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presents

a Theatre Script of

THE HONOURABLE HISTORY  
of FRIAR BACON  
and FRIAR BUNGAY

By Robert Greene

Written c. 1590

Earliest Extant Edition: 1592

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

*King Henry the Third.*

*Edward*, Prince of Wales, his Son.

*Raphe Simnell*, the King's Fool.

*Lacy*, Earl of Lincoln.

*Warren*, Earl of Sussex.

*Ermsby*, a Gentleman.

*Friar Bacon.*

*Miles*, Friar Bacon's Poor Scholar.

*Friar Bungay.*

*Emperor of Germany.*

*King of Castile.*

*Princess Elinor*, Daughter to the King of Castile.

*Jaques Vandermast*, A German Magician.

Doctors of Oxford:

*Burden.*

*Mason.*

*Clement.*

*Lambert*, a Gentleman.

*1st Scholar*, Lambert's Son.

*Serlsby*, a Gentleman.

*2nd Scholar*, Serlsby's Son.

*Keeper.*

*Margaret*, the Keeper's Daughter.

*Thomas*, a Clown.

*Richard*, a Clown.

*Hostess* of The Bell at Henley

*Joan*, a Country Wench.

*Constable.*

*A Post.*

Spirit in the shape of *Hercules*.

A Devil.

Lords, Clowns, etc.

### **A. Raphe and Ralph.**

The character of the jester in *Friar Bacon* is named **Raphe Simnell**. **Raphe**, the precursor to the more familiar contemporary name **Ralph**, is pronounced *Rafe*. We may note that most editors print this play with the modern version of the name.

### **B. Scene Breaks, Settings, and Stage Directions.**

*Friar Bacon* was originally published in a 1594 quarto. As usual, we lean towards adhering to the wording of the earliest volume as much as possible.

Words or syllables which have been added to the original text to clarify the sense or repair the meter are surrounded by hard brackets [ ]; these additions are often adopted from the play's later editions. A director who wishes to remain truer to the original text may of course choose to omit any of the supplementary wording.

The 1594 quarto does not divide *Friar Bacon* into Acts and Scenes, or provide settings. We separate the play into 16 Scenes, based on the arrangement of Ward, and adopt his suggestions for scene locations as well.

Finally, as is our normal practice, a good number of the quarto's stage directions have been modified, and others added, to give clarity to the action. Most of these changes are adopted from Dyce.

### **C. Optional Textual Changes.**

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

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SCENE I.

*Near Framlingham.*

*Enter Prince Edward, malcontented, with Lacy, Warren, Ermsby  
and Raphe Simnell (the king's fool).*

- 1 **Lacy.** Why looks my lord like to a troubled sky  
2 When Heaven's bright shine is shadowed with a fog?  
Alate we ran the deer, and through the lawnds  
4 Stripped with our nags the lofty frolic bucks  
That scudded 'fore the teasers like the wind:  
6 Ne'er was the deer of merry Fressingfield  
So lustily pulled down by jolly mates,  
8 Nor shared the farmers such fat venison,  
So frankly dealt, this hundred years before;  
10 Nor have  
I seen my lord more frolic in the chase,  
12 And now changed to a melancholy dump.
- 14 **Warr.** After the prince got to the Keeper's lodge,  
And had been jocund in the house awhile,  
16 Tossing off ale and milk in country cans,  
Whether it was the country's sweet content,  
18 Or else the bonny damsel filled us drink  
That seemed so stately in her stammel red,  
20 Or that a qualm did cross his stomach then,  
But straight he fell into his passiöns.
- 22 **Erms.** Sirrah Raphe, what say you to your master,  
24 Shall he thus all amort live malcontent?
- 26 **Raphe.** Hearest thou, Ned? – Nay, look if he will  
speak to me!

28 **Pr. Edw.** What say'st thou to me, fool?  
30  
32 **Raphe.** I pray thee, tell me, Ned, art thou in love with  
the Keeper's daughter?  
34 **Pr. Edw.** How if I be, what then?  
36 **Raphe.** Why, then, sirrah, I'll teach thee how to  
deceive Love.  
38  
40 **Pr. Edw.** How, Raphe?  
42 **Raphe.** Marry, Sirrah Ned, thou shall put on my cap  
and my coat and my dagger, and I will put on thy  
clothes and thy sword; and so thou shalt be my fool.  
44  
46 **Pr. Edw.** And what of this?  
48 **Raphe.** Why, so thou shalt beguile Love; for Love  
is such a proud scab, that he will never meddle with  
fools nor children. Is not Raphe's counsel good, Ned?  
50  
52 **Pr. Edw.** Tell me, Ned Lacy, didst thou mark the maid,  
How lively in her country weeds she looked?  
A bonnier wench all Suffolk cannot yield: –  
54 All Suffolk! nay, all England holds none such.  
56 **Raphe.** Sirrah Will Ermsby, Ned is deceived.  
58 **Erms.** Why, Raphe?  
60 **Raphe.** He says all England hath no such, and I  
say, and I'll stand to it, there is one better in  
62 Warwickshire.  
64 **Warren.** How provest thou that, Raphe?  
66 **Raphe.** Why, is not the abbot a learned man, and  
hath read many books, and thinkest thou he hath not  
68 more learning than thou to choose a bonny wench?  
Yes, warrant I thee, by his whole grammar.  
70  
72 **Erms.** A good reason, Raphe.  
74 **Pr. Edw.** I tell thee, Lacy, that her sparkling eyes  
Do lighten forth sweet love's alluring fire;  
And in her tresses she doth fold the looks  
76 Of such as gaze upon her golden hair:

78 Her bashful white, mixed with the morning's red,  
 Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheeks;  
 Her front is beauty's table, where she paints  
 80 The glories of her gorgeous excellence.  
 Her teeth are shelves of precious margarites,  
 82 Richly enclosed with ruddy cural cleeves.  
 Tush, Lacy, she is beauty's over-match,  
 84 If thou survey'st her curious imagery.

86 **Lacy.** I grant, my lord, the damsel is as fair  
 As simple Suffolk's homely towns can yield.  
 88 But in the court be quainter dames than she,  
 Whose faces are enriched with honour's taint,  
 90 Whose beauties stand upon the stage of fame,  
 And vaunt their trophies in the courts of love.

92  
 94 **Pr. Edw.** Ah, Ned, but hadst thou watch'd her as myself,  
 And seen the secret beauties of the maid,  
 Their courtly coyness were but foolery.

96  
 98 **Erms.** Why, how watched you her, my lord?

**Pr. Edw.** Whenas she swept like Venus through the house,  
 100 And in her shape fast folded up my thoughts,  
 Into the milk-house went I with the maid,  
 102 And there amongst the cream-bowls she did shine  
 As Pallas 'mongst her princely huswifery:  
 104 She turned her smock over her lily arms,  
 And dived them into milk to run her cheese;  
 106 But whiter than the milk her crystal skin,  
 Checkèd with lines of azure, made her blush  
 108 That art or nature durst bring for compare.  
 Ermsby,  
 110 If thou hadst seen, as I did note it well,  
 How beauty played the huswife, how this girl,  
 112 Like Lucrece, laid her fingers to the work,  
 Thou wouldst, with Tarquin, hazard Rome and all  
 114 To win the lovely maid of Fressingfield.

116 **Raphe.** Sirrah, Ned, wouldst fain have her?

118 **Pr. Edw.** Ay, Raphe.

120 **Raphe.** Why, Ned, I have laid the plot in my head;  
 thou shalt have her already.

122  
 124 **Pr. Edw.** I'll give thee a new coat, an learn me that.

126 **Raphe.** Why, Sirrah Ned, we'll ride to Oxford to  
Friar Bacon: O, he is a brave scholar, sirrah; they say  
128 he is a brave necromancer, that he can make women  
of devils, and he can juggle cats into costermongers.

130 **Pr. Edw.** And how then, Raphe?

132 **Raphe.** Marry, sirrah, thou shalt go to him: and  
because thy father Harry shall not miss thee, he shall  
134 turn me into thee; and I'll to the court, and I'll prince  
it out; and he shall make thee either a silken purse  
136 full of gold, or else a fine wrought smock.

138 **Pr. Edw.** But how shall I have the maid?

140 **Raphe.** Marry, sirrah, if thou be'st a silken purse  
full of gold, then on Sundays she'll hang thee by her  
142 side, and you must not say a word. Now, sir, when  
she comes into a great prease of people, for fear of  
144 the cutpurse, on a sudden she'll swap thee into her  
plackerd; then, sirrah, being there, you may plead for  
146 yourself.

148 **Erms.** Excellent policy!

150 **Pr. Edw.** But how if I be a wrought smock?

152 **Raphe.** Then she'll put thee into her chest and lay  
thee into lavender, and upon some good day she'll  
154 put thee on; and at night when you go to bed, then  
being turned from a smock to a man, you may make  
156 up the match.

158 **Lacy.** Wonderfully wisely counselled, Raphe.

160 **Pr. Edw.** Raphe shall have a new coat.

162 **Raphe.** God thank you when I have it on my back,  
Ned.

164 **Pr. Edw.** Lacy, the fool hath laid a perfect plot,  
166 For why our country Margaret is so coy,  
And stands so much upon her honest points,  
168 That marriage or no market with the maid –  
Ermsby, it must be necromantic spells  
170 And charms of art that must enchain her love,  
Or else shall Edward never win the girl.  
172 Therefore, my wags, we'll horse us in the morn,  
And post to Oxford to this jolly friar:  
174 Bacon shall by his magic do this deed.

176 **Warr.** Content, my lord; and that's a speedy way  
To wean these headstrong puppies from the teat.

178

180 **Pr. Edw.** I am unknown, not taken for the prince;  
They only deem us frolic courtiers,  
That revel thus among our liege's game:  
182 Therefore I have devised a policy. –  
Lacy, thou know'st next Friday is Saint James',  
184 And then the country flocks to Harleston fair;  
Then will the Keeper's daughter frolic there,  
186 And over-shine the troop of all the maids  
That come to see and to be seen that day.  
188 Haunt thee disguised among the country-swains,  
Feign thou'rt a farmer's son, not far from thence,  
190 Espy her loves, and who she liketh best;  
Cote him, and court her to control the clown;  
192 Say that the courtier 'tirèd all in green,  
That helped her handsomely to run her cheese,  
194 And filled her father's lodge with venison,  
Commends him, and sends fairings to herself.  
196 Buy something worthy of her parentage,  
Not worth her beauty; for, Lacy, then the fair  
198 Affords no jewèl fitting for the maid.  
And when thou talk's of me, note if she blush:  
200 Oh, then she loves; but if her cheeks wax pale,  
Disdain it is. Lacy, send how she fares,  
202 And spare no time nor cost to win her loves.

204 **Lacy.** I will, my lord, so execute this charge  
As if that Lacy were in love with her.

206

208 **Pr. Edw.** Send letters speedily to Oxford of the news.

210 **Raphe.** And, Sirrah Lacy, buy me a thousand  
thousand million of fine bells.

212 **Lacy.** What wilt thou do with them, Raphe?

214 **Raphe.** Marry, every time that Ned sighs for the  
Keeper's daughter, I'll tie a bell about him: and so  
216 within three or four days I will send word to his  
father Harry, that his son, and my master Ned, is  
218 become Love's morris-dance[r].

220 **Pr. Edw.** Well, Lacy, look with care unto thy charge,  
And I will haste to Oxford to the friar,  
222 That he by art and thou by secret gifts



224 | Mayst make me lord of merry Fressingfield.

226 | **Lacy.** God send your honour your heart's desire.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Friar Bacon's cell at Brasenose.*

*Enter Friar Bacon and Miles,  
his poor scholar with books under his arm;  
and Burden, Mason and Clement (three doctors).*

1 **Bacon.** Miles, where are you?

2  
3 **Miles.** *Hic sum, doctissime et reverendissime*  
4 *doctor.*

6 **Bacon.** *Attulisti nos libros meos de necromantia?*

8 **Miles.** *Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum*  
9 *habitares libros in unum!*

10 **Bacon.** Now, masters of our academic state  
12 That rule in Oxford, viceroys in your place,  
13 Whose heads contain maps of the liberal arts,  
14 Spending your time in depth of learnèd skill,  
15 Why flock you thus to Bacon's secret cell,  
16 A friar newly stalled in Brazen-nose?  
17 Say what's your mind, that I may make reply.

18 **Burd.** Bacon, we hear that long we have suspect,  
20 That thou art read in magic's mystery;  
21 In pyromancy, to divine by flames;  
22 To tell, by hydroma[n]tic, ebbs and tides;  
23 By aeromancy to discover doubts,  
24 To plain out questions, as Apollo did.

26 **Bacon.** Well, Master Burden, what of all this?

28 **Miles.** Marry, sir, he doth but fulfil, by rehearsing  
29 of these names, the fable of the Fox and the Grapes;  
30 that which is above us pertains nothing to us.

32 **Burd.** I tell thee, Bacon, Oxford makes report,  
33 Nay, England, and the court of Henry says,  
34 Thou'rt making of a brazen head by art,  
35 Which shall unfold strange doubts and aphorisms,  
36 And read a lecture in philosophy;  
37 And, by the help of devils and ghastly fiends,  
38 Thou mean'st, ere many years or days be past,  
39 To compass England with a wall of brass.

40

42 **Bacon.** And what of this?  
43  
44 **Miles.** What of this, master! Why, he doth speak  
45 mystically; for he knows, if your skill fail to make a  
46 brazen head, yet Mother Waters' strong ale will fit  
47 his turn to make him have a copper nose.  
48 **Clem.** Bacon, we come not grieving at thy skill,  
49 But joying that our académy yields  
50 A man supposed the wonder of the world.  
51 For if thy cunning work these miracles,  
52 England and Europe shall admire thy fame,  
53 And Oxford shall in characters of brass,  
54 And statues, such as were built up in Rome,  
55 Etérnize Friar Bacon for his art.  
56  
57 **Mason.** Then, gentle friar, tell us thy intent.  
58  
59 **Bacon.** Seeing you come as friends unto the friar,  
60 Resolve you, doctors, Bacon can by books  
61 Make storming Boreas thunder from his cave,  
62 And dim fair Luna to a dark eclipse.  
63 The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,  
64 Trembles when Bacon bids him, or his fiends,  
65 Bow to the force of his pentageron.  
66 What art can work, the frolic friar knows;  
67 And therefore will I turn my magic books,  
68 And strain out necromancy to the deep.  
69 I have contrived and framed a head of brass  
70 (I made Belcephon hammer out the stuff),  
71 And that by art shall read philosophy.  
72 And I will strengthen England by my skill,  
73 That if ten Caesars lived and reigned in Rome,  
74 With all the legions Europe doth contain,  
75 They should not touch a grass of English ground;  
76 The work that Ninus reared at Babylon,  
77 The brazen walls framed by Semiramis,  
78 Carved out like to the portal of the sun,  
79 Shall not be such as rings the English strond  
80 From Dover to the market-place of Rye.  
81  
82 **Burd.** Is this possible?  
83  
84 **Miles.** I'll bring ye two or three witnesses.  
85  
86 **Burd.** What be those?  
87  
88 **Miles.** Marry, sir, three or four as honest devils and

good companions as any be in hell.

90

**Mason.** No doubt but magic may do much in this;  
 For he that reads but mathematic rules  
 Shall find conclusions that avail to work  
 Wonders that pass the common sense of men.

92

94

**Burd.** But Bacon roves a bow beyond his reach,  
 And tells of more than magic can perform,  
 Thinking to get a fame by fooleries.  
 Have I not passed as far in state of schools,  
 And read of many secrets ? Yet to think  
 That heads of brass can utter any voice,  
 Or more, to tell of deep philosophy,  
 This is a fable Aesop had forgot.

96

98

100

102

104

**Bacon.** Burden, thou wrong'st me in detracting thus;  
 Bacon loves not to stuff himself with lies.  
 But tell me 'fore these doctors, if thou dare,  
 Of certain questions I shall move to thee.

106

108

**Burd.** I will: ask what thou can.

110

**Miles.** Marry, sir, he'll straight be on your pick-pack  
 to know whether the feminine or the masculine  
 gender be most worthy.

112

114

**Bacon.** Were you not yesterday, Master Burden, at  
 Henley-upon-the-Thames?

116

118

**Burd.** I was: what then?

120

**Bacon.** What book studied you thereon all night?

122

**Burd.** I! None at all; I read not there a line.

124

**Bacon.** Then, doctors, Friar Bacon's art knows naught.

126

**Clem.** What say you to this, Master Burden? Doth  
 he not touch you?

128

**Burd.** I pass not of his frivolous speeches.

130

**Miles.** Nay, Master Burden, my master, ere he hath  
 done with you, will turn you from a doctor to a  
 dunce, and shake you so small that he will leave no  
 more learning in you than is in Balaam's ass.

132

134

136

**Bacon.** Masters, for that learnèd Burden's skill is deep,

138 | And sore he doubts of Bacon's cabalism,  
 I'll show you why he haunts to Henley oft.  
 140 | Not, doctors, for to taste the fragrant air,  
 But there to spend the night in alchemy,  
 142 | To multiply with secret spells of art;  
 Thus private steals he learning from us all.  
 144 | To prove my sayings true, I'll show you straight  
 The book he keeps at Henley for himself.

146 | **Miles.** Nay, now my master goes to conjuration, take  
 148 | heed.

150 | **Bacon.** Masters,  
 Stand still, fear not, I'll show you but his book.

152 | *[Here Bacon conjures.]*

154 | *Per omnes deos infernales, Belcephon!*

156 | *Enter Hostess with a shoulder of mutton on a spit,*  
 158 | *and a devil.*

160 | **Miles.** Oh, master, cease your conjuration, or you  
 spoil all; for here's a she-devil come with a shoulder  
 162 | of mutton on a spit. You have marred the devil's  
 supper; but no doubt he thinks our college fare is  
 164 | slender, and so hath sent you his cook with a  
 shoulder of mutton, to make it exceed.

166 | **Host.** O, where am I, or what's become of me?

168 | **Bacon.** What art thou?

170 | **Host.** Hostess at Henley, mistress of the Bell.

172 | **Bacon.** How cam'st thou here?

174 | **Woman.** As I was in the kitchen 'mongst the maids,  
 176 | Spitting the meat 'gainst supper for my guess,  
 A motion moved me to look forth of door:  
 178 | No sooner had I pried into the yard,  
 But straight a whirlwind hoisted me from thence,  
 180 | And mounted me aloft unto the clouds.  
 As in a trance I thought nor fearèd naught,  
 182 | Nor know I where or whither I was ta'en,  
 Nor where I am nor what these persons be.

184 | **Bacon.** No? Know you not Master Burden?

186 | **Woman.** O, yes, good sir, he is my daily guest. –  
 188 | What, Master Burden! 'twas but yesternight  
 190 | That you and I at Henley played at cards.

190 | **Burd.** I know not what we did. – A pox of all  
 192 | conjuring friars!

194 | **Clem.** Now, jolly friar, tell us, is this the book  
 196 | That Burden is so careful to look on?

196 | **Bacon.** It is. – But, Burden, tell me now,  
 198 | Think'st thou that Bacon's necromantic skill  
 200 | Cannot perform his head and wall of brass,  
 200 | When he can fetch thine hostess in such post!

202 | **Miles.** I'll warrant you, master, if Master Burden  
 204 | could conjure as well as you, he would have his  
 204 | book every night from Henley to study on at Oxford.

206 | **Mason.** Burden,  
 208 | What, are you mated by this frolic friar? –  
 208 | Look how he droops; his guilty conscience  
 210 | Drives him to bash, and makes his hostess blush.

210 | **Bacon.** Well, mistress, for I will not have you missed,  
 212 | You shall to Henley to cheer up your guests  
 214 | Fore supper gin. – Burden, bid her adieu;  
 214 | Say farewell to your hostess 'fore she goes. –  
 216 | Sirrah, away, and set her safe at home.

216 | **Host.** Master Burden, when shall we see you at  
 218 | Henley?

220 | **Burd.** The devil take thee and Henley too.

222 | *[Exeunt Hostess and Devil.]*

224 | **Miles.** Master, shall I make a good motion?

226 | **Bacon.** What's that?

228 | **Miles.** Marry, sir, now that my hostess is gone to  
 230 | provide supper, conjure up another spirit, and send  
 230 | Doctor Burden flying after.

232 | **Bacon.** Thus, rulers of our academic state,  
 234 | You have seen the friar frame his art by proof;  
 234 | And as the college callèd Brazen-nose  
 234 | Is under him, and he the master there,

236 | So surely shall this head of brass be framed,  
And yield forth strange and uncouth aphorisms;  
238 | And hell and Hecatë shall fail the friar,  
But I will circle England round with brass.

240 | *Miles.* So be it *et nunc et semper*; amen.

242 |

[*Exeunt.*]

**SCENE III.**

*The Harleston Fair.*

*Enter Margaret and Joan;  
Thomas, Richard and other Clowns;  
and Lacy disguised in country apparel.*

1 **Thom.** By my troth, Margaret, here's a weather is  
2 able to make a man call his father "whoreson": if  
3 this weather hold, we shall have hay good cheap,  
4 and butter and cheese at Harleston will bear no price.

6 **Marg.** Thomas, maids when they come to see the fair  
7 Count not to make a cope for dearth of hay:  
8 When we have turned our butter to the salt,  
9 And set our cheese safely upon the racks,  
10 Then let our fathers prize it as they please.  
11 We country sluts of merry Fressingfield  
12 Come to buy needless naughts to make us fine,  
13 And look that young men should be frank this day,  
14 And court us with such fairings as they can.  
15 Phoebus is blithe, and frolic looks from Heaven,  
16 As when he courted lovely Semele,  
17 Swearing the pedlars shall have empty packs,  
18 If that fair weather may make chapmen buy.

20 **Lacy.** But, lovely Peggy, Semele is dead,  
21 And therefore Phoebus from his palace pries,  
22 And, seeing such a sweet and seemly saint,  
23 Shews all his glories for to court yourself.

24 **Marg.** This is a fairing, gentle sir, indeed,  
25 To soothe me up with such smooth flattery;  
26 But learn of me, your scoff's too broad before. —  
27 Well, Joan, our beauties must abide their jests;  
28 We serve the turn in jolly Fressingfield.

30 **Joan.** Margaret,  
31 A farmer's daughter for a farmer's son:  
32 I warrant you, the meanest of us both  
33 Shall have a mate to lead us from the church.

[*Lacy whispers Margaret in the ear.*]

38 But, Thomas, what's the news? What, in a dump?  
39 Give me your hand, we are near a pedlar's shop;  
40 Out with your purse, we must have fairings now.



42 **Thom.** Faith, Joan, and shall. I'll bestow a fairing on  
 44 you, and then we will to the tavern, and snap off a  
 pint of wine or two.

46 **Marg.** Whence are you, sir! Of Suffolk? For your terms  
 Are finer than the common sort of men.

48 **Lacy.** Faith, lovely girl, I am of Beccles by,  
 50 Your neighbour, not above six miles from hence,  
 A farmer's son, that never was so quaint  
 52 But that he could do courtesy to such dames.  
 But trust me, Margaret, I am sent in charge  
 54 From him that revelled in your father's house,  
 And filled his lodge with cheer and venison,  
 56 'Tirèd in green: he sent you this rich purse,

[*Gives purse.*]

58 His token that he helped you run your cheese,  
 60 And in the milkhouse chatted with yourself.

62 **Marg.** To me? You forget yourself.

64 **Lacy.** Women are often weak in memory.

66 **Marg.** O, pardon, sir, I call to mind the man:  
 'Twere little manners to refuse his gift,  
 68 And yet I hope he sends it not for love;  
 For we have little leisure to debate of that.

70 **Joan.** What, Margaret! blush not; maids must have their loves.

72 **Thom.** Nay, by the mass, she looks pale as if she  
 74 were angry.

76 **Rich.** Sirrah, are you of Beccles? I pray, how doth  
 Goodman Cob? My father bought a horse of him. –  
 78 I'll tell you, Margaret, 'a were good to be a  
 gentleman's jade, for of all things the foul hilding  
 80 could not abide a dung-cart.

82 **Marg.** [*Aside*]  
 How different is this farmer from the rest  
 84 That erst as yet hath pleased my wandering sight!  
 His words are witty, quickened with a smile,  
 86 His courtesy gentle, smelling of the court;  
 Facile and debonair in all his deeds;  
 88 Proportioned as was Paris, when, in grey,

He courted Oenon in the vale by Troy.  
90 Great lords have come and pleaded for my love:  
Who but the Keeper's lass of Fressingfield?  
92 And yet methinks this farmer's jolly son  
Passeth the proudest that hath pleased mine eye.  
94 But, Peg, disclose not that thou art in love,  
And shew as yet no sign of love to him,  
96 Although thou well wouldst wish him for thy love:  
Keep that to thee till time doth serve thy turn,  
98 To shew the grief wherein thy heart doth burn. –  
Come, Joan and Thomas, shall we to the fair? –  
100 You, Beccles man, will not forsake us now?  
102 **Lacy.** Not whilst I may have such quaint girls as you.  
104 **Marg.** Well, if you chance to come by Fressingfield,  
Make but a step into the Keeper's lodge,  
106 And such poor fare as woodmen can afford,  
Butter and cheese, cream and fat venison,  
108 You shall have store, and welcome therewithal.  
110 **Lacy.** Gramercies, Peggy; look for me ere long.  
112

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The Court at Hampton-House.*

*Enter King Henry the Third, the Emperor,  
the King of Castile, Elinor, and Vandermast.*

1 **K. Hen.** Great men of Europe, monarchs of the west,  
2 Ringed with the walls of old Oceänus,  
Whose lofty surges like the battlements  
4 That compassed high-built Babel in with towers,  
Welcome, my lords, welcome, brave western kings,  
6 To England's shore, whose promontory-cleeves  
Show Albion is another little world;  
8 Welcome says English Henry to you all;  
Chiefly unto the lovely Elinor,  
10 Who dared for Edward's sake cut through the seas,  
And venture as Agénor's damsel through the deep,  
12 To get the love of Henry's wanton son.

14 **K. of Cast.** England's rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,  
The Pyren Mounts, swelling above the clouds,  
16 That ward the wealthy Castile in with walls,  
Could not detain the beauteous Elinor;  
18 But hearing of the fame of Edward's youth,  
She dared to brook Neptunus' haughty pride,  
20 And bide the brunt of froward Aeolus:  
Then may fair England welcome her the more.

22 **Elin.** After that English Henry by his lords  
24 Had sent Prince Edward's lovely counterfeit,  
A present to the Castile Elinor,  
26 The comely portrait of so brave a man,  
The virtuous fame discoursèd of his deeds,  
28 Edward's courageous resolutiön,  
Done at the Holy Land 'fore Damas' walls,  
30 Led both mine eye and thoughts in equal links,  
To like so of the English monarch's son,  
32 That I attempted perils for his sake.

34 **Emp.** Where is the prince, my lord?

36 **K. Hen.** He posted down, not long since, from the court,  
To Suffolk side, to merry Fremingham,  
38 To sport himself amongst my fallow deer:  
From thence, by packets sent to Hampton house,  
40 We hear the prince is ridden, with his lords,

42 To Oxford, in the ácadémy there  
To hear dispute amongst the learnèd men.  
But we will send forth letters for my son,  
44 To will him come from Oxford to the court.

46 **Emp.** Nay, rather, Henry, let us, as we be,  
Ride for to visit Oxford with our train.  
48 Fain would I see your universities,  
And what learn'd men your ácadémy yields.  
50 From Hapsburg have I brought a learnèd clark  
To hold dispute with English orators –  
52 This doctor, surnamed Jaquès Vandermast,  
A German born, passed into Padua,  
54 To Florence and to fair Bologniä,  
To Paris, Rheims, and stately Orleans,  
56 And, talking there with men of art, put down  
The chiefest of them all in aphorisms,  
58 In magic, and the mathematic rules:  
Now let us, Henry, try him in your schools.

60 **K. Hen.** He shall, my lord; this motion likes me well.  
62 We'll progress straight to Oxford with our trains,  
And see what men our ácadémy brings. –  
64 And, wonder Vandermast, welcome to me;  
In Oxford shalt thou find a jolly friar,  
66 Called Friar Bacon, England's only flower:  
Set him but nonplus in his magic spells,  
68 And make him yield in mathematic rules,  
And for thy glory I will bind thy brows,  
70 Not with a poet's garland made of bays,  
But with a coronet of choicest gold. –  
72 Whilst then we fit to Oxford with our troops,  
Let's in and banquet in our English court.

74

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Oxford.*

*Enter Raphe Simnell in Prince Edward's apparel;  
and Prince Edward, Warren, and Ermsby,  
disguised.*

1 **Raphe.** Where be these vagabond knaves, that they  
2 attend no better on their master?

4 **Pr. Edw.** If it please your honour, we are all ready  
at an inch.

6 **Raphe.** Sirrah Ned, I'll have no more post-horse to  
8 ride on: I'll have another fetch.

10 **Erms.** I pray you, how is that, my lord?

12 **Raphe.** Marry, sir, I'll send to the Isle of Ely for four  
14 or five dozen of geese, and I'll have them tied six  
and six together with whip cord: now upon their  
16 backs will I have a fair field-bed with a canopy; and  
so, when it is my pleasure, I'll flee into what place I  
18 please. This will be easy.

20 **Warren.** Your honour hath said well; but shall we to  
Brazen-nose College before we pull off our boots?

22 **Erms.** Warren, well motioned; we will to the friar  
Before we revel it within the town. –  
24 Raphe, see you keep your countenance like a prince.

26 **Raphe.** Wherefore have I such a company of cutting  
knaves to wait upon me, but to keep and defend my  
28 countenance against all mine enemies; have you not  
good swords and bucklers?

30 **Erms.** Stay, who comes here?

32 **Warren.** Some scholar; and we'll ask him where  
34 Friar Bacon is.

36 *Enter Friar Bacon and Miles.*

38 **Bacon.** Why, thou arrant dunce, shall I never make  
thee a good scholar? doth not all the town cry out  
40 and say, Friar Bacon's subsizer is the greatest  
blockhead in all Oxford? Why, thou canst not speak

42 | one word of true Latin.

44 | **Miles.** No, sir? Yet, what is this else? *Ego sum tuus*  
 45 | *homo*, “I am your man”: I warrant you, sir, as good  
 46 | Tully's phrase as any is in Oxford.

48 | **Bacon.** Come on, sirrah; what part of speech is *Ego*?

50 | **Miles.** *Ego*, that is “I”; marry, *nomen substantivo*.

52 | **Bacon.** How prove you that?

54 | **Miles.** Why, sir, let him prove himself and 'a will; I  
 55 | can be hard, felt, and understood.

56 | **Bacon.** O gross dunce!

58 |

[Beats him.]

60 |

**Pr. Edw.** Come, let us break off this dispute between  
 61 | these two. – Sirrah, where is Brazen-nose College?

64 | **Miles.** Not far from Coppersmith's Hall.

66 | **Pr. Edw.** What, dost thou mock me?

68 | **Miles.** Not I, sir: but what would you at Brazen-nose?

70 | **Erms.** Marry, we would speak with Friar Bacon.

72 | **Miles.** Whose men be you?

74 | **Erms.** Marry, scholar, here's our master.

76 | **Raphe.** Sirrah, I am the master of these good fellows;  
 77 | mayst thou not know me to be a lord by my reparel?

78 |

80 | **Miles.** Then here's good game for the hawk; for  
 81 | here's the master-fool and a covey of coxcombs: one  
 82 | wise man, I think, would spring you all.

84 | **Pr. Edw.** Gog's wounds! Warren, kill him.

86 | **Warr.** Why, Ned, I think the devil be in my sheath;  
 87 | I cannot get out my dagger.

88 |

**Erms.** Nor I mine! 'Swones, Ned, I think I am  
 89 | bewitched.

92 | **Miles.** A company of scabs! The proudest of you all  
 93 | draw your weapon, if he can. – [Aside] See how

94 | boldly I speak, now my master is by.

96 | **Pr. Edw.** I strive in vain; but if my sword be shut  
 And conjured fast by magic in my sheath,  
 98 | Villain, here is my fist.

100 | *[Strikes Miles a box on the ear.]*

102 | **Miles.** Oh, I beseech you conjure his hands too,  
 that he may not lift his arms to his head, for he is  
 104 | light-fingered!

106 | **Raphe.** Ned, strike him; I'll warrant thee by mine  
 honour.

108 | **Bacon.** What means the English prince to wrong my man?

110 | **Pr. Edw.** To whom speak'st thou?

112 | **Bacon.** To thee.

114 | **Pr. Edw.** Who art thou?

116 | **Bacon.** Could you not judge when all your swords grew fast,  
 118 | That Friar Bacon was not far from hence?  
 Edward, King Henry's son and Prince of Wales,  
 120 | Thy fool disguised cannot conceal thyself.  
 I know both Ermsby and the Sussex Earl,  
 122 | Else Friar Bacon had but little skill.  
 Thou com'st in post from merry Fressingfield,  
 124 | Fast-fancied to the Keeper's bonny lass,  
 To crave some succour of the jolly friar: –  
 126 | And Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, hast thou left  
 To treat fair Margaret to allow thy loves;  
 128 | But friends are men, and love can baffle lords;  
 The earl both woos and courts her for himself.

130 | **Warren.** Ned, this is strange; the friar knoweth all.

132 | **Erms.** Apollo could not utter more than this.

134 | **Pr. Edw.** I stand amazed to hear this jolly friar  
 136 | Tell even the very secrets of my thoughts. –  
 But, learnèd Bacon, since thou know'st the cause  
 138 | Why I did post so fast from Fressingfield,  
 Help, friar, at a pinch, that I may have  
 140 | The love of lovely Margaret to myself,  
 And, as I am true Prince of Wales, I'll give

142 Living and lands to strength thy college-state.

144 **War.** Good friar, help the prince in this.

146 **Raphe.** Why, servant Ned, will not the friar do it?  
 Were not my sword glued to my scabbard by  
 148 conjuration, I would cut off his head, and make him  
 do it by force.

150 **Miles.** In faith, my lord, your manhood and your  
 152 sword is all alike; they are so fast conjured that we  
 shall never see them.

154 **Erms.** What, doctor, in a dump! tush, help the prince,  
 156 And thou shalt see how liberal he will prove.

158 **Bacon.** Crave not such actions greater dumps than these?  
 I will, my lord, strain out my magic spells;  
 160 For this day comes the earl to Fressingfield,  
 And 'fore that night shuts in the day with dark,  
 162 They'll be betrothèd each to other fast.  
 But come with me; we'll to my study straight,  
 164 And in a glass prospective I will shew  
 What's done this day in merry Fressingfield.

166 **Pr. Edw.** Gramercies, Bacon; I will quite thy pain.

168 **Bacon.** But send your train, my lord, into the town:  
 170 My scholar shall go bring them to their inn;  
 Meanwhile we'll see the knavery of the earl.

172 **Pr. Edw.** Warren, leave me; – and, Ermsby, take the fool:  
 174 Let him be master, and go revel it,  
 Till I and Friar Bacon talk awhile.

176 **Warren.** We will, my lord.

178 **Raphe.** Faith, Ned, and I'll lord it out till thou comest:  
 180 I'll be Prince of Wales over all the black-pots in  
 Oxford.

182 [Exeunt Warren, Ermsby, Raphe Simnell and Miles.]

184 [Friar Bacon and Prince Edward go into the study.]



SCENE VI.*Bacon's Study.*

1 **Bacon.** Now, frolic Edward, welcome to my cell;  
 2 Here tempers Friar Bacon many toys,  
 And holds this place his cónsistory-court,  
 4 Wherein the devils pleads homage to his words.  
 Within this glass prospective thou shalt see  
 6 This day what's done in merry Fressingfield  
 'Twixt lovely Peggy and the Lincoln Earl.

8  
 10 **Pr. Edw.** Friar, thou glad'st me: now shall Edward try  
 How Lacy meaneth to his sovereign Lord.

12 **Bacon.** Stand there and look directly in the glass.

14 *Enter Margaret and Friar Bungay.*

16 What sees my lord?

18 **Pr. Edw.** I see the Keeper's lovely lass appear,  
 As brightsome as the paramour of Mars,  
 20 Only attended by a jolly friar.

22 **Bacon.** Sit still, and keep the crystal in your eye.

24 **Marg.** But tell me, Friar Bungay, is it true  
 That this fair courteous country swain,  
 26 Who says his father is a farmer nigh,  
 Can be Lord Lacy, Earl of Lincolnshire?

28  
 30 **Bung.** Peggy, 'tis true, 'tis Lacy for my life,  
 Or else mine art and cunning both do fail,  
 Left by Prince Edward to procure his loves;  
 32 For he in green, that help you run your cheese,  
 Is son to Henry and the Prince of Wales.

34  
 36 **Marg.** Be what he will, his lure is but for lust.  
 But did Lord Lacy like poor Margaret,  
 Or would he deign to wed a country lass,  
 38 Friar, I would his humble handmaid be,  
 And for great wealth quite him with courtesy.

40 **Bung.** Why, Margaret, dost thou love him?

42  
 44 **Marg.** His personage, like the pride of vaunting Troy,  
 Might well avouch to shadow Helen's rape:

46 His wit is quick and ready in conceit,  
 As Greece afforded in her chiefest prime:  
 Courteous, ah friar, full of pleasing smiles!  
 48 Trust me, I love too much to tell thee more;  
 Suffice to me he is England's paramour.

50 **Bung.** Hath not each eye that viewed thy pleasing face  
 52 Surnamèd thee Fair Maid of Fressingfield?

54 **Marg.** Yes, Bungay; and would God the lovely earl  
 Had that in *esse* that so many sought.

56 **Bung.** Fear not, the friar will not be behind  
 58 To shew his cunning to entangle love.

60 **Pr. Edw.** I think the friar courts the bonny wench:  
 Bacon, methinks he is a lusty churl.

62 **Bacon.** Now look, my lord.

64 *Enter Lacy disguised as before.*

66 **Pr. Edw.** Gog's wounds, Bacon, here comes Lacy!

68 **Bacon.** Sit still, my lord, and mark the comedy.

70 **Bung.** Here's Lacy, Margaret; step aside awhile.

72 *[Bungay retires with Margaret.]*

74 **Lacy.** Daphne, the damsel that caught Phoebus fast,  
 76 And locked him in the brightness of her looks,  
 Was not so beauteous in Apollo's eyes  
 78 As is fair Margaret to the Lincoln Earl. —  
 Recant thee, Lacy, thou art put in trust:  
 80 Edward, thy sovereign's son, hath chosen thee,  
 A secret friend, to court her for himself,  
 82 And dar'st thou wrong thy prince with treachery?  
 Lacy, love makes no exception of a friend,  
 84 Nor deems it of a prince but as a man.  
 Honour bids thee control him in his lust;  
 86 His wooing is not for to wed the girl,  
 But to entrap her and beguile the lass.  
 88 Lacy, thou lov'st, then brook not such abuse,  
 But wed her, and abide thy prince's frown;  
 90 For better die than see her live disgraced.

92 **Marg.** Come, friar, I will shake him from his dumps. —

How cheer you, sir? A penny for your thought:  
 94 You 're early up, pray God it be the near.  
 What, come from Beccles in a morn so soon?

96 **Lacy.** Thus watchful are such men as live in love,  
 98 Whose eyes brook broken slumbers for their sleep.  
 I tell thee, Peggy, since last Harleston fair,  
 100 My mind hath felt a heap of passions.

102 **Marg.** A trusty man, that court it for your friend;  
 Woo you still for the courtier all in green?  
 104 I marvel that he sues not for himself.

106 **Lacy.** Peggy,  
 I pleaded first to get your grace for him;  
 108 But when mine eyes surveyed your beauteous looks,  
 Love, like a wag, straight dived into my heart,  
 110 And there did shrine the idea of yourself.  
 Pity me, though I be a farmer's son,  
 112 And measure not my riches, but my love.

114 **Marg.** You are very hasty; for to garden well,  
 Seeds must have time to sprout before they spring:  
 116 Love ought to creep as doth the dial's shade,  
 For timely ripe is rotten too-too soon.

118 **Bung.** [*Coming forward*]  
 120 *Deus hic*; room for a merry friar! –  
 What, youth of Beccles, with the Keeper's lass?  
 122 'Tis well; but tell me, hear you any news?

124 **Marg.** No, friar: what news?

126 **Bung.** Hear you not how the pursuivants do post  
 With proclamations through each country-town?

128 **Lacy.** For what, gentle friar? Tell the news.

130 **Bung.** Dwell'st thou in Beccles, and hear'st not of these news?  
 132 Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln, is late fled  
 From Windsor court, disguisèd like a swain,  
 134 And lurks about the country here unknown.  
 Henry suspects him of some treachery,  
 136 And therefore doth proclaim in every way  
 That who can take the Lincoln Earl shall have,  
 138 Paid in th' Exchequer, twenty thousand crowns.

140 **Lacy.** The Earl of Lincoln! Friar, thou art mad:  
 It was some other; thou mistak'st the man.

142 | The Earl of Lincoln! Why, it cannot be.

144 | **Marg.** Yes, very well, my lord, for you are he:  
The Keeper's daughter took you prisoner.

146 | Lord Lacy, yield, I'll be your gailor once.

148 | **Pr. Edw.** How familiar they be, Bacon!

150 | **Bacon.** Sit still, and mark the sequel of their loves.

152 | **Lacy.** Then am I double prisoner to thyself:  
Peggy, I yield. But are these news in jest?

154 | **Marg.** In jest with you, but earnest unto me;  
156 | For why these wrongs do wring me at the heart.  
Ah, how these earls and noblemen of birth  
158 | Flatter and feign to forge poor women's ill!

160 | **Lacy.** Believe me, lass, I am the Lincoln Earl:  
I not deny but, 'tirèd thus in rags,  
162 | I lived disguised to win fair Peggy's love.

164 | **Marg.** What love is there where wedding ends not love?

166 | **Lacy.** I mean, fair girl, to make thee Lacy's wife.

168 | **Marg.** I little think that earls will stoop so low.

170 | **Lacy.** Say shall I make thee countess ere I sleep?

172 | **Marg.** Handmaid unto the earl, so please himself:  
A wife in name, but servant in obedience.

174 | **Lacy.** The Lincoln Countess, for it shall be so;  
176 | I'll plight the bands, and seal it with a kiss.

178 | **Pr. Edw.** Gog's wounds, Bacon, they kiss! I'll stab them.

180 | **Bacon.** O, hold your hands, my lord, it is the glass!

182 | **Pr. Edw.** Choler to see the traitors gree so well  
Made me [to] think the shadows substances.

184 | **Bacon.** 'Twere a long poniard, my lord, to reach between  
186 | Oxford and Fressingfield; but sit still and see more.

188 | **Bung.** Well, Lord of Lincoln, if your loves be knit,  
And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree,  
190 | To avoid ensuing jars, I'll hamper up the match.  
I'll take my portace forth and wed you here;  
192 | Then go to bed and seal up your desires.

194 **Lacy.** Friar, content. – Peggy, how like you this?

196 **Marg.** What likes my lord is pleasing unto me.

198 **Bung.** Then hand-fast hand, and I will to my book.

200 **Bacon.** What sees my lord now?

202 **Pr. Edw.** Bacon, I see the lovers hand in hand,

The friar ready with his portace there

204 To wed them both: then am I quite undone.

Bacon, help now, if e'er thy magic served;

206 Help, Bacon; stop the marriage now,

If devils or necromancy may suffice,

208 And I will give thee forty thousand crowns.

210 **Bacon.** Fear not, my lord, I'll stop the jolly friar

For mumbling up his orisons this day.

212

[*Bungay is mute, crying "Hud, hud."*]

214

**Lacy.** Why speak'st not, Bungay? Friar, to thy book.

216

**Marg.** How look'st thou, friar, as a man distraught?

218 Reft of thy senses, Bungay? Shew by signs,

If thou be dumb, what passions holdeth thee.

220

**Lacy.** He's dumb indeed. Bacon hath with his devils

222 Enchanted him, or else some strange disease

Or apoplexy hath possessed his lungs:

224 But, Peggy, what he cannot with his book,

We'll 'twixt us both unite it up in heart.

226

**Marg.** Else let me die, my lord, a miscreant.

228

**Pr. Edw.** Why stands Friar Bungay so amazed?

230

**Bacon.** I have strook him dumb, my lord; and if your honour  
please,

232 I'll fetch this Bungay straightway from Fressingfield,

And he shall dine with us in Oxford here.

234

**Pr. Edw.** Bacon, do that, and thou contentest me.

236

**Lacy.** Of courtesy, Margaret, let us lead the friar

238 Unto thy father's lodge, to comfort him

With broths to bring him from this hapless trance.

240

**Marg.** Or else, my lord, we were passing unkind

242 | To leave the friar so in his distress.

244 | *Enter a Devil, who carries off Bungay on his back.*

246 | O, help, my lord! A devil, a devil, my lord!

Look how he carries Bungay on his back!

248 | Let's hence, for Bacon's spirits be abroad.

250 | *[Exit Margaret with Lacy.]*

252 | **Pr. Edw.** Bacon, I laugh to see the jolly friar

Mounted upon the devil, and how the earl

254 | Flees with his bonny lass for fear.

As soon as Bungay is at Brazen-nose,

256 | And I have chatted with the merry friar,

I will in post hie me to Fressingfield,

258 | And quite these wrongs on Lacy ere it be long.

260 | **Bacon.** So be it my lord: but let us to our dinner;

For ere we have taken our repast awhile,

262 | We shall have Bungay brought to Brazen-nose.

264 | *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.*The Regent House at Oxford.**Enter Burden, Mason and Clement.*

1 **Mason.** Now that we are gathered in the Regent-house,  
 2 It fits us talk about the king's repair,  
 For he, troopèd with all the western kings,  
 4 That lie alongst the Dantzic seas by east,  
 North by the clime of frosty Germany,  
 6 The Almain monarch, and the Scocun duke,  
 Castile and lovely Elinor with him,  
 8 Have in their jests resolved for Oxford town.

10 **Burd.** We must lay plots of stately tragedies,  
 Strange comic shows, such as proud Roscius  
 12 Vaunted before the Roman emperors,  
 To welcome all the western potentates.

14 **Clem.** But more; the king by letters hath foretold  
 16 That Frederick, the Almain emperor,  
 Hath brought with him a German of esteem,  
 18 Whose surname is Don Jaquès Vandermast,  
 Skilful in magic and those secret arts.

20 **Mason.** Then must we all make suit unto the friar,  
 22 To Friar Bacon, that he vouch this task,  
 And undertake to countervail in skill  
 24 The German; else there's none in Oxford can  
 Match and dispute with learnèd Vandermast.

26 **Burd.** Bacon, if he will hold the German play,  
 28 We'll teach him what an English friar can do:  
 The devil, I think, dare not dispute with him.

30 **Clem.** Indeed, Mas Doctor, he [dis]pleasured you,  
 32 In that he brought your hostess with her spit,  
 From Henley, posting unto Brazen-nose.

34 **Burd.** A vengeance on the friar for his pains!  
 36 But leaving that, let's hie to Bacon straight,  
 To see if he will take this task in hand.

38 **Clem.** Stay, what rumour is this? The town is up in  
 40 a mutiny: what hurly-burly is this?

42 | *Enter a Constable, with Raphe Simnell, Warren,*  
44 | *Ermsby, all three disguised as before, and Miles.*

46 | **Const.** Nay, masters, if you were ne'er so good,  
48 | you shall before the doctors to answer your  
50 | misdemeanour.

52 | **Burd.** What's the matter, fellow?

54 | **Const.** Marry, sir, here's a company of rufflers, that,  
56 | drinking in the tavern, have made a great brawl and  
58 | almost killed the vintner.

60 | **Miles.** *Salve, Doctor Burden!*  
62 | This lubberly lurden  
64 | Ill-shaped and ill-faced,  
66 | Disdained and disgraced,  
68 | What he tells unto *vobis,*  
70 | *Mentitur de nobis.*

72 | **Burd.** Who is the master and chief of this crew?

74 | **Miles.** *Ecce asinum mundi,*  
76 | *Figura rotundi,*  
78 | Neat, sheat, and fine,  
80 | As brisk as a cup of wine.

82 | **Burd.** What are you?

84 | **Raphe.** I am, father doctor, as a man would say, the  
86 | bell-wether of this company: these are my lords, and  
88 | I the Prince of Wales.

90 | **Clem.** Are you Edward, the king's son?

92 | **Raphe.** Sirrah Miles, bring hither the tapster that  
94 | drew the wine, and, I warrant, when they see how  
96 | soundly I have broke his head, they'll say 'twas done  
98 | by no less man than a prince.

100 | **Mason.** I cannot believe that this is the Prince of  
102 | Wales.

104 | **War.** And why so, sir?

106 | **Mason.** For they say the prince is a brave and a wise  
108 | gentleman.

110 | **War.** Why, and think'st thou, doctor, that he is not so?



92 Dar'st thou detract and derogate from him,  
 Being so lovely and so brave a youth?

94 **Erms.** Whose face, shining with many a sugared smile,  
 Bewrays that he is bred of princely race.

96 **Miles.** And yet, master doctor,  
 98 To speak like a proctor,  
 And tell unto you  
 100 What is veriment and true;  
 To cease of this quarrel,  
 102 Look but on his apparel;  
 Then mark but my talis,  
 104 He is great Prince of Walis,  
 The chief of our *gregis*,  
 106 And *filius regis*:  
 Then 'ware what is done,  
 108 For he is Henry's white son.

110 **Raphe.** Doctors, whose doting night-caps are not  
 112 capable of my ingenious dignity, know that I am  
 Edward Plantagenet, whom if you displease, will  
 114 make a ship that shall hold all your colleges, and so  
 carry away the niniversity with a fair wind to the  
 116 Bankside in Southwark. – How sayest thou, Ned  
 Warren, shall I not do it?

118 **War.** Yes, my good lord; and, if it please your  
 lordship, I will gather up all your old pantofles, and  
 120 with the cork make you a pinnace of five-hundred  
 ton, that shall serve the turn marvelous well, my  
 122 lord.

124 **Erms.** And I, my lord, will have pioners to  
 undermine the town, that the very gardens and  
 126 orchards be carried away for your summer-walks.

128 **Miles.** And I, with *scientia*,  
 And great *diligentia*,  
 130 Will conjure and charm,  
 To keep you from harm;  
 132 That *utrum horum mavis*,  
 Your very great *navis*,  
 134 Like Bartlett's ship,  
 From Oxford do skip  
 136 With colleges and schools,  
 Full-loaden with fools.

138 *Quid dicis ad hoc*,

140 | Worshipful *Domine* Dawcock?

142 | **Clem.** Why, hare-brained courtiers, are you drunk or mad,  
 144 | To taunt us up with such scurrility?  
 146 | Deem you us men of base and light esteem,  
 148 | To bring us such a fop for Henry's son? –  
 150 | Call out the beadles and convey them hence  
 152 | Straight to Bocardo: let the roisters lie  
 154 | Close clapt in bolts, until their wits be tame.

156 | **Erms.** Why, shall we to prison, my lord?

158 | **Raphe.** What sayest, Miles, shall I honour the prison  
 160 | with my presence?

162 | **Miles.** No, no; out with your blades,  
 164 | And hamper these jades;  
 166 | Have a flurt and a crash,  
 168 | Now play revel-dash,  
 170 | And teach these sacerdos  
 172 | That the Bocardos,  
 174 | Like peasants and elves,  
 176 | Are meet for themselves.

178 | **Mason.** To the prison with them, constable.

180 | **War.** Well, doctors, seeing I have sported me  
 182 | With laughing at these mad and merry-wags,  
 184 | Know that Prince Edward is at Brazen-nose,  
 186 | And this, attirèd like the Prince of Wales,  
 Is Raphe, King Henry's only lovèd fool;  
 I, Earl of Sussex, and this Ermsby,  
 One of the privy-chamber to the king;  
 Who, while the prince with Friar Bacon stays,  
 Have revelled it in Oxford as you see.

188 | **Mason.** My lord, pardon us, we knew not what you were:  
 190 | But courtiers may make greater scapes than these.  
 192 | Wilt please your honour dine with me to-day?

194 | **War.** I will, Master Doctor, and satisfy the vintner  
 196 | for his hurt; only I must desire you to imagine him  
 198 | all this forenoon the Prince of Wales.

200 | **Mason.** I will, sir.

202 | **Raphe.** And upon that I will lead the way; only I  
 204 | will have Miles go before me, because I have heard

188

Henry say that wisdom must go before majesty.

*[Exeunt.]*

**SCENE VIII.**

*Fressingfield.*

*Enter Prince Edward with his poniard in his hand,  
Lacy, and Margaret.*

1 **Pr. Edw.** Lacy, thou canst not shroud thy traitorous thoughts,  
2 Nor cover, as did Cassius, all thy wiles;  
For Edward hath an eye that looks as far  
4 As Lynceus from the shores of Graecia.  
Did not I sit in Oxford by the friar,  
6 And see thee court the maid of Fressingfield,  
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kiss?  
8 Did not proud Bungay draw his portace forth,  
And joining hand in hand had married you,  
10 If Friar Bacon had not stroke him dumb,  
And mounted him upon a spirit's back,  
12 That we might chat at Oxford with the friar?  
Traitor, what answer'st! Is not all this true?

14  
16 **Lacy.** Truth all, my lord; and thus I make reply.  
At Harleston Fair, there courting for your grace,  
Whenas mine eye surveyed her curious shape,  
18 And drew the beauteous glory of her looks  
To dive into the centre of my heart,  
20 Love taught me that your honour did but jest,  
That princes were in fancy but as men;  
22 How that the lovely maid of Fressingfield  
Was fitter to be Lacy's wedded wife  
24 Than concubine unto the Prince of Wales.

26 **Pr. Edw.** Injurious Lacy, did I love thee more  
Than Alexander his Hephaestiön?  
28 Did I unfold the passions of my love,  
And lock them in the closet of thy thoughts?  
30 Wert thou to Edward second to himself,  
Sole friend, and partner of his secret loves?  
32 And could a glance of fading beauty break  
Th' enchained fethers of such private friends?  
34 Base coward, false, and too effeminate  
To be corral with a prince in thoughts!  
36 From Oxford have I posted since I dined,  
To quite a traitor 'fore that Edward sleep.

38  
40 **Marg.** 'Twas I, my lord, not Lacy, stept awry.  
For oft he sued and courted for yourself,

42 And still wooed for the courtier all in green;  
 But I, whom fancy made but over-fond,  
 Pleaded myself with looks as if I loved.  
 44 I fed mine eye with gazing on his face,  
 And still bewitched loved Lacy with my looks;  
 46 My heart with sighs, mine eyes pleaded with tears,  
 My face held pity and content at once,  
 48 And more I could not cipher-out by signs,  
 But that I loved Lord Lacy with my heart.  
 50 Then, worthy Edward, measure with thy mind  
 If women's favours will not force men fall;  
 52 If beauty, and if darts of piercing love,  
 Is not offered to bury thoughts of friends.  
 54

**Pr. Edw.** I tell thee, Peggy, I will have thy loves;  
 56 Edward or none shall conquer Margaret.  
 In frigates bottomed with rich Sethin planks,  
 58 Topt with the lofty firs of Lebanon,  
 Stemmed and incased with burnished ivory,  
 60 And over-laid with plates of Persian wealth,  
 Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waves,  
 62 And draw the dolphins to thy lovely eyes,  
 To dance lavoltas in the purple streams:  
 64 Sirens, with harps and silver psalteries,  
 Shall wait with music at thy frigate's stem,  
 66 And entertain fair Margaret with their lays.  
 England and England's wealth shall wait on thee;  
 68 Britain shall bend unto her prince's love,  
 And do due homage to thine excellence,  
 70 If thou wilt be but Edward's Margaret.

72 **Marg.** Pardon, my lord; if Jove's great royalty  
 Sent me such presents as to Danaë;  
 74 If Phoebus, 'tirèd in Latona's webs,  
 Come courting from the beauty of his lodge;  
 76 The dulcet tunes of frolic Mercury,  
 Nor all the wealth Heaven's treasury affords,  
 78 Should make me leave Lord Lacy or his love.

80 **Pr. Edw.** I have learned at Oxford, then, this point of schools –  
*Abata causa, tollitur effectus:*  
 82 Lacy, the cause that Margaret cannot love  
 Nor fix her liking on the English prince,  
 84 Take him away, and then th' effects will fail. –  
 Villain, prepare thyself; for I will bathe  
 86 My poniard in the bosom of an earl.

88 **Lacy.** Rather than live, and miss fair Margaret's love,

90 Prince Edward, stop not at the fatal doom,  
But stab it home: end both my loves and life.

92 **Marg.** Brave Prince of Wales, honoured for royal deeds,  
'Twere sin to stain fair Venus' courts with blood;  
94 Love's conquests ends, my lord, in courtesy:  
Spare Lacy, gentle Edward; let me die,  
96 For so both you and he do cease your loves.

98 **Pr. Edw.** Lacy shall die as a traitor to his lord.

100 **Lacy.** I have deserved it, Edward; act it well.

102 **Marg.** What hopes the prince to gain by Lacy's death?

104 **Pr. Edw.** To end the loves 'twixt him and Margaret.

106 **Marg.** Why, thinks King Henry's son that Margaret's love  
Hangs in th' uncertain balance of proud time?  
108 That death shall make a discord of our thoughts!  
No, slay the earl, and, 'fore the morning sun  
110 Shall vaunt him thrice over the lofty east,  
Margaret will meet her Lacy in the heavens.

112 **Lacy.** If aught betides to lovely Margaret  
114 That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,  
Europe's rich wealth nor England's monarchy  
116 Should not allure Lacy to over-live.  
Then, Edward, short my life, and end her loves.

118 **Marg.** Rid me, and keep a friend worth many loves.

120 **Lacy.** Nay, Edward, keep a love worth many friends.

122 **Marg.** And if thy mind be such as fame hath blazed,  
124 Then, princely Edward, let us both abide  
The fatal resolution of thy rage.  
126 Banish thou fancy, and embrace revenge,  
And in one tomb knit both our carcasses,  
128 Whose hearts were linkèd in one perfect love.

130 **Pr. Edw.** [*Aside*]  
Edward, art thou that famous Prince of Wales,  
132 Who at Damasco beat the Saracens,  
And brought'st home triumph on thy lance's point?  
134 And shall thy plumes be pulled by Venus down?  
Is it princely to dissever lovers' leagues,  
136 To part such friends as glory in their loves?  
Leave, Ned, and make a virtue of this fault,

138 | And further Peg and Lacy in their loves:  
 So in subduing fancy's passion,  
 140 | Conquering thyself, thou gett'st the richest spoil. —  
 Lacy, rise up. Fair Peggy, here 's my hand:  
 142 | The Prince of Wales hath conquered all his thoughts,  
 And all his loves he yields unto the earl.  
 144 | Lacy, enjoy the maid of Fressingfield;  
 Make her thy Lincoln Countess at the church,  
 146 | And Ned, as he is true Plantagenet,  
 Will give her to thee frankly for thy wife.  
 148 |  
**Lacy.** Humbly I take her of my sovereign,  
 150 | As if that Edward gave me England's right,  
 And riched me with the Albion diadem.  
 152 |  
**Marg.** And doth the English prince mean true?  
 154 | Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loves,  
 And yield the title of a country maid  
 156 | Unto Lord Lacy?  
 158 | **Pr. Edw.** I will, fair Peggy, as I am true lord.  
 160 | **Marg.** Then, lordly sir, whose conquest is as great,  
 In conquering love, as Caesar's victories,  
 162 | Margaret, as mild and humble in her thoughts  
 As was Aspasia unto Cyrus self,  
 164 | Yields thanks, and, next Lord Lacy, doth enshrine  
 Edward the second secret in her heart.  
 166 |  
**Pr. Edw.** Gramercy, Peggy: — Now that vows are past,  
 168 | And that your loves are not [to] be revolt,  
 Once, Lacy, friends again. Come, we will post  
 170 | To Oxford; for this day the king is there,  
 And brings for Edward Castile Elinor. —  
 172 | Peggy, I must go see and view my wife:  
 I pray God I like her as I loved thee.  
 174 | Beside, Lord Lincoln, we shall hear dispute  
 'Twixt Friar Bacan and learned Vandermast. —  
 176 | Peggy, we'll leave you for a week or two.  
 178 | **Marg.** As it please Lord Lacy; but love's foolish looks  
 Think footsteps miles and minutes to be hours.  
 180 |  
**Lacy.** I'll hasten, Peggy, to make short return. —  
 182 | But please your honour go unto the lodge,  
 We shall have butter, cheese, and venison;  
 184 | And yesterday I brought for Margaret  
 A lusty bottle of neat claret-wine:

186 | Thus we can feast and entertain your grace.

188 | ***Pr. Edw.*** 'Tis cheer, Lord Lacy, for an emperor,  
If he respect the person and the place.

190 | Come, let us in; for I will all this night  
Ride post until I come to Bacon's cell.

192 |

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE IX.*Oxford.**Enter King Henry, the Emperor, the King of Castile,  
Elinor, Vandermast, and Bungay.*

1 **Emp.** Trust me, Plantagenet, the Oxford schools  
2 Are richly seated near the river-side:  
The mountains full of fat and fallow deer,  
4 The battling pastures lade with kine and flocks,  
The town gorgeous with high-built colleges,  
6 And scholars seemly in their grave attire,  
Learnèd in searching principles of art. –  
8 What is thy judgment, Jaquès Vandermast?

10 **Vand.** That lordly are the buildings of the town,  
Spacious the rooms, and full of pleasant walks;  
12 But for the doctors, how that they be learnèd,  
It may be meanly, for aught I can hear.

14 **Bung.** I tell thee, German, Hapsburg holds none such,  
16 None read so deep as Oxenford contains;  
There are within our academic state  
18 Men that may lecture it in Germany  
To all the doctors of your Belgic schools.

20 **K. Hen.** Stand to him, Bungay, charm this Vandermast,  
22 And I will use thee as a royal king.

24 **Vand.** Wherein dar'st thou dispute with me?

26 **Bung.** In what a doctor and a friar can.

28 **Vand.** Before rich Europe's worthies put thou forth  
The doubtful question unto Vandermast.

30 **Bung.** Let it be this, – Whether the spirits of  
32 pyromancy or geomancy be most predominant in  
magic?

34 **Vand.** I say, of pyromancy.

36 **Bung.** And I, of geomancy.

38 **Vand.** The cabalists that write of magic spells,  
40 As Hermes, Melchie, and Pythagoras,  
Affirm that, 'mongst the quadruplicity

42 | Of elemental essence, *terra* is but thought  
 To be a *punctum* squarèd to the rest;  
 44 | And that the compass of ascending elements  
 Exceed in bigness as they do in height;  
 46 | Judging the concave circle of the sun  
 To hold the rest in his circumference,  
 48 | If, then, as Hermes says, the fire be greatest,  
 Purest, and only giveth shape to spirits,  
 50 | Then must these demonès that haunt that place  
 Be every way superior to the rest.

52 | **Bung.** I reason not of elemental shapes,  
 Nor tell I of the concave latitudes,  
 Noting their essence nor their quality,  
 56 | But of the spirits that pyromancy calls,  
 And of the vigour of the geomantic fiends.  
 58 | I tell thee, German, magic haunts the grounds,  
 And those strange necromantic spells,  
 60 | That work such shows and wondering in the world,  
 Are acted by those geomantic spirits  
 62 | That Hermes calleth *terrae filii*.  
 The fiery spirits are but transparent shades,  
 64 | That lightly pass as heralds to bear news;  
 But earthly fiends, closed in the lowest deep,  
 66 | Dissever mountains, if they be but charged,  
 Being more gross and massy in their power.

68 | **Vand.** Rather these earthly geomantic spirits  
 70 | Are dull and like the place where they remain;  
 For when proud Lucifer fell from the heavens,  
 72 | The spirits and angels that did sin with him,  
 Retained their local essence as their faults,  
 74 | All subject under Luna's continent.  
 They which offended less hung in the fire,  
 76 | And second faults did rest within the air;  
 But Lucifer and his proud-hearted fiends  
 78 | Were thrown into the centre of the earth,  
 Having less understanding than the rest,  
 80 | As having greater sin and lesser grace.  
 Therefore such gross and earthly spirits do serve  
 82 | For jugglers, witches, and vild sorcerers;  
 Whereas the pyromantic genii  
 84 | Are mighty, swift, and of far-reaching power.  
 But grant that geomancy hath most force;  
 86 | Bungay, to please these mighty potentates,  
 Prove by some instance what thy art can do.

88 |

90 **Bung.** I will.

92 **Emp.** Now, English Harry, here begins the game;  
We shall see sport between these learnèd men.

94 **Vand.** What wilt thou do?

96 **Bung.** Shew thee the tree, leaved with refinèd gold,  
Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,  
98 That watched the garden called Hesperidès,  
Subdued and won by conquering Hercules.

100 *Here Bungay conjures, and the tree appears*  
102 *with the dragon shooting fire.*

104 **Vand.** Well done!

106 **K. Hen.** What say you, royal lordings, to my friar?  
Hath he not done a point of cunning skill?

108 **Vand.** Each scholar in the necromantic spells  
110 Can do as much as Bungay hath performed!  
But as Alcmena's bastard razed this tree,  
112 So will I raise him up as when he lived,  
And cause him pull the dragon from his seat,  
114 And tear the branches piecemeal from the root. –  
Hercules! *Prodi, prodi*, Hercules!

116 *Hercules appears in his lion's skin.*

118 **Herc.** *Quis me vult?*

120 **Vand.** Jove's bastard son, thou Libyan Hercules,  
122 Pull off the sprigs from off th' Hesperian tree,  
As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.

124 **Herc.** *Fiat.*

126 *[Begins to break down the branches.]*

128 **Vand.** Now, Bungay, if thou canst by magic charm  
130 The fiend, appearing like great Hercules,  
From pulling down the branches of the tree,  
132 Then art thou worthy to be counted learnèd.

134 **Bung.** I cannot.

136 **Vand.** Cease, Hercules, until I give thee charge. –  
Mighty commander of this English isle,

138 Henry, come from the stout Plantagenets,  
 Bungay is learned enough to be a friar;  
 140 But to compare with Jaquès Vandermast,  
 Oxford and Cambridge must go seek their cells  
 142 To find a man to match him in his art.  
 I have given non-plus to the Paduans,  
 144 To them of Sien, Florence, and Bologna,  
 Rheims, Louvain, and fair Rotterdam,  
 146 Frankfort, Lutrech, and Orleans:  
 And now must Henry, if he do me right,  
 148 Crown me with laurel, as they all have done.

150 *Enter Bacon.*

152 **Bacon.** All hail to this royal company,  
 That sit to hear and see this strange dispute! –  
 154 Bungay, how stands't thou as a man amazed.  
 What, hath the German acted more than thou?

156 **Vand.** What art thou that questions thus?

158 **Bacon.** Men call me Bacon.

160 **Vand.** Lordly thou look'st, as if that thou wert learned;  
 162 Thy countenance as if science held her seat  
 Between the circled arches of thy brows.

164 **K. Hen.** Now, monarchs, hath the German found his match.

166 **Emp.** Bestir thee, Jaquès, take not now the foil,  
 168 Lest thou dost lose what foretime thou didst gain.

170 **Vand.** Bacon, wilt thou dispute?

172 **Bacon.** No,  
 Unless he were more learned than Vandermast:  
 174 For yet, tell me, what hast thou done?

176 **Vand.** Raised Hercules to ruinate that tree  
 That Bungay mounted by his magic spells.

178 **Bacon.** Set Hercules to work.

180 **Vand.** Now, Hercules, I charge thee to thy task;  
 182 Pull off the golden branches from the root.

184 **Herc.** I dare not. See'st thou not great Bacon here,  
 Whose frown doth act more than thy magic can?

186

188 **Vand.** By all the thrones, and dominations,  
 Virtues, powers, and mighty hierarchies,  
 I charge thee to obey to Vandermast.

190  
 192 **Herc.** Bacon, that bridles headstrong Belcephon,  
 And rules Asmenoth, guider of the north,  
 Binds me from yielding unto Vandermast.

194  
 196 **K. Hen.** How now, Vandermast, have you met with  
 your match?

198 **Vand.** Never before was't known to Vandermast  
 That men held devils in such obedient awe.  
 200 Bacon doth more than art, or else I fail.

202 **Emp.** Why, Vandermast, art thou overcome? –  
 Bacon, dispute with him, and try his skill.

204  
 206 **Bacon.** I come not, monarchs, for to hold dispute  
 With such a novice as is Vandermast;  
 I come to have your royalties to dine  
 208 With Friar Bacon here in Brazen-nose.  
 And, for this German troubles but the place,  
 210 And holds this audience with a long suspense,  
 I'll send him to his académy hence. –  
 212 Thou Hercules, whom Vandermast did raise,  
 Transport the German unto Hapsburg straight,  
 214 That he may learn by travail, 'gainst the spring,  
 More secret dooms and aphorisms of art. –  
 216 Vanish the tree, and thou away with him!

218 *[Exit Hercules with Vandermast and the tree.]*

220 **Emp.** Why, Bacon, whither dost thou send him?

222 **Bacon.** To Hapsburg: there your highness at return  
 Shall find the German in his study safe.

224  
 226 **K. Hen.** Bacon, thou hast honoured England with thy skill,  
 And made fair Oxford famous by thine art.  
 I will be English Henry to thyself.  
 228 But tell me, shall we dine with thee to-day?

230 **Bacon.** With me, my lord; and while I fit my cheer,  
 See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you,  
 232 Gracious as is the morning-star of Heaven.

234 *[Exit Bacon.]*

236 | *Enter Prince Edward, Lacy, Warren, Ermsby.*

238 | **Emp.** Is this Prince Edward, Henry's royal son?  
How martial is the figure of his face!  
240 | Yet lovely and beset with amoretts.

242 | **K. Hen.** Ned, where hast thou been?

244 | **Pr. Edw.** At Framingham, my lord, to try your bucks  
If they could scape the teasers or the toil.  
246 | But hearing of these lordly potentates,  
Landed, and progressed up to Oxford town,  
248 | I posted to give entertain to them:  
Chief to the Almain monarch; next to him,  
250 | And joint with him, Castile and Saxony  
Are welcome as they may be to the English court.  
252 | Thus for the men: but see, Venus appears,  
Or one that overmatcheth Venus in her shape!  
254 | Sweet Elinor, beauty's high-swelling pride,  
Rich nature's glory and her wealth at once,  
256 | Fair of all fairs, welcome to Albion;  
Welcome to me, and welcome to thine own,  
258 | If that thou deign'st the welcome from myself.

260 | **Elin.** Martial Plantagenet, Henry's high-minded son,  
The mark that Elinor did count her aim,  
262 | I liked thee 'fore I saw thee; now I love,  
And so as in so short a time I may;  
264 | Yet so as time shall never break that so,  
And therefore so accept of Elinor.

266 | **K. of Cast.** Fear not, my lord, this couple will agree,  
268 | If love may creep into their wanton eyes. —  
And therefore, Edward, I accept thee here,  
270 | Without suspence, as my adopted son.

272 | **K. Hen.** Let me that joy in these consorting greets,  
And glory in these honours done to Ned,  
274 | Yield thanks for all these favours to my son,  
And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

276 | *Enter Miles with a cloth and trenchers and salt.*

278 | **Miles.** *Salvete, omnes reges,*  
280 | That govern your *greges*  
In Saxony and Spain,  
282 | In England and in Almain!  
For all this frolic rabble

284 Must I cover the table  
With trenchers, salt, and cloth;  
286 And then look for your broth.

288 **Emp.** What pleasant fellow is this?

290 **K. Hen.** 'Tis, my lord, Doctor Bacon's poor scholar.

292 **Miles.** [*Aside*] My master hath made me sewer of  
these great lords; and, God knows, I am as  
294 serviceable at a table as a sow is under an apple-tree:  
'tis no matter; their cheer shall not be great, and  
296 therefore what skills where the salt stand, before or  
behind?

298

[*Exit Miles.*]

300

**K. of Cast.** These scholars know more skill in axioms,  
302 How to use quips and sleights of sophistry,  
Than for to cover courtly for a king.

304

*Re-enter Miles with a mess of pottage and broth;  
And, after him, Bacon.*

306

308 **Miles.** Spill, sir? Why, do you think I never carried  
twopenny chop before in my life? –  
310 By your leave, *nobile decus*,  
For here comes Doctor Bacon's *pecus*,  
312 Being in his full age  
To carry a mess of pottage.

314

**Bacon.** Lordings, admire not if your cheer be this,  
316 For we must keep our academic fare;  
No riot where philosophy doth reign:  
318 And therefore, Henry, place these potentates,  
And bid them fall unto their frugal cates.

320

**Emp.** Presumptuous friar! What, scoff 'st thou at a king?  
322 What, dost thou taunt us with thy peasants' fare,  
And give us cates fit for country swains? –  
324 Henry, proceeds this jest of thy consent,  
To twit us with such a pittance of such price?  
326 Tell me, and Frederick will not grieve thee long.

328 **K. Hen.** By Henry's honour, and the royal faith  
The English monarch beareth to his friend,  
330 I knew not of the friar's feeble fare,  
Nor am I pleased he entertains you thus.

332

334 **Bacon.** Content thee, Frederick, for I shewed these cates  
To let thee see how scholars use to feed;  
How little meat refines our English wits. –  
336 Miles, take away, and let it be thy dinner.

338 **Miles.** Marry, sir, I will. This day shall be a festival-  
day with me; for I shall exceed in the highest degree.

340

[Exit Miles.]

342

**Bacon.** I tell thee, monarch, all the German peers  
344 Could not afford thy entertainment such,  
So royal and so full of majesty,  
346 As Bacon will present to Frederick.  
The basest waiter that attends thy cups  
348 Shall be in honours greater than thyself; –  
[To Henry] And for thy cates, rich Alexandria drugs,  
350 Fetched by carvels from Egypt's richest streights,  
Found in the wealthy strond of Africa,  
352 Shall royalize the table of my king.  
Wines richer than the Gyptian courtesan  
354 Quaffed to Augustus' kingly countermatch,  
Shall be caroused in English Henry's feast;  
356 Candy shall yield the richest of her canes;  
Persia, down her Volga by canoes,  
358 Send down the secrets of her spicery;  
The Afric dates, mirabolans of Spain,  
360 Conserves and suckets from Tiberias,  
Cates from Judaea, choicer than the lamp  
362 That firèd Rome with sparks of gluttony,  
Shall beautify the board for Frederick:  
364 And therefore grudge not at a friar's feast.

366

[Exeunt.]



**SCENE X.**

*Fressingfield.*

*Enter Lambert and Serlsby with the Keeper.*

1 **Lamb.** Come, frolic Keeper of our liege's game,  
 2 Whose table spread hath ever venison  
 And jacks of wine to welcome passengers,  
 4 Know I am in love with jolly Margaret,  
 That overshines our damsels as the moon  
 6 Darkneth the brightest sparkles of the night.  
 In Laxfield here my land and living lies:  
 8 I'll make thy daughter jointer of it all,  
 So thou consent to give her to my wife;  
 10 And I can spend five-hundred marks a year.

12 **Serl.** I am the lands-lord, Keeper, of thy holds,  
 By copy all thy living lies in me;  
 14 Laxfield did never see me raise my due:  
 I will enfeoff fair Margaret in all,  
 16 So she will take her to a lusty squire.

18 **Keep.** Now, courteous gentles, if the Keeper's girl  
 Hath pleased the liking fancy of you both,  
 20 And with her beauty hath subdued your thoughts,  
 'Tis doubtful to decide the question.  
 22 It joys me that such men of great esteem  
 Should lay their liking on this base estate,  
 24 And that her state should grow so fortunate  
 To be a wife to meaner men than you:  
 26 But sith such squires will stoop to keeper's fee,  
 I will, t' avoid displeasure of you both,  
 28 Call Margaret forth, and she shall make her choice.

30 **Lamb.** Content, Keeper; send her unto us.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

34 Why, Serlsby, is thy wife so lately dead,  
 Are all thy loves so lightly passèd over,  
 36 As thou canst wed before the year be out?

38 **Serl.** I live not, Lambert, to content the dead,  
 Nor was I wedded but for life to her:  
 40 The grave ends and begins a married state.

*Enter Margaret.*

44 **Lamb.** Peggy, the lovely flower of all towns,  
 Suffolk's fair Helen, and rich England's star,  
 46 Whose beauty, tempered with her huswifery,  
 Makes England talk of merry Fressingfield!

48 **Serl.** I cannot trick it up with poësies,  
 Nor paint my passions with comparisons;  
 Nor tell a tale of Phoebus and his loves.  
 52 But this believe me, – Laxfield here is mine,  
 Of ancient rent seven-hundred pounds a-year,  
 54 And if thou canst but love a country squire,  
 I will enfeoff thee, Margaret, in all.  
 56 I cannot flatter; try me, if thou please.

58 **Marg.** Brave neighbouring squires, the stay of Suffolk's clime,  
 A keeper's daughter is too base in gree  
 60 To match with men accompted of such worth.  
 But might I not displease, I would reply.

62 **Lamb.** Say, Peggy; naught shall make us discontent.

64 **Marg.** Then, gentles, note that love hath little stay,  
 Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire  
 Be kindled but by fancy's motiön.  
 68 Then pardon, gentles, if a maid's reply  
 Be doubtful, while I have debated with myself,  
 70 Who, or of whom, love shall constrain me like.

72 **Serl.** Let it be me; and trust me, Margaret,  
 The meads environed with the silver streams,  
 74 Whose battling pastures fatneth all my flocks,  
 Yielding forth fleeces stapled with such wool  
 76 As Lempster cannot yield more finer stuff,  
 And forty kine with fair and burnished heads,  
 78 With strouting dugs that paggle to the ground,  
 Shall serve thy dairy, if thou wed with me.

80 **Lamb.** Let pass the country wealth, as flocks and kine,  
 82 And lands that wave with Ceres' golden sheaves,  
 Filling my barns with plenty of the fields;  
 84 But, Peggy, if thou wed thyself to me,  
 Thou shalt have garments of embrodered silk,  
 86 Lawns, and rich net-works for thy head-attire:  
 Costly shall be thy fair abiliments,  
 88 If thou wilt be but Lambert's loving wife.

90 **Marg.** Content you, gentles, you have proffered fair,  
 And more than fits a country maid's degree:

92 | But give me leave to counsel me a time,  
 For fancy blooms not at the first assault;  
 94 | Give me but ten days' respite, and I will reply,  
 Which or to whom myself affectionates.

96 | **Serl.** Lambert, I tell thee, thou'rt importunate;  
 98 | Such beauty fits not such a base esquire:  
 It is for Serlsby to have Margaret.

100 | **Lamb.** Think'st thou with wealth to overreach me?  
 102 | Serlsby, I scorn to brook thy country braves.  
 I dare thee, coward, to maintain this wrong,  
 104 | At dint of rapier, single in the field.

106 | **Serl.** I'll answer, Lambert, what I have avouched. –  
 Margaret, farewell; another time shall serve.

108 | [Exit Serlsby.]

110 | **Lamb.** I'll follow. – Peggy, farewell to thyself;  
 112 | Listen how well I'll answer for thy love.

114 | [Exit Lambert.]

116 | **Marg.** How fortune tempers lucky haps with frowns,  
 And wrongs me with the sweets of my delight!  
 118 | Love is my bliss, and love is now my bale.  
 Shall I be Helen in my froward fates,  
 120 | As I am Helen in my matchless hue,  
 And set rich Suffolk with my face afire?  
 122 | If lovely Lacy were but with his Peggy,  
 The cloudy darkness of his bitter frown  
 124 | Would check the pride of these aspiring squires.  
 Before the term of ten days be expired,  
 126 | Whenas they look for answer of their loves,  
 My lord will come to merry Fressingfield,  
 128 | And end their fancies and their follies both:  
 Till when, Peggy, be blithe and of good cheer.

130 | *Enter a Post with a letter and a bag of gold.*

132 | **Post.** Fair lovely damsel, which way leads this path?  
 134 | How might I post me unto Fressingfield?  
 Which footpath leadeth to the Keeper's lodge?

136 | **Marg.** Your way is ready, and this path is right.  
 138 | Myself do dwell hereby in Fressingfield;  
 And if the Keeper be the man you seek,

140 I am his daughter: may I know the cause?

142 **Post.** Lovely, and once belovèd of my lord;  
 No marvel if his eye was lodged so low,  
 144 When brighter beauty is not in the heavens. —  
 The Lincoln Earl hath sent you letters here,  
 146 And, with them, just an hundred pounds in gold.

148 [Gives letter and bag.]

150 Sweet, bonny wench, read them, and make reply.

152 **Marg.** The scrolls that Jove sent Danae,  
 Wrapt in rich closures of fine burnished gold,  
 154 Were not more welcome than these lines to me,  
 Tell me, whilst that I do unrip the seals,  
 156 Lives Lacy well? How fares my lovely lord?

158 **Post.** Well, if that wealth may make men to live well.

160 **Marg.** [*Reads*] *The blooms of the almond-tree grow*  
*in a night, and vanish in a morn; the flies hemera,*  
 162 *fair Peggy, take life with the sun, and die with the*  
*dew; fancy that slippeth in with a gaze, goeth out*  
 164 *with a wink; and too timely loves have ever the*  
*shortest length. I write this as thy grief, and my*  
 166 *folly, who at Fressingfeld loved that which time*  
*hath taught me to be but mean dainties: eyes are*  
 168 *dissemblers, and fancy is but queasy; therefore*  
 know, Margaret, I have chosen a Spanish lady to  
 170 be my wife, chief waiting-woman to the Princess  
 Elinor; a lady fair, and no less fair than thyself,  
 172 honourable and wealthy. In that I forsake thee, I  
 leave thee to thine own liking; and for thy dowry I  
 174 have sent thee an hundred pounds; and ever assure  
 thee of my favour, which shall avail thee and thine  
 176 much.  
 Farewell.

178 *Not thine nor his own,*  
 180 *Edward Lacy.*

182 Fond Atè, doomer of bad-boding fates,  
 That wraps proud fortune in thy snaky locks,  
 184 Didst thou enchant my birth-day with such stars  
 As lightened mischief from their infancy?  
 186 If heavens had vowed, if stars had made decree,  
 To shew on me their froward influence,  
 188 If Lacy had but loved, heavens, hell, and all,

190 | Could not have wronged the patience of my mind.  
192 | **Post.** It grieves me, damsel; but the earl is forced  
194 | **Marg.** The wealth combined within the English shelves,  
196 | Europe's commander, nor the English king,  
198 | **Post.** What answer shall I return to my lord?  
200 | **Marg.** First, for thou cam'st from Lacy whom I loved, –  
202 | Ah, give me leave to sigh at very thought! –  
204 | Take thou, my friend, the hundred pounds he sent;  
206 | For Margaret's resolution craves no dower:  
208 | The world shall be to her as vanity;  
210 | Wealth, trash; love, hate; pleasure, despair:  
212 | For I will straight to stately Fremingham,  
214 | And in the abbey there be shorn a nun,  
216 | And yield my loves and liberty to God.  
218 | Fellow, I give thee this, not for the news,  
218 | For those be hateful unto Margaret,  
218 | But for thou'rt Lacy's man, once Margaret's love.  
218 | **Post.** What I have heard, what passions I have seen,  
218 | I'll make report of them unto the earl.  
218 | **Marg.** Say that she joys his fancies be at rest,  
218 | And prays that his misfortune may be hers.

[*Exeunt.*]

**SCENE XI.**

*Friar Bacon's cell.*

*Enter Friar Bacon. He draws the curtains, discovering his cell, and lies on his bed, with a white stick in one hand, a book in the other, and a lamp lighted beside him; and the Brazen Head, and Miles with weapons by him.*

1 **Bacon.** Miles, where are you?

2  
3 **Miles.** Here, sir.

4 **Bacon.** How chance you tarry so long?

6 **Miles.** Think you that the watching of the Brazen  
8 Head craves no furniture? I warrant you, sir, I have  
10 so armed myself that if all your devils come, I will  
not fear them an inch.

12 **Bacon.** Miles,  
13 Thou know'st that I have divèd into hell,  
14 And sought the darkest palaces of fiends;  
15 That with my magic spells great Belcephon  
16 Hath left his lodge and kneelèd at my cell;  
17 The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,  
18 And three-formed Luna hid her silver looks,  
19 Trembling upon her concave continent,  
20 When Bacon read upon his magic book.  
21 With seven years' tossing necromantic charms,  
22 Poring upon dark Hecat's principles,  
23 I have framed out a monstrous head of brass,  
24 That, by th' enchanting forces of the devil,  
25 Shall tell out strange and uncouth aphorisms,  
26 And girt fair England with a wall of brass.  
27 Bungay and I have watched these threescore days,  
28 And now our vital spirits crave some rest.  
29 If Argus lived, and had his hundred eyes,  
30 They could not over-watch Phobetor's night.  
31 Now, Miles, in thee rests Friar Bacon's weal:  
32 The honour and renown of all his life  
33 Hangs in the watching of this Brazen Head;  
34 Therefore I charge thee by th' immortal God,

36 That holds the souls of men within His fist,  
 This night thou watch; for ere the morning-star  
 Sends out his glorious glister on the north,  
 38 The head will speak: then, Miles, upon thy life,  
 Wake me; for then by magic art I'll work  
 40 To end my seven years' task with excellence.  
 If that a wink but shut thy watchful eye,  
 42 Then farewell Bacon's glory and his fame!  
 Draw close the curtains, Miles: now, for thy life,  
 44 Be watchful, and –

[Bacon falls asleep.]

48 **Miles.** So; I thought you would talk yourself asleep  
 anon; and 'tis no marvel, for Bungay on the days,  
 50 and he on the nights, have watched just these ten and  
 fifty days: now this is the night, and 'tis my task, and  
 52 no more. Now, Jesus bless me, what a goodly Head  
 it is! and a nose! you talk of *nos autem glorificare*;  
 54 but here's a nose that I warrant may be called *nos*  
*autem populare* for the people of the parish. Well, I  
 56 am furnished with weapons; now, sir, I will set me  
 down by a post, and make it as good as a watchman  
 58 to wake me, if I chance to slumber. – I thought,  
 Goodman Head, I would call you out of your  
 60 memento.

[Miles drifts off; his head hits the post, waking him.]

64 Passion o' God, I have almost broke my pate!

[A great noise.]

68 Up, Miles, to your task; take your brown-bill in your  
 hand; here's some of your master's hobgoblins abroad.

70 **The Head.** Time is.

72 **Miles.** Time is! Why, Master Brazen-head, have  
 74 you such a capital nose, and answer you with  
 syllables, "Time is"? Is this all my master's cunning,  
 76 to spend seven years' study about "Time is"? Well,  
 sir, it may be we shall have some better orations of it  
 78 anon: well, I'll watch you as narrowly as ever you  
 were watched, and I'll play with you as the  
 80 nightingale with the slow-worm; I'll set a prick  
 against my breast. Now rest there, Miles.

[Miles falls asleep, but is wakened by the prick.]

84

Lord have mercy upon me, I have almost killed myself!

86

[A great noise.]

88

Up, Miles; list how they rumble.

90

**The Head.** Time was.

92

**Miles.** Well, Friar Bacon, you have spent your seven years' study well, that can make your head speak but two words at once, "Time was." Yea, marry, time was when my master was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the Brazen Head. You shall lie while your arse ache and your Head speak no better. Well, I will watch, and walk up and down, and be a peripatetian and a philosopher of Aristotle's stamp.

100

102

[A great noise.]

104

What, a fresh noise? Take thy pistols in hand, Miles.

106

**The Head.** Time is past.

108

[A lightning flashes forth, and a hand appears that breaks down the Head with a hammer.]

110

**Miles.** Master, master, up! Hell's broken loose; your Head speaks; and there's such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant all Oxford is up in arms. Out of your bed, and take a brown-bill in your hand; the latter day is come.

116

118

[Bacon rises and comes forward.]

120

**Bacon.** Miles, I come. O, passing warily watched! Bacon will make thee next himself in love.

122

When spake the Head?

124

**Miles.** When spake the Head! did not you say that he should tell strange principles of philosophy?

126

Why, sir, it speaks but two words at a time.

128

**Bacon.** Why, villain, hath it spoken oft?

130

**Miles.** Oft! Ay, marry, hath it, thrice; but in all those three times it hath uttered but seven words.

132



134 **Bacon.** As how!

136 **Miles.** Marry, sir, the first time he said "Time is", as  
 138 if Fabius Cumentator should have pronounced a  
 sentence; [the second time] he said "Time was"; and  
 the third time, with thunder and lightning, as in great  
 choler, he said, "Time is past."

140 **Bacon.** 'Tis past indeed. Ah, villain! time is past:  
 142 My life, my fame, my glory, all are past. –  
 Bacon,  
 144 The turrets of thy hope are ruined down,  
 Thy seven years' study lieth in the dust:  
 146 Thy Brazen Head lies broken through a slave,  
 That watched, and would not when the Head did will. –  
 148 What said the Head first?

150 **Miles.** Even, sir, "Time is."

152 **Bacon.** Villain, if thou hadst called to Bacon then,  
 If thou hadst watched, and waked the sleepy friar,  
 154 The Brazen Head had uttered aphorisms,  
 And England had been circled round with brass.  
 156 But proud Astmeroth, ruler of the north,  
 And Demogorgon, master of the fates,  
 158 Grudge that a mortal man should work so much.  
 Hell trembled at my deep-commanding spells,  
 160 Fiends frowned to see a man their over-match;  
 Bacon might boast more than a man might boast!  
 162 But now the braves of Bacon have an end,  
 Europe's conceit of Bacon hath an end,  
 164 His seven years' practice sorteth to ill end: –  
 And, villain, sith my glory hath an end,  
 166 I will appoint thee to some fatal end.  
 Villain, avoid! Get thee from Bacon's sight!  
 168 Vagrant, go roam and range about the world,  
 And perish as a vagabond on earth!

170 **Miles.** Why, then, sir, you forbid me your service?

172 **Bacon.** My service, villain! with a fatal curse,  
 174 That direful plagues and mischief fall on thee.

176 **Miles.** 'Tis no matter, I am against you with the old  
 178 proverb, – the more the fox is cursed, the better he  
 fares. God be with you, sir: I'll take but a book in my  
 hand, a wide-sleeved gown on my back, and a  
 180 crowned cap on my head, and see if I can want

182 | promotion.

182

**Bacon.** Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy weary steps,

184

Until they do transport thee quick to hell:

For Bacon shall have never merry day,

186

To lose the fame and honour of his Head.

188

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII.

*At Court.*

*Enter the Emperor, the King of Castile, King Henry, Elinor,  
Prince Edward, Lacy, and Raphe Simnell.*

1 **Emp.** Now, lovely prince, the prime of Albion's wealth,  
2 How fare the Lady Elinor and you?  
What, have you courted and found Castile fit  
4 To answer England in equivalence?  
Will't be a match 'twixt bonny Nell and thee?

6  
7 **Pr. Edw.** Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,  
8 And not lie fettered in fair Helen's looks?  
Or Phoebus scape those piercing amoretts  
10 That Daphne glancèd at his deity?  
Can Edward, then, sit by a flame and freeze,  
12 Whose heat puts Helen and fair Daphne down?  
Now, monarchs, ask the lady if we gree.

14  
15 **K. Hen.** What, madam, hath my son found grace or no?

16  
17 **Elin.** Seeing, my lord, his lovely counterfeit,  
18 And hearing how his mind and shape agreed,  
I come not, trooped with all this warlike train,  
20 Doubting of love, but so affectionate,  
As Edward hath in England what he won in Spain.

22  
23 **K. of Cast.** A match, my lord; these wantons needs must love!  
24 Men must have wives, and women will be wed:  
Let's haste the day to honour up the rites.

26  
27 **Raphe.** Sirrah Harry, shall Ned marry Nell?

28  
29 **K. Hen.** Ay, Raphe: how then?

30  
31 **Raphe.** Marry, Harry, follow my counsel: send for  
32 Friar Bacon to marry them, for he'll so conjure him  
and her with his necromancy, that they shall love  
34 together like pig and lamb whilst they live.

36  
37 **K. of Cast.** But hearest thou, Raphe, art thou content  
to have Elinor to thy lady?

38  
39 **Raphe.** Ay, so she will promise me two things.

40

42 **K. of Cast.** What's that, Raphe?

44 **Raphe.** That she will never scold with Ned, nor  
fight with me. – Sirrah Harry, I have put her down  
46 with a thing unpossible.

48 **K. Hen.** What's that, Raphe?

50 **Raphe.** Why, Harry, didst thou ever see that a  
woman could both hold her tongue and her hands?  
52 no: but when egg-pies grow on apple-trees, then will  
thy grey mare prove a bag-piper.

54 **Emp.** What says the Lord of Castile and the Earl of  
Lincoln, that they are in such earnest and secret talk?

56 **K. of Cast.** I stand, my lord, amazèd at his talk,  
58 How he discourseth of the constancy  
Of one surnamed, for beauty's excellence,  
60 The Fair Maid of merry Fressingfield.

62 **K. Hen.** 'Tis true, my lord, 'tis wondrous for to hear;  
Her beauty passing Mars's paramour,  
64 Her virgin's right as rich as Vesta's was.  
Lacy and Ned hath told me miracles.

66 **K. of Cast.** What says Lord Lacy? Shall she be his wife?

68 **Lacy.** Or else Lord Lacy is unfit to live. –  
70 May it please your highness give me leave to post  
To Fressingfield; I'll fetch the bonny girl,  
72 And prove, in true appearance at the court,  
What I have vouchèd often with my tongue.

74 **K. Hen.** Lacy, go to the 'query of my stable,  
76 And take such coursers as shall fit thy turn:  
Hie thee to Fressingfield, and bring home the lass;  
78 And, for her fame flies through the English coast,  
If it may please the lady Elinor,  
80 One day shall match your excellence and her.

82 **Elin.** We Castile ladies are not very coy;  
Your highness may command a greater boon:  
84 And glad were I to grace the Lincoln Earl  
With being partner of his marriage-day.

86 **Pr. Edw.** Gramercy, Nell, for I do love the lord,  
88 As he that's second to thyself in love.

90 **Raphe.** You love her? – Madam Nell, never believe  
 him you, though he swears he loves you.

92  
 94 **Elin.** Why, Raphe?

**Raphe.** Why, his love is like unto a tapper's glass  
 96 that is broken with every touch; for he loved the fair  
 maid of Fressingfield once out of all ho. – Nay, Ned,  
 98 never wink upon me; I care not, I.

100 **K. Hen.** Raphe tells all; you shall have a good  
 secretary of him. –

102 But, Lacy, haste thee post to Fressingfield;  
 For ere thou hast fitted all things for her state,  
 104 The solemn marriage-day will be at hand.

106 **Lacy.** I go, my lord.

108 [Exit Lacy.]

110 **Emp.** How shall we pass this day, my lord?

112 **K. Hen.** To horse, my lord; the day is passing fair,  
 We'll fly the partridge, or go rouse the deer.  
 114 Follow, my lords; you shall not want for sport.

116 [Exeunt.]

SCENE XIII.*Friar Bacon's Cell.**Enter, to Friar Bacon in his cell, Friar Bungay.*

1 **Bung.** What means the friar that frolicked it of late,  
 2 To sit as melancholy in his cell  
 As if he had neither lost nor won to-day?

4  
**Bacon.** Ah, Bungay, my Brazen Head is spoiled,  
 6 My glory gone, my seven years' study lost!  
 The fame of Bacon, bruited through the world,  
 8 Shall end and perish with this deep disgrace.

10 **Bung.** Bacon hath built foundation of his fame  
 So surely on the wings of true report,  
 12 With acting strange and uncouth miracles,  
 As this cannot infringe what he deserves.

14 **Bacon.** Bungay, sit down, for by prospective skill  
 16 I find this day shall fall out ominous:  
 Some deadly act shall 'tide me ere I sleep;  
 18 But what and wherein little can I guess.

20 **Bung.** My mind is heavy, whatsoe'er shall hap.

22 *Enter two Scholars, sons to Lambert and Serlsby.*  
*Knock.*

24 **Bacon.** Who's that knocks?

26 **Bung.** Two scholars that desires to speak with you.

28 **Bacon.** Bid them come in. —  
 30 Now, my youths, what would you have?

32 **1st Sch.** Sir, we are Suffolk-men and neighbouring friends;  
 Our fathers in their countries lusty squires;  
 34 Their lands adjoin: in Crackfield mine doth dwell,  
 And his in Laxfield. We are college-mates,  
 36 Sworn brothers, as our fathers live as friends.

38 **Bacon.** To what end is all this?

40 **2nd Sch.** Hearing your worship kept within your cell  
 A glass prospective, wherein men might see  
 42 Whatso their thoughts or hearts' desire could wish,  
 We come to know how that our fathers fare.

44

**Bacon.** My glass is free for every honest man.  
 Sit down, and you shall see ere long,  
 How or in what state your friendly father[s] live.  
 Meanwhile, tell me your names.

50

**1st Sch.** Mine Lambert.

52

**2nd Sch.** And mine, Serlsby.

54

**Bacon.** Bungay, I smell there will be a tragedy.

56

*Enter Lambert and Serlsby  
 with rapiers and daggers.*

58

**Lamb.** Serlsby, thou hast kept thine hour like a man:  
 Thou'rt worthy of the title of a squire,  
 That durst, for proof of thy affection  
 And for thy mistress' favour, prize thy blood.  
 Thou know'st what words did pass at Fressingfield,  
 Such shameless braves as manhood cannot brook.  
 Ay, for I scorn to bear such piercing taunts,  
 Prepare thee, Serlsby; one of us will die.

68

**Serl.** Thou see'st I single [meet] thee [in] the field,  
 And what I spake, I'll maintain with my sword.  
 Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out.  
 And if thou kill me, think I have a son,  
 That lives in Oxford in the Broadgates-hall,  
 Who will revenge his father's blood with blood.

74

**Lamb.** And, Serlsby, I have there a lusty boy,  
 That dares at weapon buckle with thy son,  
 And lives in Broadgates too, as well as thine.  
 But draw thy rapier, for we'll have a bout.

80

**Bacon.** Now, lusty youngers, look within the glass,  
 And tell me if you can discern your sires.

82

**1st Sch.** Serlsby, 'tis hard; thy father offers wrong,  
 To combat with my father in the field.

84

86

**2nd Sch.** Lambert, thou liest, my father's is th' abuse,  
 And thou shall find it, if my father harm.

88

**Bung.** How goes it, sirs?

90

**1st Sch.** Our fathers are in combat hard by Fressingfield.

92

94 **Bacon.** Sit still, my friends, and see th' event.

96 **Lamb.** Why stand'st thou, Serlsby? doubt'st thou of thy life?  
A venny, man! fair Margaret craves so much.

98 **Serl.** Then this for her.

100 **1st Sch.** Ah, well thrust!

102 **2nd Sch.** But mark the ward.

104 *[Lambert and Serlsby fight and kill each other.]*

106 **Lamb.** O, I am slain!

108 *[Dies.]*

110 **Serl.** And I, – Lord have mercy on me!

112 *[Dies.]*

114 **1st Sch.** My father slain! – Serlsby, ward that.

116 **2nd Sch.** And so is mine! – Lambert, I'll quite thee well.

118 *[The two Scholars stab each other, and die.]*

120 **Bung.** O strange stratagem!

122 **Bacon.** See, friar, where the fathers both lie dead! –  
Bacon, thy magic doth effect this massacre:  
124 This glass prospective worketh many woes;  
And therefore seeing these brave lusty brutes,  
126 These friendly youths, did perish by thine art,  
End all thy magic and thine art at once.  
128 The poniard that did end the[ir] fatal lives,  
Shall break the cause efficiat of their woes.  
130 So fade the glass, and end with it the shows  
That necromancy did infuse the crystal with.

132 *[He breaks the glass.]*

134 **Bung.** What means learned Bacon thus to break his glass?

136 **Bacon.** I tell thee, Bungay, it repents me sore  
138 That ever Bacon meddled in this art.  
The hours I have spent in pyromantic spells,  
140 The fearful tossing in the latest night  
Of papers full of necromantic charms,  
142 Conjuring and adjuring devils and fiends,  
With stole and alb and strange pentaganon;



144 | The wresting of the holy name of God,  
As Sother, Eloim, and Adonai,  
146 | Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragrammaton,  
With praying to the five-fold powers of Heaven,  
148 | Are instances that Bacon must be damned  
For using devils to countervail his God. –  
150 | Yet, Bacon, cheer thee, drown not in despair:  
Sins have their salves, repentance can do much:  
152 | Think Mercy sits where Justice holds her seat,  
And from those wounds those bloody Jews did pierce,  
154 | Which by thy magic oft did bleed afresh,  
From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,  
156 | To wash the wrath of high Jehovah's ire,  
And make thee as a new-born babe from sin. –  
158 | Bungay, I'll spend the remnant of my life  
In pure devotion, praying to my God  
160 | That He would save what Bacon vainly lost.

162

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIV.*Fressingfield.**Enter Margaret in Nun's apparel, the Keeper,  
and their Friend.*

1 **Keep.** Margaret, be not so headstrong in these vows:

2 O, bury not such beauty in a cell,  
That England hath held famous for the hue!  
4 Thy father's hair, like to the silver blooms  
That beautify the shrubs of Africa,  
6 Shall fall before the dated time of death,  
Thus to forgo his lovely Margaret.

8 **Marg.** Ah, father, when the harmony of Heaven  
10 Soundeth the measures of a lively faith,  
The vain illusions of this flattering world  
12 Seem odious to the thoughts of Margaret.  
I lovèd once, – Lord Lacy was my love;  
14 And now I hate myself for that I loved,  
And doted more on him than on my God, –  
16 For this I scourge myself with sharp repents.  
But now the touch of such aspiring sins  
18 Tells me all love is lust but love of heavens;  
That beauty used for love is vanity.  
20 The world contains naught but alluring baits,  
Pride, flattery, and inconstant thoughts.  
22 To shun the pricks of death, I leave the world,  
And vow to meditate on heavenly bliss,  
24 To live in Framingham a holy nun,  
Holy and pure in conscience and in deed;  
26 And for to wish all maids to learn of me  
To seek Heaven's joy before earth's vanity.

28 **Friend.** And will you, then, Margaret, be shorn a nun,  
30 and so leave us all?

32 **Marg.** Now farewell world, the engine of all woe!  
Farewell to friends and father! Welcome Christ!  
34 Adieu to dainty robes! This base attire  
Better befits an humble mind to God  
36 Than all the shew of rich habiliments.  
Love, O love! and, with fond love, farewell  
38 Sweet Lacy, whom I lovèd once so dear!  
Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,  
40 Lest I offend to think on Lacy's love:

42 But even to that, as to the rest, farewell!

44 *Enter Lacy, Warren and Ermsby,  
booted and spurred.*

46 **Lacy.** Come on, my wags, we're near the Keeper's lodge.  
Here have I oft walked in the watery meads,  
48 And chatted with my lovely Margaret.

50 **War.** Sirrah Ned, is not this the Keeper?

52 **Lacy.** 'Tis the same.

54 **Erms.** The old lecher hath gotten holy mutton to  
him: a nun, my lord.

56 **Lacy.** Keeper, how far'st thou? holla, man, what cheer?  
58 How doth Peggy, thy daughter and my love?

60 **Keep.** Ah, good my lord! O, woe is me for Peg!  
See where she stands clad in her nun's attire,  
62 Ready for to be shorn in Framingham.  
She leaves the world because she left your love.  
64 O, good my lord, persuade her if you can!

66 **Lacy.** Why, how now, Margaret! What, a malcontent?  
A nun! What holy father taught you this,  
68 To task yourself to such a tedious life  
As die a maid! 'Twere injury to me,  
70 To smother up such beauty in a cell.

72 **Marg.** Lord Lacy, thinking of my former miss,  
How fond the prime of wanton years were spent  
74 In love (O, fie upon that fond conceit,  
Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye!)  
76 I leave both love and love's content at once,  
Betaking me to Him that is true love,  
78 And leaving all the world for love of Him.

80 **Lacy.** Whence, Peggy, comes this metamorphosis?  
What, shorn a nun, and I have from the court  
82 Posted with coursers to convey thee hence  
To Windsor, where our marriage shall be kept!  
84 Thy wedding-ropes are in the tailor's hands.  
Come, Peggy, leave these péremptory vows.

86 **Marg.** Did not my lord resign his interest,  
88 And make divorce 'twixt Margaret and him?

90 **Lacy.** 'Twas but to try sweet Peggy's constancy.

92 But will fair Margaret leave her love and lord?  
 93  
 94 **Marg.** Is not Heaven's joy before earth's fading bliss,  
 And life above sweeter than life in love?  
 96 **Lacy.** Why, then, Margaret, will be shorn a nun?  
 98 **Marg.** Margaret  
 Hath made a vow which may not be revoked.  
 100  
 101 **War.** We cannot stay, my lord; and if she be so strict,  
 102 Our leisure grants us not to woo afresh.  
 104 **Erms.** Choose you, fair damsel, yet the choice is yours: –  
 Either a solemn nunnery or the court,  
 106 God or Lord Lacy: which contents you best,  
 To be a nun or else Lord Lacy's wife?  
 108  
 109 **Lacy.** A good motion. – Peggy, your answer must  
 110 be short.  
 112 **Marg.** The flesh is frail: My lord doth know it well,  
 That when he comes with his enchanting face,  
 114 Whatsoe'er betide, I cannot say him nay.  
 Off goes the habit of a maiden's heart,  
 116 And, seeing fortune will, fair Fremingham,  
 And all the shew of holy nuns, farewell!  
 118 Lacy for me, if he will be my lord.  
 120 **Lacy.** Peggy, thy lord, thy love, thy husband.  
 Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the king  
 122 Stays for to marry matchless Elinor,  
 Until I bring thee richly to the court,  
 124 That one day may both marry her and thee. –  
 How say'st thou, Keeper? Art thou glad of this?  
 126  
 127 **Keep.** As if the English king had given  
 128 The park and deer of Fressingfield to me.  
 130 **Erms.** I pray thee, my Lord of Sussex, why art thou  
 in a brown study?  
 132  
 133 **War.** To see the nature of women; that be they  
 134 never so near God, yet they love to die in a man's  
 arms.  
 136  
 137 **Lacy.** What have you fit for breakfast? We have hied  
 138 And posted all this night to Fressingfield.

140 | **Marg.** Butter and cheese, and humbles of a deer,  
Such as poor keepers have within their lodge.

142 | **Lacy.** And not a bottle of wine?

144 | **Marg.** We'll find one for my lord.

146 | **Lacy.** Come, Sussex, let us in: we shall have more,  
148 | For she speaks least, to hold her promise sure.

150 |

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XV.*Somewhere in Europe.**Enter a Devil seeking Miles.*

1 **Devil.** How restless are the ghosts of hellish spirits,  
 2 When every charmer with his magic spells  
 Calls us from nine-fold-trenchèd Phlegethon,  
 4 To scud and over-scour the earth in post  
 Upon the speedy wings of swiftest winds!  
 6 Now Bacon hath raised me from the darkest deep,  
 To search about the world for Miles his man,  
 8 For Miles, and to torment his lazy bones  
 For careless watching of his Brazen Head. –  
 10 See where he comes: O, he is mine.

*Enter Miles in a gown and a corner-cap.*

14 **Miles.** A scholar, quoth you! marry, sir, I would I  
 had been made a bottle-maker when I was made a  
 16 scholar; for I can get neither to be a deacon, reader,  
 nor schoolmaster, no, not the clark of a parish. Some  
 18 call me a dunce; another saith my head is as full of  
 Latin as an egg's full of oatmeal: thus I am  
 20 tormented, that the devil and Friar Bacon haunts me.  
 – Good Lord, here's one of my master's devils! I'll  
 22 go speak to him. – What, Master Plutus, how cheer  
 you?

24 **Devil.** Dost thou know me?

26 **Miles.** Know you, sir! why, are not you one of my  
 28 master's devils, that were wont to come to my master,  
 Doctor Bacon, at Brazen-nose?

30 **Devil.** Yes, marry, am I.

32 **Miles.** Good Lord, Master Plutus, I have seen you a  
 34 thousand times at my master's, and yet I had never  
 the manners to make you drink. But, sir, I am glad  
 36 to see how conformable you are to the statute. –  
 [Aside] I warrant you, he's as yeomanly a man as you  
 38 shall see: mark you, masters, here's a plain honest  
 man, without welt or guard. – But I pray you, sir, do  
 40 you come lately from hell?

42 **Devil.** Ay, marry: how then?

44 **Miles.** Faith, 'tis a place I have desired long to see:  
 46 have you not good tippling-houses there? May not a  
 48 man have a lusty fire there, a pot of good ale, a pair  
 of cards, a swingeing piece of chalk, and a brown  
 toast that will clap a white waistcoat on a cup of  
 good drink?

50 **Devil.** All this you may have there.

52 **Miles.** You are for me, friend, and I am for you.  
 54 But I pray you, may I not have an office there!

56 **Devil.** Yes, a thousand: what wouldst thou be?

58 **Miles.** By my troth, sir, in a place where I may  
 profit myself. I know hell is a hot place, and men are  
 60 marvellous dry, and much drink is spent there; I  
 would be a tapster.

62 **Devil.** Thou shalt.

64 **Miles.** There's nothing lets me from going with you,  
 66 but that 'tis a long journey, and I have never a horse.

68 **Devil.** Thou shalt ride on my back.

70 **Miles.** Now surely here's a courteous devil, that, for  
 to pleasure his friend, will not stick to make a jade of  
 72 himself. – But I pray you, goodman friend, let me  
 move a question to you.

74 **Devil.** What's that?

76 **Miles.** I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an  
 78 amble?

80 **Devil.** An amble.

82 **Miles.** 'Tis well; but take heed it be not a trot:  
 But 'tis no matter, I'll prevent it.

84

[*Puts on spurs.*]

86

**Devil.** What dost?

88

**Miles.** Marry, friend, I put on my spurs; for if I find  
 your pace either a trot or else uneasy, I'll put you to  
 90 a false gallop; I'll make you feel the benefit of my

92 | spurs.

94 | **Devil.** Get up upon my back.

96 | *[Miles mounts on the devil's back.]*

98 | **Miles.** O Lord, here's even a goodly marvel, when a  
100 | man rides to hell on the devil's back!

*[Exeunt, the Devil roaring.]*



SCENE XVI.

*At Court.*

*Enter in a Procession:*

1. *first the Emperor with a pointless sword;*
2. *next the King of Castile carrying a sword with a point;*
3. *Lacy carrying the globe;*
4. *Prince Edward;*
5. *Warren carrying a rod of gold with a dove on it;*
6. *Ermsby with a crown and scepter;*
7. *Princess Elinor, with...*
8. *Margaret Countess of Lincoln on her left hand;*
9. *King Henry;*
10. *Bacon;*
11. *and other Lords attending.*

1 **Pr. Edw.** Great potentates, earth's miracles for state,  
 2 Think that Prince Edward humbles at your feet,  
 And, for these favours, on his martial sword  
 4 He vows perpetual homage to yourselves,  
 Yielding these honours unto Elinor.

6  
 8 **K. Hen.** Gramercies, lordings; old Plantagenet,  
 That rules and sways the Albion diadem,  
 With tears discovers these conceived joys,  
 10 And vows requital, if his men-at-arms,  
 The wealth of England, or due honours done  
 12 To Elinor, may quite his favourites. –  
 But all this while what say you to the dames  
 14 That shine like to the crystal lamps of Heaven?

16 **Emp.** If but a third were added to these two,  
 They did surpass those gorgeous images  
 18 That gloried Ida with rich beauty's wealth.

20 **Marg.** 'Tis I, my lords, who humbly on my knee  
 Must yield her orisons to mighty Jove  
 22 For lifting up his handmaid to this state;  
 Brought from her homely cottage to the court,  
 24 And graced with kings, princes, and emperors,  
 To whom (next to the noble Lincoln Earl)  
 26 I vow obedience, and such humble love  
 As may a handmaid to such mighty men.

28 **Elin.** Thou martial man that wears the Almain crown,

30 And you the western potentates of might,  
 The Albion princess, English Edward's wife,  
 32 Proud that the lovely star of Fressingfield,  
 Fair Margaret, Countess to the Lincoln Earl,  
 34 Attends on Elinor, – gramercies, lord, for her, –  
 'Tis I give thanks for Margaret to you all,  
 36 And rest for her due bounden to yourselves.

38 **K. Hen.** Seeing the marriage is solemnized,  
 Let's march in triumph to the royal feast, –  
 40 But why stands Friar Bacon here so mute?

42 **Bacon.** Repentant for the follies of my youth,  
 That magic's secret mysteries misled,  
 44 And joyful that this royal marriage  
 Portends such bliss unto this matchless realm.

46 **K. Hen.** Why, Bacon,  
 48 What strange event shall happen to this land?  
 Or what shall grow from Edward and his queen?

50 **Bacon.** I find by deep prescience of mine art,  
 52 Which once I tempered in my secret cell,  
 That here where Brute did build his Troynovant,  
 54 From forth the royal garden of a king  
 Shall flourish out so rich and fair a bud,  
 56 Whose brightness shall deface proud Phoebus' flower,  
 And over-shadow Albion with her leaves.  
 58 Till then Mars shall be master of the field,  
 But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease:  
 60 The horse shall stamp as careless of the pike,  
 Drums shall be turned to timbrels of delight;  
 62 With wealthy favours plenty shall enrich  
 The strond that gladdened wandering Brute to see,  
 64 And peace from Heaven shall harbour in these leaves  
 That gorgeous beautify this matchless flower:  
 66 Apollo's heliotropion then shall stoop,  
 And Venus' hyacinth shall veil her top;  
 68 Juno shall shut her gilliflowers up,  
 And Pallas' bay shall bash her brightest green;  
 70 Ceres' carnation, in consort with those,  
 Shall stoop and wonder at Diana's rose.

72 **K. Hen.** This prophecy is mystical. –  
 74 But, glorious commanders of Europa's love,  
 That make fair England like that wealthy isle  
 76 Circled with Gihon and swift Euphrates,

78 | In royalizing Henry's Albion  
With presence of your princely mightiness: –  
Let 's march: the tables all are spread,  
80 | And viands, such as England's wealth affords,  
Are ready set to furnish out the boards.  
82 | You shall have welcome, mighty potentates:  
It rests to furnish up this royal feast,  
84 | Only your hearts be frolic; for the time  
Craves that we taste of naught but jouissance.  
86 | Thus glories England over all the west.

88

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*FINIS*

## Optional Textual Changes.

The texts of the Scripts prepared for our website, ElizabethanDrama.org, generally lean towards keeping the language of the plays' earliest editions. Where obvious errors in typography have occurred, the emendations suggested by early and modern editors are usually accepted without comment.

Words and syllables have in some cases been added to the original text; such additions appear within hard brackets [ ], and may be omitted at a director's discretion. Such additions may be made for one of two reasons: (1) where words or syllables have clearly been omitted from the original text by accident, and are needed for a line to make sense; and (2) where words or syllables are added to repair a line's meter.

The text of this Script may be confidently adopted by a theatre group without further revision; however, we present below a list of changes a director may wish to consider, if he or she feels any of them would make the language more sensible, etc. Most of these emendations represent suggestions of later editors of the play, and a few represent restoring original language from the quartos.

Explanations for all these possible emendations can be found in the annotated edition of this play found on our website.

### Universal Emendations.

1. Modernize *Raphe* to *Ralphe* everywhere.
2. Modernize *shew* (and its derivatives, such as *shewed*) to *show* everywhere.
3. modernize *strond* to *strand* (Scene II.79, IX.351 and XVI.63).
4. Restore, in place of *necromancy* (and its derivatives, such as *necromancer*), the quarto's *nigromancy*.

### Scene I.

1. line 52: emend *lively* to *lovely*.
- 2: line 82: modernize *cural* to *coral*.

### Scene II.

1. line 176: modernize *guess* to *guests*.

### Scene IV.

1. line 3: emend *surges* to *surge is*.
2. line 50: modernize *clark* to *clerk*.
3. line 72: emend *fit* to *set*.

### Scene V.

1. line 55: modernize *hard* to *heard*.

### Scene VI.

1. line 32: modernize *holp* to *helped*.
2. line 95: modernize *in a morn* to *in the morn*.
3. line 146: modernize *gailor* to *gaoler* or *jailer*.
4. line 231: modernize *strook* to *struck*.

### Scene VII.

1. line 8: emend *jests* to *gests*.

Scene VIII.

1. line 53: emend *is* to *are*.

Scene IX.

1. restore the location of Vandermast's brief speech at line 104: move it so that it appears immediately before the stage direction of lines 101-2.
2. line 333: restore, in place of *these*, the quarto's *thee*.

Scene X.

1. line 85: modernize *embrodered* to *embroidered*.
2. line 87: modernize *abiliments* to *habiliments*.
3. lines 142-4: make these lines an *Aside*.

Scene XI.

1. line 136: emend *Cumentator* to *Commentator*.

Scene XIII.

1. line 5: modernize *spoled* to *spoiled*.
2. line 10: restore, in place of *of*, the quarto's *on*.
3. line 122: emend *fathers* to *scholars*.

Scene XIV.

1. line 37: emend the first *Love* to *Farewell*.
2. line 72: restore, in place of *my*, the quarto's *thy*.
3. line 101: omit *my lord*.

Scene XV.

1. line 17: modernize *clark* to *clerk*.

Scene XVI.

1. line 12: emend *favourites* to *favourers*.
2. line 76: restore, in place of *swift*, the quarto's *first*.