.

Cassandra.

Unhappy wretche, I blush my selfe to see
Apparelled thus monstrous to my kinde:
But oh, my weedes wyll with my fault agree,
When I have please lewde *Promos* fleshlie minde.
What shall I do? go proffer what he fought?
Or on more fute shall I give my consent?
The best is sure, since this must needes be wrought,
I go, and shewe neede makes me to his bent.
My suddes of teares, from true intent which floe,
May quenche his lust or ope his mussed eye
To see that I deserve to be his wife,
Though now constrainde to be his concubine,
But so or no, I must the venter give:
No daunger feares the wight prickt fourth by neede:
And thus lyke one more glad to dye than lyve,
I forwarde fet; God graunt me well to speede. [Exit,

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Dalia, Lamia's Maide going to market.

Dalia.

WITH my mistresse the worlde is chaunged well,
She fearde of late of whipping cheere to smell;
And nowe againe both gallant, fresh and gaye,
Who in *Julio* flautes it out lyke *Lamia*?
A luckie friende (yea one that beareth swaye)
Is now become a proppe of such a staye
To hir good name, as who is he dare saye
That *Lamia* doth offende nowe any waye?

C 4

The

This her good friende wyll be hir Geast this night;
 And that he maye in his welcome deliyght,
 To market I in haste am sent to buye
 The best cheare that I fasten on my eye.

[Exit,

ACTUS IV. SCENA II.

Promos alone.

Promos.

By prooffe I finde no reason coeles desire.
Cassandraes fute sufficed to remove
 My lewde request; but contrarie, the fire
 Hir teares inflamd of lust and filthy love.
 And having thus the conquest in my handes
 No prayer servde to worke restraint in me,
 But needes I would untye the precious bandes
 Of this fayre dames spotles virginitye.
 The spoyle was sweete, and wonne even as I would;
 And yet ungainde tyll I had given my trothe
 To marie hir, and that hir brother shoulde
 Be free from death; all which I bounde with oathe,
 It resteth now (unlesse I wrong her much)
 I keepe my vowe: and shall *Andrugio* live?
 Such grace would me with unindifferencie tuch,
 To pardon him that dyd commit a rape.
 To set him free, I to *Cassandra* sware,
 But no man else is privie to the same;
 And rage of Love for thousande oathes nyll spare,
 More then are kept when gotten is the game.
 Well, what I sayde, then Lover like I sayde,
 Now reason sayes, unto thy credite looke;
 And having well the circumstaunces wayde,
 I finde I must unswaere the oathe I tooke.
 But double wrong I so should do *Cassandra*;
 No force for that my might commaundeth right;
 Hir privie maime hir open cryes will staye,
 Or if not so, my frowning will hir fright:
 And thus shall rule conceale my filthy deede.
 Nowe fourthwith I wyll to the Gayler sende

That

That secretlie *Andrugio* he behead,
 Whose head he shall with these same wordes commend
 " To *Cassandra*, as *Promos* promist thee,
 " From prifon loe, he sendes thy Brother free.

ACTUS IV. SCENA III.

Cassandra.

Cassandra.

Fayne would I wretch conceale the spoyle of my virginity,
 But o my gilt doth make me blush chaste virgins here to see.
 I, monster now, no mayde nor wyfe, have stoupte to *Promos*
 lust;
 The cause was, nether fute nor teares could quench his
 wanton thurst.
 What cloke wyl scuse my crime? my selfe my conscience
 doth accuse:
 And shall *Cassandra* now be turned, in common speeche, a
 stewes?
 Shall she, whose vertues bare the bell be calld a vicious dame?
 O cruell death, nay hell, to her that was constraynd to shame.
 Alas few wyll give foorth I fynd to save my brothers lyfe,
 But fayntly I through *Promos* othes doo hope to be his wife.
 For lovers feare not how they sweare to wyn a lady fayre,
 And having wonne, what they did wish, for othes nor lady
 care:
 But to be just or no, I joy *Andrugio* yet shall lyve;—
 But ah I see a fight that doth my hart as under ryve.

ACTUS IV. SCENA IV.

Gayler with a dead mans head in a charger. *Cassandra.*

Gayler.

This present wil be galle I know to fayre *Cassandra*,
 Yet if she knewe as much as I, most swete I dare well say.
 In good tyme see where she doth come to whome my arrand is.

Cassandra.

Cassandra.

Alas his hasty pace to me, shoves somewhat is amys.

Gayler.

Fayre *Cassandra*, my Lord *Promos* commends him unto thee,
To keepe his word, who sayes from prison he sends thy brother
free.

Cassandra.

Is my *Andrugio* done to death? fye, fye, o faythles trust!

Gayler.

Be quiet, Lady, law found his fault, then was his judgment
just.

Cassandra.

Wel my good friend, show *Promos* this, since law hath don
this deed,

I thank him yet he would vouchsaf on me my brother's head;
Loe this is all: now geve me leave to rew his losse alone.

Gayler.

I wyll perform your will, and wish you cease your mone.

Cassandra.

Farewell.

Gayler.

I sure had shoven what I had done, her teares I pittied so,
But that I wayde that women syld do dye with greefe and woe:
And it behoves me to be secret, or else my necke-verte cun:
Well, now to pack my dead man hence it is hye tyme I run.

Cassandra.

Is he past fight? then have I tyme to wayle my woes alone:
Andrugio, let mee kis thy lippes yet ere I fall to mone.

O would that I could wast to teares to wash this bloody face,
Which fortune farre beyond defart hath followed with disgrace.
O *Promos* falce and most unkinde, both spoyld of love and ruth!
O *Promos* thou dost wound my hart to thinke on thy untruth!
Whose plyghted fayth is tournd to frawd, and words to works
unjust!

Why doe I lyve, unhappy wench, syth treason quites my trust?
O death, devorse me wretch at once from this same worldly
lyfe!

But why do I not slay myfelfe for to appease this stryfe?
Perhaps within this wombe of myue another *Promos* is;
I so by death shal be avengd of him in murthring his;

And

And ere I am assured that I have revengde this deede,
Shall I dispatch my lothed life? that hast weare more than
speede.

So *Promos* would triumphe that nowe his tyranny should know;
No, no, this wicked fact of his so slightly shall not goe.
The King is just and mercyfull, he doth both heare and see,
See mens defarts, heare their complaynts to judge with equity.
My wofull case with speede I wyll unto his grace addresse,
And from the first unto the last the truth I wyll confesse.
So *Promos*, thou by that fame lawe shalt lose thy hated breth,
Through breach wherof thou didst condemne *Andrugio* unto
death.

So doing yet, the world will say I broke *Diana's* lawes:
But what of that? no shame is myne when truth hath shewne
my cause.

I am resolved the King shall knowe of *Promos* injury;
Yet ere I go, my brother's head I wyll ingraved see. [Exit.]

ACTUS IV. SCENA V.

Gayler. *Andrugio.**Gayler.*

Andrugio, as you love our lives, forthwith post you away:
For Gods sake to no lyving friend your safety yet bewraye;
The proverbe sayth two may keepe counsell if that one be gone.

Andrugio.

Affure thy self, most faithful friend, I wyl be knowne to
none.

To none alas! I see my scape yeeldes mee but small releefe;
Cassandra and *Polina* wyll destroye themselves with greefe,
Through thought that I am dead: they dead, to live what
helpeth me?

Gayler.

Leave of these plaints of smal availe, thank God that you are
free,

For God it was within my mind that did your safety move,
And that same God no doubt wyl worke for your and their
behave.

Andrugio.

Andrugio.

Most faithfull friend, I hope that God wyl worke as you do say,
And therefore to some place unknowne I wyl my selfe conveye.
Gayler, farewell: for thy good deede I must remayne thy
debter;

In meane whyle yet receyve this gyft, tyll fortune sends a better.

Gayler.

God bwy Syr, but kepe your mony, your need you do not
know.

Andrugio.

I pas not now for fortunes threats, yea though hir force she
show,
And therefore styck not to receyve this smale reward in part.

Gaylar.

I wyl not sure such proffers lease; tys time you doe depart.

Andrugio.

Since so thou wilt, I wyl be gone: adue tyl fortune smile.

[Exit.]

Gayler.

Syr, fare you wel, I wyl not fayle to pray for you the while.
Well, I am glad that I have sent him gone,
For, by my fayth, I lvy'd in perlous feare:
And yet, God wot, to see his bytter mone
When he should dye, would force a man forbear
From harming him, if pittie might beare sway.
But see how God hath wrought for his safety:
A dead man's head that suffered th'other day,
Makes him thought dead, throughout the citie.
Such a just, good, and righteous God is he,
Although a whyle he let the wicked rayne,
Yet he releaves the wretch in misery;
And in his pryde he throwes the tyraunt downe.
I use these wordes upon this onely thought
That *Promos* long his rod cannot escape,
Who hath in thought a wyfull murder wrought,
Who hath in act perform'd a wicked rape.
Gods wyl be done, who well *Andrugio* speede;
Once well, I hope to heare of his good lucke;
For, God, thou knowest my conscience dyd this deede,
And no desire of any worldly muck.

[Exit.]

ACTUS

ACTUS IV. SCENA VI.

*Dalia from market.**Dalia.*

In good sweete sooth I feare I shal be shent,
It is so long since I to market went;
But trust me, wyld fowle are such costly geare,
Specially woodcocks out of reason deare,
That this houre I have the market bett,
To drive a bargaine to my most profyt;
And in the end, I chaunc'd to light on one
Hyt me as pat as a pudding *Pope Jone*.
Other market mades pay downe for their meate,
But that I have bought on my score is set.
Well fare credit when mony runneth low,
Marry, yet Butchers the which do credit so,
(As much good meate as they kyll) may perchaunce
Be glad and fayne at heryng cobs to daunce.
What force I that? every man shyft for one;
For if I starve, let none my fortune mone.

She faynes to goe out.

ACTUS IV. SCENA VII.

*Grimball, Dalia; cyther of them a Basket.**Grimball.*

Softe *Dalia*; a woorde with you, I praye.

Dalia.

What, friend *Grimball*; welcome as I maye faye.

Grimball.

Sayst thou me so? then kysse me for acquaintaunce.

Dalia.

If I lyke your manhoode, I may do so perchaunce.

*She faynes to looke in his basket.**Grimball.*

Bate me an ase, quoth *Boulton*: Tush your minde I know:
Ah Syr, you would, belike, let my cocke sparowes goe.

Dalia

Dalia.

I warrant thee *Grimball.* [*She takes out a white pudding.*

Grimball.

Laye off handes *Dalia.*

You powte me, if that you got my pudding awaye.

Dalia.

Nay good, sweete, honny *Grimball,* this pudding give me.

Grimball.

Iche were as good geete hir, for she wyll hate, I see,
Well, my nown good harte roote, I freelie give thee this,
Upon condition that thou give me a kys.

Dalia.

Nay, but first wash your lippes with sweete water you shall.

Grimball.

Why ych was ryte now for my pudding, honny sweet *Grimball.*
Well *Dalia,* you will floute so long, tyll (though I saye)
With kindnesse you wyll cast a proper handsome man awaye :
Wherefore, foote Conny, even a little spurte.

Dalia.

Laye off handes, Sir.

Grimball.

Good do not byte, for ych meane thee no hurte :
Come off, Pyggelnic, prefarre me not a jote.

Dalia.

What would the good foole have?

Grimball.

Why you woot whote.
Hearke in your care.

Dalia.

You shall commaunde, so proper a man ye are,
That for your sake I wyll not sticke to ware
A blew Caslocke during my lyfe forfoothe :
Mary, for my sake, I woulde be verie lothe
So goodlie a handsome man should lose his head.

Grimball.

Nay, for my head, care not a tinker's torde,
For so God judge me, and at one bare worde,
Yle lose my death, yea, and my great browne Cowe,
I love you so filthylie, law ye nowe.

*Dalia.**Dalia.*

Thou sayest valiantlie, now sing as well too,
And thou shalt quicklie knowe what I meane to doo.

Grimball.

Yes by Gogs foote, to pleasure thee, ych shall
Both syng, spring, fight and playe the dewle and all.

Dalia.

O lustilie.

THE SONG.

Grimball.

Come smack me, come smack me, I long for a smouch.

Dalia.

Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthie fine slouch.

Grimball.

Leard, howe I love thee.

Dalia.

This cannot move me.

Grimball.

Why pretie Pysney, my harte, and my honny.

Dalia.

Because, goodman Hogs face, you woe without money.

Grimball.

I lacke money, chi graunt.

Dalia.

Then *Grimball* avaunt.

Grimball.

Cham yong, sweete hart, and feate; come kyffe me for love.

Dalia.

Crokeshanke, your jowle is to great such lyking to move.

Grimball.

What meane you by this?

Dalia.

To leave thee, by Gys.

Grimball.

First smack me, first smack; I dye for a smouch.

Dalia.

Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthie fine slouch. [*Exit.*

Grimball.

Grimball.

Dalia, arte thou gone? what wilt serue me foe?
 O God, cham readie to raye myfelfe for woe.
 Be valiaunt, *Grimball*; kyl thy felfe man.
 Nay, bum ladie, I will not by Saint *Anne*.
 Ich have hearde my great Granfier faye,
 Maide will faye naye, and take it; and fo she maye.
 And therefore chyll to Miftrefie *Lamia*.
 With thefe Puddings and cock sparowes by and by;
 And in the darke againe ych will hir trye.



ACTUS V. SCENA I.

*Phallax alone.**Phallax.*

I marvell much what worketh to my Lord *Promos* unrest,
 He fares as if a thousand devils were gnawing in his brest.
 There is fure some worme of grieve that doth his conscience
 nip,
 For since *Andrugio* loft his head, he hath hung downe the lippe:
 And truth to fay, his fault is fuch as well may greve his mynd,
 The devill himfelfe could not have ufide a practife more unkind.
 This is once, I love a woman, for my life, as well as he,
 But (fayre dames) with her that loves me, I deale well with,
 trust mee.
 Well, leave I now my Lord *Promos* his owne deeds to aunfwere:
Lamia, I know, lookes, and double lookes, when I come to
 fupper:
 I thought as much: fee, to feeke me heare coms her aple fquier.

ACTUS V. SCENA II.

*Rofko, Phallax.**Rofko.*

O that I could find Master *Phallax*, the meate burnes at
 the fire.

And

And, by your leave, *Andrugio's* death doth make my mifttris
 fweate.

*Phallax.*How now *Rofko*?*Rofko.*

Ist you Syr? my mifttris doth intreate
 That with all fpeede your worfhip will come away to fupper;
 The meate and all is ready to fet upon the borde, Syr.

Phallax.

Gramercy for thy paynes; I was even comming to her.

Rofko.

You are the welcomft man alyve to her I know,
 And trust me at your commaundement remayneth poore *Rofko*.

Phallax.

It is honeftly fayd, but now tell mee
 What quality haft, that I may use thee.

Rofko.

I am a Barbour, and when you please, Syr,
 Call (and spare not) for a caft of rofe water.

Phallax.

But heare me, canft thou heale a greene wound well?

Rofko.

Yea, greene and ould.

Phallax.

Then thy beft were to dwel
 In fome ufual place or ftreete, where through frayes
 Thou mayft be fet a worke with wounds alwayes.

Rofko.

I thanke my Mifttris I have my hands full,
 To trym gentelmen of her acquayntaunce;
 And I trust, Syr, that if your worfhip chaunce
 To have neede of my helpe, I fhall earne your mony
 Afore an other.

Phallax.

That thou fhalt truly.
 But fyrra, where dwels *Lamia*?

Rofko.

Even heare Syr, enter I pray.

Phallax.

That I wyl fure, if that my way be cleare.

D

Rofko.

Rosko.

Yes Sir, her doores be open all the yeare.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS V. SCENA III.

*Polina (the mayde that Andrugio lov'd) in a blew gowne.**Polina.*

Polina curst, what dame alyve hath cause of grieve lyke thee,
Who, (wonne by love) hast yeeld the spoyle of thy virginity?
And he for to repayre thy fame, to marry thee that vowde,
Is done to death for first offence the second mends not lowde.
Great shame redounds to thee, o love, in leaving us in thrall;
Andrugio and *Polina* both, in honoring thee did falle.

Thou so didst wytych our wits, as we from reason strayed
quight,

Provockt by thee we dyd refuse no vantage of delight.

Delight! what did I say? nay death, by rash and fowle abuse,
Alas I shame to tell thus much, though love doe worke excuse.
So that (fayre dames) from such consent, my accydents of
harne

Forewarneth you to keepe aloofe though love your harts do
arme.

But ah *Polina*, whether runnes thy words into advise,
When others harmes, in forst by love, could never make the
wife.

The cause is plaine, for that in love no reason stands in steade,
And reason is the only meane, that others harmes we dreade.

Then, that the world hereafter may to love inferre my yll,
Andrugios tombe with dayly teares *Polina* worship wyll:

And furthermore I vowde whyllit life in me doth foster breth
No one shall vaunt of conquered love by my *Andrugios* death.
These shameful weedes which forst I were, that men my fault
may know,

Whilst that I live shall show I morne for my *Andrugio*.

I wyll not byde the sharpe assaultes from fugred words ysent,
I wyll not trust to careles othes which often wyn consent:

I wyll cut off occasions all which hope of myrth may move;
With ceaseles teares yle quench each cause that kindleth coles
of love:

And

And thus tyl death, *Polina* wyll estrange her selfe from joy,
Andrugio to reward thy love which dyd thy life destroy. [*Exit.*]

ACTUS V. SCENA IV.

*Rosko alone.**Rosko.*

A Syr, in fayth, the case is altred quight,
My mistris late that lived in wretched plight
Byds care adue and every cause of woe,
The feare is fled that made her sorrow so.
Master *Phallax* so underprops her fame
As none for lyfe dare now her lewdnes blame.
I feare (nay hope) she hath bewicht him so
As haulfe his brybes unto her share will goe:
No force for that; who others doth deceyve
Deserves himselfe lyke measure to receyve.
Well, leave I *Lamia*, for herselfe to pray
Better then I can shewe who knowes the way.
It stands me on for my poore selfe to shyfte,
And I have founde a helpe at a dead lyfte.
My ould friend *Grymball's* pource with pence is full,
And if I empty it not, *Dalia* wull.
The flaving foole, what he can rap and rend
(He loves her so) upon the sylth wyll spend:
But bye your leave, yle barre her of this match,
My net and all is fet, the foole to catch.
Forsooth before his amorous sute he move
He must be trim'd to make her more to love
And in good sooth the world shal hardly fall
But that he shal be washt, pould, shavd and all.
And see the luck, the foole is fast I know,
In that with *Rowke* he doth so sadly goe.

SCENA V. Grymball, Rowke, Rosko.

Grymball.

God bores, as sayst, when somewhat handsome ch'am,
I faith she wyll come off for very shame.

D 2

Rowke.

Rowke.

Yea without doubt, for I sweare by Saint *Anne*
My selfe loves you, you are so cleane a young man.

Grimball.

Nay, thou woulst say so when my face is fayre washt.

Rosko.

Good luck a Gods name, the wodcocke is masht.

Rowke.

And who barbes ye *Grimball*?

Grimball.

A dapper knave, one *Rosko*.

Rosko.

Well letherface; we shall have you affe, ere you goe.

Rowke.

I know him not: is he a deaft barber?

Grimball.

O yea, why he is *Mitris Lamia's* Powler:
And looke fyrra, yen is the lyttel knave.
How dost *Rosko*?

Rosko.

Whope, my eye fight God save
What ould *Grimball*! welcome, fit you downe heare.
Boye.

Boy.

Anon.

Rosko.

Bay leaves in warme water, quick, bring cleane
geare. *Boy in the House.*

Boy.

Strayght.

Rowke.

As thou saydst *Grimball*, this is a feate knave indeede.

Rosko.

How fay' Syr? oyntments for a scab do you neede?

Rowke.

Scab! scurvy Jack! Ile fet you a worke Syr.

Grimball.

Nay Gogs foote, good nowe, no more of this stur.

Rowke.

I faith Barber, I wyll pyck your teeth straight.

*Rosko.**Rosko.*

Nay, to pick my purse I feare thou dost wayght.

Rowke.

Yea Gogs hart.

Grimball.

Nay, Gogs foote.

Rosko.

Nowe come Ruffen.

Grimball.

Leave, if you be men,
Heare ye me now? be friendes, and by my trothe,
Chill spende a whole quarte of ale on you bothe.

Rosko.

Well Maffe *Grimball*, I lytle thought I wus,
You would a brought a knave to use mee thus.

Grimball.

Why, knowest him not? why it is lustie *Rowke*.

Rosko.

A strong theefe, I warrant him by his looke.

Rowke.

Go to, no more, Barber, least copper you catch.

Grimball.

What wilt give thy nose awaye? beware that match.
For chy fee no copper unlest be there.

Boy.

Master, here is delicate water and cleane geare. *Boy brings water.*

Rosko.

Well to quiet my house, and for *Grimball's* sake,
If it pleaseth you as friendes, we hands will shake.

Grimball.

I, I, do so.

Rowke.

And for his sake I agree.

Grimball.

Well then that we may drinke, fraight wayes wash mee.

Rosko.

Good Syr, here's water as sweete as a rose.
Now whyles I wash, your eyes harde you must close.

Grimball.

Thus?

D 3

Rosko.

Harder yet. *Rosko.*
 O, thus. *Grimball.*
 Yea marry so. *Rosko.*
 Howe syrre, you knowe what you have to doe.
 Rowke, cuttes Grimball's purse.
 Winke harde, *Grimball.* *Rosko.*
 Yes, yes, I shall. *Grimball.*
 Heare's the toothpick and all. *Rosko.* *[Exit.*
 Departe then, tyll I call.
 Verie well Syr, your face is gayly cleane;
 Were your teeth nowe pickt, you maye kisse a queane. *Grimball.*
 Sayst thou mee so? Good nowe dispatch and awaye:
 I even fyffill untyl I smouch *Dalia.* *Rosko.*
 O doo you so? I am right glad you tell:
 I else had thought, tad bene your teethe dyd smell. *Grimball.*
 O Lorde, gogs foote, you picke me to the quicke. *Rosko.*
 Quiet yourfelfe, your teeth are furred thicke. *Grimball.*
 O, oh no more: O God, I spatel blood. *Rosko.*
 I have done: spyt out; this doth you much good.
 Boye. *Boy.*
 Anon. *Rosko.* *Boy within.*
 Bring the drinke in the porringer,
 To gargalis his teeth. *Boy.*

It is here, Syr. *Boy.* *[Exit.*
 Wash your teeth with this, good maister *Grimball.* *Rosko.*
 I am poysoned; ah, it is bytter gall. *Grimball.*
 Eate these Comfyts, to sweeten your mouth with all. *Rosko.*
 Yea mary Syr, these are gay fugred geare. *Grimball.*
 Their sweetnesse straight wyll make you finke I feare. *Rosko.*
 Well nowe, what must I paye, that chy were gone. *Grimball.*
 What you wyll. *Rosko.*
 Sayst me so? O cham undone. *Grimball.*
 Howe nowe *Grimball?* *Rosko.*
 O Leard, my purse is cutte. *Grimball.*
 When? where? *Rosko.*
 Nowe, here. *Grimball.*
 Boye, let the doore be shutte:
 If it be here we wyll straight wayes see.
 Where's he that came with you? *Rosko.*
 I can not tell. *Grimball.*
 What is hee? *Rosko.*
 I knowe not. *Grimball.*
 Where doth he dwell? *Rosko.*
 O Leard, I ken not I. *Grimball.*
 D 4 *Rosko.*

Rosko.

You have done well:
This knave, your pence in his pocket hath purst:
Let's seeke him out.

Grimball.

Nay hearke, I must needs first.
O Leard, Learde, cham sicke: my belly akes too too.

Rosko.

Thou lookst yll: well Yle tell thee what to doo.
Since thou art so sicke, straight wayes get thee home,
To finde this Jacke my selfe abroade wyll come:
The rather, for that he playde the Knave with mee.

Grimball.

Cham sicke in deede, and therefore ych thanke thee.

Rosko.

I see sometime the blinde man hits a crowe;
He maye thanke me that he is plagued foe.

Grimball.

Well, well, *Dalia*, the love ych bare to thee
Hath made me sicke and pickt my purse from mee. [Exit.]

Rosko.

A, is he gone? a foole company him:
In good sooth Sir, this match fadged trim.
Well I will trudge to find my fellewe *Roske*,
To share the price that my devise hath tooke. [Exit.]

ACTUS V. SCENA VI.

*Cassandra in blacke.**Cassandra.*

The heavy chardge that Nature byndes me to
I have perform'd; ingrav'd my brother is:
I woulde to God (to ease my ceaseles woo)
My wretched bones intombd were with his,
But o in vaine this bootelesse wish I use,
I, poore I must lyve in sorrowe joynde with shame.
And shall he lyve that dyd us both abuse?
And quench, through rule, the coles of just revenge?

O no:

O no: I wyll nowe hye me to the King,
To whom I wyll recount my wretched state;
Lewde *Promos* rape, my brother's death, and all:
And (though with shame I maye this tale relate)
To prove that force enforced me to fall.
When I have showne Lorde *Promos* fowle misdeedes,
This knife, fourthwith shall end my woe and shame:
My gored harte which at his feete then bleedes,
To forge his faultes, the Kyng wyll more inflame.
In deedes to doo that I in woordes pretende,
I now advise my journey to the King:
Yet ere I go, as swans sing at their ende
In solemne song I meane my knell to ryng.

Cassandraes Song.

Sith fortune thwart doth crosse my joyes with care,
Sith that my blisse is chaungde to bale by fate;
Sith frowarde chaunce my dayes in woe doth weare,
Sith I, alas, must mone without a mate;
I wretch have vowde to sing both daye and night,
O sorrowe, slaye all motions of delight!

Come, grieclie grieve, torment this harte of mine,
Come, deepe dispaire, and stoppe my loathed breath;
Come, wretched woe, my thought of hope to pine,
Come, cruell care, preferre my fute to death:
Death, ende my wo, which sing both daye and night,
O sorrowe, slaye all motions of delight! [Exit.]

G. W.

F I N I S.

THE
S E C O N D E P A R T
O F T H E F A M O U S
H I S T O R I E
O F
P R O M O S A N D C A S S A N D R A :

Set forth in a Comickall DISCOURSE.

BY GEORGE WHETSTONE GENT.

Formæ nulla Fides.



THE
SECONDE PARTE
OF THE
HISTORIE
OF
PROMOS AND CASSANDRA

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

*Polina in a blewse Gowne, shadowed with a blacke Sarcenet, going
to the Temple to praye upon Andrugio's Tombe.*

PPROMISE is debt, and I my vowe have past
Andrugio's tombe to wash with daylie teares ;
Which sacrifice (although God wot, in waste)
I wyll performe ; my altar is of cares.
Of fuming fighes my offering incence is,
My pittious playntes in steede of prayers are :
Yea, woulde to God, in penance of my mys,
I with the rest, my loathed lyfe might share !
But oh in vaine I wish this welcomde ende ;
Death is to slowe to slaye the wretched wight :
And all to soone he doth his forces bende
To wounde their hartes which wallowe in delight.

Yet in my eare styll goes my passing bell,
 So ofte as I *Andrugio's* death doo minde,
 So ofte as men with poynted fingers tell
 Their friendes my faultes which by my weedes they finde.
 But oh the cause with death which threats me most,
 I wish to dye, I dye through wretched woe;
 My dying harte desires to yeelde the ghost,
 My traunces itraunge a present death foreshewe.
 But as the reede doth bow at every blast,
 To breake the same when rowghest stormes lackes might,
 So wretched I with every woe doe walte,
 Yet care wants force to kyll my hart outryght.
 O gracious God, and is my gilt so great
 As you the same with thousand deathes must wreake?
 You will it so, else care I could intreate,
 With halfe these woes my thryd of lyfe to breake.
 But what meanst thou, *Polina* most accurst?
 To muse why God this pennaunce joynes thee to?
 Whose correction, although we take at worst,
 To our great good he doth the same bestow.
 So that, syth greefe can not relyve my friend,
 Syth scorching fighes my sorrowes cannot drye,
 Syth care himselfe lackes force my lyfe to ende,
 Syth styll I lyve that every howre doe dye;
 Syth mighty God appoyntes my pennaunce so,
 In mornefull song I wyll my patience show.

Polina's Song.

Amyd my bale, the lightning joy that pynning care doth bring,
 With patience cheares my heavy hart, as in my woes I sing.
 I know my gilt, I feele my scourge, my ease is death I see;
 And care (I fynde) by pecemeale weares my hart to set me
 free.

O care, my comfort and refuge, feare not to worke thy wyll;
 With patience I thy corsives byde; feede on my life thy fyll:
 Thy appetyte with syghes and teares I dayly wyl procure,
 And wretched I will vaile to death, throw when thou wilt
 thy Lure.

[*Exit Polina.*]

ACTUS

ACTUS I. SCENA II.

Enter a Messenger from the King.

I have at length (though weery come in troth)
 Obtaynd a fight of *Julio's* stately walles:
 A king's meilage can not be done in sloth:
 Whome he bids goe, must runne through myre and dyrt:
 And I am sent to Lord *Promos* in post
 To tell him that the King wyll see him strayght;
 But much I feare that *Promos* needes not boist
 Of any gayne by his soveraignes receyte.
 But *Holla* tongue, of lavysh ippeeche beware.
 Though subjects oft in Princes' meaning pryce
 They must their wordes and not their myndes declare:
 Unto which course I wyll my tongue apply,
 Lord *Promos* shall my Prince's comming know,
 My Prince himselfe the cause thereof shall show. [Exit.

ACTUS I. SCENA III.

Rosko, Lamia's man.

Rosko.

Is't possible that my mistris *Lamia*
 Over the shooes should b'yn love with *Phallax*?
 Why, by I—(as she her selfe doth saye)
 With pure good wyll her harte doth melt lyke waxe:
 And this I am sure, every howre they themselves
 By their sweete selves, or by their letters greeete:
 But the sport is, to see the loving elves
 Byll together when they in secreet meete.
 She lowres, he lauffes, she syghes throwe pure love;
 Nay, nay, sayes he (good pugges) no more of this:
 Well, sayes shee, and weepes, my grieve you do *The strumpets*
 not prove: *and croco-*
 Then strayght this storme is cleared with a kys. *diles alyke.*
 And then a both sides three wordes and a smouch;
 Within her eare then whispereth this slouch,

And

And by the way he stumbleth on her lypes.
 Thus eyther stryves most loving signes to show;
 Much good do it them, fyth they are both content:
 Once I am fure, how so the game doth goe.
 I have no cause their lyking to repent.
 I fyldome doe between them message beare,
 But that I have an Item in the hande:
 Well, I must trudge to doe a certain chare,
 Which, take I tyme, cocke for my gayne doth stand.

ACTUS I. SCENA IV.

Phallax. Dowson, a Carpenter.

Phallax.

Dispatch *Dowson*; up with the frame quickly;
 So space your roomes, as the nyne worthyes may
 Be so instauld as best may please the eye.

Dowson.

Very good, I shall.

Phallax.

Nay, soft; *Dowson*, stay:
 Let your man, at Saint *Annes* crosse, out of hande
 Ereect a stage, that the Wayghts in fight may stande.

Dowson.

Wyll you ought else?

Phallax.

Soft a whyle: let me see:
 On *Jesus* gate, the foure vertues, I trow,
 Appoynted are to stand.

Dowson.

I Syr, they are so.

Phallax.

Wel then, about your charge: I will foresee
 The Confort of Musick well plast to be.

Dowson.

I am gone, Syr.

[Exit.

ACTUS

ACTUS I. SCENA V.

The Bedell of the Taylers, Phallax.

Bedell.

Heare you, Maister *Phallax*?
 The Wardens of the Marchant Taylers axe
 Where (with themselves) they shall their Pageaunt place?

Phallax.

With what strange shoves doo they their Pageaunt grace?

Bedell.

They have *Hercules* of monsters conqueryng,
 Huge great *Giants* in a forest fighting
 With *Lions*, *Beares*, *Wolves*, *Apes*, *Foxes* and *Grayes*,
Baiards, *Brockes*, &c.

Phallax.

O wondrous frages.
 Marry Syr, since they are provided thus
 Out of their wayes, God keepe Maister *Pediculus*.

Bedell.

You are plefaunt Syr, but with speede I pray
 You aunswere mee; I was charged not to stay.

Phallax.

Because I know you have all things currant,
 They shall stand where they shal no viewers want:
 How say you to the ende of *Ducke Alley*?

Bedell.

There all the beggers in the towne will be.

Phallax.

O, most attendaunce is where beggers are:
 Farewell, away.

Bedell.

I wyll your wyll declare.

E

ACTUS

ACTUS I. SCENA VI.

Phallax. *Two men apparrelled lyke greene men at the Mayor's feast, with clubbes of fyreworke.*

Phallax.

This geare fadgeth now that these fellowes peare:
Friendes where waight you?

First.

In Iesus streete to keepe a passadge cleare.
That the King and his trayne maye passe with ease.

Phallax.

O, very good.

Second.

Ought else, Syr, do you please?

Phallax.

No, no: about your charge.

Both.

We are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Phallax.

A Syr, heare is short knowledge, to entertayne a kyng;
But O, O, *quid non pecunia?* yea at a dayes warning?
The King in provision that thought to take us tardy,
As if we had a yeare bene warnd, shall by his welcome see.
I have yet one chare to do: but soft here is *Rosko*,
I must needes delyver him a messadge before I goe.

ACTUS I. SCENA VII.

Rosko. Phallax.

Rosko.

I fayth I have noble newes for *Lamia*.

Phallax.

Nay soft, friend *Rosko*, take myne in youre waye.

Rosko.

Master *Phallax*, O Syr I cry you mercy.

Phallax.

Phallax.

Rosko, with speede tell thy Mistris from me,
The king straight wayes wyll come to the Cytie,
In whose great trayne there is a company
Within her house with mee shall mery be.
Therefore, for my sake, wyll her to foresee
To welcome them, that nothing wanting be:
This is all I wyll, for want of leysure.

[*Exit.*]

Rosko.

I wyl not fayle Syr to shew your pleasure.
Mary, in fayth, these newes falles jumpe with the rest,
They shal be welcome and fare of the best:
But although they well fyll their bodyes thus,
Their purses will be dryven to a *non plus*.
No force a whyt, each pleasure hath his payne,
Better the purce then body starve of twayne.
Well, I wyll trudge my welcome newes to tell,
But then abroade, good company to smell.

[*Exit.*]

ACTUS I. SCENA VIII.

Corvintus the King; Cassandra; two Counsellors, and Udisto a young nobleman.

King.

Cassandra we draw neare unto the Towne,
So that I wyll that you from us depart,
Tyll further of our pleasure you doe heare.
Yet rest assured that wycked *Promos*,
Shall abyde such punishment, as the world
Shall hould mee just, and cleare thee of offence.

Cassandra.

Dread Sovereigne, as you wyl, *Cassandra* goeth hence. [*Exit.*]

King.

I playnely see it tendes to great behove
That Prynces oft doo vayne their eares to heare
The miser's playnt: for though they doe appoynt
Such as they thynke will justice execute,
AuthORITY is such a commaunder,

As whereas men by office beareth sway,
 If they their rule by conscience measure not,
 The poore man's right is overcome by might:
 If love, or hate, from justice leave the judge,
 Then money sure may overrule the case.
 Thus one abuse is cause of many moe,
 And therefore none in judges ought to be.
 How rulers wrong, fewe tales are told the King:
 The reason is, their power keepes in awe
 Such men as have great cause for to complaine.
 If *Cassandra* her goodes, nay life, prefer'd
 Before revenge of *Promos* treachery,
 I had not knowne his detestable rape,
 The which he forst to save her brother's lyfe.
 And furthermore, *Andrugio's* raunsome payde,
 I had not knowne he put him unto death:
 For when (good soule) she had this treason tould,
 Through very shame her honour so was spoyld,
 She drewe her knyfe to wound her selfe to death;
 Whose pytious plyght my hart provockt to wrath
 At *Promos* wyles.
 So that, to use indifferency to both,
 Even in the place where all these wronges were done,
 Myselfe am come to fyt upon the cause.
 But see where *Promos* and the Mayor waight
 To welcome mee with great solemnity.
 With cheereful shoue I shaddowe wyll the hate
 I beare to him for his insolency;
 Perhaps I may learne more of his abuse,
 Whereby the more his punishment may be.
 Come my Lords, to the towne halte we apace.
All speake. We all are prest to wayght upon your grace.

ACTUS

ACTUS I. SCENA IX.

Promos, Maior, three Aldermen in red gownes, with a Sworde bearer, awayghtes the King's conning.

Promos his brieve Oration.

Promos.

Renowned King, to here your faithful subjects preast to show
 The loyall dunctie which (in ryght) they to your highnesse owe.
 Your presence cheares all sorts of us; yet ten times more we
 joye
 You thinke us floarde, our warning short, for to receyve a
 Roye.
 Our wyll is such as shall supplie, I trust, in us all want,
 And where good wyll the welcome geves, provyffion fyld is
 scant.
 Loe this is all, yea for us all that I in wordes bestowe;
 Your Majestie our further zeale in ready deedes shall knowe.
 And first, dreade King, I render you the swoorde of justice
 heare,
 Which as your lieutenant, I trust, uprightlie I dyd beare.

The King delyvers the sworde to one of his counsell.

King.

Promos, the good report of your good government I heare;
 Or at the least the good conceyte that towards you I beare,
 To incourage you the more in justice to perseaver,
 Is the cheefe cause I dyd addresse my progresse heather.

Promos.

I thanke your Highnesse.

The Maior presentes the King with a fayre Purse.

Maior.

Renowned King, our ready wylles to shoue
 In your behalfe our goodes (nay lyves) to spende,
 In all our names I freelie here bestowe
 On your Highnes this Purse; unto this ende

E 3

To

To possesse your most royall majestie,
In all our wealth therto bounde by ductie.

King.

Your great good wyls, and gyfts with thanks I take;
But keepe you styll your goodes to do you good.
It is inough and all that I do crave,
If needes compels for your and our safety,
That you in part your proffers large performe;
And for this time, as outward shoves make prooffe,
It is inough (and all that I desire),
That your harts and tongues (alyke) byd me welcome.

All. Lord preserve your Majesty.

Five or sixe, the one halfe men, the other women, neare unto the Musick, singing on some stage erected from the ground. During the first parte of the song, the King saineth to talke sadlie with some of his Counsell.

The Kings Gentleman Usber. Forwards my Lords.

They all go out leysurable while the rest of the song is made an ende.



ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Lamia the Curtisan.

Lamia.

The match goes harde which rayfeth no man's gaine;
The vertue rare, that none to vice maye wreat:
And sure, the lawe that made me late complaine,
Allureth me many a wanton geast.
Dames of my trade shutte up their shoppes for feare,
Their stufte prov'd *Contra formam Statuti*:
Then I, which lycens am to sell fine ware,
Am lyke to be well customed, perdy.

And

And nowe tyme serves, least custome after fayle,
At hyest rate my toyes I vulture must:
Let me alone to set my toyes to sale,
Yong Ruslers I, in faith, wyll serve of trust.
Who wayes me not, him wyll I fayne to love;
Who loves me once, is lymed to my heast;
My cullers some, and some shall weare my glove,
And be my harte whose payment lyketh me best.
And here at hande are customers I trowe;
These are the friendes of *Pballax*, my sweete friende.
Now wyll I go, and set my wares to showe,
But let them laugh that wynneth in the ende. [Exit.]

ACTUS II. SCENA II.

Apio and Bruno, two Gentlemen straungers; with Rosko.

Apio.

Come on good friende: where dwels Lady *Lamia*?

Rosko.

Even by, Syr.

Apio.

Well then, go thy waye.
Showe, who sent us, and what our meaning is,
Least she, not knowing us, doo take anys
That thus boldlye we come to visite hir.

Rosko.

No bolder then welcome, I warrant you Sir.

Bruno.

Well, thy message doo.

Rosko.

I go. [Exit.]

Four Women travellie apparelled, sitting singing in Lamia's windowe, with wrought smockes and caroles in their hands, as if they were a working.

The Quyre.

If pleasure be treasure.

E 4

Apio.

Apio.

Harke.

The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde is here,
 Refuse you, or chuse you,
 But welcome who drawes neare; but welcome who drawes neare.

*Bruno.*They be the *Muses* sure.*Apio.*Naye *Syrens* lure.*First sings.* Here lyves delyght.*Second.* Here dyes despight.*Both.* Desyre here hath his wyll,*Third.* Here loves reliefe*Fourth.* Destroyeth grieffe*Last two.* Which carefull hartes doth kyll,*Bruno.*

Attende them styll.

Apio.

That, as you wyll.

First. Here wysh in wyll doth care destroye.*Second.* Playe here your fyll, we are not coye:*Third.* Which breedes much yll we purge annoy,*Fourth.* Our lyves here styll we leade in joye.The *Quyre*.

If pleasure be treasure,
 The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde
 is here:

Refuse you, or chuse you,
 But welcome who coms neare; but welcome
 who coms neare.

First. Wantons drawe neare,*Second.* Taste of our cheare,*Both.* Our cates are fine and sweete;*Third.**Third.* Come, be not coye*Fourth.* To worke our joye;

We fall wyll at your feete,

Bruno.

A, good kinde wormes.

Apio.

Harke.

First. Loe here we be, good wyll which move*Second.* We lyve, you see, for your behove:*Third.* Come, we agree to let you prove,*Fourth.* Without a fee, the fruites of love.The *Quire* all.

If pleasure be treasure, the golden worlde is
 here, &c.

Bruno.

Upon this large warrant we maye venter.
 The doore opes alone; come let us enter.

Apio.

Agreede.

Enter a Sergeaunt bearing a Mace, another Officer with a Paper
 lyke a Proclamation; and with them the Cryer.

Officer.

Cryer, make a noyse.

Cryer.

O yes. And so thrise.

Officer.

All manner of personnes here present—

Cryer.

All manner of personnes here present—

Officer.

Be sylent, on payne of imprisonment.

Cryer.

Be sylent, on payne of imprisonment.

The

The officer reads the Proclamation.

Corvinus, the hye and mightie King of Hungarie and Boemia: Unto all his loving subjects of *Julio*, sendeth greeting;

And therewithall giveth Knowledge of his princelie favour towards every fort of them.

First, if any person, officer, or other, hath wronged any of his true subjects by the corruption of brybes, affecting or not favouring of the person, through usurie, extortion, wrong imprisonment, or with any other unjust practise, His Majestie wylles the partie so grieved to repayre to Syr *Ulrico*, one of his Highnesse privie Counsell; who (finding his or their injuries) is commaunded to certifie them, and their proote unto the Kings Majestie; where incontinentlie he wylle order the controversie, to the release of the partie grieved, and the punishment of the offenders.

Further, if any of his faithfull subjectes can charge any person, officer, or other, with any notable or haynous offence, as Treason, Murder, Sacriledge, Sedicion, or with any such notorious cryme; for the satetie of his Royal Person, benefyte and quiet of his Realme and subjectes, on Fridaye nexte, his most excellent Majestie (with the advise of his honorable Counsell) wyl in open Court syt; to heare and determine all such offences. Therefore he strayghtlie chargeth all and everie of his subjectes that knowe any such haynous offenders, on the forenamed daye that he present both the offender and his faulte. Dated at his Royall Court in *Julio*, the 6 of Februarie.

GOD save the KING. [*Excunt.*]

ACTUS II. SCENA IV.

Rosko.

Rosko.

See howe we are crost! we thought the King for pleasure
Came to visite us: when to his paine
And our plagues, I feare he bestowes his leysure
To heare the wronges of such as wyl complayne

Of

Of any man: But the sport is, to see
Us officers, one looke of another;
I at Lorde *Promos*, Lorde *Promos* at mee;
The *Lawiers* at the *Sbriefe* and *Maioir*:
They gafe as much on the ruling *Lawier*;
For to be plaine, the clearest of all
Peccavi sing, to heare the grievous call
Against usurie, brybrie, and barrating,
Suborning, extorcion and boulltring.
Some faultes are hearde, some by Proclamation staye,
Before the King to be hearde on Fridaye.
I yet have scape, and hope to go scot free:
But so, or no, whyllt leysure serves mee,
To have my aunswers fresh if I be cauld,
Of merry mates I have a meeting stauld,
To whom, my fences to refresh, I wend;
Who gets apace as meryly may spend. [*Exit.*]

ACTUS II. SCENA V.

*Sir Ulrico with divers papers in his hand; two poore Citysiens
soliciting complayntes.*

Ulrico.

As thou complaynst; agaynst all equity
Houldes *Phallax* thy house by this extremity?

First.

Yea sure, and he hath bound me so subtylly
As lesse you helpe, lawe yeeldes me no remedy.

Ulrico.

Well, what say you? is *Phallax* mony payd?

Second.

Save fyve pound, Syr.

Ulrico.

For which your bond is stayde.

Second.

Nay mary, the same I would gladly pay,
But my bonde for the forfeyt he doth stay.

Ulrico.

Ulrico.

Summum jus, I see, is summa injuria.
So these wronges must be salved some other way.

First.

Yea, more then this, most men say—

Ulrico.

What?

First.

To be playne, he keepes *Mistris Lamia,*

Ulrico.

Admyt he doe, what helpe have you by this?

Second.

Yes mary, it proves a double knave he is,
A covetous churle and a lecher too.

Ulrico.

Well, well, honest men, for your witness go;
And as on prooffe I fynd your injuries,
So I wyl move the king for remedies.

Both.

We thanke your honour.

Ulrico.[*Exeunt.*]

Tys more then straunge, to see with honest show
What fowle deceytes lewde officers can hyde:
In every case, their craft they collour so,
As styll they have stryckt lawe upon their side.
These cunning Theeves with lawe can lordships steale,
When for a sheepe the ignoraunt are trust:
Yea, who more rough with small offenders deale
Then these false men to make themselves seeme just?
The tirant *Phallaris* was prayfed in this
When *Perillus* the brasen torment made,
He founde the wretch strayght wayes in some amys,
And made him first the scourge thereof to taste:
A just reward for such as doe present
An others fault, himselfe the guiltyest man:
Well, to our weale, our gracious king is bent
To taste these theeves to use what meanes he can.
But as at Cheastes though skylful players play
Skyllesse vewers may see what they omyt,
So though our King in searching judgment may

Gesse

Gesse at their faultes which secret wronges commit,
Yet, for to judge by trueth, and not by ame,
Myselfe in cheete his highnesse doth auctorise
On prooffe for to returne who meryts blame,
And as I fynde, so he himselfe will punish;
So that to use my charge indyfferently,
My clyents' wronges I wyll with wytnesse trye.

As he is going out, Pimos, a young Gentleman, speaks to him.

ACTUS II. SCENA VI.

Pimos.

Sir *Ulrico*, I humbly crave to know
What good successe my honest sute ensues.

Ulrico.

Master *Pimos*, in breefe the same to showe,
I feare you both my order wyll refuse.
Lynos, that thinkes he geves more then he should,
And you, for that you have not what you would.

Pimos.

It shall goe hard if that your award mislikes mee.

Ulrico.

Wel, goe with me, and you the same shall see.

Pimos.

I waight on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

*Phallax.**Pballax.*

MY troubled hart with guiltynesse agrev'd
Lyke fyre doth make my eares and cheekes to glow:
God graunt I scape this blacke day unrepv'd,
I care not how the game goe to-morrow.

Well.

Well, I wyll set a face of brasse on it,
 And with the rest upon the King attend,
 Who even anon wyll heare in judgement fyt,
 To heaven or hell some officers to fend.
 But soft, a pryze; *Gripax* and *Rapax* I see,
 A share of their venture belongs to mee.

ACTUS III. SCENA II.

Gripax, *Rapax*, *Promoters*. *John Adroynes*, a *Clowne*;
Phallax.

John.

Nay good honest *Promoters*, let mee go.

Gripax.

Tush *John Adroynes*, we must not leave you so:
 What, an ould hobclunch a wanton knave.
 You shal to the King.

John.

Marry *John Adroynes*, God save
 The King: why he wyll not looke on poore men.

Rapax.

Yes, yes; and wyll spye a knave in your face.

John.

Wyll he so? then good you be gone apace.

Gripax.

And why?

John.

Least in my face he spye you too.

Phallax.

Have you seene a dawe bebob two crowes so?

Rapax.

Well, come away, Syr *Patch*.

John.

Leave, or by God yle scratch.

They sawle a fightyng.

Gripax.

What wilt thou so?

John.

Yea, and byte too.

Gripax.

Gripax.

Helpe *Rapax*, play the man.

John.

Nay, do both what you can.

Phallax.

If that in bobs theyr bargayne be,
 In fayth they share alone for mee.

Rapax.

What bytest thou, hobclunch?

John.

Yea, that chull, and punch.

Gripax.

O Lorde God, my hart.

John.

Knaves, Ile make you fart.

Rapax.

Hould thy hands, Lob.

John.

Fyrst, take this bob.

Phallax.

To parte this fraye it is hye time I can tell,
 My *Promoters* else of the roste wyll smell.

Rapax.

O, my neck thou wylt breake.

John.

Yea Gods ames, cryst thou creake?

Phallax.

How now, my friends! why what a stur is this!

Gripax.

Marry.

Phallax.

What?

John.

Eare they part, yle make them pys.

Phallax.

Houlde; no more blowes.

John.

Knaves, this honest man thanke
 That you scape so well.

Phallax.

Phallax.

Friende be not to cranke;
I am an officer, and meane to know
The cause why you brauld thus, before I go;
Your bobs show that the same you best can tell.

Rapax.

I would your worship felt the same as well,
I then am sure this blockheaded slave
For both his faultes double punishment should have.

Phallax.

What faultes?

Rapax.

Marry.

John.

He wyll lye lyke a dogge.

Phallax.

How now you churle, your tongue would have a clog:
Say on.

Rapax.

To shoue his first and chiefest faughte,
His father's maide and he, are naught.

John.

What I?

Rapax.

I.

John.

By my Grandfire's soule, you lye.

Phallax.

Peace.

Friende, for this faulte thou must dye.

John.

Dye? Leard save us you sqwade knave; yie burn yee,
For reforming a lye thus against mee.

Phallax.

Tush, tush, it helpeth not if they can prove this.

Gripax.

For some prooffe, I sawe him and the maide kys.

John.

Can not foke kys, but they are naught by and by?

Phallax.

This presumption, friende, wyll touch the shrowddie.
If thou scape with lyfe, be thou sure of this,
Thou shalt be terrible whipped for this kys.

John.

Whypt! mary God shielde; chy had rather be hangde,

Rapax.

Growte nowle, come to the king.

John.

Art not well bangde?

Phallax.

Well, good fellowes, lets take up this matter.

Gripax.

Nay first *John Adroines* shal be trust in a halter.

Phallax.

Why, helpes it you to see the poore man whypt?
I praye you, friendes, for this tyme let him goe.

John.

Stande styll, and chull whether they wyll or no.

Rapax.

Nay, but we charge him in the King's name, staye thee.

Phallax.

Harke, honest man, I warrant thee set free,
Greafe them well in their handes, and speake them fayre.

John.

O Leard God, our tallow pottè is not here.

Phallax.

Tush, clawe them with money.

John.

Who so? my nayles are sharpe.

Phallax.

I see, for Clownes *Pan's* pype is meeter then *Apollo's* harpe:
They can no skyll in musicke but plaine song.

Gripax.

I praye lets goe; we tryffe tyme too long.

Phallax.

Strayght.

Cockes soule, knave, stoppe his mouth with money.

John.

O, I ken you nowe Syr; chi crie you mercie.

Rapax.

Come on, flouch, wylt please you be jogging hence?

John.

Here is all; tenne shyllinges and thyrtene pence.

Phallax.

Harke ye, my friendes.

Gripax.

We must not let him goe.

Phallax.

Harke once more.

John.

Give them the money.

Phallax.

It shall be so.

Rapax.

Well, although he deserves great punishment,

For your sake, for this tyme we are content:

John Adroines farewell; henceforth be honest,And for this faulte wylt passe it ore in jeast. [*Exeunt.*]*John.*

Then gives our money.

Phallax.

Why?

John.

Why they dyd but jeast.

*Phallax.*Yea, but they tooke thy money in earnest. [*Exit.*]*John.*

Art gone? now the Dewle choake you all with it:

How chy kisse againe the knaves have taught me wyt;

But by saint *Anne*, chy do see burlady,

Men maye do what them woll that have money.

Ich surely had bene whipt, but for my golde,

But chull no more with smouches be so bolde.

Yea, and Ich wish all lovers to be wyse,

There be learing knaves abroad have cattes eyes.

Why, by Gods bores they can bothe see and marke,

If a man steale but a smouch in the darke.

And nowe the worlde is growne to such jollie spye,

As if foke doo kysse the are nought by and by.

Well, ych wylt home, and tell my father *Droyne*,Howe that two theeves robd mee of my coyne. [*Exit.*]*Enter the King, Promos, Ulrico, Maior, Gonsfago, Phallax,*
*with two other attendantes.**King.*Sir *Gonsfago*, if that we henceforth heare
With will, or wealth, you doe our subjects wrong,

Looke not agayne this favour for to fynde;

We use this grace to wyn you to amende:

If not, our wrath shall feare you to offende.

God speede you.

[*Gonsfago doth reverence and departeth.*]*King.*

I see by prooffe that true the proverbe is,

Myght maisters right, wealth is such a canker,

As woundes the conscience of his maister,

And devoures the hart of his poore neyghbour:

To cure which fore, justice his pryde must pyne,

Which justice ought in princes most to shine:

And syth subjects lyve by their princes law,

Whose lawes in cheefe the rytych should keepe in awe.

The poore in wronges but sildome doth delyght,

They have inuffe for to defende their right.

It much behoves the maker of these lawes

(This mony findes in them so many flawes)

To see his lawes observd as they are ment,

Or else good lawes wylt turne to evyll intent.

Well, ere I leave, my poorest subjects shall

Both lyve and lyke, and by the richest stawl.

*Promos.*Regarded and most mightie Prince, your clemency herein
Those harts your rule commands through feare, to faithful love
shall win.*Ulrico.*

Renowned King, I am for to complaine

Of *Phallax*, Lord *Promos* secondary,

Whose hainous wronges many poore men doth paine,

By me, who pray your highnes remedy.

F 2

King.

King.

My Lord *Promos*, it seemes you rule at large,
When as your clarkes are officers unjust.

Promos.

Dread King, I thinke he can these wrong discharge.

King.

Doe you but thinke Syr? a fure speare to trust,
A dum death and blynde judge can do as much.
Well, well, God graunt your owne lyfe byde the tuch.
Syr *Ulrico*, your complaynt continew.

Ulrico.

Gracious King, his wronges be these, in few.
First, *Phallax* is a common Barriter,
In office, a lewd extortioner.

The crafty man oft puts these wronges in ure
If poore men have that lykes his searching eye;
He showeth Gould the needy soules to lue;
Which if they take, so fast he doth them tye,
That by some bonde or covenant for fayted
They are in forst (farre beneath the vallew)
To let him have what his eye covyeted:
And for to prove that this report is true,
I shoue no more then witnesse prov'd by oth,
Whose names and handes defends it heare as troth.

[*Ulrico delivers the King a writing with names of it.*

King.

How now *Promos*? how thinke you of your man?
Use both your wyttes to cleare him if you can.

Promos.

Dread King, my hart to heare his faultes doth bleede.

King.

How farde it then to suffer it indeede?
It dyde, I trow, or now you speake in jest.
Thy master's mute, *Phallax*, I houlde it best
That thou speake for thyfelse.

Phallax.

I humbly crave
Of your grace, for aunswere respyt to have.

*King.**King.*

Why? to devise a cloke to hyde a knave?
Friend, *veritas non quarit angulos*;
And if yourfelse you on your truth repose,
You may be bould these faultes for to deny:
Some lyttel care upon their othes to lye.
See if any in your behalfe will sweare.

Phallax.

O Lord God, is there no Knyghtes of the poste heare?
Well then, of force I must sing *Peccavi*,
And crye out ryght to the King for mercy,
O King I am in faulte I must confesse,
The which I wyll with repentaunce redresse.

King.

Thy confession doth meryt some favour,
But repentaunce payes not thy poore neyghbour;
Wherefore, Syr *Ulrico*, his goods sease you,
And those he wrong'd, restore you to their due.

Ulrico.

Looke, what he gettes, most thinke he wastes straight waye
Upon a leawde harlot named *Lamia*:
So that his goods wyll scarce pay every wight,

King.

Where naught is left, the king must lose his right.
Pay as you may, I hould it no offence
If each pay somewhat for experience.
But by the way, you rule the citty well
That suffer, by your nose, such dames to dwell.
And now, *Phallax*, thy further pennaunce ys,
That forthwith thou do resigne thy office.
Ulrico, to his account lykewise see.

Ulrico.

It shal be done.

King.

Phallax, further heare mee:
Because thou didst thy faultes at first confesse
From punishment thy person I release.

Phallax.

I most humbly do thanke your majesty.

Promos.

Ah! out alas! *Cassandra* heare I see.

F 3

Cassandra.

Cassandra in a blew gowne shadowed with black.

Cassandra.

O would the teares myght tel my tale, I shame so much my fall,
Or else Lord *Promos* lewdnes shoven, would death would ende my thrall!

Promos.

Welcome my sweete *Cassandra.*

Cassandra.

Murdrous varlet, away!
Renowned King, I pardon crave for this my bould attempt
In preasing thus so neare your grace, my sorrow to present:
And least my foe, false *Promos* heare, do interrupt my tale,
Graunt, gracious King, that uncontroul'd I may report my bale,

King.

How now *Promos*? how lyke you of this song?
Say on fayre dame, I long to heare thy wrong.

Cassandra.

Then knowe dread Soverayne, that he this doome did geve,
That my brother for wantonnesse should lose his head,
And that the mayde which fin'd should ever after lyve
In some religious house, to sorrowe her misdeede.
To save my brother jug'd to dye, with teares I fought to
move

Lord *Promos* hart to shewe him grace; but he with lawles love
Was fyred by and by; and knowing necessity
To save my brother's lyfe, would make me yeeld to much,
He crav'd this raunsome, to have my virginie;
No teares could worke restraynt, his wicked lust was such;
Two evils here were, one must I chuse, though bad were very
best,

To see my brother put to death, or graunte his lewde request,
In fyne, subdude with naturall love, I did agree
Upon these two poyntes, that marry me he should,
And that from prison vyle he should my brother free.
All this with monstrous othes he promised he would.
But oh this perjur'd *Promos* when he had wrought his wyll,
Fyrst cast me of, and after caus'd the Gailer for to kill

My

My brother, raunsomde with the spoyle of my good name:
So that for companing with such a hellish seende
I have condemnde myself to weare these weedes of shame,
Whose cognifance doth shewe that I have (fleshy) fin'd.
Loe thus, hie and renowned king, *Cassandra* endes her tale,
And this wicked *Promos* that hath wrought her endles bale.

King.

If this be true, so fowle a deede shall not unpunisht goe,
How sayst thou *Promos* to her playnte? arte giltye? yea or noe?
Why speakst thou not? a faulty harte thy seilence fure doth
showe.

Promos.

My gilty hart commaunds my tongue, O King, to tell a
troth,
I doe confesse this tale is true, and I deserve thy wrath.

King.

And is it so? this wicked deede thou shalt ere long buy deare.
Cassandra, take comfort in care, be of good cheere:

Thy forced fault was free from evill intent,
So long, no shame can blot thee any way:
And though at full I hardly can content thee
Yet as I may, assure thyselfe I wyl.
Thou wycked man, might it not thee suffice
By worse then force to spoyle her chastitie,
But heaping sinne on sinne against thy oth,
Hast cruelly her brother done to death.
This over prooffe ne can but make me thinke
That many waies thou hast my subjectes wrongd;
For how canst thou with iustice use thy swaie
When thou thy selfe dost make thy will a lawe?
Thy tyranny made mee this progresse make
How so for sport-tyl nowe I colloured it,
Unto this ende, that I might learne at large
What other wronges by power thou hast wrought,
And heere I heare: the ritche suppress the poore
So that it seemes the best and thou art friendes:
I plaste thee not to be a partiall judge.
Thy offyceers are covetous, I finde,
By whose reportes thou over-rulest futes:
Then who that gives an Item in the hande

F 4

In

In ryght, and wrong, is sure of good successe.
 Well, varlet, well, too slowe I hether came
 To scourge thy faultes, and salve the sores thou mad'st.
 On thee vyle wretche this sentence I pronounce;
 That forthwith thou shalt marrie *Cassandra*,
 For to repayre hir honour thou dydst waste;
 The next daye thou shalt lose thy hated lyfe
 In penaunce that thou mad'st hir Brother dye.

Promos.

My faultes were great, O King, yet graunt me mercie,
 That nowe with bloody fighes lament my finnes too late.

King.

Hoc facias alteri quod tibi vis fieri.

Pittie was no plee, Syr, when you in judgement sate:
 Prepare your selfe to dye, in vaine you hope for lyfe.
 My Lordes, bring him with mee: *Cassandra* come you in like
 case;

My selfe wyll see thy honour salu'd in making thee his wife,
 The sooner to shorten his dayes.

All the company. We wayte upon your grace.

As the King is going out, a poore man shall kneele in his waye.

King.

Syr *Ulrico*, I wyld commission should be made
 To Syr *Anthony Alberto*, and *Justice Diron*,
 To heare and determine all futes to be had
 Betwene Maister *Prostro*, and this poore man: is it done?

Ulrico.

Renowned King it is ready.

King.

Repayre to Syr *Ulrico* for thy commission.

All. God preserve your Majestie.

They all depart save the Clowne.

Clowne.

Bones of me, a man were better speak to great Lords they
 see,
 Then to our proude Justlers of peace that byn in the cuntry.

He

He that is ryth, as my dame sayth, goes away with the hare:
 This two yeere they have hard my matter, and yet cham nere
 the neere.

And at first dash, a good fatte Lorde, God in heaven save his
 life,

Fayth, for nothing, told the King of Mas *Prostros* and my stryfe.
 O Leard, ych thought the King could not bide or poore men
 to looke;

But God save his grace, at fyrst dash, my supplication he tooke.
 And you hard how gently he call'd mee poore man, and wild
 me goe

For my passport, I kenne not what, to good Syr *Ulrico*.

Well, chull go for't, and hope to be with Maister *Prostros* to
 bring;

But ere ych goe, chul my Ballat of good King *Corayne* sing.

The Clownes Song.

You barrons bolde and lustie lads,
 Prepare to welcome our good King,
 Whose comming so his subjectes glads
 As they for joye the belles doo ryng.
 They fryske and skippe in everie place,
 And happy he can see his face,
 Who checks the ryth that wrong by might
 And helps the poore unto his right.

The love that rygour gettes, through feare,
 With grace and mercie he doth wyn;
 For which we praye thus everie where
 Good Lorde preserve our King *Corvin*.
 His favour raignes in everie place,
 And happy he can see his face.

[*Exit.*]

ACTUS



ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Gresco, a good substantiall Officer; Two Beadelles in blew Coates, with Tapestaves.

Gresco.

COME løytring knaves, speede about your businesse;
Fetch me in all ydle vacaboundes.

First.

Yes, Syr, yes.

Gresco.

Searche Ducke alley, Cocke lane, and Scouldes corner;
About your charge; lets see howe you can sturre.

Second.

Yes, I have winges in my heeles to flee.

First.

Who gives two pence a straunge Monster to see?

Second.

What monster?

First.

A horned beast with winges upon his heeles.

Second.

Out, dronken dreule.

Gresco.

What! runnes your head on wheelles?
Be packing bothe, and that betymes, you were best.

First.

We are gone, Syr; we dyd but speake in jeast.

[*Exeunt Beadelles.*]

Gresco.

The King, I fayth, hath set us all a worke,
To searche odde holes where ydle varlettes lurke;
He so nipped our *Maio*r for yll rule,
As ever since he hath bene lyke to whule;
And in a rage, the man is nowe so whotte
As lewde personnes, tagge and ragge, goes to potte.

But

But in chiefe he stormes at syne mistrisse *Lamia*,
She drinks for all; come she once in his waye:
And least she scape, my selfe forfooth he wylles
Worshipfullie to fetch hir with fortie Bylles.
Well, I must goe and worke our *Maio*r's heast,
No force, for once she wyl never be honest. [Exit.]

ACTUS IV. SCENA II.

Andrugio, as out of the wooddes, with Bowe and Arrowes, and a Cony at his gyrdle.

Andrugio.

This savage life were hard to brooke, if hope no comfort
gave;
But I (whose life from tyrant's wrath God's providence did
save)
Do take in worth this misery, as penaunce for my mys,
Stil fed with hope to chaunge this state when God's good
pleasure is.

A hollow cave for house and bed, in worth *Andrugio* takes;
Such sorie foode as fortune fendes, he syldome nowe forsakes.
I am my selfe forfoothe nowe butcher, cooke, cater and all,
Yea often tymes I fall to sleepe with none, or supper small.
Then in my denne I call to minde the lyfe I lyv'de in blisse,
And by the want, I freedome judge the greatest joye that is.
The freeman is in viewe of friendes, to have release in neede,
The exyle, though he have no lacke, yet lyves he styll in
dreede

That his mysdeedes wyl hardly scape the punishment of lawe,
And lyving he were better dead that lyveth in this awe.
Besides this feare which never sayles the banisht man in want,
As ofte he is, is sure to finde his succors verie scant.
Then who is he so mad, that friendes and freedome doth
enjoye,

That wyl adventure breach of lawe, to lyve in this annoye?
And not annoye to him alone, but to his friendes and kyn:

Great

Great be the cares *Cassandra* and *Polina* lyveth in,
Through thought of me whom long agone beheaded they
suppose:

For my offence thus are they scorgde, yet dare I not disclose
My safetie, for their helpe: but harke! who commeth here?
This chaunce seemes strange: God graunt good newes; I
hope, and yet I feare.

John Adroynes, a Clowne: *Andrugio.*

John.

If che could finde my mare, che would be rusty by the rood,
And cham sure the hoorechup is peaking in this wood.
Chy wyl seeke every corner, but che wyl find her.

He whistlyng lookes up and downe the stage.

Andrugio.

This clowne can hardly mee bewray, and yet such dunghyll
churles
Such newes as is in market tounes about the country whorles.
What seekes thou, good fellow?

John.

My sqawde Mare: dost her know?

Andrugio.

No.

John.

Then scummer me not; in haste ych goe
Seeke my mare, to see the sport at *Julio.*

Andrugio.

What sport?

John.

A lyttel sport.

Andrugio.

What?

John.

Nay skyl not a whit?

Andrugio.

What meanes this asse?

1

John.

John.

T'wyl teache the hoorecup wyt.
H'yll hang handsome young men for the foote finne of love,
When so his knavery himselfe a bawdy Jack doth prove.

Andrugio.

His wordes seemeth strange; somewhat is awry.

John.

Wel, chyll see his shoulders from's jowle to flye.

Andrugio.

Whose shoulders, friend?

John.

As though you dyd know?

Andrugio.

Whome?

John.

Lord *Promos.*

Andrugio.

Yes, my most accursed foe:
But what of him?

John.

Thou kenst.

Andrugio.

No.

John.

Sayst not, yes.

Andrugio.

Yes.

John.

So.

Andrugio.

But friend, thou took'st my wordes amys,
I know nothing in what state *Promos* is.

John.

Thou know'st and thou knowest not: out horson foole!
Leave stealing Cunnyses and get thee to scoole.
Farewell.

Andrugio.

Soft.

John.

O th' arte no foole, good theefe:
Save my mony, take my life.

Andrugio.

Andrugio.

Tush, be breefe.
Some newes of lewde Lord *Promos* tell mee,
And wyth lyfe and mony, yle set thee free.

John.

I wyll. Thou knowst the King now at *Julio*.

Andrugio.

Very well.

John.

Thou canst tell as wel as I.
Let me goe.

Andrugio.

Nay yle see if thou dost lye.
If thou dost, yle whip thee when thou hast done.

John.

Kissyng and lying, ich see is all one,
And chawe no mony, chul tell true therfore.

Andrugio.

Dispatch then.

John.

Then, lying Promoter, this more.
Cassandra scufde *Promos* of honestie,
And killyng *Ranstrugio* for baudry.

Andrugio.

What more?

John.

The King at *Promos* great pleasure did take;
And *Cassandra* an honest woman to make,
The King maunded him her strayght to marry,
And for killyng her brother, he must dye.

Andrugio.

Is this true?

John.

Why how fay you? do I lye?

Andrugio.

Well, so or noe, for thy newes have this connie.

John.

Gods bores, gave it me; to be swete tis to cheape;
Burlady, yet tyll Sunday it will keepe.
Well, now, God bwyte, Mas lying Promoter:
Wees see at the sport?

*Andrugio.**Andrugio.*

I, peradventure.

John.

Since can not finde my mare, on foote chull go:
Ych thinke each daye a nowre to be at *Julio*. [Exit.]

Andrugio.

Straunge are the newes the Clowne hath showne to me;
Not straunge a whyt, if they well scanned be,
For God we see, styll throwes the tyraunt downe,
Even in the heyght and pride of his renoune.
Lorde *Promos* rule, nay tyranny in deede
For Judges is a mirror worthy heede.
The wretched man, with showe of Justice zeale
Thoroughly dyd with poore offenders deale.
The wicked man both knewe and judgde abuse,
And none so much as he, her faultes dyd use.
He fellons hang'd, yet by extorcion stoale;
He wantons plag'd, himselfe a doating foole:
He others checkt, for suing for their right,
And he himselfe mayntayned wrongs by might.
But see the rule of mischiefe; in his pride
He headlong falles, when least he thought to slide.
Well, by his fall I maye perhaps aryse:
Andrugio, yet in clyming be thou wyse.
What? styll unknowne shall I live in this wood?
Not so.
Go wraye these newes, no doubt, unto my good.
Yet ere I go, I wyll my selfe disguise,
As in the towne, in spite of linxes eyes,
I will, unknowne, learne howe the game doth go:
But ere I go, syth eafed is my woe,
My thanks to God I fyrst in song wyll shoue.

Andrugio's Song.

To thee, O Lorde with harte and voyce I fyng,
Whose mercie great, from mone to sweete delight,
From griefe to joye my troubled soule doest bring;
Yea more, thy wrath hath foylde my foe in fyght,
Who sought my lyfe (which thou, o God, didst save)
Thy scorge hath brought untimelie to his grave.

Whose

Whose griefe wyll gawle a thousand judges moe,
 And wyll them see themselves, and sentence just,
 When blacke reproche this thundring shame shall shoe,
 A judge condemde for murder, thefte and luste.
 This scorge, O God, the lewde in feare wyll bring;
 The just, for joye, thy praises lowde wyll syng.

[Exit

Gresco, with three other, with bylles, bringing in Lamia prisoner.

Gresco.

Come on faire dame, since faire words works no heede,
 Now fowle meanes shall in you repentaunce breede.

Lamia.

Maister Gresco, where you maye helpe, hurt not.

Gresco.

And nothing but chastment wyll helpe you to amende:
 Well, I wyll not hurt you your lewdnes to defende.

Lamia.

My lewdnes, Syr! what is the difference
 Betwixt wantons, and hoorders of pence?

Gresco.

Thou hast winde at wyll, but in thy eyes no water:
 Tho' arte full of grace: how she blusheth at the matter!

Lamia.

Howe sample I your wyfe and daughter, Syr?

Gresco.

Axe mee, when whypping hath chaung'd thy nature.

Lamia.

What whypping? why am I a horse or a mare?

Gresco.

No; but a beast that meetelie well wyll bare.

Lamia.

Indeede (as nowe) perforce I beare this flowt:
 But use me well, else I fayth, gette I out
 Looke for quittaunce.

Byl.

Binde hir to the peace, Syr,
 So maye your worship be out of daunger.

Gresco.

Bring hir away; I knowe howe to tame hir.

Lamia.

Lamia.

Perhaps, Syr, no: the worst is but shame hir.

Byl.

Come ye drab.

[Second Byl.

Lamia.

Howe nowe scab! handes of my gowne.

Byl.

Care not for this; yuse have a blew one soone. [Third Byl.

[Exeunt.

Cassandra.

Cassandra.

Unhappy wench, the more I seeke for to abandone griefe
 The furdere off I wretched finde both comfort and reliefe.
 My brother first, for wanton faultes condempned was to dye,
 To save whose life my fute wrought hope of grace, but
 haples I

By such request my honor spoyld and gayned not his breath,
 For which deceite I have persude Lorde Promos unto death,
 Who is my husbände nowe become, it pleas'd our soveraigne fo
 For to repayre my crased fame, but that which workes my wo
 This day he must (oh) leese his head my brother's death to
 quite,

And therin fortune hath, alas! showne me hir greatest spyte.
 Nature wyld mee my brother love; now dutie commaunds mee
 To preferre before kyn or friend, my husband's safetie.
 But O! aye me, by fortune I am made his chiefest foe,
 Twas I, alas! even onely I that wrought his overthroe.
 What shall I doo to worke amends for this my haynous deede?
 The tyme is short, my power small, his succors axeth speede.
 And shall I seeke to save his blood that latelie fought his lyfe?
 O yea, I then was sworne his foe, but now as faithfull wife
 I must and wyll preferre his health, God sende me good
 successe,

For now unto the King I wyll my changed minde to expresse.
 [Exit.

Phallax.

Phallax.

Was ever man fet more freer than I?
 First went my goodes, then my Offyce dyd flye.

G

But

But had the King set me free from flatterie,
 The next deare yeare I might have starv'd perdie.
 But Lorde *Promos* hath a farre more freer chaunce,
 He free from landes, goodes, and office doth daunce;
 And shall be free from life, ere long, with a launce.
 The officers and chiefe men of *Julio*
 Vengeaunce lyberall themselves lykewise shoe;
 Poore knaves and queanes that up and downe do goe
 These horefen kinde crustes in houses bestoe:
 But yet, poore cheere they have: marry for heate
 They whyp them untyl verie blood they sweate.
 But see their cost bestowde of fyne *Lamia*;
 To save hir feete from harde stones and colde waye,
 Into a carte they dyd the queanē convaye,
 Apparelled in colours verie gaye;
 Both hoode and gowne of greene and yellowe saye.
 Her garde weare typtaves all in blewe arraye;
 Before hir a noyse of Bafons dyd playe:
 In this triumphe she ryd well nye a daye.
 Fie, fie! the citie is so purged nowe,
 As they of none but honest men allowe;
 So that farewell my parte of thriving there:
 But the best is, flattrers lyve everie where.
 Set cocke on hoope; *Domini est terra.*
 If thou cannot where thou wouldst, lyve where thou maye.
 Yes, yes, *Phallax* knoweth whether to go;
 Nowe God bwy ye all honest men of *Julio*:
 As the devilles lyketh the company of friers,
 So flattrers loves as lyfe to joyne with lyers.



ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Andrugio, disguised in some longe blacke cloake.

Andrugio.

These two dayes I have bene in court disguis'd,
 Where I have learn'd the scorge that is devis'd

For

For *Promos* faulte; he my fyfter spowfed hath
 To save her fame crackt by his breache of fayth:
 And shortlie he must lose his subtyll head,
 For murdring me, whome no man thinkes but dead:
 His wyll was good, and therefore, besprewe mee
 If (mov'd with ruthe) I seeke to set him free.
 But softlie; with some newes these fellowes come:
 I wyll stande close, and heare both all and some.

ACTUS V. SCENA II.

Enter Ulrico, Marshall.

Ulrico.

Marshall, heare your warrant is; with speede
 The king commaunds that *Promos* you behead.

Marshall.

Sir, his highnesse wyll shal be forthwith done.

[*Exit Marshall.*]

Ulrico.

The king welnye to pardon him was wonne,
 His heavy wyfe such stormes of teares did showre,
 As myght with rueth have moyst a stony hart;
 But *Promos* guylt dyd soone this grace devoure.
 Our gracious king, before hir wretched smart,
 Prefer'd the helth of this our common weale.—
 But see, again to sue for him she comes;
 Her ruthfull lookes, her greefe, doth force me feele.
 With hope, I must her sorrowes needes delay,
 Tyll *Promos* be dispatcht out of the way.

ACTUS V. SCENA III.

Cassandra.

Cassandra.

Syr *Ulrico*, if that my unknowne greefe
 May move good mindes to helpe mee to releefe,

G 2

Or

Or bytter syghes of comfort cleane dismayde,
 May move a man a shiftlesse dame to ayde,
 Rue of my teares from true intent which flowe;
 Unto the king with me yet once more goe.
 See if his grace my husband's lyfe wyll save,
 If not, with his death shall my corps ingrave.

Ulrico.

What shall I doe, her sorrowes to decrease?
 Feede her with hope:—fayre dame, this mone surcease;
 I see the king to grace is somewhat bent,
 We once agayne thy sorrowes wyll present:
 Come, we wyl wayght for tyme thy fute to show.

Cassandra.

Good knight, for time do not my fute foreflowe;
 Whylst grasse doth growe, ofte sterves the feely steede.

Ulrico.

Feare not; your lorde shal not dye with such speede.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Andrugio.

Andrugio.

Lord God, how am I tormented in thought!
 My sister's woe such rueth in me doth grave,
 As fayne I would (if ought save death I caught)
 Bewray my selfe, Lord *Promos* life to save.
 But lyfe is sweete, and naught but death I eye,
 If that I should my safety now disclose;
 So that I chuse, of both the evels, he dye:
 Time wyll appease, no doubt, *Cassandra's* woes.
 And shall I thus acquite *Cassandra's* love?
 To worke her joy, and shall I feare to dye,
 Whylst that she lyve no comforte may remove
 Care from her harte, if that her husband dye?
 Then shall I stycke to hazard lym, nay life,
 To salve hir greefe, since in my cure it rests?
 Nay first, I wil be spoyld with bloody knife
 Before I fayle her plunged in distress.
 Death is but death, and all in tyme shall dye:
 Thus (being dead) my fame shall live alway.

Well,

Well, to the king *Andrugio* now wyll hye,
 Hap lyfe, hap death, his safety to bewray.

[*Exit.*]

ACTUS V. SCENA IV.

The Marshall; three or fowre with halbards, leading Promos to execution.

Bylman.

Roome, friends; what meane you thus to gafe on *A Byl-*
 us? *man.*

A comes behinde makes all the sport, I wus.

Promos.

Farewell, my friendes, take warning by my fall,
 Disdaine my life but listen to my ende;
 Fresh harmes, they say, the viewers so apall,
 As oft they win the wicked to amend.
 I neede not heare my faultes at large resyfe,
 Untimely death doth witnesse what I was,
 A wicked man whiche made eache wrong seeme right;
 Even as I would was wrested every case.
 And thus, long tyme I lyv'd and rul'd by wyl;
 Whereas I lov'd, their faultes I would not see:
 Those I did hate, tenne tymes beyond there yll
 I did persue, vyle wretch, with cruelty.
 Yea dayly I from bad to worfe did flyde,
 The reason was, none durst controule my lyfe;
 But see the fall of mischeeve in his pride:
 My faultes were knowne, and loe, with bloody axe
 The headfeman strayght my wronges with death wyll quite;
 The which in worth I take, acknowledging
 The doome was geven on cause, and not on spyte;
 Wishing my ende might serve for a warning
 For such as rule and make their will a lawe:
 If to such good my faynting tale might tend,
 Wretched *Promos*, the same would longer draw;
 But if that wordes prevayle, my wofull ende
 From my huge faultes, then tenne tymes more wyll warne.

G 3

Forgevenesse

Forgevenesse now of all the world I crave;
 Therewith, that you, in zealous prayer, wyll
 Beseeche of God that I the grace may have
 At latter gaspe, the feare of death to kyl.

Marshall.

Forwards, my Lord; me thinkes you fayntly goe.

Promos.

O Syr, in my case your selfe would be as flowe.

Enter Cassandra, Polina, and one mayde.

Cassandra.

Aye me, alas! my hope is untimely.
 Whether goes my good Lord?

Promos.

Sweete wife, to dye.

Cassandra.

O wretched wench, where may I first complayne,
 When heaven and earth agrees upon my payne?

Promos.

This mone, good wife, for Christes sake, forsake;
 I, late resolv'd, through teare of death now quake;
 Not so much for my haynous finnes forepast,
 As for the greefe that present thou dost tast.

Cassandra.

Nay, I vile wretch, should most agreed be,
 Before thy time, thy death which hastened have:
 But (O sweete husband) my fault forgeve mee,
 And, for amends, Ile helpe to fyll thy grave.

Promos.

Forgeve thee, ah! nay, for my soule's releefe,
 Forget, sweete wyfe, this thy most guytles greefe.

Marshall.

My Lord *Promos*, these playntes but move hir mone,
 And your more greefe: it is best you ware gone.
 Good Maddame, way by lawe your Lord doth dye,
 Wherefore make vertue of necessity.

Delay but workes your sorrowes and our blames:
 So that now, to the comfort of these dames,
 And your wisdome, inforced we leave you.
 My Lord *Promos*, byd your wife and friends adew.

Promos.

Farewell, farewell; be of good cheare, deare wyfe,
 With joy for woe, I shall exchange this life.—
Andrugio's death, Polina forgeve mee.

Polina.

I doe, and pray the Lord to releeve yee.

Cassandra.

Yet ere we part, sweete husband, let us kis:—
 O, at his lyppes why fayleth not my breath?

Promos.

Leave mone, swete wife; I doe deserve this death.
 Farewell, farewell.

They all depart, save Polina, Cassandra, and her woman.

Cassandra.

My loving Lorde, farewell.
 I hope, ere long, my soule with thine shall dwell.

Polina.

Now, good Madame, leave of this bootelesse greefe.

Cassandra.

O *Polina*, sorrowe is my reliefe;
 Wherefore, sweete wenche, helpe me to rue my woe;
 With me, vyle wretche, thy bytter plaintes bestowe,
 To hasten lyngring death who wanteth might
 I see, alone to fley the wretched wight.

Polina.

Nay first powre soorth your playntes to the powers divine,
 When hate doth clowde all worldly grace whose mercies styll
 do shine.

Cassandra.

O, so or no, thy motion doeth well,
 Swan lyke in song to towle my passing bell.

The Song of Cassandra.

Deare dames, divorce your minds from joy, helpe to bewaile
my wo ;

Condole with me whose heavy sighs the pangs of death do
shoe :

Rend heairs, shed teares, poore wench distressed, to hast the
means to dye,

Whose joye, annoy ; reliefe, whose griefe hath spoyl'd with
crueltie.

My brother flaine, my husband, ah ! at poynt to lose his
head—

Why lyve I then unhappy wench, my suckers being dead ?
O time, O cryme, O cause, O lawes, that judgd them thus
to dye,

I blame you all, my shame my thrall, you hate that harme-
lesse trye.

This tragidy they have begun, conclude I wretched must ;
O welcome care, consume the thread thereto my life doth
trust :

Sound bell, my knell ; away delaie, and geve mee leave to
dye,

Lest hope have scope unto my hart, afresh for ayde to flye,

Enter Ganio sometime Andrugio's Boye.

Ganio.

O sweete newes for *Polina* and *Cassandra*.
Andrugio lyves.

Polina.

What doth poore *Ganio* saye ?

Ganio.

Andrugio lyves and *Promos* is repriv'd.

Cassandra.

Vaine is thy hope, I sawe *Andrugio* dead.

Ganio.

Well then, from death he is againe revyv'd,
Even nowe I sawe him in the market stead.

Polina.

Polina.

His wordes are straunge.

Cassandra.

Too sweete, God wot, for true.

Ganio.

I praye you, who are these here in your view ?

Cassandra.

The King.

Ganio.

Who more ?

Polina.

O, I see *Andrugio*.

Cassandra.

And I, my Lorde *Promos* ; adue forrowe.

Enter the King, Andrugio, Promos, Ulrico, the Marshall.

Polina.

My good *Andrugio* !

Andrugio.

My sweete *Polina* !

Cassandra.

Lyves *Andrugio* ; welcome sweete brother.

Andrugio.

Cassandra !

Cassandra.

I,

Andrugio.

Howe fares my deare syster ?

King.

Andrugio, you shall have more leysure
To greete one another : it is our pleasure
That you forthwith, your fortunes here declare,
And by what meanes you thus preserved weare.

Andrugio.

My faulte through love, and judgment for my faulte,
Lorde *Promos* wronges unto my syster done ;
My death supposed, dread King, were vaine to tell,
Cassandra heare those dealings all hath showne :

The

The rest are these.

When I should dye, the Gayler mov'd to ruth
 Declard to mee what *Promos* pleasure was;
 Amaz'd wherat, I tolde him all the trueth,
 What betwene *Cassandra* and him dyd passe.
 He much agriev'd Lorde *Promos* guylt to heare
 Was verie lot'e, mee (wofull man) to harme:
 At length, just God, to set me (wretched) cleare,
 With this defence his wylling minde dyd arme.
 Two dayes afore, to death were divers done,
 For severall faultes by them committed;
 So that of them he tooke the head from one,
 And to *Cassandra* the same presented,
 Affirming it to be her brother's head.
 Which done, by night he sent me post away;
 None but supposed that I indeede was dead,
 When as in trueth in uncouth hauntes I laye.
 In fine, a Clowne came, peaking through the wood
 Wherin I lyvd, your Graces being here,
 And *Promos* death by whom I understood:
 Glad of which newes, howe so I lyv'd in feare,
 I ventured to see his wretched fall.
 To free suspect, yet straunger lyke arayde,
 I herther came: but loe the inwarde thrall
 Of *Cassandra* the hate so fore disinayde,
 Which I conceyved agaynst my brother *Promos*,
 That loe I chew'd to yeeld myself to death
 To set him free; for otherwyle I knew
 His death ere long would sure have stopt her breath.
 Loe gracious King, in breefe I have here showne
 Such adventures as wretched I have past,
 Beseeching you with grace to thinke upon
 The wight that wayles his follyes at the last.

King.

A strange discourse as strangely come to light;
 God's pleasure is that thou shouldst pardon'd be:
 To save the fault thou with *Polina* mad'st,
 But marry her, and heare I set thee free.

Andrugio.

Most gracious Prince, thereto I gladly gree.

Polina.

Polina.

Polina! the happyest newes of all for thee.

Cassandra.

Most gracious King, with these my joye to match,
 Vouchsafe to geve my dampned husbände lyfe.

King.

If I doo so, let him thanke thee, his wife.
Cassandra, I have noted thy distresse,
 Thy vertues eke, from first unto the last;
 And glad I am, without offence it lyes
 In me to ease thy grieffe and heavines.
Andrugio sav'd the juel of thy joye,
 And for thy sake I pardon *Promos* faulte:
 Yea let them both thy vertues rare commende,
 In that their woes with this delyght doth ende.

Company.

God preserve your Majestie.

Promos.

Cassandra, howe shall I discharge thy due?

Cassandra.

I dyd but what a wife should do for you.

King.

Well, since all partes are pleased as they would,
 Before I parte, yet, *Promos*, this to thee:
 Henceforth, forethinke of thy forepatted faultes,
 And measure grace with Justice evermore.
 Unto the poore have evermore an eye,
 And let not might out countenance their right.
 Thy officers trust not in every tale,
 In cheite, when they are meanes in strifes and futes:
 Though thou be just, yet coyne maye them corrupt;
 And if by them thou dost injustice showe,
 Tys thou shalt beare the burden of their faultes.
 Be loving to good *Cassandra* thy wife,
 And friendlie to thy brother *Andrugio*,
 Whom I commaund as faythfull for to be
 To thee, as befeemes the duety of a brother.
 And now agayne thy government receyve;
 Injoye it so as thou in justice joye.
 If thou be wyse, thy fall maye make thee ryse:

The

The lost sheepe founde, for joye the feast was made.

Well; here an ende of my advise I make:

As I have sayde, be good unto the poore,

And justice joyne with mercie evermore.

Promos.

Most gracious King, I wyll not fayle my best,
In these preceptes to followe your behest.

G. WHETSTONE,

E I N I S;

Imprinted at London by *Richard Jhones*, and are to be solde
over agaynst Saint Sepulchres Church, without Newgate,
August 20, 1578.

M E N Æ C M I.

A pleafant and fine conceited

C O M Œ D I E,

Taken out of the most excellent wittie

P O E T P L A U T U S.

*Chosen purposely from out the rest, as least harmefull,
and yet most delightfull.*

Written in ENGLISH, by W. W.

L O N D O N,

Printed by THO. CREEDE, and are to be sold by WILLIAM
BARLEY, at his shop in *Gratiouse-streete*.

1595.

The PRINTER to the READERS.

THE writer hereof (loving Readers) having diverse of this Poettes Comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus owne words are not able to understand them: I have prevailed so far with him as to let this one go further abroad, for a publike recreation and delight to all those, that affect the diverse sorts of bookes compiled in this kind, wherof (in my judgement) in harmlesse mirth and quicknesse of fine conceit, the most of them come far short of this. And although I found him very loath and unwilling to hazard this to the curious view of envious detraction, (being as he tels mee) neither so exactly written, as it may carry any name of a Translation, nor such libertie therein used, as that he would notoriously varie from the Poets owne order: yet sith it is onely a matter of meriment, and the litle alteration therof, can breede no detriment of importance, I have over-ruled him so farre, as to let this be offred to your curteous acceptance, and if you shall applaude his litle labour herein, I doubt not but he will endeavour to gratifie you with some of the rest better laboured, and more curiously polished.

Farewell.

* Where you finde this marke, the Poets conceit is somewhat altered, by occasion either of the time, the country, or the pirate.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

* TWO twinborne sonnes, a Sicill marchant had,
 Menechmus one, and Soscles the other:
 The first his father lost a litle iad,
 The Grandfire namde the latter like his brother.
 This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke
 His Brother, and to Epidammum came,
 Where th'other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
 That Citizens there take him for the same:
 Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
 Much pleasant error, ere they meete together.

A pleasant

A pleasant and fine conceited
 C O M Œ D I E,
 CALLED

MENECHMUS,

Taken out of the most excellent

POET PLAUTUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Peniculus a Parasite.

PENICULUS was given mee for my name when I was
 yong, bicause like a broome I swept all cleane away,
 where so ere I become: Namely all the vittels which are
 set before mee. Now in my judgement, men that clap iron
 bolts on such captives as they would keepe safe, and tie
 those servants in chaines, who they thinke will run away,
 they commit an exceeding great folly: my reason is, these
 poore wretches enduring one miserie upon an other, never
 cease devising how by wrenching asunder their gives, or by
 some subtiltie or other they may escape such cursed bands.
 If then ye would keep a man without all suspition of running
 away from ye, the surest way is to tie him with meate, drinke
 and ease: Let him ever be idle, eate his belly full, and
 H carouse

carouse while his skin will hold, and he shall never, I warrant ye, stir a foote. These strings to tie one by the teeth, passe all the bands of iron, Steele, or what metall so ever, for the more slack and easie ye make them, the faster still they tie the partie which is in them. I speake this upon experience of my selfe, who am now going for *Menechmus*, there willingly to be tied to his good cheare: he is commonly so exceeding bountifull and liberall in his fare, as no marveyle though such guesstes as my selfe be drawne to his table, and tyed there in his dishes. Now because I have lately bene a straunger there, I meane to visite him at dinner: for my stomacke mee-thinkes even thrusts me into the fetters of his daintie fare. But yonder I see his doore open, and himselfe readie to come forth.

S C E N E II.

Enter Menechmus talking backe to his wife within.

If ye were not such a brabbling foole and mad-braine scold as yee are, yee would never thus crosse your husbände in all his actions. 'Tis no matter, let her serve me thus once more, Ile send her home to her dad with a vengeance. I can never go forth a doores, but shee asketh mee whither I go? what I do? what busines? what I fetch? what I carry? * As though she were a Constable or a Toll-gatherer. I have pamperd her too much: she hath servants about her, wooll, flax, and all things necessary to busie her withall, yet she watcheth and wondreth whither I go. Well fith it is so, she shall now have some cause, I mean to dine this day abroad with a sweet friend of mine.

Peniculus.

Yea marry now comes hee to the point that prickes me: this last speech gaules mee as much as it would doo his wife; If he dine not at home, I am drest.

Menechmus.

We that have Loves abroad, and wives at home, are miserably hampred, yet would every man could tame his shrew as well as I doo mine. I have now filcht away a fine
ryding

ryding cloake of my wives, which I meane to bestow upon one that I love better. Nay, if she be so warie and watchfull over me, I count it an almes deed to deceive her.

Peniculus.

Come, what share have I in that same?

Menechmus.

Out alas, I am taken.

Peniculus.

True, but by your friend.

Menechmus.

What, mine owne *Peniculus*?

Peniculus.

Yours (i'faith) bodie and goods if I had any.

Menechmus.

Why thou hast a bodie.

Peniculus.

Yea, but neither goods nor good bodie.

Menechmus.

Thou couldst never come fitter in all thy life.

Peniculus.

Tush, I ever do so to my friends, I know how to come alwaies in the nicke. Where dine ye to-day?

Menechmus.

Ile tell thee of a notable pranke.

Peniculus.

What did the Cooke marre your meate in the dressing? would I might see the reversion.

Menechmus.

Tell me didst thou see a picture, how *Jupiters* Eagle snatcht away *Ganimede*, or how *Venus* stole away *Adonis*?

Peniculus.

Often, but what care I for shadowes, I want substance.

Menechmus.

Looke thee here, looke not I like such a picture?

Peniculus.

O ho, what cloake have ye got here?

Menechmus.

Prethee say I am now a brave fellow.

Peniculus.

But hearken ye, where shall we dine?

H 2

Menechmus.

Menechmus.
Tush, say as I bid thee man.

Peniculus.
Out of doubt ye are a fine man.

Menechmus.
What? canst adde nothing of thine owne?

Peniculus.
Ye are a most pleasant gentleman.

Menechmus.
On yet.

Peniculus.
Nay not a word more, unlesse ye tell mee how you and your wife be fallen out.

Menechmus.
Nay I have a greater secret then that to impart to you.

Peniculus.
Say your minde.

Menechmus.
Come farther this way from my house.

Peniculus.
So, let me heare.

Menechmus.
Nay farther yet.

Peniculus.
I warrant ye man.

* *Menechmus.*
Nay yet farther.

Peniculus.
'Tis pittie ye were not made a water-man to row in a wherry.

Menechmus.
Why?

Peniculus.
Because ye go one way, and looke an other, fill least your wife should follow ye. But what's the matter, Ist not almost dinner time?

Menechmus.
Seest thou this cloake?

Peniculus.
Not yet. Well what of it?

Menechmus.

Menechmus.
This same I meane to give to *Erotium*.

Peniculus.
That's well, but what of all this?

Menechmus.
There I meane to have a delicious dinner prepard for her and me.

Peniculus.
And me.

Menechmus.
And thee.

Peniculus.
O sweet word. What, shall I knock presently at her doore?

Menechmus.
I knocke. But staie too *Peniculus*, let's not be too rash.

Peniculus.
Oh see shee is in good time comming forth.

Peniculus.
Ah, he now lookes against the sun, how her beames dazell his eyes.

Enter Erotium.

Erotium.
What mine owne *Menechmus*, welcome sweete heart.

Peniculus.
And what am I, welcome too?

Erotium.
You Sir? ye are out of the number of my welcome guests.

* *Peniculus.*
I am like a voluntary souldier, out of paie.

Menechmus.
Erotium, I have determined that here shal be pitcht a field this day; we meane to drinke for the heavens: And which of us performs the bravest service at his weupon the wine boll, yourfelse as captaine shall paie him his wages according to his deserts.

Erotium.
Agreed.

Peniculus.
I would we had the weapons, for my valour p ricks me to the battaile.

Menechmus.

Shall I tell thee sweete mouse? I never looke upon thee, but I am quite out of love with my wife.

Erotium.

Yet yee cannot chuse, but yee must still weare something of hers: what's this same?

Menechmus.

This? such a spoyle (sweete heart) as I tooke from her to put on thee.

Erotium.

Mine owne *Menechmus*, well woorthie to be my deare, of all dearest.

Peniculus.

Now she shoves her selfe in her likenesse, when shee findes him in the giving vaine, she drawes close to him.

Menechmus.

I thinke *Hercules* got not the garter from *Hypolita* so hardly, as I got this from my wife. Take this, and with the same, take my heart.

Peniculus.

Thus they must do that are right lovers: especially if they mean to be beggers with any speed.

Menechmus.

I bought this same of late for my wife, it stood mee (I thinke) in some ten pound.

Peniculus.

There's tenne pounce bestowed verie thriftily.

Menechmus.

But knowe yee what I woulde have yee doo?

Erotium.

It shall bee done, your dinner shall be readie,

** Menechmus.*

Let a good dinner be made for us three. Harke ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichokes, and potato rootes, let our other dishes be as you please.

Erotium.

You shall Sir.

Menechmus.

I have a little businesse in this Cittie, by that time dinner will be prepared. Farewell till then, sweete *Erotium*: Come *Peniculus*.

*Peniculus.**Peniculus.*

Nay I meane to follow yee: I will sooner leefe my life, then fight of you till this dinner be done. [Exeunt,

Erotium.

Who's there? Call me *Cylindrus* the Cooke hither.

Enter Cylindrus.

Cylindrus, take this hand-basket, and heere, there's ten shillings, is there not?

Cylindrus.

Tis so mistresse.

Erotium.

Buy me of all the daintiest meates ye can get, ye know what I meane: so as three may dine passing well, and yet no more then inough.

Cylindrus.

What guests have ye to day mistresse?

Erotium.

Here will be *Menechmus* and his Parasite, and myfelfe.

Cylindrus.

That's ten persons in all.

Erotium.

How many?

Cylindrus.

Ten, for I warrant you that Parasite may stand for eight at his vittels.

Erotium.

Go dispatch as I bid you, and looke ye returne with all speed.

Cylindrus.

I will have all readie with a trice.

[Exeunt,

H 4

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Menechmus Soficles Messenio his servant, and some Sayers.

Menechmus.

SURELY *Messenio*, I thinke Sea-fairers never take so comfortable a joy in any thing as when they have been long tost and turmoyle in the wide seas, they hap at last to ken land.

Messenio.

Ile be sworn, I shuld not be gladder to see a whole Country of mine owne, then I have bene at such a fight. But I pray, wherfore are we now come to *Epidamnus*? must we needs go to see everie Towne that we heare off?

Menechmus.

Till I finde my brother, all Townes are alike to me: I must trie in all places.

Messenio.

Why then let's even as long as wee live seeke your brother: six yeares now have we roamde about thus, *Istria, Hispania, Massylia, Iyria*, all the upper sea, all high *Greece*, all Haven Towns in *Italy*. I think if we had fought a needle all this time, we must needs have found it, had it bene above ground. It cannot be that he is alive; and to seek a dead man thus among the living, what folly is it?

Menechmus.

Yea, could I but once find any man that could certainly enforme me of his death, I were satisfied; otherwise I can never desist seeking: Litle knowest thou *Messenio* how neare my heart it goes.

Messenio.

This is washing of a Blackamore. Faith let's goe home, unlesse ye meane we should write a storie of our travaile.

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

Sirra, no more of these sawcie speeches, I perceive I must teach ye how to serve me, not to rule me.

Messenio.

I, so, now it appears what it is to be a servant. Wel I must speake my conscience. Do ye heare sir? Faith I must tell ye one thing, when I looke into the leane estate of your purse, and consider advisedly of your decaying stocke, I hold it verie needful to be drawing homeward, lest in looking your brother, we quite lose ourselves. For this assure your selfe, this Towne *Epidamnus*, is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse: and (I heare) as full of Ribaulds, Parasites, Drunkards, Catchpoles, Cony-catchers, and Sycophants, as it can hold. Then for Curtizans, why here's the currantest stamp of them in the world. Ye must not thinke here to scape with as light cost as in other places. The verie name shews the nature, no man comes hither *sine damno*.

Menechmus.

Yee say very well indeed: give mee my purse into mine owne keeping, because I will so be the safer, *sine damno*.

Messenio.

Why Sir?

Menechmus.

Because I feare you wil be busie among the Curtizans, and so be cozened of it: then should I take great paines in belabouring your shoulders. So to avoid both these harms, Ile keep it my selfe.

Menechmus.

I pray do so Sir: all the better.

Enter Cylindrus.

* I have tickling geare here yfaith for their dinners: It grieves me to the heart to think how that cormorant knave *Peniculus* must have his share in these daintie mortels. But what? Is *Menechmus* come alreadie, before I could come from the market? *Menechmus*, how do ye Sir? how haps it ye come so soone?

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

God a mercy my good friend, dost thou know mee?

Cylindrus.

Know ye? no not I. Where's mouldichappes that must dine with ye? A murrin on his manners.

Menechmus.

Whom meanest thou, good fellow?

Cylindrus.

Why *Peniculus* worship, that whorson lick-trencher, your parasiticall attendant.

Menechmus.

What *Peniculus*? what attendant? my attendant? Surely this fellow is mad.

Messenio.

Did I not tell ye what cony-catching villaines you should finde here?

Cylindrus.

Menechmus, harke ye Sir, ye come too soone backe againe to dinner, I am but returned from the market.

Menechmus.

Fellow, here thou shalt have money of me, goe get the Priest to sacrifice for thee. I know thou art mad, els thou wouldst never use a stranger thus.

Cylindrus.

Alas sir, *Cylindrus* was wont to be no stranger to you. Know ye not *Cylindrus*?

Menechmus.

Cylindrus, or *Coliendrus*, or what the divell thou art, I know not, neither do I care to know.

Cylindrus.

I know you to be *Menechmus*.

Menechmus.

Thou shouldst be in thy wits, in that thou namest me so right; but tell me, where hast thou knowne me?

Cylindrus.

Where? even here, where ye first fell in love with my mistress *Erotium*.

Menechmus.

I neither have lover, neither knowe I who thou art.

*Cylindrus.**Cylindrus.*

Know ye not who I am? who fills your cup and dresses your meat at our house?

Messenio.

What a slave is this? that I had somewhat to breake the Rascals pate withal.

Menechmus.

At your house, when as I never came in *Epidamnium* till this day.

Cylindrus.

Oh that's true. Do ye not dwell in yonder house?

Menechmus.

Foule shame light upon them that dwell there, for my part.

Cylindrus.

Questionlesse, he is mad indeede, to curse himselfe thus. Harke ye *Menechmus*.

Menechmus.

What saist thou?

Cylindrus.

If I may advise ye, ye shall bestow this money which ye offered me, upon a sacrifice for your selfe: for out of doubt you are mad that curse your selfe.

Messenio.

What a verlet art thou to trouble us thus?

Cylindrus.

Tush, he will many times jest with me thus. Yet when his wife is not by, 'tis a ridiculous jest.

Menechmus.

Whats that?

Cylindrus.

This I say. Thinke ye I have brought meate enough for three of you? If not, Ile fetch more for you and your wench, and snatchercrust your Parasite.

Menechmus.

What wenches? what Parasites?

Messenio.

Villaine, Ile make thee tell me what thou meanest by all this talke?

Cylindrus.

Away Jack Napes, I say nothing to thee, for I know thee not, I speake to him that I know.

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

Out, drunken foole, without doubt thou art out of thy wits.

Cylindrus.

That you shall see by the dressing of your meat. Go, go, ye were better to go in and finde somewhat to do there, whiles your dinner is making readie. Ile tell my mistresse ye be here.

Menechmus.

Is he gone? *Messenio* I thinke uppon thy words alreadye.

Messenio.

Tush marke I pray. Ile laie fortie pound here dwels some Curtizan to whom this fellow belongs.

Menechmus.

But I wonder how he knowes my name.

Messenio.

Oh Ile tell yee. These Courtizans assoone as anie strange shippe arriveth at the Haven, they sende a boye or a wench to enquire what they be, what their names be, whence they come, wherefore they come, &c. If they can by any meanes strike acquaintance with him, or allure him to their houses, he is their owne. We are here in a tickle place maister: tis best to be circumspect.

Menechmus.

I mislike not thy counsaile *Messenio*.

Messenio.

I, but follow it then. Soft, here comes somebodie forth. Here firs, Marriners, keep this same amongst you.

Enter Erotium.

Let the doore stand so. Away, it shall not be shut. Make haste within there ho: Maydes looke that all things be readie. Cover the boord, put fire under the perfuming pannes: let all things be very handsome. Where is hee that *Cylindrus* sayd stood without here? Oh what meane you sweet heart, that ye come not in? I trust you thinke yourfelfe more welcome to this house then to your owne, and great reason why you should do so. Your dinner and all things are readie as you willed. Will ye go sit downe?

Menechmus.

I

Menechmus.

Whom doth this woman speake to?

Erotium.

Even to you Sir: to whom else should I speake?

Menechmus.

Gentlewoman, ye are a straunger to me, and I marvell at your speeches.

Erotium.

Yea Sir, but such a straunger, as I acknowledge ye for my best and dearest friend, and well you have deserved it.

Menechmus.

Surely *Messenio*, this woman is also mad or drunke, that useth all this kindnesse to me uppon so small acquaintance.

Messenio.

Tush, did not I tell ye right? these be but leaves that fall upon you now, in comparison of the trees that wil tumble on your necke shortly. I told ye, here were silver tong'de hacters. But let me talke with her a litle. Gentlewoman, what acquaintance have you with this man? where have you seene him?

Erotium.

Where he sawe me, here in *Epidamnum*.

Messenio.

In *Epidamnum*? who never till this day set his foote within the towne?

Erotium.

Go, go, flowing Jack. *Menechmus* what need all this? I pray go in.

Menechmus.

She also calls me by my name.

Messenio.

She smels your purse.

Menechmus.

Messenio, come hither: here take my purse. Ile know whether she aime at me or my purse, ere I go.

Erotium.

Will ye go in to dinner, Sir?

Menechmus.

A good motion; yea, and thanks with all my heart.

Erotium.

Erotium.

Never thanke me for that which you commaunded to be provided for yourfelfe.

Menechmus.

That I commaunded?

Erotium.

Yea for you and your Parasite.

Menechmus.

My Parasite?

Erotium.

Peniculus, who came with you this morning, when you brought me the cloake which you got from your wife.

Menechmus.

A cloake that I brought you, which I got from my wife?

Erotium.

Tush, what needeth all this jesting? Pray leave off.

Menechmus.

Jest or earnest, this I tell ye for a truth. I never had wife, neither have I; nor never was in this place till this instant; for only thus farre am I come, since I brake my fast in the ship.

Erotium.

What ship do ye tell me off?

Messenio.

Marry Ile tell ye: an old rotten weather-beaten ship, that we have sailed up and downe in these fixe yeares. Itt not time to be going homewards thinke ye?

Erotium.

Come, come, *Menechmus*, I pray leave this sporting and go in.

Menechmus.

Well Gentlewoman, the truth is, you mistake my person; it is some other you looke for.

Erotium.

Why, thinke ye I know ye not to be *Menechmus*, the sonne of *Moschus*, and have heard ye say, ye were borne at *Siracufis* where *Agathocles* did raigne; then *Pythia*, then *Liparo*, and now *Hiero*.

Menechmus.

All this is true.

*Messenio.**Messenio.*

Either shee is a witch, or else shee hath dwelt there and knew ye there.

Menechmus.

Ile go in with her, *Messenio*, Ile see further of this matter.

Messenio.

Ye are cast away then.

Menechmus.

Why so? I warrant thee, I can lose nothing; something I shall gaine, perhaps a good lodging during my abode here. Ile dissemble with her an other while. Nowe when you please let us go in. I made straunge with you, because of this fellow here, least he should tell my wife of the cloake which I gave you.

Erotium.

Will ye staie any longer for your *Peniculus*, your Parasite?

Menechmus.

Not I, Ile neither staie for him, nor have him let come in, if he do come.

Erotium.

All the better. But Sir, will ye doo one thing for me?

Menechmus.

What is that?

Erotium.

To beare that cloake which you gave me to the Diars, to have it new trimd and altred.

Menechmus.

Yea that will be well, so my wife shall not know it. Let mee have it with mee after dinner. I will but speake a word or two with this fellowe, then Ile follow ye in. Ho, *Messenio*, come aside. Goe and provide for thyfelfe and these ship boyes in some inne; then looke that after dinner you come hither for me.

Messenio.

Ah maister, will yee be conycatcht thus wilfully?

Menechmus.

Peace foolish knave, seeest thou not what a sot she is; I shall coozen her I warrant thee.

Messenio.

Ay Maister.

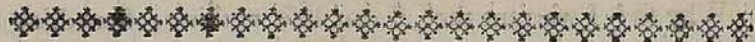
Menechmus.

Menechmus.

Wilt thou be gone?

* *Messenio.*

See, see, she hath him safe enough now. Thus he hath escaped a hundred Pyrates hands at sea; and now one land-rover hath boured him at first encounter. Come away fellows.



ACT III.

Enter Peniculus.

TWENTIE yeares I thinke and more, have I plade the knave, yet never playd I the foolish knave as I have done this morning. I follow *Menechmus*, and he goes to the Hall where now the Sessions are holden; there thrusting our selves into the prease of people, when I was in midst of all the throng, he gave me the slip, that I could never more set eye on him, and I dare sweare, came directly to dinner. That I would he that first devised these Sessions were hang'd, and all that ever came of him, 'tis such a hinderance to men that have belly busineses in hand. If a man be not there at his call, they amearce him with a vengeance. Men that have nothing else to do, that do neither bid anie man, nor are themselves bidden to dinner, such should come to Sessions, not we that have these matters to looke too. If it were so, I had not thus lost my dinner this day; which I thinke in my conscience he did even purposely couzen me off. Yet I meane to go see. If I can but light upon the reversion, I may perhaps get my penny-worthes. But how now? Is this *Menechmus* comming away from thence? Dinner done, and all dispatch? What execrable luck have I?

Enter Menechmus the Travailer.

Tush, I warrant ye, it shall be done as ye would wish. He have it so altered and trimd anew, that it shall by no meanes be knowne againe.

*Peniculus.**Peniculus.*

He carries the cloake to the Dyars, dinner done, the wine drunke up, the Parasite shut out of doores. Well, let me live no longer, but He revenge this injurious mockerie. But first He harken awhile what he saith.

Menechmus.

Good goddes, who ever had such lucke as I? Such cheare, such a dinner, such kinde entertainment? And for a farewell, this cloake which I meane shall go with me.

Peniculus.

He speakes so softly, I cannot heare what he saith. I am sure he is now flowting at me for the losse of my dinner.

Menechmus.

She tels me how I gave it her, and stole it from my wife. When I perceived she was in an error, tho I knew not how, I began to soothe her, and to say every thing as she said. Meane while, I far'd well, and that at free cost.

Peniculus.

Well, I'll go talk with him.

Menechmus.

Who is this same that comes to me?

Peniculus.

O, well met fickle-braine, false and treacherous dealer, craftie and unjust promise-breaker. How have I deserved, you should so give me the slip, come before, and dispatch the dinner, deale so badly with him that hath reverent ye like a sonne?

Menechmus.

Good fellow what meanest thou by these speeches? Raile not on mee, unlesse thou intendst to receive a Railers hire.

Peniculus.

I have received the injury (sure I am) alreadye.

Menechmus.

Prethee tell me, what is thy name?

Peniculus.

Well, well mock on Sir, mock on; doo ye not know my name?

Menechmus.

In troth I never sawe thee in all my life, much lesse do I know thee.

I

Peniculus.

*Peniculus.*Awake, *Menechmus*, awake; ye oversleepe your selfe.*Menechmus.*

I am awake, I know what I say.

*Peniculus.*Know you not *Peniculus*?*Menechmus.**Peniculus*, or *Pediculus*, I know thee not.*Peniculus.*Did ye fitch a cloake from your wife this morning, and bring it hither to *Erotium*?*Menechmus.*Neither have I wife, neither gave I my cloake to *Erotium*, neither filcht I any from any bodie.*Peniculus.*

Will ye denie that which you did in my company?

Menechmus.

Wilt thou say I have done this in thy company?

Peniculus.

Will I say it? yea I will stand to it.

Menechmus.

Away fithie mad drivell away; I will talke no longer with thee.

Peniculus.

Not a world of men shall staie me, but Ile go tell his wife of all the whole matter, fith he is at this point with me. I will make this fame as unblest a dinner as ever he eate.

Menechmus.

It makes mee wonder, to see how every one that meetes me cavils thus with me. Wherefore comes foorth the mayd now?

*Enter Ancilla, Erotium's mayd.**Menechmus*, my mistresse commends her hartily to you, and seeing you goe that way to the Dyars, she also desireth you to take this chaine with you, and put it to mending at the Goldsmithes, she would have two or three ounces of gold more in it, and the fashion amended.*Menechmus.**Menechmus.*

Either this or any thing else within my power, tell her, I am readie to accomplish.

Ancilla.

Do ye know this chaine, Sir?

Menechmus.

Yea I know it to be gold.

Ancilla.

This is the fame you once tooke out of your wives casket.

Menechmus.

Who, did I?

Ancilla.

Have you forgotten?

Menechmus.

I never did it.

Ancilla.

Give it me againe then.

Menechmus.

Tarry: yes I remember it: 'tis it I gave your mistres.

Ancilla.

Oh, are you advised?

Menechmus.

Where are the bracelets that I gave her likewise?

Ancilla.

I never knew of anie.

Menechmus.

Faith, when I gave this, I gave them too.

Ancilla.

Well Sir, Ile tell her this shall be done?

Menechmus.

I, I, tell her so, she shall have the cloake and this both together.

*Ancilla.*I pray, *Menechmus* but a litle jewell for my eare to making for me: ye know I am alwaies readie to pleasure you.*Menechmus.*

I will, give me the golde, Ile paie for the workemanship.

Ancilla.

Laie out for me; Ile paie it ye againe.

I 2

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

Alas I have none now.

Ancilla.

When you have, will ye?

Menechmus.

I will. Goe bid your miltresse make no doubt of these. I warrant her, Ile make the best hand I can of them. Is she gone? Doo not all the Gods conspire to loade mee with good lucke? well I see tis high time to get mee out of these coasts, least all these matters should be lewd devises to draw me into some snare. There shall my garland lie, because if they seeke me, they may thinke I am gone that way. * I wil now goe see if I can finde my man *Messenio*, that I may tell him how I have sped.



ACT IV.

Enter Mulier, the Wife of Menechmus the Citizen, and Peniculus.

Mulier.

THINKES he I will be made such a sot, and to be still his drudge, while he prowles and purloynes all that I have, to give his Trulles?

Peniculus.

Nay hold your peace, wee'll catch him in the nicke. This way he came, in his garland forfooth, bearing the cloake to the Dyars. And see I pray, where the garland lyes; this way he is gone. See, see, where he comes againe without the cloake.

Mulier.

What shall I now do?

Peniculus.

What? that which ye ever do; bayt him for life.

Mulier.

Surely I think it best so.

*Peniculus.**Peniculus.*

Stay, wee will stand aside a little; ye shall catch him unawares.

Enter Menechmus the Citizen.

Menechmus.

It would make a man at his wittes end, to see how brabbling causes are handled yonder at the Court. If a poore man never so honest, have a matter come to be scan'd there is he outfaste, and overlaid with countenance: if a rich man never so vile a wretch, come to speake, there they are all readie to favour his cause. What with facing out bad causes for the oppressors, and patronizing some just actions for the wronged, the Lawyers they pocket up all the gaines. For mine owne part, I come not away emptie, though I have bene kept long against my will: for taking in hand to dispatch a matter this morning for one of my acquaintaunce, I was no sooner entered into it, but his adversaries laide so hard unto his charge, and brought such matter against him, that do what I could, I could not winde my selfe out til now. I am sore afrayd *Erotium* thinks much unkindnes in me that I staid so long; yet she will not be angry considering the gift I gave her to day.

Peniculus.

How thinke ye by that?

Mulier.

I thinke him a most vile wretch thus to abuse me.

Menechmus.

I will hie me thither.

Mulier.

Yea go pilferer, goe with shame inough; no bodie sees your lewd dealings and vile theevery.

Menechmus.

How now wife, what ail yee? what is the matter?

Mulier.

Aske yee mee whats the matter? Fye upon thee.

Peniculus.

Are ye not in a fit of an ague, your pulses beate so fore? to him, I say.

I 3

Menechmus.

Menechmus.
Pray wife why are ye so angry with me?

Mulier.
Oh, you know not?

Peniculus.
He knows, but he would dissemble it.

Menechmus.
What is it?

Mulier.
My cloake.

Menechmus.
Your cloake!

Mulier.
My cloake, man; why do ye blush?

Peniculus.
He cannot cloake his blushing. Nay I might not go to dinner with you, do you remember? To him, I say.

Menechmus.
Hold thy peace, *Peniculus.*

Peniculus.
Ha, hold my peace; looke ye he beckons on mee to hold my peace.

Menechmus.
I neither becken nor winke on him.

Mulier.
Out, out, what a wretched life is this that I live.

Menechmus.
Why what aile ye, woman?

Mulier.
Are ye not ashamed to deny so confidently, that which is apparant?

Menechmus.
I protest unto before all the Goddess (is not this inough) that I beckond not on him.

Peniculus.
Oh Sir, this is another matter; touch him in the former cause.

Menechmus.
What former cause?

Peniculus

Peniculus.
The cloake, man, the cloake: fetch the cloake againe from the Dyars.

Menechmus.
What cloake?

Mulier.
Nay Ile say no more, sith ye know nothing of your owne doings.

Menechmus.
Tell me wife, hath any of your servants abused you? Let me know.

Mulier.
Tush, tush.

Menechmus.
I would not have you to be thus disquietted.

Mulier.
Tush, tush.

Menechmus.
You are fallen out with some of your friends.

Mulier.
Tush, tush.

Menechmus.
Sure I am, I have not offended you.

Mulier.
No, you have dealt verie honestly.

Menechmus.
Indeed wife, I have deserved none of these words. Tell me, are ye not well?

Peniculus.
What, shall he flatter ye now?

Menechmus.
I speak not to thee, knave. Good wife, come hither.

Mulier.
Away, away; keep your hands off.

Peniculus.
So, bid me to dinner with you againe, then slip away from me; when you have done, come forth bravely in your garland, to flout me. Alas you knew not me even now.

Menechmus.
Why asse, I neither have yet dined, nor came I there, since we were there together.

I 4

Peniculus.

Peniculus.

Who ever heard one so impudent? Did yee not meete me here even now, and would make me believe I was mad, and said ye were a straunger, and ye knew me not?

Menechmus.

Of a truth, since we went together to the Sessions Hall, I never returned till this very instant, as you two met me.

Peniculus.

Go too, go too, I know ye well inough. Did ye think I would not cry quittance with you: yes faith; I have told your wife all.

Menechmus.

What hast thou told her?

Peniculus.

I cannot tell: ask her?

Menechmus.

Tell me, wife, what hath he told ye of me? Tell me, I say; what was it?

Mulier.

As though you knew not my cloake is stolne from me?

Menechmus.

Is your cloake stolne from ye?

Mulier.

Do ye aske me?

Menechmus.

If I knew, I would not aske.

Peniculus.

O craftie companion! how he would shift the matter? Come, come, deny it not: I tell ye. I have bewrayd all.

Menechmus.

What hast thou bewrayd?

Mulier.

Seeing ye will yield to nothing, be it never so manifest, heare mee, and ye shall know in fewe words both the cause of my grieffe, and what he hath told me. I say my cloake is stolne from me.

Menechmus.

My cloake is stolne from me?

Peniculus.

Looke how he cavils: she saith it is stolne from her.

*Menechmus.**Menechmus.*

I have nothing to say to thee: I say wife tell me.

Mulier.

I tell ye, my cloake is stolne out of my house.

Menechmus.

Who stole it?

Mulier.

He knowes best that carried it away.

Menechmus.

Who was that?

*Mulier.**Menechmus.**Menechmus.*

'Twas very ill done of him. What Menechmus was that?

Mulier.

You.

Menechmus.

I, who will say so?

Mulier.

I will.

Peniculus.

And I, that you gave it to Erotium.

Menechmus.

I gave it?

Mulier.

You.

Peniculus.

You, you, you: shall we fetch a kennel of beagles that may cry nothing but you, you, you. For we are wearie of it.

Menechmus.

Heare me one word, wife. I protest unto you by all the Gods, I gave it her not: indeed I lent it her to use a while.

Mulier.

Faith Sir, I never give nor lend your apparell out of doores. Methinkes ye might let mee dispose of mine owne garments as you do of yours. I pray then fetch it mee home againe.

Menechmus.

You shall have it againe without faile.

Mulier.

'Tis best for you that I have: otherwise thinke not to roost within these doores againe.

Peniculus.

Peniculus.

Harke ye, what say ye to me now, for bringing these matters to your knowledge?

Mulier.

I say, when thou hast anie thing stolne from thee, come to me, and I will helpe thee to seek it. And so farewell.

Peniculus.

God a mercy for nothing, that can never be, for I have nothing in the world worth the stealing. So now with husband wife and all, I am cleane out of favour. A mischief on ye all.

[*Exit.**Menechmus.*

My wife thinks she is notably reveng'd on me, now she shuttes me out of doores, as though I had not a better place to be welcome too. If she shut me out, I know who wil shut me in. Now will I entreate *Erotium* to let me have the cloake againe to stop my wives mouth withal; and then will I provide a better for her. Ho, who is within there? Some bodie tell *Erotium* I must speake with her.

*Enter Erotium.**Erotium.*

Who calls?

Menechmus.

Your friend more then his owne.

Erotium.

O *Menechmus*, why stand ye here? pray come in.

Menechmus.

Tarry, I must speake with ye here.

Erotium.

Say your minde.

Menechmus.

Wot ye what? my wife knowes all the matter now, and my coming is, to request you that I may have againe the cloake which I brought you, that so I may appease her: and I promise you, Ile give ye an other worth two of it.

Erotium.

Why I gave it you to carry to your Dyars; and my chaine likewise, to have it altered.

*Menechmus.**Menechmus.*

Gave mee the cloake and your chaine? In truth I never sawe ye since I left it heere with you, and so went to the Sessions, from whence I am but now returned.

Erotium.

Ah then, Sir, I see you wrought a device to defraude mee of them both. Did I therefore put yee in trust? Well, well.

Menechmus.

To defraude ye? No: but I say, my wife hath intelligence of the matter.

Erotium.

Why, Sir, I asked them not; ye brought them of your owne free motion. Now ye require them againe, take them, make sops of them, you and your wife together. Thinke ye I esteeme them or you either? Goe; come to mee againe when I send for you.

Menechmus.

What so angry with mee, sweete *Erotium*? Staic, I pray staie.

** Erotium.*

Staic? Faith no Sir: thinke yee I will staie at your request?

Menechmus.

What gone in chafing, and clapt to the doores? now I am everie way shut out for a very benchwhistler: neither shall I have entertainment heere nor at home. I were best go trie some other friends, and ask counsaile what to do.



A C T V.

*Enter Menechmus the Traveller, Mulier.**Menechmus.*

MOST foolishly was I overseene in giving my purse and money to *Messenio*, whom I can no where find. I feare he is fallen into some lewd companie.

Mulier.

Mulier.

I marvaile that my husband comes not yet; but see where he is now, and brings my cloake with him.

Menechmus.

I muse where the knave should be.

Mulier.

I will go ring a peale through both his eares for this dishonest behaviour. Oh Sir, ye are welcome home with your theevery on your shoulders. Are ye not ashamed to let all the world see and speake of your lewdnesse?

Menechmus.

How now? what lacks this woman?

Mulier.

Impudent beast, stand ye to question about it? For shame hold thy peace.

Menechmus.

What offence have I done, woman, that I should not speake to you?

Mulier.

Askest thou what offence? O shamelesse boldnesse!

Menechmus.

Good woman, did ye never heare why the Grecians termed *Hecuba* to be a bitch?

Mulier.

Never.

Menechmus.

Because she did as you do now; on whom soever she met withall, she railed, and therefore well deserved that dogged name.

Mulier.

These foule abuses and contumelies, I can never endure, nay rather will I live a widowes life to my dying day.

Menechmus.

What care I whether thou livest as a widow, or as a wife? This passeth, that I meet with none, but thus they vex me with straunge speeches.

Mulier.

What strange speeches? I say I will surely live a widowes life, rather then suffer thy vile dealings.

*Menechmus.**Menechmus.*

Prethee for my part, live a widow till the worldes end, if thou wilt.

Mulier.

Even now thou deniedst that thou stolest it from me, and now thou bringest it home openly in my sight. Art not ashamed?

Menechmus.

Woman, you are greatly to blame to charge me with stealing of this cloake, which this day an other gave me to carry to be trimde.

Mulier.

Well, I will first complaine to my father. Ho boy, who is within there? *Vecio* go runne quickly to my father; desire him of all love to come over quickly to my house. Ile tell him first of your pranks; I hope he will not see me thus handled.

Menechmus.

What a Gods name meaneth this mad woman thus to vex me?

Mulier.

I am mad because I tell ye of your vile actions and lewde pilfiring away my apparell and my jewels, to carry to your filthie drabbes.

Menechmus.

For whomt this woman taketh mee I knowe not. I know her as much as I know *Hercules* wives father.

Mulier.

Do ye not know me? That's well. I hope ye know my father: here he comes. Looke do ye know him?

Menechmus.

As much as I knew *Calcas* of *Troy*. Even him and thee I know both alike.

Mulier.

Doest know neither of us both, me nor my father?

Menechmus.

Faith, nor thy grandfather neither.

Mulier.

This is like the rest of your behaviour.

Enter

*Enter Senex.**Senex.*

* Though bearing so great a burthen as olde age, I can make no great haste, yet as I can, I will goe to my daughter, who I know hath some earnest businesse with me, that shee sends in such haste, not telling the cause why I should come. But I durst laie a wager, I can gesse neare the matter: I suppose it is some brabble between her husband and her. These yoong women that bring great dowries to their husbands, are so masterfull and obstinate, that they will have their owne wils in everie thing, and make men servants to their weake affections: and yoong men too, I must needs say, be naught now a dayes. Well Ile go see, but yonder mee thinks stands my daughter, and her husband too. Oh tis even as I gessed.

Mulier.

Father, ye are welcome.

Senex.

How now daughter? What? is all well; why is your husband so sad? have ye bin chiding? tell me, which of you is in fault?

Mulier.

First father know, that I have not any way misbehaved my selfe; but the truth is, that I can by no meanes endure this bad man to die for it; and therefore desire you to take me home to you againe.

Senex.

What is the matter?

Mulier.

He makes me a stale and a laughing stocke to all the world.

Senex.

Who doth?

Mulier.

This good husband here, to whom you married me.

Senex.

See, see; how oft have I warned you of falling out with your husband?

Mulier.

I cannot avoid it, if he doth so fevly abuse me.

*Senex.**Senex.*

I alwaies told ye, ye must beare with him, ye must let him alone; ye must not watch him, nor dog him, nor meddle with his courses in any fort.

Mulier.

Hee hauntes naughtie harlottes under my nose.

Senex.

He is wiser, because hee cannot bee quiet at home.

Mulier.

There hee feastes and banquetts, and spendes and spoiles.

Senex.

Wold ye have your husband serve ye as your drudge? Ye will not let him make merry, nor entertaine his friendes at home.

Mulier.

Father will ye take his part in these abuses, and forsake me?

Senex.

Not so, daughter; but if I see cause, I wil as well tel him of his dutie.

Menechmus.

I would I were gone from this prating father and daughter.

Senex.

Hitherto I see not but hee keepes ye well, ye want nothing, apparell, mony, servants, meate, drinke, all thinges necessarie. I feare there is fault in you.

Mulier.

But he filcheth away my apparrell and my jewels, to give to his trulles.

Senex.

If he doth so, tis verie ill done; if not, you doo ill to say so.

Mulier.

You may believe me father, for there you may see my cloake which now he hath fetcht home againe, and my chaine which he stole from me.

Senex.

Now will I goe talke with him to knowe the truth. Tel me *Menechmus*, how is it that I heare such disorder in your life? Why are ye so sad, man? wherein hath your wife offended you?

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

Old man (what to call ye I know not) by high *Jove*, and by all the Gods I swear unto you, whatsoever this woman here accuseth mee to have stolne from her, it is utterly false and untrue; and if ever I set foote within her doores, I wishe the greatest miserie in the worlde to light upon me.

Senex.

Why fond man, art thou mad, to deny that thou ever sett foote within thine owne house where thou dwellest?

Menechmus.

Do I dwell in that house?

Senex.

Doeft thou denie it?

Menechmus.

I do.

Senex.

Harke yee daughter; are ye remooved out of your house?

Mulier.

Father he useth you as he doth me: this life I have with him.

Senex.

Menechmus, I pray leave this fondnesse; ye jest too perversly with your friends.

Menechmus.

Good old father, what I pray have you to do with me? or why should this woman thus trouble me, with whom I have no dealings in the world?

Mulier.

Father, marke I pray how his eies sparkle: they rowle in his head; his colour goes and comes: he lookes wildly. See, see.

Menechmus.

What? they say now I am mad: the best way for me is to faine my selfe mad indeed, so shall I be rid of them.

Mulier.

Looke how he stares about! how he gapes.

Senex.

Come away daughter: come from him.

** Menechmus.*

Bacbus, *Appollo*, *Phæbus*, do yee call mee to come hunt in the woods with you? I see, I heare, I come, I flie; but I cannot

ot get out of these fields. Here is an old mastiffe bitch standsarking at mee; and by her standes an old goate that beares alle witnesse against many a poore man.

Senex.

Out upon him Bedlam foole.

Menechmus.

Harke, *Appollo* commaunds me that I shoulde rende out hir eyes with a burning lampe.

Mulier.

O father, he threatens to pull out mine eyes.

Menechmus.

Good Gods, these folke say I am mad, and doubtlesse they are mad themselves.

Senex.

Daughter.

Mulier.

Here father: what shall we do?

Senex.

What if I fetch my folkes hither, and have him carried in before he do any harme.

Menechmus.

How now? they will carry me in if I looke not to my selfe: I were best to skare them better yet. Doeft thou bid me, *Phæbus*, to teare this dog in peeces with my nayles? If I laie hold on him, I will do thy commandment.

Senex.

Get thee into thy house, daughter; away quickly.

Menechmus.

She is gone: yea *Appollo*, I will sacrifice this olde beast unto thee; and if thou commaundest mee, I will cut his throate with that dagger that hangs at his girdle.

Senex.

Come not neare me, *Sirra*.

Menechmus.

Yea I will quarter him, and pull all the bones out of his flesh, and then will I barrell up his bowels.

Senex.

Sure I am fore afraid he will do some hurt.

Menechmus.

Many things thou commaundest me, *Appollo*: wouldst thou have me harnesse up these wilde horses, and then clime up into

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the chariot, and so over-ride this old stincking toothlesse Lyon. So now I am in the chariot, and I have hold on the raines: here is my whip; hait; come ye wilde jades make a hideous noyse with your stamping: hait, I say: will ye not go?

Senex.

What? doth he threaten me with his horses?

Menechmus.

Harke! now *Appollo* bids me ride over him that stands there, and kill him. How now? who pulles mee downe from my chariot by the haire of my head. O shall I not fulfill *Appolloes* commandment?

Senex.

See, see, what a sharpe disease this is, and how well he was even now. I will fetch a Phisitian strait, before he grow too farre into this rage. *[Exit.]*

Menechmus.

Are they both gone now? Ile then hie me away to my ship: tis time to be gone from hence. *[Exit.]*

Enter Senex and Medicus.

Senex.

My loines ake with sitting, and mine eies with looking, while I staie for yonder laizie Phisitian: see now where the creeping drawlatch comes.

Medicus.

What disease hath hee, said you? Is it a letarge or a lunacie, or melancholie, or dropie?

Senex.

Wherefore I pray do I bring you, but that you shuld tell me what it is, and cure him of it?

Medicus.

Fie, make no question of that. Ile cure him, I warrant ye. Oh here he comes. Staie let us marke what he doth.

Enter Menechmus the Citizen.

Menechmus.

Never in my life had I more overthwart fortune in one day, and all by the villanie of this false knave the Parasite, my *Ulysses* that workes such mischiefs against mee his king. But let me live

live no longer but Ile be revengde uppon the life of him. His life? nay, tis my life, for hee lives by my meate and drinke. Ile utterly withdraw the slave's life from him. And *Erotium* sheweth plainly what she is; who because I require the cloake againe to carrie to my wife, saith I gave it her, and flatly falles out with me. How unfortunate am I?

Senex.

Do ye heare him?

Medicus.

He complaines of his fortune.

Senex.

Go to him.

Medicus.

Menechmus, how do ye, man? why keepe you not your cloake over your arme? It is verie hurtfull to your disease. Keepe ye warme, I pray.

Menechmus.

Why hang thyself, what carest thou?

Medicus.

Sir, can you smell anie thing?

Menechmus.

I smell a prating dolt of thee.

Medicus.

Oh, I will have your head throughly purged. Pray tell me *Menechmus*, what use you to drinke? white wine, or claret?

Menechmus.

What the divell carest thou?

Senex.

Looke, his fit now begins.

Menechmus.

Why dost not as well aske mee whether I eate bread, or cheefe, or beefe, or porredge, or birdes that beare feathers, or fishes that have finnes?

Senex.

See what idle talke he falleth into.

Medicus.

Tarry; I will aske him further. *Menechmus*, tell me, be not your eyes heavie and dull sometimes?

Menechmus.

What, dost thinke I am an Owle?

K 2

Medicus.

Medicus.

Doo not your guttes gripe ye, and croake in your belly †

Menechmus.

When I am hungrie they do, else not.

Medicus.

He speakes not like a madman in that. Sleepe ye foundly all night?

Menechmus.

When I have paid my debts I do. The mischiefe light on thee, with all thy frivolous questions.

Medicus.

Oh now he rageth upon thoe words: take heed.

Senex.

Oh this is nothing to the rage he was in even now. He called his wife bitch, and all to nought.

Menechmus.

Did I?

Senex.

Thou didst, mad fellow, and threatenedst to ryde over me here with a chariot and horses, and to kill mee, and teare me in peeces. This thou didst: I know what I say.

*Menechmus.*I say, thou stolest *Jupiters* crowne from his head, and thou wert whipt through the Towne for it, and that thou hast kild thy father, and beaten thy mother. Doo ye thinke that I am so mad that I cannot devise as notable lyes of you as you do of me?*Senex.*

Maister Doctor, pray heartily make speede to cure him. See you not how mad he waxeth?

Medicus.

Ile tell ye, hee shall be brought over to my house, and there I will cure him.

Senex.

Is that best?

Medicus.

What else? there I can order him as I list.

Senex.

Well, it shall be so.

*Medicus.**Medicus.*

Oh Sir, I will make you take neefing powder this twentie dayes.

Menechmus.

Ile beate yee first with a bastanado this thirtie dayes.

Medicus.

Fetch men to carry him to my house.

Senex.

How many will serve the turne?

Medicus.

Being no madder than he is now, foure will serve.

Senex.

Ile fetch them. Staie you with him, Maister Doctor.

Medicus.

No by my faith: Ile goe home to make readie all things needfull. Let your men bring him hither.

Senex.

I go.

[*Exeunt.*]*Menechmus.*Are they both gone? Good Gods what meaneth this? These men say I am mad, who without doubt are mad themselves. I stirre not, I fight not, I am not sicke. I speake to them, I know them. Well, what were I now best to do? I would goe home, but my wife shuttes me foorth a doores. *Erotium* is farre out with me too. Even here I will rest me till the evening: I hope by that time, they will take pittie on me.*Enter Messenio the Travellers servant.**Messenio.**The prooffe of a good servant, is to regard his maisters businesse as well in his absence as in his presence; and I thinke him a verie foole that is not carefull as well for his ribbes and shoulders, as for his belly and throate. When I think upon the rewards of a floggard, I am ever pricked with a careful regard of my backe and shoulders; for in truth I have no fancie to these blowes, as many a one hath. Methinks it is no pleasure to a man to be basted with a ropes end two or three houres together. I have provided yonder in the Towne, for all our marriners, and safely bestowed all my
masters

masters Trunkes and fardels; and am now comming to see if he be yet got forth of this daungerous gulfe, where I feare me he is overplunged. Pray God he be not overwhelmed and past helpe ere I come.

Enter Senex, with foure Lorarii, Porters.

Senex.

Before Gods and men, I charge and commaund you Sirs, to execute with great care that which I appoint you: if yee love the safetie of your owne ribbes and shoulders, then goe take me up my sonne in lawe, laie all hands upon him: why stand ye still? what do ye doubt? I saie, care not for his threatnings, nor for anie of his words. Take him up, and bring him to the Phisitians house: I will go thither before. *[Exit.]*

Menechmus.

What newes? how now masters? what will ye do with me? why do ye thus beset me? whither carrie ye me? Helpe, helpe, neighbors, friends, citizens!

Messenio.

O *Jupiter*, what do I see? my maister abused by a companie of varlets.

Menechmus.

Is there no good man will helpe me?

Messenio.

Helpe ye maister? yes the villaines shall have my life before they shall thus wrong ye. 'Tis more fit I should be kild, then you thus handled. Pull out that rascals eye that holds ye about the necke there. Ile clout these peasants; out ye rogue, let go ye varlet.

Menechmus.

I have hold of this villaines eie.

Messenio.

Pull it out, and let the place appear in his head. Away ye cutthroat theeves, ye murderers.

Lo. Omnes.

O, O, ay; erie pittifullie.

Messenio.

Away, get ye hence, ye mongrels, ye dogs. Will ye be gone? Thou raskal behind there, Ile give thee somewhat more,

more, take that. It was time to come maister; you had bene in good case, if I had not bene heere now. I tolde you what would come of it.

Menechmus.

Now as the Gods love me, my good friend I thank thee: thou hast done that for me which I shall never be able to requite.

Messenio.

Ile tell ye how Sir; give me my freedome.

Menechmus.

Should I give it thee?

Messenio.

Seeing you cannot requite my good turne.

Menechmus.

Thou art deceived, man.

Messenio.

Wherein?

Menechmus.

On mine honestie, I am none of thy maister; I had never yet anie servant would do so much for me.

Messenio.

Why then bid me be free: will you?

Menechmus.

Yea surelie: be free, for my part.

Messenio.

O sweetly spoken; thanks my good maister.

Servus alius.

Messenio, we are all glad of your good fortune.

Messenio.

O maister, Ile call you maister still. I praie use me in anie service as ye did before. Ile dwell with you still; and when ye go home, Ile wait upon you.

Menechmus.

Nay, nay, it shall not need.

Messenio.

Ile go strait to the Inne, and deliver up my accounts, and all your stufte. Your purse is lockt up safely sealed in the casket, as you gave it mee. I will goe fetch it to you.

Menechmus.

Do, fetch it,

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Messenio.

Messenio.

I will.

Menechmus.

I was never thus perplext. Some deny me to be him that I am, and shut me out of their doores. This fellow saith he is my bondman, and of me he begs his freedome: he will fetch my purse and monie. Well, if he bring it, I will receive it, and set him free. I would he would so go his way. My old father in lawe and the Doctor, saie I am mad: who ever sawe such strange demeanors. Well though *Erotium* be never so angrie, yet once againe Ile go see if by intreatie I can get the cloake on her to carrie to my wife. [Exit.]

*Enter Menechmus the Traveller, and Messenio.**Menechmus.*

Impudent knave, wilt thou say that I ever saw thee since I sent thee away to day, and bad thee come for mee after dinner?

Messenio.

Ye make me starke mad: I tooke ye away, and reskued ye from foure great bigboand villaines, that were carrying ye away even heere in this place. Heere they had ye up; you cried Helpe, helpe. I came running to you: you and I together beate them away by maine force. Then for my good turne and faithfull service, ye gave me my freedome: I tolde ye I would go fetch your casket: now in the meane time you ranne some other way to get before me, and so you denie it all againe.

Menechmus.

I gave thee thy freedome?

Messenio.

You did.

Menechmus.

When I give thee thy freedome, Ile be a bondman my selfe; go thy wayes.

Messenio.

Whewe, marry I thanke for nothing.

*Enter**Enter Menechmus the Citizen.**Menechmus.*

Forsworne Queanes, sweare till your hearts ake, and your eyes fall out, ye shall never make me beleewe that I carried hence either cloake or chaine.

Messenio.

O heavens, maister, what do I see?

Menechmus Tra.

What?

Messenio.

Your ghoast.

Menechmus Tra.

What ghoast?

Messenio.

Your image, as like you as can be possible.

Menechmus Tra.

Surely not much unlike me, as I thinke.

Menechmus Cit.

O my good friend and helper, well met: thanks for thy late good helpe.

Messenio.

Sir, may I crave to know your name?

Menechmus Cit.

I were too blame if I should not tell thee anie thing; my name is *Menechmus*.

Menechmus Tra.

Nay my friend, that is my name.

*Menechmus Cit.*I am of *Syracufis* in *Sicilia*.*Menechmus Tra.*

So am I.

*Messenio.*Are you a *Syracusan*?*Menechmus Cit.*

I am.

Messenio.

Oho, I know ye: this is my maister: I thought hee there had bene my maister, and was proffering my service to him. Pray pardon me Sir, if I said any thing I should not.

Menechmus

Menechmus Tra.

Why doating patch, didst thou not come with me this morning from the ship?

Messenio.

My faith he saies true. This is my maister, you may go looke ye a man. God save ye maister: you Sir, farewell. This is *Menechmus*.

Menechmus Cit.

I say, that I am *Menechmus*.

Messenio.

What a jest is this? Are you *Menechmus*?

Menechmus Cit.

Even *Menechmus*, the sonne of *Mofebus*.

Menechmus Tra.

My father's sonne?

Menechmus Cit.

Friend, I go about neither to take your father nor your country from you.

Messenio.

O immortal Gods, let it fall out as I hope; and for my life these two are the two Twinnes, all things agree so jump together. I will speake to my maister. *Menechmus*.

Both.

What wilt thou?

Messenio.

I call you not both: but which of you came with me from the ship?

Menechmus Cit.

Not I.

Menechmus Tra.

I did.

Messenio.

Then I call you. Come hither.

Menechmus Tra.

What's the matter?

Messenio.

This same is either some notable cousening jugler, or else it is your brother whom we seeke. I never sawe one man so like an other: water to water, nor milke to milke, is not liker than he is to you.

*Menechmus**Menechmus Tra.*

Indeed I thinke thou saiest true. Finde it that he is my brother, and I here promise thee thy freedom.

Messenio.

Well, let me about it. Heare ye Sir; you say your name is *Menechmus*.

Menechmus Cit.

I do.

Messenio.

So is this man's. You are of *Syracufis*?

Menechmus Cit.

True.

Messenio.

So is he. *Mofeus* was your father?

Menechmus Cit.

He was.

Messenio.

So was he his. What will you say, if I find that ye are brethren and twins?

Menechmus Cit.

I would thinke it happie newes.

Messenio.

Nay staie maisters both: I meane to have the honor of this exploit. Answere mee: your name is *Menechmus*?

Menechmus Cit.

Yea.

Messenio.

And yours?

Menechmus Tra.

And mine.

Messenio.

You are of *Syracufis*?

Menechmus Cit.

I am.

Menechmus Tra.

And I.

Messenio.

Well, this goeth right thus farre. What is the farthest thing that you remember there?

1

Menechmus

Menechmus Cit.

How I went with my father, to *Tarentum*, to a great mart,
and there in the preasse I was stolne from him.

Menechmus Tra.

O Jupiter!

Messenio.

Peace, what exclaiming is this? How old were ye then?

Menechmus Cit.

About seven yeare old: for even then I shedde teeth, and
since that time I never heard of anie of my kindred.

Messenio.

Had ye never a brother?

Menechmus Cit.

Yes, as I remember, I heard them say, we were two Twinnes,

Menechmus Tra.

O Fortune!

Messenio.

Tush, can ye not be quiet? Were ye both of one name?

Menechmus Cit.

Nay, (as I think) they called my brother, *Soficles*.

Menechmus Tra.

It is he, what need further prooffe? O brother, brother, let
me embrace thee!

Menechmus Cit.

Sir, if this be true, I am wonderfully glad: but how is it
that ye are called *Menechmus*?

Menechmus Tra.

When it was tolde us that you and our father were both
dead, our Graundfire (in memorie of my father's name)
chaungde mine to *Menechmus*.

Menechmus Cit.

'Tis verie like he would do so indeed. But let me aske ye
one question more: what was our mother's name?

*Menechmus Tra.**Theusimarche.**Menechmus Cit.*

Brother, the most welcome man to mee, that the world
holdeth.

Menechmus Tra.

I joy, and ten thousand joyes the more, having taken so long
travaile and huge paines to seeke you.

*Messenio.**Messenio.*

See now, how all this matter comes about. This it was that
the gentlewoman had ye in to dinner, thinking it had bene he.

Menechmus Cit.

True it is I willed a dinner to be provided for me heere this
morning; and I also brought hither closely, a cloake of my
wives, and gave it to this woman.

Menechmus Tra.

Is not this the same, brother?

Menechmus Cit.

How came you by this?

Menechmus Tra.

This woman met me; had me in to dinner; entertained me
most kindly; and gave me this cloake, and this chaine.

Menechmus Cit.

Indeed she tooke ye for mee: and I believe I have bene as
straungely handled by occasion of your comming.

Messenio.

You shall have time inough to laugh at all these matters
hereafter. Do ye remember maister, what ye promised me?

Menechmus Cit.

Brother, I will intreate you to performe your promise to
Messenio: he is worthie of it.

Menechmus Tra.

I am content.

Messenio.

Io Tryumphe.

*Menechmus Tra.*Brother, will ye now go with me to *Syracufis*?*Menechmus Cit.*

So soone as I can sell away such goods as I possesse here in
Epidamnum, I will go with you.

Menechmus Tra.

Thanks, my good brother.

Menechmus Cit.

Messenio, plaie thou the Crier for me, and make a procla-
mation.

Messenio.

A fit office. Come on. O yes.
What day shall your sale be?

Menechmus

Menechmus Cit.

This day fennight.

Messenio.

All men, women and children in *Epidamnum*, or elfewhere, that will repaire to *Menechmus* houle this day fennight, shall there finde all maner of things to fell; fervaunts, household stufte, houle, ground and all; fo they bring readie money. Will ye fell your wife too Sir?

Menechmus Cit.

Yea, but I think no bodie will bid money for her.

Messenio.

Thus, Gentlemen, we take our leaves, and if we have pleafde, we require a *Plaudite*.

F I N I S.



A

PLEASAUNT CONCEITED

H I S T O R I E,

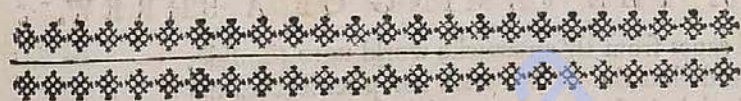
CALLED

The Taming of a Shrew.

As it hath beene fundry Times acted by the right Honourable the Earle of PEMBROOKE his Servants.

Printed at London by V. S. for *Nicholas Ling*, and are to be fold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard in Fleetstreet. 1607.





A

PLEASANT CONCEITED

H I S T O R I E,

CALLED

The Taming of a Shrew.

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores Slie drunken.

Tapster.

YOU whoreson drunken slave, you had best be gone,
And empty your drunken panch somewhere else,
For in this house thou shalt not rest to night. [*Exit Tapster.*

Slie.

Tilly vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anone,
Fills the tother pot, and all's paid for: looke you,
I doe drinke it of mine owne instigation, [*Omne bene.*
Heere Ile lie awhile: why Tapster I say,
Fill's a fresh cushen heere,
Heigh ho, heere's good warme lying. [*He falles asleepe.*

Enter a nobleman and his men from hunting.

Lord.

Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view *Orions* drifling lookes,

L

Leapes

Leapes from th' antarticke world unto the skie,
 And dims the welkin with her pitchie breath,
 And darke some night oreshades the cristall heavens,
 Heere breake we off our hunting for to night.
 Couple uppe the hounds and let us hie us home,
 And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
 For they have all deserv'd it well to daie.
 But soft, what sleepe fellow is this lies heere?
 Or is he dead, see one what dooeth lacke?

Servantman.

My Lord, 'tis nothing but a drunken sleepe
 His head is too heavie for his bodie,
 And he hath drunke so much that he can go no furer.

Lord.

Fie, how the slavish villaine stinkes of drinke.
 Ho, sirha arise. What so found asleepe?
 Goe take him up, and beare him to my house,
 And beare him easly for feare he wake,
 And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
 And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
 And put my richest garments on his backe,
 Then set him at the Table in a chaire:
 When that is done, against he shall awake,
 Let heavenly musicke play about him still,
 Go two of you away, and beare him hence,
 And then Ile tell you what I have deviside,
 But see in any case you wake him not. [*Exeunt two with She.*]
 Now take my cloke, and give me one of yours,
 All fellowes now, and see you take me so:
 For we will waite upon this drunken man,
 To see his countenance when he doth awake,
 And find himselfe clothed in such attire,
 With heavenly musicke sounding in his eares,
 And such a banquet set before his eyes,
 The fellow sure will thinke he is in heaven,
 But we will about him when he wakes,
 And see you call him Lord at every word,
 And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,
 And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere,
 And I will aske what futes he meanes to weare,

And

And what so ere he saith, see you doo not laugh,
 But still persuaide him that he is a Lord.

Enter one.

Messenger.

And it please your honour your plaiers be come,
 And doo attend your honours pleasure here.

Lord.

The fittest time they could have chosen out,
 Bid one or two of them come hither straight,
 Now will I fit my selfe accordinglie,
 For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the Plaiers with packs at their backs, and a boy.

Now sir, what store of plaies have you?

Sander.

Mary my lord you may have a Tragicall,
 Or a commoditie, or what you will.

The other.

A Comedie thou shouldst say, souns thou'lt shame us all.

Lord.

And whats the name of your Comedie?

Sander.

Marrie my lord tis calde The Taming of a Shrew.
 Tis a good lesson for us my L. for us that are married men.

Lord.

The taming of a Shrew, thats excellent sure,
 Go see that you make you readie straight,
 For you must plaie before a lord to night,
 Say you are his men and I your fellow,
 Hee's something foolish, but what so ere he saies,
 See that you be not dasht out of countenance.
 And sirha, go you make you readie straight,
 And dresse your selfe like to some lovelie ladie,
 And when I cal, see that you come to me,
 For I will say to him thou art his wife,
 Dally with him and hug him in thine armes,
 And if he desire to goe to bed with thee

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Then

Then faine some feuse, and say thou wilt anon.
Be gone I say, and see thou doost it well.

Boy.

Feare not my Lord, Ile handle him well enough
And make him thinke I love him mightilie. [Ex. Boy.

Lord.

Now firs, go you and make you ready too,
For you must play affoone as he doth wake.

Sander.

O brave, firha Tom, we must play before
A foolish Lord, come lets go make us ready.
Go get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes,
And Ile speake for the properties: My Lord, we must
Have a shoulder of mutton for a propertie,
And a little vinegre to make our Divell rore.

Lord.

Very well firha, see that they want nothing. [Exeunt Omnes.

*Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other, with
Slie, asleepe in a chaire, richlie appavelled and the musick plaieng.*

One.

So firha, now go call my Lord,
And tell him that all things are ready as he willd it.

Another.

Set thou some wine upon the boord,
And then Ile go fetch my Lord presently. [Exit.

Enter the Lord, and his men.

Lord.

How now, what is all things readie?

One.

Yea my Lord.

Lord.

Then found the musicke and Ile wake him strait,
And see you doe as earst I gave in charge.
My Lord, my Lord, he sleepe foundly, my Lord. *Slie.*

Slie.

Tapster, gives a little fmal ale: Heigh ho.

Lord.

Heere's wine, my Lord, the purest of the grape.

Slie.

For which Lord?

Lord.

For your honor, my Lord.

Slie.

Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus! what fine apparell have I got?

Lord.

More richer far your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

Wil.

And if your honour please to ride abroad,
Ile fetch your lustie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie over *Persian* plaines.

Tom.

And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stand readie cuppled at the doore,
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.

Slie.

By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed,
Whats thy name?

Lord.

Simon and if it please your honour.

Slie.

Sim, that as much to say *Simion* or *Simon*,
Put forth thy hand and fill the pot.
Give me thy hand, *Sim*; am I a lord indeed?

Lord.

I my gracious Lord, and your lovely ladie
Long time hath mourned for your absence heere.
And now with joy behold where she dooth come
To gratulate your honours safe returne.

Enter the boy in Womans attire.

Slie.

Sim, is this she?

L 3

Lord.

Lord.

I my Lord,

Slie.

Masse tis a prettie wench, whats her name?

Boy.

Oh that my lovelie Lord would once vouchsafe
To looke on me and leave these frantike fits,
Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,
To paint in words what Ile performe in deedes,
I know your honour then would pittie me.

Slie.

Harke you mistresse, will you eate a peece of bread?
Come sit downe on my knee, *Sim* drinke to hir *Sim*,
For she and I will go to bed anon.

Lord.

May it please you, your honors plaiers be come
To offer your honour a plaie.

Slie.

A plaie *Sim*, O brave, be they my plaiers?

Lord.

I my Lord,

Slie.

Is there not a foole in the plaie?

Lord.

Yes my Lord,

Slie.

When will they plaie *Sim*?

Lord.

Even when it please your honor, they be readie.

Boy.

My Lord, Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

Slie.

Doo, but looke that you come againe.

Boy.

I warrant you my Lord, I will not leave you thus.
[Exit Boy]

Slie.

Come *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim* stand by me,
And weele flowt the plaiers out of their coates.

Lord.

Lord.

Ile cal them my lord. Ho where are you there?

[Sound Trumpets.]

Enter two young Gentlemen, and a man, and a boy.

Polidor.

Welcome to *Athens* my beloved friend,
To *Platoes* schoole and *Aristotles* walks,
Welcome from *Cestus* famous for the love
Of good *Leander* and his Tragedie,
For whome the *Helespont* weepes brinish teares,
The greatest griefe is I cannot as I would
Give entertainment to my deere friend.

Aurelius.

Thanks noble *Polidor* my second selfe,
The faithful love which I have found in thee
Hath made me leave my fathers princelie court,
The *Duke* of *Cestus* thrise renowned seate,
To come to *Athens* thus to find thee out.
Which, since I have so happily attaind,
My fortune now I do account as great
As earst did *Cæsar* when he conquered most.
But tel me noble friend, where shal we lodge,
For I am unacquainted in this place.

Polidor.

My Lord, if you vouchsafe of schollers fare,
My house, my selfe, and al is yours to use,
You and your men shall staie and lodge with me.

Aurelius.

With all my heart, I wil requite thy love.

Enter *Simon*, *Alphonfus*, and his three daughters.

But staie, what dames are these so bright of hew
Whose eyes are brighter than the lampes of heaven?
Fairer then rocks of pearle and pretious stone,
More lovely far then is the morning sunne,
When first she opes hir oriental gates.

L 4

Alphonfus.

Alfonfus.

Daughters, be gone, and hie you to the church,
And I will hie me downe unto the key
To see what marchandise is come ashore.

[*Ex. Omnes*]*Polidor.*

Why how now my Lord, what, in a dumpe,
To see these damfels passe away so soone?

Aurelius.

Trust me my friend I must confesse to thee,
I tooke so much delight in these faire dames
As I do wish they had not gone so soone:
But if thou canst, resolve me what they be,
And what old man it was that went with them,
For I do long to see them once againe.

Polidor.

I cannot blame your honor, good my Lorde,
For they are both lovely, wise, faire, and yong,
And one of them, the yongest of the three
I long have lov'd (sweet friend) and she lov'd me,
But never yet we could not find a meanes
How we might compasse our desired joyes.

Aurelius.

Why, is not her father willing to the match?

Polidor.

Yes trust me, but he hath solemnly sworne,
His eldest daughter first shall be espowfde,
Before he grants his yongest leave to love:
And therefore he that meanes to get their loves,
Must first provide for her, if he wil speed,
And he that hath her shall be fretted so,
As good be wedded to the divell himselfe,
For such a skould as she did never live,
And til that she be sped, none else can speede:
Which makes me thinke, that all my labors lost,
And who so ere can get hir firme good will,
A large dowrie he shall be sure to have,
For hir father is a man of mightie wealth,
And an antient Citizen of the towne,
And that was he that went along with them.

*Aurelius**Aurelius.*

But he shall keepe hir stil by my advise,
And yet I needes must love his second daughter
The image of honor and nobility,
In whose sweet person is comprisde the summe
Of Natures skill and heavenly majesty.

Polidor.

I like your choise, and glad you chose not mine,
Then if you like to follow on your love,
We must devise a meanes to find some one
That will attempt to wed this devilish skould,
And I do know the man. Come hither boy,
Go your waies sirha to *Ferandos* house,
Desire him to take the paines to come to me,
For I must speake to him immediately.

Boy.

I will sir, and fetch him presently.

Polidor.

A man I thinke will fit hir humour right,
As blunt in speech as she is sharpe in tongue,
And he I thinke will match hir every way,
And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,
And for his person worth as good as she:
And if he compasse hir to be his wife,
Then may we freely visit both our loves.

Aurelius.

O might I see the censer of my soule
Whose sacred beauty hath enchanted me,
More faire then was the Grecian *Helena*
For whose sweet sake so many princes dide;
That came with thousand ships to *Tenedos*.
But when we come unto hir fathers house,
Tel him I am a Merchants sonne of *Cestus*,
That comes for trafficke unto *Athens* here,
And here sirha, I wil change with you for once,
And now be thou the Duke of *Cestus* sonne,
Revel and spend as if thou wert my selfe,
For I will court thy love in this disguise.

Valeria.

My Lord, how if the Duke your father should
By some meanes come to *Athens* for to see

How

How you do profit in these publike schooles,
And find me clothed thus in your attire,
How would he take it then thinke you my Lord?

Aurelius.
Tush feare not *Valeria*, let me alone,
But stay, here comes some other company.

Enter Ferando and his man Sander with a blew coate.

Polidor.
Here comes the man that I did tel you of.

Ferando.
Good morrow gentleman to al at once.
How now *Polidor*, what man still in love?
Ever wooing and canst thou never speed?
God send me better lucke when I shal woo.

Sander.
I warrant you master and you take my counsell,

Ferando.
Why sirra, are you so cunning?

Sander.
Who I, twere better for you by five marke
And you could tel how to do it as wel os I.

Polidor.
I would thy maister once were in the vaine,
To trie himselfe how he could woo a wench.

Ferando.
Faith I am even now a going.

Sander.
I faith sir, my master's going to this geare now.

Polidor.
Whither in faith *Ferando*? tel me true.

Ferando.
To bonie *Kate*, the patientst wench alive,
The Diuel himselfe dares scarce venture to woo her,
Seignior *Alfonso* eldest daughter,
And he hath promise me six thousand crownes
If I can win her once to be my wife,
And she and I must woo with skoulding sure,
And I will hold her too't til she be wearie,
Or else ile make her yeeld to grant me love.

Polidor.

Polidor.
How like you this *Aurelius*, I thinke he knew
Our minds before we sent to him,
But tell me, when do ye meane to speake with hir?

Ferando.
Faith presently, do you but stand aside,
And I will make hir father bring hir hither:
And she, and I, and he, will talke alone.

Polidor.
With all my heart, come *Aurelius*,
Let us be gone and leave him here alone.

Ferando.
Ho Seignior *Alfonso*, who's within there?

Alfonso.
Seignior *Ferando* y'are welcome hartily,
You are a stranger sir unto my house.
Harke you sir, looke what I did promise you
Ile performe, if you get my daughters love.

Ferando.
Then when I have talkt a word or two with hir,
Do you step in and give her hand to me,
And tell hir when the marriage day shall be,
For I do know she would be married faine,
And when our nuptiall rites be once performde
Let me alone to tame hir well inough,
Now call her forth that I may speake with hir.

Enter Kate.

Alfonso.
Ha *Kate*, come hither wench and list to me,
Use this gentleman friendly as thou canst.

Ferando.
Twenty good morrows to my lovely *Kate*.

Kate.
You jeast I am sure, is she yours already?

Ferando.
I tel thee *Kate* I know thou lov'st me wel.

Kate.
The Diuel you do, who told you so?

Ferando.

Ferando.

My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate*.

Kate.

Was ever scene so grosse an asse as this?

Ferando.

I, to stand so long and never get a kisse.

Kate.

Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I will set my ten commandements in your face.

Ferando.

I prithy do *Kate*, they say thou art a shrew.
And I like thee the better, for I would have thee so.

Kate.

Let go my hand, for feare it reach your eare.

Ferando.

No *Kate*, this hand is mine, and I thy love.

Kate.

Yfaith fir no, the woodcoke wants his taile,

Ferando.

But yet his bil will serve, if the other faile,

Alfonso.

How now *Ferando*, what, my daughter?

Ferando.

Shee's willing fir, and loves me as hir life.

Kate.

Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

Alfonso.

Come hither *Kate*, and let me give thy hand
To him that I have chosen for thy love,
And thou to morrow shalt be wed to him.

Kate.

Why father, what do you mean to do with me,
To give me thus unto this brainsicke man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?

[She turnes aside and speaks.]

And yet I will consent and marry him,
(For I me thinkes have liv'de too long a maide,)
And match him too, or else his manhood's good.

*Alfonso.**Alfonso.*

Give me thy hand, *Ferando* loves thee well,
And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state.
Here *Ferando*, take her for thy wife.
And Sunday next shall be our wedding day.

Ferando.

Why so, did I not tel thee I should be the man?
Father, I leave my lovely *Kate* with you,
Provide yourselves against our marriage day,
For I must hie me to my country house
In haste, to see provision may be made,
To entertaine my *Kate* when she doth come.

Alfonso.

Do so, come *Kate*, why dost thou looke
So sad? be mery wench, thy wedding daie's at hand,
Sonne, fare you wel, and see you keepe your promise.
[Exit Alfonso and Kate.]

Ferando.

So, al thus far goes well. Ho *Sander*.

*Enter Sander laughing.**Sander.*

Sander, I faith you are a beast, I crie God hartlie mercy;
my harts ready to run out of my belly with laughing, I stood
behinde the doore al this while, and heard what you said
to hir.

Ferando.

Why, doost thou thinke that I did not speake wel to hir?

Sander.

You spoke like an asse to hir, ile tell you what,
And I had been there to have woo'd hir, and had this
Clope that you have, chud have had hir before she
Had gone a foot furdur, and you talke of Woodcoks
With hir, and I cannot tell you what.

Ferando.

Well firha, and yet thou feest I have got hir for al this.

Sander.

I mary, twas more by hap then any good cunning.
I hope sheele make you one of the head men of the parish
shortly.

Ferando.

Ferando.

Wel firha, leave your jeasting and go to *Polidors* house,
The yong gentleman that was here with me,
And tel him the circumstance of al thou knowst,
Tel him on Sunday next we must be married,
And if he aske thee whither I am gone,
Tel him into the countrey to my house,
And upon Sunday ile be here againe. [Exit *Ferando*;

Sander.

I warrant you my master, feare not me
For doing of my businesse.
Now hang him that has not a livery cote
To slash it out and swash it out amongst the prowdest
On them. Why looke you now, ile scarce put up
Plaine *Sander* now at any of their hands, for and any
Body have any thing to do with my master, straight
They come crouching upon me, I beseech you good M.
Sander speake a good word for me, and then I am so
Stowt and take it upon me, and stand upon my pantofles
To them out of all crie, why I have a life like a giant
Now, but that my master hath such a pestilent mind
To a woman now of late, and I have a prety wench
To my sifter, and I had thought to have preferred my
Master to hir, and that would have bin a good
Deale in my way, but that hees sped already.

*Enter Polidors boy.**Boy.*

Friend, well met.

Sander.

Souns friend, well met. I hold my life he sees not my
masters livery coate,
Plaine friend hop of my thum, know you who we are?

Boy.

Trust me fir it is the use where I was borne,
To salute men after this manner, yet notwithstanding
If you be angry with me for calling of you friend,
I am the more sorry for it, hoping the stile
Of a foole wil make you amends for all.

*Sander's**Sander.*

The slave is sorie for his fault, now we cannot be angry,
Well whats the matter that you would do with us?

*Boy.*Marry fir, I heare you pertaine to seignior *Ferando*.*Sander.*

I and thou beest not blind thou maist see,
Ecce signum, here.

Boy.

Shall I intreat you to do me a message to your Master?

Sander.

I, it may be, and tell you us from whence you come.

*Boy.*Marrie fir I serve yong *Polidor* your maisters friend.*Sander.*

Do you serve him, and whats your name?

*Boy.*My name firha? I tel the firha is cald *Catapie*.*Sander.*

Cake and pie, O my teeth waters to have a peece of thee.

Boy.

Why slave, wouldst thou eate me?

Sander.

Eate thee, who would not eate Cake and pie?

Boy.

Why villaine my name is *Catapie*,
But wilt thou tel me where thy maister is.

Sander.

Nay thou must first tel me where thy maister is,
For I have good newes for him, I can tel thee.

Boy.

Why see where he comes.

*Enter Polidor, Aurelius, and Valeria.**Polidor.*

Come sweet *Aurelius* my faithfull friend,
Now wil we go to see those lovely dames,
Richer in beauty then the orient pearle,
Whiter than is the Alpine Christall mould,

And

And far more lovely than the terrene plant,
That blushing in the aire turnes to a stone.
What *Sander*, what newes with you?

Sander.

Marry fir my maister sends you word
That you must come to his wedding to morrow.

Polidor.

What, shal he be married then?

Sander.

Faith I, you thinke he standes as long about it as you do.

Polidor.

Whither is thy maister gone now?

Sander.

Marry hee's gone to our house in the Countrey
To make al things in a readinesse against my new
Mistrisse comes thither, but heele come againe to morrow.

Polidor.

This is suddainly dispacht belike:
Wel, firha boy, take *Sander* in with you,
And have him to the buttery presentlic.

Boy.

I will fir: come *Saunders*. [*Exit Sander and the Boy.*]

Aurelius.

Valeria, as erst wee did devise,
Take thou thy lute and go to *Alfonso's* house,
And say that *Polidor* sent thee thither.

Polidor.

I *Valeria*, for he spoke to me,
To helpe him to some cunning Musition,
To teach his eldest daughter on the lute,
And thou I know wilt fitte his turne so well,
As thou shalt get great favour at his hands,
Be gone *Valeria*, and say I sent thee to him.

Valeria.

I will Sir, and stay your comming at *Alfonso's* house.
[*Exit Valeria.*]

Polidor.

Now sweet *Aurelius*, by this devise
Shal we have leifure for to court our loves,

3

For

For whilst that she is learning on the lute
Hir sisters may take time to steale abroad,
For otherwise sheele keepe them both within,
And make them worke whilst she herselfe doth play.
But come, lets go unto *Alfonso's* house,
And see how *Valeria* and *Kate* agrees
I doubt his musicke scarce will please his skoller,
But stay, heere comes *Alfonso*.

Enter Alfonso.

Alfonso.

What M. *Polidor*! you are wel met,
I thanke you for the man you sent to me,
A good Musition I thinke he is;
I have set my daughter and him together,
But is this gentleman a friend of yours?

Polidor.

He is, I pray you fir bid him welcome,
He's a wealthy Marchants son of *Cestus*.

Alfonso.

Y'are welcome fir, and if my house afforde
You any thing that may content your mind,
I pray you fir make bold with me.

Aurelius.

I thanke you fir, and if what I have got
By marchandise or travel on the seas,
Sattins, or lawnes, or azure coloured filke,
Or pretious fiery pointed stones of Indy
You shall command both them, myselfe, and all.

Alfonso.

Thanks gentle fir, *Polidor* take him in,
And bid him welcome unto my house,
For thou I thinke must be my second sonne;
Ferando, *Polidor* doost thou not know
Must marry *Kate*, and to morrow is the day.

Polidor.

Such newes I heard, and I came now to know.

Alfonso.

Polidor tis true, go let me alone,
For I must see against the bridegroome come,

M

That

That all things be according to his mind,
And so ile leave you for an houre or two. [Exit.

Polidor.

Come then *Aurelius*, come in with me,
And weele go fit a while and chat with them,
And after bring them forth to take the aire. [Exit.

Then Slie speaks.

Slie.

Sim, when will the foole come againe?

Lord.

Heele come againe my Lord anon.

Slie.

Gis some more drinke here, founs where's
The Tapster, here *Sim* eate some of these things.

Lord.

So I do my Lord.

Slie.

Heere *Sim*, I drinke to thee.

Lord.

My Lord heere comes the Plaiers againe.

Slie.

O brave, heers two fine gentlewomen.

Enter Valeria with a Lute, and Kate with him.

Valeria.

The fencelesse trees by musick have bin mov'd,
And at the sound of plesant tuned strings,
Have savage beasts hung downe their listning heads,
As though they had beene cast into a traunce.
Then it may be, that she to whome naught can please,
With Musickes sound, in time may be surprisde.
Come lovely Mistris, will you take your lute,
And play the lesson that I taught you last?

Kate.

It is no matter whether I doe, or no,
For trust me, I take no great delight in it.

Valeria.

I would, sweete Mistris, that it lay in me,
To helpe you to that thing that's your delight.

Kate.

Kate.

In you with a pestilence, are you so kind?
Then make a night-cap of your fiddles case,
To warme your head, and hide your filthy face.

Valeria.

It that (sweet Mistris) were your harts content,
You should commaund a greater thing than that,
Although it were ten times to my disgrace.

Kate.

Y'are so kind t'were pittie you should be hang'd,
And yet me thinkes the foole doth looke asquint.

Valeria.

Why Mistris, doe you mocke me?

Kate.

No, but I meane to moove thee.

Valeria.

Well, will you play a little?

Kate.

Yea, give me the Lute.

[*Shee plays.*]

Valeria.

That stop was false, play it againe.

Kate.

Then mend it thou, thou filthy asse.

Valeria.

What, doe you bid me kisse your arse?

Kate.

How now jacke sawce? y'are a jolly mate,
Y'are best be still lest I crosse your pate,
And make your musicke flie about your eares,
Ile make it and your coxcombe meet.

[*She offers to strike him with the Lute.*]

Valeria.

Hold Mistris, fowns will you breake my Lute?

Kate.

Yea on thy head and if thou speake to me,
There, take it up, and fiddle somewhere else,
[*She throwes it downe.*]

And see you come no more into this place,
Lest that I clap your fiddle on your face. [Exit Kate.

M 2

Valeria.

Valeria.

Sowns, teach her to play on the Lute?
 The divell shall teach her first, I am glad shee's gone
 For I was ne're so fraid in all my life,
 But that my Lute should flie about mine eares:
 My maister shall teach her himselfe for me,
 For Ile keepe me farre enough without her reach,
 For he and *Polidor* sent me before,
 To be with her, and teach her on the Lute,
 Whilst they did court the other gentlewomen,
 And heere me thinks they come together.

*Enter Aurelius, Polidor, Emelia, and Philena.**Polidor.*How now *Valeria*, where's your Mistris?*Valeria.*

At the vengeance, I thinke, and no where else.

*Aurelius.*Why *Valeria*, will she not learne apace?*Valeria.*

Yes berladie, she haz learn'd too much alreadie,
 And that I had felt, had I not spoke her faire,
 But she shall ne're be learnt for me againe.

Aurelius.

Well *Valeria* go to my chamber,
 And beare him companie that came to daie
 From *Cestus*, where our aged father dwelles. [Exit *Valeria*.]

Polidor.

Come faire *Emelia*, my lovely love,
 Brighter than the burnisht pallace of the Sunne,
 The cie-sight of the glorious firmament,
 In whose bright lookes sparkles the radiant fire
 Whilie *Prometheus* flily stole from *Jove*,
 Infusing breath, life, motion, soule,
 To everie object stricken by thine eyes,
 O faire *Emelia*, I pine for thee,
 And, either must enjoy thy love, or die.

Emelia.

Fie man, I know you will not die for love,
 Ah *Polidor*, thou need'st not to complaine,

Eternall

Eternall heaven sooner be dissolv'd,
 And all that pierceth *Phæbus* silver eie,
 Before such hap befall to *Polidor*.

Polidor.

Thankes faire *Emelia* for these sweet words:
 But what faith *Philena* to her friend?

Philena.

Why I am buying marchandise of him.

Aurelius.

Mistris, you shall not neede to buy of me:
 For when I cross'd the bubbling *Canibey*,
 And sailde along the cristall *Hellispont*,
 I fill'd my coffers of the wealthy mines,
 Where I did cause millions of labouring Moores
 To undermine the caverns of the earth,
 To seeke for strange and new found pretious stones,
 And dive into the sea to gather pearle,
 As faire as *Juno* offred *Priams* sonne,
 And you shall take your liberall choice of all.

Philena.

I thanke you sir, and would *Philena* might
 In any curtesie requite you so
 As she with willing heart could well bestow.

*Enter Alfonso.**Alfonso.*How now daughters, is *Ferando* come?*Emelia.*

Not yet father, I wonder he staies so long,

Alfonso.

And where's your suster that she is not here?

Philena.

She is making of her ready, father,
 To goe to church, and if that he were come.

Polidor.

I warrant you hee'l not be long away.

Alfonso.

Go daughters, get you in, and bid your suster
 Provide herselfe against that we do come,

M 3

And

And see you go to church along with us.

[*Exeunt Philena and Emelia.*
I marvel that *Ferando* comes not away.

Polidor.

His Tailor, it may be, hath bin too slacke
In his apparell which he meanes to weare:
For no question but some fantastlike futes
He is determind to weare to day,
And richly powdered with pretious stones,
Spotted with liquide golde, thicke set with pearle,
And such he meanes shall be his wedding futes.

Alfonso.

I car'd not I, what cost he did bestow,
In golde, or silke, so he himselfe were here,
For I had rather lose a thousand crownes,
Than that he should deceive us heere to day:
But soft, I thinke I see him come.

Enter Ferando basely attired, and a red Cap on his head.

Ferando.

Good morrow father: *Polidor* well met,
You wonder, I know, that I have staide so long.

Alfonso.

Yea mary sonne, we were almost perswaded,
That we should scarce have had our Bridegroome heere;
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?

Ferando.

Thus richly father you should have saide,
For when my wife and I are married once,
Shee's such a shrew, if we should once fall out,
Sheele pull my costly futes over mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attir'd a while:
For many things I tell you's in my head,
And none must know thereof, but *Kate* and I:
For we shall live like Lambes and Lions sure,
Nor Lambes to Lions never were so tame,
If once they be within the Lions pawes,
As *Kate* to me, if we were married once,
And therefore, come, lets to church presently.

Polidor.

Polidor.

Fie *Ferando*, not thus attired for shame,
Come to my Chamber, and there sute thy selfe
Of twenty futes that I did never weare.

Ferando.

Tush *Polidor*, I have as many futes
Fantastlike made to fit my humor so,
As any in *Athens*, and as richly wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adorn'd
The stately legat of the Persian King,
And this from them have I made choise to weare.

Alfonso.

I prethee *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou go'st unto the church with us,
To put some other sute upon thy backe.

Ferando.

Not for the world, if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus, or not at al.

Enter Kate.

But soft, see where my *Kate* doth come,
I must salute hir: how fares my lovely *Kate*,
What, art thou ready? shal we go to church?

Kate.

Not I with one so mad, so basely tir'd,
To marry such a filthy slavish groome,
That as it seemes sometimes is from his wits,
Or else he would not thus have come to us.

Ferando.

Tush *Kate* these words adde greater love in me,
And makes me thinke thee fairer then before:
Sweet *Kate*, thou lovelier then *Dianas* purple robe,
Whiter than are the snowie *Apenis*,
Or icie haire that growes on *Boreas* chin.
Father, I swear by *Ibis* golden beake,
More faire and radiant is my bony *Kate*,
Then silver *Xanthus* when he doth imbrace
The ruddie *Simies* at *Idas* feete,
And care not thou, sweet *Kate*, how I be clad,
Thou shalt have garments wrought of Median silke,

M 4

Enchac'd

Enchac'd with pretious jewels fetcht from far,
By Italian marchants that with Russian stemes,
Plowes up huge furrowes in the *Terrene Mainie*,
And better far my lovely *Kate* shal weare:
Then come sweet love, and let us to the church,
For this I sweare shal be my wedding sute.

[Exit.

Alonso.

Come gentlemen go along with us,
For thus, do what we can, he will be wed.

[Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Polidors Boy and Sander.**Boy.*

Come hither sirha, boy.

Sander.

Boy, oh disgrace to my person! sounes, boy
Of your face, you have many boyes with such
Pickadenaunts I am sure, souns would you
Not have a bloody nose for this?

Boy.

Come, come, I did but jest, where is that
Same peece of pie that I gave thee to keepe?

Sander.

The pie? I, you have more mind of your belly
Then to go see what your maister dooes.

Boy.

Tush, tis no matter man, I prehee give it me,
I am very hungry I promise thee.

Sander.

Why you may take it, and the divel burst
You with it, one cann't save a bit after supper,
But you are alwaies ready to munch it up.

Boy.

Why come man, we shall have good cheere
Anon at the bridehouse, for your maisters gone to
Church to be marr'ed already, and theres
Such cheere as passeth.

Sander.

O brave, I would I had eate no meate this weeke,
For I have never a corner left in my belly

Te

To put a venison pastie in, I thinke I shall burst myfelfe
With eating, for ile so cram me down the tarts
And the marchpanes out of all crie.

Boy.

I, but how wilt thou do now thy maisters
Maried, thy mistres is such a divel, as sheele make
Thee forget thy eating quickly, shee'le beate thee so.

Sander.

Let my master alone with her for that, for
Heele make hir tame wel inough ere long I warrant thee,
For he's such a churle waxen now of late, that and he be
Never so little angry he thums me out of all cry,
But in my mind sirha, the yongest is a very
Prety wench, and if I thought thy master would
Not have hir, Ide have a sling at hir
Myfelfe, ile see soone whether twill be a match
Or no: and it will not, ile set the matter
Hard for myfelfe I warrant thee.

Boy.

Souns you slave, wil you be a Rivall with
My master in his love? Speake but such
Another word and ile cut off one of thy legs.

Sander.

Oh cruel judgment, nay then sirha,
My tongue shal talke no more to you, marry my
Timber shal tell the trusty message of his maister
Even on the very forehead of thee, thou abusious
Villaine, therefore prepare thy selfe.

Boy.

Come hither thou imperfectious slave, in
Regard of thy beggery, hold thee, theres
Two shillings for thee, to pay thee for the
Healing of thy left leg which I meane
Furiouly to invade, or to maime at the least.

Sander.

O supernodical foole! wel, ile take your
Two shillings, but ile bar striking at legs.

Boy.

Not I, for ile strike any where.

Sander.

Sander.

Here take your two shillings againe,
 Ile see thee hang'd ere ile fight with thee,
 I gat a broken shin the other day,
 Tis not whole yet, and therefore ile not fight.
 Come, come, why should we fal out?

Boy.

Wel sirha, your faire words have something
 Alaied my choler: I am content for this once
 To put it up, and be friends with thee,
 But soft, see where they are come al from church,
 Belike they be married already.

*Enter Ferando and Kate, and Alfonso and Polidor and Emelia,
 and Aurelius, and Phylena.*

Ferando.

Father farewell, my *Kate* and I must home.
 Sirha, go make ready my horse presently.

Alfonso.

Your horse! what son, I hope you do but jest,
 I am sure you wil not go so suddainely.

Kate.

Let him go or tarry, I am resolv'd to stay,
 And not to travel on my wedding day.

Ferando.

Tut *Kate* I tel thee we must needes go home,
 Vilaine, hast thou saddled my horse?

Sander.

Which horse, your curtall?

Ferando.

Souns you slave, stand you prating here?
 Saddle the bay gelding for your mistress.

Kate.

Not for me, for I wil not go.

Sander.

The Ostler wil not let me have him, you owe ten pence,
 For his meate and 6 pence for stuffing my mistress saddle.

Ferando.

Here villaine, goe pay him strait.

*Sander.**Sander.*

Shal I give them another pecke of lavender?

Ferando.

Out slave, and bring them presently to the dore.

Alfonso.

Why son, I hope at least youle dine with us.

Sander.

I pray you master lets stay til dinner be done.

Ferando.

Souns vilaine, art thou here yet?
 Come *Kate*, our dinner is provided at home.

[*Exit Sander.*]*Kate.*

But not for me, for here I mean to dine:
 Ile have my wil in this as wel as you,
 Though you in madding mood would leave your frinds,
 Despite of you ile tarry with them still.

Ferando.

I *Kate* so thou shalt, but at some other time,
 Whenas thy sisters here shall be espousd,
 Then thou and I wil keepe our wedding day,
 In better fort then now we can provide.
 For heere I promise thee before them all
 We will ere long returne to them againe:
 Come *Kate*, stand not on termes, we will away,
 This is my day, to morrow thou shalt rule,
 And I will doe whatever thou commandes.
 Gentlemen, farewell, wee'l take our leaves,
 It will be late before that we come home.

[*Excunt Ferando and Kate.*]*Polidor.*

Farewell *Ferando*, since you will be gone.

Alfonso.

So mad a couple did I never seee.

Emelia.

Thei're even as wel matcht as I would wish.

Phylena.

And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame her:
 For when he haz done, she will do what she list.

Aurelius.

Her manhoode then is good I do beleeve.

Polidor.

Polidor.

Aurelius, or else I misse my marke:
Her tongue will walke, if she doe holde her hands.
I am in doubt ere halfe a month be past,
Hee'l curse the Priest that married him so soone,
And yet it may be she will be reclaimde,
For she is very patient growne of late.

Alfonso.

God hold it, that it may continue still,
I would be loath that they should disagree,
But he (I hope) will hold her in a while.

Polidor.

Within these two daies I will ride to him,
And see how lovingly they do agree.

Alfonso.

Now *Aurelius* what say you to this?
What, have you sent to *Cebus* as you said?
To certifie your father of your love,
For I would gladly he would like of it,
And if he be the man you tell to me,
I ghesse he is a Merchant of great wealth:
And I have seene him oft at *Athens* here,
And for his sake assure thee thou art welcome.

Polidor.

And so to me whilst *Polidor* doth live.

Aurelius.

I find it so, right worthy gentlemen,
And of that woorth your friendship I esteeme,
I leave censure of your severall thoughts,
But for requitall of your favours past
Rests yet behinde, which when occasion serves,
I vow shal be remembred to the full.
And for my fathers comming to this place,
I do expect within this weeke at most.

Alfonso.

Enough *Aurelius*: but we forget
Our marriage dinner now the Bride is gone,
Come, let us see what there they left behind.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]*Enter**Enter Sander with two or three Serving men.**Sander.*

Come sirs, provide all things as fast as you can,
For my maister's hard at hand, and my new miltris
And all, and he sent me before to see all things ready.

Tom.

Welcome home *Sander*: firrha how lookes our new mis-
tris? They say shee's a plaguy shrew.

Sander.

Yea and that thou shalt find, I can tell thee and if thou dost
not please her wel: why my master haz such ado with, as it
passeth, and hee's even like a madman.

Wil.

Why *Sander*, what doth he say?

Sander.

Why Ile tell you what: when they should
Goe to church to be married, he puts on an olde
Jerkin and a paire of canvasse breeches downe to the
Small of his leg, and a red cap on his head, and he
Lookes as thou wouldst burst thy selfe with laughing
When thou seest him: hee's ee'n as good as a
Foole for me: and then when they should goe to dinner,
He made me saddle the horse, and away he came,
And ne'er tarried for dinner, and therefore you had best
Get supper ready against they come, for
They be hard at hand I am sure by this time.

Tom.

Sowns, see where they be already.

*Enter Ferando and Kate.**Ferando.*

Now welcome *Kate*. Where's these villaines
Heere? what, not supper yet upon the boord?
Nor table spread, nor nothing done at all,
Where's that villaine that I sent before?

Sander.

Now, *adsum*, sir.

Ferando.

Ferando.

Come hither you villaine, Ile cut your nose,
 You rogue, help me off with my bootes: wilt please
 You to lay the cloth? Sowns the villaine
 Hurts my foote: pull easly I say, yet againe?

*[He beates them all.**They cover the boord, and fetch in the meate.*

Sowns, burnt and scorch't, who drest this meate?

*Wil.**Forsooth John Cooke.**[He throwes downe the table and meate, and all, and beates them all.**Ferando.*

Goe you villaines, bring me such meate?
 Out of my sight I say, and beare it hence:
 Come Kate, wee'll have other meate provided,
 Is there a fire in my chamber fir?

*Sander.**I forsooth.**[Exeunt Ferando and Kate.**Manent Serving men, and eate up all the meate.**Tom.*

Sownes, I thinke of my conscience my maister's madde
 since he was married.

Wil.

I laft what a boxe he gave Sander
 For pulling off his bootes.

*Enter Ferando againe.**Sander.*

I hurt his foote for the nonce man.

Ferando.

Did you so, you damned villaine?

[He beates them all out againe.

This humour must I holde me to a while,
 To bridle and holde backe my head-strong wife,
 With curbes of hunger, ease, and want of sleepe:
 Nor sleepe, nor meate shall she enjoy to night,
 Ile mew her up as men doe mew their Hawkes,

And

And make her gently come unto the Lewre,
 Were she as stubborne, or as full of strength,
 As was the Thracian Horfe *Alcides* tamde,
 That king *Egeus* fed with flesh of men,
 Yet would I pull her downe, and make her come,
 As hungry Hawkes doe flie unto their Lewre.

*[Exit.**Enter Aurelius and Valeria.**Aurelius.*

Valeria attend, I have a lovely love,
 As faire as is the heaven cristalline,
 As faire as is the milke white way of *Jove*,
 As chaste as *Phoebe*, in her summer sports,
 As soft and tender as the azure dowlne,
 That circles *Citherea's* silver Doves.
 Her doe I meane to make my lovely Bride,
 And in her bed to breathe the sweete content,
 That I, thou know'st, long time have aimed at.
 Now *Valeria* it rests in thee to helpe
 To compasse this, that I might gaine my love,
 Which easly thou maist performe at will,
 If that the merchant which thou told'st me of,
 Will, (as he saide) goe to *Alfonsoes* house,
 And say he is my father, and there withall
 Passe over certaine deedes of land to me,
 That I thereby may gaine my hearts desire,
 And he is promised reward of me.

Valeria.

Feare not my Lord, Ile fetch him frait to you,
 For hee'l doe any thing that you commaund,
 But tell me, my Lord, is *Ferando* married then?

Aurelius.

He is, and *Polidor* shortly shal be wed,
 And he meanes to tame his wife ere long.

Valeria.

Hee saies so.

Aurelius.

Faith he's gon unto the taming schoole.

Valeria.

Valeria.

The taming schoole why is there such a place?

Aurelius.

I: and *Ferando* is the maister of the schoole.

Valeria.

That's rare: but what *decorum* doth he use?

Aurelius.

Faith I know not: but by some odde devise
Or other, but come *Valeria* I long to see the man,
By whom we must comprise our plotted drift,
That I may tel him what we have to do.

Valeria.

Then come my Lord and I will bring you to him straight.

Aurelius.

Agreede then, lets go.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Sander and his mistress.**Sander.*

Come mistress.

Kate.

Sander I prethee helpe me to some meat,
I am so faint that I can scarcely stand.

Sander.

I marry mistress, but you know my maister
Has given me a charge that you must eat nothing,
But that which he himselfe giveth you.

Kate.

Why man, thy master needs never know it.

Sander.

You say true indeed. Why looke you mistress,
What say you to a peece of bieffe and mustard now?

Kate.

Why I say tis excellent meat, canst thou help me to some?

Sander.

I, I could help you to some, but that
I doubt the mustard is too chollerick for you.
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?

Kate.

Why any thing, I care not what it be.

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*Sander.**Sander.*

I but the garlick I doubt will make your breath
Stinke, and then my master wil course me for letting
You eate it. But what say you to a fat Capon?

Kate.

That's meat for a king, sweete *Sander* help me to some
of it.

Sander.

Nay berlady then tis too deere for us, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.

Kate.

Out villaine, dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawfinesse.

[*She beates him.*]*Sander.*

Sounes are you so light fingred with a murrin,
Ile keepe you fasting for it these two daies.

Kate.

I tel thee villaine, ile teare the flesh off
Thy face and eate it, and thou prate to me thus.

Sander.

Here comes my master now, heele course you.

*Enter Ferando with a peece of meate upon his dagger point and
Polidor with him.*

Ferando.

See heere *Kate*, I have provided meat for thee,
Here take it: what, ist not worthy thanks?
Go firha, take it away againe, you shall be
Thankful for the next you have.

Kate.

Why I thanke you for it.

Ferando.

Nay now tis not worth a pin, go firha and take it hence
I say.

Sander.

Yes fir ile carrie it hence: Master let hir
Have none, for she can fight as hungry as she is.

Polidor.

I pray you fir let it stand, for ile eate
Some with her my selfe.

N

Ferando.

Ferando.

Wel firha, set it downe againe.

Kate.

Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
 And keepe it for your owne diet, for ile none,
 Ile ne're be beholding to you for your meat,
 I tel thee flatly here unto thy teeth,
 Thou shalt not keepe me nor feed me as thou list,
 For I will home againe unto my fathers house.

Ferando.

I, when y'are meeke and gentle, but not
 Before, I know your stomacke is not yet come downe.
 Therefore no marvel thou canst not eat,
 And I will go unto your Fathers house,
 Come *Polidor* let us go in againe,
 And *Kate* come in with us, I know ere long,
 That thou and I shall lovingly agree.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]*Enter Aurelius, Valeria and Phylotus the Marchant.**Aurelius.*

Now Seignior *Phylotus*, we wil go
 Unto *Alfonso's* house, and be sure you say
 As I did tel you, concerning the man
 That dwels at *Cestus*, whose son I said I was,
 For you do very much resemble him,
 And feare not: you may be bold to speake your mind.

Phylotus.

I warrant you fir, take you no care,
 Ile use my selfe so cunning in the cause,
 As you shall soone enjoy your harts delight.

Aurelius.

Thanks sweet *Phylotus*, then stay you here,
 And I will go and fetch him hither strait.
 Ho, Seignior *Alfonso*: a word with you.

*Enter Alfonso.**Alfonso.*

Who's there? what *Aurelius*, what's the matter
 That you stand so like a stranger at the doore?

*Aurelius.**Aurelius.*

My father fir is newly come to towne,
 And I have brought him here to speake with you,
 Concerning these matters that I told you of,
 And he can certifie you of the truth.

Alfonso.

Is this your father? you are welcome fir.

Phylotus.

Thanks *Alfonso*, for thats your name I gesse,
 I understand my son hath set his mind
 And bent his liking to your daughters love,
 And for because he is my only son,
 And I would gladly that he should do well,
 I tel you fir, I not mislike his choise,
 If you agree to give him your consent,
 He shall have living to maintaine his state,
 Three hundred pounds a yeare, I will assure
 To him and to his heyres, and if they do joyne
 And knit themselves in holy wedlocke band,
 A thousand massie ingots of pure gold
 And twise as many bars of silver plate,
 I freely give him, and in writing straight
 I wil confirme what I have said in words.

Alfonso.

Trust me, I must commend your liberal mind,
 And loving care you beare unto your son,
 And here I give him freely my consent.
 As for my daughter, I thinke he knowes her mind,
 And I will inlarge her dowry for your sake,
 And solemnise with joy your nuptial rites.
 But is this gentleman of *Cestus* too?

Aurelius.

He is the *Duke* of *Cestus* thrise renowned son,
 Who for the love his honor beares to me,
 Hath thus accompanied mee to this place.

Alfonso.

You were too blame you tolde me not before,
 Pardon me my Lord, for if I had knowne
 Your honor had bin here in place with me,
 I would have don my duty to your honor.

N 2

Valeria.

Valeria.

Thanks good *Alfonso*, but I did come to see
When these marriage rites should be performed,
And if in these nuptials you vouchsafe,
To honor thus the prince of *Cestus* friend,
In celebration of his spousal rites,
He shal remaine a lasting friend to you,
What saies *Aurelius* father?

Phylotus.

I humbly thanke your honor, good my Lord,
And ere we part, before your honor here,
Shal articles of such content be drawne,
As twixt our houses and posterities,
Eternally this league of peace shall last
Inviolat and pure on either part.

Alfonso.

With al my heart, and if your honor please
To walke along with us unto my house,
We wil confirme these leagues of lasting love.

Valeria.

Come then *Aurelius* I wil go with you. [*Ex. omnes*]

Enter Ferando and Kate, and Sander.

Sander.

Master, the Haberdasher has brought my
Mistris home hir cap here.

Ferando.

Come hither sirha: what have you there?

Haberdasher.

A velvet cap sir, and it please you.

Ferando.

Who spoke for it? didst thou *Kate*?

Kate.

What if I did? come hither sirha give me
The cap, ile see if it wil fit me. [*She sets it on her head.*]

Ferando.

O monstrous: why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it *Kate*: here sirha take it hence,
This cap is out of fashion quite.

*Kate.**Kate.*

The fashion is good enough: belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.

Ferando.

Why true, he meanes to make a foole of thee,
To have thee put on such a curtald cap:
Sirha be gone with it.

Enter the Taylor with a gowne.

Sander.

Here is the *Taylor* too with my mistris gowne.

Ferando.

Let me see it *Taylor*: what, with cuts and jags?
Sounes thou vilaine, thou hast spoil'd the gowne.

Taylor.

Why sir, I made it as your man gave me direction.
You may read the note here.

Ferando.

Come hither sirha: *Taylor* read the note.

Taylor.

Item a faire round compass'd cape.

Sander.

I thats true.

Taylor.

And a large truncke sleeve.

Sander.

Thats a lie master, I said two truncke sleeves.

Ferando.

Wel sir, go forward.

Taylor.

Item a loose bodied gowne.

Sander.

Maister if ever I said loose bodies gowne,
Sew me in a seame, and beat me to death
With a bottome of browne thred.

Taylor.

I made it as the note bade me.

Sander.

I say the note lies in his throate and thou too,
And thou faist it.

N 3

Taylor

Tailor.

Nay, nay, ne'r be so hot firha, for I feare you not.

Sander.

Dooft thou heare *Tailor*, thou hast braved
Many men: brave not me.
Th'ast fac'd many men.

Tailor.

Wel fir.

Sander.

Face not me, ile neither be fac'd nor braved
At thy hands I can tell thee.

Kate.

Come, come, I like the fashion of it wel inough,
Heere's more adoe than needes, I'll have it, I,
And if you doe not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall have nothing by your will.

Ferando.

Go I say, and take it up for your maisters use.

Sander.

Sounes villaine, not for thy life, touch it not:
Souns, take up my mistris gowne to his
Maisters use!

Ferando.

Well fir, what's your conceit of it?

Sander.

I have a deeper conceit of it than you
Thinke for, take up my mistris gowne
To his maisters use.

Ferando.

Tailer, come hither, for this time make it:
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

Tailer.

I thanke you fir,

[Exit Tailer,

Ferando.

Come *Kate*, wee now will goe see thy fathers house
Even in these honest meane abiliments.
Our purses shal be rich, our garments plaine,
To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And thats inough, what should we care for more
Thy sisters *Kate*, to morrow must be wed,

And

And I have promised them thou should'it be there,
The morning is well up, lets haste away,
It wil be nine a clocke ere we come there.

Kate.

Nine a clocke, why tis already past two
In the afternoone by al the clockes in the towne.

Ferando.

I say tis but nine a clocke in the morning.

Kate.

I say tis two a clocke in the afternoone.

Ferando.

It shal be nine then ere you go to your fathers:
Come backe againe, we will not goe to day:
Nothing but crossing me stil?
Ile have you say as I doe ere I goe.

[Exeunt omnes.

Enter Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius, and Philema.

Polidor.

Faire *Emelia*, summers bright sun Queene,
Brighter of hew than is burning clime,
Where *Phobus* in his bright æquator sits,
Creating golde and pretious mineralls,
What would *Emelia* doe if I were forc'd
To leave faire Athens, and to range the world?

Emelia.

Should thou assay to scale the seate of Jove,
Mounting the futtle airy regions,
Or be snatcht up as erst was *Ganimede*,
Love should give wings unto my swift desires,
And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,
Or fall and perish as did *Icarus*.

Aurelius.

Sweetly resolved, faire *Emelia*,
But would *Philema* says as much to me,
If I should aske a question now of thee?
What if the Duke of *Cestus* onely sonne,
Which came with me unto your fathers house,
Should seeke to get *Philemas* love from me,
And make thee Dutchesse of that stately towne,
Wouldst thou not then forsake me for his love?

N 4

Philema.

Philema.

Not for great *Neptune*, no nor *Jove* himselve,
Will *Philema* leave *Aurelius* love,
Could he enfall me Empresse of the world,
Or make me Queene and guidresse of the heaven;
Yet would I not exchange my love for his,
Thy company is poore *Phylemaes* heaven,
And without thee, heaven were hell to me.

Emelia.

And should my love, as earst did *Hercules*,
Attempt the burning vaults of hell,
I would with piteous lookes, and pleasing words,
As once did *Orpheus* with his harmony,
And ravishing sound of his mellodious Harpe,
Intreate grimme *Pluto*, and of him obtaine
That thou might'st goe, and safe returne againe.

Philema.

And should my love as erst *Leander* did,
Attempt to swimme the boyling *Hellispont*
For *Heros* love: no Towers of brasse should hold,
But I would follow thee through those raging flouds;
With lockes dis-shevered, and my breast all bare,
With bended knees upon *Abidaes* shore,
I would with sinokie sighs and brinish teares,
Importune *Neptune* and the watry gods,
To send a guard of silver-scaled Dolphins,
With founding *Tritons* to be our convoy,
And to transport us safe unto the shore,
Whilst I would hang about thy lovely necke,
Redoubling kisse on kisse upon thy cheekes,
And with our pastime still the swelling waves.

Emelia.

Should *Polidor* as *Achilles* did,
Onely imploy himselve to follow armes,
Like to the warlike Amazonian Queene,
Penthesilea, *Hectors* paramour,
Who foil'd the bloody *Pirrhous* murd'rous Greecke,
He thrust my selfe amongst the thickest throngs,
And with my utmost force assist my love.

*Phylema.**Phylema.*

Let *Eole* storme: be mild and quiet thou,
Let *Neptune* swel, be *Aurelius* calme and pleased,
I care not, I, betide what may betide,
Let fates and fortune do the worst they can,
I recke them not: they not discord with me,
Whilst that my love and I do well agree.

Aurelius

Sweet *Phylema* bewties minerall,
From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,
And clad the heaven in thy reflected raies,
And now my liefest love, the time drawes nie,
That *Himen* mounted in his saffron robe,
Must with his torches waite upon thy traine,
As *Hellens* brothers on the horned moone.
Now *Juno* to thy number shal I adde,
The fairest bride that ever marchant had.

Polidor.

Come faire *Emelia*, the priest is gon,
And at the church your father and the rest
Do stay to see our marriage rites perform'd,
And knit in sight of heaven this *Gordian* knot,
That teeth of fretting Time may ne'r untwist,
Then come faire love and grateulate with me
This daies content and sweet solemnity.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]*Slie.*

Sim, must they be married now?

Lord.

I my Lord.

*Enter Ferando and Kate and Sander.**Slie.*

Looke *Sim*, the foole is come againe now.

Ferando.

Sirha, go fetch our horses forth, and bring
Them to the backe gate presently.

Sander.

I will fir I warrant you.

[*Exit Sander.*]*Ferando.*

*Ferando.*Come *Kate*, the moone shines cleere to night me thinkes.*Kate.*The moone? why husband you are deceiv'd,
It is the sun.*Ferando.*Yet againe, come backe againe, it shal be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.*Kate.*

Why ile say as you say, it is the moone.

Ferando.

Jesus, save the glorious moone.

Kate.

Jesus, save the glorious moone.

*Ferando.*I am glad *Kate* your stomacke is come downe,
I know it well thou knowst it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast done before,
And trust me *Kate* hadst thou not namde the moone,
We had gone backe againe as sure as death.
But soft, who's this thats comming here?*Enter the Duke of Cestus alone.**Duke.*Thus al alone from *Cestus* am I come,
And left my princely court and noble traine,
To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes.
But stay, heres some it may be travels thither,
Good sir can you direct me the way to *Athens*.*[Ferando speaks to the old man.]*Faire lovely maide, yong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull
Then pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
Of *Amithests* or glistering *Hiasynth*,
More amiable far then is the plain,
Where glistering *Cepherus* in silver boures,
Gafeth upon the Giant *Andromede*,
Sweet *Kate* entertaine this lovely woman.

3

*Duke.**Duke.*

I thinke the man is mad, he cals me a woman.

*Kate.*Faire lovely lady, bright and Christaline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie-train'd bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleepees upon thy cheekes,
Wrapt up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable like the burning Zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.*Duke.*What, is she mad too? or is my shape transformd
That both of them persuade me I am a woman,
But they are mad sure, and therefore ile be gone,
And leave their companies for feare of harme,
And unto *Athens* haste to seek my son.*[Exit Duke.]**Ferando.*Why so, *Kate*, this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too: why thus must we two live,
One minde, one heart, and one content for both,
This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
And glad is he I am sure, that he is gone,
But come sweet *Kate*, for we will after him,
And now persuade him to his shape againe.*[Ex. omnes.]**Enter Alfonso and Phylotus and Valeria, Polidor, Emelia,
Aurelius, and Phylema.**Alfonso.*Come lovely sonnes, your marriage rites performed,
Lets hie us home to see what cheere we have,
I wonder that *Ferando* and his wife
Come not to see this great solemnity.*Polidor.*No marvel if *Ferando* be away,
His wife I thinke hath troubled so his wits,
That he remains at home to keepe them warme,

For

For forward wedlocke as the proverbe sayes,
Hath brought him to his nightcap long ago.

Phylotus,

But *Polidor*, let my son and you take heed,
That *Ferando* say not ere long as much of you,
And now *Alfonso*, more to shew my love,
If unto *Cestus* you do send your ships,
Myselfe wil fraught them with *Arabian* filkes,
Rich *Affricke* spices, Arras counter-pointes,
Muske, Cassia, sweet smelling Ambergreece,
Pearle, curtol, Christal, jet, and ivory,
To gratulate the favors of my son,
And friendly love that you have shewne to him.

Valeria.

And for to honor him and his faire bride,

Enter the Duke of Cestus,

He yeerely send you from your fathers court,
Chests of refined sugar severally,
Ten tun of *Tunis* wine, sucket, sweet drugs,
To celebrate and solemnize this day,
And custom-free, your marchants shal commercq
And interchange the profits of your land,
Sending you gold for brasse, silver for lead,
Casses of filke for packes of wol and cloth,
To bind this friendship and confirme this league,

Duke.

I am glad fir that you would be so franke,
Are you become the *Duke* of *Cestus* son,
And revels with my treasure in the towne,
Base villaine that thus dishonorest me.

Valeria.

Sounes it is the *Duke*, what shall I do?
Dishonor thee? why knowst thou what thou saist?

Duke.

Her's no villaine: he will not know me now,
But what say you? have you forgot me too?

Phylotus.

Why fir, are you acquainted with my son?

Duke.

Duke.

With thy son? no trust me, if he be thine,
I pray you fir, who am I?

Aurelius.

Pardon me father, humbly on my knees
I do intreat your grace to heare me speake.

Duke.

Peace villaine, lay hands on them,
And send them to prison straight.

[*Phylotus and Valeria runne away.*]

Then Slie speakes.

Slie.

I say weele have no sending to prison.

Lord.

My Lord this is but the play, they're but in jest.

Slie.

I tel thee *Sim* weele have no sending,
To prison thats flat: why *Sim*, am I not *Don Christo Vari*?
Therefore I say, they shal not goe to prison.

Lord.

No more they shal not my Lord,
They be runne away.

Slie.

Are they run away *Sim*? thats wel.
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.

Lord.

Here my Lord.

[*Slie drinkes and then fals asleepe.*]

Duke.

Ah trecherous boy that durst presume,
To wed thy selfe without thy fathers leave,
I sweare by faire *Cintheas* burning raies
By *Merops* head, and by seven-mouthed *Nile*,
Had I but known ere thou hadst wedded her,
Were in thy brest the worlds immortal soule,
This angry sworde should rip thy hateful chest,
And hewd thee smaller then the *Libian* sandes,
Turne hence thy face, oh cruel impious boy.
I did not thinke you would presume, *Alfonso*,
To match your daughter with my princely house,

And

And ne'r make mee acquainted with the cause.

Alfonso.

My Lord, by heavens I sweare unto your grace
I knew none other but *Valeria* your man,
Had bin the *Duke* of *Cestus* noble son,
Nor did my daughter, I dare sware for her.

Duke.

That damned villaine that hath deluded me,
Whom I did send for guide unto my son,
Oh that my furious force could cleave the earth,
That I might muster bands of hellish feends,
To racke his heart and teare his impious soule.
The ceaselesse turning of celestial orbes,
Kindles not greater flames in fitting aire,
Then passionate anguish of my raging brest.

Aurelius.

Then let my death sweet father end your griefe,
For I it is that thus have wrought your woes,
Then be reveng'd on me, for here I sweare
That they are innocent of what I did,
Oh had I charge to cut off *Hydras* head,
To make the topleffe *Alpes* a champaine field,
To kil untamed monsters with my sword,
To travel daily in the hottest sun,
And watch in winter when the nights be cold.
I would with gladnes undertake them all,
And thinke the paine but pleasure that I felt,
So that my noble father at my return,
Would but forget and pardon my offence.

Phylema.

Let me intreat your grace upon my knees,
To pardon him and let my death discharge
The heavy wrath your grace hath vow'd against him.

Polidor.

And good my Lord, let us intreat your grace
To purge your stomacke of this Melancoly,
Taint not your princely mind with griefe my Lord,
But pardon and forgive these lovers faults,
That kneeling crave your gracious favor here.

Emelia.

Emelia.

Great prince of *Cestus*, let a womans words
Intreat a pardon in your Lordly brest,
Both for your princely son, and us my Lord.

Duke.

Aurelius stand up, I pardon thee,
I see that vertue wil have enemies.
And fortune wil be thwarting honor fil.
And you faire virgin too, I am content
To accept you for my daughter since tis don,
And see you princely usde in *Cestus* court.

Phylema.

Thanks good my Lord, and I no longer live,
Then I obey and honor you in al.

Alfonso.

Let me give thanks unto your royall grace,
For this great honor done to mee and mine,
And if your grace wil walke into my house,
I wil in humblest maner I can, shew
The eternall service I do owe your grace.

Duke.

Thankes good *Alfonso*: but I came alone,
And not as did befeeme the *Cestian* Duke,
Nor would I have it knowne within the towne,
That I was here, and thus, without my traine:
But as I came alone, so wil I go,
And leave my son to solemnise his feast,
And ere't be long Ile come againe to you,
And do him honor as befeemes the son
Of mighty *Jerobel* the *Cestian* Duke,
Til when ile leave you, farewell *Aurelius*.

Aurelius.

Not yet my Lord, ile bring you to your ship.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Slie sleeps.

Lord.

Who's within there? come hither firs, my Lords
Asleepe againe, go take him easily up,
And put him in his own apparel againe,

And

And lay him in the place where we did find him,
Just underneath the alehouse side below,
But see you wake him not in any case.

Boy.

It shal be done my Lord, come help to beare him hence.

*Enter Ferando, Aurelius, and Polidor and his boy, and Valeria
and Sander.*

Ferando.

Come Gentlemen, nowe that supper's done,
How shall we spend the time til we go to bed?

Aurelius.

Faith if you wil, in trial of our wives
Who wil come soonest at their husbands cal.

Polidor.

Then then *Ferando* he must needes sit out,
For he may cal I thinke til he be weary,
Before his wife wil come before she list.

Ferando.

Tis wel for you that have such gentle wives,
Yet in this trial wil I not sit out,
It may be *Kate* wil come as soone as I do fend.

Aurelius.

My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.

Polidor.

I take it. Ile lay as much to yours,
That my wife comes as soone as I do fend.

Aurelius.

How now *Ferando*, you dare not lay belike.

Ferando.

Why true, I dare not lay indeede:
But how, so little mony on so sure a thing,
A hundred pound: why I have laid as much
Upon my Dog, in running at a Deere,
She shal not come so far for such a trifle,
But wil you lay five hundred markes with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth cal,
And shewes herselfe most loving unto him,

2

Let

Let him enjoy the wager I have laid,
Now what say you? dare you adventure thus?

Polidor.

I, were it a thousand pounds I durst presume
On my wives love: and I wil lay with thee.

Enter Alfonso.

Alfonso.

How now sons, what in conference so hard,
May I without offence, know where about?

Aurelius.

Faith father, a waighty cause about our wives,
Five hundred markes already we have laid,
And he whose wife doth shew most love to him,
He must enjoy the wager to himselfe.

Alfonso.

Why then *Ferando* he is sure to lose it,
I promise thee son, thy wife wil hardly come,
And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.

Ferando.

Tush father, were it ten times more
I durst adventure on my lovely *Kate*,
But if I lose ile pay, and so shal you.

Aurelius.

Upon mine honor, if I lose Ile pay.

Polidor.

And so wil I upon my faith I vow.

Ferando.

Then sit we downe and let us fend for them.

Alfonso.

I promise thee *Ferando*, I am afraid thou wilt lose.

Aurelius.

Ile fend for my wife first; *Valeria*,
Go bid your mistris come to me.

Valeria.

I will my lord.

[Exit Valeria.]

Aurelius.

Now for my hundred pound,
Would any lay ten hundred more with me
I know I should obtaine it by her love.

○

Ferando.

Ferando.

I pray God you have not laid too much already.

*Aurelius.*Trust me *Ferando* I am sure you have,
For you I dare presume have lost it al.*Enter Valeria againe.*

Now sirha, what saies your mistress?

Valeria.

She is something busie but shee come anone.

*Ferando.*Why so, did I not tel you this before,
She was busie and cannot come.*Aurelius.*I pray God your wife send you so good an answer,
She may be busie, yet she saies shee come.*Ferando.*Wel, wel; *Polidor*, send you for your wife.*Polidor.*Agreed. *Boy* desire your mistress to come hither.*Boy.*

I wil sir.

*[Exit Boy.]**Ferando.*

I so, so, he desires her to come.

*Alfonso.**Polidor*, I dare presume for thee,
I thinke thy wife wil not denie to come,
And I do marvel much *Aurelius*,
That your wife came not when you sent for her.*Enter the Boy againe.**Polidor.*

Now, wher's your mistress?

*Boy.*She bade me tell you, that shee will not come,
And you have any businesse, you must come to hir.*Ferando.*O monstrous intollerable presumption,
Worse than a blasing star, or snow at Midsummer.
Earthquakes,Earthquakes, or any thing unseasonable,
She will not come, but he must come to hir.*Polidor.*Wel sir, I pray you lets heare what
Answere your wife will make.*Ferando.*Sirha command your mistress to come
To me presently.*[Exit Sander.]**Aurelius.*I thinke my wife for all she did not come,
Wil prove more kind, for now I have no feare,
For I am sure *Ferandos* wife, she will not come.*Ferando.*

The more's the pittie, then I must lose.

*Enter Kate and Sander.*But I have won, for see where *Kate* doth come.*Kate.*

Sweete husband did you send for me.

*Ferando.*I did my love, I sent for thee to come,
Come hither *Kate*, what's that upon thy head?*Kate.*

Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.

*Ferando.*Pul it off and tread it under thy feet,
Tis foolish, I wil not have thee weare it.*[She takes off her cap and treads on it.]**Polidor.*

Oh wonderful metamorphosis.

Aurelius.

This is a wonder almost past beleefe.

*Ferando.*This is a token of her true love to me,
And yet Ile try her further you shall see;
Come hither *Kate*, where are thy sisters?*Kate.*

They be fitting in the bridal chamber.

O 2

Ferando.

Ferando.

Fetch them hither, and if they wil not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.

Kate.

I will.

Alfonso.

I promise thee *Ferando*, I would have sworne,
Thy wife would ne'r have done so much for thee.

Ferando.

But you shal see she wil do more then this,
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

*Enter Kate thrusting Phylema and Emelia before her, and makes
them come unto their husbands cal.*

Kate.

See husband, I have brought them both.

Ferando.

Tis wel done *Kate*.

Emelia.

I sure, and like a loving peece, your worthy
To have great praise for this attempt.

Phylema.

I for making a foole of her selfe and us.

Aurelius.

Beshrew thee *Phylema* thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound to night,
For I did lay that thou wouldst first have come.

Polidor.

But thou *Emelia* hast lost me a great deale more.

Emelia.

You might have kept it better then,
Who bade you lay?

Ferando.

Now lovely *Kate*, before their husbands here,
I prethee tel unto these head-strong women,
What dewty wives do owe unto their Husbands.

Kate.

Then you that live thus by your pampered wils,
Now list to me, and marke what I shal say,

Th'

Th' eternal power that with his only breath,
Shall cause this end, and this beginning frame,
Not in time, nor before time, but with time confus'd,
For al the course of yeares, of ages, months,
Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
Are tun'd and stopt by measure of his hand,
The first world was, a forme without a forme,
A heape confus'd, a mixture al deform'd,
A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodilessse,
Where all the elements were orderlesse,
Before the great Commander of the world,
The King of kings, the glorious God of heaven,
Who in six daies did frame his heavenly worke,
And made al things to stand in perfect course,
Then to his image he did make a man
Olde *Adam*, and from his side asleepe
A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make
The woe of man so term'd by *Adam* then,
Woman, for that by her came sinne to us,
And for her sinne was *Adam* doomd to die.
As *Sara* to her husband so should we,
Obey them, love them, keepe and nourish them,
If they by any meanes do want our helpes,
Laying our hands under their feet to tread,
If that by that we might procure their ease,
And for a president Ile first begin,
And lay my hand under my husband's feet.

[*She laies her hand under her husband's feet.*

Ferando.

Inough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
And they I am sure cannot deny the fame.

Alfonso.

I *Ferando*, the wager thou hast won,
And for to shew thee how I am pleas'd in this,
A hundred pounds I freely give thee more.
Another dowry for another daughter,
For she is not the same she was before.

Ferando.

Thanks sweet father, gentlemen, good night,
For *Kate* and I will leave you for to night,

O 3

Tis

Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are sped:
And so farewell, for we will to our beds.

[*Exeunt Ferando, Kate, and Sander,*
Alfonso.

Now *Aurelius*, what say you to this?

Aurelius.

Beleeve me father, I rejoyce to see
Ferando and his wife so lovingly agree.

[*Exeunt Aurelius, and Philema, and Alfonso, and Valeria.*
Emelia.

How now *Polidor*? in a dumpe? what saist thou man?

Polidor.

I say thou arte a shrew.

Emelia.

That's better than a sheepe.

Polidor.

Well, since tis done, come, lets goe.

[*Exeunt Polidor and Emelia.*

[*Then enter two bearing of Slie in his owne apparrell againe, and leaves him where they found him, and then goes out: then enters the Tapster.*

Tapster.

Now that the darke some night is overpast,
And dawning day appeares in cristall skie,
Now must I haste abroad: but fofst, who's this?
What *Slie*, o wondrous! hath he laine heere all night?
He wake him, I thinke hee's starved by this,
But that his belly was so stufft with ale:
What now *Slie*, awake for shame.

Slie.

Sim, gives some more wine, what all the Players gone? am
not I a Lord?

Tapster.

A Lord with a murrin: come art thou drunken still?

Slie.

Who's this? *Tapster*, O Lord firha, I have had the bravest
dreame to night, that ever thou heardest in all thy life.

Tapster.

Yea mary, but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming heere to night.
Slie.

Slie.

Wil she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt upon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That ever I had in my life: but Ile to my wife presently,
And tame her too if she anger me.

Tapster.

Nay tarry *Slie*, for Ile goe home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S,

O L D P L A Y S.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

C O N T A I N I N G

THE TROUBLESOME REIGN OF K. JOHN.

THE FAMOUS VICTORIES OF HENRY V.

THE TRUE CHRONICLE HISTORY OF KING LEIR,
AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS, GONORILL,
RAGAN, AND CORDELLA.

Vol. II.

* 2 2

The First and Second PART
OF THE
Troublesome RAIGNE of
John King of England.

WITH THE
Discoverie of King *RICHARD*

Cordelions base Sonne

(Vulgarly named, the Bastard *Fawconbridge* :)

A L S O

The Death of King JOHN at *Swinstead Abbey.*

As they were (fundry times) lately acted by the Queenes
MAJESTIES Players.

Written by *W. Sh.*

Imprinted at *London* by *Valentine Simmes*, for *John Helme*,
and are to be sold at his Shop in *Saint Dunstons*
Church-yard in *Fleetstreet.* 1611.



THE
Troublesome RAIGNE of
K I N G J O H N.

*Enter K. John, Queene Elinor his Mother, William Marshall,
Earle of Pembroke, the Earles of Essex and of Salisbury.*

Queen Elinor.

BARONS of *England*, and my noble lords;
Though God and fortune have bereft from us
Victorious *Richard* scourge of infidells,
And clad this land in stole of dismall hew:
Yet give me leave to joy, and joy you all,
That from this wombe hath sprung a second hope,
A king that may in rule and vertue both
Succeede his brother in his emperie.

K. John.

My gracious mother queene, and barons all;
Though farre unworthy of so high a place,
As is the throne of mighty *Englands* king:
Yet *John* your lord, contented uncontent,
Will (as he may) sustaine the heavy yoke
Of pressing cares, that hang upon a crowne.
My lord of *Pembroke* and lord *Salisbury*,
Admit the lord *Chattilion* to our pretence;
That we may know what *Philip* king of *Fraunce*
(By his ambassadors) requires of us.

Q. Elinor.

Q. Elinor.

Dare lay my hand that *Elinor* can gesse
Whereto this weighty embassade doth tend:
If of my nephew *Arthur* and his claime,
Then say, my sonne, I have not misse my aime.

Enter Chattilion and the two Earles.

John.

My lord *Chattilion*, welcome into *England*:
How fares our brother *Philip* king of *Fraunce*?

Chattilion.

His highnesse at my comming was in health,
And will'd me to salute your majestie,
And say the message he hath given in charge.

John.

And spare not man, wee are preparede to heare.

Chattilion.

Philip, by the grace of God most christian king of *France*,
having taken into his gardain and protection *Arthur* D. of
Brittaine sonne and heire to *Jeffrey* thine elder brother, re-
quireth in the behalfe of the faide *Arthur*, the kingdome of
England, with the lordship of *Ireland*, *Poitiers*, *Anjow*, *Toraine*,
Maine: and I attend thine answer.

John.

A finall request: belike hee makes account,
That *England*, *Ireland*, *Poitiers*, *Anjow*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
Are nothing for a king to give at once:
I wonder what he meanes to leave for me.
Tell *Philip*, he may keepe his lords at home,
With greater honour than to fend them thus
On embassades that not concerne himselfe,
Or if they did, would yeeld but small returne.

Chattilion.

Is this thine answer?

John.

It is, and too good an answer for so proud a message.

Chattilion.

Then king of *England*, in my masters name,
And in prince *Arthur* duke of *Brittaines* name,

I doe

I doe dese thee as an enemye,
And with thee to prepare for bloody warres.

Q. Elinor.

My lord (that stands upon defiance thus)
Commend me to my nephew, tell the boy,
That I queene *Elianor* (his grandmother)
Upon my blessing charge him leave his armes
Whereto his head-strong mother prickes him so:
Her pride we know, and know her for a dame
That will not sticke to bring him to his end,
So she may bring her selfe to rule a realme.
Next, with him to forsake the king of *Fraunce*,
And come to me and to his uncle here,
And he shall want for nothing at our hands.

Chattilion.

This shall I do, and thus I take my leave.

John.

Pembrooke, convey him safely to the sea,
But not in haste: for as we are advise,
We meane to be in *France* as soone as he,
To fortifie such townes as we possesse
In *Anjow*, *Toraine*, and in *Normandie*.

[Exit Chatt.]

Enter the Shrive and whispers the Earle of Salisbury in the eare.

Salisbury.

Please it your majesty, here is the shrive of *Northampton-
shire*, with certaine persons that of late committed a riot, and
have appeald to your majesty, beseeching your highnesse
for speciall cause to heare them.

John.

Will them come neere, and while wee heare the cause,
Goe *Salisbury* and make provision,
We meane with speed to passe the sea to *France*. [Exit Sals.]
Say shrive, what are these men, what have they done?
Or whereto tends the course of this appeale?

Shrive.

Please it your majesty, these two brethren unnaturally falling
at odds about their fathers living, have broken your highnesse
peace,

peace, in seeking to right their owne wrongs without course of lawe, or order of justice, and unlawfully assembled themselves in mutinous maner, having committed a riot, appealing from triall in their country to your highness: and here I *Thomas Nidigate* shrive of *Northamptonshire* do deliver them over to their triall.

John.

My lord of *Essex*, wil thoffenders to stand forth, and tell the cause of their quarrell.

Essex.

Gentlemen, it is the kings pleasure that you discover your griefs, and doubt not but you shal have justice.

Philip.

Please it your M. the wrong is mine: yet will I abide all wrongs, before I once open my mouth t'unrip the shamefull slander of my parents, the dishonor of my self, and the bad dealing of my brother in this princely assemblie.

Robert.

Then, by my prince his leave, shall *Robert* speake,
And tell your majestie what right I have
To offer wrong, as he accounteth wrong.
My father (not unknowne unto your grace)
Receiv'd his spurres of knighthood in the field,
At kingly *Richards* hands in *Palestine*,
When as the walls of *Acon* gave him way:
His name fir *Robert Fauconbridge* of *Mountbery*.
What by succession from his ancestors,
And warlike service under *Englands* armes,
His living did amount to at his death
Two thousand markes renew every yeare:
And this (my lord) I challenge for my right,
As lawfull heire to *Robert Fauconbridge*.

Philip.

If first-borne sonne be heire indubitate
By certaine right of *Englands* auntient lawe,
How should my selfe make any other doubt,
But I am heire to *Robert Fauconbridge*.

John.

Fond youth, to trouble these our princely eares,
Or make a question in so plaine a case:
Speake, is this man thine elder brother borne?

Robert.

Robert.

Please it your grace with patience for to heare,
I not deny but he mine elder is,
Mine elder brother too: yet in such fort,
As he can make no title to the land.

John.

A doubtfull tale as ever I did heare,
Thy brother, and thine elder, and no heire;
Explaine this darke *Ænigma*.

Robert.

I grant (my lord) he is my mothers sonne,
Base borne, and base begot, no *Fauconbridge*.
Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,
My father in his life did count him so,
And here my mother stands to proove him so:
But I (my lord) can proove, and doe averre
Both to my mothers shame, and his reproach,
He is no heire, nor yet legitimate.
Then (gracious lord) let *Fauconbridge* enjoy
The living that belongs to *Fauconbridge*.
And let not him possesse anothers right.

John.

Proove this, the land is thine by *Englands* lawe.

Q. Elinor.

Ungracious youth, to rip thy mothers shame,
The wombe from whence thou didst thy being take,
All honest eares abhorre thy wickednesse,
But gold I see doth beate downe natures law.

Mother.

My gracious lord, and you thrice reverend dame,
That see the teares distilling from mine eies,
And scalding fighes blowne from a rent heart:
For honour and regard of womanhood,
Let me intreate to be commaunded hence.
Let not these eares heere receive the hissing sound
Of such a viper, who with poysoned words
Doth masserate the bowells of my soule.

John.

Lady, stand up, be patient for a while:
And fellow, say, whose bastard is thy brother?

Philip

Philip.

Not for my selfe, nor for my mother now ;
But for the honour of so brave a man,
Whom hee accuseth with adulterie :
Heere I beseech your grace upon my knees,
To count him mad, and so dismisse us hence.

Robert.

Nor mad, nor mazde, but well advised, I
Charge thee before this royall presence here
To be a bastard to king *Richards* selfe,
Sonne to your grace, and brother to your majestie.
Thus bluntly, and

Eliapor.

Yong man, thou needst not be ashamed of thy kin,
Nor of thy fire. But forward with thy prooffe.

Robert.

The prooffe so plaine, the argument so strong,
As that your highnesse and these noble lords,
And all (save those that have no eyes to see)
Shall sweare him to be bastard to the king.
First, when my father was embassadour
In *Germaine* unto the Emperour,
The king lay often at my fathers house ;
And all the realme suspected what befell :
And at my fathers backe returne agen
My mother was delivered, as tis sed,
Sixe weeks before the account my father made.
But more than this : looke but on *Philips* face,
His features, actions, and his lineaments,
And all this princely presence shall confesse,
He is no other but king *Richards* sonne.
Then gracious lord, rest he king *Richards* sonne,
And let me rest safe in my fathers right,
That am his rightfull sonne and only heire.

John.

Is this thy prooffe, and all thou hast to say ?

Robert.

I have no more, nor neede I greater prooffe.

John.

First, where thou saidst in absence of thy fire
My brother often lodged in his house :

And what of that ? base groome to flander him,
That honoured his embassador so much,
In absence of the man to cheere the wife ?
This will not hold, proceed unto the next.

Q. Elinor.

Thou saist she teemde sixe weekes before her time,
Why good sir squire, are you so cunning growen,
To make account of womens reckonings ?
Spit in your hand and to your other proofes :
Many mischances happen in such affaires,
To make a woman come before her time.

John.

And where thou saist, he looketh like the king,
In action, feature and proportion :
Therein I hold with thee, for in my life
I never saw so lively counterfet
Of *Richard Cordelion*, as in him.

Robert.

Then good my lord, be you indifferent judge,
And let me have my living and my right.

Q. Elinor.

Nay, heare you sir, you runne away too fast :
Know you not, *omne simile non est idem* ?
Or have read in. Harke yee good sir,
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwise.
Shee lay with sir *Robert* your father, and thought upon king
Richard my sonne, and so your brother was formed in this
fashion.

Robert.

Madame, you wrong me thus to jest it out,
I crave my right : king *John*, as thou art king,
So be thou just, and let me have my right.

John.

Why (foolish boy) thy proofes are frivolous,
Nor canst thou challenge any thing thereby.
But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime :
This is my doome, and this my doome shall stand
Irrevocable, as I am king of *England*.
For thou know'it not, weele aske of them that know,

His mother and himfelfe shall end this strife :
And as they fay, fo shall thy living paffe.

Robert.

My lord, herein I challenge you of wrong,
To give away my right, and put the doome
Unto themfelves. Can there be likelihood
That ſhee will loofe ?

Or he will give the living from himfelfe ?
It may not be my lord. Why ſhould it be ?

John.

Lords, keep him back, and let him heare the doom.
Effex, firſt aſke the mother thrice who was his fire ?

Effex.

Lady *Margaret*, widow of *Fauconbridge*,
Who was father to thy ſonne *Philip* ?

Mother.

Please it your majeſty, fir *Rob. Fauconbridge*.

Robert.

This is right, aſke my fellow there if I be a thiefe.

John.

Aſke *Philip* whoſe ſonne he is.

Effex.

Philip, who was thy father ?

Philip.

Mas my lord, and that's a queſtion : and you had not taken
ſome paines with her before, I ſhould have deſired you to aſke
my mother.

John.

Say, who was thy father ?

Philip.

Faith (my lord) to anſwere you, ſure hee is my father that
was neereſt my mother when I was begotten, and him I thinke
to be fir *Robert Fauconbridge*.

John.

Effex, for faſhions ſake demand agen,
And ſo an end to this contention.

Robert.

Was ever man thus wrongd as *Robert* is ?

Effex.

Philip ſpeake I ſay, who was thy father ?

John.

John.

Young man how now, what art thou in a trance ?

Eliſenor.

Philip awake, the man is in a dreame.

Philip.

Philippus atavis ædite Regibus.

What ſaiſt thou *Philip*, ſprung of auncient kings ?

Quo me rapit tempeſtas ?

What winde of honour blowes this furie forth ?

Or whence procede theſe fumes of majeſtie ?

Me thinkes I heare a hollow eccho ſound,

That *Philip* is the ſonne unto a king :

The whiſtling leaves upon the trembling trees,

Whiſtle in conſort I am *Richards* ſonne :

The bubbling murmur of the waters fall,

Records *Philippus Regius filius* :

Birds in their flight make muſicke with their wings,

Filling the aire with glorie of my birth :

Birds, bubbles, leaves, and mountaines, eccho, all

Ring in mine eares, that I am *Richards* ſonne.

Fond man ! ah whither art thou carried ?

How are thy thoughts ywraſt in honors heaven ?

Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camſt.

Thy fathers land cannot maintaine theſe thoughts,

Theſe thoughts are farre unfitting *Fauconbridge* :

And well they may ; for why this mounting minde

Doth ſoare too high to ſtoupe to *Fauconbridge*.

Why how now ? knoweſt thou where thou art ?

And knoweſt thou who expects thine anſwer here ?

Wilt thou upon a frantiecke madding vaine

Goe looſe thy land, and ſay thy ſelfe baſe borne ?

No, keepe thy land, though *Richard* were thy fire,

What ere thou thinkeſt, ſay thou art *Fauconbridge*.

John.

Speake man, be ſodaine, who thy father was.

Philip.

Please it your majeſtie, fir *Robert*

Philip, that *Fauconbridge* cleaves to thy jawes :

It will not out, I cannot for my life

Say I am ſonne unto a *Fauconbridge*.

P 2

Let

Let land and living goe, tis honors fire
That makes me sweare king *Richard* was my fire.
Base to a king addes title of more state,
Than knights begotten, though legitimate.
Please it your grace, I am king *Richards* sonne.

Robert.

Robert revive thy heart, let sorrow die,
His faltring tongue not suffers him to lie.

Mother.

What head-strong furie doth enchant my sonne?

Philip.

Philip cannot repent, for he hath done.

John.

Then *Philip* blame not me, thy selfe hast lost
By wilfulnesse, thy living and thy land.

Robert, thou art the heire of *Fauconbridge*,
God give thee joy, greater than thy desert.

2. Elinor.

Why how now *Philip*, give away thine owne?

Philip.

Madame, I am bold to make my self your nephew,
The poorest kinsman that your highnesse hath:
And with this proverb gin the world anew,
Help hands, I have no lands, honor is my desire;
Let *Philip* live to shew himselfe worthy so great a fire.

Elinor.

Philip, I think thou knewst thy grandams minde:
But cheere thee boy, I will not see thee want
As long as *Elinor* hath foote of land;
Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne,
And waite on me and on thine uncle heere,
Who shall give honour to thy noble mind.

John.

Philip kneele downe, that thou maist thoroughly know
How much thy resolution pleaseth us,
Rise up sir *Richard Plantaginet* king *Richards* sonne.

Philip.

Grant heavens that *Philip* once may shew himselfe
Worthy the honour of *Plantaginet*,
Or basest glorie of a bastards name.

John

John.

Now gentlemen, we will away to *France*,
To checke the pride of *Arthur* and his mates:
Essex, thou shalt be ruler of my realme,
And toward the maine charges of my warres,
Ile ceaze the lasie abbey lubbards lands
Into my hands to pay my men of warre.
The pope and popelings shall not grease themselves
With gold and groates, that are the souldiers due.
Thus forward lords, let our commaund be done,
And march we forward mightily to *France*. [Exeunt.
[Manet *Philip* and his *Mother*.]

Philip.

Madame, I beseech you deigne me so much leasure as the
hearing of a matter I long to impart to you.

Mother.

What's the matter *Philip*? I thinke your suit in secret, tends
to some money matter, which you suppose burnes in the bot-
tome of my chest.

Philip.

No madam, it is no such suit as to beg or borrow,
But such a suit, as might some other grant,
I would not now have troubled you withall.

Mother.

A gods name let us heare it.

Philip.

Then madam thus, your ladihip fees well,
How that my scandall growes by meanes of you,
In that report hath rumord up and downe,
I am a battard, and no *Fauconbridge*.
This grosse attaint so tilteth in my thoughts,
Maintaining combat to abridge mine ease,
That field and towne, and company alone,
What so I doe, or wherefoere I am,
I cannot chafe the slander from my thoughts.
If it be true, resolve me of my fire,
For pardon madam, if I thinke amisse.
Be *Philip Philip*, and no *Fauconbridge*,
His father doubtlesse was as brave a man.
To you on knees, as sometime *Phaeton*,

P 3

Mistrusting

Mistrusting fielly *Merop* for his fire,
Straining a little bathfull modestie,
I beg some instance whence I am extraught.

Mother.

Yet more adoe to haste me to my grave,
And wilt thou too become a mothers crosse?
Must I accuse my selfe to close with you?
Slauder my selfe, to quiet your affects?
Thou moov'st me *Philip* with this idle talke,
Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.

Philip.

Nay lady mother, heare me further yet,
For strong conceit drives dutie hence awhile:
Your husband *Fauconbridge* was father to that sonne,
That carries markes of nature like the fire,
The sonne that bloteth you with wedlockes breach,
And holds my right, as lineall in descent
From him whose forme was figured in his face.
Can nature so dissemble in her frame,
To make the one so like as like may be,
And in the other print no character
To challenge any marke of true descent?
My brothers mind is base, and too too dull,
To mount where *Philip* lodgeth his affects,
And his externall graces that you viewe,
(Though I report it) counterpoise not mine:
His constitution plaine debilitie,
Requires the chaire, and mine the seat of steele.
Nay, what is he, or what am I to him?
When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
Will scarcely judge us both one countrey borne.
This madam, this, hath drove me from my selfe:
And here by heavens eternall lampes I sweare,
As cursed *Nero* with his mother did,
So I with you, if you resolve me not.

Mother.

Let mothers teares quench out thy angers fire,
And urge no further what thou doest require.

Philip.

Let sonnes intreatie sway the mother now,
Or else shee dies; He not infringe my vow.

Mother.

Mother.

Unhappy taske: must I recount my shame,
Blab my misdeeds, or by concealing die?
Some power strike me speechlesse for a time,
Or take from him a while his hearings use.
Why wish I so, unhappy as I am?
The fault is mine, and he the faultie fruit,
I blush, I faint, oh would I might be mute.

Philip.

Mother be brieft, I long to know my name.

Mother.

And longing die, to shroud thy mothers shame.

Philip.

Come madame come, you need not be so loath,
The shame is shared equall twixt us both.
It is not a slackenesse in me, worthy blame,
To be so old, and cannot write my name.
Good mother resolve me.

Mother.

Then *Philip* heare thy fortune, and my grieve,
My honours losse by purchasse of thy selfe,
My shame, thy name, and husbands secret wrong,
All maimed and staine'd by youths unruly sway.
And when thou know'st from whence thou art extraught,
Or if thou knew'st what suites, what threats, what feares,
To moove by love, or massacre by death.
To yeeld with love, or end by loves contempt.
The mightinesse of him that courted me,
Who tempered terror with his wanton talke,
That something may extenuate the guilt.
But let it not advantage me so much:
Upbraid me rather with the *Romane* dame,
That shed her blood to wash away her shame.
Why stand I to expostulate the crime
With *pro & contra*, now the deed is done?
When to conclude two words may tell the tale,
That *Philips* father was a princes sonne,
Rich *Englands* rule, worlds onely terror he,
For honours losse left me with child of thee:

P 4

Whose

Whose sonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,
For faire king *Richard* was thy noble father.

Philip.

Then *Robin Fauconbridge* I wish thee joy,
My sire a king, and I a landlesse boy.
Gods lady mother, the world is in my debt,
There's something owing to *Plantaginet*,
I marry sir, let me alone for game,
He act some wonders now I know my name.
By blessed *Mary* He not fell that pride
For *Englands* wealth, and all the world beside,
Sit fast the proudest of my fathers foes,
Away good mother, there the comfort goes.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Philip the French king, and Lewis, Limoges, Constance,
and her sonne Arthur.*

King.

Now gin we broach the title of thy claime,
Young *Arthur* in the *Albion* territories,
Skaring proud *Angiers* with a puissant siege:
Brave *Austria*, cause of *Cordelions* death,
Is also come to aide thee in thy warres;
And all our forces joyne for *Arthurs* right.
And, but for causes of great consequence,
Pleading delay till newes from *England* come,
Twice should not *Titan* hide him in the west,
To coole the fet-locks of his wearie teame,
Till I had with an unresisted shoocke
Controll'd the mannage of proud *Angiers* walls,
Or made a forget of my fame to chaunce.

Constance.

May be that *John* in conscience or in feare
To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,
Will send such calme conditions backe to *Fraunce*,
As shall rebate the edge of fearefull warres:
If so, forbearance is a deed well done.

Arthur.

Ah mother, possession of a crowne is much,
And *John* as I have heard reported of,

For

For present vantage would adventure farre,
The world can witnesse, in his brothers time,
He tooke upon him rule, and almost raigne:
Then must it follow as a doubtfull point,
That hee'l resigne the rule unto his nephew.
I rather thinke the menace of the world
Sounds in his eares, as threats of no esteeme,
And sooner would he scorne *Europa's* power,
Than loose the smallest title he enjoys;
For questionlesse he is an *Englishman*.

Lewis.

Why are the *English* peerelesse in compare?
Brave cavaliers as ere that island bred,
Have liv'd and di'd, and dar'd, and done enough,
Yet never grac'd their countrey for the cause:
England is *England*, yeelding good and bad,
And *John* of *England* is as other *Johns*.
Trust me yong *Arthur*, if thou like my reed,
Praise thou the *French* that helpe thee in this need.

Limoges.

The *Englishman* hath little cause I trowe,
To spend good speeches on so proud a foe.
Why *Arthur* here's his spoyle that now is gone,
Who when he liv'd outrov'd his brother *John*:
But hastie cures that lie so long to catch,
Come halting home, and meete their over-match.
But newes come now, here's the embassadour,

Enter Chattilion.

K. Philip.

And in good time, welcome my lord *Chattilion*:
What newes? will *John* accord to our command?
Chattilion.

Be I not brieve to tell your highnesse all,
He will approach to interrupt my tale:
For one selfe bottome brought us both to *Fraunce*.
He on his part will trie the chance of warre,
And if his words inferre assured truth,
Will loose himselfe, and all his followers,

Exo

Ere yeeld unto the least of your demands.
 The mother queene shee taketh on amaine
 Gainst lady *Constance*, counting her the cause
 That doth effect this claime to *Albion*,
 Conjuring *Arthur* with a grandames care,
 To leave his mother; willing him submit
 His state to *John*, and her protection,
 Who (as shee saith) are studious for his good.
 More circumstance the season intercepts:
 This is the summe, which briefly I have showne.

K. Philip.

This bitter winde must nip some-bodies spring:
 Sodaine and briefe, who so, 'tis harvest whether.
 But say *Chattilion*, what persons of account are with him?

Chattilion.

Of *England*, Earle *Pembrooke* and *Salisbury*,
 The onely noted men of any name.
 Next them, a bastard of the kings deceast,
 A hardie wild-head, tough and venturous,
 With many other men of high resolve.
 Then is there with them *Elinor* mother queene,
 And *Blanch* her neece, daughter to the king of *Spaine*:
 These are the prime birds of this hot adventure.

Enter John and his followers, Queene, Bastard, Earles, &c.

K. Philip.

Me seemeth *John*, an over-daring spirit
 Effects some frensie in thy rash approach,
 Treading my confines with thy armed troupes.
 I rather lookt for some submisse reply
 Touching the claime thy nephew *Arthur* makes
 To that which thou unjustly dost usurpe.

K. John.

For that *Chattilion* can discharge you all,
 I list not pleade my title with my tongue.
 Nor came I hither with intent of wrong
 To *France* or thee, or any right of thine;
 But in defence and purchase of my right,
 The towne of *Angiers*: which thou dost begirt

In

In the behalfe of lady *Constance* sonne,
 Whereto nor he nor she can lay just claime.

Constance.

Yes (false intruder) if that just be just,
 And head-strong usurpation put apart,
Arthur my sonne, heire to thy elder brother,
 Without ambiguous shadow of discent,
 Is soveraigne to the substance thou withholdst.

Elinor.

Misgoverned gossip, staine to this resort,
 Occasion of these undecided jarres,
 I say (that know) to checke thy vaine suppose,
 Thy sonne hath naught to do with that he claimes.
 For prooffe whereof, I can inferre a will,
 That barres the way he urgeth by discent.

Constance.

A will indeed, a crabbed womans will,
 Wherein the divell is an overseer,
 And proud dame *Elinor* sole executresse:
 More wills than so, on perill of my soule,
 Were never made to hinder *Arthurs* right.

Arthur.

But say there was, as sure there can be none,
 The law intends such testaments as void,
 Where right discent can no way be impeacht.

Elinor.

Peace *Arthur* peace, thy mother makes thee wings
 To soare with perill after *Icarus*,
 And trust me yongling for the fathers sake,
 I pity much the hazard of thy youth.

Constance.

Beshrew you else how pitifull you are,
 Ready to weepe to heare him alke his owne;
 Sorrow betide such grandames and such grieffe,
 That minister a poyson for pure love.
 But who so blind, as cannot see this beame,
 That you forsooth would keepe your cousin downe,
 For feare his mother should be us'd too well?
 I there's the grieffe, confusion catch the braine,
 That hammers shiftes to stop a princes raigne.

Elinor.

Q. Elianor.

Impatient, franticke, common flauderer,
 Immodest dame, unnurtur'd quarreller,
 I tell thee I, not envie to thy sonne,
 But justice makes me speake as I have done.

K. Philip.

But here's no prooffe that shews your sonne a king.

K. John.

What wants, my sword shal more at large set down,

Lewis.

But that may breake before the truth be known.

Bastard.

Then this may hold till all his right be showne,

Lymoges.

Good words fir fauce, your betters are in place.

Bastard.

Not you fir doughtie, with your lyons case.

Blanch.

Ah joy betide his soule, to whom that spoyle belong'd :
 Ah *Richard*, how thy glory here is wrong'd.

Lymoges.

Me thinks that *Richards* pride and *Richards* fall,
 Should be a president t'afright you all.

Bastard.

What words are these? how do my sinews shake?
 My fathers foe clad in my fathers spoyle,
 A thousand furies kindle with revenge,
 This heart that choller keepes a consistorie,
 Searing my inwards with a brand of hate:
 How doth *Aleczo* whisper in mine eares?
 Delay not *Philip*, kill the villaine straight,
 Disrobe him of the matchlesse monument
 Thy fathers triumph ore the savages,
 Baie heardgroom, coward, peasant, worse than a threshing slave,
 What mak'st thou with the trophie of a king?
 Sham'st thou not coyftrell, loathsome dunghill swad,
 To grace thy carkaffe with an ornament
 Too pretious for a monarkes coverture?
 Scarce can I temper due obedience
 Unto the presence of my soveraigne,

From

From acting outrage on this trunk of hate:
 But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowne,
 For by his soule I sweare, my fathers soule,
 Twise will I not review the mornings rise,
 Till I have torne that trophie from thy backe,
 And split thy heart for wearing it so long.
Philip hath sworne, and if it be not done,
 Let not the world repute me *Richards* sonne.

Lymoges.

Nay soft fir bastard, hearts are not split so soone,
 Let them rejoyce that at the end doe win:
 And take this lesson at thy foe-mans hand,
 Pawne not thy life to get thy fathers skin.

Blanch.

Wel may the world speake of his knightly valor,
 That wins this hide to weare a ladies favour.

Bastard.

Ill may I thrive, and nothing brooke with me,
 If shortly I present it not to thee.

K. Philip.

Lordings forbear, for time is comming fast,
 That deeds may trie what words can not determine,
 And to the purpose for the cause you come.
 Me seemes you set right in chaunce of warre,
 Yeelding no other reasons for your claime,
 But so and so, because it shall be so.
 So wrong shall be suborn'd by trust of strength:
 A tyrants practise to invest himsele,
 Where weak resistance giveth wrong the way.
 To checke the which, in holy lawfull armes,
 I, in the right of *Arthur*, *Geffreys* sonne,
 Am come before this city of *Angiers*,
 To barre all other false supposed claime,
 From whence, or howsoere the error springs.
 And in his quarrell on my princely word,
 He fight it out unto the latett man.

John.

Know king of *France*, I will not be commanded
 By any power or prince in *Christendome*,
 To yeeld an instance how I hold mine owne,

2

More

More than to answere, that mine owne is mine,
But wilt thou see me parley with the towne,
And heare them offer me alleageance,
Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought.

K. Philip.

Summon them, I will not beleeeve it till I see it,
And when I see it, Ile soone change it.

[They summon the towne, the citizens appeare upon the walls.]

K. John.

You men of *Angiors*, and as I take it my loiall subjects, I have summoned you to the walls: to dispute on my right, were to thinke you doubtfull therein, which I am perswaded you are not. In few words, our brothers sonne, backt with the king of *France*, have beleagred your towne upon a false pretended title to the same: in defence wherof I your liege lord have brought our power to fence you from the usurper, to free your intended fervitude, and utterly to supplant the foemen, to my right and your rest. Say then, who keepe you the towne for?

Citizen.

For our lawfull king.

John.

I was no lesse perswaded: then in gods name open your gates, and let me enter.

Citizen.

And it please your highnes we comptroll not your title, neither will wee rashly admit your entrance: if you be lawfull king, with all obedience we keep it to your use, if not king, our rashnes to be impeached for yeelding, without more considerate triall: wee answere not as men lawlesse, but to the behoofe of him that prooves lawfull.

John.

I shall not come in then?

Citizen.

No my lord, till we know more.

K. Philip.

Then heare me speak in the behalfe of *Arthur* son of *Geffrey*, elder brother to *John*, his title manifest, with out contradiction, to the crowne and kingdom of *England*, with *Angiers*, and divers townes on this side the sea: wil you acknowledge

knowledge him your liege lord, who speaketh in my word, to entertaine you with all favors, as befeemeth a king to his subjects, or a friend to his welwillers: or stand to the peril of your contempt, when his title is proved by the sword.

Citizen.

We answer as before, til you have proved one right, we acknowledge none right, he that tries himselfe our soveraigne, to him wil we remaine firme subjects, and for him, and in his right we hold our towne, as desirous to know the truth, as loth to subscribe before we know: more than this we cannot say, and more than this we dare not do.

K. Philip.

Then *John* I desie thee, in the name and behalfe of *Arthur Plantaginet*, thy king and cousin, whose right and patrimony thou detainest, as I doubt not, ere the day end, in a set battel make thee confesse; whereunto, with a zeale to right, I challenge thee.

K. John.

I accept thy challenge, and turne the defiance to thy throat.

Excursions. *The bastard chaseth Lymoges the Austrich duke, and maketh him leave the Lyons skin.*

Bastard.

And art thou gone! misfortune haunt thy steps,
And chill cold feare assaile thy times of rest.
Morpheus leave here thy silent eban cave,
Besiege his thoughts with dismall fantasies,
And ghastly objects of pale threatning mors.
Affright him every minute with stearne lookes,
Let shadow temper terror in his thoughts,
And let the terror make the coward mad,
And in his madnesse let him feare pursuit,
And so in frensie let the peasant die.
Here is the ransome that alliaies his rage,
The first freehold that *Richard* left his sonne:
With which I shall surprize his living foes,
As *Hectors* statue did the fainting *Greekes*.

[Exit.]

Enter

Enter the Kings Heraulds with trumpets to the wals of Angiers:
they summon the towne.

Eng. Heraulds.

John by the grace of God king of *England*, lord of *Ireland*,
Anjou, *Toraine*, &c. demandeth once again of you his sub-
jects of *Angiers*, if you wil quietly surrender up the towne
into his hands?

Fr. Herold.

Philip by the grace of God king of *France*, demaundeth
in the behalfe of *Arthur* duke of *Brittaine*, if you will sur-
render up the towne into his hands, to the use of the said
Arthur.

Citizens.

Herrolds go tell the two victorious princes, that we the
poore inhabitants of *Angiers*, require a parley of their ma-
jesties.

Herolds.

We goe.

Enter the Kings, *Queene* *Elianor*, *Blanch*, *Bastard*, *Lymoges*,
Lewis, *Castilean*, *Pembrooke*, *Salisbury*, *Constance*, and
Arthur Duke of Brittain.

John.

Herold, what answer doe the townsmen send?

Philip.

Will *Angiers* yeeld to *Philip* king of *France*?

Eng. Heraulds.

The townsmen on the wals accept your grace.

Fr. Herolds.

And crave a parley of your majesty.

John.

You cittizens of *Angiers*, have your eyes
Beheld the slaughter that our *English* bowes
Have made upon the coward fraudfull *French*?
And have you wisely pondred therewithall
Your gaine in yeelding to the *English* king?

Philip.

Their losse in yeelding to the *English* king,
But *John*, they saw from out their highest towers

The

The chevaliers of *France* and crosse-bow-shot
Make lanes of slaughterd bodies through thine hoast,
And are resolv'd to yeeld to *Arthurs* right.

John.

Why *Philip*, though thou bravst it fore the wals,
Thy conscience knowes that *John* hath wonne the field.

Philip.

What ere my conscience knowes, thy army fees
That *Philip* had the better of the day.

Bastard.

Philip indeed hath got the lions case,
Which here he holds to *Lymoges* disgrace.
Bafe duke to flie and leave such spoiles behind:
But this thou knewst of force to make me stay.
It farde with thee as with the mariner,
Spying the hugie whale, whose monstrous bulke
Doth beare the waves like mountaines fore the wind,
That throwes out emptie vessels, so to stay
His fury, while the ship doth fayle away.
Philip 'tis thine: and fore this princely presence,
Madame, I humbly lay it at your feete,
Being the first adventure I atchiev'd,
And first exploite your grace did me enjoyne:
Yet many more I long to be enjoyn'd.

Blanch.

Philip I take it, and I thee command
To weare the same as earst thy father did:
Therewith receive this favour at my hands,
T'incourage thee to follow *Richards* fame.

Arthur.

Ye cittizens of *Angiers* are ye mute?
Arthur or *John*, say which shall be your king?

Cittizen.

We care not which, if once we knew the right;
But till we know, we will not yeeld our right.

Bastard.

Might *Philip* counsell two so mightie kings,
As are the kings of *England* and of *France*,
He would advise your graces to unite
And knit your forces gainst these cittizens,

Q

Pulling

Pulling their battred wals about their eares,
The towne once wonne, then strive about the claime,
For they are minded to delude you both.

Cittizen.

Kings, princes, lords, and knights assembled here,
The cittizens of *Angiers* all by me
Entreate your majestie to heare them speake:
And as you like the motion they shall make,
So to account and follow their advice.

John. Phil.

Speake on, we give thee leave.

Cittizen.

Then thus: whereas the young and lusty knight
Incites you on to knit your kingly strengths:
The motion cannot chuse but please the good,
And such as love the quiet of the state.
But how my lords, how shold your strengths be knit?
Not to oppresse your subjects and your friends,
And fill the world with brawles and mutinies:
But unto peace your forces should be knit
To live in princely league and amitie:
Doe this, the gates of *Angiers* shall give way,
And stand wide open to your hearts content.
To make this peace a lasting bond of love,
Remaines one onely honourable meanes,
Which by your pardon I shall here display.
Lewis the *Dolbin* and the heire of *France*,
A man of noted valour through the world,
Is yet unmarried: let him take to wife
The beauteous daughter of the king of *Spaine*,
Neece to *K. John*, the lovely lady *Blanch*,
Begotten on his sifter *Elianor*.
With her in marriage will her unkle give
Castles and towers, as fitteth such a match.
The kings thus joynd in league of perfect love,
They may so deale with *Arthur* duke of *Britaine*,
Who is but young, and yet unmeet to raigne,
As he shall stand contented every way.
Thus have I boldly (for the common good)
Delivered what the cite gave in charge.

I

And

And as upon conditions you agree,
So shall we stand content to yeeld the towne.

Arthur.

A proper peace, if such a motion hold;
These kings beare armes for me, and for my right,
And they shall share my lands to make them friends.

Q. Elianor.

'Sonne *John*, follow this motion, as thou lovest thy mother.
Make league with *Philip*, yeeld to any thing:
Lewis shall have my neece, and then be sure
Arthur shall have small succour out of *France*.

John.

Brother of *France*, you heare the cittizens:
Then tell me, how you meane to deale herein.

Constance.

Why *John*, what canst thou give unto thy neece,
Thou hast no foote of land but *Arthurs* right?

Lewis.

Bir lady cittizens, I like your choyce,
A lovely damsel is the lady *Blanch*,
Worthy the heire of *Europe* for her pheere.

Constance.

What kings, why stand you gazing in a trance?
Why how now lords? accursed cittizens
To fill and tickle their ambitious eares,
With hope of gaine, that springs from *Arthurs* losse.
Some dismall planet at thy birth-day raignd,
For now I see the fall of all thy hopes.

K. Philip.

Ladie, and duke of *Brittaine*, know you both,
The king of *France* respects his honor more,
Than to betray his friends and favourers.
Princesse of *Spaine*, could you affect my sonne,
If we upon conditions could agree?

Bastard.

Sounds madam, take an *English* gentleman;
Slave as I was, I thought to have moov'd the match.
Grandame you made me halfe a promise once,
That lady *Blanch* should bring me wealth inough,
And make me heire of store of *English* land.

Q. 2

Q. Elianor.

Q. Elinor.

Peace *Philip*, I will looke thee out a wife,
We must with policie compound this strife.

Bastard.

If *Lewis* get her, well, I say no more:
But let the frolicke *Frenchman* take no scorne,
If *Philip* front him with an *English* horne.

John.

Ladie, what answer make you to the K. of *France*?
Can you affect the *Dolphin* for your lord?

Blanch.

I thanke the king that likes of me so well,
To make me bride unto so great a prince:
But give me leave my lord to pause on this,
Least beeing too too forward in the cause,
It may be blemish to my modestie.

Q. Elinor.

Sonne *John*, and worthy *Philip* K. of *France*,
Do you confer a while about the dower,
And I will schoole my modest neece so well,
That she shall yeeld as soone as you have done.

Constance.

I, theres the wretch that brocheth all this il,
Why flie I not upon the bedlams face,
And with my nayles pull forth her hatefull eyes.

Arthur.

Sweet mother cease these hastie madding fits:
For my sake, let my grandam have her will.
O would she with her hands pull forth my heart,
I could afford it to appease these broyles.
But (mother) let us wisely winke at all,
Least farther harmes ensue our hastie speech.

Philip.

Brother of *England*, what dowrie wilt thou give
Unto my sonne in marriage with thy neece?

John.

First *Philip* knowes her dowrie out of *Spaine*,
To be so great as may content a king:
But more to mend and amplifie the same,
I give in money thirtie thousand markes.
For land I leave it to thine owne demand.

Philip.

Philip.

Then I demand *Volquesson*, *Torain*, *Main*,
Poiters and *Anjou*, these five provinces,
Which thou as king of *England* holdst in *France*:
Then shall our peace be soone concluded on.

Bastard.

No lesse then five such provinces at once?

John.

Mother what shal I do? my brother got these lands
With much effusion of our *English* blood:
And shall I give it all away at once?

Q. Elinor.

John give it him, so shalt thou live in peace,
And keepe the residue sans jeopardie.

John.

Philip, bring foorth thy sonne, here is my neece,
And here in marriage I do give with her
From me and my successors *English* kings,
Volquesson, *Poiters*, *Anjou*, *Torain*, *Main*,
And thirtie thousand markes of stipend coyne.
Now citizens, how like you of this match?

Citizens.

We joy to see so sweete a peace begun.

Lewis.

Lewis with *Blanch* shall ever live content.
But now king *John*, what say you to the duke?
Father, speake as you may in his behalfe.

Philip.

K. *John*, be good unto thy nephew here,
And give him somewhat that shall please you best.

John.

Arthur, although thou troublest *Englands* peace
Yet here I give thee *Brittaine* for thine owne,
Together with the earledome of *Richmont*,
And this rich citie of *Angiers* withall.

Q. Elinor.

And if thou seeke to please thine uncle *John*,
Shalt see my sonne how I will make of thee.

John.

Now every thing is sorted to this end,
Lets in, and there prepare the marriage rites,

Q 3

Which

Which in *S. Maries* chappell presently
 Shall be performed ere this presence part. [Exeunt.
 [Manent Constance and Arthur.
Arthur.

Madam good cheere, these drouping languishments
 Adde no redresse to salve our awkward haps,
 If heavens have concluded these events,
 To small availe is bitter pensivenesse:
 Seasons will change, and so our present greefe
 May change with them, and all to our releefe.

Constance.

Ah boy, thy yeares I see are farre too greene
 To looke into the bottome of these cares.
 But I, who see the poyse that weigheth downe
 Thy weale, my wish, and all the willing meanes
 Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount.
 What joy, what ease, what rest can lodge in me,
 With whom all hope and hap doe disagree?

Arthur.

Yet ladies teares, and cares, and solemn shewes,
 Rather then helps, heape up more worke for woes.

Constance.

If any power will heare a widowes plaint,
 That from a wounded soule implores revenge:
 Send fell contagion to infect this clime,
 This cursed countrey, where the traitors breath,
 Whose perjurie (as proud *Briareus*,)
 Beleaguers all the skie with mis-beleefe.
 He promist *Arthur*, and he sware it too,
 To fence thy right, and check thy fo-mans pride;
 But now black-spotted perjure as he is,
 He takes a truce with *Elnors* damned brat,
 And marries *Lewis* to her lovely neece,
 Sharing thy fortune, and thy birth-dayes gift
 Betweene these lovers: ill betide the match.
 And as they shoulder thee from out thine owne,
 And triumph in a widowes tearefull cares:
 So heav'ns crosse them with a thriflesse course,
 Is all the blood yspilt on either part,
 Closing the cranies of the thirstie earth,

Growne

Growne to a love-game and a bridall feast?
 And must thy birth-right bid the wedding banes?
 Poore helpelesse boy, hopelesse and helpelesse too,
 To whom misfortune seemes no yoake at all.
 Thy stay, thy state, thy imminent mishaps
 Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,
 Why lookst thou pale? the colour flies thy face:
 I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,
 And make it muddie with my doles discourse,
 Goe in with me, reply not lovely boy,
 We must obscure this mone with melodie,
 Least worfer wrack ensue our male-content. [Exeunt.

Enter the King of England, the King of France, Arthur,
 Bastard, Lewis, Lymoges, Constance, Blanch, Chattillion,
 Pembroke, Salisburie, and Elianor.

John.

This is the day, the long-desired day,
 Wherein the realmes of England and of France
 Stand highly blessed in a lasting peace.
 Thrice happie is the bridegroome and the bride,
 From whose sweet bridall such a concord springs,
 To make of mortall foes immortall friends.

Constance.

Ungodly peace made by anothers warre.

Philip.

Unhappie peace, that tyes thee from revenge,
 Rouze thee *Plantaginet*, live not to see
 The butcher of the great *Plantaginet*.
 Kings, princes, and ye peeres of either realmes,
 Pardon my rashnes, and forgive the zeale
 That carries me in furie to a deede
 Of high desert, of honour, and of armes.
 A boone (O kings) a boone doth *Philip* begge
 Prostrate upon his knee: which knee shall cleave
 Unto the superficies of the earth,
 Till France and England grant this glorious boone.

John.

Speake *Philip*, England grants thee thy request.

Q 4

Philip.

Philip.

And *France* confirms what ere is in his power,

Bastard.

Then duke sit fast, I leuell at thy head,
Too base a ranfome for my fathers life.
Princes, I crave the combate with the duke
That braves it in dishonour of my fire.
Your words are past, nor can you now reverse
The princely promise that revives my soule,
Whereat me thinkes I see his sinewes shake:
This is the boone (dread lords) which granted once
Or life or death are pleasant to my soule;
Since I shall live and die in *Richards* right.

Lymoges.

Base bastard, misbegotten of a king,
To interrupt these holy nuptiall rites
With brawles and tumults to a dukes disgrace;
Let it suffice, I scorne to joyne in fight,
With one so farre unequal to my selfe,

Bastard.

A fine excuse, kings if you will be kings,
Then keepe your words, and let us combate it.

John.

Philip, we cannot force the duke to fight,
Being a subject unto neither realme:
But tell me *Austria*, if an *English* duke
Should dare thee thus, wouldst thou accept the challenge?

Lymoges.

Else let the world account the *Austriack* duke
The greatest coward living on the earth.

John.

Then cheere thee *Philip*, *John* wil keep his word,
Kneele down, in fight of *Philip* king of *France*,
And all these princely lords assembled here,
I gird thee with the sword of *Normandie*,
And of that land I do invest thee duke:
So shalt thou be in living and in land
Nothing inferiour unto *Austria*.

Lymoges.

K. John, I tell thee flatly to thy face,
Thou wrong'st mine honour: and that thou mai'st see

How

How much I scorne thy new made duke and thee,
I flatly say, I will not be compel'd:
And so farewell fir duke of lowe degree,
He finde a time to match you for this geare.

[Exit.]

John.

Stay *Philip*, let him goe, the honours thine.

Bastard.

I cannot live unlesse his life be mine.

Q. Elianor.

Thy forwardnes this day hath joy'd my soule,
And made me thinke my *Richard* lives in thee.

K. Philip.

Lordings let's in, and spend the wedding day
In maskes and triumphs, letting quarrels cease.

Enter a Cardinall from Rome.

Cardinall.

Stay king of *France*, I charge thee joyn not hands
With him that stands accurst of God and men.

Know *John*, that I *Pandulph* cardinall of *Millaine*, and le-
gate from the sea of *Rome*, demand of thee in the name of
our holy father the *Pope Innocent*, why thou do'st (contrary to
the lawes of our holy mother the church, and our holy father
the *Pope*) disturb the quiet of the church, and disanull the
election of *Stephen Langhton*, whom his holinesse hath elected
archbishop of *Canterburie*: this in his holinesse name I de-
mand of thee?

John.

And what hast thou or the *Pope* thy master to do to de-
mand of me, how I imploy mine own? know fir priest, as
I honor the church and holy church-men, so I scorne to be
subject to the greatest prelate in the world. Tell thy master
so from me, and say, *John* of *England* said it, that never an
Italian priest of them all, shal either have tythe, tole, or pol-
ling peny out of *England*; but as I am king, so will I raigne
next under God, supream head both over spiritual and
temporall: and he that contradicts me in this, He make him
hop headlesse.

K. Philip.

K. Philip.

What K. *John*, know you what you say, thus to blaspheme against our holy father the Pope?

John.

Philip, though thou and all the princes of *Christendome* suffer themselves to be abus'd by a prelates slavery, my mind is not of such base temper. If the Pope will bee king of *England*, let him win it with the sword, I know no other title he can alleadge to mine inheritance.

Cardinall.

John, this is thine answer?

John.

What then?

Cardinall.

Then I *Pandulph* of *Padua*, legate from the apostolike sea, doe in the name of Saint *Peter* and his successor our holy father Pope *Innocent*, pronounce thee accursed, discharging every of thy subjects of all dutie and fealtie that they doe owe to thee, and pardon and forgiveness of sinne to those or them whatsoever, which shall carrie armes against thee, or murder thee: this I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an excommunicate person.

John.

So fir, the more the foxe is curs'd the better a fares: if God blesse me and my land, let the pope and his shavelings curse and spare not.

Cardinall.

Furthermore, I charge thee *Philip* K. of *Fraunce*, and all the kings and princes of *Christendome*, to make warre upon this miscreant: and whereas thou hast made a league with him, and confirmed it by oath, I doe in the name of our foresaid father the Pope, acquit thee of that oath, as unlawfull, beeing made with an hereticke; howe sai'st thou *Philip*, do'st thou obey?

John.

Brother of *France*, what say you to the cardinall?

Philip.

I say, I am sory for your majestie, requesting you to submit your selfe to the church of *Rome*.

*John.**John.*

And what say you to our league, if I do not submit?

Philip.

What should I say? I must obey the pope.

John.

Obey the pope, and breake your oath to God?

Philip.

The legate hath absolved me of mine oath: Then yeeld to *Rome*, or I defie thee here.

John.

Why *Philip*, I defie the pope and thee, False as thou art, and perjurd king of *France*, Unworthy man to be accounted king. Giv'st thou thy sword into a prelates hands? *Pandulph*, where I of abbots, monkes, and friers Have taken somewhat to maintaine my wars, Now will I take no more but all they have. Ile rouze the lazie lubbers from their cels, And in despight Ile fend them to the pope. Mother come you with me, and for the rest That will not follow *John* in this attempt, Confusion light upon their damned foules. Come lords, fight for your K. that fighteth for your good.

Philip.

And are they gone? *Pandulph* thy selfe shalt see How *France* will fight for *Rome* and *Romish* rites. Nobles to armes, let him not passe the seas, Let's take him captive, and in triumph lead The K. of *England* to the gates of *Rome*. *Arthur* bestirre thee man, and thou shalt see What *Philip* K. of *France* will doe for thee.

Blanch.

And will your grace upon your wedding day Forsake your bride, and follow dreadfull drums? Nay, good my lord, stay you at home with me.

Lewis.

Sweet heart content thee, and wee shall agree.

Philip.

Follow my lords, lord Cardinall lead the way, Drums shall be musicke to this wedding day.

[Exeunt.
Excursions.]

Excursions. The Bastard pursues Austria, and kills him.

Bastard.

Thus hath K. Richards son performd his vowes,
And offred *Austria's* blood for his sacrifice
Unto his fathers everliving foule.
Brave *Cordelion*, now my heart doth say,
I have deserved, though not to be thine heire,
Yet as I am, thy base begotten sonne,
A name as pleasing to thy *Philips* heart,
As to be cald the duke of *Normandie*.
Lie there a prey to every rav'ning fowle:
And as my father triumpht in thy spoyles,
And trode thine ensignes underneath his feet,
So doe I tread upon thy cursed selfe,
And leave thy body to the fowles for food.

[Exit.

Excursions. Arthur, Constance, Lewis, having taken 2,
Eliador prisoner.

Constance.

Thus hath the god of kings with conquering arme
Dispearst the foes to true succession,
Proud, and disturber of thy countries peace,
Constance doth live to tame thine insolence,
And on thy head will now avenged be
For all the mischiefs hatched in thy braine.

2 *Elinor.*

Contemptuous dame, unreverent dutches thou,
To brave so great a queene as *Eliador*,
Base scold, hast thou forgot, that I was wife
And mother to three mightie *English* kings?
I charge thee then, and you forsooth fir boy,
To set your grandmother at libertie,
And yeeld to *John* your uncle and your king.

Constance.

'Tis not thy words proud queene shall carry it.

Elinor.

Nor yet thy threatens proud dame shal daunt my mind.

Arthur.

Sweete grandam, and good mother, leave these braules.

Eliador.

Eliador.

Ile finde a time to triumph in thy fall.

Constance.

My time is now to triumph in thy fall,
And thou shalt know that *Constance* will triumph.

Arthur.

Good mother, weigh it is queene *Elinor*.
Though she be captive, use her like her selfe.
Sweet grandame, beare with what my mother says,
Your highnesse shall be used honourably.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

Lewis my lord, duke *Arthur*, and the rest,
To armes in hast, K. *John* relyes his men,
And ginnes the fight afresh: and sweares withall
To loose his life, or set his mother free.

Lewis.

Arthur away, 'tis time to looke about.

Elinor.

Why how now dame, what is your courage coold?

Constance.

No *Elinor* my courage gathers strength,
And hopes to leade both *John* and thee as slaves:
And in that hope, I hale thee to the field.

[Exeunt.

[Excursions. *Eliador* is rescued by *John*, and *Arthur*
is taken prisoner. Exeunt. Sound Victory.

Enter *John*, *Eliador*, and *Arthur* prisoner, *Bastard*, *Pembrooke*,
Salisbury, and *Hubert de Burgh*.

John.

Thus right triumphs, and *John* triumphs in right:
Arthur thou seeit, *Fraunce* cannot bolster thee:
Thy mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.
But if at last nephew thou yeeld thy selfe
Into the gardance of thine uncle *John*,
Thou shalt be used as becomes a prince.

Arthur.

Arthur.

Uncle, my grandame taught her nephew this,
To beare captivitie with patience.
Might hath prevaile, not right, for I am king
Of *England*, though thou weare the diademe.

Q. Elinor.

Sonne *John*, soone shall wee teach him to forget
These proud presumptions, and to know himselfe.

John.

Mother, he never will forget his claime,
I would he livde not to remember it.
But leaving this, we will to *England* now,
And take some order with our popelings there,
That swell with pride and fat of lay mens lands.
Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaire,
Ransacke the abbeis, cloysters, priories,
Convert their coine unto my souldiers use:
And whatsoere he be within my land,
That goes to *Rome* for justice and for law,
While he may have his right within the realme,
Let him be judgde a traitor to the state,
And suffer as an enemy to *England*.
Mother, wee leave you here beyond the seas,
As regent of our provinces in *France*,
While we to *England* take a speedie course,
And thanke our God that gave us victorie.
Hubert de Burgh take *Arthur* here to thee,
Be he thy prisoner: *Hubert* keepe him safe,
For on his life doth hang thy soveraignes crowne.
But in his death consists thy soveraignes blisse:
Then *Hubert*, as thou shortly hearst from me,
So use the prisoner I have given in charge.

Hubert.

Frolicke yong prince, though I your keeper be,
Yet shall your keeper live at your command.

Arthur.

As please my God, so shall become of me.

Q. Elinor.

My sonne, to *England*, I will see thee shipt,
And pray to God to send thee safe ashore.

*Bastard.**Bastard.*

Now warres are done, I long to be at home,
To dive into the monks and abbots bagges,
To make some sport among the smooth kind nunnnes,
And keepe some revell with the fanzen friers.

John.

To *England* lords, each looke unto your charge,
And arme your selves against the *Roman* pride. [Exit.

Enter the King of France, Lewes his sonne, Cardinall Pandolph
Legate, and Constance.

Philip.

What, every man attacht with this mishap?
Why frowne you so, why droope ye lords of *France*?
Me thinkes it differs from a warrelike minde,
To lowre it for a checke or two of chance.
Had *Lymoges* escapt the bastards spight,
A little sorrow might have servde our losse.
Brave *Austria*, heaven joyes to have thee there.

Cardinall.

His soule is safe and free from purgatorie,
Our holy father hath dispenst his finnes,
The blessed faines have heard our orisons,
And all are mediators for his soule,
And in the right of these most holy warres,
His holinesse free pardon doth pronounce
To all that follow you gainst *English* heretikes,
Who stand accursed in our mother church.

*Enter Constance alone.**Philip.*

To aggravate the measure of our greefe,
All male-content comes *Constance* for her sonne.
Be breefe good madame, for your face imports
A tragicke tale behind thats yet untold.
Her passions stop the organ of her voyce,
Deepe sorrow throbbeeth mis-befalne events,
Out with it ladie, that our act may end
A full catastrophe of sad laments.

Constance.

Constance.

My tongue is tun'd to storie forth mishap:
 When did I breath to tell a pleasing tale?
 Must *Constance* speake? let teares prevent her talke:
 Must I discourse? let *Dido* sigh and say,
 She weepes againe to heare the wracke of *Troy*:
 Two words will serue, and then my tale is done:
Elnors proud brat hath rob'd me of my sonne.

Lewis.

Have patience madame, this is chance of warre:
 He may be ransom'd, we revenge his wrong.

Constance.

Be it ne'r so soone, I shall not live so long.

Philip.

Despaire not yet, come *Constance*, go with me,
 These clouds will fleet, the day will cleare againe.

[*Exeunt.**Cardinall.*

Now *Lewis*, thy fortune buds with happy spring,
 Our holy fathers prayers effecteth this.
Arthur is safe, let *John* alone with him,
 Thy title next is fairest to *Englands* crowne:
 Now stirre thy father to begin with *John*,
 The Pope says I, and so is *Albion* thine.

Lewis.

Thanks my lord legat for your good conceit,
 'Tis best we follow now the game is faire,
 My father wants to worke him your good words.

Cardinall.

A few will serue to forward him in this,
 Those shall not want: but let's about it then.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Philip leading a friar, charging him shew where the Abbots
 gold lay.*

Philip.

Come on you fat *Franciscan*, dallie no longer, but shew me
 where the abbots treasure lies, or die.

Frier.

Benedicamus Domini, was ever such an injurie?
 Sweet S. *Witbold* of thy lenitie, defend us from extremitie,
 And

And heare us for S. *Charitie*, oppressed with austeritie.
In nomine domini, make I my homily,
 Gentle gentilitie grieve not the cleargie.

Philip.

Gray-gown'd good face, conjure ye,
 Nere trust me for a groat
 If this wast girdle hang thee not
 That girdeth in thy coat.
 Now bald and barefoot *Bungie* birds,
 When up the gallowes climbing,
 Say *Philip* he had words enough,
 To put you downe with riming.

Frier.

O pardon, O *parce*, S. *Francis* for mercie,
 Shall shield thee from night-spels, and dreaming of diuels,
 If thou wilt forgive me, and never more grieve me,
 With fasting and praying, and Haile *Marie* saying,
 From blacke purgatorie, a penance right fory:
Frier Thomas will warme you,
 It shall never harme you.

Philip.

Come leave off your rabble,
 Sir, hang up this lozell.

2 *Frier.*

For charitie I beg his life,
 Saint *Francis* chifest frier,
 The best in all our covent:
 To keepe a vintners fire.
 O strangle not the good old man,
 My hostesse oldest guest,
 And I will bring you by and by
 Unto the priors chest.

Philip.

I, saist thou so, and if thou wilt the frier is at liberty,
 If not, as I am honest man, I hang you both for company.

Frier.

Come hither, this is the chest, thogh simple to behold,
 That wanteth not a thousand pound in silver and in gold.
 My self wil warrant ful so much, I know the abbots store,
 He pawn my life there is no lesse, to have what ere is more.

R

Philip.

Philip.

I take thy word, the overplus unto thy share shall come,
But if there want of full so much, thy necke shall pay the
summe.

Breake up the coffer, frier.

Frier.

Oh I am undone, faire *Alice* the nunne
Hath tooke up her rest in the abbots chest.
Sancte benedicite, pardon my simplicitie.
Fie *Alice*, confession will not salve this transgression.

Philip.

What have we here, a holy nunne? so keepe me God in
health,
A smooth facde nunne (for aught I know) is al the abbots
wealth.

Is this the nunries chafitie?

Beshrew me but I thinke

They go as oft to venery as niggards to their drinke.

Why paltry frier and pandar too, yee shamelesse shaven crowne,

Is this the chest that held a hoord,
at least a thousand pound?

And is the hoord a holy whore?

well, be the hangman nimble,

Hee'l take the paine to pay you home,
and teach you to dissemble.

Nunne.

O spare the frier *Anthony*,
a better never was

To sing a dirige solemnelly,
or reade a morning masse.

If money be the meanes of this,

I know an ancient nunne,

That hath a hoord these seven yeeres,
did never see the sunne;

And that is yours, and what is ours,
so favour now be showne,

You shall commaund as commonly,
as if it were your owne.

Frier.

Your honour excepted.

*Nunne.**Nunne.*

I *Thomas*, I meane so.

Philip.

From all save from friers.

Nunne.

Good fir, doe not thinke so.

Philip.

I thinke and see so:

Why how camst thou here?

Frier.

To hide her from lay men.

Nunne.

Tis true fir, for feare.

Philip.

For feare of the laitie: a pitiful dred
When a nunne flies for succour to a fat friers bed.
But now for your ransome my cloyster-bred conney,
To the chest that you spoke of where lies so much mony.

Nunne.

Faire fir, within this presse, of plate and mony is
The vaw of a thousand marks, and other thing by gis.
Let us alone, and take it all, tis yours fir, now you know it.

Philip.

Come on fir frier, picke the locke, this gere doth cotton
hanfome,
That covetousnesse so cunningly must pay the lechers ransome.
What is in the hoord?

Frier.

Frier *Laurence* my lord, now holy water helpe us,
Some witch or some divell is sent to delude us:
Haud credo Laurentius, that thou shouldst be pend thus
In the presse of a nunne we are all undone,
And brought to discredence if thou be frier *Laurence*.

Frier.

Amor vincit omnia, so *Cato* affirmeth,
And therefore a frier whose fancie soon burneth,
Because he is mortall and made of mould,
He omits what he ought, and doth more than he should.

R 2

Philip.

Philip.

How goes this geere? the friers chest filld with a fausen nunne.

The nunne again lockes frier up,
to keepe him from the funne.
Belike the presse is purgatorie,
or penance passing grievous:
The friers chest a hell for nunnnes!
how doe these dolts deceive us?
Is this the labour of their lives, to feede and live at ease?
To revell so lasciviously as often as they please?
Ile mend the fault or fault my aime,
if I doe misse amending,
Tis better burne the cloysters downe,
than leave them for offending.
But holy you, to you I speake,
to you religious divell,
Is this the presse that holds the summe,
to quit you for your evill?

Nunne.

I crie *peccavi, parce me,*
good sir I was beguil'd.

Frier.

Absolve sir for charitie,
shce would bee reconcil'd.

Philip.

And so I shall, sirs bind them fast,
This is their absolution,
goe hang them up for hurting them,
Haste them to execution.

Fr. Laurence.

O tempus edax rerum,
Give children bookes they teare them.
O vanitas vanitatis, in this waning *ætat*.
At threescore wel neere, to goe to this geere,
To my conscience a clog, to die like a dog.
Exaudi me domine, si vis me parce
Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam.
To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it,
A hundred pound sterling, for my lives sparing.

*Enter**Enter Peter a prophet, with people.**Peter.*

Hoe, who is here? *S. Francis* be your speed,
Come in my flocke, and follow me,
your fortunes I will reed.
Come hither boy, goe get thee home,
and clime not over hie,
For from aloft thy fortune stands, in hazard thou shalt die.

Boy.

God be with you *Peter*, I pray you come to our house a
Sunday.

Peter.

My boy shew me thy hand, blesse thee my boy,
For in thy palme I see a many troubles are ybent to dwell,
But thou shalt scape them all, and doe full well.

Boy.

I thanke you *Peter*, theres a cheese for your labor: my sifter
prayes yee to come home, and tell her how many husbands she
shall have, and shee'l give you a rib of bacon.

Peter.

My masters, stay at the townes end for me. Ile come to
you all anone: I must dispatch some busines with a frier, and
then Ile reade your fortunes.

Philip.

How now, a prophet! sir prophet whence are ye?

Peter.

I am of the world and in the world, but live not as others,
by the world: what I am I know, and what thou wilt be I
know. If thou knowest me now, be answered: if not, en-
quire no more what I am.

Philip.

Sir, I know you will be a dissembling knave, that deludes
the people with blinde prophecies: you are hee I look for,
you shal away with me: bring away all the rable, and you
frier *Laurence*, remember your raunsome a hundred pound, and
a pardon for your selfe, and the rest; come on sir prophet, you
shall with me, to receive a prophets reward. [*Exeunt.*]

R 3

Enter

Enter Hubert de Burgh with three men.

Hubert.

My masters, I have shewed you what warrant I have for this attempt; I perceive by your heavy countenances, you had rather be otherwise employed, and for my owne part, I would the king had made choice of some other executioner: only this is my comfort, that a king commaunds, whose precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the default: therefore in brieve, leave me, and be ready to attend the adventure: stay within that entry, and when you heare me crie, God save the king, issue sodainely forth, lay hands on *Arthur*, set him in his chaire, wherein (once fast bound) leave him with me to finish the rest.

Attendants.

We goe, though loath. [*Exeunt,*

Hubert.

My lord, will it please your honor to take the benefit of the faire evening?

Enter Arthur to Hubert de Burgh.

Arthur.

Gramercie *Hubert* for thy care of me,
In or to whom restraint is newly knowne,
The joy of walking is small benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with small thanks,
I would not loose the pleasure of the eie.
But tell me courteous keeper if thou can,
How long the king will have me tarrie heere.

Hubert.

I know not prince, but as I gesse, not long.
God send you freedom, and God save the king.
[*They issue forth,*

Arthur.

Why how now sirs, what may this outrage meane?
O helpe me *Hubert*, gentle keeper help:
God send this sodaine mutinous approach
Tend not to reave a wretched guiltles life.

Hubert.

Hubert.

So sirs, depart, and leave the rest for me.

Arthur.

Then *Arthur* yeeld, death frowneth in thy face,
What meaneth this? good *Hubert* pleade the case.

Hubert.

Patience yong lord, and listen words of woe,
Harmefull and harsh, helts horror to be heard:
A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue.
I faint to tell, deepe sorrow is the found.

Arthur.

What, must I die?

Hubert.

No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wrathfull doome, and most unluckie fate:
Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast,
Be deafe, heare not, its hell to tell the rest.

Arthur.

Alas, thou wrongst my youth with words of feare,
Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare:
What is it man if it must needes be done,
Act it, and end it, that the paine were gone.

Hubert.

I will not chaunt such dolour with my tongue,
Yet must I act the outrage with my hand.
My heart, my head, and all my powers beside,
To aide the office have at once denide.
Peruse this letter, lines of trebble woe,
Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

Hubert, these are to commaund thee, as thou tendrest our
quiet in minde, and the estate of our person, that pre-
sently upon the receipt of our commaund, thou put out
the eies of *Arthur Plantaginet*.

Arthur.

Ah monstrous damned man! his very breath infects the
elements.
Contagious venome dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyson all the world.

R 4

Unreverent

Unreverent may I be to blame the heavens
 Of great injustice, that the miscreant
 Lives to oppresse the innocents with wrong.
 Ah *Hubert!* makes he thee his instrument,
 To found the trump that causeth hell triumph?
 Heaven weepes, the saints do shed celestiall teares,
 They feare thy fall, and cite thee with remorse,
 They knocke thy conscience, moving pitie there,
 Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell;
 Hell, *Hubert*, trust me all the plagues of hell
 Hangs on performance of this damned deed.
 This seale, the warrant of the bodies blisse,
 Ensureth fatan chieftaine of thy soule:
 Subscribe not *Hubert*, give not Gods part away.
 I speake not only for eies priviledge,
 The chiefe exterior that I would enjoy:
 But for thy perill, farrè beyond my paine,
 Thy sweete soules losse, more than my eies vaine lacke:
 A cause internall, and eternall too.
 Advise thee *Hubert*, for the case is hard,
 To loose salvation for a kings reward.

Hubert.

My lord, a subject dwelling in the land
 Is tied to execute the kings commaund.

Arthur.

Yet God commaunds whose power reacheth further,
 That no command should stand in force to murder.

Hubert.

But that same essence hath ordaind a law,
 A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.

Arthur.

I pleade, not guilty, treasonlesse and free.

Hubert.

But that appeale, my lord, concernes not me.

Arthur.

Why thou art he that maist omit the perill.

Hubert.

I, if my soveraigne would omit his quarrell.

Arthur.

His quarrell is unhallowed false and wrong.

Hubert.

Hubert.

Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.

Arthur.

Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
 Conclude their judgement with so vile a deede.

Hubert.

Why then no execution can be lawfull,
 If judges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.

Arthur.

Yes where in forme of law in place and time,
 The offender is convicted of the crime.

Hubert.

My lord, my lord, this long expostulation,
 Heapes up more griefe, than promise of redresse;
 For this I know, and so resolvde I end,
 That subjects lives on kings commands depend.
 I must not reason why he is your foe,
 But do his charge since he commaunds it so.

Arthur.

Then do thy charge, and charged be thy soule
 With wrongfull persecution done this day.
 You rowling eyes, whose superficies yet
 I doe behold with eies that nature lent:
 Send forth the terror of your moovers frowne,
 To wreake my wrong upon the murderers
 That rob me of your faire reflecting view:
 Let hell to them (as earth they wish to me)
 Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guilt,
 And let the blacke tormenters of deepe *Tartary*
 Upbraide them with this damned enterprife,
 Inflicting change of tortures on their soules.
 Delay not *Hubert*, my orisons are ended,
 Begin I pray thee, reave me of my sight:
 But to performe a tragedie indeede,
 Conclude the period with a mortall stab.
Constance farewell, tormenter come away,
 Make my dispatch the tyrants feasting day.

Hubert.

I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist:
 Faint did I say? feare was it that I named:

My

My king commaunds, that warrant sets me free:
 But God forbids, and he commaundeth kings,
 That great commaunder countercheckes my charge,
 He staves my hand, he maketh soft my heart.
 Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt,
 Cheere thee yong lord, thou shalt not loose an eie,
 Though I should purchase it with losse of life.
 Ile to the king, and fay his will is done,
 And of the langor tell him thou art dead,
 Goe in with me, for *Hubert* was not borne
 To blinde those lampes that nature pollisht so.

Arthur.

Hubert, if ever *Arthur* be in state,
 Looke for amends of this received gift,
 I took my eiesight by the curtesie,
 Thou lentst them me, I will not be ingrate.
 But now procrastination may offend
 The issue that thy kindnesse undertakes:
 Depart we, *Hubert*, to prevent the worst.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter K. John, *Essex*, *Salisbury*, *Penbrooke.*

John.

Now warlike followers, resteth aught undone
 That may impeach us of fond oversight?
 The *French* have felt the temper of our swords,
 Cold terror keepes possession in their soules,
 Checking their overdaring arrogance
 For buckling with so great an overmatch,
 The arch proud titled priest of *Italy*,
 That calls himselfe grand vicar under God,
 Is busied now with trentall obsequies,
 Masse and months mind, dirge and I know not what,
 To ease their soules in painefull purgatorie,
 That have miscarried in these bloody warres.
 Heard you not, lords, when first his holinesse
 Had tidings of our small account of him,
 How with a taunt vaunting upon his toes,
 He urgde a reason why the *English* assie
 Disdaind the blessed ordinance of *Rome*?

I

The

The title (reverently might I inferre)
 Became the kings that earst have borne the load,
 The slavish weight of that controlling priest:
 Who at his pleasure temperd them like waxe
 To carrie armes on danger of his curse,
 Banding their soules with warrants of his hand.
 I grieve to thinke how kings in ages past
 (Simply devoted to the see of *Rome*)
 Have run into a thousand acts of shame.
 But now for confirmation of our state,
 Sith we have proind the more than needfull branch
 That did oppresse the true well-growing stocke,
 It resteth we throughout our territories
 Be reproclained and invested king.

Penbrooke.

My liege, that were to busie men with doubts,
 Once were you crownd, proclaind, and with applause
 Your citie streets have echoed to the eare,
 God save the king, God save our soveraigne *John*,
 Pardon my feare, my censure doth inferre
 Your highnesse not deposde from regall state,
 Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
 What it should meane to have you crownd againe.

John.

Penbrooke, performe what I have bid thee do,
 Thou knowst not what induceth me to this.
Essex goe in, and lordings all be gone
 About this taske, I will be crownd anone.

Enter the Bastard.

Philip what newes, how do the abbots chests?
 Are friers satter than the nunnes are faire?
 What cheere with church-men, had they gold or no?
 Tell me, how hath thy office took effect?

Philip.

My lord, I have performd your highnes charge:
 The case-bred abbots, and the bare-foote friers,
 The monks, the priors, and holy cloystred nunnes,
 Are all in health, and were my lord in wealth

Till

Till I had tithde and tolde their holy hoords.
I doubt not when your highnesse sees my prize,
You may proportion all their former pride.

John.

Why so, now sorts it *Philip* as it should:
This small intrusion into abbey trunks,
Will make the popelings excommunicate,
Curse, ban, and breathe out damned orisons,
As thicke as haile-stones fore the springs approach:
But yet as harmelesse and without effect,
As is the eccho of a cannons cracke
Dischargde against the battlements of heaven.
But what newes else befell there *Philip*?

Bastard.

Strange newes my lord: within your territories
Neere *Ponfret* is a prophet new sprung up,
Whose divination volleis wonders forth:
To him the commons throng with countrey gifts,
He sets a date unto the beldames death,
Prescribes how long the virgins state shall last,
Distinguisheth the mooving of the heavens,
Gives limits unto holy nuptiall rites,
Foretellet famine, aboundeth plentie forth:
Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,
With such assurance, scruples put apart,
As if he knew the certaine doomes of heaven,
Or kept a register of all the destinies.

John.

Thou tellt me marvels, would thou hadst brought the man,
We might have questiond him of things to come.

Bastard.

My lord, I tooke a care of had-I-wilt,
And brought the prophet with me to the court,
He stales my lord but at the presence doore:
Pleaseth your highnesse, I will call him in.

John.

Nay stay awhile, wee'll have him here anon,
A thing of weight is first to be performd.

Enter

Enter the nobles and crowne King John, and then cry God save the king.

John.

Lordings and friends supporters of our state,
Admire not at this unaccustomed course,
Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours.
Once ere this time was I invested king,
Your fealtie sworn as liegemen to our state:
Once since that time ambitious weedes have sprung
To staine the beauty of our garden plot:
But heavens in our conduct rooting thence
The false intruders, breakers of worlds peace,
Have to our joy, made sunne-shine chase the storme.
After the which, to trie your constancie,
That now I see is worthy of your names,
We crav'd once more your helps for to invest us
Into the right that envy sought to wracke.
Once was I not deposde, your former choice;
Now twice beene crowned and applauded king?
Your cheered action to install me so,
Infers assured witness of your loves,
And binds me over in a kingly care
To render love with love, rewards of worth
To ballance downe requitall to the full.
But thanks the while, thanks lordings to you all:
Aske me and use me, trie me and finde me yours.

Essex.

A boone my lord, at vantage of your words
We aske to guerdon all our loyalties.

Pembrooke.

We take the time your highnesse bids us aske:
Please it you grant, you make your promise good,
With lesse losse than one superfluous haire
That not remembred falleth from your head.

John.

My word is past, receive your boone my lords,
What may it be? aske it, and it is yours.

Essex.

Essex.

We crave my lord, to please the commons with
The libertie of lady *Constance* sonne:
Whose durance darkeneth your highnesse right,
As if you kept him prisoner, to the end
Your selfe were doubtfull of the thing you have.
Dismiss him thence, your highnesse needs not feare,
Twice by consent you are proclaim'd our king.

Pembrooke.

This if you grant, were all unto your good:
For simple people muse you keepe him close.

John.

Your words have searcht the center of my thoughts,
Confirming warrant of your loyalties,
Dismiss your counsell, sway my state,
Let *John* doe nothing, but by your consents.
Why how now *Philip*, what extasie is this?
Why casts thou up thy eyes to heaven so?

*[There the five moones appeare.]**Bastard.*

See, see my lord, strange apparitions,
Glancing mine eie to see the diadem
Plac'd by the bishops on your highnesse head,
From forth a gloomie cloud, which curtaine-like
Displaid it selfe, I suddainely espied
Five moones reflecting, as you see them now:
Even in the moment that the crowne was plac'd
Gan they appeare, holding the course you see.

John.

What might portend these apparitions,
Unusuall signes, forerunners of event,
Presagers of strange terrors to the world:
Beleeve me lords, the object feares me much.
Philip thou toldst me of a wizard but of late,
Fetch in the man to descant of this show.

Pembrooke.

The heavens frowne upon the sinfull earth,
When with prodigious unaccustom'd signes
They spot their superficies with such wonder.

*Essex.**Essex.*

Before the ruines of *Jerusalem*,
Such meteors were the ensignes of his wrath,
That hast'ned to destroy the faultfull towne.

*Enter the Bastard with the prophet.**John.*

Is this the man?

Bastard.

It is my lord.

John.

Prophet of *Pomfret*, for so I heare thou art,
That calculat'st of many things to come:
Who by a power repleat with heavenly gift,
Canst blab the counsell of thy makers will.
If same be true, or truth be wrong'd by thee,
Decide in cyphering, what these five moones
Portend this clime, if they presage at all.
Breath out thy gift, and if I live to see
Thy divination take a true effect,
Ile honour thee above all earthly men.

Peter.

The skie wherein these moones have residence,
Presenteth *Rome* the great metropolis,
Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe.
Foure of the moones present foure provinces,
To wit *Spain*, *Denmarke*, *Germanie*, and *France*,
That beare the yoke of proud commanding *Rome*,
And stand in feare to tempt the prelates curse.
The smallest moone that whirls about the rest,
Impatient of the place he holds with them,
Doth figure forth this island *Albion*,
Who gins to scorne the see and seat of *Rome*,
And seeks to shunne the edicts of the pope:
This shoves the heaven, and this I doe averre
Is figured in the apparitions.

John.

Why then it seemes the heavens smile on us,
Giving applause for leaving of the pope.

But

But for they chance in our meridian,
Doe they effect no private growing ill
To be inflicted on us in this clime?

Peter.

The moones effect no more than what I said:
But on some other knowledge that I have
By my préscience, ere ascension day
Have brought the sunne unto his usuall height,
Of crowne, estate, and royall dignity,
Thou shalt be cleane dispoyl'd and dispossesst.

John.

Fâlse dreamer, perish with thy witched newes,
Villaine thou woundst me with thy fallacies:
If it be true, die for thy tidings price;
If false, for fearing me with vain suppose:
Hence with the witch, hels damned secretarie.
Locke him up sure: for by my faith I sweare,
True or not true, the wizard shall not live.
Before ascension day: who should be cause hereof?
Cut off the cause, and then the effect will die.
Tut, tut, my mercie serves to maime my selfe,
The roote doth live, from whence these thornes spring up,
I and my promise past for his deliv'rie:
Frowne friends, faile faith, the divell goe withall,
The brat shall die, that terrifies me thus.
Pembrooke and *Essex*, I recall my graunt,
I will not buy your favours with my feare:
Nay murmure not, my will is lawe enough,
I love you well, but if I lov'd you better,
I would not buy it with my discontent.

Enter Hubert.

How now, what newes with thee?

Hubert.

According to your highnesse strict command,
Young *Arthurs* eies are blinded and extinct.

John.

Why so, then he may feele the crown, but never see it.

Hubert.

Hubert.

Nor see nor feele, for of the extream paine,
Within one houre gave he up the ghost.

John.

What is he dead?

Hubert.

He is my lord.

John.

Then with him dies my cares.

Essex.

Now joy betide thy soule.

Pembrooke.

And heavens revenge thy death.

Essex.

What have you done my lord? was ever heard
A deed of more inhumane consequence?
Your foes will curse, your friends will erie revenge.
Unkindly rage, more rough than northern wind,
To clip the beautie of so sweete a flower.
What hope in us for mercie on a fault,
When kinsman dies without impeach of cause,
As you have done, so come to cheere you with,
The guilt shall never be cast in my teeth.

[*Exeunt.*

John.

And are you gone? the divell be your guide:
Proud rebels as ye are, to brave me so:
Saucie, uncivill, checkers of my will.
Your tongues give edge unto the fatall knife,
That shall have passage through your trayt'rous throats.
But husht, breath not bugs words too soone abroad,
Lest time prevent the issue of thy reach.
Arthurs is dead, I there the corzie growes:
But while he liv'd, the danger was the more;
His death hath freed me from a thousand feares,
But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes.
Why all is one, such lucke shall haunt his game,
To whom the divell owes an open shame:
His life a foe that leveld at my crowne,
His death a frame to pull my building downe.
My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end,

Who

Who living aimed shrewdly at my roome:
 But to prevent that plea, twice was I crown'd,
 Twice did my subjects sweare me fealtie,
 And in my conscience lov'd me as their liege,
 In whose defence they would have pawn'd their lives.
 But now they shun me as a serpents sting,
 A tragyke tyrant, sterne and pitilessse,
 And not a title followes after *John*,
 But butcher, blood-sucker, and murtherer.
 What planet govern'd my nativitie,
 To bode me soveraigne types of high estate,
 So interlac'd with hellish discontent,
 Wherein fell furie hath no interest?
 Curst be the crowne, chiefe author of my care,
 Nay curst my will, that made the crowne my care:
 Curst be my birth-day, curst ten times the wombe
 That yeilded me alive into the world.
 Art thou there villaine, furies haunt thee still,
 For killing him whom all the world laments.

Hubert.

Why here's my lord your highnes hand and seale,
 Charging on lives regard to do the deed.

John.

Ah dull conceipted pefant, knowst thou not
 It was a damned execrable deed?
 Shewst me a seale? oh villaine, both our foules
 Have solde their freedome to the thrall of hell
 Under the warrant of that cursed seale.
 Hence villaine, hang thyselfe, and say in hell
 That I am comming for a kingdome there.

Hubert.

My lord, attend the happy tale I tell,
 For heavens health send Sathan packing hence
 That instigates your highnesse to despaire.
 If *Arburs* death be dismall to be heard,
 Bandle the newes for rumors of untruth:
 He lives my lord, the sweetest youth alive,
 In health, with eie sight, not a haire amisse.
 This heart took vigor from this forward hand,
 Making it weake to execute your charge.

ab. 7.

John.

What, lives he! then sweete hope come home agen,
 Chase hence despaire, the purveyor for hell.
 Hye *Hubert* tell these tidings to my lords
 That throb in passions for yong *Arburs* death:
 Hence *Hubert*, stay not till thou hast reveald
 The wished newes of *Arburs* happy health.
 I goe my selfe, the joyfullst man alive
 To storie out this new supposed crime.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the FIRST PART.

54

John
 When these had their dinner done
 They went to bed, the parson in his
 The King's old man took to his bed
 And such in nations for young lords death
 Since that time was till then had
 For which reason in a while
 For which reason in a while
 For which reason in a while

THE SECOND PART

OF THE

TRoublesome RAIGNE of

KING JOHN.

CONTAINING

The Entrance of LEWIS the French Kings Sonne:

WITH THE

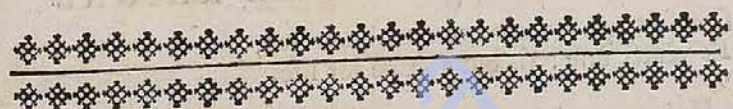
Poysoning of King JOHN by a Monke.



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THE SECOND PART
 OF THE TROUBLESOME
 RAIGNE OF KING JOHN.
 CONTAINING
 The Entrance of LEWIS the *French* Kings Sonne:
 WITH THE
 Poysoning of King JOHN by a Monke.

Enter yong Arthur on the walls.

NOW help good hap to further mine entent,
 Crosse not my youth with any more extremes:
 I venter life to gaine my libertie,
 And if I die, worlds troubles have an end.
 Feare gins disswade the strength of my resolve,
 My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,
 And if I fall, no question death is next:
 Better desist, and live in prison still.
 Prison said I? nay, rather death than so:

Comfort and courage come againe to me,
He venter sure: tis but a leape for life.

*He leapes, and brusng his bones, after he was from his traunce,
speakes thus;*

Hoe, who is nigh? some bodie take me up.
Where is my mother? let me speake with her.
Who hurts me thus? speake hoe, where are you gone?
Ay me poore *Arthur*, I am heere alone.
Why calld I mother, how did I forget?
My fall, my fall, hath killd my mothers sonne.
How will she weepe at tidings of my death?
My death indeed, O God, my bones are burst.
Sweete *Jesu* save my soule, forgive my rash attempt,
Comfort my mother, shield her from despaire,
When shee shall heare my tragycke overthrowe.
My heart controls the office of my tongue,
My vitall powers forsake my brused trunk,
I die I die, heaven take my fleeting soule,
And lady mother all good hap to thee.

[*He dies.*]

Enter Pembroke, Salisburie, Essex.

Essex.

My lords of *Pembroke* and of *Salisburie*,
We must be carefull in our policie,
To undermine the keepers of this place,
Else shall we never find the princes grave.

Pembroke.

My lord of *Essex*, take no care for that,
I warrant you it was not closely done.
But who is this? lo lords the withered flowre,
Who in his life shin'd like the mornings blush,
Cast out a doore, deni'd his buriall right,
A prey for birds and beasts to gorge upon.

Salisburie.

O ruthfull spectacle! O damned deed!
My sinewes shake, my very heart doth bleed.

Essex.

Essex.

Leave childish teares brave lords of *England*,
If water-floods could fetch his life againe,
My eies should conduit forth a sea of teares.
If sobs would helpe, or sorows servé the turne,
My heart should volley out deepe piercing plaints.
But bootelesse were't to breath as many sighes
As might eclipse the brightest sommers sunne,
Here rests the helpe, a service to his ghost.
Let not the tyrant causer of this dole,
Live to triumph in ruthfull massacres,
Give hard and heart, and *Englishmen* to armes,
Tis Gods decree to wreake us of these harmes.

Pembroke.

The best advice: but who comes posting here?

Enter Hubert.

Right noble lords, I speake unto you all,
The king entreats your soonest speed
To visit him, who on your present want,
Did ban and curse his birth, himselve and me,
For executing of his strict command.
I saw his passion, and at fittest time,
Assur'd him of his cousins being safe,
Whom pity would not let me doe to death:
He craves your company my lords in haste,
To whom I will conduct young *Arthur* straight,
Who is in health under my custody.

Essex.

In health base villaine, were't not I leave the crime
To Gods revenge, to whom revenge belongs,
Here should'st thou perish on my rapiers point.
Call'st thou this health? such health betide thy friends,
And all that are of thy condition.

Hubert.

My lords, but heare me speake, and kil me then,
If here I left not this yong prince alive,
Maugre the hastie edict of the king,
Who gave me charge to put out both his eyes,

That

That God that gave me living to this houre,
Thunder revenge upon me in this place:
And as I tendred him with earnest love,
So God love me, and then I shall be well.

Salisbury.

Hence traytor hence, thy counsel is herein.

[Exit Hubert.]

Some in this place appointed by the king,
Have throwne him from this lodging here above,
And sure the murther hath bin newly done,
For yet the body is not fully cold.

Essex.

How say you lords, shal we with speed dispatch
Under our hands a packet into *France*,
To bid the *Dolphin* enter with his force,
To claime the kingdom for his proper right,
His title maketh lawfull strength thereto.
Besides, the Pope, on peril of his curse,
Hath bard us of obedience unto *John*,
This hatefull murder, *Lewis* his true descent,
The holy charge that we receiv'd from *Rome*,
Are weightie reasons, if you like my reed,
To make us all persever in this deed.

Pembroke.

My lord of *Essex*, well have you advis'd,
I will accord to further you in this.

Salisbury.

And *Salisbury* will not gaine say the same:
But aide that course as farre forth as he can.

Essex.

Then each of us fend straight to his allies,
To win them to this famous enterprife:
And let us all yclad in palmers weed,
The tenth of *April* at *S. Edmunds Bury*
Meet to conferre, and on the altar there
Sweare secrecie and aid to this advise.
Meane while, let us convey this body hence,
And give him buriall, as befits his state,
Keeping his months mind, and his obsequies
With solemne intercession for his soule.
How say you lordings, are you all agreed?

Pembroke.

Pembroke.

The tenth of *April* at *S. Edmunds Burie*,
God letting not, I will not faile the time.

Essex.

Then let us all convey the body hence.

[Exit.]

Enter *K. John*, with two or three, and the prophet.

John.

Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill,
Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,
Strange prophecies of imminent mishaps,
Confound my wits, and dull my senses so,
That every object these mine eies behold,
Seeme instruments to bring me to my end.
Ascension day is come, *John* feare not then
The prodigies this prating prophet threats.
Tis come indeed: ah were it fully past,
Then were I carelesse of a thousand feares.
The diall tels me, it is twelve at noone.
Were twelve at midnight past, then might I vaunt,
False seers prophecies of no import.
Could I as well with this right hand of mine
Remove the sunne from our meridian,
Unto the moonest circle of th' *Antipodes*,
As turne this steele from twelve to twelve agen,
Then *John*, the date of fatall prophecies,
Should with the prophets life together end.
But *multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra.*
Peter, unsay thy foolish doting dreame,
And by the crowne of *England* here I sweare,
To make thee great, and greatest of thy kin.

Peter.

King *John*, although the time I have prescrib'd
Be but twelve houres remaining yet behind,
Yet doe I know by inspiration,
Ere that fixt time be fully come about,
King *John* shall not be king as heretofore.

John.

Vaine buzzard, what mischance can chance so soone,
To set a king beside his regall seat?

My

My heart is good, my body passing strong,
 My land in peace, my enemies subdu'd,
 Onely my barons storme at *Arthurs* death,
 But *Arthur* lives, I there the challenge growes,
 Were he dispatch'd unto his longest home,
 Then were the king secure of thousand foes.
Hubert, what newes with thee, where are my lords?

Hubert.

Hard newes my lord, *Arthur* the lovely prince,
 Seeking to escape over the castle walles,
 Fell headlong downe, and in the cursed fall
 He brake his bones, and there before the gate
 Your barons found him dead, and breathlesse quite.

John.

Is *Arthur* dead? then *Hubert* without more wordes hang
 the prophet.
 Away with *Peter*, villain out of my sight,
 I am deafe, be gone, let him not speake a word.
 Now *John*, thy feares are vanisht into smoake,
Arthur is dead, thou guiltlesse of his death.
 Sweet youth, but that I strived for a crowne,
 I could have well afforded to thine age,
 Long life, and happinesse to thy content.

Enter the Bastard.

John.

Philip what newes with thee?

Bastard.

The newes I heard was *Peters* prayers,
 Who wisht like fortune to befall us all:
 And with that word, the rope his latest friend,
 Kept him from falling headlong to the ground.

John.

There let him hang, and be the ravens food,
 While *John* triumphs in spite of prophecies.
 But whats the tydings from the popelings now?
 What say the monkes and priests to our proceedings?
 Or where's the barons that so suddainely
 Did leave the king upon a false surmise?

Bastard.

Bastard.

The prelates storme and thirst for sharp revenge:
 But please your majestie, were that the worst,
 Is little skild: a greater danger growes,
 Which must be weeded out by carefull speed,
 Or all is lost, for all is level'd at.

John.

More frights and feares! what ere thy tidings be,
 I am prepar'd: then *Philip*, quickly say,
 Meane they to murder, or imprison me,
 To give my crowne away to *Rome* or *France*;
 Or will they each of them become a king?
 Worse than I thinke it is, it cannot be.

Bastard.

Not worse my lord, but every whit as bad.
 The nobles have elected *Lewis* king,
 In right of lady *Blanch*, your neece, his wife:
 His landing is expected every houre,
 The nobles, commons, clergie, all estates,
 Incited chiefly by the cardinall,
Pandulph that lies here legate for the Pope,
 Thinke long to see their new elected king.
 And for undoubted prooffe, see here my liege,
 Letters to me from your nobilitie,
 To be a partie in this action:
 Who under shew of fained holinesse,
 Appoint their meeting at *S. Edmunds Burie*.
 There to consult, conspire, and conclude
 The overthrowe and downefall of your state.

John.

Why so it must be: one houre of content,
 Match'd with a month of passionate effects.
 Why shines the sunne to favour this contort?
 Why doe the winds not break their brazen gates,
 And scatter all these perjur'd complices,
 With all their counsels, and their damned drifts?
 But see the welkin rolleth gently on,
 There's not a lowring cloud to frowne on them;
 The heaven, the earth, the sunne, the moone and all,
 Conspire with those confederates my decay.

Then

Then hell for me, if any power be there,
 Forsake that place, and guide me step by step,
 To poyson, strangle, murder in their steps
 These traytors: oh that name is too good for them,
 And death is easie: is there nothing worse,
 To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew?
 What faist thou *Philip*? why assists thou not?

Bastard.

These curses (good my lord) fit not the season:
 Help must descend from heaven against this treason?

John.

Nay thou wilt prove a traytor with the rest,
 Goe get thee to them, shame come to you all.

Bastard.

I would be loath to leave your highnesse thus,
 Yet you command, and I, though griev'd, will goe.

John.

Ah *Philip*, whither go'st thou? come againe.

Bastard.

My lord, these motions are as passions of a mad man.

John.

A mad man *Philip*, I am mad indeed,
 My heart is maz'd, my fences all foredone.
 And *John* of *England* now is quite undone.
 Was ever king as I opprest with cares?
 Dame *Elleanor* my noble mother queene,
 My onely hope and comfort in distresse,
 Is dead, and *England* excommunicate,
 And I am interdicted by the pope,
 All churches curst, their doores are sealed up,
 And for the pleasure of the *Romish* priest,
 The service of the highest is neglected,
 The multitude (a beast of many heads)
 Doe wish confusion to their soveraigne:
 The nobles blinded with ambitions fumes,
 Assemble powers to beate mine empire downe,
 And more than this, elect a forrein king.
 O *England*, wert thou ever miserable,
 King *John* of *England* sees thee miserable:
John, tis thy finnes that makes it miserable,

Quicquid

Quicquid delirunt Reges, plestuntur Achivi.

Philip, as thou hast ever lov'd thy king,
 So show it now: post to *S. Edmunds Burie*,
 Dissemble with the nobles, know their drifts,
 Confound their divellish plots, and damned devises.
 Though *John* be faultie, yet let subjects beare,
 He will amend, and right the peoples wrongs.
 A mother though shee were unnaturall,
 Is better than the kindest step-dame is:
 Let never *Englishman* trust forraine rule.
 Then *Philip* shew thy fealty to thy king,
 And mongst the nobles plead thou for the king.

Bastard.

I goe my lord: see how he is diftraught,
 This is the cursed priest of *Italy*
 Hath heap'd these mischiefes on this haplesse land.
 Now *Philip*, hadst thou *Tullies* eloquence,
 Then might'st thou hope to plead with good successe. [*Exit.*

John.

And art thou gone? successe may follow thee:
 Thus hast thou shew'd thy kindnesse to thy king.
 Sirra, in haste goe greet the cardinall,
Pandulph I meane, the legat from the Pope.
 Say that the king desires to speake with him.
 Now *John* bethinke thee how thou maist resolve:
 And if thou wilt continue *Englands* king,
 Then cast about to keepe thy diadem;
 For life and land, and all is leveld at.
 The pope of *Rome*, tis he that is the cause,
 He curseth thee, he sets thy subjects free
 From due obedience to their soveraigne:
 He animates the nobles in their warres,
 He gives away the crowne to *Phillips* sonne,
 And pardons all that seeke to murder thee:
 And thus blind zeale is still predominant.
 Then *John* there is no way to keepe thy crowne,
 But finely to dissemble with the pope:
 That hand that gave the wound must give the salve
 To cure the hurt, else quite incurable.
 Thy finnes are farre too great to be the man

Tabolish

T'abolish pope, and poperie from thy realme:
 But in thy feate, if I may guesse at all,
 A king shall raigne that shall suppress them all.
 Peace *John*, here comes the legate of the pope,
 Dissemble thou, and whatsoere thou sai'st,
 Yet with thy heart wish their confusion.

Enter Pandulph.

Pandulph.

Now *John*, unworthy man to breath on earth,
 That do'st oppugne against thy mother church:
 Why am I sent for to thy cursed selfe?

John.

Thou man of God, vicegerent for the pope,
 The holy vicar of *S. Peters* church,
 Upon my knees, I pardon crave of thee,
 And doe submit me to the see of *Rome*,
 And vow for penance of my high offence,
 To take on me the holy crosse of Christ,
 And carry armes in holy christian warres.

Pandulph.

No *John*, thy crowching and dissembling thus
 Cannot deceive the legate of the pope,
 Say what thou wilt, I will not credite thee:
 Thy crowne and kingdome both are tane away,
 And thou art curst without redemption.

John.

Accurst indeede to kneele to such a drudge,
 And get no help with thy submission,
 Unsheathe thy sword, and sleie the misprowd priest
 That thus triumphs ore thee a mightie king:
 No *John*, submit againe, dissemble yet,
 For priests and women must be flattered.
 Yet holy father thou thy selfe dost know,
 No time too late for sinners to repent,
 Absolve me then, and *John* doth sweare to do
 The uttermost what ever thou demaundst.

Pandulph.

John, now I see thy hearty penitence,
 I rew and pittie thy distrest estate,

One

One way is left to reconcile thy selfe,
 And onely one which I shall shew to thee.
 Thou must surrender to the see of *Rome*
 Thy crowne and diadem, then shall the pope
 Defend thee from th'invasion of thy foes.
 And where his holinesse hath kindled *Fraunce*,
 And set thy subjects hearts at warre with thee,
 Then shall he curse thy foes, and beate them downe,
 That seeke the discontentment of the king.

John.

From bad to worse, or I must loose my realme,
 Or give my crowne for penance unto *Rome*:
 A miserie more piercing than the darts
 That breake from burning exhalations power.
 What, shall I give my crowne with this right hand?
 No: with this hand defend thy crowne and thee.
 What newes with thee?

Enter Messenger.

Please it your majestie, there is descried on the coast of
Kent an hundred sayle of ships, which of all men is thought
 to be the *French* fleet, under the conduct of the *Dolphin*, so
 that it puts the countrey in a mutiny, so they send to your
 grace for succour.

K. John.

How now lord Cardinal, what's your best advise?
 These mutinies must be allaid in time,
 By policy or headstrong rage at least.
 O *John*, these troubles tyre thy wearied soule,
 And like to *Luna* in a sad eclipse,
 So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes.
 Well may it be, when kings are grieved so,
 The vulgar sort worke princes overthrowe.

Cardinal.

K. John, for not effecting of thy plighted vow,
 This strange annoyance happens to thy land:
 But yet be reconcil'd unto the church,
 And nothing shall be grievous to thy state.

T

John.

John.

Oh *Pandulph*, be it as thou hast decreed,
John will not spurne against thy sound advise,
 Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow,
 My realme shall flourish, and my crowne in peace.

*Enter the nobles, Pembroke, Essex, Chester, Bewchampe,
 Clare, with others.*

Pembroke.

Now sweet S. *Edmund* holy saint in heaven,
 Whose shrine is sacred, high esteem'd on earth,
 Infuze a constant zeale in all our hearts,
 To profecute this act of mickle weight,
 Lord *Bewchampe* say, what friends have you procur'd.

Bewchampe.

The L. *Fitz Water*, L. *Percie*, and L. *Rosse*,
 Vow'd meeting here this day the leventh houre.

Essex.

Under the cloke of holy pilgrimage,
 By that same houre on warrant of their faith,
Philip Plantagenet, a bird of swiftest wing,
 Lord *Eustace*, *Vesey*, lord *Cressy*, and lord *Mowbrey*,
 Appointed meeting at S. *Edmunds* shrine.

Pembroke.

Untill their presence, Ile conceale my tale,
 Sweet complices in holy christian acts,
 That venture for the purchasse of renowne,
 Thrice welcome to the league of high resolve,
 That pawne their bodies for their foules regard.

Essex.

Now wanteth but the rest to end this worke,
 In pilgrimes habite comes our holy troupe
 A furlong hence, with swift unwoonted pace,
 May be they are the persons you expect.

Pembroke.

With swift unwoonted gate, see what a thing is zeale,
 That spurs them on with fervence to this shrine,
 Now joy come to them for their true intent:
 And in good time, here come the war-men all,

That

That sweat in body by the minds disease:
 Hap and harts-ease brave lordings be your lot.

Enter the Bastard Philip, &c.

Amen my lords, the like betide your lucke,
 And all that travell in a christian cause.

Essex.

Cheerely repli'd brave branch of kingly stocke,
 A right *Plantagenet* should reason so.
 But silence lords, attend our commings cause:
 The servile yoke that pained us with toyle,
 On strong instinct hath fram'd this conventicle,
 To ease our necks of servitudes contempt.
 Should I not name the foeman of our rest,
 Which of you all so barren in conceipt,
 As cannot levell at the man I meane?
 But lest enigma's shadow shining truth,
 Plainely to paint, as truth requires no art.
 Th'effect of this resort importeth this,
 To root and cleane extirpate tyrant *John*,
 Tyrant I say, appealing to the man,
 If any here that loves him, and I aske,
 What kindship, lenitie, or christian raigne,
 Rules in the man, to barre this foule impeach?
 First I inferre the *Chesters* banishment:
 For reprehending him in most unchristian crimes,
 Was speciall notice of a tyrants will.
 But were this all, the divell should be fav'd,
 But this the least of many thousand faults,
 That circumstance with leifure might display.
 Our private wrongs, no parcell of my tale
 Which now in presence, but for some great cause
 Might wish to him as to a mortall foe.
 But shall I close the period with an act
 Abhorring in the eares of christian men,
 His cousins death, that sweet unguiltie child,
 Untimely butcherd by the tyrants meanes,
 Here are my proofes, as cleere as gravel brooke,
 And on the same I further must inferre,

T 2

That

That who upholds a tyrant in his course,
Is culpable of all his damned guilt.
To shew the which, is yet to be describ'd.
My lord of *Pembrooke*, shewe what is behinde,
Onely I say, that were there nothing else
To moove us, but the popes most dreadfull curse,
Whereof we are assured, if we faile,
It were enough to instigate us all,
With earnestnesse of sprite, to seeke a meane
To dispossesse *John* of his regiment.

Pembrooke.

Well hath my lord of *Essex* told his tale,
Which I averre for most substantiall truth,
And more to make the matter to our minde,
I say that *Lewis* in challenge of his wife,
Hath title of an uncontroled plea,
To all that longeth to our *English* crowne.
Short tale to make, the sea apostolike,
Hath offerd dispensation for the fault.
If any be, as trust me none I know,
By planting *Lewis* in the usurpers roome:
This is the cause of all our presence here,
That on the holy altar we protest,
To aid the right of *Lewis* with goods and life,
Who on our knowledge is in armes for *England*.
What say you lords?

Salisburie.

As *Pembrooke* saith, affirmeth *Salisburie*:
Faire *Lewis* of *France* that spoused lady *Blanch*,
Hath title of an uncontroled strength
To *England*, and what longeth to the crowne:
In right whereof, as we are true inform'd,
The prince is marching hitherward in armes.
Our purpose, to conclude that with a word,
Is to invest him as we may devise,
King of our countrey, in the tyrants stead:
And so the warrant on the altar sworne,
And so the intent for which we hither came.

Bastard.

My lord of *Salisburie*, I cannot couch
My speeches with the needfull words of arte,

As

As doth befeeme in such a waightie worke,
But what my conscience and my duty will,
I purpose to impart.
For *Chesters* exile, blame his busie wit,
That medled where his duty quite forbade:
For any private causes that you have,
Me thinke they should not mount to such a height,
As to depose a king in their revenge.
For *Arburs* death, *K. John* was innocent,
He desperate was the deathfinan to himselfe,
Which you, to make a colour to your crime, unjustly do im-
pute to his default,

But wher fel traitorisme hath residence,
There wants no words to set despight on worke.
I say tis shame, and worthy all reproofe,
To wrest such petty wrongs in tearms of right,
Against a king annointed by the lord.
Why *Salisburie*, admit the wrongs are true,
Yet subjects may not take in hand revenge,
And rob the heavens of their proper power,
Where sitteth he to whom revenge belongs.
And doth a pope, a priest, a man of pride,
Give charters for the lives of lawfull kings?
What can he blesse, or who regards his curse,
But such as give to man, and take from God?
I speake it in the sight of God above,
There's not a man that dies in your beleefe,
But fels his soule perpetually to paine.
Aid *Lewis*, leave God, kill *John*, please hell,
Make havocke of the welfare of your soules,
For here I leave you in the sight of heaven,
A troope of traytors, food for hellish fiends;
If you desist, then follow me as friends,
If not, then doe your worst, as hatefull traytors.
For *Lewis* his right, alasse tis too too lame,
A senslesse claime, if truth be titles friend.
In brieft, if this be cause of our resort,
Our pilgrimage is to the divels shrine.
I came not lords, to troupe as traytors doe,
Nor will I counsell in so bad a cause:

T 3

Please

Please you returne, we goe againe as friends,
If not, I to my king, and you where traytors please. [Exit.
Percie.

A hot yong man, and so my lords proceed,
I let him goe, and better lost than found.

Pembrooke.

What say you lords, will all the rest proceed,
Will you all with me sweare upon the altar,
That you wil to the death, be aid to *Le.* and enemy to *John*?
Every man lay his hand by mine, in witnes of his harts accord,
Wel then, every man to armes to meet the king,
Who is already before *London.*

Enter Messenger.

Pembrooke.

What newes herauld?

Messenger.

The right christian prince my master, *Lewis* of *France*, is at
hand, coming to visit your honours, directed hither by the right
honourable *Richard* earle of *Bigot*, to conferre with your
honours.

Pembrooke.

How neere is his highnesse?

Messenger.

Ready to enter your prefence.

Enter Lewis, earle Bigot, with his troupe.

Lewis.

Faire lords of *England*, *Lewis* salutes you all
As friends, and firme wel-willers of his weale
At whose request, from plentie flowing *France*,
Crossing the ocean with a southerne gale,
He is in person come at your commands,
To undertake and gratifie withall,
The fulnesse of your favours profferd him,
But worlds brave men, omitting promises,
Till time be minister of more amends,
I must acquaint you with our fortunes course.
The heavens dewing favours on my head,
Have in their conduct safe with victory,
Brought me along your well manured bounds,

With

With small repulse, and little crosse of chance.
Your citie *Rochester*, with great applause,
By some divine instinct laid armes aside:
And from the hollow holes of *Thamesis*,
Eccho apace repli'd, *Vive le Roy.*
From thence, along the wanton rowling glade
To *Troynouant*, your faire metropolis,
With lucke came *Lewis*, to shew his troupes of *France*,
Waving our ensignes with the dallying winds,
The searefull object of fell frowning warre;
Where after some assault, and small defence,
Heavens may I say, and not my warlike troupe,
Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe
Within the compasse of their high built wals,
Giving me title, as it seemd they wish.
Thus fortune (lords) acts to your forwardnesse,
Meanes of content, in lieu of former griefe:
And may I live but to requite you all,
Worlds wish were mine, in dying noted yours.

Salisbury.

Welcom the balme that closeth up our wounds,
The soveraigne medicine for our quicke recure,
The anchor of our hope, the onely prop,
Whereon depends our lives, our lands, our weale,
Without the which, as sheepe without their heird,
(Except a shepheard winking at the wolfe)
We stray, we pine, we run to thousand harmes.
No marvell then, though with unwonted joy,
We welcome him that beateth woes away.

Lewis.

Thanks to you all of this religious league,
A holy knot of catholike consent.
I cannot name you lordings, man by man,
But like a stranger unacquainted yet,
In generall I promise faithfull love:
Lord *Bigot* brought me to *S. Edmunds* shrine,
Giving me warrant of a christian oath,
That this assembly came devoted here,
To sweare according as your packets show'd,
Homage and loyall service to our selfe,

T 4

I need

I need not doubt the suretie of your wils,
 Since well I know, for many of your fakes,
 The townes have yeelded on their own accords:
 Yet for a fashion, not for misbeleefe,
 My eyes must witnesse, and these eares must heare
 Your oath upon the holy altar sworne,
 And after march, to end our commings cause.

Salisbury.

That we intend no other than good truth,
 All that are present of this holy league,
 For confirmation of our better trust,
 In presence of his highnesse, swears with me,
 The sequel that my selfe shall utter here.

I *Thomas Plantagenet*, earle of *Salisbury*, swears upon the altar, and by the holy army of saints, homage and allegiance to the right christian prince *Lewis* of *France*, as true and rightfull king to *England*, *Corneswall*, and *Wales*, and to their territories: in the defence whereof, I upon the holy altar swears all forwardnesse.

[*All the Eng. Lo. swears.*]

As the noble earle hath sworne, so swears we all.

Lewis.

I rest assured on your holy oath,
 And on this altar in like sort I swears
 Love to you all, and princely recompence
 To guerdon your good wils unto the full.
 And since I am at this religious shrine,
 My good wel-willers give us leave a while,
 To use some orizons our selves apart,
 To all the holy company of heaven,
 That they will smile upon our purposes,
 And bring them to a fortunate event.

Salisbury.

We leave your highnesse to your good intent.

[*Exeunt lords of England.*]

Lewis.

Now vicount *Meloun*, what remains behind?
 Trust me these traytors to their soveraigne state,
 Are not to be beleev'd in any sort.

Meloun.

Indeed my lord, they that infringe their oths,
 And play the rebels gainst their native king,

WILL

Will for as little cause revolt from you,
 If ever opportunitie incite them so:
 For once forsworne, and never after found,
 There's no affiance after perjury.

Lewis.

Well *Meloun*, wel, let's smooth with them awhile,
 Untill we have as much as they can doe:
 And when their vertue is exhaled drie,
 Ile hang them for the guerdon of their helpe:
 Meane while wee'l use them as a pretious poyson,
 To undertake the issue of our hope.

Fr. Lord.

'Tis policy (my lord) to baite our hookes
 With merry smiles, and promise of much weight:
 But when your highnesse needeth them no more,
 'Tis good make sure worke with them, lest indeede
 They proove to you as to their naturall king.

Meloun.

Trust mee my lord, right well have you advise,
 Venome for use, but never for a sport
 Is to be dallied with, lest it infect.
 Were you instald, as soone I hope you shall:
 Be free from traitors, and dispatch them all,

Lewis.

That so I meane, I swears before you all
 On this same altar, and by heavens power,
 Theres not an *English* traitor of them all,
John once dispatcht, and I faire *Englands* king,
 Shall on his shoulders beare his head one day,
 But I will crop it for their guilts desert:
 Nor shall their heires enjoy their seignories,
 But perish by their parents foule amisse.
 This have I sworne, and this will I performe,
 If ere I come unto the height I hope.
 Lay downe your hands, and swears the same with me.

[*The French lords swears.*]

Why so, now call them in, and speake them faire,
 A smile of *Fraunce* will feed an *English* foole.
 Beare them in hand as friends, for so they be:
 But in the heart like traitors as they are.

Enter

Enter the English lords.

Now famous followers, chieftaines of the world,
Have we follicited with hearty prayer
The heaven in favour of our high attempt.
Leave we this place, and march we with our power
To rowse the tyrant from his chieftest hold:
And when our labours have a prosprouse end,
Each man shall reape the fruit of his desert.
And so resolv'd, brave followers let us hence.

Enter K. John, Bastard, Pandulph, and a many priests with them.

Pandulph.

Thus *John*, thou art absolv'd from all thy finnes,
And freed by order from our fathers curse.
Receive thy crowne againe, with this proviso,
That thou remaine true liegeman to the pope,
And carry armes in right of holy *Rome*.

John.

I holde the same as tenant to the pope,
And thanke your holinesse for your kindnesse shewne.

Philip.

A proper jest, when kings must stoop to friers,
Need hath no law, when friers must be kings.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

Please it your majestie, the prince of *France*,
With all the nobles of your graces land
Are marching hitherward in good aray.
Where ere they set their foot, all places yeeld:
Thy land is theirs, and not a foot holds out
But *Dover* castle, which is hard besieg'd.

Pandulph.

Feare not king *John*, thy kingdome is the popes,
And they shall know his holinesse hath power,
To beate them soone from whence he hath to doe.

Drums

Drums and trumpets. Enter Lewes, Melun, Salisbury, Essex, Pembroke, and all the nobles from Fraunce and England.

Lewes.

Pandulph, as gave his holinesse in charge,
So hath the *Dolbin* mustred up his troupes,
And wonne the greatest part of all this land.
But ill becomes your grace lord Cardinall,
Thus to converse with *John* that is accurst.

Pandulph.

Lewes of *France*, victorious conqueror,
Whose sword hath made this iland quake for feare;
Thy forwardnesse to fight for holy *Rome*,
Shall be remunerated to the full:
But know my lord, *K. John* is now absolv'd,
The Pope is pleasde, the land is blest agen,
And thou hast brought each thing to good effect.
It resteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,
And quietly returne to *Fraunce* againe:
For all is done the pope would wish thee doe.

Lewes.

But all's not done that *Lewes* came to do.
Why *Pandulph*, hath king *Philip* sent his sonne
And beene at such excessive charge in warres,
To be dismist with words? king *John* shall know,
England is mine, and he usurps my right.

Pandulph.

Lewes, I charge thee and thy complices
Upon the paine of *Pandulphs* holy curse,
That thou withdraw thy powers to *Fraunce* againe,
And yeeld up *London* and the neighbour townes
That thou hast tane in *England* by the sword.

Melun.

Lord Cardinall by *Lewes* princely leave,
It can be nought but usurpation
In thee, the pope, and all the church of *Rome*,
Thus to insult on kings of *Christendome*,
Now with a word to make them carrie armes,
Then with a word to make them leave their armes.
This must not be: prince *Lewes* keepe thine owne,
Let pope and popelings curse their ballies full.

Bastard.

Bastard.

My lord of *Melun*, what title had the prince
 To *England* and the crowne of *Albion*,
 But such a title as the pope confirm'd:
 The prelate now lets fall his fained claime:
Lewes is but the agent for the pope,
 Then must the *Dolphin* cease, such he hath ceast:
 But cease or no, it greatly matters not,
 If you my lords and barons of the land
 Will leave the *French*, and cleave unto our king.
 For shame yee peeres of *England* suffer not
 Your selves, your honours, and your land to fall:
 But with resolved thoughts beate backe the *French*,
 And free the land from yoke of servitude.

Salisbury.

Philip, not so, lord *Lewes* is our king,
 And wee will follow him unto the death.

Pandulph.

Then in the name of *Innocent* the Pope,
 I curse the prince and all that take his part,
 And excommunicate the rebell peeres
 As traitors to the king and to the pope.

Lewes.

Pandulph, our swords shall blesse our selves agen:
 Prepare thee *John*, lords follow me your king.

[*Exeunt.*]*John.*

Accursed *John*, the divell owes thee shame,
 Resisting *Rome*, or yeelding to the pope, all's one.
 The divell take the pope, the peeres, and *Fraunce*:
 Shame be my share for yeelding to the priest.

Pandulph.

Comfort thy selfe king *John*, the cardnall goes
 Upon his curse to make them leave their armes.

[*Exit.*]*Bastard.*

Comfort my lord, and curse the cardnall,
 Betake your selfe to armes, my troupes are prest
 To answer *Lewes* with a lustie shocke:
 The *English* archers have their quivers full,
 Their bowes are bent, the pikes are prest to push:
 Good cheere my lord, king *Richards* fortune hangs
 Upon the plume of warrelike *Philips* helme.

Then

Then let them know his brother and his sonne
 Are leaders of the *Englishmen* at armes.

John.

Philip, I know not how to answer thee:
 But let us hence, to answer *Lewes* pride.

*Excursions. Enter Meloun with English lords.**Meloun.*

O I am flaine, nobles, *Salisbury*, *Pembrooke*,
 My soule is charged, heare me: for what I say
 Concerns the peeres of *England*, and their state.
 Listen, brave lords, a fearefull mourning tale
 To be delivered by a man of death.
 Behold these scarres, the dole of bloudie *Mars*
 Are harbingers from natures common foc,
 Citing this truncke to *Tellus* prison house?
 Lifes charter (lordings) lasteth not an houre:
 And fearefull thoughts, forerunners of my end,
 Bids me give phyficke to a sickely soule.
 O peeres of *England*, know you what you do?
 There's but a haire that funders you from harme,
 The hooke is baited, and the traine is made,
 And simply you runne doating to your deaths.
 But lest I die, and leave my tale untolde,
 With silence slaughtering so brave a crew,
 This I averre, if *Lewes* winne the day,
 There's not an *Englishman* that lifts his hand
 Against king *John* to plant the heire of *France*,
 But is already damnd to cruell death.
 I heard it vow'd; my selfe amongst the rest
 Swore on the altar aide to this edict.
 Two causes lords, makes me display this drift,
 The greatest for the freedome of my soule,
 That longs to leave this mansion free from guilt:
 The other on a naturall instinct,
 For that my grandsire was an *Englishman*.
 Misdoubt not lords the truth of my discourse,
 No frensic, nor no brainficke idle fit,
 But well advise, and wotting what I say,
 Pronounce I here before the face of heaven,

That

That nothing is discovered but a truth.
 'Tis time to flie, submit your selves to *John*,
 The smiles of *Fraunce* shade in the frownes of death,
 Lift up your swords, turne face against the *French*,
 Expell the yoke that's framed for your necks.
 Backe warremen, backe, imbowell not the clime,
 Your feate, your nurse, your birth dayes breathing place,
 That bred you, beares you, brought you up in armes.
 Ah! be not so ingrate to digge your mothers grave,
 Preserve your lambes and beate away the wolfe.
 My foule hath said, contritions penitence
 Laies hold on mans redemption for my sinne.
 Farewell my lords; witnesse my faith when we are met in
 heaven,
 And for my kindnesse give me grave roome here.
 My foule doth fleet, worlds vanities farewell.

Salisbury.

Now joy betide thy foule well-meaning man,
 How now my lords, what cooling carde is this?
 A greater griefe growes now than earst hath beene.
 What counsell give you, shall we stay and die?
 Or shall we home, and kneele unto the king.

Pembrooke.

My heart misgave this sad accursed newes:
 What have we done? fie lords, what frensie moved
 Our hearts to yeeld unto the pride of *Fraunce*?
 If we persever, we are sure to die:
 If we desist, small hope againe of life.

Salisbury.

Bear hence the body of this wretched man,
 That made us wretched with his dying tale,
 And stand not wayling on our present harmes,
 As women wont: but seeke our harmes redresse.
 As for my selfe, I will in haste be gone:
 And kneele for pardon to our soveraign *John*.

Pembrooke.

I, there's the way, lets rather kneele to him,
 Than to the *French* that would confound us all.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter king John carried betweene two lords.

John.

Set downe, set downe the loadē not worth your paine,
 For done I am with deadly wounding griefe:
 Sickely and succourlesse, hopelesse of any good,
 The world hath wearied me, and I have wearied it:
 It loathes I livē, I live and loathe my selfe.
 Who pities me? to whom have I beene kinde?
 But to a few; a few will pitie me.
 Why die I not? death scornes so vilde a prey.
 Why live I not, life hates so sad a prize.
 I sue to both to be retaind of either,
 But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither.
 Nor death nor life, yet life and neere the neere,
 Ymixt with death, bidding I wot not where.

Philip.

How fares my lord, that he is carried thus?
 Not all the aukeward fortunes yet befallne,
 Made such impressiō of lament in me.
 Nor ever did my eye attaint my heart
 With any object mooving more remorse,
 Than now beholding of a mighty king,
 Borne by his lords in such distressed state.

John.

What newes with thee? if bad, report it straight:
 If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me.

Philip.

Such as it is, and heavy though it be,
 To glut the world with tragicke elegies,
 Once will I breathe to aggravate the rest,
 Another moane to make the measure full.
 The bravest bow-man had not yet sent forth
 Two arrowes from the quiver at his side,
 But that a rumor went throughout our campe,
 That *John* was fled, the king had left the field.
 At last the rumor scal'd these cares of mine,
 Who rather chose as sacrifice for *Mars*,
 Than ignominious scandall by retire.
 I cheer'd the troupes, as did the prince of *Troy*
 His weary followers against the *Mermidons*,

Crying

Crying aloud, *S. George*, the day is ours.
 But feare had captivated courage quite,
 And like the lambe before the greedie wolfe,
 Se heartlesse fled our war-men from the field.
 Short tale to make, my selfe amongst the rest,
 Was faine to flie before the eager foe.
 By this time night had shadowed all the earth.
 With fable curtaines of the blackest hue,
 And fenc'd us from the furie of the *French*,
 As *Io* from the jealous *Juno*s eie,
 When in the morning our troupes did gather head,
 Passing the washes with our carriages,
 The impartiall tide deadly and inexorable,
 Came raging in with billowes threatning death,
 And swallowed up the most of all our men,
 My selfe upon a galloway right free, well pac'd,
 Out stript the flouds that followed wave by wave,
 I so escap'd to tell this tragicke tale.

John.

Griefe upon griefe, yet none so great a griefe
 To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe.
 Was ever any so unfortunate,
 The right idea of a cursed man,
 As I, poore I, a triumph for despight,
 My fever growes, what ague shakes me so?
 How farre to *Swinstead*, tell me, do you know?
 Present unto the abbot word of my repaire.
 My sicknesse rages, to tyrannize upon me,
 I cannot live unlesse this fever leave me.

Philip.

Good cheere my lord, the abbey is at hand,
 Behold my lord, the churchmen come to meet you.

Enter the Abbot and certaine Monkes.

Abbot.

All health and happines to our soveraigne lord the king.

John.

Nor health nor happines hath *John* at all.
 Say abbot, am I welcome to thy house?

Abbot.

Abbot.

Such welcome as our abbey can afford,
 Your majestie shall be assured of.

Philip.

The king thou seest is weake and very faint,
 What victuals hast thou to refresh his grace?

Abbot.

Good store my lord, of that you need not feare,
 For *Lincolneshire*, and these our abbey grounds
 Were never fatter, nor in better plight.

John.

Philip, thou never needst to doubt of cates,
 Nor king nor lord is seated halfe so well,
 As are the abbeis throughout all the land,
 If any plot of ground do passe another,
 The friers fasten on it strait:
 But let us in to taste of their repast,
 It goes against my heart to feed with them,
 Or be beholding to such abbey groomes.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet ibe Monke.

Monke.

Is this the king that never lov'd a frier?
 Is this the man that doth contemne the pope?
 Is this the man that rob'd the holy church?
 And yet will flie unto a friory?
 Is this the king that aymes at abbeis lands?
 Is this the man whom all the world abhorres,
 And yet will flie unto a friorie?
 Accurst be *Swinstead* abbey, abbot, friers,
 Monkes, nunnes, and clarks, and all that dwells therein,
 If wicked *John* escape alive away.
 Now if that thou wilt looke to merit heaven,
 And be canonized for a holy saint:
 To please the world with a deserving worke,
 Be thou the man to set thy countrey free,
 And murder him that seekes to murder thee.

U

Enter

*Enter the Abbot.**Abbot.*

Why are not you within to cheere the king?
He now begins to mend, and will to meate.

Monke.

What if I say to strangle him in his sleepe?

Abbot.

What, at thy *Mumpsimus*? away,
And seeke some meanes for to pastime the king.

Monke.

Ile set a dudgeon dagger at his heart,
And with a mallet knocke him on the head.

Abbot.

Alas, what meanes this monke to murder me?
Dare lay my life hee'l kill me for my place.

Monke.

Ile poyson him, and it shall ne'r be knowne,
And then shall I be chiefest of my house.

Abbot.

If I were dead indeed he is the next,
But Ile away, for why the monke is mad,
And in his madnesse he will murder me.

Monke.

My L. I cry your lordship mercy, I saw you not.

Abbot.

Alas good *Thomas* do not murder me, and thou shalt have my
place with thousand thanks.

Monke.

I murder you! God shield from such a thought.

Abbot.

If thou wilt needs, yet let me say my prayers.

Monke.

I will not hurt your lordship good my lord: but if you please,
I will impart a thing that shall be beneficiall to us all.

Abbot.

Wilt thou not hurt me holy monke? say on.

Monke.

You know my lord, the king is in our house.

Abbot.

True.

Monke.

You know likewise the king abhorres a frier.

Abbot.

True.

Monke.

And he that loves not a frier is our enemy.

Abbot.

Thou saist true.

Monke.

Then the king is our enemy.

Abbot.

True.

Monke.

Why then should we not kil our enemy, and the king being
our enemy, why then should we not kill the K.

Abbot.

O blessed monke! I see God moves thy minde to free this
land from tyrants slavery.

But who dare venter for to do this deede?

Monke.

Who dare? why I my lord dare do the deed,
Ile free my country and the church from foes,
And merit heaven by killing of a king.

Abbot.

Thomas kneele downe, and if thou art resolv'd,
I will absolve thee here from all thy finnes,
For why the deed is meritorious.
Forward, and feare not man, for every month,
Our friers shall singe a masse for *Thomas* soule.

Monke.

God and S. *Francis* prosper my attempt,
For now my lord I goe about my worke.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Lewes and his armie.**Lewes.*

Thus victorie in bloudie lawrell clad,
Followes the fortune of yong *Lodowike*,
The *Englishmen* as danted at our fight,
Fall as the fowle before the eagles eies,
Onely two crosses of contrary change

Do nip my heart, and vex me with unrest.
 Lord *Meluns* death, the one part of my soule,
 A braver man did never live in *Fraunce*.
 The other griefe, I that's a gall indeed,
 To thinke that *Dover* castle should hold out
 Gainst all assaults, and rest impregnable.
 Yee warrelike race of *Francus* *Hectors* sonne,
 Triumph in conquest of that tyrant *John*,
 The better halfe of *England* is our owne:
 And towards the conquest of the other part,
 We have the face of all the *English* lords,
 What then remains but overrunne the land?
 Be resolute my warrelike followers,
 And if good fortune serve as shee begins,
 The poorest peasant of the realme of *France*
 Shal be a master ore an *English* lord.

Enter a messenger.

Lewes.

Fellow, what newes?

Messenger.

Pleaseth your grace, the earle of *Salisbury*, *Penbrooke*, *Essex*,
Clare, and *Arundell*, with all the barons that did fight for
 thee, are on a sodaine fled with all their powers, to joyne
 with *John*, to drive thee backe againe.

Enter another messenger.

Messenger.

Lewes my lord, why standst thou in a maze?
 Gather thy troupes, hope not of helpe from *Fraunce*,
 For all thy forces being fiftie saile,
 Containing twenty thousand souldiers,
 With victuall and munition for the warre,
 Putting them from *Callis* in unluckie time,
 Did crosse the seas, and on the *Goodwin* sands,
 The men, munition, and the ships are lost.

Enter another messenger.

Lewes.

More newes? say on.

Messenger.

Messenger.

John (my lord) with all his scattered troups,
 Flying the fury of your conquering sword,
 As *Pharaob* earst within the bloody sea,
 So he and his environed with the tide,
 On *Lincolne* washes all were overwhelmed,
 The barons fled, our forces cast away.

Lewes.

Was ever heard such unexpected newes?

Messenger.

Yet *Lodowike* revive thy dying heart,
 King *John* and all his forces are confumde.
 The lesse thou needst the aid of *English* earles,
 The lesse thou needst to grieve thy navies wracke,
 And follow times advantage with successe.

Lewes.

Brave *Frenchmen* arm'd with magnanimitie,
 March after *Lewes*, who will leade you on
 To chase the barons power that wants a head,
 For *John* is drown'd, and I am *Englands* king.
 Though our munition and our men be lost,
Philip of *Fraunce* will send us fresh supplies.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two friers laying a cloib.

Frier.

Dispatch, dispatch, the king desires to eate,
 Would a might eate his last for the love he bears to church men.

Frier.

I am of thy mind too, and so it should be and we might
 be our owne carvers.

I marvell why they dine here in the orchard.

Frier.

I know not, nor I care not, The king comes.

John.

Come on lord *Abbot*, shall we sit together?

Abbot.

Pleaseth your grace sit downe.

John.

Take your places sirs, no pomp in penury, all beggers and
 friends may come, where necessitie keeps the house, curtesie
 is barr'd the table, sit downe *Philip*.

U 3

Bastard

Bastard.

My lord, I am loth to allude so much to the proverb, honors change maners: a king is king, though fortune do her worst, and we as dutifull in despite of her frowne, as if your highnes were now in the highest tpe of dignitie.

John.

Come, no more adoe, and you tell mee much of dignity, you'll marre my appetite in a surfet of sorrow. What cheere lord *Abbot*, me thinks ye frown like an host that knows his guest hath no money to pay the reckning?

Abbot.

No my liege, if I frowne at all, it is for I feare this cheere too homely to entertaine so mighty a guest as your majestie.

Bastard.

I think rather, my lord *Abbot*, you remember my last being here, when I went in progresse for powches, and the rancor of his heart breakes out in his countenance, to shew he hath not forgot me.

Abbot.

Not so my lord, you, and the meanest follower of his majesty, are heartily welcome to me.

Monke.

Wassell my liege, and as a poore monke may say, welcome to *Swinstead*.

John.

Begin monke, and report hereafter thou wast taster to a king.

Monke.

As much health to your highnesse as mine owne heart.

John.

I pledge thee kind monke.

Monke.

The merriest draught that ever was drunke in *England*. Am I not too bold with your highnesse?

John.

Not a whit, all friends and fellows for a time.

Monke.

If the inwards of a toad be a compound of any prooffe: why so it workes.

John.

Stay *Philip*, where's the monke?

*Bastard.**Bastard.*

He is dead my lord.

John.

Then drinke not *Philip* for a world of wealth.

Bastard.

What cheere my liege? your collor gins to change.

John.

So doth my life: O *Philip*, I am poison'd. The monke, the divell, the poyson gins to rage, It will depose my selfe a king from raigne.

Bastard.

This abbot hath an interest in this act. At all adventures take thou that from me. There lie the abbot, abbey, lubber, divell. March with the monke unto the gates of hell. How fares my lord?

John.

Philip, some drinke, oh for the frozen *Alpes*, To tumble on and coole this inward heate, That rageth as the fornace seven-fold hote. To burne the holy tree in *Babylon*, Power after power forsake their proper power, Onely the heart impugnes with faint resist The fierce invade of him that conquers kings, Helpe God, O paine! die *John*, O plague Inflicted on thee for thy grievous finnes. *Philip*, a chaire, and by and by a grave, My legges disdain the carriage of a king.

Bastard.

A good my liege, with patience conquer griefe, And beare this paine with kingly fortitude.

John.

Me thinkes I see a catalogue of sinne, Wrote by a fiend in marble characters, The least enough to loose my part in heaven. Me thinkes the divell whispers in mine eares, And tells me, tis in vaine to hope for grace, I must be damn'd for *Arthurs* sodaine death, I see I see a thousand thousand men Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth,

U 4

And

And there is none so mercifull a God
 That will forgive the number of my finnes.
 How have I liv'd, but by anothers losse?
 What have I lov'd, but wracke of others weale?
 Where have I vow'd, and not infring'd mine oath?
 Where have I done a deede deserving well?
 How, what, when, and where, have I bestow'd a day,
 That tended not to some notorious ill?
 My life repleate with rage and tyrannie,
 Craves little pittie for so strange a death.
 Or, who will say that *John* deceasde too soone?
 Who will not say, he rather liv'd too long?
 Dishonour did attaint me in my life,
 And shame attendeth *John* unto his death.
 Why did I scape the fury of the *French*,
 And did not by the temper of their swords?
 Shamelesse my life, and shamefully it ends,
 Scorn'd by my foes, disdain'd of my friends.

Bastard.

Forgive the world and all your earthly foes,
 And call on *Christ*, who is your latest friend.

John.

My tongue doth falter: *Philip*, I tell thee man,
 Since *John* did yeeld unto the priest of *Rome*,
 Nor he nor his have prospred on the earth:
 Curst are his blessings, and his curse is blisse.
 But in the spirit I crie unto my God,
 As did the kingly prophet *David* cry,
 (Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)
 I am not he shall build the lord a house,
 Or roote these locusts from the face of earth:
 But if my dying heart deceive me not,
 From out these loynes shall spring a kingly braunch
 Whose armes shall reach unto the gates of *Rome*,
 And with his feete treads downe the strumpets pride,
 That sits upon the chaire of *Babylon*.
Philip, my heart strings breake, the poysons flame
 Hath overcome in me weake natures power,
 And in the faith of *Jesus* *John* doth die.

Bastard.

Bastard.

See how he strives for life, unhappy lord,
 Whose bowels are divided in themselves.
 This is the fruit of poperie, when true kings
 Are slaine and shouldred out by monkes and friers.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

Please it your grace, the barons of the land,
 Which all this while bare armes against the king,
 Conducted by the legate of the Pope,
 Together with the prince his highnesse sonne,
 Do crave to be admitted to the presence of the king.

Bastard.

Your sonne, my lord, young *Henry* craves to see
 Your majestie, and brings with him beside
 The barons that revolted from your grace.
 O piercing sight, he fumbleth in the mouth,
 His speech doth faile: lift up your selfe my lord,
 And see the prince to comfort you in death.

Enter Pandulph, yong Henry, the barons with daggers in their hands.

Prince.

O let me see my father ere he die:
 O uncle, were you here, and suffred him
 To be thus poyned by a damned monke?
 Ah he is dead, father, sweet father speake.

Bastard.

His speach doth faile, he hasteth to his end.

Pandulph.

Lords, give me leave to joy the dying king,
 With sight of these his nobles kneeling here
 With daggers in their hands, who offer up
 Their lives for ransome of their foule offence.
 Then good my lord, if you forgive them all,
 Lift up your hand in token you forgive.

Salisbury.

We humbly thanke your royall majestie,
 And vow to fight for *England* and her king:

And

And in the fight of *John* our soveraigne lord,
In spite of *Lewes* and the power of *Fraunce*,
Who hitherward are marching in all haste,
We crowne yong *Henry* in his fathers sted.

Henry.

Help, help, he dies; ah father! looke on mee.

Legate.

K. John, farewell: in token of thy faith,
And signe thou diest the servant of the lord,
Lift up thy hand, that we may witnesse here,
Thou diedst the servant of our saviour Christ.
Now joy betide thy soule: what noyse is this?

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

Help lords, the *Dolphin* maketh hitherward
With ensignes of defiance in the winde,
And all our armie standeth at a gaze,
Expecting what their leaders will commaund.

Bastard.

Let's arme our selves in yong *K. Henries* right,
And beate the power of *Fraunce* to sea againe.

Legate.

Philip not so, but I will to the prince,
And bring him face to face to parley with you.

Bastard.

Lord *Salisbury*, your selfe shall march with me,
So shall we bring these troubles to an end,

King.

Sweet uncle, if thou love thy soveraigne,
Let not a stone of *Swinstead* abbey stand,
But pull the house about the friers eares:
For they have kill'd my father and my king.

[*Exeunt.*

A parley sounded, Lewes, Pandulph, Salisbury, &c.

Pandulph.

Lewes of *Fraunce*, yong *Henry* *Englands* king
Requires to know the reason of the claime

That

That thou canst make to any thing of his.
King John that did offend, is dead and gone,
See where his breathlesse trunk in presence lies,
And he as heire apparant to the crowne
Is now succeeded in his fathers roome.

Henry.

Lewes, what law of armes doth leade thee thus,
To keepe possession of my lawfull right?
Answer; in fine, if thou wilt take a peace,
And make surrender of my right againe,
Or trie thy title with the dint of sword:
I tell thee *Dolphin*, *Henry* feares thee not,
For now the barons cleave unto their king,
And what thou hast in *England* they did get.

Lewes.

Henry of *England*, now that *John* is dead,
That was the chiefest enimie to *Fraunce*,
I may the rather be inducde to peace.
But *Salisbury*, and you barons of the realme,
This strange revolt agrees not with the oath
That you on *Bury* altare lately sware.

Salisbury.

Nor did the oath your highnesse there did take
Agree with honour of the prince of *Fraunce*.

Bastard.

My lord, what answer make you to the king?

Dolphin.

Faith *Philip* this I say: it bootes not me,
Nor any prince, nor power of *Christendome*,
To seeke to win this iland *Albion*,
Unlesse he have a partie in the realme
By treason for to help him in his warres.
The peeres which were the partie on my side,
Are fled from me: then bootes not me to fight,
But on conditions, as mine honour wills,
I am contented to depart the realme.

Henry.

On what conditions will your highnes yeeld?

Lewes.

That shall we thinke upon by more advice.

Bastard.

Bastard.

Then kings and princes, let these broils have end,
 And at more leisure talke upon the league.
 Meane while to *Worster* let us beare the king,
 And there interre his bodie, as befeemes.
 But first, in fight of *Lewes* heire of *Fraunce*,
 Lords take the crowne, and set it on his head,
 That by succession is our lawfull king.

They crowne yong Henry.

Thus *Englands* peace begins in *Henries* raigne,
 And bloodie warres are closed with happie league.
 Let *England* live but true within it selfe,
 And all the world can never wrong her state.
Lewes, thou shalt be bravely shipt to *Fraunce*,
 For never *Frenchman* got of *English* ground
 The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.
Dolphin, thy hand; to *Worster* we will march:
 Lords all, lay hands to beare your soveraigne
 With obsequies of honour to his grave:
 If *Englands* peeres and people joyne in one,
 Nor pope, nor *France*, nor *Spaine* can do them wrong.

F I N I S.

THE

THE
 FAMOUS VICTORIES
 OF
 HENRY THE FIFTH.

CONTAINING
 The Honourable Battell of AGIN-COURT.

As it was acted by the Kinges Majesties Servants.

L O N D O N,
 Imprinted by *Barnard Alsop*, and are to be sold by *Tymothie Barlow*, at his shop in *Paules Church-yard*, at the
 Signe of the Bull-head.



THE
FAMOUS VICTORIES
OF
HENRY THE FIFTH.
CONTAINING
The Honourable Battell of AGIN-COURT.

Enter the young Prince, Ned, and Tom.

Henry the Fifth.

COME away *Ned* and *Tom*.

Both.

Here my lord.

Henry 5.

Come away my lads.

Tell me firs, how much gold have you got.

Ned.

Faith my lord, I have got five hundred pound.

Henry 5.

But tell me *Tom*, how much haist thou got?

Tom.

Faith my lord, some foure hundred pound.

Henry 5.

Foure hundred pounds, bravely spoken lads.

But tell me firs, thinke you not that it was a vaillainous part of
me to rob my fathers receyvers?

Ned.

Ned.

Why, no my lord, it was but a trick of youth.

Henry 5.

Faith *Ned*, thou sayest true.
But tell me first, whereabouts are we?

Tom.

My lord, we are now about a mile off London.

Henry 5.

But first, I marvel that Sir *John Oldcastle*
Comes not away: fownd see where he comes.

Enters Jockey.

How now *Jockey*, what newes with thee?

Jockey.

Faith my lord, such newes as passeth,
For the towne of *Dotfort* is risen,
With hue and crie after your man,
Which parted from us the last night,
And has set upon, and hath robd a poore carrier.

Henry 5.

Sownes, the villaine that was wont to spie
Out our booties.

Jockey.

I my lord, even the very fame.

Henry 5.

Now base-minded rascall to rob a poore carrier,
Well it skils not, ile save the base villaines life:
I, I may: but tell me *Jockey*, whereabouts be the receyvers.

Jockey.

Faith my lord, they are hard by,
But the best is, we are a horse backe, and they be a foote,
So we may escape them.

Henry 5.

Well, I the villaines come, let mee alone with them.
But tell me *Jockey*, how much gots thou from the knaves,
For I am sure I got something, for one of the villaines
So belamde me about the shoulders,
As I shall feele it this moneth.

Jockey.

Faith my lord, I have got a hundred pound.

*Henry.**Henry 5.*

A hundred pound, now bravely spoken *Jockey*:
But come first, lay all your money before me,
Now by heaven here is a brave shew:
But as I am true gentleman, I will have the halfe
Of this spent to night, but first, take up your bags:
Here comes the Receyvers, let me alone.

*Enters two Receyvers.**One.*

Alas good fellow, what shall we doe?
I dare never go home to the court, for I shall be hangde,
But here is the yong Prince, what shall we do?

Henry 5.

How now you villaines, what are you?

One Receyver.

Speake you to him.

Other.

No I pray, speake you to him.

Henry.

Why how now you rascals, why speake you not?

One.

Forsooth we be, pray speake you to him.

Henry 5.

Sownes, villaines speake, or ile cut off your heads.

Other.

Forsooth he can tell the tale better then I.

One.

Forsooth we be your fathers Receyvers.

Henry 5.

Are you my fathers Receyvers.
Then I hope yee have brought me some money.

One.

Money: alasse first wee be robd.

Henry 5.

Robd, how many were there of them?

One.

Marry first there were foure of them,
And one of them had Sir *John Oldcastles* bay Hobbey,
And your blacke nag.

X

Henry

Henry 5.

Gogs wounds how like you this *Jockey*,
 Blood you villaines: my father robd of his money abroad,
 And we in our stables.
 But tell me how many were there of them.

One Receyver.

If it please you, there were foure of them,
 And there was one about the bignesse of you:
 But I am sure I so belamde him about the shoulders,
 That he will feele it this moneth.

Henry 5.

Gogs wounds you lambde them fairely,
 So that they have carryed away your money.
 But come firs what shall we doe with the villaines.

Both Receyvers.

I beseech your grace be good to us.

Ned.

I pray you my Lord forgive them this once.
 Well stand up and get you gone,
 And looke that you speake not a word of it,
 For if there be, fownes ile hang you and all your kin.

*[Exit Purseuant.]**Henry 5.*

Now firs, how like you this;
 Was not this bravely done:
 For now the villaines dare not speake a word of it,
 I have so feared them with words.
 Now whether shall we go.

All.

Why my lord, you know our old Hostesse at *Fewersham*.

Henry 5.

Our Hostesse at *Fewersham*, bloud what shall we doe there, we
 have a thousand pound about us.
 And we shall go to a petty Alehouse.
 No, no: you know the old Taverne in Eastcheape,
 There is good wine: besides there is a prety wench
 That can talke well, for I delight as much in their tongues,
 As any part about them.

All.

We are ready to wayte upon your grace.

*Henry**Henry 5.*

Gogs wounds wait, we will go altogether,
 We are all fellowes, I tell you firs, and the King my father
 were dead, wee would be all Kings,
 Therefore come away.

Ned.

Gogs wounds, bravely spoken *Harry*.

Enter John Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence Costermonger;

John Cobler.

All is well here, all is well Masters.

Robin.

How say you, neighbour *John Cobler*?
 I think it best that my neighbour
Robin Pewterer went to Pudding-lane end,
 And we will watch here at Billingsgate ward.
 How say you neighbour *Robin*, how like you this?

Robin.

Marry well neighbours:
 I care not much if I go to Pudding-lane end.
 But neighbours, and you heare any adoe about me,
 Make haste: and if I heare any adoe about you,
 I will come to you. *[Exit Robin.]*

Lawrence.

Neighbor what news heare you of the yong Prince?

John.

Marry neighbour, I heare say, he is a toward young Prince,
 For if he meet any by the high way,
 He will not let to talke with him,
 I dare not call him theefe, but sure he is one of these taking
 fellowes.

Lawrence.

Indeed neighbour, I heare say hee is as lively
 A yong Prince as ever was.

John.

I, and I heare say, if he use it long,
 His father will cut him off from the crowne:
 But neighbour say nothing of that.

Lawrence.

No, no, neighbour I warrant you.

X 2

John.

John.
Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sleepe,
If you will, we will sit downe,
For I thinke it is about midnight.

Lawrence.
Marry content neighbour, let us sleepe.

Enter Dericke rowing.

Dericke.
Who, who there, who there? [*Exit Dericke.*

Enter Robin.

Robin.
O neighbours, what meane you to sleepe,
And such adoe in the streetes?

Ambo.
How now neighbour, whats the matter?

Enter Dericke againe.

Dericke.
Who there, who there, who there?

Cobler.
Why, what aylest thou? here is no horses.

Dericke.
O alas man, I am robd, who there, who there?

Robin.
Hold him neighbour *Cobler.*

Cobler.
Why I see thou art a plaine clowne.

Dericke.
Am I a clowne, fownes masters,
Do clownes goe in silke apparel.
I am sure all we gentlemen clownes in Kent scant goe so well:
Sounes you know clownes very well.
Heare you, are you Master Constable, and you be speake:
For I will not take it at his hands.

John.
Faith I am not Master Constable,
But I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.

[*Dericke.*

Dericke.
Is not master Constable here?
Well it is no matter, He have the law at his hands.

John.
Nay I pray you do not take the law of us.

Dericke.
You are one of his beafty officers.

John.
I am one of his bad officers.

Dericke.
Why then I charge thee looke to him.

Cobler.
Nay but heare yee fir, you seeme to be an honest
Fellow, and we are poore men, and now tis night,
And we would be loath to have any thing adoo,
Therefore I pray thee put it up.

Dericke.
First, thou sayest true, I am an honest fellow,
And a proper handsome fellow too,
And you seem to be poore men, therefore I care not greatly,
Nay I am quickly pacified,
But and you chance to spie the theefe,
I pray you lay hold on him.

Robin.
Yes that we will, I warrant you.

Dericke.
Tis a wonderfull thing to see how glad the knave is, now I
have forgiven him.

John.
Neighbours, doe yee looke about you,
How now, who's there?

Enter the theefe.

Theefe.
Here is a good fellow. I pray you which is the way to the
olde Taverne in Eastcheape.

Dericke.
Whoope hollo, now *Gadshill*, knowest thou mee?

Theefe.
I know thee for an asse.

Dericke.

And I know thee for a taking fellow.
Upon Gads hill in Kent.
A bots light upon you.

Theefe.

The worson villaine would be knockt.

Dericke.

Masters, villaine, and ye be men stand to him,
And take his weapon from him, let him not passe you.

John.

My friend, what make you abroad now?
It is too late to walke now.

Theefe.

It is not too late for true men to walke.

Lawrence.

We know thee not to be a true man.

Theefe.

Why what doe you meane to doe with me?
Sounes I am one of the Kings liege people.

Dericke.

Heare you fir, are you one of the kings liege people?

Theefe.

I marry am I fir, what say you to it?

Dericke.

Marry fir, I say you are one of the Kings filching people.

Cobler.

Come, come, lets have him away.

Theefe.

Why what have I done.

Robin.

Thou hast robd a poore fellow,
And taken away his goods from him.

Theefe.

I never saw him before.

Dericke.

Maisters who comes here?

*Enter the Vintners boy.**Boy.*

How now good man Cobler?

*Cobler.**Cobler.*

How now *Robin*, what makes thou abroad
At this time of night?

Boy.

Marry I have bene at the Counter,
I can tell such newes as never you have hearde the like.

Cobler.

What is that *Robin*, what is the matter?

Boy.

Why this night about two houres agoe, there came the young Prince, and three or foure more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a noyse of musitians, and were very merry for the space of an houre, then whether their musicke liked them not, or whether they had drunke too much wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flew against the walls, and then they drewe their swords, and went into the street and fought, and some tooke one part, and some tooke another, but for the space of halfe an houre, there was such a bloody fray as passeth, and none could parte them untill such time as the Mayor and Sheriffe were sent for, and then at last, with much adoo, they tooke them, and so the young Prince was carryed to the Counter, and then about one houre after, there came a messenger from the court in all haste, from the King, for my Lorde Mayor and the Sheriffe, but for what cause I know not.

Cobler.

Here is newes indeed *Robert.*

Lawrence.

Marry Neighbour, this newes is strange indeede, I thinke it best Neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellow first.

Theefe.

What meane you to doo with me?

Cobler.

Wee meane to carry you to the prison, and there to remaine till the sessions day.

Theefe.

Then I pray you let me go to the prison where my maister is.

Cobler.

Nay, thou must goe to the countrey prison, to Newgate, therefore come away.

X 4

Theefe.

Theefe.

I prethee be good to me honest fellow.

*Dericke.*I marry will I, ile be very charitable to thee,
For I wil never leave thee, til I see thee on the gallows.*Enter Henry the fourth, with the Earle of Exeter, and the
Lord of Oxford.**Oxford.*And please your majestie, here is my Lord Mayor, and the
Sheriffe of London, to speake with your majestie.*K. Henry 4.*

Admit them to our presence.

*Enter the L. Mayor, and the Sberiffe,**King.*Now my good Lord Mayor of London,
The cause of my sending for you at this time, is to tell you
of a matter which I have learned of my councell: herein I
understand, that you have committed my sonne to prison
without our leave and license. What although he be a rude
youth, and likely to give occasion, yet you might have con-
sidered that he is a Prince, and my sonne, and not to be
halled to prison by every subject.*Mayor.*

May it please your majestie to give us leave to tell our tale?

*K. Henry 4.*Or else God forbid, otherwise you might thinke me an
unequall judge, having more affection to my sonne, then to
any rightfull judgement.*Mayor.*Then I do not doubt but we shal rather deserve com-
mendations at your majesties hands, then any anger.*K. Henry 4.*

Go to, say on.

*Mayor.*Then if it please your majestie, this night betwixt two and
three of the clock in the morning my Lord the yong Prince
with a very disordred company, came to the old Taverne in
Eastcheape, and whether it was that their *musick* liked them
not,not, or whether they were overcom with wine, I know not,
but they drue their swords, and into the streete they went,
and some took my L. the yong Princes part, and som tooke
the other, but betwixt them there was such a bloudie fray for
the space of halfe an houre, that neyther watchmen, nor any
other could stay them, till my brother the Sheriffe of London
and I were sent for, and at the last, with much ado we stayed
them, but it was long first, which was a great disquieting to
all your loving subjects thereabouts: and then my good Lord,
we knew not whether your grace had sent them to trie us,
whether we would do justice, or whether it were of their own
voluntary will or not, we cannot tell: and therefore in such
a case we knew not what to doe, but for our owne safegard
we sent him to ward, wher he wanteth nothing that is fit for
his grace and your majesties son. And thus most humbly
beseeching your majesty to thinke of our answere.*Henry 4.*Stand aside untill we have further deliberated on your
answere. [Exit Maior.]Ah *Harry, Harry*, now thrice accursed *Harry*,
That hath gotten a sonne, which with griefe
Will end his fathers dayes.
O my sonne, a Prince thou art, I a Prince in deed,
And to deserve imprisonment,
And well they have done, and like faithfull subjects:
Discharge them and let them goe.*L. Exeter.*I beseech your grace be good to my Lorde the yong
Prince.*Henry 4.*

Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone.

*L. Oxford.*Perchance the Mayor and the Sheriffe have beene too pre-
cise in this matter.*Henry 4.*No, they have done like faithfull subjects,
I will goe my selfe to discharge them, and let them go.
[Exeunt omnes.]*Enter*

Enter lord Chiefe Justice, Clarke of the Office, Jaylor, John
Cobler, Dericke, and the Theefe.

Judge.

Jaylor bring the prisoner to the barre.

Dericke.

Heare you my Lorde, I pray you bring the barre to the
prisoner.

Judge.

Hold thy hand up at the barre.

Theefe.

Here it is my Lord.

Judge.

Clarke of the office, reade his inditement.

Clarke.

What is thy name?

Theefe.

My name was knowne before I came heere,
And shall be when I am gone, I warrant you.

Judge.

I, I thinke so, but wee will know it better before thou goe.

Dericke.

Sownes and you doe but tend to the next Jaile,
We are sure to know his name;
For this is not the first prison he hath bene in, ile warrant you.

Clarke.

What is thy name?

Theefe.

What need you to aske, and have it in writing?

Clarke.

Is not thy name *Cutbert Cutter*?

Theefe.

What the divell neede you aske, and know it so well;

Clarke.

Why then *Cutbert Cutter*, I indite thee by the name of
Cutbert Cutter, for robbing a poore carrier the 20. day of May
last past, in the fourteen yeare of the raigne of our Sovereigne
Lord King *Henry* the fourth, for setting upon a poore carrier
upon Gads hill in Kent, and having beaten and wounded the
said carrier, and taken his goods from him.

Dericke.

Dericke.

Oh maisters stay there, nay lets never belie the man, for
he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but he hath beaten
and wounded my packe, and hath taken the great race of
Ginger, that bouncing *Besse* with the jolly buttocks should
have had, that grieves me most.

Judge.

Well, what sayest thou, art thou guilty, or not guyltie?

Theefe.

Not guilty, my Lord.

Judge.

By whom wilt thou be tride?

Theefe.

By my Lord the young Prince, or by my selfe, whether
you will.

Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.

Henry 5.

Come away my lads, gogs wounds ye villaine, what make
you here? I must goe about my businesse my selfe, and you
must stand loytering here.

Theefe.

Why my Lord, they have bound mee, and will not let
me go.

Henry 5.

Have they bound thee villain, why how now my Lord.

Judge.

I am glad to see your Grace in good health.

Henry 5.

Why my Lord, this is my man,
Tis marvell you knew him not long before this,
I tell you he is a man of his hands.

Theefe.

I gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare.

Judge.

Your Grace shall finde small credite by acknowledging him
to be your man.

Henry 5.

Why my Lord, what hath he done.

Judge.

And it please your majesty, he hath robbed a poore Carrier.

Dericke.

Dericke.

Heare you fir, marry it was one *Dericke*,
 Goodman *Hoblings* man of *Kent*.

Henry 5.

What, wast you button breech?
 Of my word my Lord, he did it but in jest.

Judge.

Heare you fir, is it your mans quality to rob folkes in jest?
 In faith he shall be hangde in earnest.

Henry 5.

Well my Lord, what doe you meane to do with my man?

Judge.

And please your Grace the law must passe on him, accord-
 ing to justice, then he must be executed.

Dericke.

Heare you fir, I pray you, is it your mans quality to rob
 folkes in jest? In faith he shall be hangd in jest.

Henry 5.

Well my Lord once againe, what meane you to doe with
 him?

Judge.

And please your Grace according to-law and justice he must
 be hangd.

Henry 5.

Why then belike you meane to hang my man.

Judge.

I am sorry that it fals out so.

Henry 5.

Why my Lord, I pray yee who am I?

Judge.

And please your Grace, you are my L. the yong Prince,
 our King that shall be after the decease of our soveraigne
 Lord, K. *Henry* the fourth, whom God grant long to raigne.

Henry 5.

You say true my Lord:
 And you will hang my man.

Judge.

And like your Grace, I must needs doe justice.

Henry 5.

Tell me my Lord, shall I have my man?

*Judge.**Judge.*

I cannot my Lord.

Henry 5.

But will you not let him goe?

Judge.

I am sorry that his case is so ill.

Henry 5.

Tush, case me no casings, shall I have my man?

Judge.

I cannot, nor I may not my Lord.

Henry 5.

Nay, and I shall not say, and then I am answered.

Judge.

No.

Henry 5.

No, then I will have him.

He giveth him a boxe on the care.

Ned.

Gogs wounds my Lord, shall I cut off his head?

Henry 5.

No, I charge you draw not your swords,
 But get you hence, provide a noyse of Musitians,
 Away, be gone. *[Exeunt the Theefe.]*

Judge.

Well my Lord, I am content to take it at your hands.

Henry 5.

Nay and you be not, you shall have more.

Judge.

Why I pray you my Lord, who am I?

Henry 5.

You, who knowes not you,
 Why man, you are Lord chiefe Justice of England.

Judge.

Your Grace hath said truth, therefore in striking me in this
 place, you greatly abuse me, and not me only but also your
 father: whose lively person here in this place I do represent.
 And therefore to teach you what prerogatives meane, I com-
 mit you to the Fleet, untill wee have spoken with your father.

Henry

Henry 5.

Why then belike you meane to send mee to the Fleete.

Judge.

I indeed, and therefore carry him away.

[*Exeunt Henry 5. with the Officers.*]*Judge.*

Jayler carry the prisoner to Newgate againe untill the next Sifes.

Jayler.

At your commandement my Lord it shall bee done.

*Enter Dericke and John Cobler.**Dericke.*Sownds maisters, heres adoo,
When Princes must go to prison:
Why *John*, didst ever see the like?*John.*O *Dericke*, trust me, I never saw the like.*Dericke.*Why *John* thou maist see what princes be in-choller,
A Judge a boxe on the eare, Ile tell thee *John*, O *John*,
I would not have done it for twenty shillings.*John.*No nor I, there had beene no way but one with us.
We should have been hangde.*Dericke.*Faith *John*, Ile tell thee what, thou shalt bee my
Lord chiefe Justice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire,
And ile be the yong Prince, and hit thee a box on the ear
And then thou shalt say, to teach you what prerogatives
meane, I commit you to the Fleete.*John.*Come on, ile be your judge,
But thou shalt not hit me hard.*Dericke.*

No, no.

John.

What hath he done?

*Dericke.*Marry he hath robd *Dericke*.

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*John.**John.*

Why then I cannot let him goe.

Dericke.

I must needes have my man.

John.

You shall not have him.

*Dericke.*Shall I not have my man, say no and you dare:
How say you, shall I not have my man?*John.*

No marry shall you not.

*Dericke.*Shall I not *John*?*John.*No *Dericke*.*Dericke.*Why then take you that til more come,
Sownes, shall I not have him?*John.*Well I am content to take this at your hand,
But I pray you, who am I?*Dericke.*

Who art thou, sownds, dost not know thy selfe?

John.

No.

*Dericke.*Now away simple fellow,
Why man, thou art *John* the Cobler.*John.*

No, I am my Lord chiefe Justice of England.

*Dericke.*Oh *John*, Masse thou sayst true, thou art indeed.*John.*Why then to teach you what prerogatives mean I com-
mit you to the Fleete.*Dericke.*Wel, I will go, but yfaith you gray beard knave, Ile course
you.[*Exit. And straight enters againe.*]
Oh *John*, Com, come out of thy chair, why what a clown
weart thou, to let me hit thee a boxe on the eare, and now
thou

thou seeft they will not take mee to the Fleet, I thinke that thou art one of thefe woren-day clownes.

John.

But I marvell what will become of thee?

Dericke.

Faith, ile be no more a carrier.

John.

What wilt thou then do?

Dericke.

Ile dwell with thee and be a Cobler.

John.

With me, alaffe, I am not able to keepe thee, Why thou wilt eate me out of dores.

Dericke.

Oh *John*, no *John*, I am none of thefe great flouching fellows that devoure thefe great peeces of beefe and brewes, alaffe a trifle ferves me, a woodcocke, a chicken, or a capons leg, or any fuch little thing ferves me.

John.

A capon, why man I cannot get a capon once a yeare, except it be at Christmas, at fome other mans houfe, for we coblers be glad of a difh of rootes.

Dericke.

Rootes, why are you fo good at rooting? Nay Cobler, weele have you ringde.

John.

But *Dericke* though we be fo poore, Yet will we have in ftore a crab in the fire, With Nut-browne ale, that is full ftale, Which will a man quaile, and lay in the myre.

Dericke.

A hots on you, and be but for your ale, Ile dwell with you, come lets away as faft as we can.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the young Prince with Ned and Tom.

Henry 5.

Come away fir, Gogs wounds *Ned*, Didft thou not fee what a boxe on the eare I tooke my Lord chiefe Justice?

Tom.

Tom.

By gogs blood it did me good to fee it, It made his teeth jarre in his head.

Enter Sir John Old-Castle.

Henry 5.

How now fir *John Old-Castle*? What newes with you?

John Old-Castle.

I am glad to fee your Grace at libertie, I was come I, to vifite you in Prifon.

Henry 5.

To vifite mee, didft thou not know that I am a Princes fonne? why tis enough for me to looke into a prifon, though I come not in my felfe, but heres fuch adoo now a dayes, heres prifoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the divell and all: but I tell you fir, when I am King, wee will have no fuch things, but my lads, if the olde King my father were dead, we would be all Kings.

John Old-Castle.

He is a good olde man, God take him to his mercie the fooner.

Henry 5.

But *Ned*, fo foone as I am King, the firft thing I will doo, fhall be to put my Lord chiefe Justice out of office, and thou fhalt be my L. chiefe Justice of England.

Ned.

Shall I be Lord chiefe Justice? By gogs wounds ile be the bravest Lord chiefe Justice That ever was in England.

Henry 5.

Then *Ned*, ile turne all thefe prifons into fence-fthooles, and I will endue thee with them, with landes to maintaine them withall, and then I will have about with my Lord chiefe Justice, thou fhalt hang none but pick-purtes, and horfe-ftalers, and fuch bafe minded villaines, but that fellow that will ftand by the high-way fide couragiously, with his fword and buckler, and take a purfe, that fellowe give him commendations: befide that, fend him to mee, and I will give him

Y

him an annuall pension out of my Exchequer, to maintaine him all the dayes of his life.

John.

Nobly spoken *Harry*, wee shall never have a merry world till the old King be dead.

Ned.

But whether are yee going now?

Henry 5.

To the court, for I heare say, my father lyes verie sicke.

Tom.

But I doubt he will not die.

Henry 5.

Yet will I goe thither, for the breath shall be no sooner out of his mouth, but I will clap the crowne on my head.

Jockey.

Will you goe to the court with that cloake so full of needles?

Henry 5.

Cloake, ilat-hoales, needles, and all was of mine owne devising, and therefore I will weare it.

Tom.

I pray you (my Lord,) what my bee the meaning thereof?

Henry 5.

Why man, tis a signe that I stand uppon thornes, till the crowne be on my head.

Jockey.

Or that every needle might be a pricke to theyr hearts that repine at your doings.

Henry 5.

Thou sayst true *Jockey*, but theres some will say, the young Prince will bee a well-toward young-man, and all this geare, that I had as leewe they would breake my head with a pot, as to say any such thing, but wee stand prating here too long: I must needes speake with my father, therefore come away.

Porter.

What a rapping keepe you at the Kings courte gate?

Henry 5.

Heres one that must speake with the King.

Porter.

Porter.

The King is very sicke, and none must speake with him.

Henry 5.

No you rascal, do you not know me.

Porter.

You are my Lord the young Prince.

Henry.

Then go and tell my father, that I must and will speake with him.

Ned.

Shall I cut off his head.

Henry 5.

No, no, though I would helpe you in other places: yet I have nothing to doo here, what you are in my fathers court.

Ned.

I will write him in my tables, for so soone as I am made Lord chiefe Justice, I will put him out of his office.

[*The Trumpet sounds.*]

Henry 5.

Gogs wounds firs, the King comes,
Lets all stand aside.

Enter the King with the Lord of Exeter.

Henry 4.

And is it true my Lord, that my sonne is already sent to the Fleet: now truly that man is more fitter to rule the realme then I, for by no meanes could I rule my son, and hee by one word hath caused him to be ruled. Oh my sonne, my sonne, no sooner out of one prison, but into an other. I had thought one whiles I had lived, to have seene this noble realm of England flourish by thee my son, but now I see it goes to ruine and decay.

[*He weepes.*]

Enters Lord of Oxford.

Oxford.

And please your grace, here is my Lord your sonne,
That commeth to speake with you,
He sayth he must and will speake with you.

Henry 4.

Who my sonne *Harry*?

Y 2

Oxford.

*Oxford.**I and please your majestie.**Henry 4.**I know wherefore he commeth,
But looke that none come with him.**Oxford.**A very disordered companie, and such as make
Very ill rule in your majesties house.**Henry 4.**Well, let him come,
But looke that none come with him.* [*He goeth.*]*Oxford.**And please your Grace,
My Lord the King sends for you.**Henry 5.**Come away sirs, lets goe all together.**Oxford.**And please your grace none must goe with you.**Henry 5.**Why, I must needs have them with me,
Otherwise I can doo my father no countenance,
Therefore come away.**Oxford.**The King your father commaunds
There should none come.**Henry 5.**Well sirs, then be gone,
And provide me three noyse of musitians.* [*Exeunt Knights.*]*Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand.**Henry 4.**Come my sonne, come on a Gods name,
I know wherefore thy comming is,
Oh my sonne, my sonne, what cause hath ever bene,
That thou shouldst forsake mee, and followe this vilde and
Reprobate company, which abuseth youth so manifestly:
Oh my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doings
Will end thy fathers dayes.* [*He weeps.*]
*I so, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the presence
of thy sicke father, in that disguised fort, I tell thee my sonne,
that**that there is never a needle in thy cloke, but it is a pricke to
my heart, and never an ilat-hole, but it is a hole to my scule:
and wherefore thou bringest that dagger in thy hand I know
not, but by conjecture.* [*He weepes.*]*Henry 5.**My conscience accuseth me, most soveraigne Lord, and
welbeloved father, to answere first to the last poynt, That is,
whereas you conjecture that this hand and this dagger shall
be armde against your life: no, know my beloved father, far
be the thoughts of your sonne, sonne saide I, an unworthy
sonne for so good a father: but far be the thoughts of any
such pretended mischiefe: and I most humbly render it to
your majesties hand, and live my Lord and soveraigne for
ever: and with your dagger arme show like vengeance upon
the body of that your sonne, I was about say, and dare not,
ah woe is me therefore, that your wilde slave, tis not the
Crowne that I come for, sweete Father, because I am un-
worthy, and those wilde and reprobate companions I abandon,
and utterly abolish their company for ever. Pardon sweet
father, pardon, the least thing and most desire: and this ruf-
fianly cloake, I here teare from my back, and sacrifice it to
the divell, which is master of all mischief: pardon me, sweet
father, pardon me: good my Lord of *Exeter*, speake for me:
pardon me, pardon, good father: not a word: ah he will not
speake one word: A *Harry*, now thrice unhappy *Harry*. But
what shall I doe: I will go take mee into some solitary place,
and there lament my finfull life, and when I have done, I
will lay me downe and die.* [*Exit.*]*Henry 4.**Call him againe, call my sonne againe.**Henry 5.**And doth my father call me againe? Now, *Harry*,
Happy be the time that thy iather calleth thee againe.**Henry 4.**Stand up my sonne, and do not thinke thy father
But at the request of thee my sonne, I will pardon thee,
And God blesse thee, and make thee his servant.**Henry 5.**Thanks good my Lord, and no doubt but this day,
Even this day, I am borne new againe.*

Y 3

Henry

Henry 4.

Come my son and Lords, take me by the hands.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]*Enter Dericke.**Dericke.*Thou art a stinking whore, and a whorson stinking whore,
Doeſt think it ile take it at thy hands?*Enter John Cobler running.**John.**Dericke, D. D.* Hearesta,
DOD, never while thou livelt use that,
Why what will my neighbours say, and thou go away so?*Dericke.*Shees a narrant whore, and ile have the law on you *John.**John.*

Why what hath she done?

*Dericke.*Marry marke thou *John,*
I will prove it that I will.*John.*

What wilt thou prove?

Dericke.

That she cald me in to dinner.

John, marke the tale well *John,* and when I was set
She brought me a dish of roots, and a peece of barell butter
therein: and she is a very knave,
And thou a drab if thou take her part.*John.*Hearesta *Dericke,* is this the matter?
Nay, and it be no worſe, we will go home again,
And all shall be amended.*Dericke.*Oh *John,* hearesta *John,* is all well?*John.*

I, all is well.

*Dericke.*Then ile go home before, and breake all the glasse-
windows.*Enter**Enter the King with his Lords.**Henry 4.*Come my Lords, I see it boots mee not to take any phy-
ſike, for all the Phyſitians in the world cannot cure mee, no
not one. But good my Lords, remember my laſt Will and
Teſtament concerning my ſonne, for truly my Lords, I do
not thinke but he will prove as valiant and victorious a King,
as ever raigned in England.*Both.*Let heaven and earth be witneſſe betweene us, if wee ac-
complish not thy will to the uttermoſt.*Henry 4.*I give you moſt unfained thankes, good my Lords,
Draw the curtaines and depart my chamber a while,
And cauſe ſome muſicke to rocke me a ſleepe. [*He ſleepeth.*]
[*Exeunt Lords.*]*Enter the Prince.**Henry 5.*Ah *Harry,* thrice unhappy, that hath neglect ſo long from
viſiting of thy ſicke father, I will goe, nay but why doe I
not goe to the chamber of my ſicke father, to comfort the
melancholy ſoule of his body, his ſoule ſaid I, heere is his
body, but his ſoule is, wheras it needs no bodie. Now thrice
accursed *Harry,* that hath offended thy father ſo much, and
could not I crave pardon for all. Oh my dying father curſt
be the day wherein I was borne, and accursed be the houre
wherin I was begotten, but what ſhall I doe? if weeping
teares which come too late, may ſuffice the negligence neg-
lected to ſome, I will weepe day and night untill the foun-
taine be drie with weeping. [*Exit.*]*Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford.**Exeter.*

Come eaſily my Lord, for waking of the King.

Henry 4.

Now my Lords.

Oxford.

How doth your Grace feele your ſelfe?

Y 4

Henry.

Henry 4.

Somewhat better after my sleepe,
But good my Lord take off my crowne,
Remove my chayre a little backe, and fet me right.

Ambo.

And please your grace the crown is taken away.

Henry 4.

The crowne taken away,
Good my Lord of *Oxford*, go see who hath done this deed:
No doubt tis some wilde traytor that hath done it,
To deprive my sonne, they that would doe it now,
Would seeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my death.

Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince.

Oxford.

Here and please your Grace,
Is my Lord the yong Prince with the Crowne.

Henry 4.

Why how now my sonne,
I had thought the last time I had you in schooling,
I had given you a lesson for all,
And do you now begin againe?
Why tell me my sonne,
Doeſt thou thinke the time so long,
That thou wouldest have it before the
Breath be out of my mouth.

Henry 5.

Most soveraigne Lord, and welbeloved father,
I came into your chamber to comfort the melancholy
Soule of your body, and finding you at that time
Past all recovery, and dead to my thinking,
God is my witnesse, and what should I doo,
But with weeping teares lament the death of you my father,
And after that, seeing the crowne I tooke it:
And tell me my father, who might better take it then I,
After your death, but seeing you live,
I most humbly render it into your majesties hands,
And the happiest man alive, that my father live:
And live my Lord and father for ever.

*Henry.**Henry.*

Stand up my sonne,
Thine answere hath founded well in mine eares,
For I must needs confesse that I was in a very sound sleepe,
And altogether unmindfull of thy comming:
But come neare my sonne,
And let mee put thee in possession whilst I live,
That none deprive thee of it after my death.

Henry 5.

Well may I take it at your majesties hands,
But it shal never touch my head, so long as my father lives.
[*He taketh the crowne.*]

Henry 4.

God give thee joy my sonne,
God blesse thee, and make thee his servant,
And send thee a prosperous raigne.
For God knowes my sonne, how hardly I came by it,
And how hardly I have maintained it.

Henry 5.

Howsoever you came by it, I know not,
And now I have it from you, and from you I wil keepe it:
And he that seekes to take the crown from my head,
Let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine,
Or I will pearce him to the heart,
Where it harder then brasse or bollion.

Henry 4.

Nobly spoken, and like a King.
Now trust me my Lords, I feare not but my sonne
Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince,
As ever raigned in *England*.

L. Ambo.

His former life shewes no lesse.

Henry 4.

Well my lords I know not whether it be for sleepe,
Or drawing neare of drowſie summer of death,
But I am very much given to sleepe,
Therefore good my lords and my sonne,
Draw the curtaines, depart my chamber,
And cause some musicke to rocke me asleepe.

[*Exeunt omnes.*
[*The King dyeth.*
Enter

*Enter the Theefe.**Theefe.*

Ah God, I am now much like to a byrd
Which hath escaped out of the cage,
For so soone as my Lord Chiefe Justice heard
That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,
For feare of my Lord the young Prince:
But here comes some of his companions,
I will see and I can get any thing of them,
For olde acquaintance.

*Enter Knights raunging.**Tom.*

Gogs wounds the King is dead.

Jockey.

Dead, then gogs blood, wee shall be all kings.

*Ned.*Gogs wounds, I shall be Lord Chiefe Justice of *England.**Tom.*

Why, how are you broken out of prison?

Ned.

Gogs wounds, how the villaine stinkes?

Jockey.

Why what will become of thee now?
Eye upon him, how the rascall stinkes.

Theefe.

Marry I will goe and serve my maister againe.

Tom.

Gogs blood, dost think that he will have any such
Scabd knave as thou art? What man he is a king now.

Ned.

Hold thee, heres a couple of Angels for thee,
And get thee gone, for the King will not be long
Before he come this way:
And hereafter I will tell the King of thee.

*[Exit Theefe.]**Jockey.*

Oh how it did me good to see the King
When he was crowned.
Me thought his seate was like the figure of heaven,
And his person like unto a God.

*Ned.**Ned.*

But who would have thought
That the King would have chang'd his countenance so?

Jockey.

Did you not see with what grace
He sent his embassage into *France*, to tell the *French* king
That *Harry* of *England* hath sent for the crowne,
And *Harry* of *England* will have it.

Tom.

But twas but a little to make the people believe,
That hee was sorrie for his fathers death.

*[The trumpets sound.]**Ned.*

Gogs wounds, the King comes,
Lets all stand aside.

*Enter the King with the Archbishop and the Lord of Oxford.**Jockey.*

How doo you my Lord?

Ned.

How now *Harry*?
Tut my Lord, put away these dumpes,
You are a King, and all the Realme is yours:
What man? do you not remember the old sayings,
You know I must be Lord Chiefe Justice of *England*,
Trust mee my Lord, me thinks you are very much changed:
And 'tis but with a little sorrowing, to make folkes believe
The death of your father grieves you,
And 'tis nothing so.

Henry 5.

I prethee *Ned* mend thy manners,
And be more modester in thy tearmes,
For my unfeined griefe is not to be ruled by thy flattering
And dissembling talke, thou sayest I am changed,
So I am indeed, and so must thou be and that quickly,
Or else I must cause thee to be changed.

Jockey.

Gogs wounds how like you this?
Sownds, tis not so sweet as musicke.

Tom.

I trust we have not offended your Grace no way.

Henry

Henry 5.

Ah *Tom*, your former life grieves me,
 And makes me to abandon and abolish your company for ever,
 And therefore not upon pain of death to approach my presence
 By ten miles space, then if I heare well of you,
 It may bee I will doe somewhat for you,
 Otherwise looke for no more favour at my hands,
 Then at any other mans: and therefore be gone,
 We have other matters to talke on. [*Exeunt Knights.*]
 Now my good Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*,
 What say you to our embassage into *France*?

Archbishop.

Your right to the French crowne of *France*,
 Came by your great grandmother *Izabel*,
 Wife to king *Edward* the third,
 And sister to *Charles* the French King:
 Now if the French King deny it, as likely he will,
 Then must you take your sword in hand,
 And conquer the right.
 Let the usurped Frenchman know,
 Although your predecessors have let it passe, you will not:
 For your Countrey men are willing with purse and men,
 To ayde you.
 Then my good Lord, as it hath been alwayes knowne,
 That *Scotland* hath been in league with *France*,
 By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence,
 I thinke it therefore best to conquere *Scotland*,
 And then I thinke that you may go more easily into *France*:
 And this is all that I can say, my good Lord.

Henry 5.

I thanke you, my good L. Archbishop of *Canterbury*.
 What say you, my good Lord of *Oxford*?

Oxford.

And please your Majestie,
 I agree to my Lord Archbyshop, saving in this,
 He that will *Scotland* winne, must first with *France* begiune:
 According to the old saying.
 Therefore my good Lord, I thinke it best first to invade *France*,
 For in conquering *Scotland*, you conquer but one.
 And conquere *France*, and conquere both.

*Enter**Enter Lord of Excester.**Excester.*

And please your Majesty.

Henry 5.

Now trust me my Lord,
 He was the last man that we talked of,
 I am glad that he is come to resolve us of our answere,
 Commit him to our presence.

*Enter Duke of Yorke.**Yorke.*

God save the life of my soveraigne Lord the King.

Henry 5.

Now my good Lord the duke of *Yorke*,
 What newes from our brother the French king?

Yorke.

And please your Majestie,
 I delivered him my embassage,
 Whereof I tooke some deliberation,
 But for the answere he hath sent
 My Lord Embassador of *Burges*, the Duke of *Burgony*,
Monfieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horsemen,
 To bring the embassage.

Henry 5.

Commit my Lord Archbyshop of *Burges* unto our presence.

*Enter Archbyshop of Burges.**Henry 5.*

Now my Lord Archbyshop of *Burges*,
 We doe learne by our Lord Embassador,
 That you have our message to doo
 From our brother the French king:
 Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed order,
 We give you free libertie and license to speake,
 With good audience.

Archbyshop.

God save the mighty king of *England*,
 My Lord and Master, the most Christian King,
Charles the seventh, the great and mighty king of *France*,
 As a most noble and Christian king,

Not

Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content
To yeeld somewhat to your unreaſonable demaunds,
That if fifty thouſand crownes a yeare with his daughter
The ſayde Lady *Katheren*, in marriage,
And ſome crownes which he may well ſpare,
Not hurting of his kingdome,
He is content to yeeld ſo far to your unreaſonable deſire.

Henry 5.

Why then belike your Lord and Maſter,
Thinkeſ to puffe me up with fifty thouſand crowns a yere:
No, tell thy Lord and Maſter,
That all the crownes in *France* ſhall not ſerue me,
Except the crowne and kingdome it ſelfe:
And perchance hereafter I will have his daughter.

Archbiſhop.

And it pleaſe your Maſteſty,
My Lord Prince *Dolphin* greetes you well,
With this preſent.

[*He delivereth a Tunne of Tennis balles,*
Henry 5.

What a guilded tunne?
I pray you my Lord of *Yorke*, looke what is in it.
Yorke.

And it pleaſe your Grace,
Here is a Carpet, and a Tunne of Tennis balles.

Henry 5.

A tunne of tennis balles?
I pray you good my Lord Archbiſhop,
What might the meaning thereof be?

Archbiſhop.

And it pleaſe you my Lord,
A meſſenger you know ought to keepe cloſe his meſſage,
And ſpecially an embaffador.

Henry 5.

But I know that you may declare your meſſage
To a king, the law of armes allowes no leſſe.

Archbiſhop.

My Lord, hearing of your wildneſſe before your
Fathers death, ſent you this my good Lord,

Meaning

Meaning that you are more fitter for a Tennis Court
Then a field, and more fitter for a Carpet then the Campe.

Henry 5.

My L. Prince *Dolphin* is very pleaſant with me:
But tell him, that in ſteed of balles of leather,
We will toſſe him balles of braſſe and yron,
Yea, ſuch balles, as never were toſt in *France*,
The proudeſt Tennis Court ſhall rue it,
I, and thou Prince of *Burges* ſhall rue it.
Therefore get thee hence, and tell him thy maſſage quickly
Leaſt I be there before thee: Away prieſt, be gone.

Archbiſhop.

I beſeech your Grace, to deliver mee your ſafe
Conduct under your broad ſeale Emanuel.

Henry 5.

Prieſt of *Burges*, know,
That the hand and ſeale of a King, and his word is all one,
And in ſtead of my hand and ſeale,
I will bring him my hand and ſword.
And tell thy Lord and Maſter, that I *Harry* of *England* ſaid it.
And I *Harry* of *England*, will performe it.
My Lord of *Yorke*, deliver him our ſafe conduct,
Under our broad ſeale Emanuel.

[*Exeunt Archbiſhop and the Duke of Yorke.*

Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,
For I vow by heaven and earth, that the proudeſt
French man in all *France* ſhall rue the time that ever
Theſe tennis balles were ſent into *England*.
My Lord, I wil that there be provided a great navy of ſhips
With all ſpeed, at *South-Hampton*.
For theſe I meane to ſhip my men,
For I would be there before him, if it were poſſible,
Therefore come; but ſtay,
I had almoſt forgot the chiefeſt thing of all, with chaſing
With this French embaffadour.
Call in my Lord Chiefe Juſtice of *England*.

Enter Lord Chiefe Juſtice of England.

Exeter.

Here is the King, my Lord.

Juſtice.

Justice.
God preserve your Majesty.
Henry 5.
Why how now my Lord, what is the matter?
Justice.
I would it were unknowne to your Majesty.
Henry 5.
Why what ayle you?
Justice.
Your Majesty knoweth my grieffe well.
Henry 5.
Oh my Lord, you remember you sent me to the Fleet, did you not.

Justice.
I trust your Grace hath forgotten that.
Henry 5.
I truly my Lord, and for revengement,
I have chosē you to be my Protector over my realme,
Untill it shall please God to give me speedy returne
Out of *France*.

Justice.
And if it please your Majesty, I am farre unworthy
Of so high a dignity.

Henry 5.
Tut my Lord, you are not unworthy,
Because I thinke you worthy:
For you that would not spare me,
I thinke will not spare another.
It must needs be so, and therefore come,
Let us be gone, and get our men in a readinesse. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter a Captaine, John Cobler and his Wife.

Captaine.
Come, come, there is no remedy,
Thou must needs serve the King.

John.
Good master Captaine let me goe,
I am not able to go so farre.

Wife.
I pray you good master Captaine,
Bee good to my husband.

Captaine.

Captaine.
Why I am sure he is not too good to serve the King:
John.
Alasse no: but a great deale too bad,
Therefore I pray you let me go.
Captaine.
No, no, thou shalt go.
John.
Oh fir, I have a great many shooes at home for to cobbler.
Wife.
I pray you let him goe home againe.
Captaine.
Tush I care not, thou shalt goe.
Wife.
Oh wife, and you had been a loving wife to mee,
This had not been, for I have sayd many times,
That I would goe away, and now I must goe
Against my will. [*Hee weepeth.*]

Enters Dericke.

Dericke.
How now ho, *Bassillus manus*, for an old codpeece,
Master Captaine shall we away:
Sowndes how now *John*, what a crying,
What make you and my dame there?
I marvell whose head you will throw the stooles at,
Now we are gone.

Wife.
Ile tell you, come ye cloghead,
What doe you with my potlid? heare you,
Will you have it rapt about your pate?

[*She beateth him with her potlid.*]
Dericke.

Oh good dame. [*Here he shakes her.*]
And I had my dagger here, I would worie you all to peeces
That I would.

Wife.
Would you so, Ile trie that. [*She beateth him.*]

Dericke.
Master Captaine will yee suffer her?
Goe too dame, I will goe backe as farre as I can,

Z

But

But and you come againe,
 Ile clap the Law on your backe thats flat:
 Ile tell you Master Captaine what you shall doe;
 Presse her for a souldier, I warrant you,
 She wil doe as much good as her husband and I too.

Enters the Theefe.

Sownes, who comes yonder?

Captaine.

How now good fellow, doest thou want a Master?

Theefe.

I truly fir.

Captaine.

Hold thee then, I presse thee for a souldier,
 To serve the King in *France.*

Dericke.

How now Gads, what doest, knowest, thinkest?

Theefe.

I, I knew thee long agoe.

Dericke.

Heare you maister Captaine?

Captaine.

What sayst thou?

Dericke.

I pray you let me goe home againe.

Captaine.

Why what woldst thou doe at home?

Dericke.

Marry I have brought two shirts with me,
 And I would carry one of them home againe,
 For I am sure heele steale it from me,
 He is such a filching fellow.

Captaine.

I warrant thee hee will not steale it from thee,
 Come lets away.

Dericke.

Come maister Captaine lets away,
 Come follow me.

John.

Come Wife, lets part lovingly.

Wife.

Wife.

Farewell good husband.

Dericke.

Fye what a kissing and crying is here?

Sownes, do ye thinke he will never come againe?

Why *John* come away, doest thinke that we are so base
 Minded to die among Frenchmen?

Sownes, we know not whether they will lay

Us in their Church or no: Come, M. Captaine, lets away.

Captaine.

I cannot stay no longer, therefore come away.

[Exeunt omnes.]

Enter the King, Prince Dolphin, and Lord High Constable of France.

King.

Now my Lord High Constable,
 What say you to our Embassage into *England*?

Constable.

And it please your Majestie, I can say nothing,
 Untill my Lords Embassadors be come home,
 But yet me thinkes your grace hath done well,
 To get your men in so good a readinesse,
 For feare of the worst.

King.

I my Lord we have some in a readinesse,
 But if the King of *England* make against us,
 We must have thrice so many moe.

Dolphin.

Tut my Lord, although the King of *England* be
 Young and wilde headed, yet never thinke hee will be so
 Unwise to make battell against the mightie King of
France.

King.

Oh my sonne, although the King of *England* be
 Young and wilde headed, yet never thinke but he is rudde
 By his wife Councillors.

Enter Archbysshop of Burges.

Archbysshop.

God save the life of my soveraigne lord the King.

Z 2

King.

King.

Now my good Lord Archbishop of *Burges*,
What newes from our brother the English King?

Archbysshop.

And please your Majestie,
He is so far from your expectation,
That nothing will serve him but the Crowne
And Kingdome it selfe; besides, he bad me haste quickly,
Least hee be there before mee, and so farre as I heare
He hath kept promise: for they say he is already landed
At *Kidcocks* in *Normandie*, upon the River of *Sene*,
And layd his siege to the Garrison Towne of *Harflew*.

King.

You have made great haste in the meane time,
Have you not?

Dolphin.

I pray you my Lord, how did the King of
England take my presents?

Archbysshop.

Truely my Lord, in very ill part,
For these your balles of leather,
He will tolle you balles of brasse and yron.
Trust me my Lord, I was verie affraide of him,
Hee is such a hautie and high minded Prince,
He is as fierce as a Lyon.

Constable.

Tush, we will make him as tame as a lambe,
I warrant you.

*Enters a Messenger.**Messenger.*

God save the mightie King of *France*.

King.

Now Messenger, what newes?

Messenger.

And it please your Majestie
I come from your poore distressed Towne of *Harflew*,
Which is so beset on every side,
If your Majestie doe not send present ayde,
The Towne will be yeilded to the *English King*,

*King.**King.*

Come my Lords, come, shall we stand still
Till our Countrey be spoyled under our noses?
My Lords, let the *Normans*, *Brabants*, *Pickardies*,
And *Danes*, be sent for with all speede:
And you my Lord High Constable, I make Generall
Over all my whole Armie.
Monseur le Colle, Maister of the Boas,
Signior Devens, and the rest, at your appointment.

Dolphin.

I trust your Majestie will bestow,
Some part of the battell on mee,
I hope not to present any otherwise then well.

King.

I tell thee my sonne,
Although I should get the victory, and thou lose thy life,
I should thinke my selfe quite conquered,
And the *Englishmen* to have the victorie.

Dolphin.

Why my Lord and Father,
I would have the pettie King of *England* to know,
That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.

King.

I know well my sonne,
But at this time I will have it thus:
Therefore come away.

*[Exeunt omnes.]**Enters Henry the fifth, with his Lordes.**Henry 5.*

Come my Lords of *England*,
No doubt this good lucke of winning this Towne
Is a signe of an honourable victorie to come.
But good my Lord, go and speak to the Captaines
With all speed, to number the hoast of the French men.
And by that meanes we may the better know
How to appoint the battell.

Yorke.

And it please your Majesty,
There are many of your men sicke and diseased,
And many of them die for want of victuals.

Z 3

Henry

Henry 5.

And why did you not tell me of it before?
 If we cannot have it for money,
 We will have it by dint of sword.
 The law of armes allow no lesse.

Oxford.

I beseech yur grace, to grant me a boone.

Henry 5.

What is that my good Lord?

Oxford.

That your grace would give me the Evantgard in the battell,

Henry 5.

Trust me my Lord of *Oxford* I cannot:
 For I have already given it to my unckle the Duke of *Yorke*,
 Yet I thanke you for your good will. [*A Trumpet sounds.*]
 How now, what is that?

Yorke.

I thinke it be some Herald of armes.

*Enters a Herald.**Herald.*

King of *England*, my Lord High Constable,
 And others of the Noble men of *France*,
 Sends me to defie thee, as open enemy to God,
 Our Countrey, and us, and hereupon,
 They presently bid thee battell.

Henry 5.

Herald, tell them, that I defie them,
 As open enemies to God, my Countrey, and me,
 And as wrongful usurpers of my right:
 And whereas thou sayest they presently bid me battell,
 Tell them that I thinke they know how to please me:
 But I pray thee what place hath my Lord Prince *Dolphin*
 Here in battell.

Herald.

And it please your Grace,
 My Lord and King his father
 Will not let him come into the field.

Henry 5.

Why then he doth me great injury,
 I thought that he and I shuld have plaid at tennis together,
 Therefore

Therefore I have brought tennis balles for him,
 But other manner of ones then he sent me.
 And Herald, tell my Lord Prince *Dolphin*,
 That I have inured my hands with other kind of weapons
 Then tennis balles, ere this time a day,
 And that he shall finde it, ere it be long,
 And so adue my friend:
 And tell my Lord that I am ready when he will. [*Exit Herald.*]
 Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines,
 And ile see the number of the French army my selfe.
 Strike up the drumme. [*Excunt omnes.*]

*Enter French Souldiers.**1 Souldier.*

Come away Jacke Drummer, come away all,
 And me will tell you, what me will doo,
 Me will tro one chance on the dice,
 Who shall have the king of *England* and his Lords.

2 Souldier.

Come away Jacke Drummer,
 And tro your chance, and lay downe your Drumme.

*Enter Drummer.**Drummer.*

Oh the brave apparrell that the English mans
 Hay broth over, I will tell you what
 Me ha done, me ha provided a hundreth trunkes,
 And all to put the fine parel of the English mans in.

1 Souldier.

What doe you meane by trunkes?

2 Souldier.

A sheft man, a hundred shefts.

1 Souldier.

Awee, awee, awee, Me will tell you what,
 Me ha put five shildren out of my house,
 And all too little to put the fine apparrell of the
 English mans in.

Drummer.

Oh the brave the brave apparrell that wee shall have anon,
 but come, and you shall see what me will tro at the Kings
 Drummer and Fife.

Z 4

Ha,

Ha, me ha no good lucke, tro you.

3 Souldier.

Faith me will tro at the Earle of *Northumberland*
And my Lord a *Willowbie*, with his great horse,
Snorting, farting, oh brave horse,

1 Souldier.

Ha, bur Lady you ha reasonable good lucke,
Now I will tro at the King himfelle,
Ha, me have no good lucke.

Enters a Captaine.

Captaine.

How now what make you here,
So farre from the campe?

2 Souldier.

Shal me tell our captain, what we have done here.

Drummer.

Awee, awee.

[Exeunt Drum and one Souldier,

2 Souldier.

I will tell you what we have done,
We have been troing on shance on the dice,
But none can win the King.

Captaine.

I thinke so, why he is left behind for mee
And I have fet three or foure chaire makers a worke,
To make a new disguised chaire to fet that womanly King of
England in, that all the people may laugh and scoffe at him.

2 Souldier.

O brave Captaine.

Captaine.

I am glad and yet with a kind of pitty,
To see the poore King.
Who ever saw a more flourishing armie in *France* in one
day then here is. Are not here all the Peeres of *France*?
Are not here the Normans with their fierie hand Gunnes,
and slaunching Curtleaxes.
Are not here the Barbarians with their bard horses, and lanch-
ing speares?
Are not here Pickardes with their Crosbows and piercing Darts?
The Henves with their cutting Glaves, and sharpe Carbuckles?
Are not here the Lance Knights of Burgundie?

And

And on the other side, a site of poore English scabs?
Why take an English man out of his warme bed,
And his stale drinke but one moneth,
And alasse, what will become of him?
But give the Frenchman a Reddish root,
And he will live with it all the days of his life. *[Exit.*

2 Souldier.

Oh the brave apparrell that we shall have of the English mans. *[Exit.*

Enters the King of England, and his Lords.

Henry 5.

Come my Lords and fellowes of Armes,
What company is there of the French men?

Oxford.

And it please your Majesty,
Our Captaines have numbred them,
And so neare as they can judge,
They are about threescore thousand horsfemen,
And forty thousand footmen.

Henry 5.

They threescore thousand,
And we but two thousand.
They threescore thousand footmen,
And we twelve thousand.
They are a hundred thousand,
And we forty thousand, ten to one.
My Lords and loving Countrey men,
Though we be few, and they many,
Feare not, your quarrell is good, and God will defend you:
Plucke up your hearts, for this day we shall eyther have
A valiant victory, or an honourable death.
Now my Lords, I will that my uncle the Duke of *Yorke*,
Have the avantgard in the battell.
The Earle of *Darby*, the Earle of *Oxford*,
The Earle of *Kent*, the Earle of *Nottingham*,
The Earle of *Huntington*, I will have beside the army,
That they may come fresh upon them.
And I my selfe with the Duke of *Bedford*,
The Duke of *Clarence*, and the Duke of *Gloster*,
Will be in the midst of the battell.

Furthermore,

Furthermore, I will that my Lord of *Willowbie*,
 And the Earl of *Northumberland*,
 With their troupes of horsemen, be continually running like
 wings on both sides of the army:
 My Lord of *Northumberland*, on the left wing.
 Then I will that every archer provide him a stake of a tree, and
 sharpe it at both ends.
 And at the first encounter of the horsemen,
 To pitch their stakes downe into the ground before them,
 That they may gore themselves upon them,
 And then to recoyle backe, and shoot wholly altogether.
 And so discomfite them.

Oxford.

And it please your Majesty,
 I will take that in charge, if your Grace be therewith content.

Henry 5.

With all my heart, my good Lord of *Oxford*.
 And go and provide quickly.

Oxford.

I thanke your Highnesse. [Exit.

Henry 5.

Well my Lords, our battels are ordayned,
 And the French making bonfires, and at their banquets,
 But let them looke, for I meane to fet upon them.

[The Trumpet sounds.

Soft, here comes some other French message.

Enters Herald.

Herald.

King of *England*, my Lord High Constable,
 And other of my Lords, considering the poor estate of thee
 And thy poore Countrey men,
 Sends me to know what thou wilt give for thy ransome?
 Perhaps thou mayest agree better cheape now,
 Then when thou art conquered.

Henry 5.

Why then belike your High Constable,
 Sends to know what I will give for my Ransome?
 Now trust me Herald, not so much as a tun of Tennis-balls,
 No not so much as one poore Tennis-ball:
 Rather shall my body lie dead in the Field to feed crows,
 Then

Then ever *England* shall pay one penny ransome
 For my bodie.

Herald.

A Kingly resolution.

Henry 5.

No Herald, tis a Kingly resolution,
 And the resolution of a King:
 Here take this for thy paines.
 But stay my Lords, what time is it?

[Exit Herald.

All.

Prime my Lord.

Henry 5.

Then it is good time no doubt,
 For all *England* prayeth for us:
 What my Lords, me thinks you looke cheerfully upon me?
 Why then with one voyce, and like true English hearts,
 With me throw up your caps. and for *England*.
 Crie *S. George*, and God and *S. George* helpe us.

[Strike Drummes. Exeunt omnes.

¶ *The French-men cry within, S. Dennis, S. Dennis, Mount,
 Joy, Saint Dennis.*

The Battell.

Enters King of England, and his Lords.

Henry 5.

Come my Lords, come, by this time our
 Swords are almost drunke with French blood,
 But my Lordes, which of you can tell me how many of our
 Armie be slaine in the Battell?

Oxford.

And it please your Majestie,
 There are of the French Armie slaine,
 Above ten thousand, twentie sixe hundred
 Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing Banners:
 Besides, all the Nobilitie of *France* are taken prisoners.
 Of your Majestie Armie, are slaine none but the good
 Duke of *Yorke*, and not above five or sixe and twentie
 Common fouldiours.

Henry 5.

For the good Duke of *Yorke* my Unckle,
 I am heartily forrie, and greatly lament his misfortune;

Yet

Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath given us,
Doth make me much rejoyce. - But stay,
Here comes another French message. [Sound Trumpet.

Enters a Herald, and kneeleth.

Herald.

God save the life of the most mightie Conqueror,
The honourable King of *England*?

Henry 5.

Now Herald, me thinks the world is changed
With you now: what? I am sure it is a great disgrace for a
Herald to kneele to the King of *England*.
What is thy message?

Herald.

My Lord and Maister, the conquered King of *France*
Sends thee long health, with heartie greeting.

Henry 5.

Herald his greetings are welcome,
But I thanke God for my health:
Well Herald, say on.

Herald.

He hath sent me to desire your Majestie,
To give him leave to goe into the field to view his poore
Country-men, that they may all be honourably buried.

Henry 5.

Why Herald, doth thy Lord and Master
Send to me to bury the dead,
Let him bury them a Gods name.
But I pray thee Herald, where is my Lord High Constable,
And those that would have had my ransome?

Herald.

And it please your Majestie,
He was slaine in the battell.

Henry 5.

Why you may see, you will make your selves
Sure before the victory be wonne: but Herald,
What Castle is this, so neere adjoyning to our Campe?

Herald.

And it please your Majestie,
Tis calde the Castle of *Agincourt*.

Henry

Henry 5.

Well then my Lords of *England*,
For the more honour of our Englishmen,
I will that this be for ever calde the battell of *Agincourt*.

Herald.

And it please your Majesty,
I have a further message to deliver to your Majesty.

Henry 5.

What is that, Herald? say on.

Herald.

And it please your Majesty, my Lord and Master,
Craves to parley with your Majesty.

Henry 5.

With a good will, so some of my Nobles
View the place for feare of trechery and treason.

Herald.

Your Grace needs not to doubt that. [Exit Herald]

Henry 5.

Well, tell him then I will come.
Now my Lords, I will goe into the field my selfe,
To view my Countrey men, and to have them honourably
buried, for the French King shall never surpasse me in curtesie,
whiles I am *Harry* King of *England*.
Come on my Lords. [Exeunt omnes.

Enter John Cobler, and Robin Pewterer.

Robin.

Now, *John Cobler*,
Didst thou see how the King did behave himselfe?

John.

But *Robin*, didst thou see what a policy
The King had, to see how the French men were kilde
With the stakes of the trees.

Robin.

I *John*, there was a brave policie.

Enters an English Souldier roming.

Souldier.

What are you my masters?

Both.

Why we be Englishmen.

3

Souldier.

Souldier.

Are you English men, then change your language,
For all the Kings tents are fet a fire,
And all they that speake English will be kilde.

John.

What shall we do *Robin*, faith ile shift,
For I can speake broken French.

Robin.

Faith so can I, lets heare how thou canst speake?

*John.**Commedevales Monsieur.**Robin.*

Thats well, come lets be gone. [*Drum and Trumpets sound.*]

Enter Dericke roming. After him a Frenchman, and takes him prisoner.

Dericke.

O good Mounser.

French-man.

Come, come, you *villcaco.*

Dericke.

O I will fir, I will.

Frenchman.

Come quickly you *pesant.*

Dericke.

I will fir, what shall I give you?

Frenchman.

Marry thou shalt give me,
One, to, tre, foure hundred Crownes.

Dericke.

Nay fir, I will give you more,
I will give you as many crownes as will lye on your sword.

Frenchman.

Wilt thou give me as many crownes
As will lye on my sword?

Dericke.

I marrie will I, I but you must lay downe your
Sword, or else they will not lye on your sword.
[*Here the Frenchman layes downe his Sword, and the Crowne takes it up, and hurles him downe.*]

*Dericke.**Dericke.*

Thou villaine, darest thou looke up?

Frenchman.

O good *Monsieur compartee.*
Monsieur, pardon me.

Dericke.

O you villaine, now you lye at my mercy,
Doeft thou remember since thou lambst me in thy short el?
O villaine, now I will strike off thy head.
[*Here while he turnes his backe, the Frenchman runnes his wayes.*]

Dericke.

What is he gone, masse I am glad of it,
For if he had staid, I was afraid he would have sturd againe
And then I should have beene spilt,
But I will away, to kill more Frenchmen.

Enters King of France, King of England, and attendants.

Henry 5.

Now my good brother of *France*,
My coming into this land was not to shed blood,
But for the right of my Countrey, which if you can deny,
I am content peaceably to leave my siege,
And to depart out of your land.

Charles.

What is your demaund,
My loving brother of *England*?

Henry 5.

My Secretary hath it written, read it.

Secretary.

Item, that immediately *Henry of England*
Be crowned King of *France*.

Charles.

A very hard sentence,
My good brother of *England*.

Henry 5.

No more but right, my good brother of *France*.

French King.

Well, read on.

Secretary.

Item, that after the death of the said *Henry*,
The Crowne remaine to him and his heyres for ever.

French

French King.

Why then you doe not onely meane to dispossesse me, but also my sonne.

Henry 5.

Why my good brother of *France*,
You have had it long inough:
And as for Prince *Dolphin*,
It skils not though he fit beside the saddle:
Thus I have fet it downe, and thus it shall be.

French King.

You are very peremptory,
My good brother of *England*.

Henry 5.

And you as perverse, my good brother of *France*.

Charles.

Why then belike all that I have here is yours.

Henry 5.

I even as farre as the kingdom of *France* reaches.

Charles.

I for by this hote beginning,
We shall scarce bring it to a calme ending.

Henry 5.

It is as you please, here is my resolution.

Charles.

Well my brother of *England*,
If you will give me a coppy,
We will meet you againe to morrow.

[*Exit King of France, and all their attendants.*]

Henry 5.

With a good will my good brother of *France*,
Secretary deliver him a Copie,
My Lords of *England* goe before,
And I will follow you.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Henry 5.

[*Speakes to himselfe.*]

Ah *Harry*, thrice unhappy *Harry*,
Hast thou now conquerd the French King,
And begins a fresh supply with his daughter,
But with what face canst thou seeke to gaine her love,
Which hast fought to win her fathers Crowne?

Her

Her fathers Crowne said I, no it is mine owne:
I but I love her, and must crave her,
Nay I love her, and will have her.

Enters Lady Katheren and her Ladies.

But here shee comes:
How now fayre Lady *Katheren* of *France*,
What newes?

Katheren.

And it please your Majesty,
My father sent me to know if you will debate any of these
Unreasonable demands, which you require.

Henry 5.

Now trust me *Kate*,
I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,
For none in the world could sooner have made me debate it,
If it were possible:
But tell me sweet *Kate*, canst thou tell how to love.

Kate.

I cannot hate my good Lord,
Therefore farre unfit were it for me to love.

Henry 5.

Tush *Kate*, but tell me in plaine termes,
Canst thou love the King of *England*?
I cannot doe as these Countries doe,
That spend halfe their time in wooing:
Tush wench, I am none such.
But wilt thou go over to *England*?

Kate.

I would to God, that I had your Majesty,
As fast in love, as you have my father in warres,
I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,
Untill you had related all these unreasonable demaunds.

Henry 5.

Tush *Kate*, I know thou wouldst not use mee so hardly:
but tell me, canst thou love the King of *England*?

Kate.

How should I love him, that hath dealt so hardly with my
father?

A a

Henry

Henry 5.

But ile deale as easly with thee,
As thy heart can imagine, or tongue require,
How sayst thou, what will it be?

Kate.

If I were of my owne direction,
I could give you answere:
But seeing I stand at my fathers direction,
I must first know his will.

Henry 5.

But shall I have thy good will in the mean season?

Kate.

Whereas I can put your Grace in no assurance,
I would be loath to put your Grace in any despayre.

Henry 5.

Now before God, it is a sweet wench.

[She goes aside, and speakes as followeth.

Kate.

I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world,
That is beloved of the mightie king of England.

Henry 5.

Well Kate, are you at hoast with me?
Sweete Kate, tell thy father from me,
That none in the world could sooner have perswaded mee to
it then thou, and so tell thy father from me.

Kate.

God keepe your Majesty in good health.

[Exit Kate.

Henry 5.

Farewell sweet Kate, in faith it is a sweet wench,
But if I knew I could not have her fathers good will,
I would so rowse the Towers over his eares,
That I would make him be glad to bring her me,
Upon his hands and knees.

[Exit King.

Enters Dericke with his girdle full of shooes.

Dericke.

How now? Sownes it did me good to see how I did triumph
over the French men.

Enters

Enters John Cobler roving, with a packe full of apparrell.

John.

Whoope Dericke, how doest thou?

Dericke.

What John Comedevales, alive yet?

John.

I promise thee Dericke, I scapt hardly,
For I was within halfe a mile when one was kilde.

Dericke.

Were you so?

John.

I trust me, I had like beene slaine.

Dericke.

But once kilde, why it tis nothing,
I was foure or five times slaine.

John.

Foure or five times slaine.

Why how couldst thou have beene alive now?

Dericke.

O John, never say so,
For I was calde the bloody souldier amongst them all.

John.

Why what didst thou?

Dericke.

Why, I will tell thee John,
Every day when I went into the field,
I would take a straw, and thrust it into my nose,
And make my nose bleed, and then I would go into the field
And when the Captaine saw me, he would say,
Peace a bloody souldier, and bid me stand aside,
Whereof I was glad:

But marke the chance John.

I went and stood behind a tree, but marke then John,

I thought I had beene safe, but on a sodaine,

There steps to me a lusty tall French-man,

Now he drew, and I drew,

Now I lay here, and he lay there.

Now I set this leg before, and turned this backward,

And skipped quite over a hedge,

And he saw me no more there that day.

And was not this well done John?

A a 2

John.

John.

Masse *Dericke*, thou hast a witty head.

Dericke.

I *John*, thou maist see, if thou hadst taken my counsel.
But what hast thou there?

I thinke thou hast bene robbing the French-men.

John.

I faith *Dericke*, I have gotten some reparrell,
To carry home to my Wife.

Dericke.

And I have got some shooes,
For lie tell thee what I did, when they were dead,
I would go take off all theyr shooes.

John.

I, but *Dericke*, how shall wee get home?

Dericke.

Nay, fownds and they take thee,
They will hang thee,
O *John*, never doe so, if it be thy Fortune to be hangd,
Be hangd in thy owne language whatsoever thou doest.

John.

Why *Dericke* the warres is done,
We may goe home now.

Dericke.

I, but you may not go before you aske the king leave;
But I know a way to go home, and aske the king no leave.

John.

How is that *Dericke*?

Dericke.

Why *John*, thou knowest the Duke of *Yorkes*
Funerall must be carryed into *England*, doest thou not?

John.

I, that I doe.

Dericke.

Why then thou knowest weele go with it.

John.

I but *Dericke*, how shall wee doe for to meet them?

Dericke.

Sown is if I make not shift to meet them, hang me.
Syria, thou knowest that in every Towne there will

Be

Be ringing, and there will be cakes and drinke:
Now I will goe to the Clarke and Sexton,
And keepe a talking, and say, O this fellow rings well:
And thou shalt goe and take a piece of cake, then ile ring,
And thou shalt say, Oh this fellow keepes a good stint,
And then I wil goe drinke to thee all the way:
But I marvell what my dame wil say when we come home,
Because we have not a French word to cast at a Dog
By the way?

John.

Why what shall we doe, *Dericke*?

Dericke.

Why *John*, ile goe before, and call my dame whore,
And thou shalt come after, and set fire on the house.
We may doe it *John*, for ile prove it,
Because we be souldiers. [The Trumpets sound.

John.

Dericke helpe me to carry my shooes and bootes.

*Enters King of England, Lord of Oxford, and Exceter, then the
King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the Duke of Burgondy,
and attendants.*

Henry 5.

Now my good brother of *France*,
I hope by this time you have deliberated of your answer.

French King.

I my wel beloved brother of *England*,
We have viewed it over with our learned Councell,
But cannot finde that you should be crowned
King of *France*.

Henry 5.

What not King of *France*, then nothing,
I must be king: but my loving brother of *France*,
I can hardly forget the late injuries offered me,
When I came last to parley,
The French men had better a raked
The bowels out of their fathers carkasses,
Then to have fiered my Tentes,
And if I knew thy sonne Prince *Dolphin* for one,
I would so rowse him, as he was never so rowfed.

A a 3

French

French King.

I dare sweare for my sonnes Innocency in this matter.
But if this please you, that immediately you be
Proclaimed and crowned Heyre and Regent of *France*,
Not king, because I my selfe was once crowned king.

Henry 5.

Heyre and Regent of *France*, that is well,
But that is not all that I must have.

French King.

The rest my Secretary hath in writing.

Secretary.

Item, that *Henry* king of *England*,
Be crowned Heyre and Regent of *France*,
During the life of king *Charles*, and after his death,
The Crowne with all rights, to remaine to King *Henry*
Of *England*, and to his heyres for ever.

Henry 5.

Well, my good brother of *France*,
There is one thing I must needs desire.

French King.

What is that, my good brother of *England*?

Henry 5.

That all your Nobles must be sworne to be true to me.

French King.

Whereas they have not stucke with greater matters, I know
they will not sticke with such a trifle,
Beginne you my Lord Duke of *Burgondie*.

Henry 5.

Come, my Lord of *Burgondie*,
Take your oath upon my sword.

Burgondie.

I *Philip* Duke of *Burgondie*,
Sweare to *Henry* King of *England*,
To be true to him, and to become his league-man,
And that if I *Philip* heare of any forraigne power,
Comming to invade the sayde *Henry*, or his heyres,
Then I the sayde *Philip* to send him word,
And ayde him with all the power I can make,
And thereunto I take my oath.

[*He kisseth the sword.*
Henry

Henry 5.

Come, Prince *Dolphin*, you must sweare too.
[*He kisseth the sword.*

Henry 5.

Well, my brother of *France*,
There is one thing more I must needs require of you.

French King.

Wherein is it that we may satisfie your Majestie?

Henry 5.

A trifle my good brother of *France*.
I meane to make your daughter Queene of *England*,
If she be willing, and you therewith content:
How sayst thou *Kate*, canst thou love the King of *England*?

Kate.

How should I love thee, which is my fathers enemie?

Henry 5.

Tut stand not upon these points,
Tis you must make us friends:
I know *Kate*, thou art not a little proud, that I love thee,
What wench, the king of *England*.

French King.

Daughter let nothing stand betwixt the king of *England*
and thee, agree to it.

Kate.

I had best whilst he is willing,
Lest when I would, he will not,
I rest at your Majesties commaund.

Henry 5.

Welcome sweet *Kate*, but my brother of *France*
What say you to it?

French King.

With all my heart I like it,
But when shall be your wedding day?

Henry 5.

The first Sunday of the next moneth,
God willing.

[*Sound Trumpets.*
[*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.



THE TRUE
CHRONICLE HISTORIE
OF
K I N G L E I R,
AND HIS
THREE DAUGHTERS.

A C T U S I.

Enter king Leir and nobles.

THUS to our griefe the obsequies performd
Of our (too late) deceast and dearest queen,
Whose soule I hope, possēt of heavenly joyes,
Doth ride in triumph 'mongst the cherubins;
Let us request your grave advice, my lords,
For the disposing of our princely daughters,
For whom our care is specially employd,
As nature bindeth to advance their states,
In royal marriage with some princely mates:
For wanting now their mothers good advice,
Under whose government they have received
A perfit patterne of a vertuous life:
Left as it were a ship without a sterne,
Or filly sheepe without a pastors care;
Although our selves doe dearely tender them,

B b 2

Yet

Yet are we ignorant of their affayres :
 For fathers best do know to governe sonnes ;
 But daughters steps the mothers counsell turnes.
 A sonne we want for to succeed our crowne,
 And course of time hath cancelled the date
 Of further issue from our withered loines :
 One foote already hangeth in the grave,
 And age hath made deepe furrowes in my face :
 The world of me, I of the world am weary,
 And I would faine resigne these earthly cares,
 And thinke upon the welfare of my soule :
 Which by no better meanes may be effected,
 Then by resigning up the crowne from me.
 In equal dowry to my daughters three.

Skalliger.

A worthy care, my liege, which well declares,
 The zeale you bare unto our *quondam* queene :
 And since your grace hath licens'd me to speake,
 I censure thus ; your majesty knowing well,
 What severall futers your princely daughters have,
 To make them eche a jointer more or lesse,
 As is their worth, to them that love professe.

Leir.

No more, nor lesse, but even all alike,
 My zeale is fixt, all fashiond in one mould :
 Wherefore impartial shall my censure be,
 Both old and young shall have alike for me.

Nobles.

My gracious lord, I hartily do wish,
 That God hath lent you an heire indubitate,
 Which might have set upon your royal throne,
 When fates should loose the prison of your life,
 By whose succession all this doubt might cease ;
 And as by you, by him we might have peace.
 But after-wishes ever come too late,
 And nothing can revoke the course of fate :
 Wherefore, my liege, my censure deemes it best,
 To match them with some of your neighbour kings,
 Bordring within the bounds of *Albion*,

By

By whose united friendship, this our state
 May be protected 'gainst all forraine hate.

Leir.

Herein, my lords, your wishes fort with mine,
 And mine (I hope) do fort with heavenly powers :
 For at this instant two neere neighbouring kings,
 Of *Cornwall* and of *Cambria*, motion love
 To my two daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*.
 My youngest daughter, faire *Cordella*, vowes
 No liking to a monarch, unlesse love allowes.
 She is sollicit'd by divers peeres ;
 But none of them her partial fancy heares.
 Yet, if my policy may her beguile,
 Ile match her to some king within this ile,
 And so establish such a perfit peace,
 As fortunes force shall ne're prevaile to cease.

Perillus.

Of us and ours, your gracious care, my lord,
 Deserves an everlasting memory,
 To be inrol'd in chronicles of fame,
 By never-dying perpetuity :
 Yet to become so provident a prince,
 Lose not the title of a loving father :
 Do not force love, where fancy cannot dwell,
 Lest streames being stopt, above the banks do swell.

Leir.

I am resolv'd, and even now my mind
 Doth meditate a sudden stratagem,
 To try which of my daughters loves me best :
 Which till I know, I cannot be in rest.
 This graunted, when they jointly shall contend,
 Eche to exceed the other in their love :
 Then at the vantage will I take *Cordella*,
 Even as she doth protest she loves me best,
 Ile say, then, daughter, graunt me one request,
 To shew thou lovest me as thy sisters doe,
 Accept a husband, whom my self will woo.
 This said, she cannot well deny my sute,
 Although (poore soule) her senses will be mute :

B b 3

Then

Then will I triumph in my policy,
And match her with a king of *Brittany*.

Skalliger.

Ile to them before, and bewray your secrecy.

Perillus.

Thus fathers think their children to beguile,
And oftentimes themselves do first repent,
When heavenly powers do frustrate their intent.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter *Gonorill and Ragan.*

Gonorill.

I marvel, *Ragan*, how you can indure
To see that proud pert peat, our youngest sister,
So slightly to account of us, her elders,
As if we were no better then her self!
We cannot have a quaint device so soone,
Or new made fashion, of our choice invention;
But if she like it, she will have the same,
Or study newer to exceed us both.
Besides, she is so nice and so demure;
So sober, courteous, modest, and precise,
That all the court hath work ynough to do,
To talke how she exceedeth me and you.

Ragan.

What should I do? would it were in my power,
To find a cure for this contagious ill:
Some desperate medicine must be soone applied,
To dimme the glory of her mounting fame;
Els ere't be long, sheele have both prick and praise,
And we must be set by for working dayes.
Doe you not see what several choice of futers
She daily hath, and of the best degree?
Say, amongst all, she hap to fancy one,
And have a husband when as we have none:
Why then, by right, to her we must give place,
Though it be ne're so much to our disgrace.

Gonorill.

By my virginity, rather then she shall have
A husband before me,
Ile marry one or other in his shirt:

And

And yet I have made halfe a graunt already
Of my good will unto the king of *Cornwall*.

Ragan.

Swear not so deeply (*sister*) here commeth my *L. Skalliger*.
Something his hasty comming doth import.

Enter *Skalliger.*

Skalliger.

Sweet princesses, I am glad I met you heere so luckily,
Having good newes which doth concerne you both,
And craveth speedy expedition.

Ragan.

For Gods sake tell us what it is, my lord,
I am with child untill you utter it.

Skalliger.

Madam, to save your longing, this it is:
Your father in great secrecy to day
Told me, he meanes to marry you out of hand
Unto the noble prince of *Cambria*;
You, madam, to the king of *Cornwall*'s grace:
Your yonger sister he would faine bestow
Upon the rich king of *Hibernia*:
But that he doubts, she hardly will consent;
For hitherto she ne're could fancy him.
If she do yeeld, why then, betweene you three,
He will devide his kingdome for your dowries.
But yet there is a further mystery,
Which, so you will conceale, I will disclose.

Gonorill.

What e'er thou speakst to us, kind *Skalliger*,
Thinke that thou speakst it only to thy selfe.

Skalliger.

He earnestly desireth for to know,
Which of you three do beare most love to him,
And on your loves he so extremely dotes,
As never any did, I thinke, before.
He presently doth meane to send for you,
To be resolv'd of this tormenting doubt:
And looke, whose answer pleaseth him the best,
They shall have most unto their marriages.

B b 4

Ragan.

Ragan.

O that I had some pleasing mermaids voice,
For to inchaunt his fencelesse fences with!

Skalliger.

For he supposeth that *Cordella* will
(Striving to go beyond you in her love)
Promise to do what ever he desires:
Then will he straight enioine her for his sake,
The *Hibernian* king in marriage for to take.
This is the summe of all I have to say;
Which being done, I humbly take my leave,
Not doubting but your wisdomes will foresee
What course will best unto your good agree.

Gonorill.

Thanks, gentle *Skalliger*, thy kindnes undeserved,
Shall not be unrequited, if we live. [Exit *Skalliger*.

Ragan.

Now have we fit occasion offered us,
To be reveng'd upon her unperceiv'd.

Gonorill.

Nay, our revenge we will inflict on her
Shall be accounted piety in us:
I will so flatter with my doting father,
As he was ne're so flattred in his life.
Nay, I will say, that if it be his pleasure,
To match me to a begger, I will yeeld:
For why, I know what ever I do say,
He meanes to match me with the *Cornwall* king.

Ragan.

Ile say the like: for I am well assured,
What e're I say to please the old mans mind,
Who dotes, as if he were a child againe,
I shall enjoy the noble *Cambrian* prince:
Only, to feed his humour, will suffice,
To say, I am content with any one
Whom heele appoint me; this will please him more
Then e're *Appolloes* musike pleased *Jove*.

Gonorill.

I smile to think, in what a wofull plight
Cordella will be, when we answere thus:

For she will rather dye, then give consent
To joine in marriage with the *Irish* king:
So will our father think, she loveth him not,
Because she will not graunt to his desire,
Which we will aggravate in such bitter termes,
That he will soone convert his love to hate:
For he, you know, is alwayes in extremes.

Ragan.

Not all the world could lay a better plot,
I long till it be put in practice. [Exit.

*Enter Leir and Perillus.**Leir.*

Perillus, go seeke my daughters,
Will them immediately come and speak with me.

Perillus.

I will, my gracious lord. [Exit.

Leir.

Oh, what a combat feeles my panting heart,
'Twixt childrens love, and care of common weale!
How deare my daughters are unto my soul,
None knowes, but he, that knowes my thoughts and secret deeds.
Ah, little do they know the deare regard,
Wherein I hold their future state to come:
When they securely sleepe on beds of downe,
These aged eyes do watch for their behalfe:
While they like wantons sport in youthful toyes,
This throbbing heart is pearst with dire annoyes,
As doth the sun exceed the smallest starre,
So much the fathers love exceeds the childs.
Yet my complaynts are causelesse: for the world
Affords not children more conformable:
And yet, me thinks, my mind presageth still
I know not what; and yet I feare some ill.

Enter Perillus, with the three daughters.

Well, here my daughters come: I have found out
A present meanes to rid me of this doubt.

Gonorill.

Gonorill.

Our royal lord and father, in all duty,
We come to know the tenour of your will,
Why you so hastily have sent for us.

Leir.

Deare *Gonorill*, kind *Ragan*, sweet *Cordella*,
Ye flourishing branches of a kingly stocke,
Sprung from a tree that once did flourish greene,
Whose blossomes now are nipt with winters frost,
And pale grym death doth wayt upon my steps,
And summons me unto his next assizes.
Therefore, deare daughters, as ye tender the safety
Of him that was the cause of your first being,
Resolve a doubt which much molests my mind,
Which of you three to me would prove most kind;
Which loves me most, and which at my request
Will soonest yeeld unto their fathers heist.

Gonorill.

I hope, my gracious father makes no doubt
Of any of his daughters love to him:
Yet for my part, to shew my zeal to you,
Which cannot be in windy words rehearst,
I prize my love to you at such a rate,
I thinke my life inferiour to my love.
Should you injoine me for to tie a millstone
About my neck, and leape into the sea,
At your commaund I willingly would doe it:
Yea, for to doe you good, I would ascend
The highest turret in all *Brittany*,
And from the top leape headlong to the ground:
Nay, more, should you appoint me for to marry
The meanest vassaile in the spacious world,
Without reply I would accomplish it:
In brieve, commaund whatever you desire,
And if I faile, no favour I require.

Leir.

O, how thy words revive my dying soule!

Cordella.

O, how I doe abhorre this flattery!

2

*Leir.**Leir.*

But what sayth *Ragan* to her father's will?

Ragan.

O, that my simple utterance could suffice,
To tell the true intention of my heart,
Which burnes in zeale of duty to your grace,
And never can be quench'd, but by desire
To shew the same in outward forwardnesse.
Oh, that there were some other maid that durst
But make a challenge of her love with me;
Ide make her soone confesse she never loved
Her father halfe so well as I doe you.
I then my deeds should prove in plainer case,
How much my zeale aboundeth to your grace:
But for them all, let this one meane suffice.
To ratify my love before your eyes:
I have right noble futers to my love,
No worse then kings, and happely I love one:
Yes, would you have me make my choice anew,
Ide bridle fancy, and be rulde by you.

Leir.

Did never *Philomel* sing so sweet a note.

Cordella.

Did never flatterer tell so false a tale.

Leir.

Speak now, *Cordella*, make my joyes at full,
And drop downe nectar from thy hony lips.

Cordella.

I cannot paint my duty forth in words,
I hope my deeds shall make report for me:
But looke what love the child doth owe the father,
The same to you I beare, my gracious lord.

Gonorill.

Here is an answer answerlesse indeed:
Were you my daughter, I should scarcely brooke it.

Ragan.

Dost thou not blush, proud peacock as thou art,
To make our father such a slight reply?

Leir.

Leir.

Why how now, minion, are you growne so proud?
 Doth our deare love make you thus peremptory?
 What, is your love become so small to us,
 As that you scorne to tell us what it is?
 Do you love us, as every child doth love
 Their father? True indeed, as some,
 Who by difobedience short their fathers dayes,
 And so would you; some are so father-sick,
 That they make meanes to rid them from the world;
 And so would you: some are indifferent,
 Whether their aged parents live or die;
 And so are you. But, didst thou know, proud girle,
 What care I had to foster thee to this,
 Ah, then thou wouldst say as thy sisters do:
 Our life is lesse, then love we owe to you.

Cordella.

Deare father, do not so mistake my words,
 Nor my plaine meaning be misconstrued;
 My tounge was never usde to flattery.

Gonorill.

You were not best say I flatter: if you do,
 My deeds shall shew, I flatter not with you.
 I love my father better then thou canst.

Cordella.

The praise were great, spoke from another's mouth:
 But it should seeme your neighbours dwell far off.

Ragan.

Nay, here is one, that will confirme as much
 As she hath said, both for my selfe and her.
 I say, thou dost not wish my father's good.

Cordella.

Deare father—

Leir.

Peace, bastard impe, no issue of king *Leir*,
 I will not heare thee speake one tittle more.
 Call not me father, if thou love thy life,
 Nor these thy sisters once presume to name:
 Looke for no helpe henceforth from me or mine;
 Shift as thou wilt, and trust unto thy selfe:

My

My kingdome will I equally divide
 'Twixt thy two sisters to their royal dowre,
 And will bestow them worthy their deserts:
 This done, because thou shalt not have the hope
 To have a child's part in the time to come,
 I presently will dispossesse my selfe,
 And set up these upon my princely throne.

Gonorill.

I ever thought that pride would have a fall.

Ragan.

Plaine dealing, sister: your beauty is so sheene,
 You need no dowry, to make you be a queene.

[*Exeunt* *Leir*, *Gonorill*, *Ragan*.]*Cordella.*

Now whither, poore forsaken, shall I goe,
 When mine owne sisters triumph in my woe?
 But unto him which doth protect the just,
 In him will poore *Cordella* put her trust.
 These hands shall labour, for to get my spending;
 And so Ile live until my days have ending.

Perillus.

Oh, how I grieve, to see my lord thus fond,
 To dote so much upon vaine flattering words.
 Ah, if he but with good advice had weighed,
 The hidden tenure of her humble speech,
 Reason to rage should not have given place,
 Nor poore *Cordella* suffer such disgrace.

[*Exit*.]- *Enter the Gallian king with Mumford, and three nobles more.**King.*

Disswade me not, my lords, I am resolv'd,
 This next faire wind to saile for *Brittany*,
 In some disguise, to see if flying fame
 Be not too prodigal in the wondrous praise
 Of these three nymphes, the daughters of king *Leir*.
 If present view do answere absent praise,
 And eyes allow of what our ears have heard,
 And *Venus* stand auspicious to my vowes,
 And fortune favour what I take in hand;

I will

I will returne seiz'd of as rich a prize
As *Iafon*, when he wanne the golden fleece.

Mumford.

Heavens graunt you may: the match were ful of honor,
And well befeeming the young *Gallian* king.
I would your grace would favour me so much,
As make me partner of your pilgrimage.
I long to see the gallant *British* dames,
And feed mine eyes upon their rare perfections:
For till I know the contrary, Ile say,
Our dames in *Fraunce* are far more faire then they.

King.

Lord *Mumford*, you have saved me a labour,
In offering that which I did meane to aske:
And I most willingly accept your company.
Yet first I will injoine you to observe
Some few conditions which I shall propose.

Mumford.

So that you do not tye mine eyes for looking
After the amorous glaunces of faire dames:
So that you do not tye my tong from speaking,
My lips from kissing, when occasion serves,
My hands from congees, and my knees to bow
To gallant girles; which were a taske more hard,
Then flesh and blood is able to indure:
Commaund what else you please, I rest content.

King.

To bind thee from a thing thou canst not leave,
Were but a meane to make thee seeke it more:
And therefore speake, looke, kisse, salute for me;
In these my selfe am like to second thee.
Now heare thy taske. I charge thee from the time
That first we set saile for the *British* shore,
To use no words of dignity to me,
But in the friendliest manner that thou canst,
Make use of me as thy companion:
For we will go disguise in palmers weeds,
That no man shall mistrust us what we are.

Mumford.

Mumford.

If that be all, Ile fit your turne I warrant you. I am some
kin to the *Blunts*, and, I think, the bluntest of all my kindred;
therefore if I bee too blunt with you, thanke your selfe for
praying me to be so.

King.

Thy pleasant company will make the way seeme short,
It resteth now, that in my absence hence,
I do commit the government to you
My trusty lords and faithful counsellors.
Time cutteth off the rest I have to say:
The wind blowes faire, and I must needs away.

Nobles.

Heavens send your voyage to as good effect,
As we your land do purpose to protect.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the king of Cornwall and his man booted and spurred, a
riding wand, and a letter in his hand.*

Cornwall.

But how far distant are we from the court?

Servant.

Some twenty miles, my lord, or thereabouts.

Cornwall.

It seemeth to me twenty thousand miles:
Yet hope I to be there within this houre.

[*To himselfe.*

Servant.

Then are you like to ride alone for me.
I thinke my lord is weary of his life.

Cornwall.

Sweet *Gonorill*, I long to see thy face,
Which hast so kindly gratified my love.

*Enter the king of Cambria booted and spurred, and his man with
a wand and a letter.*

Cambria.

Get a fresh horse: for by my soule I sweare,

[*He looks on the letter.*

I am past patience, longer to forbear

The

The wished sight of my beloved mistress,
Deare *Ragan*, stay and comfort of my life.

Servant.

Now what in God's name doth my lord intend?

[*To himselfe.*]

He thinks he ne'er shall come at's journey's end.
I would he had old *Dedalus* waxen wings,
That he might flye, so I might stay behind:
For ere we get to *Troynewant*, I see,
He quite will tire himselfe, his horse, and me.

*Cornwall and Cambria looke one upon another, and start to see
eche other there.*

Cornwall.

Brother of *Cambria*, we greet you well,
As one whom here we little did expect.

Cambria.

Brother of *Cornwall*, met in happy time:
I thought as much to have met with the souldan of *Persia*,
As to have met you in this place, my lord.
No doubt, it is about some great affaires,
That makes you here so slenderly accompanied.

Cornwall.

To say the truth, my lord, it is no lesse,
And for your part some hasty wind of chance
Hath blowne you hither thus upon the sudden.

Cambria.

My lord, to break off further circumstances,
For at this time I cannot brooke delays:
Tell you your reason, I will tell you mine.

Cornwall.

In faith content, and therefore to be brieve;
For I am sure my haste's as great at yours:
I am sent for, to come unto king *Leir*,
Who by these present letters promiseth
His eldest daughter, lovely *Gonorill*,
To me in marriage, and for present dowry,
The moiety of halfe his regiment.

I

The

The ladies love I long ago possesse:
But until now I never had the fathers.

Cambria.

You tell me wonders, yet I will relate
Strange newes, and henceforth we must brothers call;
Witnesse these lines: his honourable age,
Being weary of the troubles of his crowne,
His princely daughter *Ragan* will bestow
On me in marriage, with halfe his feignories,
Whom I would gladly have accepted of,
With the third part, her complements are such.

Cornwall.

If I have one halfe, and you have the other,
Then betweene us we must needs have the whole.

Cambria.

The hole! how meane you that? zlood, I hope,
We shall have two holes betweene us.

Cornwall.

Why, the whole kingdome.

Cambria.

I, that's very true.

Cornwall.

What then is left for his third daughters dowry,
Lovely *Cordella*, whom the world admires?

Cambria.

'Tis very strange, I know not what to thinke,
Unlesse they meane to make a nunne of her.

Cornwall.

'Twere pity such rare beauty should be hid
Within the compasse of a cloysters wall:
But howsoe'er, if *Leir's* words prove true,
It will be good, my lord, for me and you.

Cambria.

Then let us haste, all danger to prevent,
For feare delays doe alter his intent.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gonorill and Regan.

Gonorill.

Sister, when did you see *Cordella* last,
That pretty piece, that thinks none good ynough

C c

To

To speake to her, because (sir-reverence)
She hath a little beauty extraordinary?

Ragan.

Since time my father ward her from his presence,
I never saw her, that I can remember.
God give her joy of her surpassing beauty;
I thinke, her dowry will be small ynough.

Gonorill.

I have incenst my father so against her,
As he will never be reclaimd againe.

Ragan.

I was not much behind to do the like.

Gonorill.

Faith, sister, what moves you to beare her such good will?

Ragan.

In truth, I thinke, the fame that moveth you;
Because she doth surpassse us both in beauty.

Gonorill.

Beshrew your fingers, how right you can gesse:
I tell you true, it cuts me to the heart.

Ragan.

But we will keepe her low enough, I warrant,
And clip her wings for mounting up too hie.

Gonorill.

Who ever hath her, shall have a rich mariage of her.

Ragan.

She were right fit to make a parson's wife:
For they, men say, do love faire women well,
And many times doe marry them with nothing.

Gonorill.

With nothing! marry God forbid: why, are there any such?

Ragan.

I mean, no money.

Gonorill.

I cry you mercy, I mistooke you much:
And she is far too itately for the church;
Sheele lay her husband's benefice on her back,
Even in one gowne, if she may have her will.

Ragan.

In faith, poore soul, I pittie her a little.
Would she were lesse faire, or more fortunate.

Well,

Well, I thinke long untill I see my *Morgan*,
The gallant prince of *Cambria*, here arrive.

Gonorill.

And so do I, until the *Cornwall* king
Present himselfe, to consummate my joyes.
Peace, here commeth my father.

Enter Leir, Perillus, and others.

Leir.

Cease, good my lords, and sue not to reverse
Our censure, which is now irrevocable,
We have dispatched letters of contract
Unto the kings of *Cambria* and of *Cornwall*;
Our hand and seale will justify no lesse:
Then do not so dishonour me, my lords,
As to make shipwrack of our kingly word.
I am as kind as is the pellican,
That kills it selfe, to save her young ones lives:
And yet as jelous as the princely eagle,
That kills her young ones, if they do but dazell
Upon the radiant splendor of the sunne.
Within this two dayes I expect their coming.

Enter kings of Cornwall and Cambria.

But in good time, they are arriv'd already.
This haste of yours, my lords, doth testify
The fervent love you beare unto my daughters:
And think your selves as welcome to king *Leir*,
As ever *Pryams* children were to him.

Cornwall.

My gracious lord, and father too, I hope,
Pardon, for that I made no greater halte:
But were my horse as swift as was my will,
I long ere this had seene your majesty.

Cambria.

No other cause of absence can I frame,
Then what my brother hath inform'd your grace:
For our undeserv'd welcome, we do vowe,
Perpetually to rest at your command.

C c 2

Cornwall.

Cornwall.

But you, sweet love, illustrious *Gonorill*,
The regent, and the soveraigne of my soule,
Is *Cornwall* welcome to your excellency?

Gonorill.

As welcome, as *Leander* was to *Hero*,
Or brave *Aeneas* to the *Carthage* queene:
So and more welcome is your grace to me.

Cambria.

O, may my fortune prove no worfe then his,
Since heavens do know, my fancy is as much.
Deare *Ragan*, say, if welcome unto thee,
All welcomes else will little comfort me.

Ragan.

As gold is welcome to the covetous eye,
As sleepe is welcome to the traveller,
As is fresh water to sea-beaten men,
Or moistned showres unto the parched ground,
Or any thing more welcomer then this,
So and more welcome lovely *Morgan* is.

Leir.

What resteth then, but that we consummate
The celebration of these nuptial rites?
My kingdome I do equally devide.
Princes, draw lots, and take your chauce as falles.

[Then they draw lots.]

These I resigne as freely unto you,
As earst by true succession they were mine.
And here I do freely dispossesse my selfe,
And make you two my true adopted heires:
My selfe will sojorne with my sonne of *Cornwall*,
And take me to my prayers and my beades.
I know, my daughter *Ragan* will be sorry,
Because I do not spend my dayes with her:
Would I were able to be with both at once;
They are the kindest girles in *Christendome*.

Perillus.

I have bin silent all this while, my lord,
To see if any worthier then my selfe,
Would once have spoke in poore *Cordellaes* cause:

4

But

But love or feare ties silence to their tounge.
Oh, heare me speake for her, my gracious lord,
Whose deeds have not deserv'd this ruthlesse doome,
As thus to disinherit her of all.

Leir.

Urge this no more, and if thou love thy life:
I say, she is no daughter, that doth scorne
To tell her father how she loveth him.
Who ever speaketh hereof to mee againe,
I will esteeme him for my mortal foe.
Come, let us in, to celebrate with joy,
The happy nuptials of these lovely paires.

*[Exeunt omnes, manet Perillus.]**Perillus.*

Ah, who so blind, as they that will not see
The neere approach of their owne misery?
Poore lady, I extremely pittie her:
And whilest I live, eche drop of my heart blood
Will I straine forth, to do her any good.

*[Exit.]**Enter the Gallian king, and Mumford, disguised like pilgrims.**Mumford.*

My lord, how do you brook this *Brittish* aire?

King.

My lord, I told you of this foolish humour,
And bound you to the contrary, you know.

Mumford.

Pardon me for once, my lord; I did forget.

King.

My lord againe? then let's have nothing else,
And so be tane for spies, and then tis well.

Mumford.

Swounds, I could bite my tounge in two for anger:
For Gods sake name yourself some proper name.

King.

Call me *Trefillus*: Ile call thee *Denapoll*.

Mumford.

Might I be made the monarch of the world,
I could not hit upon these names, I sweare.

C c 3

King.

*King.*Then call me *Will*, Ile call thee *Jacke*.*Mumford.*Well, be it so, for I have well deserv'd to be call'd *Jack*.*King.*Stand close; for here a *Brittish* lady commeth:*Enter Cordella.*

A fairer creature ne're mine eyes beheld.

Cordella.

This is a day of joy unto my sisters,
Wherein they both are married unto kings;
And I, by birth, as worthy as themselves,
Am turn'd into the world, to seeke my fortune.
How may I blame the fickle queene of chaunce,
That maketh me a patterne of her power?
Ah, poore weake maid, whose imbecility
Is far unable to indure these brunts.
Oh, father *Leir*, how dost thou wrong thy child,
Who alwayes was obedient to thy will!
But why accuse I fortune and my father?
No, no, it is the pleasure of my God:
And I do willingly embrace the rod.

King.

It is no goddesse; for she doth complaine
On fortune, and th' unkindnesse of her father.

Cordella.

These costly robes ill sitting my estate,
I will exchange for other meener habit.

Mumford.

Now if I had a kingdome in my hands,
I would exchange it for a milksmaids finock and peticoate,
That she and I might shift our clothes together.

Cordella.

I will betake me to my threed and needle,
And earne my living with my fingers ends.

Mumford.

O brave! God willing, thou shalt have my custome,
By sweet *S. Denis*, here I sadly sweare,
For all the shirts and night-gear that I weare.

*Cordella.**Cordella.*

I will professe and vow a maidens life.

Mumford.

Then I protest thou shalt not have my custom.

King.

I can forbear no longer for to speak:
For if I do, I think my heart will breake.

*Mumford.*Sblood, *Wil*, I hope you are not in love with my sempster.*King.*

I am in such a laborinth of love,
As that I know not which way to get out.

Mumford.

You'l ne're get out, unlesse you first get in.

*King.*I prithy *Jacke*, crosse not my passions.*Mumford.*Prithy *Wil*, to her, and try her patience.*King.*

Thou fairest creature, whatsoever thou art,
That ever any mortal eyes beheld,
Vouchsafe to me, who have o'reheard thy woes,
To shew the cause of these thy sad laments.

Cordella.

Ah pilgrims, what availes to shew the cause,
When there's no meanes to find a remedy?

King.

To utter griefe, doth ease a heart o'recharg'd.

Cordella.

To touch a sore, doth aggravate the paine.

King.

The silly mouse, by vertue of her teeth,
Releas'd the princely lion from the net.

Cordella.

Kind palmer, which so much desir'st to heare
The tragick tale of my unhappy youth:
Know this in brieve, I am the haplesse daughter
Of *Leir*, sometimes king of *Brittany*.

King.

Why, who debarres his honourable age,
From being still the king of *Brittany*?

C c 4

Cordella.

Cordella.

None, but himfelfe hath difposseft himfelfe,
And given all his kingdome to the kings
Of *Cornwall* and of *Cambria*, with my fifters.

King.

Hath he given nothing to your lovely felfe?

Cordella.

He lov'd me not, and therefore gave me nothing,
Only because I could not flatter him:
And in this day of triumph to my fifters,
Doth fortune triumph in my overthrow.

King.

Sweet lady, fay there should come a king,
As good as either of your fifters husbands,
To crave your love, would you accept of him?

Cordella.

Oh, doe not mocke with thofe in misery,
Nor do not think, though fortune have the power,
To fpoile mine honour, and debase my ftate,
That she hath any interest in my mind:
For if the greateft monarch on the earth,
Should fue to me in this extremity,
Except my heart could love, and heart could like,
Better then any that I ever faw,
His great eftate no more should move my mind,
Then mountaines move by blast of every wind.

King.

Think not, sweet nymph, tis holy palmers goife,
To grieved foules fresh torments to devise:
Therefore in witneffe of my true intent,
Let heaven and earth beare record of my words:
There is a young and luffy *Gallian* king,
So like to me, as I am to myfelfe,
That earnestly doth crave to have thy love,
And joine with thee in *Hymens* sacred bonds.

Cordella.

The like to thee did ne're these eyes behold;
Oh live to adde new torments to my grieve:
Why didst thou thus intrap me unawares?
Ah palmer, my eftate doth not befit

A kingly

A kingly mariage, as the case now ftands.
Whilome when as I liv'd in honours height,
A prince perhaps might postulate my love:
Now misery, dishonour, and disgrace,
Hath light on me, and quite reverst the case.
Thy king will hold thee wife, if thou surcease
The sute, whereas no dowry will infue.
Then be advised, palmer, what to do:
Cease for thy king, seeke for thy felfe to woo.

King.

Your birth's too high for any, but a king.

Cordella.

My mind is low ynough to love a palmer,
Rather then any king upon the earth.

King.

O, but you never can indure their life,
Which is so straight and full of penury.

Cordella.

O yes, I can, and happy if I might:
Ile hold thy palmers staffe within my hand,
And thinke it is the scepter of a queene.
Sometime Ile fet thy bonnet on my head,
And thinke I weare a rich imperial crowne.
Sometime Ile helpe thee in thy holy prayers,
And thinke I am with thee in paradise.
Thus Ile mock fortune, as she mocketh me,
And never will my lovely choice repent:
For, having thee, I shall have all content.

King.

'Twere sin to hold her longer in suspence,
Since that my soule hath vow'd she shall be mine.
Ah, deare *Cordella*, cordial to my heart,
I am no palmer, as I seeme to be,
But hither come in this unknowne disguise,
To view th' admired beauty of those eyes.
I am the king of *Gallia*, gentle maid,
(Although thus slenderly accompanied),
And yet thy vassaile by imperious love,
And sworne to serve thee everlastingly.

Cordella.

Cordella.

What e're you be, of high or low discent,
 All's one to me, I do request but this :
 That as I am, you will accept of me,
 And I will have you whatsoe're you be :
 Yet well I know, you come of royal race,
 I see such sparks of honour in your face.

Mumford.

Have palmers weeds such power to win faire ladies ?
 Faith, then I hope the next that falles is mine :
 Upon condition I no worse might speed,
 I would for ever weare a palmers weed.
 I like an honest and plaine dealing wench,
 That sweares (without exceptions) I will have you.
 These foppets, that know not whether to love a man or no,
 except they first go aske their mothers leave, by this hand, I
 hate them ten times worse then poison.

King.

What resteth then our happinesse to procure ?

Mumford.

Faith, go to church, to make the matter sure.

King.

It shall be so, because the world shall say,
 King *Leirs* three daughters were wedded in one day :
 The celebration of this happy chaunce,
 We will deferre, until we come to *Fraunce*.

Mumford.

I like the wooing, that's not long a doing.
 Well, for her sake, I know what I know :
 Ile never marry whilest I live,
 Except I have one of these *Brittish* ladies,
 My humour is alienated from the maids of *Fraunce*. [Exit.]

*Enter Perillus solus.**Perillus.*

The king hath dispossesst himselfe of all,
 Those to advaunce, which scarce will give him thanks :
 His youngest daughter he hath turnd away,
 And no man knowes what is become of her.

He

He sojourns now in *Cornwall* with the eldest,
 Who flattered him, until she did obtaine
 That at his hands, which now she doth possesse :
 And now she sees hee hath no more to give,
 It grieves her heart to see her father live,
 Oh, whom should man trust in this wicked age,
 When children thus against their parents rage ?
 But he, the myrroure of mild patience,
 Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply :
 Yet shames she not in most opprobrious sort,
 To call him foole and doted to his face,
 And sets her parasites of purpose oft,
 In scoffing wise to offer him disgrace.
 Oh yron age! O times! O monstrous, vilde,
 When parents are contemned of the child !
 His pension she hath halfe restrain'd from him,
 And will, ere long, the other halfe, I feare ;
 For she thinks nothing is bestowde in vaine,
 But that which doth her father's life maintaine.
 Trust not alliance ; but trust strangers rather,
 Since daughters prove disloyal to the father.
 Well, I will counsel him the best I can :
 Would I were able to redresse his wrong,
 Yet what I can, unto my utmost power,
 He shall be sure of to the latestt houre.

[Exit.]

*Enter Gonorill and Skalliger.**Gonorill.*

I prithy, *Skalliger*, tell me what thou thinkst :
 Could any woman of our dignity
 Endure such quips and peremptory taunts,
 As I do daily from my doting father ?
 Doth't not suffice that I him keepe of almes,
 Who is not able for to keepe himselfe ?
 But as if he were our better, he should thinke
 To check and snap me up at every word.
 I cannot make me a new fashioned gowne,
 And set it forth with more then common cost ;

But

But his old doting doltish withered wit,
Is fure to give a fencelesse check for it.
I cannot make a banquet extraordinary,
To grace myfelfe, and spread my name abroad,
But he, old foole, is captious by and by,
And faith, the cost would well suffice for twice.
Judge then, I pray, what reason is't, that I
Should stand alone charg'd with his vaine expence,
And that my sister *Ragan* should go free,
To whom he gave as much, as unto me?
I prithy, *Skalliger*, tell me, if thou know,
By any meanes to rid me of this woe.

Skalliger.

Your many favours still bestowde on me,
Binde me in duty to advise your grace,
How you may soonest remedy this ill.
The large allowance which he hath from you,
Is that which makes him so forget himfelfe:
Therefore abbridge it halfe, and you shall see,
That having lesse, he will more thankful be:
For why, abundance maketh us forget
The fountaines whence the benefits do spring.

Gonorill.

Well, *Skalliger*, for thy kind advice herein,
I will not be ungrateful, if I live:
I have restrained halfe his portion already,
And I will presently restraine the other,
That having no meanes to releve himfelfe,
He may go seeke elsewhere for better helpe.

[*Exit.*

Skalliger.

Go, viperous woman, shame to all thy sexe:
The heavens, no doubt, will punish thee for this:
And me a villaine, that to curry favour,
Have given the daughter counsel 'gainst the father.
But us the world doth this experience give,
That he that cannot flatter, cannot live.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter king of Cornwall, Leir, Perillus, and nobles.

Cornwall.

Father, what aileth you to be so sad?
Methinks, you frollike not as you were wont.

Leir.

The neerer we do grow unto our graves,
The lesse we do delight in worldly joyes.

Cornwall.

But if a man can frame himfelfe to mirth,
It is a meane for to prolong his life.

Leir.

Then welcome sorrow, *Leir's* only friend,
Who doth desire his troubled dayes had end.

Cornwall.

Comfort yourfelfe, father, here comes your daughter,
Who much will grieve, I know, to see you sad.

Enter Gonorill.

Leir.

But more doth grieve, I feare, to see me live.

Cornwall.

My *Gonorill*, you come in wished time,
To put your father from these pensive dumps.
In faith, I feare that all things go not well.

Gonorill.

What, do you feare, that I have angered him?
Hath he complained of me unto my lord?
He provide him a piece of bread and cheefe;
For in a time heelee practise nothing else,
Then carry tales from one unto another.
'Tis all his practise for to kindle strife,
'Twixt you, my lord, and me your loving wife:
But I will take an order, if I can,
To cease th' effect, where first the cause began.

Cornwall.

Sweet, be not angry in a partial cause,
He ne'er complain'd of thee in all his life.
Father, you must not weigh a woman's words.

Leir.

Leir.

Alas, not I: poore soule, she breeds yong bones,
And that is it makes her so tutchy sure.

Gonorill.

What, breeds young bones already! you will make
An honest woman of me then, belike.
O vild olde wretch! who ever heard the like,
That seeketh thus his owne child to defame?

Cornwall.

I cannot stay to heare this discord sound. [Exit.

Gonorill.

For any one that loves your company,
You may go pack, and seeke some other place,
To sowe the seed of discord and disgrace. [Exit.

Leir.

Thus, say or do the best that e'er I can,
'Tis wrested straight into another sence:
This punishment my heavy sinnes deserve,
And more then this ten thousand thousand times:
Else aged *Leir* them could never find
Cruel to him, to whom he hath bin kind.
Why do I over-live my selfe, to see
The course of nature quite reverst in me?
Ah, gentle death, if ever any wight
Did wish thy presence with a perfit zeale:
Then come, I pray thee, even with all my heart,
And end my sorrowes with thy fatal dart. [He weepes.

Perillus.

Ah, do not so disconsolate yourselfe,
Nor dew your aged cheeks with wasting tears.

Leir.

What man art thou that takest any pity
Upon the worthlesse state of old *Leir*?

Perillus.

One, who doth beare as great a share of grieffe,
As if it were my dearest father's case.

Leir.

Ah, good my friend, how ill art thou advise,
For to consort with miserable men:

Go

Go learne to flatter, where thou mayst in time
Get favour 'mongst the mighty, and so clime:
For now I am so poore and full of want,
As that I ne're can recompence thy love.

Perillus.

What's got by flattery, doth not long indure;
And men in favour live not most secure.
My conscience tels me, if I should forsake you,
I were the hatefulst excrement on the earth:
Which well do know, in course of former time,
How good my lord hath bin to me and mine.

Leir.

Did I ere raise thee higher then the rest
Of all thy ancestors which were before?

Perillus.

I ne're did seeke it; but by your good grace,
I still enjoyed my owne with quietnesse.

Leir.

Did I ere give thee living, to increase
The due revenues which thy father left?

Perillus.

I had ynough, my lord, and having that,
What should you need to give me any more?

Leir.

Oh, did I ever dispossesse my selfe,
And give thee halfe my kingdome in good will?

Perillus.

Alas, my lord, there were no reason, why
You should have such a thought, to give it me.

Leir.

Nay, if thou talke of reason, then be mute;
For with good reason I can thee confute.
If they, which first by natures sacred law
Do owe to me the tribute of their lives;
If they to whom I alwayes have bin kinde,
And bountiful beyond comparifon;
If they, for whom I have undone my selfe,
And brought my age unto this extreme want,
Do now reject, contemne, despise, abhor me,
What reason moveth thee to sorrow for me?

Perillus.

Perillus.

Where reason failes, let teares confirme my love,
 And speake how much your passions do me move.
 Ah, good my lord, condemne not all for one:
 You have two daughters left, to whom I know
 You shall be welcome, if you please to go.

Leir.

Oh, how thy words adde sorrow to my soule,
 To thinke of my unkindnesse to *Cordella!*
 Whom caufelesse I did dispossesse of all.
 Upon th' unkind suggestions of her sisters:
 And for her sake, I thinke this heavy doome
 Is false on me, and not without desert:
 Yet unto *Ragan* was I alwayes kinde,
 And gave to her the halfe of all I had:
 It may be, if I should to her repaire,
 She would be kinder, and intreat me faire.

Perillus.

No doubt she would, and practise ere't be long,
 By force of armes for to redresse your wrong.

Leir.

Well, since thou doest advise me for to go,
 I am resolv'd to try the worst of wo.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Ragan solus.**Ragan.*

How may I blesse the howre of my nativity,
 Which bodeth unto me such happy starres!
 How may I thank kind fortune, that vouchsafes
 To all my actions, such desir'd event!
 I rule the king of *Cambria* as I please:
 The states are all obedient to my will;
 And looke what ere I say, it shall be so;
 Not any one, that dareth answere no.
 My eldest sister lives in royal state,
 And wanteth nothing fitting her degree:
 Yet hath she such a cooling card withall,
 As that her hony favoureth much of gall.

My

My father with her is quarter-master still,
 And many times restraines her of her will:
 But if he were with me, and serv'd me so,
 Ide send him packing some where else to go.
 Ide entertaine him with such slender cost,
 That he should quickly wish to change his host. [Exit.]

*Enter Cornwall, Gonorill, and attendants.**Cornwall.*

Ah, *Gonorill*, what dire unhappy chauce
 Hath sequestred thy father from our presence,
 That no report can yet be heard of him?
 Some great unkindnesse hath bin offred him,
 Exceeding far the bounds of patience:
 Else all the world shall never me perswade,
 He would forsake us without notice made.

Gonorill.

Alas, my lord, whom doth it touch so neere,
 Or who hath interest in this griefe, but I,
 Whom sorrow had brought to her longest home,
 But that I know his qualities so well?
 I know, he is but stolne upon my sister
 At unawares, to see her how she fares,
 And spend a little time with her, to note
 How all things goe, and how she likes her choice:
 And when occasion serves, heele steale from her,
 And unawares returne to us againe.
 Therefore, my lord, be frolick, and resolve
 To see my father here againe ere long.

Cornwall.

I hope so too; but yet to be more sure,
 Ile send a poste immediately to know
 Whether he be arrived there or no. [Exit.]

Gonorill.

But I will intercept the messenger,
 And temper him before he doth depart
 With sweet perswasions, and with sound rewards,
 That his report shall ratify my speech,
 And make my lord cease further to inquire.
 If he be not gone to my sisters court,

D d

As

As sure my mind persegeth that he is,
 He happely may, by travelling unknowne wayes,
 Fall sicke, and as a common passenger,
 Be dead and buried: would God it were so well;
 For then there were no more to do, but this,
 He went away, and none knowes where he is.
 But say he be in *Cambria* with the king,
 And there exclaime against me, as he will:
 I know he is as welcome to my sifter,
 As water is into a broken ship.
 Well, after him Ile send such thunderclaps
 Of flander, scandal, and invented tales,
 That all the blame shall be remov'd from me,
 And unperceiv'd rebound upon himselfe.
 Thus with one naile another Ile expel,
 And make the world judge, that I usde him well.

Enter the messenger that should go to Cambria, with a letter in his hand.

Gonorill.

My honest friend, whither away so fast?

Messenger.

To *Cambria*, madam, with letters from the king.

Gonorill.

To whom?

Messenger.

Unto your father, if he be there.

Gonorill.

Let me see them.

[She opens them.]

Messenger.

Madam, I hope your grace will stand
 Betweene me and my neck-verse, if I be
 Call'd in question, for opening the king's letters.

Gonorill.

'Twas I that opened them, it was not thou.

Messenger.

I, but you need not care; and so must I,
 A handsome man, be quickly trust up,
 And when a man's hang'd, all the world cannot save him.

Gonorill.

Gonorill.

He that hangs thee, were better hang his father,
 Or that but hurts thee in the least degree,
 I tell thee, we make great account of thee.

Messenger.

I am o'er-joy'd, I surfet of sweet words:
 Kind queene, had I a hundred lives, I would
 Spend ninety-nine of them for you, for that word.

Gonorill.

I, but thou wouldst keepe one life still,
 And that's as many as thou art like to have.

Messenger.

That one life is not too deare for my good queene; this
 sword, this buckler, this head, this heart, these hands, armes,
 legs, tripes, bowels, and all the members else whatsoever, are
 at your dispose; use me, trust me, commaund me: if I faile in
 any thing, tie me to a dung cart, and make a scavengers horse
 of me, and whip me so long as I have any skin on my back.

Gonorill.

In token of further imployment, take that.

[Flings him a purse.]

Messenger.

A strong bond, a firme obligation, good in law, good in law:
 if I keepe not the condition, let my necke be the forfeiture of
 my negligence.

Gonorill.

I like thee well, thou hast a good tounge.

Messenger.

And as bad a tounge, if it be set on it, as any oysterwife at
Billingsgate hath: why, I have made many of my neighbours
 forsake their houses with railing upon them, and go dwell else
 where; and so by my meanes houses have bin good cheape
 in our parish: my tounge being well whetted with choller,
 is more sharpe then a razer of *Palerno*.

Gonorill.

O thou art a fit man for my purpose.

Messenger.

Commend me not, sweet queene, before you try me.
 As my deserts are, so do think of me.

D d z

Gonorill.

Gonorill.

Well said, then this is thy trial: instead of carrying the king's letters to my father, carry thou these letters to my sister, which containe matter quite contrary to the other: there shall she be given to understand, that my father hath detracted her, given out flaundrous speeches against her; and that hee hath most intollerably abused me, set my lord and me at variance, and made mutinies amongst the commons. These things (although it be not so) Yet thou must affirme them to be true, With othes and protestations as will serve To drive my sister out of love with him, And cause my will accomplished to be. This do, thou winst my favour for ever, And makest a hie way of preferment to thee And all thy friends.

Messenger.

It sufficeth, conceit it is already done: I will so tounge-whip him, that I will Leave him as bare of credit, as a poulter Leaves a cony, when she pulls off his skin.

Gonorill.

Yet there is a further matter.

Messenger.

I thirst to heare it.

Gonorill.

If my sister thinketh convenient, as my letters importeth, to make him away, hast thou the heart to effect it?

Messenger.

Few words are best in so small a matter: These are but trifles. By this booke I will. [*Kisses the paper.*]

Gonorill.

About it presently, I long till it be done.

Messenger.

I fly, I fly.

*[Exeunt.]**Enter Cordella solus.**Cordella.*

I have bin over-negligent to day,
In going to the temple of my God,

To render thanks for all his benefits,
Which he miraculously hath bestowed on me,
In raising me out of my meane estate,
When as I was devoid of worldly friends,
And placing me in such a sweet content,
As far exceeds the reach of my deserts.
My kingly husband, myrrour of his time,
For zeale, for justice, kindnesse, and for care
To God, his subjects, me, and common weale,
By his appointment was ordained for me.
I cannot wish the thing that I do want;
I cannot want the thing but I may have,
Save only this which I shall ne're obtaine,
My father's love, oh this I ne're shall gaine.
I would abstaine from any nutryment,
And pine my body to the very bones:
Bare foote I would on pilgrimage set forth
Unto the furthest quarters of the earth,
And all my life-time would I sackcloth weare,
And mourning-wife powre dust upon my head:
So he but to forgive me once would please,
That his gray haire might go to heaven in peace.
And yet I know not how I him offended,
Or wherein justly I have deserved blame.
Oh, sisters! you are much to blame in this,
It was not he, but you that did me wrong:
Yet God forgive both him, and you, and me;
Even as I doe in perfit charity.
I will to church, and pray unto my Saviour,
That ere I die, I may obtaine his favour.

*[Exit.]**Enter Leir and Perillus faintly.**Perillus.*

Rest on me, my lord, and stay yourselfe,
The way seemes tedious to your aged limmes.

Leir.

Nay, rest on me, kind friend, and stay thyselfe,
Thou art as old as I, but more kind.

D d 3

Perillus.

To

Perillus.

Ah, good my lord, it ill befits, that I
Should leane upon the person of a king.

Leir.

But it fits worse, that I should bring thee forth,
That had no cause to come along with me,
Through these uncouth paths, and tireful wayes,
And never ease thy fainting limmes a whit.
Thou hast left all, I, all to come with me,
And I, for all, have nought to guerdon thee.

Perillus.

Cease, good my lord, to aggravate my woes
With these kind words, which cuts my heart in two,
To think your will should want the power to do.

Leir.

Cease, good *Perillus*, for to call me lord,
And think me but the shaddow of myfelfe.

Perillus.

That honourable title will I give
Unto my lord, so long as I do live.
Oh, be of comfort; for I see the place
Whereas your daughter keeps her residence.
And loe, in happy time the *Cambrian* prince
Is here arriv'd, to gratify our comming.

*Enter the prince of Cambria, Ragan, and nobles: looke upon them,
and whisper together.*

Leir.

Were I best speak, or sit me downe and dye?
I am asham'd to tell this heavy tale.

Perillus.

Then let me tell it, if you please, my lord:
'Tis shame for them that were the cause thereof.

Cambria.

What two old men are those that seeme so sad?
Me thinks, I should remember well their lookes,

Ragan.

No, I mistake not, sure it is my father:
I must dissemble kindnesse now of force,

*She**She runneth to him, and kneeles downe, saying:*

Father, I bid you welcome, full of griefe,
To see your grace usde thus unworthily,
And ill befitting for your reverend age,
To come on foot a journey so indurable.
Oh, what disaster chaunce hath bin the cause,
To make your cheeks so hollow, spare and leane?
He cannot speake for weeping: for God's love, come,
Let us refresh him with some needful things,
And at more leisure we may better know,
Whence springs the ground of this unlookt-for wo.

Cambria.

Come, father, ere we any further talke,
You shall refresh you after this weary walk.

*[Exeunt, manet Ragan.]**Ragan.*

Comes he to me with finger in the eye,
To tell a tale against my sifter here?
Whom I do know, he greatly hath abusde:
And now like a contentious crafty wretch,
He first begins for to complaine himfelfe,
When as himfelfe is in the greatest fault?
He not be partial in my sifter's cause,
Not yet beleeve his doting vaine reports:
Who for a trifle (safely) I dare say,
Upon a spleene is stolen thence away:
And here (forsooth) he hopeth to have harbour,
And to be moan'd and made on like a child:
But ere't be long, his comming he shall curse,
And truely say, he came from bad to worse:
Yet will I make faire weather, to procure
Convenient meanes, and then he strike it sure.

*[Exit.]**Enter Messenger solus.**Messenger.*

Now happily I am arrived here,
Before the stately palace of the *Cambrian* king:
If *Leir* be here safe-seated, and in rest,
To rowse him from it I will do my best.

Enter

D d 4

Enter Ragan.

Now bags of gold, your vertue is (no doubt)
To make me in my meſſage bold and ſtout.
The King of heaven preſerve your majeſty,
And ſend your highneſſe everlaſting raigne.

Ragan.

Thanks, good my friend; but what imports thy meſſage?

Messenger.

Kind greetings from the *Cornwall* queene:
The reſidue theſe letters will declare. [*She opens the letters.*]

Ragan.

How fares our royal ſiſter?

Messenger.

I did leave her, at my parting, in good health.

[*She reads the letter, frownes, and ſtamps.*]

See how her colour comes and goes againe,
Now red as ſcarlet, now as pale as aſh:
See how ſhe knits her brow, and bites her lips,
And ſtamps, and makes a dumbe ſhew of diſdaine,
Mixt with revenge, and violent extreames.
Here will be more worke and more crownes for me.

Ragan.

Alas, poore ſoule, and hath he uſde her thus?
And is he now come hither, with intent
To ſet divorce betwixt my lord and me?
Doth he give out, that he doth heare report,
That I do rule my husband as I liſt,
And therefore meanes to alter ſo the caſe,
That I ſhall know my lord to be my head?
Well, it were beſt for him to take good heed,
Or I will make him hop without a head,
For his preſumption, dottard that he is.
In *Cornwall* he hath made ſuch mutinies,
Firſt, ſetting of the king againſt the queene;
Then ſtirring up the commons 'gainſt the king;
That had he there continued any longer,
He had bin call'd in queſtion for his fact.
So upon that occaſion thence he fled,
And comes thus ſlily ſtealing unto us:

And

And now already ſince his coming hither,
My lord and he are growne in ſuch a league,
That I can have no conference with his grace:
I feare, he doth already intimate
Some forged cavillations 'gainſt my ſtate:
'Tis therefore beſt to cut him off in time,
Leſt ſlaunderous rumours once abroad diſperſt,
It is too late for them to be reverſt.
Friend, as the tennour of theſe letters ſhewes,
My ſiſter puts great confidence in thee.

Messenger.

She never yet committed truſt to me,
But that (I hope) ſhe found me alwayes faithful:
So will I be to any friend of hers,
That hath occaſion to imploy my helpe.

Ragan.

Haſt thou the heart to act a ſtratagem,
And give a ſtabbe or two, if need require:

Messenger.

I have a heart compact of adamant,
Which never knew what melting pittie meant.
I weigh no more the murthering of a man,
Then I reſpect the cracking of a flea,
When I doe catch her biting on my ſkin.
If you will have your husband or your father,
Or both of them ſent to another world,
Do but commaund me doo't, it ſhall be done.

Ragan.

It is ynough, we make no doubt of thee:
Meet us to morrow here, at nine a clock:
Meane while, farewel, and drink that for my ſake. * [*Exit.*]

Messenger.

I, this is it will make me do the deed:
Oh, had I every day ſuch customers,
This were the gainefulſt trade in *Chriſtendome*!
A purſe of gold giv'n for a paltry ſtabbe!
Why, heres a wench that longs to have a ſtabbe.
Wel, I could give it her, and ne're hurt her neither.

Enter

Enter the Gallian king, and Cordella.

King.

When will these clouds of sorrow once disperse,
And smiling joy triumph upon thy brow?
When will this scene of sadnesse have an end,
And pleasant acts insue, to move delight?
When will my lovely queene cease to lament,
And take some comfort to her grieved thoughts?
If of thyselfe thou daignst to have no care,
Yet pittie me, whom thy grieffe makes despaire.

Cordella.

O, grieve not you, my lord, you have no cause;
Let not my passions move your mind a whit:
For I am bound by nature to lament
For his ill will, that life to me first lent.
If so the stocke be dried with disdain,
Withered and fere the branch must needs remaine.

King.

But thou art now graft in another stock;
I am the stock, and thou the lovely branch:
And from my root continual sap shall flow,
To make thee flourish with perpetual spring,
Forget thy father and thy kindred now,
Since they forsake thee like inhumane beastes;
Thinke they are dead, since all their kindnesse dies,
And bury them, where black oblivion lies.
Think not thou art the daughter of old *Leir*,
Who did unkindly disinherit thee:
But think thou art the noble *Gallian* queene,
And wife to him that dearely loveth thee:
Embrace the joyes that present with thee dwell,
Let sorrow packe and hide herselfe in hell.

Cordella.

Not that I misse my country or my kinne,
My old acquaintance or my ancient friends,
Doth any whit distemperate my mind,
Knowing you, which are more deare to me
Then country, kin, and all things els can be.

Yet

Yet pardon me, my gracious lord, in this:
For what can stop the course of nature's power?
As easy is it for foure-footed beastes,
To stay themselves upon the liquid aire,
And mount aloft into the element,
And overstrip the feathered fowles in flight:
As easy is it for the slimy fish,
To live and thrive without the helpe of water:
As easy is it for the blackamoore,
To wash the tawny colour from his skin,
Which all oppose against the course of nature:
As I am able to forget my father.

King.

Myrrour of vertue, *Phœnix* of our age!
Too kind a daughter for an unkind father,
Be of good comfort; for I will dispatch
Ambassadours immediately for *Brittaine*,
Unto the king of *Cornwall's* court, whereas
Your father keepeth now his residence,
And in the kindest maner him intreat,
That, setting former grievances apart,
He will be pleasde to come and visit us.
If no intreaty will suffice the turne,
Ile offer him the halfe of all my crowne:
If that moves not, weele furnish out a fleet,
And saile to *Cornwall* for to visit him;
And there you shall be firmly reconcilde
In perfect love, as earst you were before.

Cordella.

Where tounge cannot sufficient thanks afford,
The king of heaven remunerate my lord.

King.

Only be blithe, and frolick (sweet) with me:
This and much more Ile do to comfort thee.

Enter Messenger solus.

Messenger.

It is a world to see now I am flush,
How many friends I purchase every where!

How

How many seekes to creepe into my favour,
 And kisse their hands, and bend their knees to me!
 No more, here comes the queene, now shall I know her mind,
 And hope for to derive more crownes from her.

Enter Ragan.

Ragan.

My friend, I see thou mind'st thy promise well,
 And art before me here, me thinks, to day.

Messenger.

I am a poore man, and it like your grace;
 But yet I alwayes love to keepe my word.

Ragan.

Wel, keepe thy word with me, and thou shalt see,
 That of a poore man I will make thee rich.

Messenger.

I long to heare it, it might have bin dispatcht,
 If you had told me of it yesternight.

Ragan.

It is a thing of right strange consequence,
 And well I cannot utter it in words.

Messenger.

It is more strange, that I am not by this
 Beside my selfe, with longing for to heare it.
 Were it to meet the devil in his denne,
 And try a bout with him for a scratcht face,
 Ide undertake it, if you would but bid me.

Ragan.

Ah, good my friend, that I should have thee do
 Is such a thing, as I do shame to speake;
 Yet it must needs be done.

Messenger.

Ile speake it for thee, queene: shall I kill thy father?
 I know 'tis that; and if it be so, say.

Ragan.

I.

Messenger.

Why, that's ynough.

Ragan.

And yet that is not all.

Messenger.

Messenger.

What else?

Ragan.

Thou must kill that old man that came with him.

Messenger.

Here are two hands, for eche of them is one.

Ragan.

And for eche hand here is a recompence.

[Gives him two purses.]

Messenger.

Oh, that I had ten hands by miracle!
 I could teare ten in pieces with my teeth,
 So in my mouth would put a purse of gold.
 But in what manner must it be effected?

Ragan.

To morrow morning ere the breake of day,
 I by a wyle will send them to the thicket,
 That is about some two miles from the court,
 And promise them to meet them there my selfe,
 Because I must have private conference,
 About some news I have receiv'd from Cornwall.
 This is ynough, I know, they will not faile,
 And then be ready for to play thy part:
 Which done, thou mayst right easily escape,
 And no man once mistrust thee for the fact:
 But yet, before thou prosecute the act,
 Shew him the letter, which my sifter sent,
 There let him read his owne inditement first,
 And then proceed to execution:
 But see thou faint not; for they will speake faire.

Messenger.

Could he speak words as pleasing as the pipe
 Of Mercury, which charm'd the hundred eyes
 Of watchful Argos, and inforc'd him sleepe:
 Yet here are words so pleasing to my thoughts,
 As quite shall take away the sound of his.

[To the purse.]

[Exit.]

Ragan.

About it then, and when thou hast dispatcht,
 Ile find a meanes to send thee after him.

[Exit.]

Enter

Enter Cornwall and Gonorill.

Cornwall.

I wonder that the messenger doth stay,
Whom we dispatcht for *Cambria* so long since:
If that his answere do not please us well,
And he do shew good reason for delay,
He teach him how to dally with his king,
And to detaine us in such long suspence.

Gonorill.

My lord, I thinke the reason may be this:
My father meanes to come along with him;
And therefore 'tis his pleasure he shall stay,
For to attend upon him on the way.

Cornwall.

It may be so, and therefore till I know
The truth thereof, I will suspend my judgement.

Enter Servant.

Servant.

And't like your grace, there is an ambassador
Arrived from *Gallia*, and craves admittance to your majesty.

Cornwall.

From *Gallia*? what should his message
Hither import? is not your father happily
Gone thither? well, whatsoere it be,
Bid him come in, he shall have audience.

Enter Ambassador.

What newes from *Gallia*? speake, ambassador.

Ambassador.

The noble king and queene of *Gallia* first salutes,
By me, their honourable father, my lord *Leir*:
Next, they commend them kindly to your graces,
As those whose wellfare they intirely wish.
Letters I have to deliver to my lord *Leir*,
And presents too, if I might speake with him.

Gonorill.

If you might speak with him? why, do you thinke,
We are afraid that you should speake with him?

Ambassador.

Ambassador.

Pardon me, madam; for I thinke not so,
But say so only, 'cause he is not here.

Cornwall.

Indeed, my friend, upon some urgent cause,
He is at this time absent from the court:
But if a day or two you here repose,
'Tis very likely you shall have him here,
Or else have certaine notice where he is.

Gonorill.

Are not we worthy to receive your message?

Ambassador.

I had in charge to do it to himselfe.

Gonorill.

It may be then 'twill not be done in haste.
How doth my sifter brooke the aire of *Fraunce*?

[To herselfe.]

Ambassador.

Exceeding well, and never sicke one houre,
Since first she set her foot upon the shore.

Gonorill.

I am the more sorry.

Ambassador.

I hope not so, madam.

Gonorill.

Didst thou not say, that she was ever sicke,
Since the first houre that she arrived there?

Ambassador.

No, madam, I said quite contrary.

Gonorill.

Then I mistooke thee.

Cornwall.

Then she is merry, if she have her health.

Ambassador.

Oh no, her grieffe exceeds, until the time
That she be reconcil'd unto her father.

Gonorill.

God continue it.

Ambassador.

What, madam?

Gonorill.

Gonorill.

Why, her health.

Ambassador.

Amen to that: but God release her griefe,
And fend her father in a better mind,
Then to continue alwayes so unkind.

Cornwall.

He be a mediator in her cause,
And seeke all meanes to expiat his wrath.

Ambassador.

Madam, I hope your grace will do the like.

Gonorill.

Should I be a meane to exasperate his wrath
Against my sifter, whom I love so deare? no, no.

Ambassador.

To expiate or mittigate his wrath:
For he hath misconceived without a cause.

Gonorill.

O, I, what else?

Ambassador.

'Tis pity it should be so; would it were otherwise.

Gonorill.

It were great pity it should be otherwise.

Ambassador.

Then how, madam?

Gonorill.

Then that they should be reconcilde againe.

Ambassador.

It shewes you beare an honourable mind.

Gonorill.

It shewes thy understanding to be blind,
And that thou hadst need of an interpreter:

[Speakes to herselfe.]

Well, I will know thy message ere't be long,
And find a meane to crosse it, if I can.

Cornwall.

Come in, my friend, and frolick in our court,
Till certaine notice of my father come.

*[Exeunt.]**Enter**Enter Leir and Perillus.**Perillus.*

My lord, you are up to day before your houre,
'Tis newes to you to be abroad so rathe.

Leir.

'Tis newes indeed, I am so extreme heavy,
That I can scarcely keepe my eye-lids open.

Perillus.

And so am I, but I impute the cause
To rising sooner then we use to do.

Leir.

Hither my daughter meanes to come disguis'd:
He sit me downe, and read until she come.

*[Pulls out a booke, and sits downe.]**Perillus.*

Sheele not be long, I warrant you, my lord:
But say, a couple of these they call good fellowes
Should step out of a hedge, and set upon us,
We were in good case for to answere them.

Leir.

'Twere not for us to stand upon our hands.

Perillus.

I feare, we scant should stand upon our legs.
But how should we do to defend ourselves?

Leir.

Even pray to God, to blesse us from their hands:
For fervent prayer much ill hap withstands.

Perillus.

He sit and pray with you for company;
Yet was I ne're so heavy in my life. *[They fall both asleepe.]*

*Enter the Messenger, or murtherer, with two daggers in his hands.**Messenger.*

Were it not a mad jest, if two or three of my profession
should meet me, and lay me downe in a ditch, and play robbe
thiefe with me, and perforce take my gold away from me,
whilest I act this stratagem, and by this meanes the gray beards
should escape? Faith, when I were at liberty againe, I would
make

E e

make

make no more to do, but go to the next tree, and there hang
myselfe. *[Sees them, and starts.]*

But stay, me thinks, my youthes are here already,
And with pure zeale have prayed themselves asleepe.
I thinke, they know to what intent they came,
And are provided for another world.

[He takes their bookes away.]

Now could I stab them bravely, while they sleepe,
And in a maner put them to no paine;
And doing so, I shewed them mighty friendship:
For feare of death is worfe then death itselfe.
But that my sweet queene will'd me for to shew
This letter to them, ere I did the deed.
Masse, they begin to stirre: Ile stand aside;
So shall I come upon them unawares. *[They wake and rise.]*

Leir.

I marvel, that my daughter stays so long.

Perillus.

I feare, we did mistake the place, my lord.

Leir.

God graunt we do not miscarry in the place:
I had a short nap, but so full of dread,
As much amazeth me to think thereof.

Perillus.

Feare not, my lord, dreames are but fantasies,
And slight imaginations of the braine.

Messenger.

Perfwade him so, but Ile make him and you
Confesse, that dreames do often prove too true.

Perillus.

I pray, my lord, what was the effect of it?
I may go neere to gesse what it pretends.

Messenger.

Leave that to me, I will expound the dreame.

Leir.

Me thought, my daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*,
Stood both before me with such grim aspects,
Eche brandishing a faulchion in their hand,
Ready to lop a lymme off where it fell,
And in their other hands a naked poinyard,

Wherewith

Wherewith they stabb'd me in a hundred places,
And to their thinking left me there for dead:
But then my youngest daughter, fair *Cordella*,
Came with a boxe of balsome in her hand,
And powred it into my bleeding wounds;
By whose good means I was recovred well,
In perfit health, as earst I was before:
And with the feare of this I did awake,
And yet for feare my feeble joints do quake.

Messenger.

Ile make you quake for something presently.
Stand, stand. *[They reele.]*

Leir.

We do, my friend, although with much adoe.

Messenger.

Deliver, deliver.

Perillus.

Deliver us, good Lord, from such as he.

Messenger.

You should have prayed before, while it was time,
And then perhaps, you might have scapt my hands:
But you, like faithful watch-men, fell asleepe,
The whilst I came and tooke your halberds from you.

[Shews their bookes.]

And now you want your weapons of defence,
How have you any hope to be delivered?
This comes, because you have no better stay,
But fall asleepe, when you should watch and pray.

Leir.

My friend, thou seemst to be a proper man.

Messenger.

'Sblood, how the old slave clawes me by the elbow?
He thinks, belike, to scape by scraping thus.

Perillus.

And it may be, are in some need of money.

Messenger.

That to be false, behold my evidence. *[Shewes his purses.]*

Leir.

If that I have will do thee any good,
I give it thee, even with a right good will.

[Takes it.]

E o 2

Perillus.

Perillus.

Here, take mine too, and wish with all my heart,
To do thee pleasure, it were twice as much.

[Takes his, and weighs them both in his hands.

Messenger.

He none of them, they are too light for me.

[Puts them in his pocket.

Leir.

Why then farewell: and if thou have occasion
In any thing, to use me to the queene,
'Tis like ynough that I can pleasure thee. [They proffer to goe.

Messenger.

Do you heare, do you heare, sir?
If I had occasion to use you to the queene,
Would you do one thing for me I should aske?

Leir.

I, any thing that lies within my power.
Here is my hand upon it, so farewell. [Proffer to goe.

Messenger.

Heare you, sir, heare you? pray, a word with you.
Me thinks, a comely honest ancient man
Should not dissemble with one for a vantage.
I know, when I shall come to try this geare,
You will recant from all that you have said.

Perillus.

Mistrust not him, but try him when thou wilt:
He is her father, therefore may do much.

Messenger.

I know he is, and therefore meane to try him:
You are his friend too, I must try you both.

Ambo.

Prithy do, prithy do.

[Proffer to go out.

Messenger.

Stay grey-beards then, and prove men of your words:
The queene hath tied me by a solemne othe,
Here in this place to see you both dispatch:
Now for the safegard of my conscience,
Do me the pleasure for to kill yourselves:
So shall you save me labour for to do it,
And prove yourselves true old men of your words.

4

And

And here I vow in fight of all the world,
I ne're will trouble you whilst I live againe.

Leir.

Affright us not with terror, good my friend,
Nor strike such feare into our aged hearts.
Play not the cat, which dallieth with the mouse;
And on a sudden maketh her a prey:
But if thou art markt for the man of death
To me and to my *Damion*, tell me plaine,
That we may be prepared for the stroke,
And make ourselves fit for the world to come.

Messenger.

I am the last of any mortal race,
That ere your eyes are likely to behold,
And hither sent of purpose to this place,
To give a final period to your dayes,
Which are so wicked, and have lived so long,
That your owne children seeke to short your life.

Leir.

Camst thou from *France*, of purpose to do this?

Messenger.

From *France*? zoones, do I looke like a *Frenchman*?
Sure I have not mine owne face on; some body hath chang'd
faces with me, and I know not of it: but I am sure, my apparel
is all *English*. Sirrah, what meanest thou to aske that question?
I could spoile the fashion of this face for anger. A *French*
face!

Leir.

Because my daughter, whom I have offended,
And at whose hands I have deserv'd as ill,
As ever any father did of child,
Is queene of *Fraunce*, no thanks at all to me,
But unto God, who my injustice see.
If it be so, that shee doth seeke revenge,
As with good reason she may justly do,
I will most willingly resigne my life,
A sacrifice to mitigate her ire:
I never will intreat thee to forgive,
Because I am unworthy for to live.

E e-3

Therefore

Therefore speake soone, and I will soone make speed;
Whether *Cordella* will'd thee do this deed?

Messenger.

As I am a perfit gentleman, thou speakst *French* to me:
I never heard *Cordellae's* name before,
Nor never was in *Fraunce* in all my life:
I never knew thou hadst a daughter there,
To whom thou didst prove so unkind a churle:
But thy owne tounge declares that thou hast bin
A vile old wretch, and full of heinous sin.

Leir.

Ah, no, my friend, thou art deceived much:
For her except, whom I confesse I wrongd,
Through doting frenzy, and o're-jelous love,
There lives not any under heavens bright eye,
That can convict me of impiety:
And therefore sure thou dost mistake the marke:
For I am in true peace with all the world.

Messenger.

You are the fitter for the King of heaven:
And therefore, for to rid thee of suspence,
Know thou, the queenes of *Cambria* and *Cornwall*,
Thy owne two daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*,
Appointed me to massacre thee here.
Why wouldst thou then perswade me, that thou art
In charity with all the world? but now
When thy owne issue hold thee in such hate,
That they have hired me t'abridge thy fate,
Oh, fy upon such vile dissembling breath,
That would deceive, even at the point of death.

Perillus.

Am I awake, or is it but a dreame?

Messenger.

Feare nothing, man, thou art but in a dreame,
And thou shalt never wake until doomesday;
By then, I hope, thou wilt have slept ynough.

Leir.

Yet, gentle friend, graunt one thing ere I die.

Messenger.

Ile graunt you any thing, except your lives.

Leir.

Leir.

Oh, but assure me by some certaine token,
That my two daughters hired thee to this deed:
If I were once resolv'd of that, then I
Would wish no longer life, but crave to die.

Messenger.

That to be true, in sight of heaven I sweare.

Leir.

Sweare not by heaven, for feare of punishment:
The heavens are guiltlesse of such hainous acts.

Messenger.

I sweare by earth, the mother of us all.

Leir.

Sweare not by earth: for she abhors to beare
Such bastards, as are murtherers of her sonnes.

Messenger.

Why then, by hell, and all the devils I sweare.

Leir.

Sweare not by hell; for that stands gaping wide,
To swallow thee, and if thou do this deed.

[*Thunder and lightning.*]

Messenger.

I would that word were in his belly againe,
It hath frighted me even to the very heart;
This old man is some strong magician:
His words have turnd my mind from this exploit.
Then neither heaven, earth, nor hell, be witnessse;
But let this paper witnessse for them all.

[*Sherwes Gonorill's letter.*]

Shall I relent, or shall I prosecute?

Shall I resolve, or were I best recant?

I will not crack my credit with two queenes,

To whom I have already past my word.

Oh, but my conscience for this act doth tell,

I get heaven's hate, earth's scorne, and paines of hell.

[*They blesse themselves.*]

Perillus.

Oh just *Jehova*, whose almighty power
Doth governe all things in this spacious world,

E c 4

How

How canst thou suffer such outrageous acts
To be committed without just revenge?
O viperous generation and accurst,
To seeke his blood, whose blood did make them first!

Leir.

Ah, my true friend in all extremity,
Let us submit us to the will of God;
Things past all fence, let us not seeke to know;
It is God's will, and therefore must be so.
My friend, I am prepared for the stroke:
Strike when thou wilt, and I forgive thee here,
Even from the very bottome of my heart.

Messenger.

But I am not prepared for to strike.

Leir.

Farewel, *Perillus*, even the truest friend,
That ever lived in aduersity;
The latest kindnesse Ile request of thee,
Is that thou go unto my daughter *Cordella*,
And carry her her father's latest blessing:
Withal desire her, that she will forgive me;
For I have wrong'd her without any cause.
Now, Lord, receive me, for I come to thee,
And die, I hope, in perfit charity.
Dispatch, I pray thee, I have liued too long.

Messenger.

I, but you are unwise, to send an errand
By him that never meaneth to deliver it:
Why, he must go along with you to heaven:
It were not good you should go all alone.

Leir.

No doubt, he shal, when by the course of nature,
He must surrender up his due to death:
But that time shall not come till God permit.

Messenger.

Nay, presently, to beare you company.
I have a passport for him in my pocket,
Already seal'd, and he must needs ride poste.

[*Shews a bagge of money.*]

Leir.

Leir.

The letter which I read, imports not so,
It only toucheth me, no word of him.

Messenger.

I, but the queene commaunds it must be so,
And I am paid for him, as well as you.

Perillus.

I, who have borne you company in life,
Most willingly will beare a share in death.
It skilleth not for me, my friend, a whit,
Nor for a hundred such as thou and I.

Messenger.

Mary, but it doth, fit, by your leave; your good dayes are
past: though it bee no matter for you, 'tis a matter for me,
proper men are not so rife.

Perillus.

Oh, but beware, how thou dost lay thy hand
Upon the high anointed of the Lord:
O, be advised ere thou dost begin:
Dispatch me straight, but meddle not with him,

Leir.

Friend, thy commission is to deale with me,
And I am he that hath deserved all:
The plot was laid to take away my life:
And here it is, I do intreat thee take it:
Yet for my sake, and as thou art a man,
Spare this my friend, that hither with me came:
I brought him forth, whereas he had not bin,
But for good will to beare me company.
He left his friends, his country, and his goods,
And came with me in most extremity.
Oh, if he should miscarry here and die,
Who is the cause of it, but only I?

Messenger.

Why that am I, let that ne're trouble thee.

Leir.

O no, 'tis I. O, had I now to give thee
The monarchy of all the spacious world
To save his life, I would bestow it on thee:

But

But I have nothing but these teares and prayers,
And the submission of a bended knee. [Kneels.
O, if all this to mercy move thy mind,
Spare him, in heaven thou shalt like mercy find.

Messenger.

I am as hard to be moved as another, and yet me thinks the strength of their perswasions stirres me a little.

Perillus.

My friend, if feare of the almighty power
Have power to move thee, we have said ynough:
But if thy mind be moveable with gold,
We have not presently to give it thee:
Yet to thyselfe thou mayst do greater good,
To keepe thy hands still undefilde from blood:
For do but well consider with thyselfe,
When thou hast finisht this outrageous act,
What horrour still will haunt thee for the deed:
Think this againe, that they which would incense
Thee for to be the butcher of their father,
When it is done, for feare it should be knowne,
Would make a meanes to rid thee from the world:
Oh, then art thou for ever tied in chaines
Of everlasting torments to indure,
Even in the hottest hole of grisly hell,
Such paines, as never mortal tounge can tell.

[It thunders. He quakes, and lets fall the dagger next to
Perillus.

Leir.

O, heavens be thanked, he will spare my friend.
Now, when thou wilt, come make an end of me.

[He lets fall the other dagger,

Perillus.

Oh, happy fight! he meanes to save my lord.
The king of heaven continue this good mind.

Leir.

Why stayst thou to do execution?

Messenger.

I am as wilful as you for your life:
I will not do it, now you do intreat me.

Perillus.

Perillus.

Ah, now I see thou hast some sparke of grace.

Messenger.

Beshrew you for it, you have put it in me:
The parlofcest old men, that ere I heard.
Well, to be flat, Ile not meddle with you:
Here I found you, and here Ile leave you:
If any aske you why the case so stand?
Say that your tounge were better then your hands.

[Exit Messenger.

Perillus.

Farewel. If ever we together meet,
It shall go hard, but I will thee regreet.
Courage, my lord, the worst is overpast;
Let us give thanks to God, and hie us hence.

Leir.

Thou art deceived; for I am past the best,
And know not whither for to go from hence:
Death had bin better welcome unto me,
Then longer life to adde more misery.

Perillus.

It were not good to returne from whence we came,
Unto your daughter *Ragan* back againe.
Now let us go to *France*, unto *Cordella*,
Your youngest daughter, doubtlesse she will succour you.

Leir.

Oh, how can I perswade myselfe of that,
Since the other two are quite devoy'd of love;
To whom I was so kind, as that my gifts,
Might make them love me, if 'twere nothing else?

Perillus.

No worldly gifts, but grace from God on hie,
Doth nourish vertue and true charity.
Remember well what words *Cordella* spake,
What time you askt her, how the lov'd your grace.
She said, her love unto you was as much,
As ought a child to beare unto her father.

Leir.

But she did find, my love was not to her,
As should a father beare unto a child.

Perillus.

Perillus.

That makes not her love to be any lesse,
If she do love you as a child should do:
You have tried two, try one more for my sake,
He ne're intreat you further trial make.
Remember well the dreame you had of late,
And thinke what comfort it foretels to us.

Leir.

Come, truest friend, that ever man possesse,
I know thou counsaillst all things for the best:
If this third daughter play a kinder part,
It comes of God, and not of my desert.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter the Gallian Ambassador solus.**Ambassador.*

There is of late newes come unto the court,
That old lord *Leir* remains in *Cambria*:
He hie me thither presently, to impart
My letters and my message unto him.
I never was lesse welcome to a place
In all my life-time, then I have bin hither,
Especially unto the stately queene,
Who would not cast one gracious looke on me,
But still with lowring and suspicious eyes,
Would take exceptions at each word I spake,
And faine she would have undermined me,
To know what my ambassage did import.
But she is like to hop without her hope,
And in this matter for to want her will,
Though (by report) sheele hav't in all things else.
Well, I will poste away for *Cambria*:
Within these few dayes I hope to be there.

[*Exit.*]*Enter the king and queene of Gallia, and Mumford.**King.*

By this, our father understands our mind,
And our kind greetings sent to him of late:

Therefore

Therefore my mind presageeth ere't be long,
We shall receive from *Brittayne* happy newes.

Cordella.

I feare my sifter will disswade his mind;
For she to me hath alwayes bin unkind.

King.

Feare not, my love, since that we know the worst,
The last meanes helps, if that we misse the first:
If hee'le not come to *Gallia* unto us,
Then we will faile to *Brittayne* unto him.

Mumford.

Well, if I once see *Brittayne* againe,
I have sworne, He ne're come home without my wench,
And He not be forsworne,
He rather never come home while I live.

Cordella.

Are you sure, *Mumford*, she is a maid still?

Mumford.

Nay, He not sweare she is a maid, but she goes for one:
He take her at all adventures, if I can get her.

Cordella.

I, that's well put in.

Mumford.

Well put in? nay, it was ill put in; for had it
Bin as well put in, as ere I put in, in my dayes,
I would have made her follow me to *Fraunce*.

Cordella.

Nay, you'd have bin so kind, as take her with you,
Or else, were I as she,
I would have bin so loving, as Ide stay behind you:
Yet I must confesse, you are a very proper man,
And able to make a wench do more then she would do.

Mumford.

Well, I have a payre of slops for the nonce,
Will hold all your mooks.

King.

Nay, we see you have a hanfome hose.

Cordella.

I, and of the newest fashion.

Mumford.

Mumford.

More bobs, more: put them in still,
They'l serve instead of bumbast, yet put not in too many, lest
the seames crack, and they fly out amongst you againe: you
must not think to outface me so easily in my misbris quarrel,
who if I see once againe, ten teame of horses shall not draw
me away, till I have full and whole possession.

King.

I, but one teame and a cart will serve the turne.

Cordella.

Not only for him, but also for his wench.

Mumford.

Well, you are two to one, Ile give you over:
And since I see you so pleasantly disposed,
Which indeed is but seldome scene, Ile claime
A promise of you, which you shall not deny me:
For promise is debt, and by this hand you promis'd it me.
Therefore you owe it me, and you shall pay it me,
Or Ile sue you upon an action of unkindnesse.

King.

Prithy, lord *Mumford*, what promise did I make thee?

Mumford.

Faith, nothing but this,
That the next faire weather, which is very now,
You would go in progresse downe to the sea side,
Which is very neere.

King.

Faith, in this motion I will join with thee,
And be a mediator to my queene.
Prithy, my love, let this match go forward,
My mind foretels, 'twill be a lucky voyage.

Cordella.

Entreaty needs not, where you may commaund,
So you be pleas'd, I am right well content:
Yet, as the sea I much desire to see;
So am I most unwilling to be seene.

King.

Weele go disguis'd, all unknowne to any.

Cordella.

Howsoever you make one, Ile make another.

*Mumford.**Mumford.*

And I the third: oh, I am over-joyed!
See what love is, which getteth with a word,
What all the world besides could ne're obtaine:
But what disguises shall we have, my lord?

King.

Faith thus: my queene and I will be disguis'd,
Like a plaine country couple, and you shall be *Roger*
Our man, and wait upon us: or if you will,
You shall go first, and we will wait on you.

Mumford.

'Twere more then time; this device is excellent:
Come let us about it.

*[Exeunt.]**Enter Cambria and Ragan, with nobles.**Cambria.*

What strange mischance or unexpected hap
Hath thus depriv'd us of our father's presence?
Can no man tell us what's become of him,
With whom we did converse not two dayes since?
My lords, let every where light horse be sent,
To scoure about through all our regiment.
Dispatch a poste immediately to *Cornwall*,
To see if any newes be of him there;
Myselfe will make a strict inquiry here,
And all about our cities neere at hand,
Till certaine newes of his abode be brought.

Ragan.

All sorrow is but counterfet to mine,
Whose lips are almost sealed up with griefe:
Mine is the substance, whilst they do but seeme
To weepe the lesse, which teares cannot redeeme.
O, ne're was heard so strange a misadventure,
A thing so far beyond the reach of sence,
Since no man's reason in the cause can enter.
What hath remov'd my father thus from hence?
O, I do feare some charme or invocation
Of wicked spirits, or infernal fiends,
Stir'd by *Cordella*, moves this innovation,
And brings my father timelesse to his end.

But

But might I know, that the detested witch
Were certain cause of this uncertaine ill,
Myselfe to *Fraunce* would go in some disguise,
And with these nailes scratch out her hateful eyes:
For since I am deprived of my father,
I loath my life, and wish my death the rather.

Cambria.

The heavens are just, and hate impiety,
And will (no doubt) reveale such hainous crimes:
Censure not any, till you know the right:
Let him be judge, that bringeth truth to light.

Ragan.

O, but my griefe, like to a swelling tide,
Exceeds the bounds of common patience:
Nor can I moderate my tounge so much,
To conceale them, whom I hold in suspect.

Cambria.

This matter shall be sifted: if it be she,
A thousand *Fraunces* shall not harbour her.

Enter the Gallian Ambassador.

Ambassador.

All happinesse unto the *Cambrian* king.

Cambria.

Welcom, my friend, from whence is thy ambassage?

Ambassador.

I came from *Gallia*, unto *Cornwall* sent,
With letters to your honourable father,
Whom there not finding, as I did expect,
I was directed hither to repaire.

Ragan.

Frenchman, what is thy message to my father?

Ambassador.

My letters, madam, will import the same,
Which my commission is for to deliver.

Ragan.

In his absence you may trust us with your letters.

Ambassador.

I must performe my charge in such a manner,
As I have strict commaundment from the king.

Ragan.

Ragan.

There is good packing twixt your king and you;
You need not hither come to aske for him,
You know where he is better then ourselves

Ambassador.

Madam, I hope, not far off.

Ragan.

Hath the young murdresse, your outrageous queene,
No meanes to colour her detested deeds,
In finishing my guiltlesse fathers dayes,
(Because he gave her nothing to her dowre)
But by the colour of a fain'd ambassage,
To send him letters hither to our court?
Go carry them to them that sent them hither,
And bid them keepe their scroules unto themselves:
They cannot blind us with such slight excule,
To smother up so monstrous vild abuse.
And were it not, it is 'gainst law of armes,
To offer violence to a messenger,
We would inflict such torments on thyselfe,
As should inforce thee to reveale the truth.

Ambassador.

Madam, your threats no whit apall my mind,
I know my conscience guiltlesse of this act;
My king and queene, I dare be sworne, are free
From any thought of such impiety:
And therefore, madam, you have done them wrong,
And ill befeeming with a sisters love,
Who in meere duty tender him as much,
As ever you respected him for dowre.
The king your husband will not say as much.

Cambria.

I will suspend my judgement for a time,
Till more appearance give us further light:
Yet to be plaine, your coming dorth inforce
A great suspicion to our doubtful mind,
And that you do resemble, to be brieve,
Him that first robs, and then cries, stop the theefe.

Ambassador.

Pray God some neere you have not done the like.

F f

Ragan.

Ragan.

Hence, faucy mate, reply no more to us; [*She strikes him.*
 For law of armes shall not protect thy tounge.

Ambassador.

Ne're was I offred such discourtesy;
 God and my king, I trust, ere it be long,
 Will find a meane to remedy this wrong. [*Exit Ambassador.*

Ragan.

How shall I live, to suffer this disgrace,
 At every base and vulgar peasants hands?
 It ill befitteth my imperial state,
 To be thus usde, and no man take my part. [*She weeps.*

Cambria.

What should I do? infringe the law of armes,
 Were to my everlasting obloquy:
 But I will take revenge upon his master,
 Which sent him hither, to delude us thus.

Ragan.

Nay, if you put up this, be sure, ere long,
 Now that my father thus is made away;
 Sheele come and claime a third part of your crowne,
 As due unto her by inheritance.

Cambria.

But I will prove her title to be nought
 But shame, and the reward of parricide;
 And make her an example to the world,
 For after-ages to admire her penance.
 This will I do, as I am *Cambriaes* king,
 Or lose my life, to prosecute revenge.
 Come, first let's learne what newes is of our father,
 And then proceed, as best occasion fits. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leir, Perillus, and two mariners in sea-gownes and sea-caps.

Perillus.

My honest friends, we are asham'd to shew
 The great extremity of our present state.
 In that at this time we are brought so low,
 That we want money for to pay our passage.

The

The truth is so, we met with some good fellowes,
 A little before we came aboard your ship,
 Which stript us quite of all the coine we had,
 And left us not a penny in our purses:
 Yet wanting mony, we will use the meane,
 To see you satisfied to the uttermost. [*Lookes on Leir.*

First Mariner.

Here's a good gown, 'twould become me passing wel,
 I should be fine in it. [*Lookes on Perillus.*

Second Mariner.

Here's a good cloke, I marvel how I should look in it.

Leir.

Faith, had we others to supply their roome,
 Though ne're so meane, you willingly should have them.

First Mariner.

Do you heare, sir? you looke like an honest man;
 Ile not stand to do you a pleasure: here's a good strong motly
 gaberdine, cost me xiiij. good shillings at *Billingsgate*, give me
 your gowne for it, and your cap for mine, and Ile forgive
 your passage.

Leir.

With al my heart, and xx. thanks. [*Leir and he changeth.*

Second Mariner.

Do you heare, sir? you shall have a better match then he,
 because you are my friend: here is a good sheep's russet sea-
 gowne, will bide more streffe, I warrant you, then two of his;
 yes, for you seem to be an honest gentleman, I am content to
 change it for your cloke, and aske you nothing for your pas-
 sage more. [*Pulls off Perillus's cloke.*

Perillus.

My owne I willingly would change with thee,
 And think my selfe indebted to thy kindnesse:
 But would my friend might keepe his garment still.
 My friend, Ile give thee this new dublet, if thou wilt
 Restore his gowne unto him back againe.

First Mariner.

Nay, if I do, would I might ne're eate powderd beefe and
 mustard more; nor drink can of good liquor whilst I live.
 My friend, you have small reason to seeke to hinder me of my
 bargaine: but the best is, a bargaine's a bargaine.

F f 2

Leir.

Leir.

Kind friend, it is much better as it is. [Leir to Perillus.
For by this meanes we may escape unknowne,
Till time and opportunity do fit.

Second Mariner.

Hark, hark, they are laying their heads together,
Theile repent them of their bargaine anon,
'Twere best for us to go while we are well.

First Mariner.

God be with you, sir, for your passage back againe,
He use you as unreasonable as another.

Leir.

I know thou wilt; but we hope to bring ready money
With us, when we come back againe. [Exeunt mariners.
Were ever men in this extremity,
In a strange country, and devoyed of friends,
And not a penny for to helpe ourselves?
Kind friend, what thinkst thou will become of us?

Perillus.

Be of good cheere, my lord, I have a dublet
Will yeeld us mony nough to serue our turnes,
Until we come unto your daughter's court:
And then, I hope, we shall find friends nough.

Leir.

Ah, kind *Perillus*, that is it I feare,
And makes me faint, or ever I come there.
Can kindnesse spring out of ingratitude?
Or love be reapt, where hatred hath bin sowne?
Can henbane joine in league with Methridate?
Or fugar grow in wormwoods bitter stalke?
It cannot be, they are too opposite:
And so am I to any kindnesse here.
I have throwne wormwood on the fugged youth,
And like to henbane poisoned the fount,
Whence flowed the Methridate of a child's good wil.
I, like an envious thorne, have prickt the heart,
And turnd sweet grapes, to fowre unrelisht sloes:
The causelesse ire of my respectlesse brest,
Hath sowrd the sweet milk of dame natures paps:

My

My bitter words have gauld her hony thoughts,
And weeds of rancour chokt the flower of grace.
Then what remainder is of any hope,
But all our fortunes will go quite alope?

Perillus.

Feare not, my lord, the perfit good indeed
Can never be corrupted by the bad:
A new fresh vessel still retains the taste
Of that which first is powr'd into the same:
And therefore, though you name yourselve the thorn,
The weed, the gall, the henbane, and the wormewood;
Yet sheele continue in her former state,
The hony, milke, grape, fugar, Methridate.

Leir.

Thou pleasing orator unto me in wo,
Cease to beguile me with thy hopeful speaches:
O joine with me, and thinke of nought but crosses,
And then weele one lament anothers losses.

Perillus.

Why, say the worst, the worst can be but death,
And death is better then for to despaire:
Then hazzard death, which may convert to life;
Banish despaire, which brings a thousand deaths.

Leir.

Orecome with thy strong arguments, I yeeld
To be directed by thee, as thou wilt:
As thou yeeldst comfort to my crazed thoughts,
Would I could yeeld the like unto thy body,
Which is full weake, I know, and ill apaid,
For want of fresh meat and due sustenance.

Perillus.

Alack, my lord, my heart doth bleed, to think
That you should be in such extremity.

Leir.

Come, let us go, and see what God will send;
When all meanes faile, he is the surest friend.

[Exeunt.

F f 3

Enter

Enter the Gallian king and queene, and Mumford with a basket, disguised like countrey folke.

King.

This tedious journey all on foot, sweet love,
Cannot be pleasing to your tender joints,
Which ne're were used to these toilefome walks.

Cordella.

I never in my life tooke more delight
In any journey, then I do in this:
It did me good, when as we hapt to light
Amongst the merry crue of country folke,
To see what industry and paines they tooke,
To win them commendations 'mongst their friends,
Lord, how they labour to bestir themselves,
And in their quirks to go beyond the moone,
And so take on them with such antike fits,
That one would think they were beside their wits!
Come away, *Roger*, with your basket.

Mumford.

Soft, dame, here comes a couple of old youthes,
I must needs make my selfe fat with jesting at them.

Enter Leir and Perillus very faintly.

Cordella.

Nay, prithy do not, they do seeme to be
Men much o'regone with griefe and misery.
Let's stand aside, and harken what they say.

Leir.

Ah, my *Perillus*, now I see we both
Shall end our dayes in this unfruitful soile,
Oh, I do faint for want of sustenance:
And thou, I know, in little better case.
No gentle tree affords one taste of fruit,
To comfort us, until we meet with men:
No lucky path conducts our lucklesse steps
Unto a place where any comfort dwels.
Sweet rest betide unto our happy soules;
For here I see our bodies must have end.

Perillus.

Perillus.

Ah, my deare lord, how doth my heart lament,
To see you brought to this extremity!
O, if you love me, as you do professe,
Or ever thought well of me in my life; [*He strips up his arme.*
Feed on this flesh, whose veines are not so dry,
But there is vertue left to comfort you.
O, feed on this, if this will do you good,
Ile smile for joy, to see you suck my blood.

Leir.

I am no Caniball, that I should delight
To flake my hungry jawes with humane flesh:
I am no devil, or ten times worse then so,
To suck the blood of such a peerelesse friend.
O, do not think that I respect my life
So dearely, as I do thy loyal love.
Ah, *Brittayne*, I shall never see thee more,
That hast unkindly banished thy king:
And yet not thou dost make me to complaine,
But they which were more neere to me then thou.

Cordella.

What do I heare? this lamentable voice,
Me thinks, ere now I oftentimes have heard.

Leir.

Ah, *Gonorill*, was halfe my kingdome's gift
The cause that thou didst seeke to have my life
Ah, cruel *Ragan*, did I give thee all,
And all could not suffice without my blood?
Ah, poore *Cordella*, did I give thee nought,
Nor never shall be able for to give?
O, let me warne all ages that insueth,
How they trust flattery, and reject the trueth.
Well, unkind girles, I here forgive you both,
Yet the just heavens will hardly do the like;
And onely crave forgiveness at the end
Of good *Cordella*, and of thee, my friend;
Of God, whose majesty I have offended,
By my transgression many thousand wayes:
Of her, deare heart, whom I for no occasion
Turn'd out of all, through flatterers perswasion:

F f 4

OF

Of thee, kind friend, who but for me, I know,
Hadst never come unto this place of wo.

Cordella.

Alack, that ever I should live to see
My noble father in this misery.

King.

Sweet love, reveale not what thou art as yet,
Until we know the ground of all this ill.

Cordella.

O, but some meat, some meat: do you not see,
How neere they are to death for want of food?

Perillus.

Lord, which didst help thy servants at their need,
Or now or never send us helpe with speed.
Oh comfort, comfort! yonder is a banquet,
And men and women, my lord: be of good cheare:
For I see comfort coming very neere.
O my lord, a banquet, and men and women!

Leir.

O, let kind pity mollify their hearts,
That they may helpe us in our great extreames.

Perillus.

God save you, friends; and if this blessed banquet
Affordeth any food or sustenance,
Even for his sake that saved us all from death,
Vouchsafe to save us from the gripe of famine.

[She bringeth him to the table.]

Cordella.

Here, father, sit and eat; here sit and drink:
And would it were far better for your sakes!

[Perillus takes Leir by the hand to the table.]

Perillus.

Ile give you thanks anon: my friend doth faint,
And needeth present comfort. *[Leir drinks.]*

Munford.

I warrant, he ne're stayes to say a grace:
O, there's no sauce to a good stomake.

Perillus.

The blessed God of heaven hath thought upon us.

Leir.

Leir.

The thanks be his, and these kind courteous folke,
By whose humanity we are preserved.

[They eat hungerly; Leir drinks.]

Cordella.

And may that draught be unto him, as was
That which old *Eson* dranke, which did renew
His withered age, and made him young againe.
And may that meat be unto him, as was
That which *Elias* ate, in strength whereof
He walked forty dayes, and never fainted.
Shall I conceale me longer from my father?
Or shall I manifest my selfe to him?

King.

Forbare a while, until his strength returne,
Lest being over-joyed with seeing thee,
His poore weake senses should forsake their office,
And so our cause of joy be turn'd to sorrow.

Perillus.

What chere, my lord? how do you feele your selfe?

Leir.

Me thinks, I never ate such favory meat:
It is as pleasant as the blessed manna,
That rain'd from heaven amongst the *Israclites*:
It hath recall'd my spirits home againe,
And made me fresh, as earst I was before.
But how shall we congratulate their kindnesse?

Perillus.

Infaith, I know not how sufficiently;
But the best meane that I can think on, is this:
Ile offer them my dublet in requital;
For we have nothing else to spare.

Leir.

Nay, stay, *Perillus*, for they shall have mine.

Perillus.

Pardon, my lord, I sweare they shall have mine.

[Perillus proffers his dublet: they will not take it.]

Leir.

Ah, who would think such kindnes should remaine
Among such strange and unacquainted men:

And

And that such hate should harbour in the brest
Of those, which have occasion to be best?

Cordella.

Ah, good old father, tell to me thy grieve,
Ile sorrow with thee, if not adde reliefe.

Leir.

Ah, good young daughter, I may call thee so;
For thou art like a daughter I did owe.

Cordella.

Do you not owe her still? what, is she dead?

Leir.

No, God forbid: but all my interest's gone,
By shewing my selfe too much unnatural:
So have I lost the title of a father,
And may be call'd a stranger to her rather.

Cordella.

Your title's good still: for tis alwayes knowne,
A man may do as him list with his owne.
But have you but one daughter then in all?

Leir.

Yes, I have more by two, then would I had.

Cordella.

O, say not so, but rather see the end;
They that are bad, may have the grace to mend:
But how have they offended you so much?

Leir.

If from the first I should relate the cause,
'Twould make a heart of adamant to weepe;
And thou, poore soule, kind-hearted as thou art,
Dost weepe already, ere I do begin.

Cordella.

For Gods love tell it; and when you have done,
Ile tell the reason why I weepe so soone.

Leir.

Then know this first, I am a *Brittaine* borne,
And had three daughters by one loving wife:
And though I say it, of beauty they were sped;
Especially the youngest of the three,
For her perfections hardly matcht could be:
On these I doted with a jelous love,

And

And thought to try which of them lov'd me best,
By asking them, which would do most for me?
The first and second flattered me with words,
And vowd they lov'd me better then their lives:
The youngest said, she loved me as a child
Might do: her answere I esteem'd most vild,
And presently in an outrageous mood,
I turnd her from me to go sinke or swim:
And all I had, even to the very clothes,
I gave in dowry with the other two:
And she that best deserv'd the greatest share,
I gave her nothing, but disgrace and care.
Now mark the sequel: when I had done thus,
I sojourn'd in my eldest daughters house,
Where for a time I was intreated well,
And liv'd in state sufficing my content:
But every day her kindnesse did grow cold,
Which I with patience put up well ynough,
And seemed not to see the things I saw:
But at the last she grew so far incens'd
With moody fury, and with causelesse hate,
That in most vild and contumelious termes,
She bade me pack, and harbour somewhere else.
Then was I faine for refuge to repaire
Unto my other daughter for reliefe;
Who gave me pleasing and most courteous words;
But in her actions shewed her selfe so fore,
As never any daughter did before:
She prayd me in a morning out betime,
To go to a thicket two miles from the court,
Pointing that there she would come talke with me:
There she had set a shag haired murdring wretch,
To massacre my honest friend and me.
Then judge your selfe, although my tale be brieve,
If ever man had greater cause of grieve.

King.

Nor never like impiety was done,
Since the creation of the world begun.

Leir.

Leir.

And now I am constrain'd to seeke reliefe
Of her, to whom I have bin so unkind;
Whose censure, if it do award me death,
I must confesse she payes me but my due:
But if she shew a loving daughters part,
It comes of God and her, not my desert.

Cordella.

No doubt she will, I dare be sworne she will.

Leir.

How know you that, not knowing what she is?

Cordella.

Myselfe a father have a great way hence,
Usde me as ill as ever you did her;
Yet, that his reverend age I once might see,
Ide creepe along, to meet him on my knee.

Leir.

O, no mens children are unkind but mine.

Cordella.

Condemne not all, because of others crime:
But looke, deare father, looke, behold and see
Thy loving daughter speaketh unto thee.

Leir.

O, stand thou up, it is my part to kneele,
And aske forgivenesse for my former faults.

Cordella.

O, if you wish I should injoy my breath,
Deare father rise, or I receive my death.

Leir.

Then I will rise, to satisfy your mind,
But kneele againe, til pardon be resign'd.

Cordella.

I pardon you: the word befeemes not me:
But I do say so, for to ease your knee;
You gave me life, you were the cause that I
Am what I am, who else had never bin.

Leir.

But you gave life to me and to my friend,
Whose dayes had else had an untimely end.

*Cordella.**Cordella.*

You brought me up, when as I was but young,
And far unable for to helpe myselfe.

Leir.

I cast thee forth, when as thou wast but young,
And far unable for to helpe thyselfe.

Cordella.

God, world, and nature, say I do you wrong,
That can indure to see you kneele so long.

King.

Let me breake off this loving controversy,
Which doth rejoyce my very soule to see.
Good father, rise, she is your loving daughter,
And honours you with as respective duty,
As if you were the monarch of the world.

*[He riseth.]**Cordella.*

But I will never rise from off my knee,
Until I have your blessing, and your pardon
Of all my faults committed any way,
From my first birth unto this present day.

*[She kneeles.]**Leir.*

The blessing, which the God of *Abrabam* gave
Unto the tribe of *Juda*, light on thee,
And multiply thy dayes, that thou mayst see
Thy childrens children prosper after thee.
Thy faults, which are just none that I do know,
God pardon on high, and I forgive below.

*[She riseth.]**Cordella.*

Now is my heart at quiet, and doth leape
Within my brest, for joy of this good hap:
And now (deare father) welcome to our court,
And welcome (kind *Perillus*) unto me,
Mirrour of vertue and true honesty.

Leir.

O, he hath bin the kindest friend to me,
That ever man had in adversity.

Perillus.

My tounge doth faile, to say what heart doth think,
I am so ravisht with exceeding joy.

King.

King.

All you have spoke: now let me speak my mind,
 And in few words much matter here conclude: [*He kneeles.*
 If ere my heart do harbour any joy,
 Or true content repose within my brest,
 Till I have rooted out this viperous sect,
 And repossess my father of his crowne,
 Let me be counted for the perjurdst man,
 That ever spake word since the world began. [*Rises.*

Mumford.

Let me pray to, that never pray'd before;
 [*Mumford kneeles.*

If ere I resalute the *Brittish* earth,
 (As ere't be long) I do presume I shall
 And do returne from thence without my wench,
 Let me be gelded for my recompence. [*Rises.*

King.

Come, let's to armes for to redresse this wrong:
 Till I am there, me thinks the time seemes long. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ragan sola.**Ragan.*

I feele a hell of conscience in my brest,
 Tormenting me with horrour for my fact,
 And makes me in an agony of doubt,
 For feare the world should find my dealing out.
 The slave whom I appointed for the act,
 I ne're set eye upon the peasant since:
 O, could I get him for to make him sure,
 My doubts would cease, and I should rest secure.
 But if the old men, with perswasive words,
 Have sav'd their lives, and made him to relent;
 Then are they fled unto the court of *Fraunce*,
 And like a trumpet manifest my shame.
 A shame on these white-liverd slaves, say I,
 That with faire words so soone are overcome.
 O God, that I had bin but made a man;
 Or that my strength were equal with my will!
 These foolish men are nothing but meere pity,

And

And melt as butter doth against the sun.
 Why should they have pre-eminence over us,
 Since we are creatures of more brave resolve?
 I sweare, I am quite out of charity
 With all the heartlesse men in *Christendome*.
 A poxe upon them, when they are affraid
 To give a stab, or slit a paltry wind-pipe,
 Which are so easy matters to be done.
 Well, had I thought the slave would serve me so,
 Myselfe would have bin executioner:
 Tis now undone, and if that it be knowne,
 Ile make as good shift as I can for one.
 He that repines at me, how ere it stands,
 'Twere best for him to keepe him from my hands. [*Exit.*

*Sound drums and trumpets: Enter the Gallian king, Leir,
 Mumford, and the army.*

King.

Thus have we brought our army to the sea,
 Whereas our ships are ready to receive us:
 The wind stands faire, and we in foure houres saile,
 May easily arrive on *Brittish* shore,
 Where unexpected we may them surprize,
 And gaine a glorious victory with ease.
 Wherefore, my loving countreyemen, resolve,
 Since truth and justice fighteth on our sides,
 That we shall march with conquest where we go.
 Myself will be as forward as the first,
 And step by step march with the hardiest wight:
 And not the meanest souldier in our campe
 Shall be in danger, but Ile second him.
 To you, my lord, we give the whole commaund
 Of all the army, next unto ourselfe;
 Not doubting of you, but you will extend
 Your wonted valour in this needful case,
 Encouraging the rest to do the like,
 By your approved magnanimity.

Mumford.

My liege, tis needlesse to spur a willing horse,
 Thats apt enough to run himselfe to death:

For

For here I sweare by that sweet faints bright eye,
Which are the starres, which guide me to good hap,
Either to see my old lord crownd anew,
Or in his cause to bid the world adieu.

Leir.

Thanks, good lord *Mumford*, tis more of your good will,
Then any merit or desert in me.

Mumford.

And now to you, my worthy countrey men,
Ye valiant race of *Genouestan Gawles*,
Surnamed *Red-shanks*, for your chivalry,
Because you fight up to the shanks in blood;
Shew yourselves now to be right *Gawles* indeed,
And be so bitter on your enemies,
That they may say, you are as bitter as gall.
Gall them, brave shot, with your artillery:
Gall them, brave halberts, with your sharp point billes,
Each in their pointed place, not one, but all,
Fight for the credit of yourselves and *Gawle*.

King.

Then what should more perswasion need to those,
That rather wish to deale, then heare of blowes?
Let's to our ships, and if that God permit,
In foure houres sail, I hope we shall be there.

Mumford.

And in five houres more, I make no doubt,
But we shall bring our wish'd desires about. [Exit.]

Enter a Captaine of the Watch, and two Watchmen.

Captaine.

My honest friends, it is your turne to night,
To watch in this place, neere about the beacon,
And vigilantly have regard,
If any fleet of ships passe hitherward:
Which if you do, your office is to fire
The beacon presently, and raise the towne. [Exit.]

First Watchman.

I, I, I, feare nothing; we know our charge, I warrant: I
have bin a watchman about this beacon this xxx. yere, and
yet I ne're see it stir, but stood as quietly as might be.

Second

Second Watchman.

Faith neighbour, and you'll follow my vice, instead of
watching the beacon, wee'll go to goodman *Gennings*, and
watch a pot of ale and a rasher of bacon: and if we do not
drink ourselves drunke, then so; I warrant, the beacon will
see us when we come out againe.

First Watchman.

I, but how if some body excuse us to the captaine?

Second Watchman.

Tis no matter, Ile prove by good reason that we watch the
beacon: asse for example.

First Watchman.

I hope you do not call me asse by craft, neighbour.

Second Watchman.

No, no, but for example: say here stands the pot of ale;
thats the beacon.

First Watchman.

I, I, tis a very good beacon.

Second Watchman.

Well, say here stands your nose, thats the fire.

First Watchman.

Indeed I must confesse, tis somewhat red.

Second Watchman.

I see come marching in a dish, halfe a score pieces of salt
bacon.

First Watchman.

I understand your meaning, thats as much to say; half a
score ships.

Second Watchman.

True, you conster right; presently, like a faithful watch-
man, I fire the beacon, and call up the towne.

First Watchman.

I, thats as much as to say, you set your nose to the pot,
and drink up the drink.

Second Watchman.

You are in the right; come, let's go fire the beacon.

[Exit.]

Enter the king of Gallia with a still march, Mumford and soldiers.

King.

Now march our ensignes on the *Brittish* earth,
And we are neere approaching to the towne:
Then looke about you, valiant countrymen,
And we shall finish this exploit with ease.
Th' inhabitants of this mistrustful place
Are dead asleep, as men that are secure:
Here shall we skirmish but with naked men,
Devoid of fence, new waked from a dreame,
That know not what our comming doth pretend,
Till they do feele our meaning on their skinnes:
Therefore affaile: God and our right for us.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarm, with men and women halfe naked: Enter two Captaines without dublets, with swords.

First Captain.

Where are these villaines that were set to watch,
And fire the beacon, if occasion serv'd,
That thus have suffred us to be surprisde,
And never given notice to the towne?
We are betray'd, and quite devoid of hope,
By any meanes to fortify ourselves.

Second Captain.

Tis ten to one the peasants are o'recome with drinke and sleep, and so neglect their charge.

First Captaine.

A whirl-wind carry them quick to a whirl-poole,
That there the slaves may drinke their bellies full.

Second Captaine.

This tis, to have the beacon so neere the ale-house.

Enter the Watchmen drunke, with each a pot.

First Captaine.

Out on ye, villaines, whither run you now?

First Watchman.

To fire the towne, and call up the beacon.

Second Watchman.

No, no, sir, to fire the beacon.

[*He drinks.*
Second.]

Second Captaine.

What, with a pot of ale, you drunken rogues?

First Captain.

You'll fire the beacon, when the towne is lost:
He teach you how to tend your office better.

[*Draws to stab them.*]

Enter Mumford, Captaines run away.

Mumford.

Yeeld, yeeld, yeeld. [He kicks downe their pots.]

First Watchman.

Reele? no, we do not reele:

You may lacke a pot of ale ere you die.

Mumford.

But in meane space, I answer, you want none.

Wel, theres no dealing with you, y'are tall men, and wel weapond;

I would there were no worse then you in the towne. [Exit.]

Second Watchman.

A speaks like an honest man, my cholers past already.
Come, neighbour, let's go.

First Watchman.

Nay, first let's see and we can stand.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Alarm, excursions, Mumford after them, and some halfe naked.*]

Enter the Gallian king, Leir, Mumford, Cordella, Perillus, and souldiers, with the chiefe of the towne bound.

King.

Feare not, my friends, you shall receive no hurt,
If you'll subscribe unto your lawful king,
And quite revoke your fealty from *Cambria*,
And from aspiring *Cornwall* too, whose wives
Have practisde treason 'gainst their fathers life.
Wee come in justice of your wronged king,
And do intend no harme at all to you,
So you submit unto your lawful king.

Leir.

Kind countrymen, it grieves me, that perforce,
I am constrain'd to use extremities.

G g 2

Nobles.

Nobles.

Long have you here bin lookt for, good my lord,
 And wish'd for by a general consent:
 And had we known your highnesse had arrived,
 We had not made resistance to your grace:
 And now, my gracious lord, you need not doubt,
 But all the country will yeeld presently,
 Which since your absence have bin greatly tax'd,
 For to maintaine their overswelling pride.
 Weele presently fend word to all our friends;
 When they have notice, they will come apace.

Leir.

Thanks, loving subjects; and thanks, worthy son,
 Thanks, my kind daughter, thanks to you, my lord,
 Who willingly adventured have your blood,
 (Without desert) to do me so much good.

Mumford.

O, say not so:
 I have bin much beholding to your grace:
 I must confesse, I have bin in some skirmishes,
 But I was never in the like to this:
 For where I was wont to meet with armed men,
 I was now incountred with naked women.

Cordella.

We that are feeble, and want use of armes,
 Will pray to God, to sheeld you from all harmes.

Leir.

The while your hands do manage ceaselesse toile,
 Our hearts shall pray, the toes may have the foile.

Perillus.

Weele fast and pray, whilst you for us do fight,
 That victory may prosecute the right.

King.

Me thinks, your words do amplify (my friends)
 And adde fresh vigor to my willing limmes:
 But harke, I heare the adverse drum approach.
 God and our right, saint *Denis*, and saint *George*.

[*Drum.**Enter**Enter Cornwall, Cambria, Gonorill, Ragan, and the army.**Cornwall.*

Presumptuous king of *Gawles*, how darest thou
 Presume to enter on our *Brittish* shore?
 And more then that, to take our townes perforce,
 And draw our subjects hearts from their true king?
 Be sure to buy it at as deare a price,
 As ere you bought presumption in your lives.

King.

Ore-daring *Cornwall*, know, we came in right,
 And just revengement of the wronged king,
 Whose daughters there, fell vipers as they are,
 Have fought to murder and deprive of life:
 But God protected him from all their spight,
 And we are come in justice of his right.

Cambria.

Nor he nor thou have any interest here,
 But what you win and purchase with the sword.
 Thy slaunders to our noble vertuous queenes,
 Wee'l in the battel thrust them down thy throte,
 Except for feare of our revenging hands,
 Thou flye to sea, as not secure on lands.

Mumford.

Welshman, Ile so ferrit you ere night for that word,
 That you shall have no mind to crake so wel this twelvemonth.

Gonorill.

They lye, that say, we fought our father's death.

Ragan.

'Tis meerey forged for a colour's sake,
 To set a glosse on your invasion.
 Me thinks, an old man ready for to die,
 Should be asham'd to broache so foule a lie.

Cordella.

Fy, shamelesse sister, so devoyed of grace,
 To call our father lier to his face.

Gonorill.

Peace (puritan) dissembling hypocrite,
 Which art so good, that thou wilt prove stark naught:

Anon,

Anon, when as I have you in my fingers,
Ile make you wish yourfelfe in purgatory.

Perillus.

Nay, peace thou monfter, shame unto thy fexe:
Thou fiend in likeneffe of a humane creature.

Ragan.

I never heard a fouler spoken man.

Leir.

Out on thee, viper, fcum, filthy parricide,
More odious to my fight then is a roade:
Knoweft thou thefe letters? [*She fnatches them and teares them.*]

Ragan.

Think you to outface me with your paltry fcrowles?
You come to drive my husband from his right,
Under the colour of a forged letter.

Leir.

Who ever heard the like impiety?

Perillus.

You are our debtour of more patience:
We were more patient when we ftaid for you,
Within the thicket two long houres and more.

Ragan.

What houres? what thicker?

Perillus.

There, where you fent your fervant with your letters,
Seal'd with your hand, to fend us both to heaven,
Where, as I thinke, you never meane to come.

Ragan.

Alas, you are growne a child againe with age,
Or elfe your fences dote for want of fleepe.

Perillus.

Indeed you made us rife betimes, you know,
Yet had a care we should fleepe where you bade us ftay,
But never wake more till the latter day.

Gonorill.

Peace, peace, old fellow, thou art fleepy ftill.

Mumford.

Faith, and if you reafon till to morrow,
You get no other anfwere at their hands.

'Tis

'Tis pittie two fuch good faces
Should have fo little grace betweene them.
Well, let us fee if their husbands with their hands
Can do as much as they do with their tounge.

Cambria.

I, with their fwords they'l make your tounge unfay
What they have faid, or elfe they'l cut them out.

King.

Too't, gallants, too't, let's not ftand brawling thus.

[*Exeunt both armies.*]

*Sound Alarum: excursions. Mumford muft chafe Cambria away:
then ceafe. Enter Cornwall.*

Cornwall.

The day is loft, our friends do all revolt,
And joine againft us with the adverfe part:
There is no meanes of fafety but by flight,
And therefore Ile to *Cornwall* with my queene. [*Exit.*]

Enter Cambria.

Cambria.

I thinke, there is a devil in the campe hath haunted me to
day: he hath fo tired me, that in a maner I can fight no
more.

Enter Mumford.

Zounds! here he comes, Ile take me to my horfe. [*Exit.*]
[*Mumford followes him to the dore, and returnes.*]
Mumford.

Farewel (*Welshman*) give thee but thy due,
Thou haft a light and nimble paire of legs:
Thou art more in debt to them then to thy hands:
But if I meet thee once againe to day,
Ile cut them off, and fet them to a better heart. [*Exit.*]

*Alarums and excursions, then found victory. Enter Leir,
Perillus, King, Cordella, and Mumford.*

King.

Thanks be to God, your foes are overcome,
And you againe poffeffed of your right.

Leir.

Leir.

First to the heavens; next, thanks to you, my sonne,
 By whose good meanes I repoffesse the same:
 Which if it please you to accept yourself,
 With all my heart I will resigne to you:
 For it is yours by right, and none of mine.
 First, have you raisd, at your owne charge, a power
 Of valiant souldiers (this comes all from you);
 Next have you ventured your owne persons feathe.
 And lastly (worthy *Gallia* never flaind),
 My kingly title I by thee have gaind.

King.

Thank heavens, not me, my zeale to you is such,
 Commaund my utmost, I will never grutch.

Cordella.

He that with all kind love intreats his queene,
 Will not be to her father unkind seene.

Leir.

Ah, my *Cordella*, now I call to mind,
 The modest answer, which I tooke unkind:
 But now I see, I am no whit beguild,
 Thou lovedst me dearly, and as ought a child,
 And thou (*Perillus*) partner once in woe,
 Thee to requite, the best I can, Ile doe:
 Yet all I can, I, were it ne're so much,
 Were not sufficient, thy true love is such.
 Thanks (worthy *Mumford*) to thee last of all,
 Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small;
 No, thou hast lion-like laid on to day,
 Chasing the *Cornwall* king and *Cambria*;
 Who with my daughters, daughters did I say?
 To save their lives, the fugitives did play.
 Come, sonne and daughter, who bid me advance,
 Repose with me a while, and then for *Fraunce*.

[Sound drumes and trumpets. Exeunt.]

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