

ElizabethanDrama.org

presents
a Theatre Script of

KING EDWARD THE FIRST
(aka EDWARD I)

By George Peele

Written c. 1590-3

First Published 1593

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KING EDWARD THE FIRST (aka EDWARD I)

By George Peele

Written c. 1590-3
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DRAMATIS PERSONS:

The English Royal Family:

EDWARD I, King of England, surnamed Longshanks.

QUEEN ELINOR, Edward's consort.

KATHERINE, Elinor's Attendant.

JOAN OF ACON, their daughter.

QUEEN-MOTHER, consort of the deceased Henry III.

EDMUND, Duke of Lancaster, Edward's brother,

DUCHESS OF LANCASTER, Edmund's Wife.

English Nobility:

GILBERT DE CLARE, Earl of Gloucester.

EARL OF SUSSEX.

MORTIMER, Earl of March.

SIR THOMAS SPENCER.

CRESSINGHAM.

Other English Characters:

BISHOP.

MAYORESS OF LONDON.

LADY ELINOR, Daughter of Simon de Montfort.

POTTER'S WIFE.

JOHN, Servant to Potter's Wife.

The Welsh:

LLUELLEN, Prince of Wales.

SIR DAVID OF BRECKNOCK, Lluellen's Brother.

RICE AP MEREDITH, a Baron.

OWEN AP RICE, a Baron.

FRIAR HUGH AP DAVID.

GUENTHIAN, the Friar's Wench.

JACK, Novice of the Friar.

GUENTHER, a Messenger.

HARPER.

FARMER.

The Scots:

JOHN BALIOL, Elected King of Scotland.

VERSESSES, a Lord.

English Lords, Scottish Lords, Welsh Barons,
Ladies, Messengers, Soldiers, etc.

A. Scene Settings and Stage Directions

The quartos of *Edward I* do not identify scene settings or asides, and the stage directions are often confused. We have adopted the asides and many of the stage directions suggested by earlier editors; the suggested settings for each scene are our own.

B. Textual Suggestions.

The text of the Scripts prepared by ElizabethanDrama.org generally lean towards keeping the language of the original quartos. The quartos of *Edward I*, unfortunately, are exceptionally corrupt, which is to say the number of typographical errors is unusually large (especially in the final scene), so that we have been forced to incorporate more emendations of the later editors than we like to do; however, in order for many of the speeches to have any coherency, we had little choice in the matter.

The text of our Script may be confidently adopted by a theatre group without further revision; however, we present below a list of additional changes a director may wish to make, 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.

Scene I.

1. line 30: change *to eternize* to *t' eternize*.
2. line 59: change *Glocester!* to *Edmund!*
3. line 67: change *Received* to *Ravished* or *Renewed*.
4. line 86: change *the arrest* to *th' arrest*.
5. omit lines 310-311.
6. line 337: change *lovely* to *loftily* or *royally*.

Scene II.

1. line 204: change *Robert* to *Davy*.
2. line 481: change *murthering* to *murdering*.
3. end Scene II at line 499, ie. omit lines 500-514.

Scene III.

1. line 12: change *Th' enkindled* to *Th' ambitious*.
2. line 52: change the award to *th' award*.
3. line 71: change *pity* to *piety*.
4. omit lines 83-85; or, change *lovely England* to *royal*

England.

5. move line 127 to immediately after line 123.

Scene IV.

1. line 30: change *the usurper* to *th' usurper*.

Scene V.

1. line 4: change *den* to *tent*.
2. line 37: change *countries* to *centuries*.
3. line 40: change *gage* to *gash*.

4. line 41: end the line with a dash instead of a question mark.
5. line 61: change **renowned** here and everywhere to **renowned** (Scenes X.376, XII.196 and XXV.1).

Scene VI.

1. end line 103 with a dash.
2. emend line 144 to ***Sweet Joan, call in proud Edward.***
3. line 199: change **Katherina** here and everywhere to **Katherine** (Scene XVI, lines 3, 36 and 52).

Scene VII.

1. line 8: change **half** to **false**.
2. emend lines 115-6 to as follows:
*It is enough. Jove changes glittering robes,
And then he flies to see Mnemosyne.*

Scene VIII.

1. line 2: restore the quartos' **bedlams** for **beldames**.
2. line 11: change **do** to **go**.
3. line 13: options for emending **Let thine look black on**:
a. *Let eyne look back on.*
b. *Let eyne look black on.*
c. *Let thy eyne look black on.*
d. *Let thee look look black on.*
4. line 81: change **I** to **he**.
5. line 94: restore the quartos' **ill** for **no**.
6. line 151: change **let me see, then, Friar** to **let me see thine, Friar**.
7. line 208: change **mine** to **thine**.
8. line 217: change **Now** to **Nor**.

Scene IX.

1. line 16: change **his** to **her** or **its**.
2. line 29: change **We there** to **Wither** or **Way there!**

Scene X.

1. line 51: change **the queen** to **my queen**.
2. line 54: change **thy Nell** to simply **Nell**.
3. line 64: change **less** to **least**.
4. line 129: change **abbeyes** to **rebels** or **rabble**.
5. transpose lines 145 and 146.
6. line 159: omit **Hood**.
7. line 215: change **honey** to **heir**, and / or move **and honey** to after **corn** in line 217.
8. line 324: change **milt** to **moult** or **melt**.
9. line 378: change **is thy features** to **are thy features**.

Scene XI.

1. lines 4-5: change **so...British** to **Sol, la, mi, fa! to't! raise your British voices**.
2. line 6: change **carpell** to **carrell** or **carol**.

Scene XII.

1. line 223: change *ear* to *yield*.
2. line 314: change *mountainous* to *monstrous*.
3. line 332: change *to prepare* to *so prepare*, or omit this *to*.

Scene XIII.

1. line 85: omit *all*.
2. line 119: change *thou send'st* to *thou scornest, thou see'st*, or *'a send'st*.

Scene XIV.

1. line 31: change *her lords* to *their swords*.
2. line 32: change *trembles* to *trembled*.

Scene XVII.

1. lines 6 and 18: change *the bride* to *the bridge*.

Scene XVIII.

1. line 15: change *exit the Friar* to *manet the Friar*, ie. keep the Friar on his knees and on-stage leading into Scene XIX.

Scene XIX.

1. line 37: change *warned* to *warmed*.

Scene XXV.

1. line 7: change *leave* to *learn*.
2. line 14: change *help thee* to *are there*.
3. line 19: change *confusion* to *condition*.
4. line 27: change *shepherds* to *sheep rule*.
5. line 29: change *comes springing* to *conspiring* or *up-springing*.
6. line 32: change *vallow* to *yellow*.
7. line 33: change *his hatches* to *the hatches*.
8. line 36: change *servile* to *civil, suasive* or *soothing*.
9. line 69: emend the line to *And hindered is by flocking troops of sin*".
10. line 72: change *greatest* to *greater*.
11. line 73: change *grief* to *guilt*.
12. line 81: change *anointed* to *enjoined*.
13. transpose lines 134 and 135, or change line 135's *He is my hope* to *His only hope is*.
14. line 157: change *looks* to *locks*, or restore the quartos' *Melissa's* for *Medusa's*.
15. line 158: restore the quartos' *discreet* for *desire*, with no punctuation after *discreet*.
16. line 235: minor changes include emending *pleating* to *pleading* or *fleeting*, and *in* to *for*; a more substantial option is to emend the line to either of the following:
 - a. *And leave their plighted liege in princes' laps*.
 - b. *And leave their bleating liege for princes' laps*.
17. line 238: change *profession* to *confession*.
18. line 275: change own *repeated* to *unexpected*.

SCENE I.

The Royal Palace at Westminster.

*Enter Gilbert de Clare (the Earl of Gloucester), with
the Earl of Sussex, Mortimer (the Earl of March),
and Sir David (Lluellen's brother) waiting on
Eleanor (the Queen-Mother).*

- 1 **Qu. Mother.** My Lord Lieutenant of Gloucester, and Lord
Mortimer,
2 To do you honour in your sovereign's eyes,
That, as we hear, is newly come a-land
4 From Palestine, with all his men-of-war
(The poor remainder of the royal fleet,
6 Preserved by miracle in Sicil road,)
Go mount your coursers, meet him on the way:
8 Pray him to spur his steed; minutes are hours,
Until his mother see her princely son
10 Shining in glory of his safe return. –
- 12 *[Exeunt Gloucester and Mortimer.]*
- 14 Illustrious England, ancient seat of kings,
Whose chivalry hath royalized thy fame,
16 That sounding bravely through terrestrial vale,
Proclaiming conquests, spoils, and victories,
18 Rings glorious echoes through the farthest world;
What warlike nation, trained in feats of arms,
20 What barbarous people, stubborn, or untamed,
What climate under the meridian signs,
22 Or frozen zone under his brumal stage,
Erst have not quaked and trembled at the name
24 Of Britain and her mighty conquerors?
Her neighbour realms, as Scotland, Denmark, France,
26 Awed with their deeds, and jealous of her arms,
Have begged defensive and offensive leagues.
28 Thus Europe, rich and mighty in her kings,
Hath feared brave England, dreadful in her kings.
30 And now, to eternize Albion's champions
Equivalent with Trojans' ancient fame,
32 Comes lovely Edward from Jerusalem,
Veering before the wind, ploughing the sea;
34 His stretchèd sails filled with the breath of men
That through the world admires his manliness.
36 And, lo, at last arrived in Dover-road,
Longshank[s], your king, your glory, and our son,
38 With troops of conquering lords and warlike knights,

40 Like bloody-crested Mars, o'erlooks his host,
 Higher than all his army by the head,
 Marching along as bright as Phoebus' eyes!
 42 And we, his mother, shall behold our son,
 And England's peers shall see their sovereign.

44 *The trumpets sound, and enter the train, viz,*
 46 *Edward's maimed soldiers with head-pieces and*
garlands on them, every man with his red-cross on
 48 *his coat; the Ancient borne in a chair, his garland*
and his plumes on his head-piece, his ensign in his
 50 *hand. Enter after them Gloucester and Mortimer*
bare-headed, and others, as many as may be.

52 *Then enter Edward and his wife Elinor,*
 54 *Edmund Crouchback (the Duke of Lancaster),*
and Joan, and Elinor de Montfort (the Duke of
 56 *Leicester's daughter, and prisoner), and Almeric*
 58 *de Montfort her brother, with Sailors and Soldiers.*

Glocester! Edward! O my sweet sons!

60 [And then she falls and sounds.]

62 **K. Edw.** Help, ladies! – O ingrateful destiny,
 64 To welcome Edward with this tragedy!
 66 **Gloc.** Patient, your highness: 'tis but mother's love
 Received with sight of her thrice-valiant sons. –
 68 Madam, amaze not: see his majesty
 Returned with glory from the holy land.

70 **Qu. Mother.** Brave sons, the worthy champions of our
 God,
 72 The honourable soldiers of the Highest,
 Bear with your mother, whose abundant love
 74 With tears of joy salutes your sweet return
 From famous journeys hard and fortunate.
 76 But, lords, alas, how heavy is our loss
 Since your departure to these Christian wars!
 78 The king your father, and the prince your son,
 And your brave uncle, Almain's emperor,
 80 Ay me, are dead!

82 **K. Edw.** Take comfort, madam; leave these sad laments:
 Dear was my uncle, dearer was my son.
 84 And ten times dearer was my noble father;
 Yet, were their lives valued at thousand worlds,

86 They cannot scape the arrest of dreadful Death,
 Death that doth seize and summon all alike.
 88 Then, leaving them to heavenly blessedness,
 To join in thrones of glory with the just,
 90 I do salute your royal majesty,
 My gracious mother-queen, and you, my lords,
 92 Gilbert de Clare, Sussex and Mortimer,
 And all the princely states of England's peers,
 94 With health and honour to your hearts' content. –
 And welcome, wishèd England, on whose ground
 96 These feet so often have desired to tread:
 Welcome, sweet queen, my fellow-traveller,
 98 Welcome, sweet Nell, my fellow-mate in arms,
 Whose eyes have seen the slaughtered Saracens
 100 Piled in the ditches of Jerusalem: –
 And lastly welcome, manly followers,
 102 That bears the scars of honour and of arms,
 And on your war-drums carry crowns as kings,
 104 Crown mural, naval, and triumphant all;
 At view of whom the Turks have trembling fled,
 106 Like sheep before the wolves, and Saracens
 Have made their cottages in wallèd towns;
 108 But bulwarks had no fence to beat you back. –
 Lords, these are they will enter brazen gates,
 110 And tear down lime and mortar with their nails:
 Embrace them, barons: these have got the name
 112 Of English gentlemen and knights-at-arms;
 Not one of these but in the champaign field
 114 Hath won his crown, his collar, and his spurs.
 Not Caesar, leading though the streets of Rome
 116 The captive kings of conquered nations,
 Was in his princely triumphs honoured more
 118 Than English Edward in this martial sight.
 Countrymen,
 120 Your limbs are lost in service of the Lord,
 Which is your glory and your country's fame:
 122 For limbs you shall have living, lordships, lands,
 And be my counsellors in war's affairs.
 124 Soldiers, sit down. – Nell, sit thee by my side. –
 These be Prince Edward's pompous treasury.

126
 128 *[The Queen-Mother being set on the one side,
 and Elinor on the other, Edward sitteth in the
 130 midst, mounted highest, and at his feet
 the ensign underneath him.]*

132 O glorious Capitol! beauteous senate-house!

134 Triumphant Edward, how, like sturdy oaks,
 Do these thy soldiers circle thee about,
 To shield and shelter thee from winter's storms!
 136 Display thy cross, old Aimès of the Vies:
 Dub on your drums, tannèd with India's sun,
 138 My lusty western lads: Matrevers, thou
 Sound proudly here a perfect point of war
 140 In honour of thy sovereign's safe return.
 Thus Longshanks bids his soldiers *Bien venu*.

142
 [Use drums and trumpets and ensigns.]

144 O God, my God, the brightness of my day,
 146 How oft hast thou preserved thy servant safe,
 By sea and land, yea, in the gates of death!
 148 O God, to thee how highly am I bound
 For setting me with these on English ground!
 150 One of my mansion-houses will I give
 To be a college for my maimèd men,
 152 Where every one shall have an hundred marks
 Of yearly pension to his maintenance:
 154 A soldier that for Christ and country fights
 Shall want no living whilst King Edward lives.
 156 Lords, you that love me, now be liberal,
 And give your largess to these maimèd men.

158 **Qu. Mother.** Towards this erection doth thy mother give,
 160 Out of her dowry, five thousand pounds of gold,
 To find them surgeons to recure their wounds;
 162 And whilst this ancient standard-bearer lives,
 He shall have forty pound of yearly fee, —
 164 And be my beadsman, father, if you please.

166 **K. Edw.** Madam, I tell you, England never bred
 A better soldier than your beadsman is;
 168 And that the Soldan and his army felt.

170 **Lanc.** Out of the duchy of rich Lancaster,
 To find soft bedding for their bruised bones,
 172 Duke Edmund gives three thousand pounds.

174 **K. Edw.** Grammercies, brother Edmund.
 Happy is England under Edward's reign,
 176 When men are had so highly in regard
 That nobles strive who shall remunerate
 178 The soldiers' resolution with regard. —
 My Lord of Gloucester, what is your benevolence?

180

182 **Gloc.** A thousand marks, an please your majesty.

184 **K. Edw.** And yours, my Lord of Sussex?

186 **Suss.** Five hundred pound, an please your majesty.

188 **K. Edw.** What say you, Sir David of Brecknock?

190 **David.** To a soldier Sir David cannot be too liberal:
 192 yet that I may give no more than a poor knight is able,
 194 and not presume as a mighty earl, I give, my lord, four
 196 hundred, fourscore, and nineteen pounds. – And so,
 198 my Lord of Sussex, I am behind you an ace.

200 **Suss.** And yet, Sir David, ye amble after apace.

202 **K. Edw.** Well said, David; thou couldst not be a
 204 Camber-Briton, if thou didst not love a soldier with
 206 thy heart. Let me see now if my arithmetic will serve
 208 to total the particulars.

210 **Qu. Elin.** Why, my lord, I hope you mean I shall be a
 212 benefactor to my fellow-soldiers.

214 **K. Edw.** And well said, Nell! what wilt thou I set
 216 down for thee?

218 **Qu. Elin.** Nay, my lord, I am of age to set it down for
 220 myself. You will allow what I do, will you not?

222 **K. Edw.** That I will, madam, were it to the value of
 224 my kingdom.

226 **Qu. Elin.** What is the sum, my lord?

228 **K. Edw.** Ten thousand pounds, my Nell.

230 **Qu. Elin.** Then, Elinor, bethink thee of a gift worthy
 the King of England's wife and the King of Spain's
 daughter, and give such a largess that the chronicles
 of this land may crake with record of thy liberality.
Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

[She makes a cipher.]

There, my lord; neither one, two, nor three, but a
 poor cipher in agrum, to enrich good fellows, and
 compound their figure in their kind.

K. Edw. Madam, I commend your composition,

232 an argument of your honourable disposition. Sweet
 Nell, thou shouldst not be thyself, did not, with thy
 234 mounting mind, thy gift surmount the rest.
Gloc. Call you this *ridiculus mus*? Marry, sir, this
 236 mouse would make a foul hole in a fair cheese. 'Tis but
 a cipher in agrum, and it hath made of ten thousand
 238 pounds a hundred thousand pounds.
Lanc. A princely gift and worthy memory.
Gloc. My gracious lord, as erst I was assigned
 242 Lieutenant to his majesty, here render I up the crown,
 244 left in charge with me by your princely father King
 Henry;
 246 Who on his death-bed still did call for you,
 And dying willed to you the diadem.
K. Edw. Thanks, worthy lord:
 250 And seeing by doom of heavens it is decreed,
 And lawful line of our succession,
 252 Unworthy Edward is become your king,
 We take it as a blessing from on high.
 254 And will our coronation be solémnizèd
 Upon the fourteenth of December next.
Qu. Elin. Upon the fourteenth of December next!
 258 Alas, my lord, the time is all too short
 And sudden for so great solemnity:
 260 A year were scarce enough to set a-work
 Tailors, embroiderers, and men of rare device,
 262 For preparation of so great estate.
 Trust me, sweet Ned, hardly shall I bethink me
 264 In twenty weeks what fashion robes to wear.
 I pray thee, then, defer it till the spring,
 266 That we may have our garments point-device.
 I mean to send for tailors into Spain,
 268 That shall confer of some fantastic suits
 With those that be our cunning'st Englishmen.
 270 What, let me brave it now or never, Ned!
K. Edw. Madam, content ye: would that were greatest
 care!
 You shall have garments to your heart's desire.
 274 I never read but Englishmen excelled
 For change of rare devices every way.
 276 **Qu. Elin.** Yet pray thee, Ned, my love, my lord, and king,

278 My fellow-soldier, and compeer-in-arms,
 Do so much honour to thy Elinor,
 280 To wear a suit that she shall give thy grace;
 Of her own cost and workmanship perhaps.

282 **Qu. Mother.** 'Twill come by leisure, daughter, then, I fear:
 284 Thou'rt too fine-fingered to be quick at work.

286 **K. Edw.** 'Twixt us a greater matter breaks no square,
 So be it such, my Nell, as may beseem
 288 The majesty and greatness of a king. –
 And now, my lords and loving friends,
 290 Follow your general to the court,
 After his travels, to repose him then,
 292 There to recount with pleasure what is past
 Of war's alarums, showers, and sharpest storms.

294
 [Exeunt all except Queen Elinor and Joan.]

296 **Qu. Elin.** Now, Elinor, now England's lovely queen,
 298 Bethink thee of the greatness of thy state,
 And how to bear thyself with royalty
 300 Above the other queens of Christendom;
 That Spain reaping renown by Elinor,
 302 And Elinor adding renown to Spain,
 Britain may her magnificence admire. –
 304 I tell thee, Joan, what time our highness sits
 Under our royal canopy of state,
 306 Glistening with pendants of the purest gold.
 Like as our seat were spangled all with stars,
 308 The world shall wonder at our majesty,
 As if the daughter of eternal Ops,
 310 Turned to the likeness of vermilion fumes,
 Where from her cloudy womb the Centaurs leapt,
 312 Were in her royal seat enthronizèd.

314 **Joan.** Madam, if Joan thy daughter may advise,
 Let not your honour make your manners change.
 316 The people of this land are men of war,
 The women courteous, mild, and debonair;
 318 Laying their lives at princes' feet
 That govern with familiar majesty.
 320 But if their sovereigns once gin swell with pride,
 Disdaining commons' love, which is the strength
 322 And sureness of the richest commonwealth,
 That prince were better live a private life
 324 Than rule with tyranny and discontent.

326 | *Qu. Elin.* Indeed, we count them headstrong Englishmen;
But we shall hold them in a Spanish yoke,
328 | And make them know their lord and sovereign.
Come, daughter, let us home for to provide
330 | For all the cunning workmen of this isle
In our great chamber shall be set a-work,
332 | And in my hall shall bountifully feed.
My king, like Phoebus, bridegroom-like, shall march
334 | With lovely Thetis to her glassy bed,
And all the lookers-on shall stand amazed
336 | To see King Edward and his lovely queen
Sit lovely in England's stately throne.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.*Milford-Haven, Wales.*

*Enter Lluellen (the Prince of Wales),
Rice ap Meredith, Owen ap Rice,
with swords and bucklers, and frieze jerkins.*

- 1 **Lluel.** Come, Rice, and rouse thee for thy country's good:
 2 Follow the man that means to make you great;
 Follow Lluellen, rightful Prince of Wales,
 4 Sprung from the loins of great Cadwallader,
 Descended from the loins of Trojan Brute.
 6 And though the traitorous Saxons, Normans, Danes,
 Have pent the true remains of glorious Troy
 8 Within the western mountains of this isle,
 Yet have we hope to climb these stony pales,
 10 When Londoners, as Romans erst, amazed,
 Shall trembling cry, "Lluellen's at the gate!"
 12 T' accomplish this, thus have I brought you forth
 Disguised to Milford-Haven: here attend
 14 The landing of the Lady Elinor.
 Her stay doth make me muse: the wind stands fair,
 16 And ten days hence we did expect them here. —
 Neptune, be favourable to my love,
 18 And steer her keel with thy three-forkèd mace,
 That from this shore I may behold her sails,
 20 And in mine arms embrace my dearest dear.
- 22 **Mered.** Brave Prince of Wales, this honourable match
 Cannot but turn to Cambria's common good.
 24 Simon de Montfort, her thrice-valiant sire,
 That in the barons' wars was general,
 26 Was loved and honoured of the Englishmen:
 When they shall hear she's your espousèd wife,
 28 Assure your grace we shall have great supply
 To make our roads in England mightily.
- 30 **Owen.** What we resolved must strongly be performed,
 32 Before the king return from Palestine.
 Whilst he wins glory at Jerusalem,
 34 Let us win ground upon the Englishmen.
- 36 **Lluel.** Owen ap Rice, 'tis that Lluellen fears:
 I fear me Edward will be come ashore
 38 Ere we can make provision for the war.
 But be it as it will, within his court
 40 My brother David is, that bears a face

42 As if he were my greatest enemy.
 He by this craft shall creep into his heart,
 And give intelligence from time to time
 44 Of his intentions, drifts, and stratagems.
 Here let us rest upon the salt sea shore,
 46 And while our eyes long for our hearts' desires,
 Let us, like friends, pastime us on the sands.
 48 Our frolic minds are ominous for good.

50 [Enter Friar Hugh ap David, Guenthian (his wench)
 in flannel, and Jack (his Novice).]
 52

54 **Friar.** Guenthian, as I am true man.
 So will I do the best I can;
 Guenthian, as I am true priest,
 56 So will I be at thy behest;
 Guenthian, as I am true Friar,
 58 So will I be at thy desire.

60 **Jack.** My master stands too near the fire:
 Trust him not, wench; he will prove a liar.
 62

64 **Lluel.** True man, true Friar, true priest, and true knave,
 These four in one this trull shall have.

66 **Friar.** Here swear I by my shaven crown,
 Wench, if I give thee a gay green gown,
 68 I'll take thee up as I laid thee down,
 And never bruise nor batter thee.
 70

72 **Jack.** O, swear not, master; flesh is frail. —
 Wench, when the sign is in the tail,
 Mighty is love and will prevail:
 74 This churchman doth but flatter thee.

76 **Lluel.** A pretty worm, and a lusty friar,
 Made for the field, not for the quire.
 78

80 **Guen.** Mas Friar, as I am true maid,
 So do I hold me well apaid:
 'Tis churchman's lay and verity
 82 To live in love and charity;
 And therefore ween I, as my creed,
 84 Your words shall company your deed.
 Davy, my dear, I yield in all,
 86 Thine own to go and come at call.

88 **Mered.** And so far forth begins our brawl.

90 **Friar.** Then, my Guenthian, to begin,
 Sith idleness in love is sin, –
 92 Boy, to the town I will thee hie,
 And so return even by and by,
 94 When thou with cakes and muscadine,
 And other junkets good and fine,
 96 Hast filled thy bottle and thy bag.

98 **Jack.** Now, master, as I am true wag,
 I will be neither late nor lag,
 100 But go and come with gossip's cheer,
 Ere Gib our cat can lick her ear.
 102 For long ago I learned in school,
 That lovers' desires and pleasures cool
 104 Sans Ceres' wheat and Bacchus' vine:
 Now, master, for the cakes and wine.

[Exit Jack.]

108 **Friar.** Wench, to pass away the time in glee,
 110 Guenthian, set thee down by me.
 And let our lips and voices meet
 112 In a merry country song.

114 **Guen.** Friar, I am at beck and bay,
 And at thy commandment to sing and say.
 116 And other sports among.

118 **Owen.** Ay, marry, my lord, this is somewhat like a
 man's money. Here's a wholesome Welsh wench, lapt
 120 in her flannel, as warm as wool and as fit as a pudding
 for a friar's mouth.

[The Friar and Guenthian sing.]

124 **Lluell.** *Pax vobis, pax vobis!* good fellows, fair fall
 126 ye!

128 **Friar.** *Et cum spiritu tuo!* Friends, have you anything
 else to say to the Friar?

130 **Owen.** Much good do you, much good [do] you, my
 132 masters, heartily.

134 **Friar.** And you, sir, when ye eat. Have ye anything
 else to say to the Friar?

136 **Lluell.** Nothing; but I would gladly know, if mutton be
 138 your first dish, what shall be your last service?

140 **Friar.** It may be, sir, I count it physic to feed but on
142 one dish at a sitting. Sir, would you anything else with
the Friar?

144 **Mered.** O, nothing, sir: but if you had any manners,
you might bid us fall to.

146 **Friar.** Nay, an that be the matter, good enough. Is
148 this all ye have to say to the Friar?

150 **Lluel.** All we have to say to you, sir: it may be, sir,
we would walk aside with your wench a little.

152 **Friar.** My masters and friends, I am a poor friar, a
154 man of God's making, and a good fellow as you are,
legs, feet, face, and hands, and heart, from top to toe,
156 of my word, right shape and Christendom; and I love a
wench as a wench should be loved; and if you love
158 yourselves, walk, good friends, I pray you, and let the
Friar alone with his flesh.

160 **Lluel.** O Friar, your holy mother, the Church, teaches
162 you to abstain from these morsels. – Therefore,
my masters, 'tis a deed of charity to remove this
164 stumbling-block, a fair wench, a shrewd temptation
to a friar's conscience.

166 **Guen.** Friend, if you knew the Friar half so well as the
168 Bailey of Brecknock, you would think you might as
soon move Mannock-deny into the sea as Guenth[ian]
170 from his side.

172 **Lluel.** Mass, by your leave, we'll prove.

174 **Guen.** At your peril, if you move his patience.

176 **Friar.** Brother, brother, and my good countrymen, –

178 **Lluel.** Countrymen! nay, I cannot think that an
English friar will come so far into Wales barefooted.

180 **Owen.** That's more than you know; and yet, my lord,
182 he might ride, having a filly so near.

184 **Friar.** Hands off, good countrymen, at few words and
fair warnings.

186 **Lluel.** Countrymen! not so, sir; we renounce thee,
188 Friar, and refuse your country.

190 **Friar.** Then, brother, and my good friends, hands off,
an if you love your ease.

192
194 **Mered.** Ease me no easings: we'll ease you of this
carriage.

196 **Friar.** Fellow, be gone quickly, or my pike-staff and I
will set thee away with a vengeance.

198
200 **Lluel.** I am sorry, trust me, to see the Church so
unpatient.

202 **Friar.** Ye dogs, ouns! do me a shrewd turn and mock
me too? flesh and blood will not bear this. – Then
204 rise up, Robert, and say to Richard, *Redde rationem*
villicationis tuae. – Sir countryman, kinsman,
206 Englishman, Welshman, you with the wench, return
your *habeas corpus*; here's a *certiorari* for your
208 *procedendo*.

210 [Attacks them with his staff.]

212 **Owen.** Hold, Friar! we are thy countrymen.

214 **Mered.** Paid, paid! *Digon!* we are thy countrymen,
Mundue!

216
218 **Friar.** My countrymen! nay, marry, sir, shall you not
be my countrymen; you, sir, you, specially you, sir,
that refuse the Friar and renounce his country.

220
222 **Lluel.** Friar, hold thy hands. I swear as I am a
gentleman, I am a Welshman, and so are the rest,
of honesty.

224
226 **Friar.** Of honesty, sayest thou? they are neither
gentlemen nor Welshmen that will deny their country.
– Come hither, wench; I'll have a bout with them once
228 more for denying of their country.

230 [Makes as if he would fight.]

232 **Mered.** Friar, thou wottest not what thou sayest:
this is the prince, and we are all his train, disposed
234 to be pleasant with thee a little; but I perceive, Friar,
thy nose will bide no jest.

236
238 **Friar.** As much as you will with me, sir, but not at
any hand with my wench: I and Richard my man here,

240 are here *contra omnes gentes* – but is this Lluellen,
the great Camber-Briton?

242 **Lluel.** It is he, Friar: give me thy hand, and
gramercies twenty times. I promise thee thou hast
244 cudgelled two as good lessons into my jacket as ever
churchman did at so short warning: the one is, not to
246 be too busy with another man's cattle; the other, not in
haste to deny my country.

248 **Friar.** 'Tis pity, my lord, but you should have more of
250 this learning, you profit so well by it.

252 **Lluel.** 'Tis pity, Friar, but thou shouldst be Lluellen's
chaplain, thou edifiest so well; and so shalt thou be,
254 of mine honour: here I entertain thee, thy boy, and thy
trull, to follow my fortune in *secula seculorum*.

256 **Friar.** And Richard my man, sir, and you love me, –
258 he that stands by me and shrunk not at all weathers;
and then you have me in my colours.

260 **Lluel.** Friar, agreed. – Rice, welcome the ruffians.

262
[Enter the Harper and Jack,
264 Harper singing to the tune of
"Who List to Lead a Soldier's Life."]
266

Harp. Go to, go to, you Britons all,
268 And play the men, both great and small:
A wondrous matter hath befall,
270 That makes the prophet cry and call,
Tum date dite dote dum,
272 That you must march, both all and some,
Against your foes with trump and drum:
274 I speak to you from God, that you shall overcome.

276 [With a turn both ways.]

278 **Lluel.** What now? Who have we here? "Tum date dite
dote dum"!

280 **Friar.** What, have we a fellow dropt out of the
282 element? What's he for a man?

284 **Mered.** Knowest thou this goosecap?

286 **Friar.** What, not Morgan Pigot, our good Welsh
prophet? O, 'tis a holy harper!

288 **Mered.** A prophet, with a murrain! Good my lord,
 290 let's hear a few of his lines, I pray you.

292 **Jack.** My lords, 'tis an odd fellow, I can tell you, as
 any is in all Wales. He can sing, rhyme with reason,
 294 and rhyme without reason, and without reason or
 rhyme.

296 **Lluel.** The devil, he can! Rhyme with reason, and
 298 rhyme without reason, and reason without rhyme!
 Then, good Morgan Pigot, pluck out thy spigot, and
 300 draw us a fresh pot from the kinder-kind of thy
 knowledge.

302 **Friar.** Knowledge, my son, knowledge, I warrant ye.
 304 – How sayest thou, Morgan, art thou not a very
 prophet?

306 **Harp.** Friar, Friar, a prophet verily,
 308 For great Lluellen's love,
 Sent from above
 310 To bring him victory.

312 **Mered.** Come, then, gentle prophet, let's see how
 thou canst salute thy prince. Say, shall we have good
 314 success in our enterprise or no?

316 **Harp.** When the weathercock of Carnarvon steeple
 shall engender young ones in the belfry, and a herd of
 318 goats leave their pasture to be clothed in silver,
 Then shall Brute be born anew,
 320 And Wales record their ancient hue.
 Ask Friar David if this be not true.

322 **Friar.** This my lord, 'a means by you.
 324 O, he is a prophet, a prophet.

326 **Lluel.** Soft you now, good Morgan Pigot, and take us
 with ye a little, I pray. What means your wisdom by all
 328 this?

330 **Harp.** The weathercock, my lord, was your father,
 who by foul weather of war was driven to take
 332 sanctuary in Saint Mary's at Carnarvon, where he
 begat young ones on your mother in the belfry, viz.
 334 your worship and your brother David.

336 **Lluel.** But what didst thou mean by the goats?

338 **Harp.** The goats that leave the pasture to be clothed in
340 silver, are the silver goats your men wear on their
sleeves.

342 **Friar.** O, how I love thee, Morgan Pigot, our sweet
344 prophet!

Lluel. Hence, rogue, with your prophecies, out of my
346 sight!

348 **Mered.** Nay, good my lord, let's have a few more of
these metres: he hath great store in his head.

350 **Jack.** Yea, and of the best in the market, and your
352 lordship would vouchsafe to hear them.

354 **Lluel.** Villain, away! I'll hear no more of your
prophecies.

356 **Harp.** When legs shall lose their length,
358 And shanks yield up their strength,
Returning weary home from out the holy land,
360 A Welshman shall be king
And govern merry England.

362 **Mered.** Did I not tell your lordship he would hit it
364 home anon?

366 **Friar.** My lord, he comes to your time, that's flat.

368 **Jack.** Ay, master, and you mark him, he hit the mark
pat.

370 **Friar.** As how, Jack?

372 **Jack.** Why, thus:
374 When legs shall lose their length.
And shanks yield up their strength,
376 Returning weary home from out the holy land,
A Welshman shall be king
378 And govern merry England.
Why, my lord, in this prophecy is your advancement
380 as plainly seen as a three half-pence through a dish of
butter in a sunny day.

382 **Friar.** I think so, Jack; for he that sees three half-
384 pence must tarry till the butter be melted in the sun:
and so, forth, apply, boy.

386 **Jack.** *Non ego* master: do you, an you dare.
388
390 **Lluel.** And so, boy, thou meanest, he that tarries this
prophecy may see Longshanks shorter by the head and
Lluellen wear the crown in the field?
392
394 **Friar.** By Lady, my lord, you go near the matter. –
But what saith Morgan Pigot more?
396
398 **Harp.** In the year of our Lord God 1272, shall spring
from the loins of Brute, one whose wife's name being
the perfect end of his own, shall consummate the
400 peace betwixt England and Wales, and be advanced to
ride through Cheapside with a crown on his head; and
that's meant by your lordship, for your wife's name
402 being Ellen, and your own Lluellen, beareth the
perfect end of your own name: so must it needs be
404 that, [though] for a time Ellen flee from Lluellen, ye
being betrothed in heart each to others, must needs be
406 advanced to be highest of your kin.
408 **Lluel.** Jack, I make him thy prisoner. Look, what way
my fortune inclines, that way goes he.
410
412 **Mered.** Sirrah, see you run swiftest.
414
416 **Friar.** Farewell: be far from the spigot.
[Exeunt Friar and Guenthian.]
418
420 **Jack.** Now, sir, if our country ale were as good as
your metheglin, I would teach you to play the knave,
or you should teach me to play the harper.
422
424 **Harp.** *Ambo*, boy; you are too light-witted as I am
light-minded.
426
428 **Jack.** It seems to me thou art fittest and passing well.
[Exeunt Jack and Harper.]
430
432 **Lluel.** What tidings bringeth Guenther with his haste?
Say, man, what bodes thy message, good or bad?
434
436 **Guenther.** Bad, my lord; and all in vain, I wot,
Thou dart'st thine eyes upon the wallowing main,

436 As erst did Aegeus to behold his son,
 To welcome and receive thy welcome love;
 And sable sails he saw, and so mayst thou,
 438 For whose mishap the brackish seas lament,
 Edward, O Edward!

440 **Lluel.** And what of him?

442 **Guenther.** Landed he is at Dover with his men,
 444 From Palestine safe; by his English lords,
 Received in triumphs like an earthly god:
 446 He lives to wear his father's diadem,
 And sway the sword of British Albion.
 448 But Elinor, thy Elinor!

450 **Lluel.** And what of her?
 Hath amorous Neptune gazed upon my love,
 452 And stopt her passage with his forkèd mace?
 Or, that I rather fear, – O deadly fear! –
 454 Enamoured Nereus doth he withhold
 My Elinor?

456 **Guenther.** Nor Neptune, Nereus, nor other god
 458 Withholdeth from my gracious lord his love:
 But cruël Edward, that injurious king,
 460 Withholds thy liefest lovely Elinor;
 Taken in a pinnace on the narrow seas
 462 By four tall ships of Bristow, and with her
 Lord Almeric, her unhappy noble brother,
 464 As from Montargis hitherward they sailed.
 This say in brief these letters tell at large.

466 [Lluellen reads his brother Sir David's letters.]

468 **Lluel.** Is Longshanks, then, so lusty now become?
 470 Is my fair love, my beauteous Elinor, ta'en?
 Villains, damned villains, not to guard her safe,
 472 Or fence her sacred person from her foes! –
 Sun, couldst thou shine, and see my love beset,
 474 And didst not clothe thy clouds in fiery coats,
 O'er all the heavens, with wingèd sulphur flames,
 476 As when thy beams, like mounted combatants,
 Battled with Python in the fallowed lays?
 478 But if kind Cambria deign me good aspéct,
 To make me chiefest Brute of western Wales,
 480 I'll short that gain-legged Longshank[s] by the top,
 And make his flesh my murdering falchion's food. –

482 To arms, true Britons, sprong of Trojans' seed,
And with your swords write in the Book of Time
484 Your British names in characters of blood! –
Owen ap Rice, while we stay for further force,
486 Prepare, away in post, and take with thee
A hundred chosen of thy countrymen,
488 And scour the marches with your Welshmen's hooks,
That Englishmen may think the devil is come.
490 Rice shall remain with me: make thou thy bode
In resolution to revenge these wrongs
492 With blood of thousands guiltless of this rage.
Fly thou on them amain – Edward, my love
494 Be thy life's bane! – Follow me, countrymen!
Words make no way: my Elinor is surprised;
496 Robbed am I of the comfort of my life:
And know I this, and am not venged on him?

498
[Exit Lluellen and the other Lords.]

500
[Re-enter Friar and Jack his Novice,
502 with Guenthian and Harper.]

504 **Friar.** Come, boy, we must buckle I see, the prince is
of my profession right: rather than he will lose his
506 wench, he will fight *Ab ouo usque ad mala*.

508 **Jack.** O master, doubt you not, but your Novice will
prove a hot shot, with a bottle of Metheglin.

510
[Exeunt, here the wench falls into a Welsh song,
512 and the Friar answers, and Jack between.]

514
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*Berwick Castle, Berwick,
on the border of England and Scotland,
with transfer to a Street in London at line 134.*

*Enter the Nine Lords of Scotland,
(including John Baliol), with their Pages,
Glocester, Sussex, King Edward in his suit of glass,
Queen Elinor, the Queen-Mother, [and Joan]:
the King and Queen under a canopy.*

- 1 **K. Edw.** Nobles of Scotland, we thank you all
2 For this day's gentle princely service done
To Edward, England's king and Scotland's lord.
4 Our coronation's due solemnity
Is ended with applause of all estates:
6 Now, then, let us repose and rest us here.
But specially we thank you, gentle lords,
8 That you so well have governèd your griefs,
As, being grown unto a general jar,
10 You choose King Edward by your messengers,
To calm, to qualify, and to compound
12 Th' enkindled strife of Scotland's climbing peers.
I have no doubt, fair lords, but you well wot
14 How factions waste the richest commonwealth,
And discord spoils the seats of mighty kings.
16 The barons' war, a tragic wicked war,
Nobles, how hath it shaken England's strength!
18 Industrious, it seems to me, you have
Loyally ventured to prevent this shock;
20 For which, sith you have chosen me your judge,
My lords, will you stand to what I shall award?
22
- Bali.** Victorious Edward, to whom the Scottish kings
24 Owe homage as their lord and sovereign,
Amongst us nine is but one lawful king:
26 But might we all be judges in the case,
Then should in Scotland be nine kings at once,
28 And this contention never set or limited.
To stay these jars we jointly make appeal
30 To thy imperial throne, who knows our claims.
We stand not on our titles before your grace,
32 But do submit ourselves to your award;
And whom your majesty shall name to be our king,
34 To him we'll yield obedience as a king.
Thus willingly, and of their own accord,

36 Doth Scotland make great England's king her judge.

38 **K. Edw.** Then, nobles, since you all agree in one,
That for a crown so disagree in all,
40 Since what I do shall rest irrevocable,
Hold up your hands in sight, with general voice,
42 That are content to stand to our award.

44 **Omnes.** [*All holding up their hands*] He shall.

46 **K. Edw.** Deliver me the golden diadem. –
Lo, here I hold the goal for which ye strived,
48 And here behold, my worthy men-at-arms,
For chivalry and worthy wisdom's praise,
50 Worthy each one to wear a diadem:
Expect my doom, as erst at Ida hills
52 The goddesses divine waited the award
Of Dardan's son. Baliol, stand farthest forth:
54 Baliol, behold, I give thee the Scottish crown:
Wear it with heart and with thankfulness.
56 Sound trumpets, and say all after me,
God save King Baliol, the Scottish king!

58
60 *[The trumpets sounds; all cry aloud,
"God save King Baliol, the Scottish King."]*

62 Thus, lords, though you require no reason why,
According to the conscience in the cause,
64 I make John Baliol your anointed king.
Honour and love him, as behoves him best
66 That is in peace of Scotland's crown possessed.

68 **Bali.** Thanks, royal England, for thy honour done.
This justice that hath calmed our civil strife,
70 Shall now be ceased with honourable love.
So movèd of remorse and pity,
72 We will erect a college of my name;
In Oxford will I build, for memory
74 Of Baliol's bounty and his gratitude;
And let me happy days no longer see
76 Than here to England loyal I shall be.

78 **Qu. Elin.** Now, brave John Baliol, Lord of Galloway
And King of Scots, shine with thy golden head;
80 Shake thy spears, in honour of his name,
Under whose royalty thou wear'st the same.

82
84 **K. Edw.** And, lovely England, to thy lovely queen,
Lovely Queen Elinor, unto her turn thy eye,

Whose honour cannot but love thee well.

86

Queen Elinor's Speech.

88

Qu. Elin. The welkin, spangled through with golden spots,
 Reflects no finer in a frosty night
 Than lovely Longshanks in his Elinor's eye:
 So, Ned, thy Nell in every part of thee,
 Thy person's garded with a troop of queens,
 And every queen as brave as Elinor,
 Give glory to these glorious crystal quarries,
 Where every orbe an object entertains
 Of rich device and princely majesty.
 Thus like Narcissus, diving in the deep,
 I die in honour and in England's arms;
 And if I drown, it is in my delight,
 Whose company is chiefest life in death,
 From forth whose coral lips I suck the sweet
 Wherewith are dainty Cupid's caudles made.
 Then live or die, brave Ned, or sink or swim.
 An earthly bliss it is to look on him.
 On thee, sweet Ned, it shall become thy Nell
 Bounteous to be unto the beauteous:
 O'er-pry the palms, sweet fountains of my bliss,
 And I will stand on tiptoe for a kiss.

110

K. Edw. He had no thought of any gentle heart,
 That would not seize desire for such desert
 If any heavenly joy in women be,
 Sweet of all sweets, sweet Nell, it is in thee. —
 Now, lords, along: by this the Earl of March,
 Lord Mortimer, o'er Cambria's mountain-tops
 Hath ranged his men, and feels Lluellen's mind:
 To which confines, that well in wasting be,
 Our solemn service of coronation past,
 We will amain to back our friends at need;
 And into Wales our men-at-arms shall march,
 And we with them in person, foot by foot —
 Brother of Scotland, you shall to your home,
 And live in honour there fair England's friend. —
 And thou, sweet Nell, Queen of King Edward's heart,
 Shall now come lesser at thy dainty love,
 And at coronation meet thy loving peers,
 When storms are past, and we have cooled the rage
 Of these rebellious Welshmen, that contend
 'Gainst England's majesty and Edward's crown. —
 Sound, trumpets! Harolds, lead the train along:

130

SCENE IV.*Outside Carnarvon Castle.**Enter Rice ap Meredith, Sir David and Lluellen.*

- 1 **David.** Soft! is it not Meredith I behold?
 2
 3 **Lluel.** All good, all friends. – Meredith, see the man
 4 Must make us great, and raise Lluellen's head:
 5 Fight thou, Lluellen, for thy friend and thee.
 6
 7 **Mered.** Fight, maugre fortune strong, our battle's strong,
 8 And bear thy foes before thy pointed lance.
 9
 10 **David.** Not too much prowess, good my lord, at once:
 11 Some talk of policy another while.
 12
 13 **Mered.** How come thy limbs hurt at this assault?
 14
 15 **Lluel.** Hurt for our good, Meredith, make account.
 16 Sir David's wit is full of good device,
 17 And kindly will perform what he pretends.
 18
 19 **David.** Enough of this, my lord, at once.
 20 What will you, that I hold the king in hand?
 21 Or what shall I especially advise,
 22 Sitting in council with the English lords,
 23 That so my counsel may avail my friends?
 24
 25 **Lluel.** David, if thou wilt best for me devise,
 26 Advise my love be rendered to my hand.
 27 Tell them the chains that Mulciber erst made
 28 To tie Prometheus' limbs to Caucasus,
 29 Nor Furies' fangs shall hold me long from her,
 30 But I will have her from the usurper's tent.
 31 My beauteous Elinor! If aught in this,
 32 If in this case thy wit may boot thy friends,
 33 Express it, then, in this, in nothing else.
 34
 35 **David.** Ay, there's a card that puts us to our trump;
 36 For might I see the star of Leicester's loins,
 37 It were enough to darken and obscure
 38 This Edward's glory, fortune, and his pride.
 39 First, hereof can I put you out of doubt:
 40 Lord Mortimer of the king hath her in charge,
 And honourably entreats your Elinor.

42 | Some think he prays Lluellen were in Heaven,
And thereby hopes to couch his love on earth.
44 |
46 | **Lluel.** No: where Lluellen mounts, there Ellen flies.
48 | Inspeakable are my thoughts for her:
She is not from me in death to be divorced.
50 | Go to, it shall be so; so shall it be.
Edward is full resolvèd of thy faith.
52 | So are the English lords and barons all:
Then what may let thee to intrude on them
Some new-found stratagem to feel their wit?
54 | **David.** It is enough. – Meredith, take my weapons;
I am your prisoner; say so at the least.
56 | Go hence, and when you parlè on the walls,
Make show of monstrous tyranny you intend
58 | To execute on me, as on the man
That shamefully rebels 'gainst kin and kind;
60 | And 'less thou have thy love, and make thy peace
With such conditions as shall best concern,
62 | David must die, say thou, a shameful death.
Edward, perhaps, with ruth and pity moved,
64 | Will in exchange yield Elinor to thee,
And thou by me shalt gain thy heart's desire.
66 |
68 | **Lluel.** Sweetly advised: David, thou blessest me,
My brother David, lengthener of my life! –
Friends, gratulate to me my joyful hopes.
70 |

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Carnarvon Castle, Wales.

Enter King Edward, Sussex, [Mortimer,] and others.

1 **K. Edw.** Why, barons, suffer ye our foes to breathe?
 2 Assault, assault, and charge them all amain!
 They fear, they fly, they faint, they fight in vain.
 4 But where is gentle David? in his den?
 Loth were I aught but good should him betide.

[*Sound an alarum,*]

8
 10 *On the walls, enter [Lluellen], the Friar,
 Rice ap Meredith, with a dagger in his hand,
 holding Sir David by the collar, and soldiers.*

12 **K. Edw.** Where is the proud disturber of our state,
 14 Traitor to Wales and to his sovereign?

16 **Lluel.** Usurper, here I am. What dost thou crave?

18 **K. Edw.** Welshman, allegiance, which thou ow'st thy king.

20 **Lluel.** Traitor, no king, that seeks thy country's sack,
 The famous runagate of Christendom.

22 **K. Edw.** Ambitious rebel, know'st thou what I am,
 24 How great, how famous, and how fortunate?
 And dar'st thou carry arms against me here,
 26 Even when thou shouldst do reverence at my feet?
 Yea, feared and honoured in the farthest parts
 28 Hath Edward been, the noble Henry's son.
 Traitor, this sword unsheathed hath shinèd oft
 30 With reeking in the blood of Saracens;
 When, like to Perseus on his wingèd steed,
 32 Brandishing bright the blade of adamant
 That agèd Saturn gave fair Maia's son,
 34 Conflicting tho with Gorgon in the vale,
 Setting before the gates of Nazareth,
 36 My horse's hoofs I stained in pagan's gore,
 Sending whole countries of heathen souls
 38 To Pluto's house: this sword, this thirsty sword,
 Aims at thy head, and shall, I hope, ere long,
 40 Gage and divide thy bowels and thy bulk,
 Disloyal villain, thou, and what is more?
 42

Lluel. Why, Longshanks, think'st thou I will be scared
with words?

44 No: didst thou speak in thunder like to Jove,
Or shouldst, as Briareus, shake at once
46 A hundred bloody swords with bloody hands,
I tell thee, Longshanks, here he faceth thee
48 Whom naught can daunt, no, not the stroke of death.
Resolved ye see: but see the chance of war:
50 Know'st thou a traitor and thou seest his head?
Then, Longshanks, look this villain in the face:
52 This rebel, he hath wrought his country's wrack;
Base rascal, bad and hated in his kind,
54 Object of wrath, and subject of revenge.

56 **K. Edw.** Lluellen, call'st thou this the chance of war?
Bad for us all, pardie, but worse for him. —
58 Courage, Sir David! kings thou know'st must die,
And noble minds all dastard fear defies.

60 **David.** Renowmèd Edward, star of England's globe,
62 My liefest lord and sweetest sovereign,
Glorious and happy is this chance to me,
64 To reap this fame and honour in my death, —
That I was hewed with foul defilèd hands
66 For my beloved king and country's good.
And died in grace and favour with my prince. —
68 Seize on me, bloody butchers, with your paws:
It is but temporal that you can inflict.

70 **K. Edw.** Bravely resolved, brave soldier, by my life!

72 **Friar.** Hark you, sir, I am afeard you will not be so
74 resolved by that time you know so much as I can show
you: here be hot dogs, I can tell you, means to have the
76 baiting of you.

78 **Mort.** Lluellen, in the midst of all thy braves,
How wilt thou use thy brother thou hast ta'en?
80 Wilt thou let his master ransom him?

82 **Lluel.** No, nor his mistress, gallant Mortimer,
With all the gold and silver of the land.

84 **Mered.** Ransom this Judas to his father's line!
86 Ransom this traitor to his brother's life!
No. — Take that earnest-penny of thy death. —
88 This touch, my lord, comes nothing near the mark.

90 | *[Meredith seems to stab Sir David*
 into the arms and shoulders.]
 92 |
 94 | **K. Edw.** O damnèd villain, hold thy hands!
 Ask and have.
 96 | **Lluel.** We will not ask nor have. Seest thou these tools?
 98 | *[Lluellen shows hot pincers.]*
 100 | These be the dogs shall bait him to the death,
 And shall by piece-meals tear his cursèd flesh;
 102 | And in thy sight here shall he hang and pine.
 104 | **K. Edw.** O villains, traitors, how will I be venged!
 106 | **Lluel.** What, threat'st thou, Edward? Desperate minds
 contemn
 That fury menaceth: see thy words' effects.
 108 | *[He seems to cut Sir David's nose.]*
 110 |
 112 | **David.** O gracious heavens, dissolve me into clay!
 This tyranny is more than flesh can bear.
 114 | **K. Edw.** Bear it, brave mind, sith nothing but thy blood
 May satisfy in this extreme estate.
 116 |
 118 | **Suss.** My lord, it is in vain to threaten them;
 They are resolved, ye see, upon his death.
 120 | **K. Edw.** Sussex, his death, they all shall buy it dear:
 Offer them any favour for his life,
 122 | Pardon, or peace, or aught what is beside:
 So love me God as I regard my friends! –
 124 | Lluel, let me have thy brother's life
 Even at what rate and ransom thou wilt name.
 126 |
 128 | **Lluel.** Edward, King Edward, as thou list be termed,
 Thou know'st thou hast my beauteous Elinor:
 Produce her forth to plead for David's life;
 130 | She may obtain more than an host of men.
 132 | **K. Edw.** Wilt thou exchange thy prisoner for thy love?
 134 | **Lluel.** Talk no more to me; let me see her face.
 136 | **Mort.** Why, will your majesty be all so base
 To stoop to his demands in every thing?
 138 |

140 **K. Edw.** Fetch her at once; good Mortimer, be gone.
142 **Mort.** [*Aside*]
142 I go; but how unwilling Heaven doth know.
144 **Mered.** Apace, Mortimer, if thou love thy friend.
146 **Mort.** [*Aside*] I go for dearer than I leave behind.
148 [*Exit Mortimer.*]
150 **K. Edw.** See, Sussex, how he bleedeth in my eye.
That beareth fortune's shock triumphantly.
152 **Friar.** Sa-ha, master! I have found, I have found.
154 **Lluel.** What hast thou found, Friar, ha?
156 **Mered.** News, my lord, a star from out the sea;
158 The same is risen and made a summer's day.
160 *Re-enter Mortimer, conducting in Elinor.*
162 [*Lluellen spieth Elinor and Mortimer.*]
164 **Lluel.** What, Nell, sweet Nell, do I behold thy face?
Fall heavens, fleet stars, shine Phoebus' lamp no more!
166 This is the planet lends this world her light;
Star of my fortune this, that shineth bright,
168 Queen of my heart, loadstar of my delight,
Fair mould of beauty, miracle of fame!
170 O, let me die with Elinor in mine arms!
What honour shall I lend thy loyalty
172 Or praise unto thy sacred deity?
174 **Mered.** Marry, this, my lord, if I may give you
counsel: sacrifice this tyke in her sight, her friend;
176 which being done, one of your soldiers may dip his
foul shirt in his blood; so shall you be waited with
178 as many crosses as King Edward.
180 **K. Edw.** Good cheer, Sir David; we shall up anon.
182 **Mort.** [*Aside*] Die, Mortimer; thy life is almost gone.
184 **Elinor.** Sweet Prince of Wales, were I within thine arms,
Then should I in peace possess my love,
186 And heavens open fair their crystal gates,
That I may see the palace of my intent.
188

190 **K. Edw.** Lluellen, set thy brother free:
 Let me have him, thou shalt have Elinor.

192 **Lluel.** Sooth, Edward, I do prize my Elinor
 Dearer than life; but there belongeth more
 194 To these affairs than my content in love:
 And to be short, if thou wilt have thy man,
 196 Of whom, I swear, thou thinkest over-well,
 The safety of Lluellen and his men
 198 Must be regarded highly in this match.
 Say, therefore, and be short, wilt thou give peace
 200 And pardon to Lluellen and his men?

202 **K. Edw.** I will herein have time to be advised.

204 **Lluel.** King Edward, no: we will admit no pause,
 For goes this wretch, this traitor, to the pot.
 206 And if Lluellen be pursued so near,
 May chance to show thee such a tumbling-cast,
 208 As erst our father when he thought to scape,
 And broke his neck from Julius Caesar's tower.

210 **Suss.** My lord, these rebels all are desperate.

212 **Mort.** [*Aside*] And Mortimer of all most miserable.

214 **K. Edw.** How, say you, Welshmen, will you leave your
 arms,
 216 And be true liegemen unto Edward's crown?

218 **Ist Sold.** If Edward pardon surely what is past,
 Upon conditions we are all content.

220 **K. Edw.** Belike you will condition with us, then?

222 **Ist Sold.** Special conditions for our safety first,
 224 And for our country Cambria's common good,
 T' avoid the fusion of our guilty blood.

226 **K. Edw.** Go to; say on.

228 **Ist Sold.** First, for our followers, and ourselves, and all,
 230 We ask a pardon in the prince's word;
 Then for this lord's possession in his love;
 232 But for our country chief these boons we beg,
 And England's promise princely to thy Wales,
 234 That none be Cambria's prince to govern us
 But he that is a Welshman, born in Wales:

236 | Grant this, and swear it on thy knightly sword,
And have thy man and us and all in peace.

238 | **Lluel.** Why, Cambria-Britons, are you so incensed?
240 | Will you deliver me to Edward's hands?

242 | **Ist Sold.** No, Lord Lluellen; we will back for thee
Thy life, thy love, and golden liberty.

244 | **Mort.** [*Aside*]
246 | A truce with honourable conditions ta'en;
Wales' happiness, England's glory, and my bane.

248 | **K. Edw.** Command retreat be sounded in our camp. –
250 | Soldiers, I grant at full what you request –
David, good cheer. – Lluellen, open the gates.

252 | **Lluel.** The gates are opened: enter thee and thine.

254 | **David.** The sweetest sun that e'er I saw to shine!

256 | **K. Edw.** Madam, a brabble well begun for thee;
258 | Be thou my guest and Sir Lluellen's love.

260 | [*Exeunt all except Mortimer.*]

262 | **Mort.** Mortimer, a brabble ill begun for thee;
A truce with capital conditions ta'en,
264 | A prisoner saved and ransomed with thy life.
Edward, my king, my lord, and lover dear,
266 | Full little dost thou wot how this retreat,
As with a sword, hath slain poor Mortimer.
268 | Farewell the flower, the gem of beauty's blaze,
Sweet Ellen, miracle of nature's hand!
270 | Hell in thy name, but Heaven is in thy looks:
Sweet Venus, let me saint or devil be
272 | In that sweet Heaven or hell that is in thee.

274 | [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Carnarvon Castle, Wales.

*Enter Jack and the Harper,
getting a standing against the Queen comes in.*

The trumpets sound.

*Enter Queen Elinor, in her litter borne by four
Negro-Moors, Joan of Acon, Katherine
and other Ladies with her, attended on by
the Earl of Gloucester and her four Footmen:
one having set a ladder to the side of the litter,
Queen Elinor descends, and her daughter follow.*

- 1 **Qu. Elin.** Give me my pantafles.
 2 Fie, this hot weather how it makes me sweat!
 Heigh-ho, my heart! ah, I am passing faint!
 4 Give me my fan that I may cool my face.
 Hold, take my mask, but see you rumple['t] not.
 6 This wind and dust, see how it smolders me! –
 Some drink, good Gloucester, or I die for drink! –
 8 Ah, Ned, thou hast forgot thy Nell I see,
 That she is thus enforced to follow thee!
- 10 **Gloc.** This air's distemperature, an please your majesty,
 12 Noisome through mountains' vapours and thick mist,
 Unpleasant needs must be to you and your company,
 14 That never was wont to take the air
 Till Flora have perfumed the earth with sweets,
 16 With lilies, roses, mints, and eglantine.
- 18 **Qu. Elin.** I tell thee, the ground is all too base
 For Elinor to honour with her steps;
 20 Whose footpace, when she progressed in the street[s]
 Of Acon and the fair Jerusalem,
 22 Was [upon] naught but costly arras-points,
 Fair island-tapestry, and azured silk;
 24 My milk-white steed treading on cloth of ray,
 And trampling proudly underneath the feet
 26 Choice of our English woolen drapery.
 This climate o'er-louring with black congealèd clouds,
 28 That take their swelling from the marish soil,
 Fraught with infectious fogs and misty damps,
 30 Is far unworthy to be once embalmed
 With redolence of this refreshing breath,

- 32 That sweetens where it lights, as do the flames
And holy fires of Vesta's sacrifice.
- 34 **Joan.** Whose pleasant fields new-planted with the spring,
36 Make Thamesis to mount above the banks,
And, like a wanton, wallowing up and down
38 On Flora's beds and Napae's silver down.
- 40 **Gloc.** And Wales for me, madam, while you are here;
No climate good unless your grace be near.
42 Would Wales had aught could please you half so well,
Or any precious thing in Gloucester's gift,
44 Whereof your ladyship would challenge me!
- 46 **Joan.** Well said, my lord! 'tis as my mother says;
You men have learnt to woo a thousand ways.
- 48 **Gloc.** O madam, had I learnt, against my need,
50 Of all those ways to woo, one way to speed,
My cunning, then, had been my fortune's guide.
- 52 **Qu. Elin.** Faith, Joan, I think thou must be Gloucester's
bride. —
54 [*Aside*] Good earl, how near he steps unto her side!
So soon this eye these younglings had espied. —
56 I'll tell thee, girl, when I was fair and young,
I found such honey in sweet Edward's tongue,
58 As I could never spend one idle walk
But Ned and I would piece it out with talk. —
60 So you, my lord, when you have got your Joan.
No matter, let queen-mother be alone.
62 Old Nell is mother now, and grandmother may;
The greenest grass doth droop and turn to hay.
64 Woo on, kind clerk, good Gloucester, love thy Joan:
Her heart is thine, her eyes is not her own.
- 66 **Gloc.** This comfort, madam, that your grace doth give
68 Binds me in double duty whilst I live.
Would God, King Edward see and say no less!
- 70 **Qu. Elin.** Gloucester, I warrant thee upon my life
72 My king vouchsafes his daughter for thy wife.
Sweet Ned hath not forgot, since he did woo,
74 The gall of love and all that 'longs thereto.
- 76 **Gloc.** Why, was your grace so coy to one so kind?
- 78 **Qu. Elin.** Kind, Gloucester! so, methinks, indeed:

80 It seems he loves his wife no more than needs,
 That sends for us in all the speedy haste,
 Knowing his queen to be so great with child,
 82 And make me leave my princely pleasant seats
 To come into his ruder part of Wales.

84
Gloc. His highness hath some secret reason why
 86 He wisheth you to move from England's pleasant court.
 The Welshmen have of long time suitors been,
 88 That when the war of rebels sorts an end,
 None might be prince and ruler over them
 90 But such a one as was their countryman;
 Which suit, I think, his grace hath granted them.

92
Qu. Elin. So, then, it is King Edward's policy
 94 To have his son – forsooth, son if it be –
 A Welshman: well, Welshman it liketh me.
 96 And here he comes.

98 *Enter King Edward and his Lords.*

100 **K. Edw.** Nell, welcome into Wales!
 How fares my Elinor?

102
Qu. Elin. Ne'er worse: beshrow their hearts, 'tis long on.

104
K. Edw. Hearts, sweet Nell? shrow no hearts
 106 Where such sweet saints do dwell.

108 *[He holds her hand fast.]*

110 **Qu. Elin.** Nay, then, I see I have my dream: I pray, let go:
 –
 You will not, will you, whether I will or no?
 112 You are disposed to move me.

114 **K. Edw.** Say any thing but so.
 Once, Nell, thou gavest me this.

116
Qu. Elin. I pray, let go; ye are disposed, I think.

118
K. Edw. Ay, madam, very well.

120
Qu. Elin. Let go and be naught, I say!

122
K. Edw. What ails my Nell?

124
Qu. Elin. Ay me, what sudden fits is this I prove?
 126 What grief, what pinching pain, like young men's love,

128 That makes me madding run thus to and fro?
130 **K. Edw.** What, melancholy, Nell?
132 **Qu. Elin.** My lord, pray, let me go.
134 **Gloc.** [*Aside*] These be the fits, trouble men's wits.
136 **K. Edw.** Joan, ask thy beauteous mother how she doth.
138 **Joan.** How fares your majesty?
140 **Qu. Elin.** Joan, aggrieved at the heart, and angered worse,
Because I cannot right me;
142 I think the king comes purposely to spite me.
My fingers itch till I have had my will:
144 Proud Edward, call in thy Elinor; be still.
It will not be, nor rest I anywhere
146 Till I have set it soundly on his ear.
148 **Joan.** [*Aside*] Is that the matter? then let me alone.
150 **Qu. Elin.** Fie, how I fret with grief!
152 **K. Edw.** Come hither, Joan: know'st thou what ails my
queen?
154 **Joan.** Not I, my lord:
She longs, I think, to give your grace a box on th' ear.
156 **K. Edw.** Nay, wench, if that be all, we'll ear it well. –
158 What, all amort! How doth my dainty Nell?
Look up, sweet love: unkind! not kiss me once?
160 That may not be.
162 **Qu. Elin.** My lord, I think you do it for the nonce.
164 **K. Edw.** Sweetheart, one kiss.
166 **Qu. Elin.** For God's sake, let me go.
168 **K. Edw.** Sweetheart, a kiss.
170 **Qu. Elin.** What, whether I will or no?
You will not leave? let be, I say.
172 **K. Edw.** I must be better chid.
174 **Qu. Elin.** No, will?
176

[Striking him on the ear.]

178

Take that, then, lusty lord: sir, leave when you are bid.

180

K. Edw. Why, so, this chare is chared.

182

Gloc. A good one, by the rood.

184

Qu. Elin. No force, no harm.

186

K. Edw. No harm that doth my Elinor any good. —

188

Learn, lords, 'gainst you be married men, to bow to
women's yoke;

And sturdy though you be, you may not stir for every
stroke. —

190

Now, my sweet Nell, how doth my queen?

192

Qu. Elin. She vaunts that mighty England hath felt her
fist,

Taken a blow basely at Elinor's hand.

194

K. Edw. And vaunt she may, good leave, being curst and
coy: —

196

Lack nothing, Nell, whilst thou hast brought thy lord a
lovely boy.

198

Qu. Elin. *Ven acà*; I am sick; —

Good Katherina, I pray thee, be at hand.

200

Kath. This sickness, I hope, will bring King Edward a
jolly boy.

202

204

K. Edw. And, Katherine, who brings me that news
shall not go empty-handed.

206

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Mannock-deny in Wales.

*Enter Mortimer, Lluellen, Rice ap Meredith,
and the Lady Elinor.*

1 **Mort.** Farewell, Lluellen, with thy loving Nell.

2
3 **Lluel.** God-a-mercy, Mortimer; and so farewell.

4
5
6 *[Mortimer retires and conceals himself
at the back of the stage.]*

8 **Mered.** Farewell and be hanged, half Sinon's serpent
brood.

10 **Lluel.** Good words, Sir Rice: wrongs have best remedy,
So taken with time, patience, and policy.
12 But where is the Friar? who can tell?

14 *Enter Friar.*

16 **Friar.** That can I, master, very well;
And say, i'faith, what hath befel,
18 Must we at once to Heaven or hell?

20 **Elinor.** To Heaven, Friar! Friar, no, fie!
Such heavy souls mount not so high.

22
23 *The Friar lies down.*

24 **Friar.** Then, Friar, lie thee down and die;
26 And if any ask the reason why,
Answer and say thou canst not tell,
28 Unless because thou must to hell.

30 **Elinor.** No, Friar, because thou didst rebel: —
Gentle Sir Rice, ring out thy knell!

32
33 **Lluel.** And Maddock toll thy passing-bell.
34 So, there lies a straw.
And now to the law.
36 Masters and friends; naked came we into the world,
naked are we turned out of the good towns into the
38 wilderness. Let me see; mass, methinks we are a
handsome commonwealth, a handful of good fellows,
40 set a-sunning to dog on our own discretion. What say
you, sir[s]? We are enough to keep a passage: will you

42 | be ruled by me? We'll get the next day from
 44 | Brecknock the Book of Robin Hood; the Friar he shall
 46 | instruct us in this cause, and we'll even here fair and
 48 | well: since the king hath put us amongst the discarding
 50 | cards, and, as it were, turned us with deuces and treys
 52 | out of the deck, every man take his standing on
 54 | Mannock-deny, and wander like irregulars up and
 56 | down the wilderness. I'll be Master of Misrule, I'll be
 58 | Robin Hood, that's once: cousin Rice, thou shalt be
 60 | Little John: and here's Friar David as fit as a die for
 62 | Friar Tuck. Now, my sweet Nell, if you will make up
 64 | the mess with a good heart for Maid Marian, and do
 66 | well with Lluellen under the green-wood trees, with as
 68 | good a will as in the good towns, why, *plena est curia*.

68 | **Elinor.** My sweetest love, and this my infract fortune
 70 | Could never vaunt her sovereignty,
 72 | And shouldst thou pass the ford of Phlegethon,
 74 | Or with Leander swim the Hellespont,
 76 | In deserts Onophrius ever dwell,
 78 | Or build thy bower on Aetna's fiery tops,
 80 | Thy Nell would follow thee and keep with thee,
 82 | Thy Nell would feed with thee and sleep with thee.

84 | **Friar.** *O Cupido quantus quantus!*

86 | **Mered.** Bravely resolved, madam. – And then what
 88 | rests my Lord Robin, but we will live and die together
 90 | like Camber-Britons, – Robin Hood, Little John, Friar
 92 | Tuck, and Maid Marian?

94 | **Lluel.** There rests nothing now, cousin, but that I sell
 96 | my chain to set us all in green, and we'll all play the
 98 | pioners to make us a cave and cabin for all weathers.

100 | **Elinor.** My sweet Lluellen, though this sweet be gall,
 102 | Patience doth conquer by out-suffering all.

104 | **Friar.** Now, Mannock-deny, I hold thee a penny,
 106 | Thou shalt have neither sheep nor goat
 108 | But Friar David will fleece his coat:
 110 | Wherever Jack, my novice, jet,
 112 | All is fish with him that comes to net; –
 114 | David, this year thou pay'st no debt.

116 | [Exeunt all except Mortimer.]

118 | **Mort.** [Coming forward from his concealment]

90 | [*Aside*] Why, Friar, is it so plain, indeed?
Lluellen, art thou flatly so resolved
92 | To roist it out, and roost so near the king?
What, shall we have a passage kept in Wales
94 | For men-at-arms and knights adventurous?
By cock, Sir Rice, I see no reason why
96 | Young Mortimer should [not] make one among,
And play his part on Mannock-deny here,
98 | For love of his belovèd Elinor.
His Elinor! were she his, I wot,
100 | The bitter northern wind upon the plains,
The damps that rise from out the queachy plots,
102 | Nor influence of contagious air should touch;
But she should court it with the proudest dames,
104 | Rich in attire, and sumptuous in her fare,
And take her ease in beds of softest down.
106 | Why, Mortimer, may not thy offers move,
And win sweet Elinor from Lluellen's love?
108 | Why, pleasant gold and gentle eloquence
Have 'ticed the chastest nymphs, the fairest dames.
110 | And vaunts of words, delights of wealth and ease
Have made a nun to yield. Lluellen's [sun],
112 | Being set to see the last of desperate chance.
Why should so fair a star stand in a vale,
114 | And not be seen to sparkle in the sky?
It is enough Jove change his glittering robes
116 | To see Mnemosyne and the flies.
Masters, have after gentle Robin Hood:
118 | You're not so well accompanied, I hope,
But if a potter come to play his part,
120 | You'll give him stripes or welcome, good or worse. –
Go, Mortimer, and make there love-holidays:
122 | The King will take a common 'scuse of thee,
And hath more men to attend than Mortimer.

124

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII.

Mannock-deny in Wales.

*Enter Lluellen, Rice ap Meredith, Friar,
the Lady Elinor and their train.*

*They are all clad in green, and sing,
"Blithe and Bonny." The song ended.*

- 1 **Lluel.** Why, so, I see, my mates, of old,
- 2 All were not lies that beldames told
- Of Robin Hood and Little John,
- 4 Friar Tuck and Maid Marian.
- 6 **Friar.** Ay, forsooth, master.
- 8 **Lluel.** How well they couched in forest green,
- Frolic and lively withouten teen,
- 10 And spent their day in game and glee:
- Lluellen, do seek if aught please thee,
- 12 Nor, though thy foot be out of town,
- Let thine look black on Edward's crown;
- 14 Nor think this green is not so gay
- As was the golden rich array;
- 16 And if, sweet Nell, my Marian,
- Trust me, as I am gentleman.
- 18 Thou art as fine in this attire,
- As fine and fit to my desire,
- 20 As when of Leicester's hall and bower
- Thou wert the rose and sweetest flower. —
- 22 How sayest thou, Friar, say I well?
- For anything becomes my Nell.
- 24 **Friar.** Never made man of a woman born
- 26 A bullock's tail a blowing horn;
- Nor can an ass's hide disguise
- 28 A lion, if he ramp and rise.
- 30 **Elinor.** My lord, the Friar is wondrous wise.
- 32 **Lluel.** Believe him, for he tells no lies. —
- But what doth Little John devise?
- 34 **Mered.** That Robin Hood beware of spies.
- 36 An agèd saying and a true,
- Black will take no other hue;
- 38 He that of old hath been thy foe

Will die but will continue so.

40 **Friar.** O, masters, whither, shall we [go]?
42 Doth any living creature know?

44 **Lluel.** Rice and I will walk the round.
Friar, see about the ground,
46

48 *Enter Mortimer [disguised as a Potter].*

And spoil what prey is to be found.
50 My love I leave within in trust,
Because I know thy dealing just –
52 Come, potter, come, and welcome too.
Fare as we fare, and do as we do. –
54 Nell, adieu: we go for news.

56 *[Exeunt Lluellen and Rice ap Meredith.]*

58 **Friar.** A little serves the friar's lust,
When *nolens volens* fast I must:
60 Master, at all that you refuse.

62 **Mort.** *[Aside]* Such a potter would I choose,
When I mean to blind a 'scuse:
64 While Robin walk with Little John,
The Friar will lick his Marian:
66 So will the potter if he can.

68 **Elinor.** Now, Friar, sith your lord is gone.
And you and I are left alone,
70 What can the friar do or say
To pass the weary time away? –
72 Weary, God wot, poor wench, to thee,
That never thought these days to see.
74

Mort. *[Aside]*
76 Break, heart! and split, mine eyes, in twain!
Never let me hear those words again.
78

Friar. What can the Friar do or say
80 To pass the weary time away?
More dare I do than he dare say,
82 Because he doubts to have away.

84 **Elinor.** Do somewhat, Friar, say or sing,
That may to sorrows solace bring;
86 And I meanwhile will garlands make.

88 **Mort.** [*Aside*] O, Mortimer, were it for thy sake,
A garland were the happiest stake
90 That ever this hand unhappy drew!

92 **Friar.** Mistress, shall I tell you true?
I have a song, I learned it long ago:
94 I wot not whether you'll like it well or no.
'Tis short and sweet, but somewhat brawled before:
96 Once let me sing it, and I ask no more.

98 **Elinor.** What, Friar, will you so indeed?
Agrees it somewhat with your need?

100 **Friar.** Why, mistress, shall I sing my creed?
102

Elinor. That's fitter of the two at need.
104

Mort. [*Aside*]
106 O, wench, how mayst thou hope to speed?

108 **Friar.** O, mistress, out it goes:
Look what comes next, the friar throws.
110

[*The Friar sits along and sings.*]

112 **Mort.** [*Aside*] Such a sitting who ever saw?
114 An eagle's bird of a jackdaw.

116 **Elinor.** So, sir, is this all?

118 **Mort.** [*Coming forward*] Sweetheart, here's no more.

120 **Elinor.** How now, good fellow! more indeed by one than
was before.

122 **Friar.** How now! the devil instead of a ditty!

124 **Mort.** Friar, a ditty
Come late from the city,
126 To ask some pity
Of this lass so pretty: —
128 Some pity, sweet mistress, I pray you.

130 **Elinor.** How now, Friar! where are we now, and you play
not the man?

132 **Friar.** Friend copesmate, you that
Came late from the city,
134 To ask some pity
Of this lass so pretty,

136 In likeness of a doleful ditty, –
Hang me if I do not pay ye.

138 **Mort.** O, Friar, you grow choleric: well, you'll
140 Have no man to court your mistress but yourself.
On my word, I'll take you down a button-hole.

142 **Friar.** Ye talk, ye talk, child.

144 [Mortimer and the Friar fight.]

146 Re-enter Lluellen and [Rice ap] Meredith.

148 **Lluel.** 'Tis well, potter; you fight in a good quarrel.

150 **Mered.** Mass, this blade will hold: let me see, then, Friar.

152 **Friar.** Mine's for mine own turn, I warrant: give him
154 his tools. – Rise, and let's to it; – but no change, and if
you love me. I scorn the odds, I can tell you: see fair
156 play, an you be gentlemen.

158 **Lluel.** Marry, shall we, Friar. Let us see: be their
staves of a length? Good: so, now
160 Let us deem of the matter,
Friar and potter,
162 Without more clatter;
I have cast your water,
164 And see as deep into your desire, as he that had dived
every day into your bosom. O, Friar,
166 Will nothing serve your turn but larks?
Are such fine birds for such coarse clerks?
168 None but my Marian can serve your turn.

170 **Elinor.** Cast water, for the house will burn.

172 **Friar.** O, mistress, mistress, flesh is frail;
'Ware when the sign is in the tail:
174 Mighty is love and doth prevail.

176 **Lluel.** Therefore, Friar, shalt thou not fail,
But mightily your foe assail,
178 And thrash this potter with thy flail: –
And, potter, never rave nor rail,
180 Nor ask questions what I ail,
But take this tool, and do not quail,
182 But thrash this friar's russet coat;
And make him sing a dastard's note,

184 And cry, *Peccavi miserere David*
In amo amavi. Go to.

186 [They take the flails.]

188 **Mort.** Strike, strike.

190 **Friar.** Strike, potter, be thou lief or loth:
 192 An if you'll not strike, I'll strike for both.

194 [Mortimer strikes.]

196 **Mort.** He must needs go that the devil drives.
 Then, Friar, beware of other men's wives.

198 **Friar.** I wish, master proud potter, the devil have my soul.
 200 But I'll make my flail circumscribe your noll.

202 [The Friar strikes.]

204 **Lluel.** Why, so; now it cottens, now the game begins;
 One knave currieth another for his sins.

206 **Friar.** [Kneeling]
 208 O, master, shorten my offences in mine eyes!
 If this crucifige do not suffice,
 210 Send me to Heaven in a hempen sacrifice.

212 **Mort.** [Kneeling]
 O, masters, masters, let this be warning!
 214 The friar hath infected me with his learning.

216 **Lluel.** Villains, do not touch the forbidden tree,
 Now to delude or to dishonour me.

218 **Friar.** O, master, *quae negata sunt grata sunt.*

220 **Lluel.** Rice, every day thus shall it be:
 222 We'll have a thrashing set among the friars; and he
 That of these challengers lays on slowest load,
 224 Be thou at hand, Rice, to gore him with thy goad.

226 **Friar.** Ah, potter, potter, the Friar may rue
 That ever this day this our quarrel he knew;
 228 My pate addle, mine arms black and blue.

230 **Mort.** Ah, Friar, who may his fate's force eschew?
 I think, Friar, you are prettily schooled.

232 **Friar.** And I think the potter is handsomely cooled.

234

[Exeunt all except Mortimer.]

236

Mort. No, Mortimer; here['s] that eternal fire
238 That burns and flames with brands of hot desire:
Why, Mortimer, why dost thou not discover
240 Thyself her knight, her liegeman, and her lover?

242

[Exit.]

SCENE IX.

Berwick, on the border of Scotland and England.

*Enter John Baliol, King of Scots, with his train,
[including Lord Versses, and also French Lords.]*

1 **Bali.** Lords of Albania, and my peers in France,
2 Since Baliol is invested in his rights,
And wears the royal Scottish diadem,
4 Time is to rouse him, that the world may wot
Scotland disdains to carry England's yoke.
6 Therefore, my friends, thus put in readiness,
Why slack we time to greet the English king
8 With resolute message, to let him know our minds? –
Lord Versses, though thy faith and oath be ta'en
10 To follow Baliol's arms for Scotland's right,
Yet is thy heart to England's honour knit:
12 Therefore, in spite of England and thyself,
Bear thou defiance proudly to thy king;
14 Tell him, Albania finds heart and hope
To shake off England's tyranny betime,
16 To rescue Scotland's honour with his sword. –
Lord Bruce, see cast about Versses' neck
18 A strangling halter, that he mind his haste. –
How say'st thou, Versses, wilt thou do this message?

20
22 **Vers.** Although no common post, yet, for my king,
I will to England, maugre England's might,
And do mine errand boldly, as becomes;
24 Albeit I honour English Edward's name,
And hold this slavish contemnment to scorn.

26
28 **Bali.** Then hie away, as swift as swallow flies,
And meet me on our roads on England's ground;
We there think of thy message and thy haste.

30

[Sound trumpets. Exeunt.]

SCENE X.*Carnarvon Castle, Wales.**Enter King Edward, Edmund Duke of Lancaster,
Glocester, Sussex, Sir David, Cressingham,
all booted from Northam.**The Queen's tent is present on the stage.*

1 **K. Edw.** Now have I leisure, lords, to bid you welcome
into Wales:
2 Welcome, sweet Edmund, to christen thy young nephew; –
And welcome, Cressingham; give me thy hand. –
4 But, Sussex, what became of Mortimer?
We have not seen the man this many a day.

6 **Suss.** Before your highness rid from hence to Northam,
8 Sir Roger was a suitor to your grace
Touching fair Elinor, Lluellen's love;
10 And so belike denied, with discontent
'A discontinues from your royal presence.

12 **K. Edw.** Why, Sussex, said we not for Elinor,
14 So she would leave whom she had loved too long,
She might have favour with my queen and me?
16 But, man, her mind above her fortune mounts,
And that's a cause she fails in her accounts. –
18 But go with me, my Lord of Lancaster;
We will go see my beauteous lovely queen,
20 That hath enriched me with a goodly boy.

22 *The Queen's tent opens; she is discovered in her bed,
attended by the Duchess of Lancaster, Joan of Acon,
24 Mary (the Mayoress) and other attendants; the Queen
dandles her young son. King Edward, Edmund,
26 and Glocester go into the Queen's chamber.*

28 Ladies, by your leave. –
How doth my Nell, mine own, my love, my life,
30 My heart, my dear, my dove, my queen, my wife?

32 **Qu. Elin.** Ned, art thou come, sweet Ned? welcome, my
joy!
Thy Nell presents thee with a lovely boy:
34 Kiss him, and christen him after thine own name. –
Heigh-ho! Whom do I see?

36 My Lord of Lancaster! Welcome heartily.

38 *Lanc.* I thank your grace: sweet Nell, well met withal.

40 *Qu. Elin.* Brother Edmund, here's a kinsman of yours:
You must needs be acquainted.

42 *Lanc.* A goodly boy; God bless him! – Give me your
hand, sir:

44 You are welcome into Wales.

46 *Qu. Elin.* Brother, there's a fist, I warrant you, will
hold a mace as fast as ever did father or grandfather
48 before him.

50 *K. Edw.* But tell me now, lappèd in lily bands,
How with the queen, my lovely boy it stands,
52 After thy journey and these childbed pains?

54 *Qu. Elin.* Sick, mine own Ned, thy Nell for thy company;
That lured her with thy lies all so far,
56 To follow thee unwieldy in thy war.
But I forgive thee, Ned, my life's delight.
58 So thy young son thou see be bravely dight,
And in Carnarvon christened royally.
60 Sweet love, let him be lapped most curiously:
He is thine own, as true as he is mine;
62 Take order, then, that he be passing fine.

64 *K. Edw.* My lovely lady, let that care be less:
For my young son the country will I feast,
66 And have him borne as bravely to the font
As ever yet king's son to christening went.
68 Lack thou no precious thing to comfort thee,
Dearer than England's diadem unto me.

70 *Qu. Elin.* Thanks, gentle lord – Nurse, rock the
72 cradle: fie,
The king so near, and hear the boy to cry! –
74 Joan, take him up, and sing a lullaby.

76 *K. Edw.* 'Tis well, believe me, wench: – Godamercy, Joan!

78 *Lanc.* She learns, my lord, to lull a young one of her own.

80 *Qu. Elin.* Give me some drink.

82 *K. Edw.* Drink nectar, my sweet Nell;
Worthy for seat in Heaven with Jove to dwell.
84

[*They close the tent.*
Exit Sussex.]

132 We have good Robin Hood and Little John,
 The Friar and the good Maid Marian:
 134 Why, our Lluellen is a mighty man.

136 **Gloc.** Trust me, my lord, methinks 'twere very good
 That some good fellows went and scoured the wood,
 138 And take in hand to cudgel Robin Hood.
 I think the Friar, for all his lusty looks,
 140 Nor Robin's rabble with their glaives and hooks,
 But would be quickly driven to the nooks.

142 **David.** I can assure your highness what I know:
 144 The false Lluellen will not run nor go,
 Or give an inch of ground, come man for man,
 146 Nor that proud rebel callèd Little John,
 To him that wields the massiest sword of England.

148 **Gloc.** Welshman, how wilt thou that we understand?
 150 But for Lluellen, David, I deny;
 England hath men will make Lluellen fly,
 152 Maugre his beard, and hide him in a hole,
 Weary of England's dints and manly dole.

154 **Lanc.** Gloucester, grow not so hot in England's right,
 156 That paints his honour out in every fight.

158 **K. Edw.** By Gis, fair lords, ere many days be past,
 England shall give this Robin Hood his breakfast. –
 160 David, be secret, friend, to that I say,
 And if I use thy skill, thou know'st the way
 162 Where this proud Robin and his yeomen roam.

164 **David.** I do, my lord, and blindfold thither can I run.

166 **K. Edw.** David, enough: as I am a gentleman,
 I'll have one merry flirt with Little John,
 168 And Robin Hood, and his Maid Marian.
 Be thou my counsel and my company,
 170 And thou mayst England's resolution see.

172 *Enter Sussex.*

174 **Suss.** May it please your majesty, here are four good
 squires of the cantreds where they do dwell, come in
 176 the name of the whole country to gratulate unto your
 highness all your good fortunes, and by me offer their
 178 most humble service to your young son, their prince,
 whom they most heartily beseech God to bless with
 180 long life and honour.

182 **K. Edw.** Well said, Sussex, I pray, bid them come near.

184 [Exit Sussex.]

186 Sir David, trust me, this is kindly done of your
countrymen.

188 **David.** [Aside] Villains, traitors to the ancient glory
190 and renown of Cambria! Morris Vaughan, art thou
there? And thou, proud Lord of Anglesey?

192 *Re-enter Sussex with the four Barons of Wales, with*
194 *a mantle of frieze. The Barons kneel.*

196 **1st Baron.** The poor country of Cambria, by us
unworthy messengers, gratulates to your majesty the
198 birth of your young son, Prince of Wales, and in this
poor present express their most zealous duty and
200 affection, which with all humbleness we present to
your highness' sweet and sacred hands.

202 **K. Edw.** Gramercies, barons, for your gifts and good-
204 wills: by this means my boy shall wear a mantle of
country's weaving to keep him warm, and live for
206 England's honour and Cambria's good. I shall not need,
I trust, courteously to invite you; I doubt not, lords, but
208 you will be all in readiness to wait on your young
prince, and do him honour at his christening.

210 **Suss.** The whole country of Cambria round about, all
212 well-horsed and attended on, both men and women in
their best array, are come down to do service of love
214 and honour to our late-born prince, your majesty's son
and honey: the men and women of S[n]owdon
216 especially have sent in great abundance of cattle and
corn, enough by computation for your highness'
218 household a whole month and more.

220 **K. Edw.** We thank them all; and will present our
queen with these courtesies and presents bestowed on
222 her young son, and greatly account you for our friends.

224 [Exit Four Barons.]

226 [The Queen's tent opens; the King,
his brother and the Earl of Gloucester enter.]

228 **Qu. Elin.** Who talketh there?

230 **K. Edw.** A friend, madam.

232 **Joan.** Madam, it is the king.

234 **Elinor.** Welcome, my lord. Heigh-ho, what have we there?

236 **K. Edw.** Madam, the country, in all kindness and
 238 duty, recommend their service and good-will to your
 son; and, in token of their pure good-will, presents
 240 him by us with a mantle of frieze, richly lined to
 keep him warm.

242 **Elinor.** A mantle of frieze! fie, fie! for God's sake,
 244 let me hear no more of it, an if you love me. Fie, my
 lord! is this the wisdom and kindness of the country?
 246 Now I commend me to them all, and if Wales have no
 more wit or manners than to clothe a king's son in
 248 frieze, I have a mantle in store for my boy that shall, I
 trow, make him shine like the sun, and perfume the
 250 streets where he comes.

252 **K. Edw.** In good time, madam, he is your own, lap
 him as you list: but I promise thee, Nell, I would not
 254 for ten thousand pounds the country should take
 unkindness at thy words.

256 **Elinor.** 'Tis no marvel, sure; you have been royally
 258 received at their hands.
 No, Ned, but that thy Nell doth want her will,
 260 Her boy should glister like the summer's sun,
 In robes as rich as Jove when he triúmphs.
 262 His pap should be of precious nectar made,
 His food ambrosia – no earthly woman's milk;
 264 Sweet fires of cinnamon to open him by;
 The Graces on his cradle should attend;
 266 Venus should make his bed and wait on him,
 And Phoebus' daughter sing him still asleep.
 268 Thus would I have my boy used as divine,
 Because he is King Edward's son and mine:
 270 And do you mean to make him up in frieze?
 For God's sake lay it up charily and perfume it against
 272 winter; it will make him a goodly warm Christmas coat.

274 **K. Edw.** Ah, Mun, my brother, dearer than my life,
 How this proud humour slays my heart with grief! –
 276 Sweet queen, how much I pity the effects!
 This Spanish pride 'grees not with England's prince;

278 Mild is the mind where honour builds his bower,
 And yet is earthly honour but a flower.
 280 Fast to those looks are all my fancies tied,
 Pleased with thy sweetness, angry with thy pride.
 282 **Qu. Elin.** Fie, fie! methinks I am not where I should be;
 284 Or at the least I am not where I would be.
 286 **K. Edw.** What wants my queen to perfect her content?
 But ask and have, the king will not repent.
 288 **Qu. Elin.** Thanks, gentle Edward. – Lords, have at you,
 then!
 290 Have at you all, long-bearded Englishmen!
 Have at you, lords and ladies! when I crave
 292 To give your English pride a Spanish brave.
 294 **K. Edw.** What means my queen?
 296 **Gloc.** [*Aside*] This is a Spanish fit.
 298 **Qu. Elin.** Ned, thou hast granted, and canst not revoke it.
 300 **K. Edw.** Sweet queen, say on: my word shall be my deed.
 302 **Qu. Elin.** Then shall my words make many a bosom bleed.
 Read, Ned, thy queen's request lapt up in rhyme,
 304 And say thy Nell had skill to choose her time.
 306 [*Queen Elinor gives King Edward a paper.*]
 308 **K. Edw.** [*Reads*] “The pride of Englishmen’s long hair
 Is more than England's Queen can bear:
 310 Women’s right breast, cut them off all;
 And let the great tree perish with the small.”
 312 What means my lovely Elinor by this?
 314 **Qu. Elin.** Not [to] be denied, for my request it is.
 316 **Lanc.** Gloucester, an old said saying, – He that grants all is
 asked,
 Is much harder than Hercules tasked.
 318 **Gloc.** [*Aside*]
 320 Were the king so mad as the queen is wood,
 Here were an end of England's good.
 322 **K. Edw.** My word is passed, – I am well agreed;
 324 Let men's beards milt and women's bosoms bleed –
 Call forth my barbers! Lords, we'll first begin. –

326

Enter two Barbers.

328

Come, sirrah, cut me close unto the chin,
 330 And round me even, see'st thou, by a dish;
 Leave not a lock: my queen shall have her wish.

332

Qu. Elin. What, Ned, those locks that ever pleased thy
 Nell,

334

Where her desire, where her delight doth dwell!

Wilt thou deface that silver labyrinth,

336

More orient than purpled hyacinth?

Sweet Ned, thy sacred person ought not droop,

338

Though my command make other gallants stoop.

340

K. Edw. Madam, pardon me and pardon all;
 No justice but the great runs with the small. —

342

Tell me, good Glocester, art thou not afeard?

344

Gloc. No, my lord, but resolved to lose my beard.

346

K. Edw. Now, madam, if you purpose to proceed
 To make so many guiltless ladies bleed,

348

Here must the law begin, sweet Elinor, at thy breast,
 And stretch itself with violence to the rest.

350

Else princes ought no other do,
 Fair lady, than they would be done unto.

352

Qu. Elin. What logic call you this? Doth Edward mock his
 love?

354

K. Edw. No, Nell; he doth as best in honour doth behove,
 356 And prays thee, gentle queen, — and let my prayers move, —
 Leave these ungentle thoughts, put on a milder mind;
 358 Sweet looks, not lofty, civil mood becomes a woman's
 kind:

And live, as, being dead and buried in the ground,
 360 Thou mayst for affability and honour be renowned.

362

Qu. Elin. Nay, an you preach, I pray, my lord, be gone:
 The child will cry and trouble you anon.

364

[*The Nurse closeth the tent.*]

366

Mayoress. [*Aside*]

368

Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu.

370

Proud incest in the cradle of disdain,

372 Bred up in court of pride, brought up in Spain,
 374 Dost thou command him coyly from thy sight,
 That is thy star, the glory of thy light?

K. Edw. O, could I with the riches of my crown
 376 Buy better thoughts for my renownèd Nell,
 Thy mind, sweet queen, should be as beautiful
 378 As is thy face, as is thy features all,
 Fraught with pure honour's treasure, and enriched
 380 With virtues and glory incomparable. –
 Ladies about her majesty, see that the queen your
 382 mistress know not so much; but at any hand our
 pleasure is that our young son be in this mantle borne
 384 to his christening, for special reasons is thereto
 moving; from the church, as best it please your
 386 women's wits to devise.

388 *[Exeunt Mayoress and Ladies into the tent.]*

390 Yet, sweet Joan, see this faithfully performed; and,
 hear you, daughter, look you be not last up when this
 392 day comes, lest Gloucester find another bride in your
 stead. – David, go with me.

394 *[Exit King Edward with Sir David.]*

396 **Gloc.** She riseth early, Joan, that beguileth thee of a
 398 Gloucester.

400 **Lanc.** Believe him not, sweet niece: women can
 speak smooth for advantage.

402 **Joan.** "We men", do you mean, my good uncle? Well,
 404 be the accent where it will, women are women. – I will
 believe you for as great a matter as this comes to, my
 406 lord.

408 **Gloc.** Gramercies, sweet lady, *et habebis fidei*
mercedem contrà.

410 *[The Queen's tent is closed.]*

412 *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE XI.

Carnorvan Castle, Wales.

*Enter [Jack] the Novice and his company
to give the Queen music at her tent.*

1 **Jack.** Come, fellows, cast yourselves even round in a
2 string – a ring I would say: come merrily on my word,
for the queen is most liberal, and if you will please her
4 well, she will pay you royally: so, lawful to brave well
thy British lustily to solace our good queen: God save
6 her grace, and give our young prince a carpell in their
kind! – Come on, come on, set your crowds, and beat
8 your heads together, and behave you handsomely.
10 *[Here they play and sing, and then exeunt.]*

SCENE XII.*Mannock-deny, Wales.**Enter the Friar.*

1 **Friar.** I have a budget in my nose this gay morning,
 2 and now will I try how clerkly the friar can behave
 himself. 'Tis a common fashion to get gold with
 4 "Stand: deliver your purses!" Friar Davy will once in
 his days get money by wit. There is a rich farmer
 6 should pass this ways to receive a round sum of
 money: if he come to me, the money is mine, and the
 8 law shall take no vantage; I will cut off the law as the
 hangman would cut a man down when he hath shaken
 10 his heels half-an-hour under the gallows. Well, I must
 take some pains for this gold; and have at it!

[*The Friar spreads the lappet of his gown,
 and falls to dice.*]

Enter a Farmer.

18 **Farmer.** 'Tis an old said saying, I remember I read it
 in Cato's *Pueriles* that *Cantabit vacuus coram latrone*
 20 *viator*; a man purse-penniless may sing before a thief:
 true, as I have not one penny, which makes me so
 22 pertly pass through these thickets. But indeed I [am to]
 receive a hundred marks; and all the care is how I shall
 24 pass again. Well, I [am] resolved either to ride twenty
 miles about, or else to be so well accompanied that I
 26 will not care for these rufflers.

28 **Friar.** Did ever man play with such uncircumcised
 hands? size-ace to eleven and lose the chance!

30 **Farmer.** God speed, good fellow! why chafest thou so
 32 fast? there's nobody will win thy money from thee.

34 **Friar.** Sounds, you offer me injury, sir, to speak in
 my cast.

36 **Farmer.** [*Aside*] The Friar undoubtedly is lunatic – I
 38 pray thee, good fellow, leave chafing, and get some
 warm drink to comfort thy brains.

40 **Friar.** Alas, sir, I am not lunatic: 'tis not so well, for I
 42 have lost my money, which is far worse. I have lost

44 five gold nobles to Saint Francis; and if I knew where
to meet with his receiver, I would pay him presently.

46 **Farmer.** Wouldst thou speak with Saint Francis'
receiver?

48 **Friar.** O Lord, ay, sir, full gladly.

50 **Farmer.** Why, man, I am Saint Francis' receiver, if
52 you would have anything with him.

54 **Friar.** Are you Saint Francis' receiver? Jesus, Jesus!
are you Saint Francis' receiver? and how does all?

56 **Farmer.** I am his receiver, and am now going to him:
58 'a bids Saint Thomas a' Waterings to breakfast this
morning to a calf's-head and bacon.

60 **Friar.** Good Lord, sir, I beseech you carry him these
62 five nobles, and tell him I deal honestly with him as if
he were here present.

64
[Gives money.]

66 **Farmer.** I will of my word and honesty, Friar; and so
68 farewell.

70 **Friar.** Farewell, Saint Francis' receiver, even heartily.

72 [Exit Farmer.]

74 Well, now the Friar is out of cash five nobles, God
knows how he shall come into cash again: but I must
76 to it again. There's nine for your holiness and six for
me.

78
Enter Lluellen, Rice ap Meredith and Mortimer,
80 disguised as a Potter, with their Prisoners.

82 **Lluel.** Come on, my hearts: bring forth your prisoners,
and let us see what store of fish is there in their purse-
84 nets. – Friar, why chafest thou, man? here's nobody
will offer thee any foul play, I warrant thee.

86 **Friar.** O, good master, give me leave: my hand is in a
88 little; I trust I shall recover my losses.

90 **Lluel.** The Friar is mad; but let him alone with his
device. – And now to you, my masters, Pedler, Priest,

92 and Piper: throw down your budgets in the mean
while, and when the Friar is at leisure he shall tell you
94 what you shall trust to.

96 **Pedler.** Alas, Sir, I have but three pence in the corner
of my shoe.

98 **Mered.** Never a shoulder of mutton, Piper, in your
100 tabor? – But soft! here comes company.

102 *Enter King Edward Longshanks, Sir David, Farmer.*

104 **Farmer.** Alas, gentlemen, if you love yourselves, do
not venture through this mountain: here's such a coil
106 with Robin Hood and his rabble, that every cross in
my purse trembles for fear.

108 **K. Edw.** Honest man, as I said to thee before, conduct
110 us through this wood, and if thou beest robbed or have
any violence offered thee, as I am a gentleman, I will
112 repay it thee again.

114 **David.** How much money hast thou about thee?

116 **Farmer.** Faith, sir, a hundred marks; I received it even
now at Brecknock. But, out alas, we are undone!
118 yonder is Robin Hood and all the strong thieves in the
mountain. I have no hope left but your honour's
120 assurance.

122 **K. Edw.** Fear not; I will be my word's master.

124 **Friar.** Good master, an if you love the Friar,
Give him a while, I you desire,
126 And as you like of my device,
So love him that holds the dice.

128 **Farmer.** What, Friar, art thou still labouring so hard?
130 Will you have anything more to Saint Francis?

132 **Friar.** Good Lord, are you here, sweet Saint Francis'
receiver? How doth his holiness, and all his good
134 family?

136 **Farmer.** In good health, faith, Friar: hast thou any
nobles for him?

138 **Friar.** You know the dice are not partial: an Saint
140 Francis were ten saints, they will favour him no more
than they would favour the devil, if he play at dice. In

142 | very truth, my friend, they have favoured the Friar, and
144 | I have won a hundred marks of Saint Francis. Come,
146 | sir; I pray, sirrah, draw it over: I know, sirrah, he is a
148 | good man, and never deceives none.

146 | **Farmer.** Draw it over! what meanest thou by that?

148 | **Friar.** Why, *in numeratis pecuniis legem pone*; pay
150 | me my winnings.

152 | **Farmer.** What ass is this! should I pay thee thy
154 | winnings?

154 | **Friar.** Why, art not thou, sirrah, Saint Francis'
156 | receiver?

158 | **Farmer.** Indeed, I do receive for Saint Francis.

160 | **Friar.** Then I'll make you pay for Saint Francis, that's
162 | flat.

162 | **Farmer.** Help, help! I am robbed, I am robbed!

164 | [Bustling on both sides.]

166 | **K. Edw.** Villain, you wrong the man: hands off!

168 | **Friar.** Masters, I beseech you, leave this brawling,
170 | and give me leave to speak. So it is, I went to dice with
172 | Saint Francis, and lost five nobles: by good fortune his
174 | cashier came by, [and] received it of me in ready cash.
176 | I, being very desirous to try my fortune further,
178 | played still; and as the dice, not being bound prentice
180 | to him or any man, favoured me, I drew a hand and
182 | won a hundred marks. Now I refer it to your
184 | judgments, whether the Friar is to seek his winnings.

178 | **K. Edw.** Marry, Friar, the farmer must and shall pay
180 | thee honestly ere he pass.

182 | **Farmer.** Shall I, sir? Why, will you be content to pay
184 | half as you promised me?

184 | **K. Edw.** Ay, farmer, if you had been robbed of it; but
186 | if you be a gamester, I'll take no charge of you, I.

188 | **Farmer.** Alas, I am undone!

190 | [Farmer gives money and exit.]

192 **Lluel.** So, Sir Friar, now you have gathered up your
 194 winnings, I pray you stand up and give the passengers
 their charge, that Robin Hood may receive his toll.

196 **Friar.** And shall, my lord. Our thrice-renowned
 Lluellen, Prince of Wales and Robin Hood of the great
 198 mountain, doth will and command all passengers, at
 the sight of Richard, servant unto me Friar David ap
 200 Tuck, to lay down their weapons, and quietly to yield,
 for custom towards the maintenance of his highness'
 202 wars, the half of all such gold, silver, money, and
 money-worth, as the said passenger hath then about
 204 him; but if he conceal any part or parcel of the same,
 then shall he forfeit all that he possesseth at that
 206 present. And this sentence is irrevocable, confirmed by
 our lord Lluellen Prince of Wales and Robin Hood of
 208 the great mountain.

210 **Lluel.** So vail your budgets to Robin of the mountain.
 – But what art thou that disdainest to pay this custom,
 212 as if thou scornest the greatness of the Prince of
 Wales?

214 **K. Edw.** Faith, Robin, thou seemest to be a good
 216 fellow: there's my bag; half is mine, and half is thine.
 But let's to it, if thou darest, man for man, to try who
 218 shall have the whole.

220 **Lluel.** Why, thou speakest as thou shouldst speak –
 My masters, on pain of my displeasure, depart the
 222 place, and leave us two to ourselves. I must lop his
 longshanks, 'fore I'll ear to a pair of longshanks.

224 **K. Edw.** They are fair marks, sir, and I must defend
 226 as I may. – Davy, be gone. – Hold here, my hearts:
 long-legs gives you this amongst you to spend blows
 228 one with another.

230 [Exeunt Friar and Rice ap Meredith with Prisoners.]

232 **David.** [Aside]
 Now Davy's days are almost come at end.

234 [Sir David Retires.]

236 **Mort.** [Aside] But, Mortimer, this sight is strange.
 238 Stay thou in some corner to see what will befall in this
 battle.

240

[Mortimer Retires.]

242

244 **K. Edw.** Now, Robin of the Wood, alias Robin Hood,
 be it known to your worship by these presents, that the
 longshanks which you aim at have brought the King of
 246 England into these mountains to see Lluellen and to
 crack a blade with his man that supposeth himself
 248 Prince of Wales.

250

Lluel. What, Sir King! welcome to Cambria. What,
 foolish Edward, darest thou endanger thyself to travel
 252 these mountains? Art thou so foolish-hardy as to
 combat with the Prince of Wales?

254

K. Edw. What I dare, thou seest; what I can perform,
 256 thou shalt shortly know. I think thee a gentleman, and
 therefore hold no scorn to fight with thee.

258

Lluel. No, Edward; I am as good a man as thyself.

260

K. Edw. That shall I try.

262

*[They fight, and Sir David takes his brother
 Lluellen's part and Mortimer takes the King's.]*

264

266 Hallo, Edward! how are thy senses confounded! –
 What, Davy, is it possible thou shouldst be false to
 268 England?

270

David. Edward, I am true to Wales, and so have been
 friends since my birth, and that shall the King of
 272 England know to his cost.

274

Lluel. What, potter, did not I charge you to be gone
 with your fellows?

276

Mort. No, traitor, no potter I, but Mortimer, the
 278 Earl of March, whose coming to these woods is to
 deceive thee of thy love, and reserved to save my
 280 sovereign's life.

282

David. Upon them, brother! let them not breathe.

284

*[King Edward hath Lluellen down
 and David hath Mortimer down.]*

286

K. Edw. Villain, thou diest! God and my right have
 288 prevailed.

290 **David.** Base earl! now doth David triumph in thine
overthrow. – Ay is me! Lluellen at the feet of
292 Longshanks!

294 **K. Edw.** What, Mortimer under the sword of such a
traitor!

296 **Mort.** Brave king, run thy sword up to the hilts into
298 the blood of the rebel.

300 **K. Edw.** O, Mortimer, thy life is dearer to me than
millions of rebels!

302 **David.** Edward, release my brother, and Mortimer
304 lives.

306 **K. Edw.** Ay, villain, thou knowest too well how dear I
hold my Mortimer. – [To Lluellen.] Rise, man, and
308 assure thee that the hate I bear to thee is love in respect
of the deadly hatred I bear to that notorious rebel.

310 **Mort.** Away! his sight to me is like the sight of a
312 cockatrice. – Villain, I go to revenge me on thy
treason, and to make thee pattern to the world of
314 mountainous treason, falsehood, and ingratitude.

316 [Exeunt King Edward and Mortimer.]

318 **David.** Brother, 'a chafes; but hard was your hap to be
overmastered by the coward.

320 **Lluel.** No coward, David: his courage is like to the
322 lion, and were it not that rule and sovereignty set us at
jar, I could love and honour the man for his valour.

324 **David.** But the potter, – O, the villain will never out
326 of my mind whilst I live! and I will lay to be revenged
on his villainy.

328 **Lluel.** Well, David, what will be shall be; therefore
330 casting these matters out of our heads, David, thou art
welcome to Cambria. Let us in and be merry after this
332 cold cooling, and to prepare to strengthen ourselves
against the last threatenings.

334 [Exeunt.]

SCENE XIII.

Carnarvon Castle, Wales.

*After the christening and marriage done, the Herolds
having attended, they pass over; the Bride is led by
two Noblemen, Edmund of Lancaster and
Earl of Sussex and the Bishop.*

Edward sits within a tent.

1 **Gloc.** Welcome, Joan, Countess of Gloucester, to
2 Gilbert de Clare for ever!

4 **Suss.** God give them joy! – Cousin Gloucester, let us
now go visit the king and queen, and present their
6 majesties with their young son, Edward Prince of
Wales.

8
10 *Then all pass in their order to King Edward's
pavilion; the King sits in his tent,
with his Pages about him.*

12 **Bishop.** We here present your highness most humbly
14 with your young son, Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of
Wales.

16
18 [Sound trumpets.]

20 **Omnes.** God save Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of
Wales!

22 **K. Edw.** Edward, Prince of Wales, God bless thee
with long life and honour! [*Kisses him.*] – Welcome,
24 Joan, Countess of Gloucester! God bless thee and thine
for ever! [*Kisses her.*] – Lords, let us visit my queen
26 and wife, whom we will at once present with a son
and daughter honoured to her desire.

28
30 [Sound trumpets: *they all march to Queen Elinor's
chamber; the Bishop speaks to her in her bed.*]

32 **Bishop.** We humbly present your majesty with your
young son, Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales.

34
36 [Sound trumpets.]

All. God save Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales.

38 **Elinor.** [*She kisses the prince.*] Gramercies, Bishop:
 40 hold, take that to buy thee a rochet. –
 42 [Gives purse.]
 44 Welcome, Welshman. – Here, nurse, open him and
 have him to the fire, for God's sake; they have touzed
 46 him, and washed him thoroughly, and that be good. –
 And welcome, Joan, Countess of Gloucester! God bless
 48 thee with long life, honour, and heart's-ease! – I am
 now as good as my word, Gloucester; she is thine: make
 50 much of her, gentle earl.
 52 **K. Edw.** Now, my sweet Nell, what more
 commandeth my queen, that nothing may want to
 54 perfect her contentment?
 56 **Elinor.** Nothing, sweet Ned; but pray, my king, to
 feast the lords and ladies royally: – and thanks a
 58 thousand times, good men and women, to you all
 for this duty and honour done to your prince.
 60
 62 **K. Edw.** Master bridegroom, by old custom this is
 your waiting-day. – Brother Edmund, revel it now or
 never for honour of your England's son. – Gloucester,
 64 now, like a brave bridegroom, marshal this menie, and
 set these lords and ladies to dancing; so shall you fulfil
 66 the old English proverb, "'Tis merry in hall when
 beards wag all."
 68
 70 [*After the show, and the King and Queen, with all the
 Lords and Ladies, being in place, enter Versses
 with a halter about his neck.*]
 72
 74 **K. Edw.** What tidings brings Versses to our court?
 76
 78 **Vers.** Tidings to make thee tremble, English king.
 80
 82 **K. Edw.** Me tremble, boy! must not be news from Scotland
 Can once make English Edward stand aghast.
 84
 86 **Vers.** Baliol hath chosen at this time to stir;
 To rouse him lion-like, and cast the yoke
 That Scots ingloriously have borne from thee
 And all the predecessors of thy line;
 And make his roads to re-obtain his right,
 And for his homage sends thee all this despite.

88 **Lanc.** Why, how now, princox! prat'st thou to a king?

90 **Vers.** I do my message truly from my king:
This sword and target chide in louder terms.
I bring defiance from King John Baliol
92 To English Edward and his barons all.

94 **K. Edw.** Marry, so methinks, thou defiest me with a witness.

96 **Vers.** Baliol, my king, in Barwick makes his court:
His camp he spreads upon the sandy plain,
98 And dares thee to the battle in his right.

100 **Lanc.** What, court and camp in Englishmen's despite?

102 **K. Edw.** Hold, messenger: commend me to thy king:
Wear thou my chain, and carry this to him.
104 Greet all his rout of rebels more or less;
Tell them such shameful end will hit them all:
106 And wend with this as resolutely back
As thou to England brought'st thy Scottish braves.
108 Tell, then, disdainfully Baliol from us,
We'll rouse him from his hold, and make him soon
110 Dislodge his camp and take his wallèd town.
Say what I bid thee, Versses, to his teeth,
112 And earn this favour and a better thing.

114 **Vers.** Yes, King of England, whom my heart loves:
Think, as I promised him to brave thee here,
116 So shall I bid John Baliol base from thee.

118 **K. Edw.** So shalt thou earn my chain and favour, Versses,
And carry him this token that thou send'st.
120

[Exit Versses.]

122 Why, now is England's harvest ripe: –
124 Barons, now may you reap the rich renown
That under warlike colours springs in field,
126 And grows where ensigns wave upon the plains. –
False Baliol, Berwick is no hold of proof
128 To shroud thee from the strength of Edward's arm:
No, Scot; thy treason's fear shall make the breach
130 For England's pure renown to enter in.

132 **Omnes.** Amain, amain, upon these treacherous Scots!
Amain, say all, upon these treacherous Scots!
134

136 **K. Edw.** While we with Edmund, Glocester, and the rest,
With speedy journeys gather up our forces,
And beat these braving Scots from England's bounds. –
138 Mortimer, thou shalt take the rout in task
That revel here and spoil fair Cambria.
140 My queen, when she is strong and well a-foot,
Shall post to London and repose her there.
142 Then God shall send us happily all to meet,
And joy the honours of our victories.
144 Take vantage of our foes and see the time,
Keep still our hold, our fight yet on the plain.
146 Baliol, I come, – proud Baliol and ingrate, –
Prepared to chase thy men from England's gate.
148

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIV.*Berwick.**Enter Baliol with his train.*

1 **Bali.** Princes of Scotland and my loving friends,
 2 Whose necks are overwearied with the yoke
 And servile bondage of these Englishmen,
 4 Lift up your horns, and with your brazen hoofs
 Spurn at the honour of your enemies.
 6 'Tis not ambitious thoughts of private rule
 Have forced your king to take on him these arms;
 8 'Tis country's cause; it is the common good
 Of us and of our brave posterity.
 10 To arms, to arms!
 Versses by this hath told the king our minds,
 12 And he hath braved proud England to the proof:
 We will remunerate his resolution
 14 With gold, with glory, and with kingly gifts.

16 **Ist Lord.** By sweet Saint Jerome, Versses will not spare
 To tell his message to the English king,
 18 And beard the jolly Longshanks to his face,
 Were he the greatest monarch in the world.
 20 And here he comes: his halter makes him haste.

22 *Enter Versses.*

24 **Vers.** Long live my lord, the rightful king of Scots.

26 **Bali.** Welcome, Versses! what news from England?
 Like to the messenger of Scotland's king?

28 **Vers.** Versses, my lord, in terms like to himself,
 30 Like to the messenger of Scottish king,
 Defied the peers of England and her lords,
 32 That all his barons trembles at my threats,
 And Longshanks himself, as daunted and amazed,
 34 Gazed on my face, not witting what to say;
 Till rousing up he shook his threatening hair:
 36 "Versses," quoth he, "take thou King Edward's chain,
 Upon condition thou a message do
 38 To Baliol, false perjured Baliol";
 For in these terms he bad me greet your grace,
 40 And gave this halter to your excellence.
 I took the chain, and give your grace the rope.

42

44 **Bali.** You took the chain, and give my grace the rope! –
Lay hold on him. – Why, miscreate recreant,
And dar'st thou bring a halter to thy king?
46 But I will quite thy pain, and in that chain
Upon a silver gallows shalt thou hang,
48 That honoured with a golden rope of England,
And a silver gibbet of Scotland, thou mayst
50 Hang in the air for fowls to feed upon,
And men to wonder at. – Away with him!
52 Away!
54 [Exeunt.]

SCENE XV.

Somewhere in Wales.

Enter Mortimer with Soldiers, pursuing the rebels.

1 **Mort.** Strike up that drum! follow, pursue, and chase!
2 Follow, pursue! spare not the proudest he
That havocs England's sacred royalty!

4
6 *[Then make the proclamation upon the walls.
Sound trumpets.]*

SCENE XVI.*Carnarvon Castle, Wales.**Enter Queen Elinor.*

1 **Qu. Elin.** Now fits the time to purge our melancholy,
 2 And be revenged upon this London dame. –
 Katherina!

Enter Katherine.

6 **Kath.** At hand, madam.

8 **Qu. Elin.** Bring forth our London Mayoress here.

10 **Kath.** I will, madam.

[Exit Katherine.]

14 **Qu. Elin.** Now, Nell,
 16 Bethink thee of some tortures for the dame,
 And purge thy choler to the uttermost.

Enter Mayoress with Katherine.

20 Now, Mistress Mayoress, you have attendance urged.
 22 And therefore to requite your courtesy,
 Our mind is to bestow an office on you straight.

24 **Mayoress.** Myself, my life, and service, mighty queen,
 26 Are humbly at your majesty's command.

28 **Qu. Elin.** Then, Mistress Mayoress, say whether will
 you be our nurse or laundress?

30 **Mayoress.** Then may it please your majesty
 32 To entertain your handmaid for your nurse.
 She will attend the cradle carefully.

34 **Qu. Elin.** O, no, nurse; the babe needs no great
 36 rocking; it can lull itself. – Katherine, bind her in the
 chair, and let me see how she'll become a nurse.

[The Mayoress is bound to the chair.]

40 So: now, Katherine, draw forth her breast, and let the
 42 serpent suck his fill.

44 [The serpent is applied to her breast.]

46 Why, so; now she is a nurse. – Suck on, sweet babe.

48 **Mayoress.** Ah, queen, sweet queen, seek not my blood to
spill,
For I shall die before this adder have his fill!

50 **Qu. Elin.** Die or die not, my mind is fully pleased. –
52 Come, Katherina: to London now will we,
And leave our Mayoress with her nursery.

54 **Kath.** Farewell, sweet Mayoress, look unto the babe.

56 [Exeunt Queen Elinor and Katherine.]

58 **Mayoress.** Farewell, proud queen, the author of my death,
60 The scourge of England and to English dames! –
Ah, husband, sweet John Bearmber, Mayor of London,
62 Ah, didst thou know how Mary is perplexed,
Soon wouldst thou come to Wales, and rid me of this pain;
64 But, O, I die! my wish is all in vain.

66 [She dies.]

SCENE XVII.*Irfon Bridge, Wales.**Enter Lluellen running.*

1 **Lluel.** The angry heavens frown on Britain's woe
 2 To eclipse the glory of fair Cambria:
 With sour aspects the dreadful planets lour.
 4 Lluellen, basely turn thy back and fly?
 No, Welshmen fight it to the last and die;
 6 For if my men safely have got the bride,
 Careless of chance I'll reck no sour event.
 8 England's broad womb hath not that armèd band
 That can expel Lluellen from his land.

*Enter Sir David running, with a halter,
 ready to hang himself.*

14 **David.** Fly, Lord of Cambria! fly, Prince of Wales!
 Sweet brother, fly! the field is won and lost:
 16 Thou art beset with England's furious troops,
 And cursèd Mortimer, like a lion, leads.
 18 Our men have got the bride, but all in vain:
 The Englishmen are come upon our backs.
 20 Either flee or die, for Edward hath the day.
 For me, I have my rescue in my hand:
 22 England on me no torments shall inflict.
 Farewell, Lluellen, while we meet in Heaven.

*[Exit David.]**Enter Soldiers.*

28 **1st Sold.** Follow, pursue! – Lie there, whate'er thou be.

[Slays Lluellen with a pike-staff.]

32 Yet soft, my hearts! let us his countenance see.
 34 This is the prince; I know him by his face:
 O gracious fortune, that me happy made
 36 To spoil the weed that chokes fair Cambria!
 Hale him from hence, and in this busky wood
 38 Bury his corpse; but for his head, I vow
 I will present our governor with the same.

40

SCENE XVIII.

Near Irfon Bridge, Wales.

Enter the Friar with a halter about his neck.

1 **Friar.** Come, my gentle Richard, my true servant, that
2 in some storms have stood thy master; hang thee, I
3 pray thee, lest I hang for thee; and down on thy
4 marrowbones, like a foolish fellow that have gone far
5 astray, and ask forgiveness of God and King Edward
6 for playing the rake-hell and the rebel here in Wales.
7 Ah, gentle Richard, many a hot breakfast have we
8 been at together! and now since, like one of Mars his
9 frozen knights, I must hang up my weapon upon this
10 tree, and come *per misericordiam* to the mad potter
11 Mortimer, wring thy hands, Friar, and sing a pitiful
12 farewell to thy pike-staff at parting.

14 *[The Friar sings his farewell to his pike-staff.
he takes his leave of Cambria: exit the Friar.]*

SCENE XIX.

Near Irfon Bridge, Wales.

*Enter Mortimer with his Soldiers,
[David led captive] and the Lady Elinor.*

1 **Mort.** Bind fast the traitor and bring him away, that
2 the law may justly pass upon him, and [he] receive the
reward of monstrous treasons and villainy, stain to the
4 name and honour of his noble country! – For you that
slew Lluellen and presented us with his head, the king
6 shall reward your fortune and chivalry. – Sweet lady,
abate not thy looks so heavenly to the earth: God and
8 the King of England hath honour for thee in store, and
Mortimer's heart [is] at [thy] service and at thy
10 commandment.

12 **Elinor.** Thanks, gentle lord; but, alas, who can blame
Elinor to accuse her stars, that in one hour hath lost
14 honour and contentment?

16 **Mort.** And in one hour may your ladyship recover
both, if you vouchsafe to be advised by your friends. –

18
[Enter the Friar and kneels.]

20
– But what makes the Friar here upon his
22 marrowbones?

24 **Friar.** O, potter, potter, the Friar doth sue,
Now his old master is slain and gone, to have a new.

26
Elinor. [Aside]
28 Ah, sweet Lluellen, how thy death I rue!

30 **Mort.** Well said, Friar! better once than never. Give
me thy hand [*Raising him.*] my cunning shall fail me
32 but we will be fellows yet; and now Robin Hood is
gone, it shall cost me hot water but thou shalt be King
34 Edward's man: only I enjoin thee this – come not too
near the fire, but, good Friar, be at my hand.

36
Friar. O, sir; no, sir, not so, sir; 'a was warned too
38 lately; none of that flesh I love.

40 **Mort.** Come on: and for those that have made their
submission and given their names, in the king's name I

42 | pronounce their pardons; and so God save King
44 | Edward I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XX.*Charing Green.**Thunder and lightning.
Enter Queen Elinor and Joan.*

1 **Qu. Elin.** Why, Joan,
 2 Is this the welcome that the clouds affords?
 How dare these disturb our thoughts, knowing
 4 That I am Edward's wife and England's Queen,
 Here thus on Charing-Green to threaten me?

6 **Joan.** Ah, mother, blaspheme not so!
 8 Your blaspheming and other wicked deeds
 Have caused our God to terrify your thoughts.
 10 And call to mind your sinful fact committed
 Against the Mayoress here of lovely London,
 12 And better Mayoress London never bred,
 So full of ruth and pity to the poor:
 14 Her have you made away,
 That London cries for vengeance on your head.

16 **Qu. Elin.** I rid her not; I made her not away:
 18 By Heaven I swear, traitors
 They are to Edward and to England's Queen
 20 That say I made away the Mayoress.

22 **Joan.** Take heed, sweet lady-mother, swear not so:
 A field of prize-corn will not stop their mouths
 24 That say you have made away that virtuous woman.

26 **Qu. Elin.** Gape, earth, and swallow me, and let my soul
 Sink down to hell, if I were author of
 28 That woman's tragedy! –

30 *[The earth opens and swallows her up.]*

32 O, Joan, help, Joan,
 Thy mother sinks!

34 **Joan.** O, mother! my help is nothing! – O, she is sunk,
 36 And here the earth is new-closed up again.
 Ah, Charing-Green, for ever change thy hue.
 38 And never may the grass grow green again,
 But wither and return to stones, because
 40 That beauteous Elinor sink on thee! Well, I
 Will send unto the king my father's grace,

42 | And satisfy him of this strange mishap.

44 | *[Exit Joan.]*

SCENE XXI.*Montrose, Scotland.**Alarum; a charge:
after long skirmish, assault; flourish.**Enter King Edward with his train, and Baliol prisoner.*

- 1 **K. Edw.** Now, trothless king, what fruits have braving
boasts?
- 2 What end hath treason but a sudden fall?
Such as have known thy life and bringing up,
- 4 Have praised thee for thy learning and thy art:
How comes it, then, that thou forget'st thy books
- 6 That schooled thee to forget ingratitude?
Unkind! this hand hath 'nointed thee a king;
- 8 This tongue pronounced the sentence of thy ruth:
If thou, in lieu of mine unfeignèd love,
- 10 Hast levied arms for to attempt my crown,
Now see thy fruits: thy glories are dispersed;
- 12 And heifer-like, sith thou hast passed thy bounds,
Thy sturdy neck must stoop to bear this yoke.
- 14 **Bali.** I took this lesson, Edward, from my book, –
To keep a just equality of mind,
- 16 Content with every fortune as it comes:
So canst thou threat no more than I expect.
- 18 **K. Edw.** So, sir: your moderation is enforced;
Your goodly glosses cannot make it good.
- 22 **Bali.** Then will I keep in silence what I mean,
Since Edward thinks my meaning is not good.
- 24 **K. Edw.** Nay, Baliol, speak forth, if there yet remain
A little remnant of persuading art.
- 26 **Bali.** If cunning may have power to win the king.
Let those employ it that can flatter him;
- 28 If honoured deed may reconcile the king,
It lies in me to give and him to take.
- 30 **K. Edw.** Why, what remains for Baliol now to give?
- 32 **Bali.** Allegiance, as becomes a royal king.
- 34 **K. Edw.** What league of faith where league is broken
once?

40 | **Bali.** The greater hope in them that once have fall'n
42 | **K. Edw.** But foolish are those monarchs that do yield
A conquered realm upon submissive vows.
44 | **Bali.** There, take my crown, and so redeem my life.
46 | **K. Edw.** Ay, sir; that was the choicest plea of both;
48 | For whoso quells the pomp of haughty minds,
And breaks their staff whereon they build their trust,
50 | Is sure in wanting power, they carry not harm.
Baliol shall live; but yet within such bounds
52 | That, if his wings grow flig, they may be clipt.
54 | [Exeunt.]

SCENE XXII.*Potter's Hive.**Thunder and Lightning.**Enter the Potter's Wife, and John her man,
near the potter's dwelling, called the Potter's Hive.*

1 **P's Wife.** John, come away: you go as though you
2 slept. A great knave and be afraid of a little thundering
and lightening!

4
6 **John.** Call you this a little thundering? I am sure my
breeches find it a great deal, for I am sure they are
stuffed with thunder.

8
10 **P's Wife.** They are stuffed with a fool, are they
not? Will it please you to carry the lantern a little
handsomer, and not to carry it with your hands in your
slops?

14 **John.** Slops, quoth you! Would I had tarried at home
by the fire, and then I should not have need to put my
16 hands in my pockets! But I'll lay my life I know the
reason of this foul weather.

18
20 **P's Wife.** Do you know the reason? I pray thee, John,
tell me, and let me hear this reason.

22 **John.** I lay my life some of your gossips be cross-
legged that we came from: but you are wise, mistress,
24 for you come now away, and will not stay a-
gossiping in a dry house all night.

26
28 **P's Wife.** Would it please you to walk and leave off
your knavery?

30 *[Queen Elinor slowly rises out of the earth.]*

32 But stay, John: what's that riseth out of the ground?
Jesus bless us, John! look how it riseth higher and
34 higher!

36 **John.** By my troth, mistress, 'tis a woman. Good
Lord, do women grow? I never saw none grow before.

38
40 **P's Wife.** Hold thy tongue, thou foolish knave; it is
the spirit of some woman.

42 **Qu. Elin.** Ha, let me see; where am I? On Charing-
 44 Green? Ay, on Charing-Green here, hard by
 46 Westminster, where I was crowned, and Edward there
 made king. Ay, 'tis true; so it is: and therefore,
 Edward, kiss not me, unless you will straight perfume
 your lips, Edward.

48 **P's Wife.** *Ora pro nobis!* John, I pray, fall to your
 50 prayers. For my life, it is the queen that chafes thus,
 who sunk this day on Charing-Green, and now is risen
 52 up on Potter's Hive; and therefore truly, John, I'll go to
 her.

54 [The Potter's Wife goes to the Queen.]

56 **Qu. Elin.** Welcome, good woman. What place is this?
 58 sea or land? I pray shew to me.

60 **P's Wife.** Your grace need not to fear; you are on firm
 ground: it is the Potter's Hive: and therefore cheer your
 62 majesty, for I will see you safe conducted to the court,
 if case your highness be therewithal pleased.

64 **Qu. Elin.** Ay, good woman, conduct me to the court.
 66 That there I may bewail my sinful life,
 And call to God to save my wretched soul.

68 [A cry of "Westward Ho!"]

70 Woman, what noise is this I hear?

72 **P's Wife.** And like your grace, it is the watermen that
 74 calls for passengers to go westward now.

76 **Qu. Elin.** That fits my turn, for I will straight with them
 To King's-town to the court,
 78 And there repose me till the king come home.
 And therefore, sweet woman, conceal what thou hast seen.
 80 And lead me to those watermen, for here
 Doth Elinor droop.

82 **John.** Come, come; here's a goodly leading of you, is
 84 there not? first, you must make us afeard, and now I
 must be troubled in carrying of you. I would you were
 86 honestly laid in your bed, so that I were not troubled
 with you.

88

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XXIII.

Somewhere on the Road to London from Scotland.

*Enter King Edward,
Edmund (the Earl of Lancaster) and Lords.
Enter to them a Messenger.*

1 **Mess.** Honour and fortune wait upon the crown
2 Of princely Edward, England's valiant king!

4 **K. Edw.** Thanks, messenger; and if my God vouchsafe
That wingèd Honour wait upon my throne,
6 I'll make her spread her plumes upon their heads
Whose true allegiance doth confirm the crown.
8 What news in Wales? how wends our business there?

10 **Mess.** The false disturber of that wasted soil,
With his adherents, is surprised, my king;
12 And in assurance he shall start no more,
Breathless he lies, and headless too, my lords.
14 The circumstance these lines shall here unfold.

16 [Gives letter.]

18 **K. Edw.** A harmful weed, by wisdom rooted out,
Can never hurt the true engrafted plant.

20 *Enter Sir Thomas Spencer.*

22 But what's the news Sir Thomas Spencer brings?

24 **Spenc.** Wonders, my lord, wrapt up in homely words,
26 And letters to inform your majesty.

28 [Gives letters.]

30 [Edward reads letters.]

32 **K. Edw.** O heavens, what may these miracles portend?
Nobles, my queen is sick; but what is more –
34 Read, brother Edmund, read a wondrous chance.

36 [Edmund reads a line of the Queen's sinking.]

38 **Lanc.** And I not heard nor read so strange a thing!

40 **K. Edw.** Sweet queen, this sinking is a surfeit ta'en
Of pride, wherewith thy woman's heart did swell;
42 A dangerous malady in the heart to dwell. –

44 Lords, march we towards London now in haste:
I will go see my lovely Elinor,
And comfort her after this strange affright;
46 And where she is importune to have talk
And secret conference with some friars of France,
48 Mun, thou with me, and I with thee will go,
And take the sweet confession of my Nell;
50 We will have French enough to parlè with the queen.

52 **Lanc.** Might I advise your royal majesty,
I would not go for millions of gold.
54 What knows, your grace, disguisèd if you wend,
What you may hear, in secrecy revealed,
56 That may appal and discontent your highness?
A goodly creature is your Elinor,
58 Brought up in niceness and in delicacy:
Then listen not to her confession, lord,
60 To wound thy heart with some unkind conceit. —
[*Aside*] But as for Lancaster, he may not go.

62 **K. Edw.** Brother, I am resolved, and go I will,
64 If God give life, and cheer my dying queen.
Why, Mun, why, man, whate'er King Edward hears,
66 It lies in God and him to pardon all
I'll have no ghostly fathers out of France:
68 England hath learnèd clarks and confessors
To comfort and absolve, as men may do;
70 And I'll be ghostly father for this once.

72 **Lanc.** [*Aside*]
Edmund, thou mayst not go, although thou die:
74 And yet how mayst thou here thy king deny?
Edward is gracious, merciful, meek, and mild;
76 But furious when he finds he is beguiled.

78 **K. Edw.** Messenger, hie thee back to Shrewsbury;
Bid Mortimer, thy master, speed him fast.
80 And with his fortune welcome us to London.
I long to see my beauteous lovely queen.

82

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XXIV.*Shrewsbury, England.*

*Enter Mortimer and Officers, the Friar, Jack,
and the Harper, with Sir David drawn on a hurdle,
and Lluellen's head on a spear.*

1 **Friar.** On afore, on afore.

2
3 **Jack.** Hold up your torches for dropping.

4
5 **Friar.** A fair procession. – Sir David, be of good
6 cheer: you cannot go out of the way, having so many
7 guides at hand.

8
9 **Jack.** Be sure of that; for we go all the highway to the
10 gallows, I warrant you.

11 **David.** I go where my star leads me, and die in my
12 country's just cause and quarrel.

13
14 **Harp.** The star that twinkled at thy birth,
15 Good brother mine, hath marred thy mirth:
16 An old said saw, earth must to earth.
17 Next year will be a piteous dearth
18 Of hemp, I dare lay a penny,
19 This year is hanged so many.

20
21 **Friar.** Well said, Morgan Pigot, harper and prophet
22 for the king's own mouth.

23
24 **Jack.** "Tum date dite dote dum,"
25 This is the day, the time is come;
26 Morgan Pigot's prophecy,
27 And Lord Lluellen's tragedy.

28
29 **Friar.** Who saith the prophet is an ass
30 Whose prophecies come so to pass?
31 Said he not oft, and sung it too,
32 Lluellen, after much ado,
33 Should in spite heave up his chin
34 And be the highest of his kin?
35 And see, aloft Lluellen's head,
36 Empalèd with a crown of lead! –
37 My lord, let not this sooth-sayer lack,
38 That hath such cunning in his jack.

39
40

42 | **Harp.** David, hold still your clack,
Lest your heels make your neck crack.

44 | **Friar.** Gentle prophet, an ye love me, forspeak me
not: 'tis the worst luck in the world to stir a witch or
46 | anger a wise man. – Master Sheriff, have we any
haste? Best give my horses some more hay.

48 |

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XXV.

The Palace at Kingston-upon-Thames.

*Queen Elinor discovered in child-bed,
attended by Joan and other Ladies.*

1 **Qu. Elin.** Call forth those renowned friars come from
France;

2

[Exit a Lady.]

4

And raise me, gentle ladies, in my bed,
6 That while this faltering engine of my speech
I leave to utter my concealèd guilt,
8 I may repeat and so repent my sins.

10 **Joan.** What plague afflicts your royal majesty?

12 **Qu. Elin.** Ah, Joan, I perish through a double-war!
First in this painful prison of my soul,
14 A world of dreadful sins help thee to fight,
And nature, having lost her working power,
16 Yields up her earthly fortunes unto death.
Next of a war my soul is overpreased,
18 In that my conscience loaded with misdeeds,
Sits seeing my confusion to ensue,
20 Without especial favour from above.

22 **Joan.** Your grace must account it a warrior's cross,
To make resist where danger there is none.
24 Subdue your fever by precious art,
And help you still through hope of heavenly aid.

26

Qu. Elin. The careless shepherds on the mountain's tops,
28 That see the seaman floating on the surge,
The threatening winds comes springing with the floods
30 To overwhelm and drown his crazèd keel,
His tacks torn, his sails borne overboard,
32 How pale, like vallow flowers, the captain stands
Upon his hatches, waiting for his jerk,
34 Wringing his hands that ought to play the pump,
May blame his fear that laboureth not for life:
36 So thou, poor soul, may tell a servile tale,
May counsel me; but I that prove the pain
38 May hear thee talk but not redress my harm.
But ghastly death already is addressed
40 To glean the latest blossom of my life:

42 My spirit fails me. Are these friars come?
 44 *Re-Enter [Lady with] King Edward and Lancaster
in Friars' weeds.*
 46 **K. Edw.** *Dominus vobiscum.*
 48 **Lanc.** *Et cum spiritu tuo.*
 50 **Qu. Elin.** Draw near, grave fathers, and approach my bed.
 —
 Forbear our presence, ladies, for a while.
 52 And leave us to our secret conference.
 54 *[Exeunt Joan and Ladies.]*
 56 **K. Edw.** What cause hath moved your royal majesty
 To call your servants from their country's bounds,
 58 For to attend your pleasure here in England's court?
 60 **Qu. Elin.** See you not, holy friars, mine estate,
 My body weak, inclining to my grave?
 62
 64 **Lanc.** We see and sorrow for thy pain, fair queen.
 66 **Qu. Elin.** By these external signs of my defects,
 Friars, conjecture mine internal grief.
 My soul, ah, wretched soul, within this breast,
 68 Faint for to mount the heavens with wings of grace,
 A hundred by-flocking troops of sin,
 70 That stop my passage to my wishèd bowers.
 72 **K. Edw.** The nearer, Elinor, so the greatest hope of health:
 And deign to us for to impart your grief,
 74 Who by our prayers and counsel ought to arm
 Aspiring souls to scale the heavenly grace.
 76 **Qu. Elin.** Shame and remorse doth stop my course of
 speech.
 78
 80 **K. Edw.** Madam, you need not dread our conference,
 Who, by the order of the holy church,
 Are all anointed to sacred secrecy.
 82
 84 **Qu. Elin.** Did I not think, nay, were I not assured,
 Your wisdoms would be silent in that cause,
 No fear could make me to bewray myself.
 86 But, gentle fathers, I have thought it good
 Not to rely upon these Englishmen,

88 But on your troths, you holy men of France:
 Then, as you love your life and England's weal,
 90 Keep secret my confession from the king;
 For why my story nearly toucheth him,
 92 Whose love comparèd with my loose delights,
 With many sorrows that my heart affrights.

94
Lanc. My heart misgives.

96
K. Edw. Be silent, fellow Friar.

98
Qu. Elin. In pride of youth, when I was young and fair,
 100 And gracious in the King of England's sight,
 The day before that night his highness should
 102 Possess the pleasure of my wedlock's bed,
 Caitiff, accursèd monster as I was,
 104 His brother Edmund, beautiful and young,
 Upon my bridal couch by my consent
 106 Enjoyed the flower and favour of my love,
 And I became a traitress to my lord.

108
 [The King beholds his Brother woefully.]

110
K. Edw. *Facinus scelus, infandum nefas!*

112
Lanc. Madam, through sickness, weakness of your
 114 wits, 'twere very good to bethink yourself before you
 speak.

116
Qu. Elin. Good father, not so weak, but that, I wot,
 118 My heart doth rent to think upon the time.
 But why exclaims this holy friar so?
 120 O, pray, then, for my faults, religious man!

122
K. Edw. 'Tis charity in men of my degree
 To sorrow for our neighbours' heinous sins:
 124 And, madam, though some promise love to you,
 And zeal to Edmund, brother to the king,
 126 I pray the heavens you both may soon repent.
 But might it please your highness to proceed?

128
Qu. Elin. Unto this sin a worser doth succeed;
 130 For, Joan of Acon, the supposèd child
 And daughter of my lord the English king,
 132 Is basely born, begotten of a friar,
 Such time as I was there arrived in France.
 134 His only true and lawful son, my friends,

136 He is my hope, his son that should succeed,
 Is Edward of Carnarvon, lately born.
 Now all the scruples of my troubled mind
 138 I sighing sound within your reverent ears.
 O, pray, for pity! pray, for I must die.
 140 Remit, my God, the folly of my youth!
 My groaning spirit attends thy mercy-seat.
 142 Fathers, farewell; commend me to my king,
 Commend me to my children and my friends,
 144 And close mine eyes, for death will have his due.

146 [Queen Elinor dies.]

148 **K. Edw.** Blushing I shut these thine enticing lamps,
 The wanton baits that made me suck my bane.
 150 Pyropus' hardened flames did ne'er reflect
 More hideous flames than from my breast arise.
 152 What fault more vile unto thy dearest lord
 Our daughter base-begotten of a priest,
 154 And Ned, my brother, partner of my love!
 O, that those eyes that lightened Caesar's brain,
 156 O, that those looks that mastered Phoebus' brand,
 Or else those looks that stained Medusa's far,
 158 Should shrine deceit, desire, and lawless lust!
 Unhappy king, dishonoured in thy stock!
 160 Hence, feignèd weeds, unfeignèd is my grief.

162 **Lanc.** Dread prince, my brother, if my vows avail,
 I call to witness Heaven in my behalf;
 164 If zealous prayer might drive you from suspect,
 I bend my knees, and humbly crave this boon,
 166 That you will drive misdeeds out of your mind.
 May never good betide my life, my lord,
 168 If once I dreamed upon this damnèd deed!
 But my decessèd sister and your queen,
 170 Afflicted with recureless maladies,
 Impatient of her pain, grew lunatic,
 172 Discovering errors never dreamed upon.
 To prove this true, the greatest men of all
 174 Within their learnèd volumes do record
 That all extremes end in naught but extremes.
 176 Then think, O king, her agony in death
 Bereaved her sense and memory at once,
 178 So that she spoke she knew nor how nor what.

180 **K. Edw.** Sir, sir, fain would your highness hide your faults
 By cunning vows and glozing terms of art;
 182 And well thou mayst delude these listening ears,

Yet never assuage by proof this jealous heart.
 184 Traitor, thy head shall ransom my disgrace. –
 Daughter of darkness, whose accursèd bower
 186 The poet feigned to lie upon Avernus,
 Whereas Cimmerian darkness checks the sun,
 188 Dread Jealousy, afflict me not so sore!
 Fair Queen Elinor could never be so false: –
 190 Ay, but she 'vowed these treasons at her death,
 A time not fit to fashion monstrous lies. –
 192 Ah, my ungrateful brother as thou art,
 Could not my love, nay, more, could not the law,
 194 Nay, further, could not nature thee allure
 For to refrain from this incestuous sin?
 196 Haste from my sight!
 198 *[Exit Lancaster.]*
 200 *[To those within]* Call Joan of Acon here. –
 The luke-warm spring distilling from his eyes,
 202 His oaths, his vows, his reasons wrested with remorse
 From forth his breast, – impoisoned with suspect,
 204 Fain would I deem that false I find too true.
 206 *[Enter Joan.]*
 208 **Joan.** I come to know what England's king commands.
 I wonder why your highness greets me thus,
 210 With strange regard and unacquainted terms.
 212 **K. Edw.** Ah, Joan, this wonder needs must wound thy
 breast,
 For it hath well-nigh slain my wretched heart.
 214 **Joan.** What, is the queen, my sovereign mother, dead?
 216 Woe's me, unhappy lady, woe-begone!
 218 **K. Edw.** The queen is dead; yet, Joan, lament not thou:
 Poor soul, guiltless art thou of this deceit,
 220 That hath more cause to curse than to complain.
 222 **Joan.** My dreadful soul, assailed with doleful speech,
 Joins me to bow my knees unto the ground,
 224 Beseeching your most royal majesty
 To rid your woeful daughter of suspect.
 226 **K. Edw.** Ay, daughter, Joan? poor soul, thou art deceived!
 228 The king of England is no scornèd priest.
 230 **Joan.** Was not the Lady Elinor your spouse,

And am not I the offspring of your loins?

232

K. Edw. Ay, but when ladies list to run astray,
 234 The poor supposed father wears the horn,
 And pleating leave their liege in princes' laps.
 236 Joan, thou art daughter to a lecherous friar;
 A friar was thy father, hapless Joan;
 238 Thy mother in profession, 'vowed no less,
 And I, vild wretch, which sorrowed heard no less.

240

Joan. What, am I, then, a friar's base-born brat?
 242 Presumptuous wretch, why prease I 'fore my king?
 How can I look my husband in the face?
 244 Why should I live since my renown is lost?
 Away, thou wanton weed! hence, world's delight!

246

[*She falls groveling on the ground.*]

248

K. Edw. *L'orecchie abbassa, come vinto e staneo*
 250 *Destrier c'ha in boeca il fren, gli sproni al fianco, –*
O sommo Dio, come I giudicii umani
 252 *Spesso offuscati son da un nembo oscuro! –*
 Hapless and wretched, lift up thy heavy head;
 254 Curse not so much at this unhappy chance;
 Unconstant Fortune still will have her course.

256

Joan. My king, my king, let Fortune have her course: –
 258 Fly thou, my soul, and take a better course.
 Ay's me, from royal state I now am fall'n! –
 260 You purple springs that wander in my veins,
 And whilom wont to feed my heavy heart,
 262 Now all at once make haste, and pity me.
 And stop your powers, and change your native course;
 264 Dissolve to air, your lukewarm bloody streams,
 And cease to be, that I may be no more. –
 266 Your curlèd locks, draw from this cursèd head:
 Abase her pomp, for Joan is basely born! –
 268 Ah, Gloucester, thou, poor Gloucester, hast the wrong! –
 Die, wretch! haste death, for Joan hath lived too long.

270

[*She suddenly dies at the Queen's bed's feet.*]

272

K. Edw. Revive thee, hapless lady; grieve not thus. –
 274 In vain speak I, for she revives no more.
 Poor hapless soul, thy own repeated moans
 276 Hath wrought thy sudden and untimely death. –
 Lords, ladies, haste!

280

282

Thy Joan is dead: yet grieve thou not her fall;

288

That I in death may end my life and love!

292

294

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324 As erst your grace by message did command,
Is here at hand, in purpose to present
326 Your highness with his signs of victory.
And trothless Baliol, their accursèd king,
328 With fire and sword doth threat Northumberland.

330 **K. Edw.** How one affliction calls another over!
First death torments me, then I feel disgrace!
332 And false Baliol means to brave me too;
But I will find provision for them all:
334 My constancy shall conquer death and shame.

336 [Exeunt all except Gloucester.]

338 **Gloc.** Now, Joan of Acon, let me mourn thy fall. –
Sole, here alone, now set thee down and sigh.
340 Sigh, hapless Gloucester, for thy sudden loss:
Pale death, alas, hath banished all thy pride,
342 Thy wedlock-vows! How oft have I beheld
Thy eyes, thy looks, thy lips, and every part,
344 How nature strove in them to shew her art,
In shine, in shape, in colour, and compare!
346 But now hath death, the enemy of love,
Stained and deformed the shine, the shape, the red,
348 With pale and dimness, and my love is dead.
Ah, dead, my love! vile wretch, why am I living?
350 So willeth fate, and I must be contented:
All pomp in time must fade, and grow to nothing.
352 Wept I like Niobe, yet it profits nothing:
Then cease, my sighs, since I may not regain her,
354 And woe to wretched death that thus hath slain her!

356 [Exit.]

FINIS