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presents

a Theatre Script of

EDWARD the SECOND

By Christopher Marlowe

Written c. 1592

Earliest Extant Edition: 1594

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King Edward the Second.

Queen Isabella, Wife of King Edward the Second.

Margaret, Niece to King Edward the Second,
Daughter of the Earl of Gloucester.

Prince Edward, his Son, afterwards King Edward
the Third.

Earl of Kent, Brother of King Edward the Second.

Gaveston, the King's Favourite.

The King's Party:

Spenser, the elder.

Spenser, the younger, his Son.

Baldock.

The Earl of Arundel.

Baumont.

Levune, a Frenchman.

The King's Noble Opponents:

The Earl of Warwick.

The Earl of Pembroke.

James, a retainer of Pembroke.

The Earl of Lancaster.

The Earl of Leicester.

Lord Berkeley.

Mortimer, the elder.

Mortimer, the younger, his Nephew.

More of the King's Opponents:

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Coventry.

Bishop of Winchester.

Trussel.

Sir John of Hainault.

Rice ap Howell.

The King's Jailers:

Gurney.

Matrevis.

Lightborn.

Abbot, Monks, Herald, Lords, Three Poor Men,
Mower,
Champion, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.
Ladies.

A. Basic Timeline of the Play.

Edward II can be basically divided into two halves:

Part One: Act I.i - Act III.i; the Gaveston years (1307-1312).

Transitional Scene: Act III.ii; the scene ties together Gaveston's removal in 1312 to Edward's military challenge to Lancaster at Boroughbridge in 1322.

Part Two: Act III.iii - Act V.v; the final years of Edward's reign (1322-1327).

Coda: Act V.vi, the final scene of the play; the end of the Mortimer era (1330).

B. Scene Breaks, Settings, and Stage Directions.

Edward II was originally published in 1594; later editions, which included modest revisions, followed in 1598, 1612 and 1622. As usual, we lean towards adhering to the wording of the earliest quarto as much as possible. Words or syllables which have been added to the text to clarify the sense or repair the meter are identified by being surrounded by hard brackets []; as such, they may be omitted by a director who wishes to remain truer to the original text.

The quartos do not divide *Edward II* into numbered scenes, nor do they provide scene settings or identify *asides*. We have broken up the play into Acts and Scenes as suggested Ellis. We adopt the scene settings suggested by Dyce and Ellis, and the *asides* by Dyce.

Finally, as is our normal practice, a good number of the quarto's stage directions have been modified, and others added, usually without comment, to give clarity to the action. Most of these changes are adopted from Dyce.

C. Optional Textual Changes.

A list of optional emendations to the text can be found at the end of this play.

ACT I.SCENE I.

A Street in London.

*Enter Gaveston, reading a letter that was brought
him from the king.*

1 **Gav.** "My father is deceased! Come, Gaveston,
2 *And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend."*
3 Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight!
4 What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston
5 Than live and be the favourite of a king!
6 Sweet prince, I come; these, these thy amorous lines
7 Might have enforced me to have swum from France,
8 And, like Leander, gasped upon the sand,
9 So thou would'st smile, and take me in thine arms.
10 The sight of London to my exiled eyes
11 Is as Elysium to a new-come soul;
12 Not that I love the city, or the men,
13 But that it harbours him I hold so dear –
14 The king, upon whose bosom let me die,
15 And with the world be still at enmity.
16 What need the artie people love starlight,
17 To whom the sun shines both by day and night?
18 Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers!
19 My knee shall bow to none but to the king.
20 As for the multitude, that are but sparks,
21 Raked up in embers of their poverty; –
22 *Tanti*; I'll fawn first on the wind
23 That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.
24 But how now, what are these?

26 *Enter three Poor Men.*

28 **Men.** Such as desire your worship's service.

30 **Gav.** What canst thou do?

32 **1st P. Man.** I can ride.

34 **Gav.** But I have no horse[s]. – What art thou?

36 **2nd P. Man.** A traveller.

38 **Gav.** Let me see – thou would'st do well
To wait at my trencher and tell me lies at dinner-time;

40 | And as I like your discoursing, I'll have you. –
 And what art thou?

42 |
 44 | **3rd P. Man.** A soldier, that hath served against the Scot.

Gav. Why, there are hospitals for such as you;
 46 | I have no war, and therefore, sir, be gone.

48 | **3rd P. Man.** Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,
 That would'st reward them with an hospital!

50 | **Gav.** [*Aside*] Ay, ay, these words of his move me as much
 52 | As if a goose should play the porpentine,
 And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.
 54 | But yet it is no pain to speak men fair;
 I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope. –
 56 | You know that I came lately out of France,
 And yet I have not viewed my lord the king.
 58 | If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

60 | **Men.** We thank your worship.

62 | **Gav.** I have some business. Leave me to myself.

64 | **Poor Men.** We will wait here about the court.

66 | *[Exeunt Poor Men.]*

68 | **Gav.** Do. These are not men for me:
 I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
 70 | Musicians, that with touching of a string
 May draw the pliant king which way I please.
 72 | Music and poetry is his delight;
 Therefore I'll have Italian masques by night,
 74 | Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
 And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
 76 | Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
 My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
 78 | Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay.
 Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
 80 | With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
 Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
 82 | And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,
 To hide those parts which men delight to see,
 84 | Shall bathe him in a spring; and there hard by,
 One like Actæon peeping through the grove,
 86 | Shall by the angry goddess be transformed,
 And running in the likeness of an hart
 88 | By yelping hounds pulled down, and seem to die –

90 Such things as these best please his majesty.
 My lord! here comes the king, and the nobles
 From the parliament. I'll stand aside.

92

[Retires.]

94

*Enter King Edward, Lancaster, the elder Mortimer,
 96 Young Mortimer, Kent, Warwick, Pembroke
 and Attendants.*

98

K. Edw. Lancaster!

100

Lanc. My lord.

102

Gav. [Aside] That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor.

104

K. Edw. Will you not grant me this? –

106

[Aside] In spite of them

I'll have my will; and these two Mortimers,

108

That cross me thus, shall know I am displeas'd.

110

E. Mort. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston.

112

Gav. [Aside] That villain Mortimer! I'll be his death.

114

Y. Mort. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,
 Were sworn to your father at his death,

116

That he should ne'er return into the realm:

And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath,

118

This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,

Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,

120

And underneath thy banners march who will,

For Mortimer will hang his armour up.

122

Gav. [Aside] *Mort dieu!*

124

K. Edw. Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words.

126

Beseems it thee to contradict thy king? –

Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?

128

The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,

And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff.

130

I will have Gaveston; and you shall know

What danger 'tis to stand against your king.

132

Gav. [Aside] Well done, Ned!

134

Lanc. My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,

136

That naturally would love and honour you,

138 But for that base and óbscure Gaveston?
 138 Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster –
 Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester, –
 140 These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,
 Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm;
 142 Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.

144 **Kent.** Barons and earls, your pride hath made me mute;
 But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.
 146 I do remember, in my father's days,
 Lord Percy of the North, being highly moved,
 148 Braved Moubery in presence of the king;
 For which, had not his highness loved him well,
 150 He should have lost his head; but with his look
 Th' undaunted spirit of Percy was appeased,
 152 And Moubery and he were reconciled:
 Yet dare you brave the king unto his face. –
 154 Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads
 Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.

156 **War.** O, our heads!

158 **K. Edw.** Ay, yours; and therefore I would wish you grant
 –

160 **War.** Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.
 162

Y. Mort. I cannot, nor I will not; I must speak. –
 164 Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
 And strike off his that makes you threaten us. –
 166 Come, uncle, let us leave the brain-sick king,
 And henceforth parlè with our naked swords.

168 **E. Mort.** Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.

170 **War.** All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.
 172

Lanc. And northward Gaveston hath many friends. –
 174 Adieu, my lord; and either change your mind,
 Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,
 176 To float in blood; and at thy wanton head,
 The glozing head of thy base minion thrown.

178
 180 *Exeunt all except King Edward, Kent, Gaveston
 and Attendants.*

182 **K. Edw.** I cannot brook these haughty menaces;
 Am I a king, and must be overruled? –

184 | Brother, display my ensigns in the field;
 I'll bandy with the barons and the earls,
 186 | And either die or live with Gaveston.

188 | **Gav.** I can no longer keep me from my lord.

190 | *[Comes forward.]*

192 | **K. Edw.** What, Gaveston! welcome! – Kiss not my hand
 –

Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee.
 194 | Why shouldst thou kneel? Know'st thou not who I am?
 Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston!
 196 | Not Hylas was more mourned of Hercules,
 Than thou hast been of me since thy exile.

198 | **Gav.** And since I went from hence, no soul in hell
 200 | Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.

202 | **K. Edw.** I know it. – Brother, welcome home my friend.
 Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,
 204 | And that high-minded Earl of Lancaster: –
 I have my wish, in that I joy thy sight;
 206 | And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land,
 Then bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.
 208 | I here create thee Lord High Chamberlain,
 Chief Secretary to the state and me,
 210 | Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of Man.

212 | **Gav.** My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

214 | **Kent.** Brother, the least of these may well suffice
 For one of greater birth than Gaveston.

216 | **K. Edw.** Cease, brother: for I cannot brook these words. –
 218 | Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts,
 Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart;
 220 | If for these dignities thou be envied,
 I'll give thee more; for, but to honour thee,
 222 | Is Edward pleased with kingly regiment.
 Fear'st thou thy person? thou shalt have a guard:
 224 | Wantest thou gold? go to my treasury:
 Wouldst thou be loved and feared? receive my seal,
 226 | Save or condemn, and in our name command
 Whatso thy mind affects, or fancy likes.

228 | **Gav.** It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,
 230 | Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
 As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,

232 With captive kings at his triumphant car.

234 *Enter the Bishop of Coventry.*

236 **K. Edw.** Whither goes my lord of Coventry so fast?

238 **Bish. of Cov.** To celebrate your father's exequies.
But is that wicked Gaveston returned?

240 **K. Edw.** Ay, priest, and lives to be revenged on thee,
242 That wert the only cause of his exile.

244 **Gav.** 'Tis true; and but for reverence of these robes,
Thou should'st not plod one foot beyond this place.

246 **Bish. of Cov.** I did no more than I was bound to do;
248 And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaimed,
As then I did incense the parliament,
250 So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

252 **Gav.** Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.

254 *[Laying hands on the Bishop.]*

256 **K. Edw.** Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,
And in the channel christen him anew.

258 **Kent.** Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him!
260 For he'll complain unto the see of Rome.

262 **Gav.** Let him complain unto the see of hell!
I'll be revenged on him for my exile.

264 **K. Edw.** No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods:
266 Be thou lord bishop and receive his rents,
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain:
268 I give him thee – here, use him as thou wilt.

270 **Gav.** He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.

272 **K. Edw.** Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt.

274 **Bish. of Cov.** For this offense be thou accurst of God!

276 **K. Edw.** Who's there? Convey this priest [un]to the
Tower.

278 **Bish. of Cov.** True, true.

280 **K. Edw.** But in the meantime, Gaveston, away,
And take possession of his house and goods.

282 | Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard
To see it done, and bring thee safe again.

284

Gav. What should a priest do with so fair a house?
286 | A prison may beseem his holiness.

288

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I, SCENE II.*London.**Enter on one side the two Mortimers;
on the other, Warwick and Lancaster.*

1 **War.** 'Tis true, the bishop 's in the Tower,
2 And goods and body given to Gaveston.

4 **Lanc.** What! Will they tyrannize upon the church?
Ah, wicked king! accursèd Gaveston!
6 This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timeless sepulchre or mine.

8 **Y. Mort.** Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him
sure;
10 Unless his breast be sword-proof, he shall die.

12 **E. Mort.** How now! Why droops the Earl of Lancaster?

14 **Y. Mort.** Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent?

16 **Lanc.** That villain Gaveston is made an earl.

18 **E. Mort.** An earl!

20 **War.** Ay, and besides Lord Chamberlain of the realm,
And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.

22 **E. Mort.** We may not, nor we will not suffer this.

24 **Y. Mort.** Why post we not from hence to levy men?

26 **Lanc.** "My Lord of Cornwall" now at every word!
28 And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,
For vailing of his bonnet, one good look.
30 Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march:
Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits;
32 And all the court begins to flatter him.

34 **War.** Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods and scorns and smiles at those that pass.

36 **E. Mort.** Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?

38 **Lanc.** All stomach him, but none dares speak a word.

40 **Y. Mort.** Ah, that bewrays their baseness, Lancaster!

42 | Were all the earls and barons of my mind,
 We'll hale him from the bosom of the king,
 44 | And at the court-gate hang the peasant up,
 Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride,
 46 | Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

48 | **War.** Here comes my Lord of Canterbury's grace.

50 | **Lanc.** His countenance bewrays he is displeased.

52 | *Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and an Attendant.*

54 | **A. of Cant.** First, were his sacred garments rent and torn,
 Then laid they violent hands upon him; next,
 56 | Himself imprisoned, and his goods asseized:
 This certify the Pope; – away, take horse.

58 |

[*Exit Attendant.*]

60 |

Lanc. My lord, will you take arms against the king?

62 |

A. of Cant. What need I? God himself is up in arms,
 64 | When violence is offered to the church.

66 | **Y. Mort.** Then will you join with us, that be his peers,
 To banish or behead that Gaveston?

68 |

A. of Cant. What else, my lords? For it concerns me near;
 70 | The bishopric of Coventry is his.

72 |

Enter Queen Isabella.

74 | **Y. Mort.** Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?

76 | **Q. Isab.** Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
 To live in grief and baleful discontent;
 78 | For now my lord the king regards me not,
 But dotes upon the love of Gaveston.
 80 | He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,
 Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;
 82 | And when I come, he frowns, as who should say,
 "Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston."

84 |

E. Mort. Is it not strange that he is thus bewitched?

86 |

Y. Mort. Madam, return unto the court again:
 88 | That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,
 Or lose our lives; and yet, ere that day come,
 90 | The king shall lose his crown; for we have power,
 And courage too, to be revenged at full.

92 | **A. of Cant.** But yet lift not your swords against the king.

94 | **Lanc.** No; but we will lift Gaveston from hence.

96 | **War.** And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.

98 | **Q. Isab.** Then let him stay; for rather than my lord
100 | Shall be oppressed by civil mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
102 | And let him frolic with his miniön.

104 | **A. of Cant.** My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak:
—

We and the rest, that are his counsellors,
106 | Will meet, and with a general consent
Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.

108 | **Lanc.** What we confirm the king will frustrate.

110 | **Y. Mort.** Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

112 | **War.** But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be?

114 | **A. of Cant.** At the New Temple.

116 | **Y. Mort.** Content.

118 | **A. of Cant.** And in the meantime, I'll entreat you all
120 | To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

122 | **Lanc.** Come, then, let's away.

124 | **Y. Mort.** Madam, farewell.

126 | **Q. Isab.** Farewell, sweet Mortimer; and, for my sake,
Forbear to levy arms against the king.

128 | **Y. Mort.** Ay, if words will serve; if not, I must.

130 | [*Exeunt.*]

ACT I, SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter Gaveston and Kent.

1 **Gav.** Edmund, the mighty Prince of Lancaster,
2 That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,
4 With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,
Are gone towards Lambeth – there let them remain.

6

[Exeunt.]

ACT I, SCENE IV.

The New Temple, London.

*Enter Lancaster, Warwick, Pembroke,
the Elder Mortimer, Young Mortimer,
the Archbishop of Canterbury and Attendants.*

1 **Lanc.** Here is the form of Gaveston's exile;
2 May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.

4 **A. of Cant.** Give me the paper.

6 *[He subscribes, as the others do after him.]*

8 **Lanc.** Quick, quick, my lord; I long to write my name.

10 **War.** But I long more to see him banished hence.

12 **Y. Mort.** The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,
Unless he be declined from that base peasant.

14

Enter King Edward, Gaveston and Kent.

16

K. Edw. What, are you moved that Gaveston sits here?
18 It is our pleasure; we will have it so.

20 **Lanc.** Your grace doth well to place him by your side,
For nowhere else the new earl is so safe.

22

E. Mort. What man of noble birth can brook this sight?
24 *Quam male conveniunt!*
See what a scornful look the peasant casts!

26

Pemb. Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants?

28

War. Ignoble vassal, that, like Phaëton,
30 Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun!

32 **Y. Mort.** Their downfall is at hand, their forces down:
We will not thus be faced and over-peered.

34

K. Edw. Lay hands [up]on that traitor Mortimer!

36

E. Mort. Lay hands [up]on that traitor Gaveston!

38

Kent. Is this the duty that you owe your king?

40

War. We know our duties – let him know his peers.

42 **K. Edw.** Whither will you bear him? Stay, or ye shall die.

44 **E. Mort.** We are no traitors; therefore threaten not.

46 **Gav.** No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them home.
48 Were I a king –

50 **Y. Mort.** Thou villain, wherefore talk'st thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

52 **K. Edw.** Were he a peasant, being my miniön,
54 I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.

56 **Lanc.** My lord, you may not thus disparage us. –
Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston!

58 **E. Mort.** And with the Earl of Kent that favours him.

60 [Attendants remove Kent and Gaveston.]

62 **K. Edw.** Nay, then, lay violent hands upon your king!
64 Here, Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne:
Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown.
66 Was ever king thus over-ruled as I?

68 **Lanc.** Learn then to rule us better, and the realm.

70 **Y. Mort.** What we have done, our heart-blood shall
maintain.

72 **War.** Think you that we can brook this upstart['s] pride?

74 **K. Edw.** Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.

76 **A. of Cant.** Why are you moved? Be patiënt, my lord,
And see what we your counsellors have done.

78 **Y. Mort.** My lords, now let us all be resolute,
80 And either have our wills, or lose our lives.

82 **K. Edw.** Meet you for this, proud overdaring peers?
Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,
84 This isle shall fleet upon the ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde.

86 **A. of Cant.** You know that I am legate to the Pope;
88 On your allegiance to the see of Rome,
Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.

90

92 **Y. Mort.** Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we
Depose him and elect another king.

94 **K. Edw.** Ay, there it goes! But yet I will not yield:
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.

96 **Lanc.** Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.

98 **A. of Cant.** Remember how the bishop was abused!
100 Either banish him that was the cause thereof,
Or I will presently discharge these lords
102 Of duty and allegiance due to thee.

104 **K. Edw.** [*Aside*] It boots me not to threaten; I must speak
fair:
The legate of the Pope will be obeyed. –
106 My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm;
Thou, Lancaster, High Admiral of our fleet;
108 Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;
And you, lord Warwick, President of the North;
110 And thou of Wales. If this content you not,
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,
112 And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may have some nook or corner left,
114 To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.

116 **A. of Cant.** Nothing shall alter us – we are resolved.

118 **Lanc.** Come, come, subscribe.

120 **Y. Mort.** Why should you love him whom the world hates
so?

122 **K. Edw.** Because he loves me more than all the world.
Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men
124 Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston;
You that be noble-born should pity him.

126 **War.** You that are princely-born should shake him off:
128 For shame subscribe, and let the lown depart.

130 **E. Mort.** Urge him, my lord.

132 **A. of Cant.** Are you content to banish him the realm?

134 **K. Edw.** I see I must, and therefore am content:
Instead of ink, I'll write it with my tears.

136

138 [Subscribes.]

140 **Y. Mort.** The king is love-sick for his miniön.

142 **K. Edw.** 'Tis done – and now, accursèd hand, fall off!

144 **Lanc.** Give it me – I'll have it published in the streets.

146 **Y. Mort.** I'll see him presently despatched away.

148 **A. of Cant.** Now is my heart at ease.

150 **War.** And so is mine.

152 **Pemb.** This will be good news to the common sort.

154 **E. Mort.** Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

[*Exeunt all except King Edward.*]

156 **K. Edw.** How fast they run to banish him I love!
 158 They would not stir, were it to do me good.
 Why should a king be subject to a priest?
 160 Proud Rome! that hatchest such imperial grooms,
 With these thy superstitious taper-lights,
 162 Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,
 I'll fire thy crazèd buildings, and enforce
 164 The papal towers to kiss the lowly ground!
 With slaughtered priests may Tiber's channel swell,
 166 And banks raised higher with their sepulchres!
 As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,
 168 If I be king, not one of them shall live.

170 *Re-enter Gaveston.*

172 **Gav.** My Lord, I hear it whispered everywhere,
 That I am banished and must fly the land.

174 **K. Edw.** 'Tis true, sweet Gaveston – O! were it false!
 176 The legate of the Pope will have it so,
 And thou must hence, or I shall be deposed.
 178 But I will reign to be revenged of them;
 And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.
 180 Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough;
 And long thou shall not stay, or if thou dost,
 182 I'll come to thee; my love shall ne'er decline.

184 **Gav.** Is all my hope turned to this hell of grief?

186 **K. Edw.** Rend not my heart with thy too-piercing words:

188 Thou from this land, I from myself am banished.

190 **Gav.** To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston;
 190 But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks
 192 The blessedness of Gaveston remains:
 192 For nowhere else seeks he felicity.

194 **K. Edw.** And only this torments my wretched soul,
 194 That, whether I will or no, thou must depart.
 196 Be Governor of Ireland in my stead,
 196 And there abide till fortune call thee home.
 198 Here take my picture, and let me wear thine;

200 *[They exchange pictures.]*

202 O, might I keep thee here as I do this,
 202 Happy were I! but now most miserable!

204 **Gav.** 'Tis something to be pitied of a king.

206 **K. Edw.** Thou shalt not hence – I'll hide thee, Gaveston.

208 **Gav.** I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.

210 **K. Edw.** Kind words and mutual talk makes our grief
 210 greater:
 212 Therefore, with dumb embracement, let us part –
 212 Stay, Gaveston, I cannot leave thee thus.

214 **Gav.** For every look, my lord drops down a tear:
 216 Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.

218 **K. Edw.** The time is little that thou hast to stay,
 218 And, therefore, give me leave to look my fill:
 220 But, come, sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way.

222 **Gav.** The peers will frown.

224 **K. Edw.** I pass not for their anger – Come, let's go;
 224 O that we might as well return as go!

226 *Enter Queen Isabella.*

228 **Q. Isab.** Whither goes my lord?

230 **K. Edw.** Fawn not on me, French strumpet! get thee gone!

232 **Q. Isab.** On whom but on my husband should I fawn?

234

236 **Gav.** On Mortimer! with whom, ungentle queen –
I say no more – judge you the rest, my lord.

238 **Q. Isab.** In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston:
Is't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord,
240 And art a bawd to his affectiöns,
But thou must call mine honour thus in question?
242

Gav. I mean not so; your grace must pardon me.
244

K. Edw. Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,
246 And by thy means is Gaveston exiled;
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
248 Or thou shalt ne'er be reconciled to me.

250 **Q. Isab.** Your highness knows it lies not in my power.

252 **K. Edw.** Away, then! touch me not – Come, Gaveston.

254 **Q. Isab.** Villain! 'tis thou that robb'st me of my lord.

256 **Gav.** Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.

258 **K. Edw.** Speak not unto her; let her droop and pine.

260 **Q. Isab.** Wherein, my lord, have I deserved these words?
Witness the tears that Isabella sheds,
262 Witness this heart, that sighing for thee, breaks,
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel!
264

K. Edw. And witness Heaven how dear thou art to me:
266 There weep: for till my Gaveston be repealed,
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.
268

[*Exeunt Edward and Gaveston.*]

270

Q. Isab. O miserable and distressèd queen!
272 Would, when I left sweet France and was embarked,
That charming Circes, walking on the waves,
274 Had changed my shape, or at the marriage-day
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison,
276 Or with those arms that twined about my neck
I had been stifled, and not lived to see
278 The king my lord thus to abandon me!
Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth
280 With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries;
For never doted Jove on Ganymede
282 So much as he on cursèd Gaveston:
But that will more exasperate his wrath;

284 | I must entreat him, I must speak him fair,
 And be a means to call home Gaveston:
 286 | And yet he'll ever dote on Gaveston;
 And so am I for ever miserable.
 288 |

290 | *Re-enter Lancaster, Warwick, Pembroke,
 the Elder Mortimer and Young Mortimer.*

292 | **Lanc.** Look where the sister of the king of France
 Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast!
 294 |

War. The king, I fear, hath ill-entreated her.
 296 |

Pemb. Hard is the heart that injures such a saint.
 298 |

Y. Mort. I know 'tis 'long of Gaveston she weeps.
 300 |

E. Mort. Why? he is gone.
 302 |

Y. Mort. Madam, how fares your grace?
 304 |

Q. Isab. Ah, Mortimer! now breaks the king's hate forth,
 306 | And he confesseth that he loves me not.

308 | **Y. Mort.** Cry quittance, madam, then, and love not him.

310 | **Q. Isab.** No, rather will I die a thousand deaths:
 And yet I love in vain; – he'll ne'er love me.
 312 |

Lanc. Fear ye not, madam; now his minion's gone,
 314 | His wanton humour will be quickly left.

316 | **Q. Isab.** O, never, Lancaster! I am enjoined
 To sue unto you all for his repeal:
 318 | This wills my lord, and this must I perform,
 Or else be banished from his highness' presence.
 320 |

Lanc. For his repeal, madam! he comes not back,
 322 | Unless the sea cast up his shipwreck[ed] body.

324 | **War.** And to behold so sweet a sight as that,
 There's none here but would run his horse to death.
 326 |

Y. Mort. But, madam, would you have us call him home?
 328 |

Q. Isab. Ay, Mortimer, for till he be restored,
 330 | The angry king hath banished me the court;
 And, therefore, as thou lov'st and tender'st me,
 332 | Be thou my advocate unto these peers.

334 **Y. Mort.** What! would you have me plead for Gaveston?

336 **E. Mort.** Plead for him he that will, I am resolved.

338 **Lanc.** And so am I, my lord: dissuade the queen.

340 **Q. Isab.** O, Lancaster! let him dissuade the king,
For 'tis against my will he should return.

342

War. Then speak not for him, let the peasant go.

344

Q. Isab. 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him.

346

Pemb. No speaking will prevail; and therefore cease.

348

Y. Mort. Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish
Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead;
I mean that vile torpedo, Gaveston,
That now, I hope, floats on the Irish seas.

350

352

354 **Q. Isab.** Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me a while,
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight
356 As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.

358 **Y. Mort.** It is impossible; but speak your mind.

360 **Q. Isab.** Then thus; but none shall hear it but ourselves.

362

[Talks to Young Mortimer apart.]

364 **Lanc.** My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer,
Will you be resolute, and hold with me?

366

E. Mort. Not I, against my nephew.

368

Pemb. Fear not; the queen's words cannot alter him.

370

War. No? Do but mark how earnestly she pleads!

372

Lanc. And see how coldly his looks make denial!

374

War. She smiles; now, for my life, his mind is changed!

376

Lanc. I'll rather lose his friendship, I, than grant.

378

Y. Mort. Well, of necessity it must be so. —

380

My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston,
I hope your honours make no question,

382

And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,

'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail;
 384 Nay, for the realm's behoof, and for the king's.

386 **Lanc.** Fie, Mortimer, dishonour not thyself!
 Can this be true, 'twas good to banish him?
 388 And is this true, to call him home again?
 Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.

390 **Y. Mort.** My lord of Lancaster, mark the respect.

392 **Lanc.** In no respect can contraries be true.

394 **Q. Isab.** Yet, good my lord, hear what he can allege.

396 **War.** All that he speaks is nothing; we are resolved.

398 **Y. Mort.** Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead?

400 **Pemb.** I would he were!

402 **Y. Mort.** Why then, my lord, give me but leave to speak.

404 **E. Mort.** But, nephew, do not play the sophister.

406 **Y. Mort.** This which I urge is of a burning zeal
 408 To mend the king and do our country good.
 Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,
 410 Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends
 As he will front the mightiest of us all?
 412 And whereas he shall live and be beloved,
 'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.

414 **War.** Mark you but that, my lord of Lancaster.

416 **Y. Mort.** But were he here, detested as he is,
 418 How easily might some base slave be suborned
 To greet his lordship with a poniard,
 420 And none so much as blame the murtherer,
 But rather praise him for that brave attempt,
 422 And in the chronicle enroll his name
 For purging of the realm of such a plague!

424 **Pemb.** He saith true.

426 **Lanc.** Ay, but how chance this was not done before?

428 **Y. Mort.** Because, my lords, it was not thought upon.

430 Nay, more, when he shall know it lies in us

432 To banish him, and then to call him home,
 'Twill make him vail the top-flag of his pride,
 And fear t' offend the meanest nobleman.

434 **E. Mort.** But how if he do not, nephew?

436 **Y. Mort.** Then may we with some colour rise in arms;
 438 For howsoever we have borne it out,
 Tis treason to be up against the king;
 440 So shall we have the people of our side,
 Which for his father's sake lean to the king,
 442 But cannot brook a night-grown mushrump,
 Such a one as my lord of Cornwall is,
 444 Should bear us down of the nobility.
 And when the commons and the nobles join,
 446 'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston;
 We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath.
 448 My lords, if to perform this I be slack,
 Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.

450 **Lanc.** On that condition, Lancaster will grant.

452 **War.** And so will Pembroke and I.

454 **E. Mort.** And I.

456 **Y. Mort.** In this I count me highly gratified,
 458 And Mortimer will rest at your command.

460 **Q. Isab.** And when this favour Isabel forgets,
 Then let her live abandoned and forlorn. –
 462 But see, in happy time, my lord the king,
 Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his way,
 464 Is new returned; this news will glad him much;
 Yet not so much as me; I love him more
 466 Than he can Gaveston; would he loved me
 But half so much, then were I treble-blessed!

468 *Re-enter King Edward, mourning.*

470 **K. Edw.** He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn.
 472 Did never sorrow go so near my heart
 As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston;
 474 And, could my crown's revénue bring him back,
 I would freely give it to his enemies,
 476 And think I gained, having bought so dear a friend.

478 **Q. Isab.** Hark, how he harps upon his miniön!

480 **K. Edw.** My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
482 And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston.
484 Ah! had some bloodless Fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre strook me dead,
486 When I was forced to leave my Gaveston!

488 **Lanc. Diablo!** What passions call you these?

490 **Q. Isab.** My gracious lord, I come to bring you news.

492 **K. Edw.** That you have parlèd with your Mortimer!

494 **Q. Isab.** That Gaveston, my lord, shall be repealed.

496 **K. Edw.** Repealed! The news is too sweet to be true!

498 **Q. Isab.** But will you love me, if you find it so?

500 **K. Edw.** If it be so, what will not Edward do?

502 **Q. Isab.** For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.

504 **K. Edw.** For thee, fair queen, if thou lovest Gaveston;
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
506 Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.

508 **Q. Isab.** No other jewèls hang about my neck
Than these, my lord; nor let me have more wealth
510 Than I may fetch from this rich treasury. —
O, how a kiss revives poor Isabel!

512 **K. Edw.** Once more receive my hand; and let this be
514 A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.

516 **Q. Isab.** And may it prove more happy than the first!
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,
518 That wait attendance for a gracious look,
And on their knees salute your majesty.

520 **K. Edw.** Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king!
522 And, as gross vapours perish by the sun,
Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile.
524 Live thou with me as my companiõn.

526 **Lanc.** This salutation overjoys my heart.

528 **K. Edw.** Warwick shall be my chiefest counselor:
These silver hairs will more adorn my court

530 Than gaudy silks, or rich imbrothery.
Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.

532 **War.** Slay me, my lord, when I offend your grace.

534 **K. Edw.** In solemn triumphs and in public shows,
536 Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king.

538 **Pemb.** And with this sword Pembroke will fight for you.

540 **K. Edw.** But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?
Be thou commander of our royal fleet;
542 Or, if that lofty office like thee not,
I make thee here Lord Marshal of the realm.

544 **Y. Mort.** My lord, I'll marshal so your enemies,
546 As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

548 **K. Edw.** And as for you, Lord Mortimer of Chirke,
Whose great achievements in our foreign war
550 Deserves no common place, nor mean reward,
Be you the general of the levied troops,
552 That now are ready to assail the Scots.

554 **E. Mort.** In this your grace hath highly honoured me,
For with my nature war doth best agree.

556 **Q. Isab.** Now is the king of England rich and strong,
558 Having the love of his renownèd peers.

560 **K. Edw.** Ay, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light. –
Clark of the crown, direct our warrant forth
562 For Gaveston, to Ireland:

564 *Enter Beaumont with warrant.*

566 Beaumont fly,
As fast as Iris or Jove's Mercury.

568 **Beau.** It shall be done, my gracious lord.

570 *[Exit Beaumont.]*

572 **K. Edw.** Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.
574 Now let us in, and feast it royally.
Against our friend the Earl of Cornwall comes,
576 We'll have a general tilt and tournament;
And then his marriage shall be solemnized;
578 For wot you not that I have made him sure

Unto our cousin, the Earl of Gloucester's heir?

580

Lanc. Such news we hear, my lord.

582

K. Edw. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost; we will requite your love.

586

War. In this, or aught your highness shall command us.

588

K. Edw. Thanks, gentle Warwick. Come, let's in and
revel.

590

[*Exeunt all except the Mortimers.*]

592

E. Mort. Nephew, I must to Scotland: thou stayest here.
Leave now t' oppose thyself against the king:
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,
And, seeing his mind so dotes on Gaveston,
Let him without controlment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their miniöns:
Great Alexander loved Hephaestöön,
The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept,
And for Patroclus stern Achilles drooped.
And not kings only, but the wisest men:
The Roman Tully loved Octavius;
Grave Socrates wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain lightheaded earl;
For riper years will wean him from such toys.

610

Y. Mort. Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not me;
But this I scorn, that one so basely born
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
And riot it with the treasure of the realm,
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay.
He wears a lord's revénue on his back,
And, Midas-like, he jets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heels,
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show,
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appeared.

620

I have not seen a dapper Jack so brisk;
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and in his Tuscan cap
A jewèl of more value than the crown.

624

Whiles other walk below, the king and he

626 From out a window laugh at such as we,
And flout our train, and jest at our attire.
628 Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.

630 *E. Mort.* But, nephew, now you see the king is changed.

632 *Y. Mort.* Then so am I, and live to do him service:
But whiles I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstart.
634 You know my mind: come, uncle, let's away.

636 [Exeunt.]

638

ACT II.SCENE I.

A hall in the Earl of Gloucester's mansion.

Enter Young Spenser and Baldock.

1 **Bald.** Spenser,
2 Seeing that our lord the Earl of Gloucester's dead,
Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?

4
Spen. Not Mortimer, nor any of his side,
6 Because the king and he are enemies.
Baldock, learn this of me: a factious lord
8 Shall hardly do himself good, much less us;
But he that hath the favour of a king,
10 May with one word advance us while we live:
The liberal Earl of Cornwall is the man
12 On whose good fortune Spenser's hope depends.

14 **Bald.** What, mean you then to be his follower?

16 **Y. Spen.** No, his companion; for he loves me well,
And would have once preferred me to the king.

18
Bald. But he is banished; there's small hope of him.

20
Y. Spen. Ay, for a while; but, Baldock, mark the end.
22 A friend of mine told me in secrecy
That he's repealed and sent for back again;
24 And even now a post came from the court
With letters to our lady from the king;
26 And as she read she smiled, which makes me think
It is about her lover Gaveston.

28
Bald. 'Tis like enough; for, since he was exiled,
30 She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight.
But I had thought the match had been broke off,
32 And that his banishment had changed her mind.

34 **Y. Spen.** Our lady's first love is not wavering;
My life for thine, she will have Gaveston.

36
Bald. Then hope I by her means to be preferred,
38 Having read unto her since she was a child.

40 **Y. Spen.** Then, Baldock, you must cast the scholar off,

42 And learn to court it like a gentleman.
 'Tis not a black coat and a little band,
 A velvet-caped cloak, faced before with serge,
 44 And smelling to a nosegay all the day,
 Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
 46 Or saying a long grace at a table's end,
 Or making low legs to a nobleman,
 48 Or looking downward with your eyelids close,
 And saying, "Truly, an't may please your honour,"
 50 Can get you any favour with great men;
 You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,
 52 And now and then stab, as occasion serves.

54 **Bald.** Spenser, thou know'st I hate such formal toys,
 And use them but of mere hypocrisy.
 56 Mine old lord whiles he lived was so precise,
 That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
 58 And being like pins' heads, blame me for the bigness;
 Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
 60 Though inwardly licentious enough,
 And apt for any kind of villainy.
 62 I am none of these common pedants, I,
 That cannot speak without *propterea quod*.

64 **Y. Spen.** But one of those that saith, *quandoquidem*,
 66 And hath a special gift to form a verb.

68 **Bald.** Leave off this jesting, here my lady comes.

70 *Enter King Edward's Niece (Margaret).*

72 **Marg.** The grief for his exile was not so much,
 As is the joy of his returning home.
 74 This letter came from my sweet Gaveston: —
 What needst thou, love, thus to excuse thyself?
 76 I know thou couldst not come and visit me:
 [Reads] "I will not long be from thee, though I die."
 78 This argues the entire love of my lord;
 [Reads] "When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart."
 80 But rest thee here where Gaveston shall sleep.

82 *[Puts the letter into her bosom.]*

84 Now to the letter of my lord the king. —
 He wills me to repair unto the court
 86 And meet my Gaveston? Why do I stay,
 Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day? —
 88 Who's there? Baldock!

90 See that my coach be ready, I must hence.
92 **Bald.** It shall be done, madam.
94 **Marg.** And meet me at the park pale presently.
96 [Exit Baldock.]
98 Spenser, stay you and bear me company,
100 For I have joyful news to tell thee of;
102 My lord of Cornwall is a-coming over,
104 And will be at the court as soon as we.
106 **Y. Spen.** I knew the king would have him home again.
108 **Marg.** If all things sort out, as I hope they will,
110 Thy service, Spenser, shall be thought upon.
[Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE II.

Before the castle at Tynemouth in northern England.

*Enter King Edward, Queen Isabella, Kent, Lancaster,
Young Mortimer, Warwick, Pembroke, and Attendants.*

1 **K. Edw.** The wind is good, I wonder why he stays;
2 I fear me he is wracked upon the sea.

4 **Q. Isab.** Look, Lancaster, how passionate he is,
And still his mind runs on his miniön!

6 **Lanc.** My lord. –

8 **K. Edw.** How now! what news? is Gaveston arrived?

10 **Y. Mort.** Nothing but Gaveston! What means your grace?
12 You have matters of more weight to think upon;
The king of France sets foot in Normandy.

14 **K. Edw.** A trifle! We'll expel him when we please.
16 But tell me Mortimer, what's thy device,
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

18 **Y. Mort.** A homely one, my lord, not worth the telling.

20 **K. Edw.** Prithee let me know it.

22 **Y. Mort.** But seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:
24 A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch,
26 And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets unto the highest bough of all.
28 The motto: *Æque tandem*.

30 **K. Edw.** And what is yours, my lord of Lancaster?

32 **Lanc.** My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.
Pliny reports there is a flying fish
34 Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore, being pursued, it takes the air:
36 No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That seizeth it: this fish, my lord, I bear,
38 The motto this: *Undique mors est*.

40 **K. Edw.** Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster!
Is this the love you bear your sovereign?

42 | Is this the fruit your reconciliation bears?
 Can you in words make show of amity,
 44 | And in your shields display your rancorous minds!
 What call you this but private libelling
 46 | Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother?

48 | **Q. Isab.** Sweet husband, be content; they all love you.

50 | **K. Edw.** They love me not that hate my Gaveston.
 I am that cedar; shake me not too much;
 52 | And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high,
 I have the jesses that will pull you down;
 54 | And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry
 Unto the proudest peer of Brittany.
 56 | Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish,
 And threatenest death whether he rise or fall,
 58 | 'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
 Nor foulest harpy that shall swallow him.

60 | **Y. Mort.** If in his absence thus he favours him,
 62 | What will he do whenas he shall be present?

64 | **Lanc.** That shall we see; look, where his lordship comes!

66 | *Enter Gaveston.*

68 | **K. Edw.** My Gaveston!
 Welcome to Tynemouth! Welcome to thy friend!
 70 | Thy absence made me droop and pine away;
 For, as the lovers of fair Danaë,
 72 | When she was locked up in a brazen tower,
 Desired her more, and waxed outrageöus,
 74 | So did it fare with me: and now thy sight
 Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence
 76 | Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.

78 | **Gav.** Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth mine,
 Yet have I words left to express my joy:
 80 | The shepherd nipped with biting winter's rage
 Frolics not more to see the painted spring
 82 | Than I do to behold your majesty.

84 | **K. Edw.** Will none of you salute my Gaveston?

86 | **Lanc.** Salute him? Yes; welcome, Lord Chamberlain!

88 | **Y. Mort.** Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall!

90 | **War.** Welcome, Lord Governor of the Isle of Man!

92 **Pemb.** Welcome, master Secretary!

94 **Kent.** Brother, do you hear them?

96 **K. Edw.** Still will these earls and barons use me thus?

98 **Gav.** My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.

100 **Q. Isab.** [*Aside*] Ay me, poor soul, when these begin to
jar!

102 **K. Edw.** Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant.

104 **Gav.** Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,
Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef;

106 And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low

108 As to bestow a look on such as you.

110 **Lanc.** Yet I disdain not to do this for you.

112 *[Draws his sword and offers to stab Gaveston.]*

114 **K. Edw.** Treason, treason! Where's the traitor?

116 **Pemb.** [*Pointing to Gaveston*] Here, here!

118 **K. Edw.** Convey hence Gaveston; they'll murder him.

120 **Gav.** The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.

122 **Y. Mort.** Villain! thy life unless I miss mine aim.

124 *[Wounds Gaveston.]*

126 **Q. Isab.** Ah! furious Mortimer, what hast thou done?

128 **Y. Mort.** No more than I would answer, were he slain.

130 *[Exit Gaveston with Attendants.]*

132 **K. Edw.** Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he
live;
Dear shall you both abye this riotous deed.

134 Out of my presence! Come not near the court.

136 **Y. Mort.** I'll not be barred the court for Gaveston.

138 **Lanc.** We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.

140 **K. Edw.** Look to your own heads; his is sure enough.

142 **War.** Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.

144 **Kent.** Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.

146 **K. Edw.** Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus;
But if I live, I'll tread upon their heads

148 That think with high looks thus to tread me down. —

Come, Edmund, let's away, and levy men;

150 'Tis war that must abate these barons' pride.

152 *[Exit King Edward, Queen Isabella, and Kent.]*

154 **War.** Let's to our castles, for the king is moved.

156 **Y. Mort.** Moved may he be, and perish in his wrath!

158 **Lanc.** Cousin, it is no dealing with him now;

He means to make us stoop by force of arms;

160 And therefore let us jointly here protest,

To prosecute that Gaveston to the death.

162

Y. Mort. By Heaven, the abject villain shall not live!

164

War. I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.

166

Pemb. The like oath Pembroke takes.

168

Lanc. And so doth Lancaster.

170 Now send our heralds to defy the king;

And make the people swear to put him down.

172

[Enter a Messenger.]

174

Y. Mort. Letters! From whence?

176

Mess. From Scotland, my lord.

178

[Giving letters to Mortimer.]

180

Lanc. Why, how now, cousin, how fare all our friends?

182

Y. Mort. My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

184

Lanc. We'll have him ransomed, man; be of good cheer.

186

Y. Mort. They rate his ransom at five thousand pound.

188 Who should defray the money but the king,

Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?

190

I'll to the king.

192 **Lanc.** Do, cousin, and I'll bear thee company.

194 **War.** Meantime, my lord of Pembroke and myself
Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.

196 **Y. Mort.** About it then, and we will follow you.

198 **Lanc.** Be resolute and full of secrecy.

200 **War.** I warrant you.

202
[Exit Warwick with Pembroke.]

204 **Y. Mort.** Cousin, and if he will not ransom him,
206 I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,
As never subject did unto his king.

208 **Lanc.** Content, I'll bear my part – Holla! who's there?

210
Enter Guard.

212 **Y. Mort.** Ay, marry, such a guard as this doth well.

214 **Lanc.** Lead on the way.

216 **Guard.** Whither will your lordships?

218 **Y. Mort.** Whither else but to the king?

220 **Guard.** His highness is disposed to be alone.

222 **Lanc.** Why, so he may, but we will speak to him.

224 **Guard.** You may not in, my lord.

226 **Y. Mort.** May we not?

228
Enter King Edward and Kent.

230 **K. Edw.** How now!
232 What noise is this? who have we there, is't you?

234
[Going.]

236 **Y. Mort.** Nay, stay, my lord, I come to bring you news;
Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

238 **K. Edw.** Then ransom him.

240 **Lanc.** 'Twas in your wars; you should ransom him.

242

244 **Y. Mort.** And you shall ransom him, or else –

246 **Kent.** What! Mortimer, you will not threaten him?

248 **K. Edw.** Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal,
To gather for him throughout the realm.

250 **Lanc.** Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.

252 **Y. Mort.** My lord, the family of the Mortimers
Are not so poor, but, would they sell their land,
254 Would levy men enough to anger you.
We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

256 [Striking his sword.]

258 **K. Edw.** Shall I still be haunted thus?

260 **Y. Mort.** Nay, now you're here alone, I'll speak my mind.

262 **Lanc.** And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.

264 **Y. Mort.** The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows,
266 And prodigal gifts bestowed on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasure dry, and made thee weak;
268 The murmuring commons, overstretched, break.

270 **Lanc.** Look for rebellion, look to be deposed;
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
272 And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.
The wild Oneyl, with swarms of Irish kerns,
274 Lives uncontrolled within the English pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
276 And unresisted draw away rich spoils.

278 **Y. Mort.** The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigged.

280 **Lanc.** What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?

282 **Y. Mort.** Who loves thee, but a sort of flatterers?

284 **Lanc.** Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
286 Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.

288 **Y. Mort.** Thy court is naked, being bereft of those
That make a king seem glorious to the world;
290 I mean the peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love:
Libels are cast again thee in the street;

292 | Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.

294 | **Lanc.** The northern borderers, seeing the houses burnt,
 Their wives and children slain, run up and down,
 296 | Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

298 | **Y. Mort.** When wert thou in the field with banner spread,
 But once? and then thy soldiers marched like players,
 300 | With garish robes, not armour; and thyself,
 Bedaubed with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
 302 | Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
 Where women's favours hung like labels down.

304 | **Lanc.** And thereof came it, that the fleeing Scots,
 306 | To England's high disgrace, have made this jig;

308 | “*Maids of England, sore may you mourn, –*
For your lemans you have lost at Bannocksbourn, –
 310 | *With a heave and a ho!*
What weeneth the king of England
 312 | *So soon to have wooon Scotland? –*
With a rombelow!”

314 | **Y. Mort.** Wigmore shall fly, to set my uncle free.

316 | **Lanc.** And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase
 more.
 318 | If ye be moved, revenge it as you can;
 Look next to see us with our ensigns spread
 320 |

[Exit Lancaster with Young Mortimer.]

322 | **K. Edw.** My swelling heart for very anger breaks!
 324 | How oft have I been baited by these peers,
 And dare not be revengèd, for their power is great!
 326 | Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels
 Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,
 328 | And let their lives' blood slake thy fury's hunger.
 If I be cruël and grow tyrannous,
 330 | Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.

332 | **Kent.** My lord, I see your love to Gaveston
 Will be the ruin of the realm and you,
 334 | For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars;
 And therefore, brother, banish him forever.

336 | **K. Edw.** Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?
 338 |

340 **Kent.** Ay, and it grieves me that I favoured him.

342 **K. Edw.** Traitor, begone! Whine thou with Mortimer.

344 **Kent.** So will I, rather than with Gaveston.

346 **K. Edw.** Out of my sight, and trouble me no more!

348 **Kent.** No marvel though thou scorn thy noble peers,
When I thy brother am rejected thus.

350 [Exit Kent.]

352 **K. Edw.** Away! –
Poor Gaveston, that hast no friend but me,
354 Do what they can, we'll live in Tynemouth here;
And, so I walk with him about the walls,
356 What care I though the earls begirt us round? –
Here comes she that is cause of all these jars.

358 *Enter Queen Isabella with King Edward's Niece
(Margaret de Clare), two Ladies-in-Waiting,
Gaveston, Baldock, and Young Spenser.*

362 **Q. Isab.** My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in arms.

364 **K. Edw.** Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you favour 'em.

366 **Q. Isab.** Thus do you still suspect me without cause?

368 **Marg.** Sweet uncle! speak more kindly to the queen.

370 **Gav.** My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.

372 **K. Edw.** Pardon me, sweet, I [had] forgot myself.

374 **Q. Isab.** Your pardon 's quickly got of Isabel.

376 **K. Edw.** The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,
378 That to my face he threatens civil wars.

380 **Gav.** Why do you not commit him to the Tower?

382 **K. Edw.** I dare not, for the people love him well.

384 **Gav.** Why, then we'll have him privily made away.

386 **K. Edw.** Would Lancaster and he had both caroused
A bowl of poison to each other's health!

388 | But let them go, and tell me what are these.

390 | **Marg.** Two of my father's servants whilst he lived, –
 392 | May't please your grace to entertain them now.

394 | **K. Edw.** Tell me, where wast thou born? what is thine
 396 | arms?

398 | **Bald.** My name is Baldock, and my gentry
 400 | I fetch'd from Oxford, not from heraldry.

402 | **K. Edw.** The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn.
 404 | Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.

406 | **Bald.** I humbly thank your majesty.

408 | **K. Edw.** Knowest thou him, Gaveston?

410 | **Gav.** Ay, my lord;
 412 | His name is Spenser, he is well-allied.
 414 | For my sake, let him wait upon your grace;
 416 | Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.

418 | **K. Edw.** Then, Spenser, wait upon me. For his sake
 420 | I'll grace thee with a higher style ere long.

422 | **Spen.** No greater titles happen unto me,
 424 | Than to be favoured of your majesty!

426 | **K. Edw.** Cousin, this day shall be your marriage-feast; –
 428 | And, Gaveston, think that I love thee well,
 To wed thee to our niece, the only heir
 Unto the Earl of Gloucester late deceased.

Gav. I know, my lord, many will stomach me,
 But I respect neither their love nor hate.

K. Edw. The headstrong barons shall not limit me;
 He that I list to favour shall be great.
 Come, let's away; and, when the marriage ends,
 Have at the rebels, and their 'complices!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II, SCENE III.

The neighbourhood of Tynemouth Castle.

*Enter Kent, Lancaster, Young Mortimer, Warwick,
Pembroke, and others.*

1 **Kent.** My lords, of love to this our native land
2 I come to join with you and leave the king;
And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof
4 Will be the first that shall adventure life.

6 **Lanc.** I fear me, you are sent of policy,
To undermine us with a show of love.

8
10 **War.** He is your brother; therefore have we cause
To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.

12 **Kent.** Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth:
If that will not suffice, farewell, my lords.

14
16 **Y. Mort.** Stay, Edmund: never was Plantagenet
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

18 **Pemb.** But what's the reason you should leave him now?

20 **Kent.** I have informed the Earl of Lancaster.

22 **Lanc.** And it sufficeth. Now, my lords, know this,
That Gaveston is secretly arrived,
24 And here in Tynemouth frolics with the king.
Let us with these our followers scale the walls,
26 And suddenly surprise them unawares.

28 **Y. Mort.** I'll give the onset.

30 **War.** And I'll follow thee.

32 **Y. Mort.** This tottered ensign of my ancestors,
Which swept the desert shore of that dead sea
34 Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,
Will I advance upon this castle[']s walls. —
36 Drums, strike alarum, raise them from their sport,
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston!

38
40 **Lanc.** None be so hardy as to touch the king;
But neither spare you Gaveston, nor his friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II, SCENE IV.

Inside Tynemouth Castle.

[*Alarums.*]

Enter severally King Edward and Young Spenser.

1 **K. Edw.** O tell me, Spenser, where is Gaveston?

2
3 **Spen.** I fear me he is slain, my gracious lord.

4
5 **K. Edw.** No, here he comes; now let them spoil and kill.

6
7 *Enter Queen Isabella, King Edward's Niece,*
8 *Gaveston, and Nobles.*

10 Fly, fly, my lords, the earls have got the hold;
11 Take shipping, and away to Scarborough.
12 Spenser and I will post away by land.

14 **Gav.** O stay, my lord, they will not injure you.

16 **K. Edw.** I will not trust them; Gaveston, away!

18 **Gav.** Farewell, my lord.

20 **K. Edw.** Lady, farewell.

22 **Marg.** Farewell, sweet uncle, till we meet again.

24 **K. Edw.** Farewell, sweet Gaveston; and farewell, niece.

26 **Q. Isab.** No farewell to poor Isabel thy queen?

28 **K. Edw.** Yes, yes, for Mortimer, your lover's sake.

30 **Q. Isab.** Heaven can witness I love none but you.

32 [Exeunt all but Queen Isabella.]

34 From my embracements thus he breaks away.
35 O that mine arms could close this isle about,
36 That I might pull him to me where I would!
37 Or that these tears, that drizzle from mine eyes,
38 Had power to mollify his stony heart,
39 That, when I had him, we might never part.

40
41 *Enter Lancaster, Warwick, Young Mortimer,*
42 *and others. Alarums within.*

44 **Lanc.** I wonder how he scaped!

46 *Y. Mort.* Who's this? The queen!

48 *Q. Isab.* Ay, Mortimer, the miserable queen,
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,
50 And body with continual mourning wasted:
These hands are tired with haling of my lord
52 From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston,
And all in vain; for, when I speak him fair,
54 He turns away, and smiles upon his miniön.

56 *Y. Mort.* Cease to lament, and tell us where's the king?

58 *Q. Isab.* What would you with the king? Is't him you
seek?

60 *Lanc.* No, madam, but that cursèd Gaveston.
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster
62 To offer violence to his sovereign!
We would but rid the realm of Gaveston:
64 Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.

66 *Q. Isab.* He's gone by water unto Scarborough;
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot 'scape;
68 The king hath left him, and his train is small.

70 *War.* Forslow no time, sweet Lancaster; let's march.

72 *Y. Mort.* How comes it that the king and he is parted?

74 *Q. Isab.* That this your army, going several ways,
Might be of lesser force, and with the power
76 That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easily suppressed; therefore be gone!

78 *Y. Mort.* Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy;
80 Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.

82 *Lanc.* The wind that bears him hence will fill our sails:
Come, come, aboard, 'tis but an hour's sailing.

84 *Y. Mort.* Madam, stay you within this castle here.

86 *Q. Isab.* No, Mortimer; I'll to my lord the king.

88 *Y. Mort.* Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.

90 *Q. Isab.* You know the king is so suspiciöus,
92 As if he hear I have but talked with you,
Mine honour will be called in questiön;

94 | And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone.

96 | **Y. Mort.** Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,
But think of Mortimer as he deserves.

98 |

[*Exeunt all except Queen Isabella.*]

100 |

Q. Isab. So well hast thou deserved, sweet Mortimer,

102 | As Isabel could live with thee forever.

In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,

104 | Whose eyes are fixed on none but Gaveston.

Yet once more I'll impórtune him with prayer:

106 | If he be strange and not regard my words,

My son and I will over into France,

108 | And to the king my brother there complain,

How Gaveston hath robbed me of his love:

110 | But yet I hope my sorrows will have end,

And Gaveston this blessèd day be slain.

112 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II, SCENE V.

The open country at or near Scarborough.

Enter Gaveston, pursued.

1 **Gav.** Yet, lusty lords, I have escaped your hands,
 2 Your threats, your larums, and your hot pursuits;
 And though divorcèd from king Edward's eyes,
 4 Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurprised,
 Breathing, in hope (*malgrado* all your beards,
 6 That muster rebels thus against your king),
 To see his royal sovereign once again.

8

*Enter Warwick, Lancaster, Pembroke,
 Young Mortimer, Soldiers, James,
 and other Attendants of Pembroke.*

10

12

War. Upon him, soldiers, take away his weapons!

14

Y. Mort. Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,
 16 Corrupter of thy king; cause of these broils,
 Base flatterer, yield! and were it not for shame,
 18 Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,
 Upon my weapon's point here should'st thou fall,
 20 And welter in thy gore.

22

Lanc. Monster of men!
 That, like the Greekish strumpet, trained to arms
 24 And bloody wars so many valiant knights;
 Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death!
 26 Kind Edward is not here to buckler thee.

28

War. Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave? –
 Go, soldiers, take him hence, for, by my sword,
 30 His head shall off: – Gaveston, short warning
 Shall serve thy turn: it is our country's cause,
 32 That here severely we will execute
 Upon thy person. – Hang him at a bough.

34

Gav. My lord! –

36

War. Soldiers, have him away; –
 38 But for thou wert the favourite of a king,
 Thou shalt have so much honour at our hands –

40

Gav. I thank you all, my lords: then I perceive
 42 That heading is one, and hanging is the other,

44 And death is all.

46 *Enter Earl of Arundel.*

48 **Lanc.** How now, my lord of Arundel?

50 **Arun.** My lords, King Edward greets you all by me.

52 **War.** Arundel, say your message.

54 **Arun.** His majesty,
Hearing that you had taken Gaveston,
Entreateth you by me, yet but he may
56 See him before he dies; for why, he says,
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall;
58 And if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.

60 **War.** How now!

62 **Gav.** Renowmèd Edward, how thy name
64 Revives poor Gaveston!

66 **War.** No, it needeth not; –
Arundel, we will gratify the king
68 In other matters: he must pardon us in this. –
Soldiers, away with him!

70 **Gav.** Why, my lord of Warwick,
72 Will not these delays beget my hopes? –
I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at,
74 Yet grant King Edward this.

76 **Y. Mort.** Shalt thou appoint
What we shall grant? – Soldiers, away with him: –
78 Thus we'll gratify the king,
We'll send his head by thee; let him bestow
80 His tears on that, for that is all he gets
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.

82 **Lanc.** Not so, my lord, lest he bestow more cost
84 In burying him than he hath ever earned.

86 **Arun.** My lords, it is his majesty's request,
And in the honour of a king he swears,
88 He will but talk with him, and send him back.

90 **War.** When? can you tell? Arundel, no; we wot,
He that the care of realm remits,

92 And drives his nobles to these exigents
 For Gaveston, will, if he seize him once,
 94 Violate any promise to possess him.

96 *Arun.* Then if you will not trust his grace in keep,
 My lords, I will be pledge for his return.

98
 100 *Y. Mort.* 'Tis honourable in thee to offer this;
 But for we know thou art a noble gentleman,
 We will not wrong thee so,
 102 To make away a true man for a thief.

104 *Gav.* How mean'st thou, Mortimer? that is over-base!

106 *Y. Mort.* Away, base groom, robber of king's renown!
 Question with thy companions and mates.

108
 110 *Pemb.* My Lord Mortimer, and you, my lords, each one,
 To gratify the king's request therein,
 Touching the sending of this Gaveston,
 112 Because his majesty so earnestly
 Desires to see the man before his death,
 114 I will upon mine honour undertake
 To carry him, and bring him back again;
 116 Provided this, that you my lord of Arundel
 Will join with me.

118
 120 *War.* Pembroke, what wilt thou do?
 Cause yet more bloodshed? is it not enough
 That we have taken him, but must we now
 122 Leave him on "had I wist," and let him go?

124 *Pemb.* My lords, I will not over-woo your honours,
 But, if you dare trust Pembroke with the prisoner,
 126 Upon mine oath, I will return him back.

128 *Arun.* My lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?

130 *Lanc.* Why, I say, let him go on Pembroke's word.

132 *Pemb.* And you, lord Mortimer?

134 *Y. Mort.* How say you, my lord of Warwick?

136 *War.* Nay, do your pleasures, I know how 'twill prove.

138 *Pemb.* Then give him me.

140 *Gav.* Sweet sovereign, yet I come
 To see thee ere I die.

142

War. [Aside] Yet not perhaps,
144 If Warwick's wit and policy prevail.

146

Y. Mort. My lord of Pembroke, we deliver him you:
Return him on our honour. – Sound, away!

148

[Exeunt all except Pembroke, Arundel, Gaveston,
150 James, and other of Pembroke's men.]

152

Pemb. My lord, you shall go with me.
My house is not far hence; out of the way
154 A little, but our men shall go along.
We that have pretty wenches to our wives,
156 Sir, must not come so near and baulk their lips.

158

Arun. 'Tis very kindly spoke, my lord of Pembroke;
Your honour hath an adamant of power
160 To draw a prince.

162

Pemb. So, my lord. – Come hether, James:
I do commit this Gaveston to thee.
164 Be thou this night his keeper; in the morning
We will discharge thee of thy charge: be gone.

166

Gav. Unhappy Gaveston, whither goest thou now?

168

[Exit with James and the other men of Pembroke.]

170

Horse-Boy. My lord, we'll quickly be at Cobham.

172

[Exeunt Horse-boy and Gaveston.]

ACT III.SCENE I.

Another part of the open country.

*Enter Gaveston mourning, James,
and the other men of Pembroke's.*

1 **Gav.** O treacherous Warwick! thus to wrong thy friend!

2

James. I see it is your life these arms pursue.

4

Gav. Weaponless must I fall, and die in bands?

6

O! must this day be period of my life?

Centre of all my bliss! And ye be men,

8

Speed to the king.

10

Enter Warwick and his Soldiers.

12

War. My lord of Pembroke's men,
Strive you no longer – I will have that Gaveston.

14

James. Your lordship doth dishonour to yourself,
And wrong our lord, your honourable friend.

16

18

War. No, James, it is my country's cause I follow. –
Go, take the villain; soldiers, come away.

20

We'll make quick work. – Commend me to your master,
My friend, and tell him that I watched it well. –

22

Come, let thy shadow parley with king Edward.

24

Gav. Treacherous earl, shall I not see the king?

26

War. The king of Heaven perhaps, no other king.
Away!

28

[Exeunt Warwick and his Soldiers, with Gaveston.]

30

James. Come, fellows, it booteth not for us to strive,
We will in haste go certify our lord.

32

34

[Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE II.

Near Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire.

*Enter King Edward and Young Spenser, Baldock,
and Noblemen of the King's side,
and Soldiers with drums and fifes.*

1 **K. Edw.** I long to hear an answer from the barons
2 Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.
3 Ah! Spenser, not the riches of my realm
4 Can ransom him! ah, he is marked to die!
5 I know the malice of the younger Mortimer.
6 Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
7 Inexorable, and I shall never see
8 My lovely Pierce, my Gaveston again!
9 The barons overbear me with their pride.

10 **Y. Spen.** Were I King Edward, England's sovereign,
11 Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,
12 Great Edward Longshanks' issue, would I bear
13 These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontrolled
14 These barons thus to beard me in my land,
15 In mine own realm? My lord, pardon my speech:
16 Did you retain your father's magnanimity,
17 Did you regard the honour of your name,
18 You would not suffer thus your majesty
19 Be counterbuffed of your nobility.
20 Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles!
21 No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,
22 As by their preachments they will profit much,
23 And learn obedience to their lawful king.

24 **K. Edw.** Yea, gentle Spenser, we have been too mild,
25 Too kind to them; but now have drawn our sword,
26 And if they send me not my Gaveston,
27 We'll steel it on their crest[s], and poll their tops.

28 **Bald.** This haught resolve becomes your majesty,
29 Not to be tied to their affectiön,
30 As though your highness were a schoolboy still,
31 And must be awed and governed like a child.

32 [Enter the Elder Spenser, an old man,
33 with his truncheon and Soldiers.]

34 **E. Spen.** Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward –

40 | In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!

42 | **K. Edw.** Welcome, old man: com'st thou in Edward's aid?
Then tell thy prince of whence and what thou art.

44 |

46 | **E. Spen.** Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
Brown bills and targeteers, four hundred strong,
Sworn to defend king Edward's royal right,
48 | I come in person to your majesty,
Spenser, the father of Hugh Spenser there,
50 | Bound to your highness everlastingly
For favours done, in him, unto us all.

52 |

54 | **K. Edw.** Thy father, Spenser?

56 | **Y. Spen.** True, an it like your grace,
That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown,
His life, my lord, before your princely feet.

58 |

60 | **K. Edw.** Welcome ten thousand times, old man, again.
Spenser, this love, this kindness to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.
62 | Spenser, I here create thee Earl of Wiltshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favour,
64 | That, as the sunshine, shall reflect o'er thee.
Beside, the more to manifest our love,
66 | Because we hear Lord Bruce doth sell his land,
And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,
68 | Thou shalt have crowns of us t' outbid the barons:
And, Spenser, spare them not, but lay it on. –
70 | Soldiers, a largess, and thrice-welcome all!

72 | **Y. Spen.** My lord, here comes the queen.

74 | *Enter Queen Isabella, Prince Edward, and Levune.*

76 | **K. Edw.** Madam, what news?

78 | **Q. Isab.** News of dishonour, lord, and discontent.
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,
80 | Informeth us, by letters and by words,
That Lord Valois our brother, king of France,
82 | Because your highness hath been slack in homage,
Hath seizèd Normandy into his hands.
84 | These be the letters, this the messenger.

86 | **K. Edw.** Welcome, Levune. –Tush, Sib, if this be all,
Valois and I will soon be friends again. –
88 | But to my Gaveston: shall I never see,

140 **Arun.** I found them at the first inexorable;
 The Earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
 142 Mortimer hardly; Pembroke and Lancaster
 Spake least: and when they flatly had denied,
 144 Refusing to receive me pledge for him,
 The Earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake;
 146 "My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,
 And promiseth he shall be safe returned,
 148 I will this undertake, to have him hence,
 And see him re-delivered to your hands."
 150
K. Edw. Well, and how fortunes [it] that he came not?
 152
Y. Spen. Some treason, or some villainy, was cause.
 154
Arun. The Earl of Warwick seized him on his way;
 156 For being delivered unto Pembroke's men,
 Their lord rode home thinking his prisoner safe;
 158 But ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
 And bare him to his death; and in a trench
 160 Strake off his head, and marched unto the camp.
 162
Y. Spen. A bloody part, flatly 'gainst law of arms.
 164
K. Edw. O shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die!
 166
Y. Spen. My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword
 Upon these barons; hearten up your men;
 168 Let them not unrevenged murder your friends!
 Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
 170 And march to fire them from their starting holes.
 172
K. Edw. [*Kneeling*] By earth, the common mother of us
 all
 By Heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof,
 174 By this right hand, and by my father's sword,
 And all the honours 'longing to my crown,
 176 I will have heads, and lives for him, as many
 As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers! –
 178
[Rises.]
 180
 Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer!
 182 If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
 Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
 184 That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
 And stain my royal standard with the same,

234 | Spenser from me. –

236 | *[Embraces Young Spenser.]*

238 | Now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them
240 | For murdering Gaveston; hie thee, get thee gone!
Edward with fire and sword follows at thy heels.

242 | *[Exit Herald.]*

244 | My lord[s], perceive you how these rebels swell? –
246 | Soldiers, good hearts, defend your sovereign's right,
For now, even now, we march to make them stoop.
248 | Away!

250 | *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III, SCENE III.

Boroughbridge, the battlefield.

*Alarums, excursions, a great fight,
and a retreat sounded within.*

*Enter King Edward, the Elder Spenser, the Younger
Spenser, and Noblemen of the King's side.*

1 **K. Edw.** Why do we sound retreat? upon them, lords!
2 This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword
3 On those proud rebels that are up in arms,
4 And do confront and countermand their king.

6 **Y. Spen.** I doubt it not, my lord, right will prevail.

8 **E. Spen.** 'Tis not amiss, my liege, for either part
9 To breathe a while; our men, with sweat and dust
10 All choked well near, begin to faint for heat;
11 And this retire refresheth horse and man.

12 **Y. Spen.** Here come the rebels.

14
15 *Enter Young Mortimer, Lancaster, Warwick,
16 Pembroke, and others.*

18 **Y. Mort.** Look, Lancaster, yonder is Edward
19 Among his flatterers.

20 **Lanc.** And there let him be
21 Till he pay dearly for their company.

24 **War.** And shall, or Warwick's sword shall smite in vain.

26 **K. Edw.** What, rebels, do you shrink and sound retreat?

28 **Y. Mort.** No, Edward, no; thy flatterers faint and fly.

30 **Lanc.** Thou'd best betimes forsake them and their trains,
31 For they'll betray thee, traitors as they are.

32 **Y. Spen.** Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lancaster!

34 **Pemb.** Away, base upstart! Brav'st thou nobles thus?

36 **E. Spen.** A noble attempt and honourable deed,
37 Is it not, trow ye, to assemble aid,
38 And levy arms against your lawful king!

40

42 **K. Edw.** For which, ere long, their heads shall satisfy,
T' appease the wrath of their offended king.

44 **Y. Mort.** Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to the last,
And rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood,
46 Than banish that pernicious company?

48 **K. Edw.** Ay, traitors all, rather than thus be braved,
Make England's civil towns huge heaps of stones,
50 And ploughs to go about our palace-gates.

52 **War.** A desperate and unnatural resolution!
Alarum! – to the fight!
54 Saint George for England, and the barons' right!

56 **K. Edw.** Saint George for England, and King Edward's
right!

58 [Alurums. Exeunt the two parties severally.]

ACT III, SCENE IV.

Another part of the battlefield at Boroughbridge.

*Enter King Edward and all his followers,
with the Barons and Kent captives.*

1 **K. Edw.** Now, lusty lords, now not by chance of war,
2 But justice of the quarrel and the cause,
Vailed is your pride; methinks you hang the heads,
4 But we'll advance them, traitors: now 'tis time
To be avenged on you for all your braves,
6 And for the murder of my dearest friend,
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,
8 Good Pierce of Gaveston, my sweet favourite.
Ah, rebels! Recreants! you made him away!

10 **Kent.** Brother, in regard of thee, and of thy land,
12 Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.

14 **K. Edw.** So, sir, you have spoke; away, avoid our
presence!

16 [Exit Kent.]

18 Accursèd wretches, was't in regard of us,
When we had sent our messenger to request
20 He might be spared to come to speak with us,
And Pembroke undertook for his return,
22 That thou, proud Warwick, watched the prisoner,
Poor Pierce, and headed him 'gainst law of arms?
24 For which thy head shall overlook the rest,
As much as thou in rage outwent'st the rest.

26 **War.** Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces;
28 It is but temporal that thou canst inflict.

30 **Lanc.** The worst is death; and better die to live
Than live in infamy under such a king.

32 **K. Edw.** Away with them, my lord of Winchester!
34 These lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancaster,
I charge you roundly – off with both their heads!
36 Away!

38 **War.** Farewell, vain world!

40 **Lanc.** Sweet Mortimer, farewell!

42 **Y. Mort.** England, unkind to thy nobility,
Groan for this grief, behold how thou art maimed!

44
46 **K. Edw.** Go, take that haughty Mortimer to the Tower,
There see him safe bestowed; and for the rest,
Do speedy execution on them all.
48 Begone!

50 **Y. Mort.** What, Mortimer? Can raggèd stony walls
Immure thy virtue that aspires to Heaven?
52 No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not be;
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.

54
56 *[The captive Barons are led off.]*

56 **K. Edw.** Sound drums and trumpets! March with me, my
friends,
58 Edward this day hath crowned him king anew.

60 *[Exuent all except Young Spenser, Levune,
and Baldock.]*

62
64 **Y. Spen.** Levune, the trust that we repose in thee,
Begets the quiet of King Edward's land.
Therefore be gone in haste, and with advice
66 Bestow that treasure on the lords of France,
That, therewith all enchanted, like the guard
68 That suffered Jove to pass in showers of gold
To Danaë, all aid may be denied
70 To Isabel, the queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son,
72 And step into his father's regiment.

74 **Lev.** That's it these barons and the subtle queen
Long leveled at.

76 **Bald.** Yea, but, Levune, thou seest
78 These barons lay their heads on blocks together;
What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean.

80
82 **Lev.** Have you no doubts, my lords, I'll clap [so] close
Among the lords of France with England's gold,
That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,
84 And France shall be obdurate with her tears.

86 **Spen.** Then make for France amain – Levune, away!
Proclaim King Edward's wars and victories.

88

|

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.SCENE I.

London, near the Tower.

Enter Kent.

1 **Kent.** Fair blows the wind for France; blow gentle gale,
 2 Till Edmund be arrived for England's good! –
 Nature, yield to my country's cause in this. –
 4 A brother? no, a butcher of thy friends!
 Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence?
 6 But I'll to France, and cheer the wrongèd queen,
 And certify what Edward's looseness is.
 8 Unnatural king! to slaughter noblemen
 And cherish flatterers! – Mortimer, I stay
 10 Thy sweet escape: – stand gracious, gloomy night,
 To his device.

12

Enter Young Mortimer, disguised.

14

Y. Mort. Holla! who walketh there?
 16 Is't you my lord?

18

Kent. Mortimer, 'tis I;
 But hath thy potion wrought so happily?

20

Y. Mort. It hath, my lord; the warders all asleep,
 22 I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace.
 But hath your grace got shipping unto France?

24

Kent. Fear it not.

26

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE II.*Paris.**Enter Queen Isabella and Prince Edward.*

1 **Q. Isab.** Ah, boy! our friends do fail us all in France:
 2 The lords are cruël, and the king unkind;
 What shall we do?

4
Pr. Edw. Madam, return to England,
 6 And please my father well, and then a fig
 For all my uncle's friendship here in France.
 8 I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly;
 'A loves me better than a thousand Spensers.

10 **Q. Isab.** Ah, boy, thou art deceived, at least in this,
 12 To think that we can yet be tuned together.
 No, no, we war too far. Unkind Valois! –
 14 Unhappy Isabel! when France rejects,
 Whither, oh! whither dost thou bend thy steps?

Enter Sir John of Hainault.

18
Sir John. Madam, what cheer?

20 **Q. Isab.** Ah, good Sir John of Hainault,
 22 Never so cheerless, nor so far distressed.

24 **Sir John.** I hear, sweet lady, of the king's unkindness;
 But droop not, madam; noble minds contemn
 26 Despair; will your grace with me to Hainault,
 And there stay time's advantage with your son? –
 28 How say you, my lord, will you go with your friends,
 And shake off all our fortunes equally?

30 **Pr. Edw.** So pleaseth the queen my mother, me it likes.
 32 The King of England, nor the court of France,
 Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,
 34 Till I be strong enough to break a staff;
 And then have at the proudest Spenser's head.

36 **Sir John.** Well said, my lord.

38 **Q. Isab.** O, my sweet heart, how do I moan thy wrongs,
 40 Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy! –
 Ah, sweet Sir John! even to the utmost verge

42 Of Europe, on the shore of Tanais,
 We will with thee to Hainault – so we will: –
 44 The marquis is a noble gentleman:
 His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me.
 46 But who are these?

48 *Enter Kent and Young Mortimer.*

50 **Kent.** Madam, long may you live,
 Much happier than your friends in England do!

52
 54 **Q. Isab.** Lord Edmund and lord Mortimer alive!
 Welcome to France! The news was here, my lord,
 That you were dead, or very near your death.

56
 58 **Y. Mort.** Lady, the last was truest of the twain:
 But Mortimer, reserved for better hap,
 Hath shaken off the thraldom of the Tower,
 60 And lives t' advance your standard, good my lord.

62 **Pr. Edw.** How mean you? and the king, my father, lives!
 No, my Lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.

64
 66 **Q. Isab.** Not, son! why not? I would it were no worse.
 But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France.

68 **Y. Mort.** Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
 Told us, at our arrival, all the news –
 70 How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
 Hath shewed himself; but madam, right makes room
 72 Where weapons want; and, though a many friends
 Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
 74 And others of our party and faction;
 Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in England
 76 Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,
 To see us there, appointed for our foes.

78
 80 **Kent.** Would all were well, and Edward well reclaimed,
 For England's honour, peace and quietness.

82 **Y. Mort.** But by the sword, my lord, 't must be deserved;
 The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers.

84
 86 **Sir John.** My lords of England, sith th' ungentle king
 Of France refuseth to give aid of arms
 To this distressed queen, his sister here,
 88 Go you with her to Hainault; doubt ye not,
 We will find comfort, money, men and friends

90 | Ere long, to bid the English king a base. –
How say, young prince? what think you of the match?

92 | **Pr. Edw.** I think king Edward will outrun us all.

94 | **Q. Isab.** Nay, son, not so; and you must not discourage
96 | Your friends, that are so forward in your aid.

98 | **Kent.** Sir John of Hainault, pardon us, I pray;
These comforts that you give our woeful queen
100 | Bind us in kindness all at your command.

102 | **Q. Isab.** Yea, gentle brother; and the God of Heaven
Prosper your happy motion, good Sir John.

104 | **Y. Mort.** This noble gentleman, forward in arms,
106 | Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold. –
Sir John of Hainault, be it thy renown,
108 | That England's queen and nobles in distress,
Have been by thee restored and comforted.

110 | **Sir John.** Madam, along, and you my lords, with me,
112 | That England's peers may Hainault's welcome see.

114 | [Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE III.

An apartment in the king's palace at Westminster.

*Enter King Edward, Arundel, the Elder and
Younger Spenser, and others.*

1 **K. Edw.** Thus after many threats of wrathful war,
2 Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends;
And triumph, Edward, with his friends, uncontrolled!
4 My lord of Gloucester, do you hear the news?

6 **Y. Spen.** What news, my lord?

8 **K. Edw.** Why, man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realm; – my lord of Arundel,
10 You have the note, have you not?

12 **Arun.** From the Lieutenant of the Tower, my lord.

14 **K. Edw.** I pray, let us see it.

16 [Takes the note.]

18 What have we there?
Read it, Spenser.

20 [Hands the note to Young Spenser,
22 who reads the names.]

24 Why, so; they barked apace a month ago:
Now, on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite.
26 Now, sirs, the news from France? Gloucester, I trow
The lords of France love England's gold so well
28 As Isabell[a] gets no aid from thence.
What now remains? Have you proclaimed, my lord,
30 Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?

32 **Y. Spen.** My lord, we have; and if he be in England,
'A will be had ere long, I doubt it not.

34 **K. Edw.** If, dost thou say? Spenser, as true as death,
36 He is in England's ground; our portmasters
Are not so careless of their king's command.

38 *Enter a Messenger.*

40 How now, what news with thee? from whence come
these?

42
 44 **Post.** Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of France; –
 To you, my lord of Gloucester, from Levune.

46 [Gives letters to Young Spenser.]

48 **K. Edw.** Read.

50 **Spem.** [*Reads*] "*My duty to your honour promised,*
 52 *&c., I have, according to instructions in that behalf,*
dealt with the King of France his lords, and effected,
 54 *that the queen, all discontented and discomforted, is*
gone; whither, if you ask, with Sir John of Hainault,
 56 *brother to the marquis, into Flanders. With them are*
gone lord Edmund, and the lord Mortimer, having in
 58 *their company divers of your nation, and others; and,*
as constant report goeth, they intend to give King
 60 *Edward battle in England, sooner than he can look for*
them. This is all the news of import.

62 *Your honour's in all service, Levune".*

64 **K. Edw.** Ah, villains! hath that Mortimer escaped?
 With him is Edmund gone associate?
 66 And will Sir John of Hainault lead the round?
 Welcome, a God's name, madam, and your son;
 68 England shall welcome you and all your rout.
 Gallop apace, bright Phoebus, through the sky,
 70 And dusky night, in rusty iron car,
 Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,
 72 That I may see that most desired day,
 When we may meet these traitors in the field.
 74 Ah, nothing grieves me, but my little boy
 Is thus misled to countenance their ills.
 76 Come, friends, to Bristow, there to make us strong; –
 And, winds, as equal be to bring them in,
 78 As you injurious were to bear them forth!

80 [Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE IV.*Near Harwich.**Enter Queen Isabella, Prince Edward, Kent,
Young Mortimer, and Sir John of Hainault.*

1 **Q. Isab.** Now lords, our loving friends and countrymen,
 2 Welcome to England all, with prosperous winds!
 Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,
 4 To cope with friends at home: a heavy case
 When force to force is knit, and sword and glaive
 6 In civil broils make kin and countrymen
 Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
 8 With their own weapons gored! But what's the help?
 Misgoverned kings are cause of all this wrack; –
 10 And, Edward, thou art one among them all,
 Whose looseness hath betrayed thy land to spoil,
 12 And made the channels overflow with blood.
 Of thine own people patron shouldst thou be.
 14 But thou –

16 **Y. Mort.** Nay, madam, if you be a warrior,
 You must not grow so passionate in speeches. –
 18 Lords,
 Sith that we are by sufferance of Heaven
 20 Arrived, and armèd in this prince's right,
 Here for our country's cause swear we to him
 22 All homage, fealty, and forwardness;
 And for the open wrongs and injuries
 24 Edward hath done to us, his queen and land,
 We come in arms to wreak it with the sword;
 26 That England's queen in peace may repossess
 Her dignities and honours: and withal
 28 We may remove these flatterers from the king,
 That havocs England's wealth and treasury.

30 **Sir John.** Sound trumpets, my lord, and forward let us
 march.

32 Edward will think we come to flatter him.

34 **Kent.** I would he never had been flattered more!

36 [Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE V.

Near Bristol.

*Enter King Edward, Baldock, and Young Spenser,
flying about the stage.*

1 **Y. Spen.** Fly, fly, my lord! the queen is over-strong;
2 Her friends do multiply, and yours do fail.
Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.

4
6 **K. Edw.** What! was I born to fly and run away,
And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind?
Give me my horse, and let's r'enforce our troops:
8 And in this bed of honour die with fame.

10 **Bald.** O no, my lord, this princely resolution
Fits not the time: away! we are pursued.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Kent alone, with sword and target.

16 **Kent.** This way he fled, but I am come too late. –
18 Edward, alas! my heart relents for thee. –
Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou chase
20 Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword?
Vild wretch! – and why hast thou, of all unkind,
22 Borne arms against thy brother and thy king? –
Rain showers of vengeance on my cursèd head,
24 Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs
To punish this unnatural revolt! –
26 Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life!
O fly him, then! – But, Edmund, calm this rage,
28 Dissemble, or thou diest; for Mortimer
And Isabel do kiss while they conspire:
30 And yet she bears a face of love forsooth.
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate!
32 Edmund, away! Bristow to Longshanks' blood
Is false: be not found single for suspect:
34 Proud Mortimer pries near into thy walks.

*Enter Queen Isabella, Prince Edward,
Young Mortimer, and Sir John of Hainault.*

38
40 **Q. Isab.** Successful battles gives the God of kings
To them that fight in right and fear his wrath.

42 Since then successfully we have prevailed,
 Thanks be Heaven's great architect, and you. —
 Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,
 44 We here create our well-belovèd son,
 Of love and care unto his royal person,
 46 Lord Warden of the realm, and sith the fates
 Have made his father so infortunate,
 48 Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
 As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

50 **Kent.** Madam, without offense, if I may ask,
 52 How will you deal with Edward in his fall?

54 **Pr. Edw.** Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do you
 mean?

56 **Kent.** Nephew, your father: I dare not call him king.

58 **Y. Mort.** My lord of Kent, what needs these questions?
 'Tis not in her controlment, nor in ours,
 60 But as the realm and parliament shall please,
 So shall your brother be disposèd of. —

62 [*Aside to the Queen*]

I like not this relenting mood in Edmund.
 64 Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.

66 **Q. Isab.** My lord, the mayor of Bristow knows our mind.

68 **Y. Mort.** Yea, madam; and they scape not easily
 That fled the field.

70 **Q. Isab.** Baldock is with the king.
 72 A goodly chancellor, is he not, my lord?

74 **Sir John.** So are the Spensers, th' father and the son.

76 **Kent.** This Edward is the ruin of the realm.

78 *Enter Rice ap Howell, with the Elder Spenser
 prisoner, and Attendants.*

80 **Rice.** God save Queen Isabel and her princely son!
 82 Madam, the mayor and citizens of Bristow,
 In sign of love and duty to this presence,
 84 Present by me this traitor to the state,
 Spenser, the father to that wanton Spenser,
 86 That, like the lawless Catiline of Rome,
 Revelled in England's wealth and treasury.

88

90 **Q. Isab.** We thank you all.

91 **Y. Mort.** Your loving care in this

92 Deserveth princely favours and rewards.

93 But where's the king and th' other Spenser fled?

94 **Rice.** Spenser the son, created Earl of Gloucester,

95 Is with that smooth-tongued scholar Baldock gone,

96 And shipped but late for Ireland with the king.

97 **Y. Mort.** [*Aside*]

98 Some whirlwind fetch them back, or sink them all. –

99 They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.

100 **Pr. Edw.** Shall I not see the king my father yet?

101 **Kent.** [*Aside*]

102 Unhappy's Edward, chased from England's bounds.

103 **Sir John.** Madam, what resteth? Why stand ye in a muse?

104 **Q. Isab.** I rue my lord's ill fortune; but, alas!

105 Care of my country called me to this war!

106 **Y. Mort.** Madam, have done with care and sad complain;

107 Your king hath wronged your country and himself,

108 And we must seek to right it as we may.

109 Meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block. –

110 Your lordship cannot privilege your head.

111 **E. Spen.** Rebel is he that fights against his prince;

112 So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.

113 **Y. Mort.** Take him away; he prates. –

114 [*Exeunt Attendants with the Elder Spenser.*]

115 You, Rice ap Howell,

116 Shall do good service to her majesty,

117 Being of countenance in your country here,

118 To follow these rebellious runagates. –

119 We in meanwhile, madam, must take advice,

120 How Baldock, Spenser, and their complices,

121 May in their fall be followed to their end.

122 [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE VI.

Within the abbey at Neath.

*Enter the Abbot, Monks, King Edward, Young Spenser
and Baldock (the three latter disguised).*

- 1 **Abb.** Have you no doubt, my lord; have you no fear;
2 As silent and as careful will we be
To keep your royal person safe with us,
4 Free from suspect, and fell invasion
Of such as have your majesty in chase,
6 Yourself, and those your chosen company,
As danger of this stormy time requires.
8
- K. Edw.** Father, thy face should harbour no deceit.
10 O! hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,
Pierced deeply with [a] sense of my distress,
12 Could not but take compassion of my state.
Stately and proud, in riches and in train,
14 Whilom I was powerful and full of pomp:
But what is he whom rule and empery
16 Have not in life or death made miserable? –
Come, Spenser; come Baldock, come, sit down by me;
18 Make trial now of that philosophy,
That in our famous nurseries of arts
20 Thou sucked'st from Plato and from Aristotle. –
Father, this life contemplative is Heaven.
22 O that I might this life in quiet lead!
But we, alas! are chased; and you, my friends,
24 Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.
Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold, nor fee,
26 Do you betray us and our company.
- 28 **Monk.** Your grace may sit secure,
If none but we do wot of your abode.
30
- Y. Spen.** Not one alive, but shrewdly I suspect
32 A gloomy fellow in a mead below.
'A gave a long look after us, my lord;
34 And all the land, I know, is up in arms,
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.
36
- Bald.** We were embarked for Ireland; wretched we!
38 With awkward winds and sore tempests driven
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear
40 Of Mortimer and his confederates.

42 **K. Edw.** Mortimer! Who talks of Mortimer?
 Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer,
 44 That bloody man? – Good father, on thy lap
 Lay I this head, laden with mickle care.
 46 O might I never open these eyes again!
 Never again lift up this drooping head!
 48 O nevermore lift up this dying heart!

50 **Spn.** Look up, my lord. – Baldock, this drowsiness
 Betides no good; here even we are betrayed.

52

*Enter, with Welsh hooks, Rice ap Howell,
 a Mower, and Leicester.*

54

56 **Mower.** Upon my life, these be the men ye seek.

58 **Rice.** Fellow, enough. – My lord, I pray, be short;
 A fair commission warrants what we do.

60

Leic. The queen's commission, urged by Mortimer;
 62 What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen?
 Alas! see where he sits, and hopes unseen
 64 T' escape their hands that seek to reave his life.
 Too true it is, *Quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*
 66 *Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.*

But, Leicester, leave to grow so passionate. –
 68 Spenser and Baldock, by no other names,
 I [do] arrest you of high treason here.
 70 Stand not on titles, but obey th' arrest:
 'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen. –
 72 My lord, why droop you thus?

74 **K. Edw.** O day the last of all my bliss on earth,
 Center of all misfortune! O my stars,
 76 Why do you lour unkindly on a king?
 Comes Leicester, then, in Isabella's name
 78 To take my life, my company from me?
 Here, man, rip up this panting breast of mine,
 80 And take my heart in rescue of my friends!

82 **Rice.** Away with them!

84 **Y. Spn.** It may become thee yet
 To let us take our farewell of his grace.

86

Abb. [*Aside*] My heart with pity earns to see this sight,
 88 A king to bear these words and proud commands.

90 **K. Edw.** Spenser, ah, sweet Spenser, thus then must we
part?

92 **Y. Spen.** We must, my lord; so will the angry heavens.

94 **K. Edw.** Nay, so will hell and cruël Mortimer;
The gentle Heavens have not to do in this.

96 **Bald.** My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.
98 Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves.
Our lots are cast; I fear me, so is thine.

100 **K. Edw.** In Heaven we may, in earth ne'er shall we meet:
—

102 And, Leicester, say, what shall become of us?

104 **Leic.** Your majesty must go to Killingworth.

106 **K. Edw.** Must! 'Tis somewhat hard, when kings *must* go.

108 **Leic.** Here is a litter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.

110 **Rice.** As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.

112 **K. Edw.** A litter hast thou? lay me in a hearse,
114 And to the gates of hell convey me hence.
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
116 And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore;
For friends hath Edward none but these, and these,
118 And these must die under a tyrant's sword.

120 **Rice.** My lord, be going: care not for these,
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.

122 **K. Edw.** Well, that shall be, shall be: part we must!
124 Sweet Spenser, gentle Baldock, part we must!
Hence, feignèd weeds! Unfeignèd are my woes;

126 *[Throws off his disguise.]*

128 Father, farewell! Leicester, thou stay'st for me,
130 And go I must. Life, farewell, with my friends.

132 *[Exeunt King Edward and Leicester.]*

134 **Y. Spen.** O! is he gone? is noble Edward gone?
Parted from hence? never to see us more?

136 Rent, sphere of Heaven! And, fire, forsake thy orb!
Earth, melt to air! Gone is my sovereign.

138 | Gone, gone, alas! never to make return.

140 | **Bald.** Spenser, I see our souls are fleeting hence;
We are deprived the sunshine of our life:

142 | Make for a new life, man; throw up thy eyes,
And heart and hand to Heaven's immortal throne;

144 | Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance:
Reduce we all our lessons unto this,

146 | To die, sweet Spenser, therefore live we all;
Spenser, all live to die, and rise to fall.

148 |
150 | **Rice.** Come, come, keep these preachments till you
come to the place appointed. You, and such as you are,
152 | have made wise work in England; will your lordships
away?

154 | **Mower.** Your lordship, I trust, will remember me?

156 | **Rice.** Remember thee, fellow! What else? Follow me
to the town.

158 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.SCENE I.

An apartment in Kenilworth (Killingworth) Castle.

*Enter King Edward, Leicester,
the Bishop of Winchester, and Trussel.*

1 **Leic.** Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament;
2 Imagine Killingworth castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
4 Not of compulsion or necessity.

6 **K. Edw.** Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows;
8 For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allayed,
10 But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
12 But when th' imperial lion's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
14 [And] highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up into the air.
16 And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
Th' ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
18 And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mewed me in a prison;
20 For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,
As with the wings of rancour and disdain
22 Full often am I soaring up to Heaven,
To plain me to the gods against them both.
24 But when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I should revenge me of my wrongs,
26 That Mortimer and Isabel have done.
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
28 But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule; I bear the name of king;
30 I wear the crown, but am controlled by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen,
32 Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy;
Whilst I am lodged within this cave of care,
34 Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
36 That bleeds within me for this strange exchange. —
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
38 To make usurping Mortimer a king?

40 **B. of Win.** Your grace mistakes; it is for England's good,
And princely Edward's right we crave the crown.

42
44 **K. Edw.** No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he's a lamb, encompassèd by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
46 But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!
48 Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head;
50 So shall not England's vine be perishèd,
But Edward's name survives, though Edward dies.

52
54 **Leic.** My lord, why waste you thus the time away?
They stay your answer; will you yield your crown?

56 **K. Edw.** Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause;
58 To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
60 In which extreme my mind here murdered is.
But what the heavens appoint, I must obey!
62 Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too;

64 *[Taking off the crown.]*

66 Two kings in England cannot reign at once. —
But stay a while, let me be king till night,
68 That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
70 My head, the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wishèd right.
72 Continue ever, thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime:
74 Stand still, you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
76 That Edward may be still fair England's king!
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
78 And needs I must resign my wishèd crown.
Inhuman creatures! nursed with tiger's milk!
80 Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow!
My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.
82 See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again!

84 *[Putting on the crown.]*

86 What, fear you not the fury of your king?
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led;

88 | They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,
 But seeks to make a new-elected king;
 90 | Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
 Which thoughts are martyrèd with endless torments,
 92 | And in this torment comfort find I none,
 But that I feel the crown upon my head;
 94 | And therefore let me wear it yet a while.

96 | **Trus.** My lord, the parliament must have present news,
 And therefore say, will you resign or no?

98 |

[*The King rageth.*]

100 |

K. Edw. I'll not resign, but whilst I live [be king]!
 102 | Traitors, be gone! and join you with Mortimer!
 Elect, conspire, install, do what you will: –
 104 | Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries.

106 | **B. of Win.** This answer we'll return; and so, farewell.

108 |

[*Going with Trussel.*]

110 | **Leic.** Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair;
 For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

112 |

K. Edw. Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.

114 |

Leic. My lord, the king is willing to resign.

116 |

B. of Win. If he be not, let him choose.

118 |

K. Edw. O would I might! but heavens and earth conspire
 120 | To make me miserable! Here, receive my crown;
 Receive it? No, these innocent hands of mine
 122 | Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.
 He of you all that most desires my blood,
 124 | And will be called the murtherer of a king,
 Take it. – What, are you moved? pity you me?
 126 | Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
 And Isabel, whose eyes, been turned to steel,
 128 | Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.
 Yet stay, for rather than I will look on them,
 130 | Here, here!

132 |

[*Gives the crown.*]

134 | Now, sweet God of Heaven,
 Make me despise this transitory pomp,
 136 | And sit for aye enthronèd in Heaven!

138 Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or if I live, let me forget myself.

140 **B. of Win.** My lord –

142 **K. Edw.** Call me not lord! away – out of my sight!

Ah, pardon me: grief makes me lunatic.

144 Let not that Mortimer protect my son;

More safety is there in a tiger's jaws,

146 Than his embracements. Bear this to the queen,

Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs;

148

[Gives a handkerchief.]

150

If with the sight thereof she be not moved,

152 Return it back, and dip it in my blood.

Commend me to my son, and bid him rule

154 Better than I. Yet how have I transgressed,

Unless it be with too much clemency?

156

Trus. And thus most humbly do we take our leave.

158

K. Edw. Farewell;

160

[Exeunt the Bishop of Winchester and Trussel
with the crown.]

162

164 I know the next news that they bring

Will be my death; and welcome shall it be;

166 To wretched men, death is felicity.

168

Enter Berkeley, who gives a paper to Leicester.

170

Leic. Another post! What news brings he?

172

K. Edw. Such news as I expect – come, Berkeley, come,

And tell thy message to my naked breast.

174

Berk. My lord, think not a thought so villainous

176

Can harbour in a man of noble birth.

To do your highness service and devoir,

178

And save you from your foes, Berkeley would die.

180

Leic. [Reading the paper]

My lord, the council of the queen commands

182

That I resign my charge.

184

K. Edw. And who must keep me now? Must you, my
lord?

186 **Berk.** Ay, my most gracious lord – so 'tis decreed.

188 **K. Edw.** [*Taking the paper*]
By Mortimer, whose name is written here!
190 Well may I rent his name that rends my heart!

192 [*Tears it.*]

194 This poor revenge hath something eased my mind.
So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper!
196 Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too!

198 **Berk.** Your grace must hence with me to Berkeley
straight.

200 **K. Edw.** Whither you will; all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.

202 **Leic.** Favour him, my lord, as much as lieth in you.

204 **Berk.** Even so betide my soul as I use him.

206 **K. Edw.** Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
208 And that's the cause that I am now removed.

210 **Berk.** And thinks your grace that Berkeley will be cruel?

212 **K. Edw.** I know not; but of this am I assured,
That death ends all, and I can die but once.
214 Leicester, farewell!

216 **Leic.** Not yet, my lord; I'll bear you on your way.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V, SCENE II.

An apartment in the royal palace.

Enter Queen Isabella and Young Mortimer.

1 **Y. Mort.** Fair Isabel, now have we our desire;
 2 The proud corrupters of the light-brained king
 Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
 4 And he himself lies in captivity.
 Be ruled by me, and we will rule the realm.
 6 In any case, take heed of childish fear,
 For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,
 8 That, if he slip, will seize upon us both,
 And gripe the sorer, being griped himself.
 10 Think therefore, madam, that imports as much
 T' erect your son with all the speed we may,
 12 And that I be protector over him;
 For our behoof will bear the greater sway
 14 Whenas a king's name shall be under writ.

16 **Q. Isab.** Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,
 Be thou persuaded that I love thee well,
 18 And therefore, so the prince my son be safe,
 Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,
 20 Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
 And I myself will willingly subscribe.

22
Y. Mort. First would I hear news that he were deposed,
 24 And then let me alone to handle him.

26 *Enter Messenger.*

28 **Y. Mort.** Letters! From whence?

30 **Mess.** From Killingworth, my lord.

32 **Q. Isab.** How fares my lord the king?

34 **Mess.** In health, madam, but full of pensiveness.

36 **Q. Isab.** Alas, poor soul, would I could ease his grief!

38 *Enter the Bishop of Winchester with the crown.*

40 Thanks, gentle Winchester.
 [To the Messenger] Sirrah, be gone.

42
 [Exit Messenger.]

44

46 **B. of Win.** The king hath willingly resigned his crown.

48 **Q. Isab.** O happy news! Send for the prince my son.

B. of Win. Further, ere this letter was sealed, Lord Berkeley came,
50 So that he now is gone from Killingworth;
52 And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot
54 To set his brother free; no more but so.
The lord of Berkeley is so pitiful
54 As Leicester that had charge of him before.

56 **Q. Isab.** Then let some other be his guardian.

58 **Y. Mort.** Let me alone, here is the privy seal.

60 *[Exit the Bishop of Winchester.]*

62 Who's there? –
[To Attendants within]
64 Call hither Gurney and Matrevis. –
To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,
66 Berkeley shall be discharged, the king removed,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.

68 **Q. Isab.** But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,
70 What safety rests for us, or for my son?

72 **Y. Mort.** Speak, shall he presently be dispatched and die?

74 **Q. Isab.** I would he were, so it were not by my means.

76 *Enter Matrevis and Gurney.*

78 **Y. Mort.** Enough. –
Matrevis, write a letter presently
80 Unto the lord of Berkeley from ourself
That he resign the king to thee and Gurney;
82 And when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name.

84 **Mat.** It shall be done, my lord.

86 *[Writes.]*

88 **Y. Mort.** Gurney.

90 **Gurn.** My lord.

92 **Y. Mort.** As thou intend'st to rise by Mortimer,
Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he please,
94 Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,

96 And neither give him kind word nor good look.

96

Gurn. I warrant you, my lord.

98

Y. Mort. And this above the rest: because we hear
100 That Edmund casts to work his liberty,
Remove him still from place to place by night,
102 Till at the last he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to Berkeley back again;
104 And by the way, to make him fret the more,
Speak curstly to him; and in any case
106 Let no man comfort him if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words.

108

Mat. Fear not, my lord, we'll do as you command.

110

Y. Mort. So, now away; post thitherwards amain.

112

Q. Isab. Whither goes this letter? To my lord the king?
114 Commend me humbly to his majesty,
And tell him that I labour all in vain
116 To ease his grief and work his liberty;
And bear him this as witness of my love.

118

[Gives a ring.]

120

Mat. I will, madam.

122

[Exeunt Matrevis and Gurney.]

124

Y. Mort. Finely dissembled. Do so still, sweet queen.
126 Here comes the young prince with the Earl of Kent.

128

Q. Isab. Something he whispers in his childish ears.

130

Y. Mort. If he have such access unto the prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dashed.

132

Q. Isab. Use Edmund friendly as if all were well.

134

Enter Prince Edward, and Kent talking with him.

136

Y. Mort. How fares my honourable Lord of Kent?

138

Kent. In health, sweet Mortimer: how fares your grace?

140

Q. Isab. Well, if my lord your brother were enlarged.

142

144 **Kent.** I hear of late he hath deposed himself.
146 **Q. Isab.** The more my grief.
148 **Y. Mort.** And mine.
150 **Kent.** [*Aside*] Ah, they do dissemble!
152 **Q. Isab.** Sweet son, come hither, I must talk with thee.
154 **Y. Mort.** You being his uncle, and the next of blood,
156 **Kent.** Not I, my lord; who should protect the son,
158 **Pr. Edw.** Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown:
160 Let him be king – I am too young to reign.
162 **Q. Isab.** But be content, seeing 'tis his highness' pleasure.
164 **Pr. Edw.** Let me but see him first, and then I will.
166 **Kent.** Ay, do, sweet nephew.
168 **Q. Isab.** Brother, you know it is impossible.
170 **Pr. Edw.** Why, is he dead?
172 **Q. Isab.** No, God forbid.
174 **Kent.** I would those words proceeded from your heart.
176 **Y. Mort.** Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favour him,
178 **Kent.** That wast a cause of his imprisonment?
180 **Y. Mort.** [*Aside to Queen Isabella*]
182 I tell thee, 'tis not meet that one so false
184 Should come about the person of a prince. –
186 My lord, he hath betrayed the king his brother,
188 And therefore trust him not.
190 **Pr. Edw.** But he repents, and sorrows for it now.
192 **Q. Isab.** Come, son, and go with this gentle lord and me.
Pr. Edw. With you I will, but not with Mortimer.

194 **Y. Mort.** Why, youngling, 'sdain'st thou so of Mortimer?
Then I will carry thee by force away.

196 [Mortimer grabs Edward.]

198 **Pr. Edw.** Help, uncle Kent! Mortimer will wrong me.

200 **Q. Isab.** Brother Edmund, strive not: we are his friends;
Isabel is nearer than the Earl of Kent.

202 **Kent.** Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem him.

204 **Q. Isab.** Edward is my son, and I will keep him.

206 **Kent.** [Aside]
208 Mortimer shall know that he hath wrongèd me! –
Hence will I haste to Killingworth castle,
210 And rescue agèd Edward from his foes,
To be revenged on Mortimer and thee.

212 [Exeunt on one side Queen Isabella, Prince Edward,
214 and Young Mortimer; on the other Kent.]

ACT V, SCENE III.

Before Kenilworth (Killingworth) Castle.

*Enter Matrevis and Gurney and Soldiers,
with King Edward.*

1 **Mat.** My lord, be not pensive, we are your friends;
2 Men are ordained to live in misery,
Therefore, come, – dalliance dangereth our lives.

4
6 **K. Edw.** Friends, whither must unhappy Edward go?
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest?
Must I be vexèd like the nightly bird,
8 Whose sight is loathsome to all wingèd fowls?
When will the fury of his mind assuage?
10 When will his heart be satisfied with blood?
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,
12 And give my heart to Isabel and him;
It is the chiefest mark they level at.

14
16 **Gurn.** Not so, my liege. The queen hath given this
charge
To keep your grace in safety;
Your passions make your dolours to increase.

18
20 **K. Edw.** This usage makes my misery increase.
But can my air of life continue long
When all my senses are annoyed with stench?
22 Within a dungeon England's king is kept,
Where I am starved for want of sustenance.
24 My daily diet is heartbreaking sobs,
That almost rents the closet of my heart;
26 Thus lives old Edward not relieved by any,
And so must die, though pitièd by many.
28 O, water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst
And clear my body from foul excrements!

30
32 **Mat.** Here's channel water, as our charge is given;
Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.

34 **K. Edw.** Traitors, away! What, will you murther me,
Or choke your sovereign with puddle water?

36
38 **Gurn.** No, but wash your face, and shave away your
beard,
Lest you be known, and so be rescuèd.

40 **Mat.** Why strive you thus? Your labour is in vain!

42 **K. Edw.** The wren may strive against the lion's strength,
But all in vain: so vainly do I strive
44 To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

46 *[They wash him with puddle water,
and shave off his beard.]*

48
Immortal powers! that know the painful cares
50 That wait upon my poor distressèd soul,
O level all your looks upon these daring men,
52 That wrong their liege and sovereign, England's king!
O Gaveston, 'tis for thee that I am wronged,
54 For me, both thou and both the Spensers died!
And for your sakes a thousand wrongs I'll take.
56 The Spensers' ghosts, wherever they remain,
Wish well to mine; then tush, for them I'll die.

58 **Mat.** 'Twixt theirs and yours shall be no enmity.
60 Come, come, away; now put the torches out.
We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

62 *Enter Kent.*

64 **Gurn.** How now, who comes there?

66 **Mat.** Guard the king sure: it is the Earl of Kent.

68 **K. Edw.** O gentle brother, help to rescue me!

70 **Mat.** Keep them asunder; thrust in the king.

72 **Kent.** Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.

74 **Gurn.** Lay hands upon the earl for this assault.

76 **Kent.** Lay down your weapons, traitors! yield the king!

78 **Mat.** Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.

80 **Kent.** Base villains, wherefore do you gripe me thus?

82 **Gurn.** Bind him, and so convey him to the court.

84 **Kent.** Where is the court but here? here is the king;
86 And I will visit him; why stay you me?

88 **Mat.** The court is where lord Mortimer remains;
Thither shall your honour go; and so farewell.

90

[Exeunt Matrevis and Gurney, with King Edward.]

92

Kent. O, miserable is that commonweal,
Where lords keep courts, and kings are locked in prison!

94

96 **Sold.** Wherefore stay we? on, sirs, to the court!

96

Kent. Ay, lead me whither you will, even to my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be released.

98

100

[Exeunt.]

ACT V, SCENE IV.

An apartment in the royal palace.

Enter Young Mortimer, alone.

1 **Y. Mort.** The king must die, or Mortimer goes down;
 2 The commons now begin to pity him:
 Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death
 4 Is sure to pay for it when his son is of age;
 And therefore will I do it cunningly.
 6 This letter, written by a friend of ours,
 Contains his death, yet bids them save his life.
 8 [*Reads*]
 "*Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est*":
 10 Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die.
 But read it thus, and that's another sense:
 12 *Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est*":
 Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst.
 14 Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,
 That, being dead, if it chance to be found,
 16 Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,
 And we be quit that caused it to be done.
 18 Within this room is locked the messenger
 That shall convey it, and perform the rest:
 20 And by a secret token that he bears,
 Shall he be murdered when the deed is done. —
 22 Lightborn, come forth!

Enter Lightborn.

24 Art thou so resolute as thou wast?
 26
 28 **Light.** What else, my lord? and far more resolute.
 30 **Y. Mort.** And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?
 32 **Light.** Ay, ay, and none shall know which way he died.
 34 **Y. Mort.** But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent.
 36 **Light.** Relent? ha, ha! I use much to relent.
 38 **Y. Mort.** Well, do it bravely, and be secret.
 40 **Light.** You shall not need to give instructions;
 'Tis not the first time I have killed a man:
 42 I learned in Naples how to poison flowers;
 To strangle with a lawn thrust down the throat;

44 To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point;
 Or, whilst one is asleep, to take a quill
 46 And blow a little powder in his ears:
 Or open his mouth, and pour quicksilver down.
 48 But yet I have a braver way than these.

50 **Y. Mort.** What's that?

52 **Light.** Nay, you shall pardon me; none shall know my
 tricks.

54 **Y. Mort.** I care not how it is, so it be not spied.
 Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis.

56 [Gives letter.]

58 At every ten mile end thou hast a horse.
 60 Take this;

62 [Gives money.]

64 Away! and never see me more!

66 **Light.** No!

68 **Y. Mort.** No;
 Unless thou bring me news of Edward's death.

70 **Light.** That will I quickly do. Farewell, my lord.

72 [Exit.]

74 **Y. Mort.** The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
 76 And with a lowly congè to the ground,
 The proudest lords salute me as I pass;
 78 I seal, I cancel, I do what I will.
 Feared am I more than loved; – let me be feared,
 80 And when I frown, make all the court look pale.
 I view the Prince with Aristarchus' eyes,
 82 Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.
 They thrust upon me the protectorship,
 84 And sue to me for that that I desire.
 While at the council-table, grave enough,
 86 And not unlike a bashful Puritan,
 First I complain of imbecility,
 88 Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum*;
 Till being interrupted by my friends,
 90 *Suscepi* that *provinciam* as they term it;
 And to conclude, I am Protector now.

92 Now is all sure: the queen and Mortimer
 Shall rule the realm, the king; and none rule us.
 94 Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance;
 And what I list command who dare control?
 96 *Maior sum quam cui possit fortuna nocere.*
 And that this be the coronation day,
 98 It pleaseth me, and Isabel the queen.

100 [Trumpets within.]

102 The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

104 *Enter King Edward the Third, Queen Isabella,
 the Archbishop of Canterbury, Champion and Nobles.*

106 **A. of Cant.** Long live King Edward, by the grace of God,
 108 King of England and Lord of Ireland!

110 **Champ.** If any Christian, heathen, Turk, or Jew,
 Dares but affirm that Edward's not true king,
 112 And will avouch his saying with the sword,
 I am the champion that will combat him.

114 **Y. Mort.** None comes, sound, trumpets.

116 [Trumpets sound.]

118 **Edw. III.** Champion, here's to thee.

120 [Gives a purse.]

122 **Q. Isab.** Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

124 *Enter Soldiers with Kent prisoner.*

126 **Y. Mort.** What traitor have we there with blades and bills?

128 **Sold.** Edmund, the Earl of Kent.

130 **Edw. III.** What hath he done?

132 **Sold.** 'A would have taken the king away perforce,
 134 As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

136 **Y. Mort.** Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund? speak.

138 **Kent.** Mortimer, I did; he is our king,
 And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.

140

142 **Y. Mort.** Strike off his head! He shall have martial law.

144 **Kent.** Strike off my head! base traitor, I defy thee!

146 **Edw. III.** My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.

148 **Y. Mort.** My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.

150 **Kent.** Stay, villains!

152 **Edw. III.** Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Entreat my Lord Protector for his life.

154 **Q. Isab.** Son, be content; I dare not speak a word.

156 **Edw. III.** Nor I, and yet methinks I should command;
But, seeing I cannot, I'll entreat for him –

158 My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.

160 **Y. Mort.** 'Tis for your highness' good, and for the realm's.
–

162 How often shall I bid you bear him hence?

164 **Kent.** Art thou king? must I die at thy command?

166 **Y. Mort.** At our command. – Once more away with him.

168 **Kent.** Let me but stay and speak; I will not go.
Either my brother or his son is king,
170 And none of both them thirst for Edmund's blood:
And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me?

172 *[Soldiers hale Kent away, to be beheaded.]*

174 **Edw. III.** What safety may I look for at his hands,
176 If that my uncle shall be murdered thus?

178 **Q. Isab.** Fear not, sweet boy, I'll guard thee from thy foes;
Had Edmund lived, he would have sought thy death.
180 Come, son, we'll ride a-hunting in the park.

182 **Edw. III.** And shall my uncle Edmund ride with us?

184 **Q. Isab.** He is a traitor; think not on him; come.

186 *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V, SCENE V.

A hall in Berkeley Castle.

Enter Matrevis and Gurney.

1 **Mat.** Gurney, I wonder the king dies not.
2 Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
3 To which the channels of the castle run,
4 From whence a damp continually ariseth,
5 That were enough to poison any man,
6 Much more a king brought up so tenderly.

8 **Gurn.** And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight
9 I opened but the door to throw him meat,
10 And I was almost stifled with the savour.

12 **Mat.** He hath a body able to endure
13 More than we can inflict: and therefore now
14 Let us assail his mind another while.

16 **Gurn.** Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

18 **Mat.** But stay, who's this?

20 *Enter Lightborn.*

22 **Light.** My Lord Protector greets you.

24 [Gives letter.]

26 **Gurn.** What's here? I know not how to conster it.

28 **Mat.** Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce:
29 "*Edwardum occidere nolite timere.*"
30 That's his meaning.

32 **Light.** Know you this token? I must have the king.

34 [Gives token.]

36 **Mat.** Ay, stay awhile, thou shalt have answer straight.
37 [Aside to Gurney]

38 This villain's sent to make away the king.

40 **Gurn.** [Aside] I thought as much.

42 **Mat.** [Aside] And when the murder's done,
43 See how he must be handled for his labour.

44 **Pereat iste!** Let him have the king. —
45 What else? Here is the keys, this is the lake,

46 Do as you are commanded by my lord.

48 **Light.** I know what I must do. Get you away,
Yet be not far off, I shall need your help;

50 See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red-hot.

52 **Mat.** Very well.

54 **Gurn.** Need you anything besides?

56 **Light.** What else? A table and a feather-bed.

58 **Gurn.** That's all?

60 **Light.** Ay, ay; so, when I call you, bring it in.

62 **Mat.** Fear not thou that.

64 **Gurn.** Here's a light, to go into the dungeon.

66
[Gives a light, and then exit with Matrevis.]

68 **Light.** So now
70 Must I about this gear; ne'er was there any
So finely handled as this king shall be.

72 Foh, here's a place indeed, with all my heart!

74 **K. Edw.** Who's there? what light is that? wherefore comes
thou?

76 **Light.** To comfort you and bring you joyful news.

78 **K. Edw.** Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

80 **Light.** To murder you, my most gracious lord!
82 Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were used,
84 For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
86 To see a king in this most piteous state?

88 **K. Edw.** Weep'st thou already? list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
90 Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.

92 This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

94 | **Light.** O villains!

96 | **K. Edw.** And there in mire and puddle have I stood

98 | This ten days' space; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.

100 | They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,

102 | My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed,
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.

104 | O, would my blood dropped out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes.

106 | Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,

108 | And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.

110 | **Light.** O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while.

112 | **K. Edw.** These looks of thine can harbour nought but
death:

114 | I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay; awhile forbear thy bloody hand,

116 | And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,

118 | My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

120 | **Light.** What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

122 | **K. Edw.** What means thou to dissemble with me thus?

124 | **Light.** These hands were never stained with innocent
blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

126 | **K. Edw.** Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left; receive thou this.

130 | [Gives jewel.]

132 | Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.

134 | O, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.

136 | Know that I am a king: O, at that name
I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown?

138 | Gone, gone! and do I [still] remain alive?

140 | **Light.** You're overwatched, my lord; lie down and rest.

142 **K. Edw.** But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
 For not these ten days have these eye-lids closed.
 144 Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
 Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?

146 **Light.** If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

148 **K. Edw.** No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,
 150 Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay.

152 [Sleeps.]

154 **Light.** He sleeps.

156 **K. Edw.** [Waking]
 O let me not die; yet stay, O stay a while!

158 **Light.** How now, my lord?

160 **K. Edw.** Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
 162 And tells me if I sleep I never wake;
 This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
 164 And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

166 **Light.** To rid thee of thy life. – Matrevis, come.

168 *Enter Matrevis and Gurney.*

170 **K. Edw.** I am too weak and feeble to resist: –
 Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!

172 **Light.** Run for the table.

174 **K. Edw.** O spare me, or dispatch me in a trice.

176 [Matrevis brings in a table.]

178 **Light.** So, lay the table down, and stamp his body,
 180 But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

182 [King Edward is murdered.]

184 **Mat.** I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
 And therefore, let us take horse and away.

186 **Light.** Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?

188 **Gurn.** Excellent well: take this for thy reward

190

[*Gurney stabs Lightborn, who dies.*]

192

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,

194

And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord.

196

Away!

[*Exeunt with the bodies.*]

ACT V, SCENE VI.

An apartment in the royal palace.

Enter Young Mortimer and Matrevis.

1 **Y. Mort.** Is't done, Matrevis, and the murtherer dead?

2

Mat. Ay, my good lord; I would it were undone!

4

Y. Mort. Matrevis, if thou now growest penitent
6 I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore choose,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
8 Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.

10 **Mat.** Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will, I fear,
Betray us both; therefore let me fly.

12

Y. Mort. Fly to the savages!

14

Mat. I humbly thank your honour.

16

[Exit.]

18

Y. Mort. As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge tree,
20 And others are but shrubs compared to me.
All tremble at my name, and I fear none;
22 Let's see who dare impeach me for his death!

24

Enter Queen Isabella.

26 **Q. Isab.** Ah, Mortimer, the king my son hath news
His father's dead, and we have murdered him!

28

Y. Mort. What if we have? The king is yet a child.

30

Q. Isab. Ay, ay, but he tears his hair, and wrings his
hands,

32

And vows to be revenged upon us both.

Into the council-chamber he is gone,

34

To crave the aid and succour of his peers.

Ay me! see where he comes, and they with him.

36

Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

38

Enter King Edward the Third, Lords and Attendants.

40

Ist Lord. Fear not, my lord, know that you are a king.

42

Edw. III. Villain! –

- 44 **Y. Mort.** How now, my lord!
- 46 **Edw. III.** Think not that I am frighted with thy words!
My father's murdered through thy treachery;
- 48 And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse
Thy hateful and accursèd head shall lie
- 50 To witness to the world, that by thy means
His kingly body was too soon interred.
- 52 **Q. Isab.** Weep not, sweet son!
- 54 **Edw. III.** Forbid not me to weep; he was my father;
And had you loved him half so well as I,
56 You could not bear his death thus patiently.
58 But you, I fear, conspired with Mortimer.
- 60 **1st Lord.** Why speak you not unto my lord the king?
- 62 **Y. Mort.** Because I think [it] scorn to be accused.
Who is the man dares say I murdered him?
- 64 **Edw. III.** Traitor! in me my loving father speaks,
66 And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murdered'st him.
- 68 **Y. Mort.** But hath your grace no other proof than this?
- 70 **Edw. III.** Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.
- 72 [Showing letter.]
- 74 **Y. Mort.** [Aside] False Gurney hath betrayed me and
himself.
- 76 **Q. Isab.** [Aside] I feared as much; murther cannot be hid.
- 78 **Y. Mort.** [I]t is my hand; what gather you by this?
- 80 **Edw. III.** That thither thou didst send a murtherer.
- 82 **Y. Mort.** What murtherer? Bring forth the man I sent.
- 84 **Edw. III.** Ah, Mortimer, thou knowest that he is slain;
And so shalt thou be too – Why stays he here?
86 Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth;
Hang him, I say, and set his quarters up;
88 And bring his head back presently to me.
- 90 **Q. Isab.** For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer!
- 92 **Y. Mort.** Madam, entreat not, I will rather die,
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.

94 **Edw. III.** Hence with the traitor! with the murderer!

96 **Y. Mort.** Base Fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel

98 There is a point, to which when men aspire,

100 They tumble headlong down: that point I touched,

102 And, seeing there was no place to mount up higher,

104 Why should I grieve at my declining fall? –
Farewell, fair queen; weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

106 **Edw. III.** What! suffer you the traitor to delay?

108 *[Young Mortimer is taken away by 1st Lord
and Attendants.]*

110 **Q. Isab.** As thou received'st thy life from me,

112 Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer!

114 **Edw. III.** This argues that you spilt my father's blood,
Else would you not entreat for Mortimer.

116 **Q. Isab.** I spill his blood? no!

118 **Edw. III.** Ay, madam, you, for so the rumour runs.

120 **Q. Isab.** That rumour is untrue; for loving thee,
122 Is this report raised on poor Isabel.

124 **Edw. III.** I do not think her so unnatural.

126 **2nd Lord.** My lord, I fear me it will prove too true.

128 **Edw. III.** Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower
130 Till further trial may be made thereof:
If you be guilty, though I be your son,
132 Think not to find me slack or pitiful.

134 **Q. Isab.** Nay, to my death, for too long have I lived,
Whenas my son thinks to abridge my days.

136 **Edw. III.** Away with her, her words enforce these tears,
138 And I shall pity her if she speak again.

140 **Q. Isab.** Shall I not mourn for my beloved lord,
And with the rest accompany him to his grave?

142

144 **2nd Lord.** Thus, madam, 'tis the king's will you shall
hence.

146 **Q. Isab.** He hath forgotten me; stay, I am his mother.

148 **2nd Lord.** That boots not; therefore, gentle madam, go.

150 **Q. Isab.** Then come, sweet death, and rid me of this grief.

[Exit with Attendants.]

152 *Re-enter 1st Lord, with the head of Young Mortimer.*

154 **1st Lord.** My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.

156 **Edw. III.** Go fetch my father's hearse, where it shall lie;
158 And bring my funeral robes.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

162 Accursèd head,
164 Could I have ruled thee then, as I do now,
166 Thou had'st not hatched this monstrous treachery! –
Here comes the hearse; help me to mourn, my lords.

[Re-enter Attendants with the hearse and funeral robes.]

168 Sweet father, here unto thy murdered ghost
170 I offer up this wicked traitor's head;
172 And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and innocence.

[Exeunt.]

174 **FINIS.**

Optional Textual Changes.

The texts of the Scripts prepared for our website, ElizabethanDrama.org, generally lean towards keeping the language of the plays' earliest editions. Where obvious errors in typography have occurred, the emendations suggested by early and modern editors are usually accepted without comment.

Words and syllables have in some cases been added to the original text; such additions appear within hard brackets [], and may be omitted at a director's discretion. Such additions have generally been made for one of two reasons: (1) where words or syllables have clearly been omitted from the original text by accident, and are needed for a line to make sense; and (2) where words or syllables are added to repair a line's meter.

The text of this Script may be confidently adopted by a theatre group without further revision; however, we present below a list of changes a director may wish to consider, if he or she feels any of them would make the language more sensible, etc. Most of these emendations represent suggestions of later editors of the play, and a few represent restoring original language from the quartos.

Explanations for all these possible emendations can be found in the annotated edition of this play found on our website.

Act I, Scene i.

1. line 16: modernize *artic* to *arctic*.
2. line 52: modernize *porpentine* to *porcupine*.

Act I, Scene ii.

1. line 43: emend *We'll* to *We'd*.

Act I, Scene iii.

1. omit entire scene as pointless.

Act I, Scene iv.

1. line 165: emend *may* to *make*.
2. line 215: emend *lord* to *love*.
3. line 322: modernize *shipwracked* to *shipwrecked*.
4. line 420: modernize *murtherer* to *murderer*. Make same change (*murther* to *murder*, etc) at the following locations: III.ii.168, 240; III.iv.6; V.i.60, 124; V.iii.34; V.iv.176; V.v.79, 81, 134, 149; V.vi..1, 76, 80, 82.
5. line 442: modernize *mushrump* to *mushroom*.
6. line 453: separate this single-line speech into two speeches as follows:

Pemb. And so will Pembroke.

War. And I.

7. line 485: modernize *strook* to *struck*.
8. line 550: emend *Deserves* to *Deserve* to correct the grammar.
9. line 624: emend *Whiles other* to *While others*.

Act II, Scene ii.

1. line 2: modernize *wracked* to *wrecked*.
2. lines 40-46: reassign speech to the Earl of Kent.
3. line 254: emend *Would* to *'Twould*.
4. line 312: modernize *woon* to *won*.

Act II, Scene iii.

1. line 35: in place of *this castle's walls*, restore to the quarto's *this castle walls*, or emend to *these castle walls*.

Act II, Scene v.

1. line 26: emend *Kind* to *King*.
2. line 63: modernize *renowmed* to *renowned*.
3. line 106: modernize *renowm* to *renown*.
4. line 152: emend *My lord* to *My lord of Arundel*.
5. line 162: modernize *hether* to *hither*.

Act IV, Scene ii.

1. line 13: emend *war* to *jar*.
2. line 29: emend *shake off* to *share of*; or emend *fortunes* to *sorrows*.
3. line 71: modernize *shewed* to *showed*.

Act IV, Scene iii.

1. line 22: have Young Spenser read off any of the names from the note at line 80.

Act IV, Scene iv.

1. line 29: emend *havocs* to *havoc* to correct the grammar.

Act IV, Scene v.

1. line 113: emend *complain* to *complaint*.

Act IV, Scene vi.

1. line 17: omit the second *come*.
2. line 46: emend *open* to *'ope*.

Act V, Scene i.

1. line 89: emend *seeks* to *seek* to correct the grammar.
2. line 102: omit *you*.
3. line 127: emend *been* to *being*.

Act V, Scene ii.

1. line 10: emend *as* to *us*.
2. line 13: emend *will* to *'twill*.
3. line 53: emend *so* to *as*.
4. line 74: emend *it were* to *'twere*.
5. line 102: in place of *Till*, restore to *And*.

Act V, Scene iv.

1. line 47: emend *open* to *'ope*.

Act V, Scene v.

1. line 127: emend *my thought* to *my fault*.
2. line 179: emend *his body* to *on it*.

Act V, Scene vi.

1. line 31: omit the second *ay*.