

ElizabethanDrama.org

presents
a Theatre Script of

THE SCOTTISH HISTORY of
JAMES the FOURTH

By Robert Greene

Written c. 1590

Earliest Extant Edition: 1598

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THE SCOTTISH
HISTORY of
JAMES THE FOURTH.

by Robert Greene.
Written c. 1590.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Scottish Characters:

JAMES, KING OF SCOTS.
SIR BARTRAM.
SIR CUTHBERT ANDERSON.
LADY ANDERSON, wife of Sir Cuthbert.
LORD DOUGLAS.
LORD MORTON.
LORD ROSS.
BISHOP OF ST ANDREWS.
BOHAN, a tomb dweller.
SLIPPER, son of Bohan.
NANO, a dwarf, son of Bohan.
COUNTESS OF ARRAN.
IDA, daughter of the Countess.
ATEUKIN, a Parasite.
JAQUES, a French Captain.
ANDREW.
A LAWYER.
A MERCHANT.
A DIVINE.

English Characters:

KING OF ENGLAND.
DOROTHEA, Queen of Scots, daughter of the King of England.
LORD EUSTACE.
LORD PERCY.
SAMLES.

Fanciful Character:

OBERON, King of Fairies.

Purveyor, Herald, Scout, Huntsmen, Soldiers, Revellers, etc.
Ladies, etc.; Antics, Fairies, etc.

A. Scene Breaks, Settings, and Stage Directions.

The Scottish History of James the Fourth was originally published in a 1598 quarto. As usual, we lean towards adhering to the wording of this 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 suggestions of later editors. A director who wishes to remain truer to the original text may of course choose to omit any of the supplementary wording.

The 1598 quarto does not divide *James* into Acts and Scenes, or provide settings or asides. Act and scene breaks and settings have been adopted from Dickinson.

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

B. Choruses in James the Fourth.

In the 1598 quarto of *James the Fourth*, the placement of most of the Choruses is so confused as to make no sense at all. In fact, immediately following the first act, the quarto prints 4 or so (depending on how one wants to break them up) different Choruses in succession!

Norman Sanders, editor the *Revels Plays* edition of *James* (published in 1970), seems to have put in a great deal of effort to determine which Choruses would most logically follow which scenes. For this edition of the play, your editor has decided to adopt Sanders' suggestions on this matter, and you will find that all the Choruses have been assigned a slot after a given scene.

Please consult the 1970 Revels Plays version of *James* if you wish to understand the logic of Sanders' decisions regarding the placement of the Choruses.

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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INDUCTION.

Scotland.

Music playing within.

*Enter after Oberon (King of Fairies),
Antics, who dance about a tomb placed
conveniently on the stage;
out of which suddenly starts up, as they dance,
Bohan (a Scot), attired like a ridstall man,
from whom the Antics fly.*

Oberon remains.

1 **Bohan.** Ay say, what's thou?

2
3 **Ober.** Thy friend, Bohan.

4 **Bohan.** What wot I or reck I that? whay, guid man,
6 I reck no friend nor ay reck no foe; als ene to me.
8 Git thee ganging, and trouble not may whayet, or
10 ay's gar thee recon me nene of thay friend, by the Mary
12 mass, sall I!

14 **Ober.** Why, angry Scot, I visit thee for love; then
16 what moves thee to wrath?

18 **Bohan.** The deel a whit reck I thy love; for I know too
20 well that true love took her flight twenty winter sence
22 to Heaven, whither till ay can, weel I wot, ay sal ne'er
24 find love: an thou lovest me, leave me to myself. But

18 | what were those puppets that hopped and skipped
 20 | about me year-whayle?

22 | **Ober.** My subjects.

24 | **Bohan.** They subjects! whay, art thou a king?

26 | **Ober.** I am.

28 | **Bohan.** The deel thou art! whay, thou look'st not so
 30 | big as the King of Clubs, nor so sharp as the King of
 32 | Spades, nor so fain as the King o' Daymonds: be the
 34 | mass, ay take thee to be the king of false hearts;
 36 | therefore I rid thee away, or ay's so curry your
 38 | kingdom that you's be glad to run to save your life.

40 | **Ober.** Why, stoical Scot, do what thou dar'st to me:
 42 | here is my breast, strike.

44 | **Bohan.** Thou wilt not threap me, this whinyard has
 46 | garred many better men to lope than thou!

48 | *[Bohan tries to draw his sword.]*

50 | But how now! Gos sayds, what, will't not out? Whay,
 52 | thou witch, thou deel! Gad's fute, may whinyard!

54 | **Ober.** Why, pull, man: but what an 'twere out, how
 56 | then?

58 | **Bohan.** This, then, – thou weart best be gone first; for
 60 | ay'l so lop thy limbs that thou's go with half a knave's
 62 | carcass to the deel.

64 | **Ober.** Draw it out: now strike, fool, canst thou not?

66 | **Bohan.** Bread ay gad, what deel is in me? Whay, tell
 68 | me, thou skipjack, what art thou?

70 | **Ober.** Nay, first tell me what thou wast from thy birth,
 72 | what thou hast passed hitherto, why thou dwellest in a
 74 | tomb and leavest the world? and then I will release
 76 | thee of these bonds; before, not.

78 | **Bohan.** And not before! then needs must, needs sall. I
 80 | was born a gentleman of the best blood in all Scotland,
 82 | except the king. When time brought me to age, and
 84 | death took my parents, I became a courtier; where,
 86 | though ay list not praise myself, ay engraved the

68 memory of Bohan on the skin-coat of some of them,
and revelled with the proudest.

70 **Ober.** But why, living in such reputation, didst thou
leave to be a courtier?

72 **Bohan.** Because my pride was vanity, my expense
74 loss, my reward fair words and large promises, and
my hopes spilt; for that after many years' service one
76 outran me; and what the deed should I then do there?
No, no; flattering knaves, that can cog and prate
78 fastest, speed best in the court.

80 **Ober.** To what life didst thou then betake thee?

82 **Bohan.** I then changed the court for the country, and
the wars for a wife: but I found the craft of swains
84 more vile than the knavery of courtiers, the charge of
children more heavy than servants, and wives' tongues
86 worse than the wars itself; and therefore I gave o'er
that, and went to the city to dwell; and there I kept a
88 great house with small cheer, but all was ne'er the
near.

90 **Ober.** And why?

92 **Bohan.** Because, in seeking friends, I found table-
94 guests to eat me and my meat, my wife's gossips to
betray the secrets of my heart, kindred to betray the
96 effect of my life: which when I noted, – the court ill,
the country worse, and the city worst of all, – in good
98 time my wife died, – ay would she had died twenty
winter sooner, by the mass! – leaving my two sons to
100 the world, and shutting myself into this tomb, where, if
I die, I am sure I am safe from wild beasts, but, whilst
102 I live, cannot be free from ill company. Besides, now I
am sure, gif all my friends fail me, I sall have a grave
104 of mine own providing. This is all. Now, what art
thou?

106 **Ober.** Oberon, King of Fairies, that loves thee because
108 thou hatest the world; and, to gratulate thee, I brought
these antics to shew thee some sport in dancing, which
110 thou hast loved well.

112 **Bohan.** Ha, ha, ha! thinkest thou those puppets can
please me? whay, I have two sons, that with one
114 Scottish jig shall break the necks of thy antics.

116 **Ober.** That I would fain see.

118 **Bohan.** Why, thou shalt. – How, boys!

120 *Enter Slipper and Nano.*

122 Haud your clacks, lads; trattle not for thy life, but
gather up your legs, and dance me forthwith a jig
124 worth the sight.

126 **Slip.** Why, I must talk, an I die for't: wherefore was
my tongue made?

128 **Bohan.** Prattle, an thou dar'st, ene word more, and ay's
130 dab this whinyard in thy wemb.

132 **Ober.** Be quiet, Bohan. I'll strike him dumb, and his
brother too; their talk shall not hinder our jig. – Fall to
134 it; dance, I say, man!

136 **Bohan.** Dance, humer, dance, ay rid thee.

138 *[The two dance a jig devised for the nonst.]*

140 Now get you to the wide world with more than my
father gave me; that's learning enough both kinds,
142 knavery and honesty; and that I gave you, spend at
pleasure.

144 **Ober.** Nay, for their sport I will give them this gift:
146 to the dwarf I give a quick wit, pretty of body, and
awarrant his preferment to a prince's service, where by
148 his wisdom he shall gain more love than common; and
to loggerhead your son I give a wandering life, and
150 promise he shall never lack, and avow that, if in all
distresses he call upon me, to help him. Now let them
152 go.

154 *[Exeunt Slipper and Nano with courtesies.]*

156 **Bohan.** Now, king, if thou be a king, I will show thee
whay I hate the world by demonstration. In the year
158 fifteen hundred and twenty, was in Scotland a king,
over-ruled with parasites, misled by lust, and many
160 circumstances too long to trattle on now, much like
our court of Scotland this day. That story have I set
162 down. Gang with me to the gallery, and I'll shew thee
the same in action by guid-fellows of our country-men;
164 and then, when thou see'st that, judge if any wise man

166 | would not leave the world if he could.

168 | **Ober.** That will I see: lead, and I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Laus Deo detur in eternum.

ACT I.SCENE I.

The Court at Edinburgh.

*Enter the King of England, the King of Scots,
Queen Dorothea, the Countess of Arran,
Ida (her daughter), and Lords;
with them Ateukin, aloof.*

1 **K. James.** Brother of England, since our neighbouring land[s]
2 And near alliance doth invite our loves,
The more I think upon our last accord,
4 The more I grieve your sudden parting hence.
First, laws of friendship did confirm our peace,
6 Now both the seal of faith and marriage-bed,
The name of father, and the style of friend;
8 These force in me affection full confirmed;
So that I grieve – and this my hearty grief
10 The heavens record, the world may witness well –
To lose your presence, who are now to me
12 A father, brother, and a vowèd friend.

14 **K. of Eng.** Link all these lovely styles, good king, in one:
And since thy grief exceeds in my depart,
16 I leave my Dorothea to enjoy
Thy whole compact [of] loves and plighted vows.
18 Brother of Scotland, this is my joy, my life,
Her father's honour, and her country's hope,
20 Her mother's comfort, and her husband's bliss:
I tell thee, king, in loving of my Doll,
22 Thou bind'st her father's heart, and all his friends,
In bands of love that death cannot dissolve.

24 **K. James.** Nor can her father love her like to me,
26 My life's light, and the comfort of my soul. –
Fair Dorothea, that wast England's pride,
28 Welcome to Scotland; and, in sign of love,
Lo, I invest thee with the Scottish crown. –
30 Nobles and ladies, stoop unto your queen,
And trumpets sound, that heralds may proclaim
32 Fair Dorothea peerless Queen of Scots.

34 **All.** Long live and prosper our fair Queen of Scots!

36 *[They install and crown her.]*

38 **Q. Dor.** Thanks to the king of kings for my dignity;
 Thanks to my father, that provides so carefully;
 40 Thanks to my lord and husband for this honour;
 And thanks to all that love their king and me.

42
All. Long live fair Dorothea, our true queen!

44
K. of Eng. Long shine the sun of Scotland in her pride,
 46 Her father's comfort, and fair Scotland's bride! –
 But, Dorothea, since I must depart,
 48 And leave thee from thy tender mother's charge,
 Let me advise my lovely daughter first
 50 What best befits her in a foreign land.
 Live, Doll, for many eyes shall look on thee,
 52 With care of honour and the present state;
 For she that steps to height of majesty
 54 Is even the mark wherewith the enemy aims:
 Thy virtues shall be construed to vice,
 56 Thine affable discourse to abject mind;
 If coy, detracting tongues will call thee proud:
 58 Be therefore wary in this slippery state;
 Honour thy husband, love him as thy life,
 60 Make choice of friends, as eagles of their young,
 Who soothe no vice, who flatter not for gain,
 62 But love such friends as do the truth maintain.
 Think on these lessons when thou art alone,
 64 And thou shalt live in health when I am gone.

66 **Q. Dor.** I will engrave these precepts in my heart:
 And as the wind with calmness woos you hence,
 68 Even so I wish the heavens, in all mishaps,
 May bless my father with continual grace.

70
K. of Eng. Then, son, farewell:
 72 The favouring winds invites us to depart.
 Long circumstance in taking princely leaves
 74 Is more officious than convenient.
 Brother of Scotland, love me in my child:
 76 You greet me well, if so you will her good.

78 **K. James.** Then, lovely Doll, and all that favour me,
 Attend to see our English friends at sea:
 80 Let all their charge depend upon my purse:
 They are our neighbours, by whose kind accord
 82 We dare attempt the proudest potentate. –
 Only, fair Countess, and your daughter, stay;
 84 With you I have some other thing to say.

86 | *[Exeunt, in all royalty, the King of England,
Queen Dorothea and Lords.]*

88 | *[Aside]* So let them triumph that have cause to joy:
90 | But, wretched king, thy nuptial knot is death,
Thy bride the breeder of thy country's ill;
92 | For thy false heart, dissenting from thy hand,
Misled by love, hast made another choice,
94 | Another choice, even when thou vow'd'st thy soul
To Dorothea, England's choicest pride:
96 | O, then thy wandering eyes bewitched thy heart!
Even in the chapel did thy fancy change,
98 | When, perjured man, though fair Doll had thy hand,
The Scottish Ida's beauty stale thy heart:
100 | Yet fear and love have tied thy ready tongue
From babbling forth the passions of thy mind,
102 | Lest fearful silence have in subtle looks
Bewrayed the treason of my new-vowed love.
104 | Be fair and lovely, Doll; but here's the prize,
That lodgeth here, and entered through mine eyes:
106 | Yet, howso'er I love, I must be wise. –
Now, lovely Countess, what reward or grace
108 | May I employ on you for this your zeal,
And humble honours, done us in our court,
110 | In entertainment of the English king?

112 | **C. of Arran.** It was of duty, prince, that I have done;
And what in favour may content me most,
114 | Is, that it please your grace to give me leave
For to return unto my country-home.

116 | **K. James.** But, lovely Ida, is your mind the same?

118 | **Ida.** I count of court, my lord, as wise men do,
120 | 'Tis fit for those that knows what 'longs thereto:
Each person to his place; the wise to art,
122 | The cobbler to his clout, the swain to cart.

124 | **K. James.** But, Ida, you are fair, and beauty shines,
And seemeth best, where pomp her pride refines.

126 | **Ida.** If beauty, as I know there's none in me,
128 | Were sworn my love, and I his life should be,
The farther from the court I were removed,
130 | The more, I think, of Heaven I were beloved.

132 | **K. James.** And why?

134 **Ida.** Because the court is counted Venus' net,
Where gifts and vows for stales are often set:
136 None, be she chaste as Vesta, but shall meet
A curious tongue to charm her ears with sweet.

138
K. James. Why, Ida, then I see you set at naught
140 The force of love.

142 **Ida.** In sooth, this is my thought,
Most gracious king, – that they that little prove,
144 Are mickle blest, from bitter sweets of love.
And weel I wot, I heard a shepherd sing,
146 That, like a bee, Love hath a little sting:
He lurks in flowers, he percheth on the trees,
148 He on kings' pillows bends his pretty knees;
The boy is blind, but when he will not spy,
150 He hath a leaden foot and wings to fly:
Beshrow me yet, for all these strange effects,
152 If I would like the lad that so infects.

154 **K. James.** [*Aside*]
Rare wit, fair face, what heart could more desire?
156 But Doll is fair and doth concern thee near:
Let Doll be fair, she is won; but I must woo
158 And win fair Ida; there's some choice in two. –
But, Ida, thou art coy.

160
Ida. And why, dread king?

162
K. James. In that you will dispraise so sweet a thing
164 As love. Had I my wish –

166 **Ida.** What then?

168 **K. James.** Then would I place
His arrow here, his beauty in that face.

170
Ida. And were Apollo moved and ruled by me,
172 His wisdom should be yours, and mine his tree.

174 **K. James.** But here returns our train.

176 *Re-enter Queen Dorothea and Lords.*

178 Welcome, fair Doll!
How fares our father? is he shipped and gone?

180
Q. Dor. My royal father is both shipped and gone:
182 God and fair winds direct him to his home!

230 | Yea, there's the wound, and wounded with that thought,
 So let me die, for all my drift is naught!

232

Ateuk. [*Coming forward*]

234 | Most gracious and imperial majesty, –
 [*Aside*] A little flattery more were but too much.

236

K. James. Villain, what art thou

238 | That thus dar'st interrupt a prince's secrets?

240 | **Ateuk.** Dread king, thy vassal is a man of art,

Who knows, by constellation of the stars,

242 | By oppositions and by dire aspects,

The things are past and those that are to come.

244

K. James. But where's thy warrant to approach my presence?

246

Ateuk. My zeal, and ruth to see your grace's wrong,

248 | Make me lament I did detract so long.

250 | **K. James.** If thou know'st thoughts, tell me, what mean I now?

252 | **Ateuk.** I'll calculate the cause

Of those your highness' smiles, and tell your thoughts.

254

K. James. But lest thou spend thy time in idleness,

256 | And miss the matter that my mind aims at,

Tell me,

258 | What star was opposite when that was thought?

260

[*Strikes him on the ear.*]

262 | **Ateuk.** 'Tis inconvenient, mighty potentate,

Whose looks resembles Jove in majesty,

264 | To scorn the sooth of science with contempt.

I see in those imperial looks of yours

266 | The whole discourse of love: Saturn combust,

With direful looks, at your nativity,

268 | Beheld fair Venus in her silver orb:

I know, by certain axioms I have read,

270 | Your grace's griefs, and further can express

Her name that holds you thus in fancy's bands.

272

K. James. Thou talkest wonders.

274

Ateuk. Naught but truth, O king.

276 | 'Tis Ida is the mistress of your heart,

Whose youth must take impression of affects;

278 | For tender twigs will bow, and milder minds

Will yield to fancy, be they followed well.
 280
K. James. What god art thou, composed in human shape,
 282 Or bold Trophonius, to decide our doubts?
 How know'st thou this?
 284
Ateuk. Even as I know the means
 286 To work your grace's freedom and your love.
 Had I the mind, as many courtiers have,
 288 To creep into your bosom for your coin,
 And beg rewards for every cap and knee,
 290 I then would say, "If that your grace would give
 This lease, this manor, or this patent sealed,
 292 For this or that I would effect your love:"
 But Ateukin is no parasite, O prince.
 294 I know your grace knows scholars are but poor;
 And therefore, as I blush to beg a fee,
 296 Your mightiness is so magnificent,
 You cannot choose but cast some gift apart,
 298 To ease my bashful need that cannot beg.
 As for your love, O, might I be employed,
 300 How faithfully would Ateukin compass it! –
 But princes rather trust a smoothing tongue
 302 Than men of art that can accept the time.
 304 **K. James.** Ateukin, – if so thy name, for so thou say'st, –
 Thine art appears in entrance of my love;
 306 And, since I deem thy wisdom matched with truth,
 I will exalt thee; and thyself alone
 308 Shalt be the agent to dissolve my grief.
 Sooth is, I love, and Ida is my love;
 310 But my new marriage nips me near, Ateukin,
 For Dorothea may not brook th' abuse.
 312
Ateuk. These lets are but as moaths against the sun,
 314 Yet not so great; like dust before the wind,
 Yet not so light. Tut, pacify your grace:
 316 You have the sword and sceptre in your hand;
 You are the king, the state depends on you;
 318 Your will is law. Say that the case were mine:
 Were she my sister whom your highness loves,
 320 She should consent, for that our lives, our goods,
 Depend on you; and if your queen repine,
 322 Although my nature cannot brook of blood,
 And scholars grieve to hear of murtherous deeds,
 324 But if the lamb should let the lion's way,
 By my advice the lamb should lose her life.

326 | Thus am I bold to speak unto your grace,
Who am too base to kiss your royal feet,
328 | For I am poor, nor have I land nor rent,
Nor countenance here in court; but for my love,
330 | Your grace shall find none such within the realm.

332 | **K. James.** Wilt thou effect my love? shall she be mine?

334 | **Ateuk.** I'll gather moly, crocus, and the earbs
That heals the wounds of body and the mind;
336 | I'll set out charms and spells; naught else shall be left
To tame the wanton if she shall rebel:
338 | Give me but tokens of your highness' trust.

340 | **K. James.** Thou shalt have gold, honour, and wealth enough;
Win [thou] my love, and I will make thee great.

342 | **Ateuk.** These words do make me rich, most noble prince;
344 | I am more proud of them than any wealth.
Did not your grace suppose I flatter you,
346 | Believe me, I would boldly publish this; –
Was never eye that saw a sweeter face,
348 | Nor never ear that heard a deeper wit:
O God, how I am ravished in your worth!

350 | **K. James.** Ateukin, follow me; love must have ease.

352 | **Ateuk.** I'll kiss your highness' feet; march when you please.
354 |

[Exeunt.]

CHORUS I

Enter Bohan and Oberon.

1 **Ober.** Here see I good fond actions in thy jig,
2 And means to paint the world's inconstant ways:
3 But turn thine ene, see what I can command.

4

*Enter two battles, strongly fighting,
5 the one led by Semiramis,
6 the other by Staurobates: she flies,
7 and her crown is taken, and she hurt.*

8

10 **Bohan.** What gars this din of mirk and baleful harm,
11 Where every wean is all betaint with blood?

12

13 **Ober.** This shews thee, Bohan, what is worldly pomp:
14 Semiramis, the proud Assyrian queen,
15 When Ninus died, did levy in her wars
16 Three millions of footmen to the fight,
17 Five hundreth thousand horse, of armèd chars
18 A hundreth thousand more; yet in her pride
19 Was hurt and conquered by Stabrobatës.
20 Then what is pomp?

22 **Bohan.** I see thou art thine ene,
23 Thou bonny king, if princes fall from high:
24 My fall is past, until I fall to die.
25 Now mark my talk, and prosecute my jig.

26

[Exeunt.]

ACT I, SCENE II.*Public Place in Edinburgh.**Enter Slipper, Nano, and Andrew, with their bills,
ready written, in their hands.*1 **Andrew.** Stand back, sir; mine shall stand highest.2
3 **Slip.** Come under mine arm, sir, or get a footstool; or
4 else, by the light of the moon, I must come to it.6 **Nano.** Agree, my masters; every man to his height:
though I stand lowest, I hope to get the best master.8
9 **Andrew.** Ere I will stoop to a thistle, I will change
10 turns; as good luck comes on the right hand as the left:
here's for me.12 **Slip.** And me.14 **Nano.** And mine.16
17 [They set up their bills.]18
19 **Andrew.** But tell me, fellows, till better occasion
20 come, do you seek masters?22 **Slip. and Nano.** We do.24 **Andrew.** But what can you do worthy preferment?26 **Nano.** Marry, I can smell a knave from a rat.28 **Slip.** And I can lick a dish before a cat.30 **Andrew.** And I can find two fools unsought, –
How like you that?
32 But, in earnest now, tell me: of what trades are you
two?34
35 **Slip.** How mean you that, sir, of what trade? Marry,
36 I'll tell you, I have many trades: the honest trade when
I needs must; the filching trade when time serves; the
38 cozening trade as I find occasion. And I have more
qualities: I cannot abide a full cup unkissed, a fat
40 capon uncarved, a full purse unpicked, nor a fool to
prove a justice as you do.

42

44 **Andrew.** Why, sot, why call'st thou me fool?

46 **Nano.** For examining wiser than thyself.

48 **Andrew.** So doth many more than I in Scotland.

50 **Nano.** Yea, those are such as have more authority
than wit, and more wealth than honesty.

52 **Slip.** This is my little brother with the great wit;
ware him! – But what canst thou do, tell me, that
54 art so inquisitive of us?

56 **Andrew.** Anything that concerns a gentleman to do,
that can I do.

58 **Slip.** So you are of the gentle trade?

60 **Andrew.** True.

62 **Slip.** Then, gentle sir, leave us to ourselves, for here
64 comes one as if he would lack a servant ere he went.

66 [Andrew stands aside.]

68 *Enter Ateukin.*

70 **Ateuk.** Why, so, Ateukin, this becomes thee best,
Wealth, honour, ease, and angels in thy chest.
72 Now may I say, as many often sing,
"No fishing to the sea, nor service to a king."
74 Unto this high promotion doth belong
Means to be talked of in the thickest throng.
76 And first, to fit the humours of my lord,
Sweet lays and lines of love I must record;
78 And such sweet lines and love-lays I'll indite,
As men may wish for, and my liege delight:
80 And next, a train of gallants at my heels,
That men may say, the world doth run on wheels;
82 For men of art, that rise by indirectiön
To honour and the favour of their king,
84 Must use all means to save what they have got,
And win their favours whom they never knew.
86 If any frown to see my fortunes such,
A man must bear a little, not too much.
88 But, in good time, these bills portend, I think,
That some good fellows do for service seek.

90 [Reads] *If any gentleman, spiritual or temporal, will*

92 | *entertain out of his service, a young stripling of the*
 94 | *age of thirty years, that can sleep with the soundest,*
 96 | *eat with the hungriest, work with the sickest, lie with*
 98 | *the loudest, face with the proudest, &c., that can*
 100 | *wait in a gentleman's chamber when his master is*
 a mile off, keep his stable when 'tis empty, and his
 purse when 'tis full, and hath many qualities worse
 than all these, – let him write his name and go his
 way, and attendance shall be given.

102 | By my faith, a good servant: which is he?

104 | **Slip.** Truly, sir, that am I.

106 | **Ateuk.** And why dost thou write such a bill? Are all
 these qualities in thee?

108 | **Slip.** O Lord, ay, sir, and a great many more, some
 110 | better, some worse, some richer, some poorer. Why,
 sir, do you look so? do they not please you?

112 | **Ateuk.** Truly, no, for they are naught, and so art thou:
 114 | if thou hast no better qualities, stand by.

116 | **Slip.** O, sir, I tell the worst first; but, and you lack a
 man, I am for you: I'll tell you the best qualities I have.

118 | **Ateuk.** Be brief, then.

120 | **Slip.** If you need me in your chamber, I can keep the
 122 | door at a whistle; in your kitchen, turn the spit, and
 lick the pan, and make the fire burn; but if in the
 124 | stable, –

126 | **Ateuk.** Yea, there would I use thee.

128 | **Slip.** Why, there you kill me, there am I, and turn me
 to a horse and a wench, and I have no peer.

130 | **Ateuk.** Art thou so good in keeping a horse? I pray
 132 | thee, tell me how many good qualities hath a horse?

134 | **Slip.** Why, so, sir: a horse hath two properties of a
 man, that is, a proud heart, and a hardy stomach; four
 136 | properties of a lion, a broad breast, a stiff docket, –
 hold your nose, master, – a wild countenance, and four
 138 | good legs; nine properties of a fox, nine of a hare, nine
 of an ass, and ten of a woman.

140 |

142 **Ateuk.** A woman! why, what properties of a woman
hath a horse?

144 **Slip.** O, master, know you not that? draw your tables,
and write what wise I speak.

146 First, a merry countenance;

Second, a soft pace;

148 Third, a broad forehead;

Fourth, broad buttocks;

150 Fifth, hard of ward;

Sixth, easy to leap upon;

152 Seventh, good at long journey;

Eighth, moving under a man;

154 Ninth, always busy with the mouth;

Tenth, ever chewing on the bridle.

156

Ateuk. Thou art a man for me: what's thy name?

158

Slip. An ancient name, sir, belonging to the chamber
and the night-gown: guess you that.

160

162 **Ateuk.** What's that? Slipper?

164

Slip. By my faith, well guessed; and so 'tis indeed.
You'll be my master?

166

Ateuk. I mean so.

168

Slip. [*Pointing to Nano's bill*] Read this first.

170

Ateuk. [*Reads*] *Pleaseth it any gentleman to
entertain a servant of more wit than stature, let
them subscribe, and attendance shall be given.*

174

What of this?

176

Slip. He is my brother, sir; and we two were born
together, must serve together, and will die together,
though we be both hanged.

178

180 **Ateuk.** What's thy name?

182

Nano. Nano.

184

Ateuk. The etymology of which word is "a dwarf."
Are not thou the old stoic's son that dwells in his
tomb?

188

190 **Slip. and Nano.** We are.

192 **Ateuk.** Thou art welcome to me. Wilt thou give
192 thyself wholly to be at my disposition?

194 **Nano.** In all humility I submit myself.

196 **Ateuk.** Then will I deck thee princely, instruct thee
198 courtly, and present thee to the queen as my gift: art
198 thou content?

200 **Nano.** Yes, and thank your honour too.

202 **Slip.** Then welcome, brother, and fellow now.

204 **Andrew.** [*Coming forward*] May it please your
204 honour to abase your eye so low as to look either
206 on my bill or myself?

208 **Ateuk.** What are you?

210 **Andrew.** By birth a gentleman; in profession a
210 scholar; and one that knew your honour in Edinborough,
212 before your worthiness called you to this reputation:
212 by me, Andrew Snoord.

214 **Ateuk.** Andrew, I remember thee; follow me, and we
214 will confer further, for my weighty affairs for the king
214 commands me to be brief at this time. – Come on,
214 Nano. – Slipper, follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS II

Enter Bohan and Oberon.

1 **Ober.** How should these crafts withdraw thee from the world!
2 But look, my Bohan, pomp allureth.

4 *Enter Cyrus, Kings humbling themselves;*
6 *Cyrus crowned by Olive Pat:*
8 *at last dying, laid in a marble tomb*
10 *with this inscription:*

12 "Whoso thou be that passest,
14 For I know one shall pass, – know I,
16 I am Cyrus of Persia, and I prithee
18 Leave me not thus like a clod of clay
20 Wherewith my body is coverèd."

[All exeunt.]

16 *Enter the King in great pomp, who reads it,*
18 *and issueth, crying, "Ver meum."*

20 **Bohan.** What meaneth this?

22 **Ober.** Cyrus of Persia,
24 Mighty in life, within a marble grave
26 Was laid to rot; whom Alexander once
28 Beheld entombed, and weeping did confess,
30 Nothing in life could 'scape from wretchedness:
32 Why, then, boast men?

30 **Bohan.** What reck I, then, of life,
32 Who makes the grave my tomb, the earth my wife?
But mark me more.

[Exeunt.]

ACT I, SCENE III.

Scotland, Sir Bartram's Castle.

Enter Sir Bartram, with Eustace, and others, booted.

1 **Bart.** But tell me, lovely Eustace, as thou lov'st me,
2 Among the many pleasures we have passed,
Which is the rifest in thy memory,
4 To draw thee over to thine ancient friend?

6 **Eust.** What makes Sir Bartram thus inquisitive?
Tell me, good knight, am I welcome or no?

8
10 **Bart.** By sweet Saint Andrew and may sale I swear,
As welcome is my honest Dick to me
As morning's sun, or as the watery moon
12 In merkest night, when we the borders track.
I tell thee, Dick, thy sight hath cleared my thoughts
14 Of many baneful troubles that there wooned:
Welcome to Sir Bartram as his life!
16 Tell me, bonny Dick: hast got a wife?

18 **Eust.** A wife! God shield, Sir Bartram, that were ill,
To leave my wife and wander thus astray:
20 But time and good advice, ere many years,
May chance to make my fancy bend that way.
22 What news in Scotland? therefore came I hither,
To see your country and to chat together.

24
26 **Bart.** Why, man, our country's blithe, our king is well,
Our queen so-so, the nobles well, and worse
And weel are they that were about the king,
28 But better are the country gentlemen:
And I may tell thee, Eustace, in our lives
30 We old men never saw so wondrous change.
But leave this trattle, and tell me what news
32 In lovely England with our honest friends?

34 **Eust.** The king, the court, and all our noble friends
Are well; and God in mercy keep them so!
36 The northren lords and ladies hereabouts,
That know I came to see your queen and court,
38 Commend them to my honest friend Sir Bartram,
And many others that I have not seen.
40 Among the rest, the Countess Elinor,
From Carlisle, where we merry oft have been,
42 Greets well my lord, and hath directed me,

44 By message, this fair lady's face to see.

[Shows a portrait.]

46 **Bart.** I tell thee, Eustace, lest mine old eyes daze,
48 This is our Scottish moon and evening's pride;
This is the blemish of your English bride.
50 Who sails by her are sure of wind at will;
Her face is dangerous, her sight is ill;
52 And yet, in sooth, sweet Dick, it may be said,
The king hath folly, there's virtue in the maid.

54 **Eust.** But knows my friend this portrait? be advised.

56 **Bart.** Is it not Ida, the Countess of Arran's daughter's?

58 **Eust.** So was I told by Elinor of Carlisle:
60 But tell me, lovely Bartram: is the maid
Evil-inclined, misled, or concubine
62 Unto the king or any other lord?

64 **Bart.** Should I be brief and true, then thus, my Dick:
All England's grounds yields not a blither lass,
66 Nor Europe can surpass her for her gifts
Of virtue, honour, beauty, and the rest:
68 But our fond king, not knowing sin in lust,
Makes love by endless means and precious gifts;
70 And men that see it dare not say't, my friend,
But we may wish that it were otherwise.
72 But I rid thee to view the picture still,
For by the person's sight there hangs some ill.

74 **Eust.** O, good Sir Bartram, you suspect I love
76 (Then were I mad) he[r] whom I never saw.
But, howsoe'er, I fear not enticings:
78 Desire will give no place unto a king:
I'll see her whom the world admires so much,
80 That I may say with them, "There lives none such."

82 **Bart.** Be Gad, and sall both see and talk with her;
And, when th' hast done, whate'er her beauty be,
84 I'll warrant thee her virtues may compare
With the proudest she that waits upon your queen.

Enter Servant.

88 **Serv.** My lady entreats your worship in to supper.
90

92 | **Bart.** Guid, bonny Dick, my wife will tell thee more:
Was never no man in her book before;
94 | Be Gad, she's blithe, fair, lewely, bonny, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS III.

*Enter Bohan and Oberon;
to them a round of Fairies, or some pretty dance.*

1 **Bohan.** Be Gad, gramercies, little king, for this;
2 This sport is better in my exile life
3 Than ever the deceitful world could yield.

4
5 **Ober.** I tell thee, Bohan, Oberon is king
6 Of quiet, pleasure, profit, and content,
7 Of wealth, of honour, and of all the world;
8 Tied to no place, – yet all are tied to one.
9 Live thou in this life, exiled from world and men,
10 And I will shew thee wonders ere we part.

11
12 **Bohan.** Then mark my story, and the strange doubts
13 That follow flatterers, lust, and lawless will,
14 And then say I have reason to forsake
15 The world and all that are within the same.
16 Go shroud us in our harbour, where we'll see
17 The pride of folly, as it ought to be.

18

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.SCENE I.

Porch to the Castle of the Countess of Arran.

*The Countess of Arran and Ida enter
in their porch, sitting at work.
A Servant attending.*

A Song.

1 **C. of Arran.** Fair Ida, might you choose the greatest good,
2 Midst all the world in blessings that abound,
Wherein, my daughter, should your liking be?

4 **Ida.** Not in delights, or pomp, or majesty.

6 **C. of Arran.** And why?

8 **Ida.** Since these are means to draw the mind
10 From perfect good, and make true judgment blind.

12 **C. of Arran.** Might you have wealth and fortune's richest store?

14 **Ida.** Yet would I, might I choose, be honest-poor;
For she that sits at Fortune's feet a-low
16 Is sure she shall not taste a further woe;
But those that prank on top of Fortune's ball
18 Still fear a change, and, fearing, catch a fall.

20 **C. of Arran.** Tut, foolish maid, each one contemneth need.

22 **Ida.** Good reason why, they know not good indeed.

24 **C. of Arran.** Many, marry, then, on whom distress doth lour.

26 **Ida.** Yes, they that virtue deem an honest dower.
Madam, by right this world I may compare
28 Unto my work, wherein with heedful care
The heavenly workman plants with curious hand,
30 As I with needle draw, each thing on land
Even as He list: some men, like to the rose,
32 Are fashioned fresh; some in their stalks do close,
And, born, do sudden die; some are but weeds,
34 And yet from them a secret good proceeds:
I with my needle, if I please, may blot
36 The fairest rose within my cambric plot;
God with a beck can change each worldly thing,

38 The poor to rich, the beggar to the king.
 What, then, hath man wherein he well may boast,
 40 Since by a beck he lives, a lour is lost?

42 **C. of Arran.** Peace, Ida, here are strangers near at hand.

44 *Enter Eustace with letters.*

46 **Eust.** Madam, God speed!

48 **C. of Arran.** I thank you, gentle squire.

50 **Eust.** The country-Countess of Northumberland
 Doth greet you well; and hath requested me
 52 To bring these letters to your ladyship.

54 *[Eustace hands over the letters.]*

56 **C. of Arran.** I thank her honour, and yourself, my friend.

58 *[She peruses them.]*

60 I see she means you good, brave gentleman. –
 Daughter, the Lady Elinor salutes
 62 Yourself as well as me: then for her sake
 'Twere good you entertained that courtier well.

64 **Ida.** As much salute as may become my sex,
 66 And he in virtue can vouchsafe to think,
 I yield him for the courteous countess' sake. –
 68 Good sir, sit down: my mother here and I
 Count time misspent an endless vanity.

70 **Eust.** *[Aside]*
 72 Beyond report, the wit, the fair, the shape! –
 What work you here, fair mistress? may I see it?

74 **Ida.** Good sir, look on: how like you this compáct?

76 **Eust.** Methinks in this I see true love in act:
 78 The woodbines with their leaves do sweetly spread,
 The roses blushing prank them in their red;
 80 No flower but boasts the beauties of the spring;
 This bird hath life indeed, if it could sing.
 82 What means, fair mistress, had you in this work?

84 **Ida.** My needle, sir.

86 **Eust.** In needles, then, there lurks
 Some hidden grace, I deem, beyond my reach.

88

Ida. Not grace in them, good sir, but those that teach.

90

Eust. Say that your needle now were Cupid's sting, –

92

[*Aside*] But, ah, her eye must be no less,

In which is heaven and heavenliness,

94

In which the food of God is shut,

Whose powers the purest minds do glut!

96

Ida. What if it were?

98

Eust. Then see a wondrous thing;

I fear me you would paint in Tereus' heart

Affection in his power and chiefest parts.

102

Ida. Good Lord, sir, no! for hearts but prickèd soft

104

Are wounded sore, for so I hear it oft.

106

Eust. What recks the wound, where but your happy eye

May make him live whom Jove hath judged to die?

108

Ida. Should life and death within this needle lurk,

110

I'll prick no hearts, I'll prick upon my work.

112

Enter Ateukin and Slipper.

114

C. of Arran. Peace, Ida, I perceive the fox at hand.

116

Eust. The fox! why, fetch your hounds, and chase him hence.

118

C. of Arran. O, sir, these great men bark at small offence.

Come, will 't please you to enter, gentle sir?

120

[*They offer to go out.*]

122

Ateuk. Stay, courteous ladies; favour me so much

124

As to discourse a word or two apart.

126

C. of Arran. Good sir, my daughter learns this rule of me,

To shun resort and strangers' company;

128

For some are shifting mates that carry letters;

Some, such as you, too good because our betters.

130

Slip. Now, I pray you, sir, what akin are you to a

132

pickerel?

134

Ateuk. Why, knave?

136

Slip. By my troth, sir, because I never knew a proper

situation fellow of your pitch fitter to swallow a

138 | gudgeon.

140 | **Ateuk.** What meanest thou by this?

142 | **Slip.** "Shifting fellow," sir, – these be thy words;
 144 | "shifting fellow": this gentlewoman, I fear me, knew
 your bringing up.

146 | **Ateuk.** How so?

148 | **Slip.** Why, sir, your father was a miller, that could
 shift for a peck of grist in a bushel, and you[‘re] a
 150 | fair-spoken gentleman, that can get more land by a
 lie than an honest man by his ready money.

152 | **Ateuk.** Cative, what sayest thou?

154 | **Slip.** I say, sir, that if she call you "shifting knave",
 156 | you shall not put her to the proof.

158 | **Ateuk.** And why?

160 | **Slip.** Because, sir, living by your wit as you do,
 shifting is your letters-patents: it were a hard matter
 162 | for me to get my dinner that day wherein my master
 had not sold a dozen of devices, a case of cogs, and a
 164 | suit of shifts, in the morning. I speak this in your
 commendation, sir, and, I pray you, so take it.

166 | **Ateuk.** If I live, knave, I will be revenged. What
 168 | gentleman would entertain a rascal thus to derogate
 from his honour?

[Beats him.]

172 | **Ida.** My lord, why are you thus impatient?

174 | **Ateuk.** Not angry, Ida; but I teach this knave
 176 | How to behave himself among his betters. –
 Behold, fair Countess, to assure your stay,
 178 | I here present the signet of the king,
 Who now by me, fair Ida, doth salute you:
 180 | And since in secret I have certain things
 In his behalf, good madam, to impart,
 182 | I crave your daughter to discourse apart.

184 | **C. of Arran.** She shall in humble duty be addressed
 To do his highness' will in what she may.

186 |

188 **Ida.** Now, gentle sir, what would his grace with me?

190 **Ateuk.** Fair, comely nymph, the beauty of your face,
Sufficient to bewitch the heavenly powers,
Hath wrought so much in him, that now of late
192 He finds himself made captive unto love;
And though his power and majesty requires
194 A straight command before an humble suit,
Yet he his mightiness doth so abase
196 As to entreat your favour, honest maid.

198 **Ida.** Is he not married, sir, unto our queen?

200 **Ateuk.** He is.

202 **Ida.** And are not they by God accursed,
That sever them whom he hath knit in one?
204

206 **Ateuk.** They be: what then? we seek not to displace
The princess from her seat; but, since by love
The king is made your own, he is resolved
208 In private to accept your dalliance,
In spite of war, watch, or worldly eye.

210 **Ida.** O, how he talks, as if he should not die!
212 As if that God in justice once could wink
Upon that fault I am ashamed to think!

214 **Ateuk.** Tut, mistress, man at first was born to err;
216 Women are all not formèd to be saints:
'Tis impious for to kill our native king,
218 Whom by a little favour we may save.

220 **Ida.** Better, than live unchaste, to live in grave.

222 **Ateuk.** He shall erect your state, and wed you well.

224 **Ida.** But can his warrant keep my soul from hell?

226 **Ateuk.** He will enforce, if you resist his suit.

228 **Ida.** What tho? The world may shame to him account,
To be a king of men and worldly pelf,
230 Yet hath no power to rule and guide himself.

232 **Ateuk.** I know you, gentle lady, and the care
Both of your honour and his grace's health
234 Makes me confusèd in this dangerous state.

236 **Ida.** So counsel him, but soothe thou not his sin:

238 'Tis vain allurement that doth make him love:
I shame to hear, be you ashamed to move.

240 **C. of Arran.** [*Aside*]
I see my daughter grows impatient:
242 I fear me, he pretends some bad intent.

244 **Ateuk.** Will you despise the king and scorn him so?

246 **Ida.** In all allegiance I will serve his grace,
But not in lust: O, how I blush to name it!

248 **Ateuk.** [*Aside*]
250 An endless work is this: how should I frame it?

252 [*They discourse privately.*]

254 **Slip.** O, mistress, may I turn a word upon you?

256 **C. of Arran.** Friend, what wilt thou?

258 **Slip.** O, what a happy gentlewoman be you truly! The
world reports this of you, mistress, that a man can no
260 sooner come to your house but the butler comes with a
black-jack and says, "Welcome, friend, here's a cup of
262 the best for you": verily, mistress, you are said to have
the best ale in all Scotland.

264 **C. of Arran.** [*To Servant*]
266 Sirrah, go fetch him drink.

268 [*Servant brings drink.*]

270 How likest thou this?

272 **Slip.** Like it, mistress! why, this is quincy quarie,
pepper de watchet, single goby, of all that ever I
274 tasted! I'll prove in this ale and toast the compass of
the whole world. First, this is the earth, – it ties in the
276 middle, a fair brown toast, a goodly country for hungry
teeth to dwell upon; next, this is the sea, a fair pool for
278 a dry tongue to fish in: now come I, and, seeing the
world is naught, I divide it thus; and, because the sea
280 cannot stand without the earth, as Aristotle saith, I put
them both into their first chaos, which is my belly: and
282 so, mistress, you may see your ale is become a
miracle.

284 **Eust.** A merry mate, madam, I promise you.
286

288 **C. of Arran.** Why sigh you, sirrah?

290 **Slip.** Truly, madam, to think upon the world, which,
 292 since I denounced it, keeps such a rumbling in my
 294 stomach, that, unless your cook give it a counterbuff
 with some of your roasted capons or beef, I fear me
 I shall become a loose body, so dainty, I think, I shall
 neither hold fast before nor behind

296 **C. of Arran.** [*To Servant*]
 Go take him in, and feast this merry swain. –

298 [*To Slipper*] Sirrah, my cook is your physiçiān;
 He hath a purge for to disgest the world.

300
 302 [*Exeunt Slipper and Servant.*]

304 **Ateuk.** Will you not, Ida, grant his highness this?

306 **Ida.** As I have said, in duty I am his:
 For other lawless lusts that ill beseem him,
 I cannot like, and good I will not deem him.

308 **C. of Arran.** Ida, come in: –

310 [*To Eustace*] and, sir, if so you please,
 Come, take a homely widow's entertain.

312 **Ida.** If he have no great haste, he may come nigh;
 314 If haste, though he be gone, I will not cry.

316 [*Exeunt Countess of Arran, Ida, and Eustace.*]

318 **Ateuk.** I see this labour lost, my hope in vain;
 Yet will I try another drift again.

320
 322 [*Exit.*]

ACT II, SCENE II.*The Court at Edinburgh.*

*Enter, one by one, the Bishop of St Andrews,
Douglas, Morton, and others, one way;
Queen Dorothea with Nano, another way.*

1 **Bishop.** [*Aside*]

2 O wrack of commonweal! O wretched state!

4 **Doug.** [*Aside*]

O hapless flock, whereas the guide is blind!

6

Morton. [*Aside*]

8 O heedless youth, where counsel is despised!

10

[*They are all in a muse.*]

12

Q. Dor. [*To Nano*]

Come, pretty knave, and prank it by my side;

14

Let's see your best attendance out of hand.

16

Nano. Madam, although my limbs are very small,
My heart is good; I'll serve you therewithal.

18

Q. Dor. How, if I were assailed, what couldst thou do?

20

Nano. Madam, call help, and boldly fight it too:

22

Although a bee be but a little thing,

You know, fair queen, it hath a bitter sting.

24

Q. Dor. How couldst thou do me good, were I in grief?

26

Nano. Counsel, dear princess, is a choice relief:

28

Though Nestor wanted force, great was his wit;

And though I am but weak, my words are fit.

30

Bishop. [*Aside*] Like to a ship upon the ocean-seas,

32

Tossed in the doubtful stream, without a helm,

Such is a monarch without good advice. —

34

I am o'erheard: cast rein upon thy tongue;

Andrews, beware; reproof will breed a scar.

36

Morton. Good-day, my lord.

38

Bishop. Lord Morton, well y-met. —

40

Whereon deems Lord Douglas all this while?

42 **Doug.** Of that which yours and my poor heart doth break,
Although fear shuts our mouths, we dare not speak.

44

Q. Dor. [*Aside*]

46 What mean these princes sadly to consult?

Somewhat, I fear, betideth them amiss,

48 They are so pale in looks, so vexed in mind. –

[*To Lords*] In happy hour, ye noble Scottish peers,

50 Have I encountered you: what makes you mourn?

52 **Bishop.** If we with patience may attention gain,

Your grace shall know the cause of all our grief.

54

Q. Dor. Speak on, good father: come and sit by me:

56 I know thy care is for the common good.

58 **Bishop.** As Fortune, mighty princess, reareth some

To high estate and place in commonweal,

60 So by divine bequest to them is lent

A riper judgment and more searching eye,

62 Whereby they may discern the common harm;

For where our fortunes in the world are most,

64 Where all our profits rise and still increase,

There is our mind, thereon we meditate, –

66 And what we do partake of good advice,

That we employ for to concern the same.

68 To this intent, these nobles and myself,

That are, or should be, eyes of commonweal,

70 Seeing his highness' reckless course of youth,

His lawless and unbridled vain in love,

72 His too intentive trust to flatterers,

His abject care of counsel and his friends,

74 Cannot but grieve; and, since we cannot draw

His eye or judgment to discern his faults,

76 Since we have spake and counsel is not heard,

I, for my part, – let others as they list, –

78 Will leave the court, and leave him to his will,

Lest with a ruthless eye I should behold

80 His overthrow, which, sore I fear, is nigh.

82 **Q. Dor.** Ah, father, are you so estranged from love,

From due allegiance to your prince and land,

84 To leave your king when most he needs your help?

The thrifty husbandmen are never wont,

86 That see their lands unfruitful, to forsake them;

But, when the mould is barren and unapt,

88 They toil, they plow, and make the fallow fat:

The pilot in the dangerous seas is known;

90 | In calmer waves the silly sailor strives.
 Are you not members, lords, of commonweal,
 92 | And can your head, your dear anointed king,
 Default, ye lords, except yourselves do fail?
 94 | O, stay your steps, return and counsel him!

96 | **Doug.** Men seek not moss upon a rolling stone,
 Or water from the sieve, or fire from ice,
 98 | Or comfort from a reckless monarch's hands.
 Madam, he sets us light that served in court,
 100 | In place of credit, in his father's days:
 If we but enter presence of his grace,
 102 | Our payment is a frown, a scoff, a frump;
 Whilst flattering Gnatho pranks it by his side,
 104 | Soothing the careless king in his misdeeds:
 And, if your grace consider your estate,
 106 | His life should urge you too, if all be true.

108 | **Q. Dor.** Why, Douglas, why?

110 | **Doug.** As if you have not heard
 His lawless love to Ida grown of late,
 112 | His careless estimate of your estate.

114 | **Q. Dor.** Ah, Douglas, thou misconster'st his intent!
 He doth but tempt his wife, he tries my love;
 116 | This injury pertains to me, not to you.
 The king is young; and, if he step awry,
 118 | He may amend, and I will love him still.
 Should we disdain our vines because they sprout
 120 | Before their time? or young men, if they strain
 Beyond their reach? No; vines that bloom and spread
 122 | Do promise fruits, and young men that are wild,
 In age grow wise. My friends and Scottish peers,
 124 | If that an English princess may prevail,
 Stay, stay with him: lo, how my zealous prayer
 126 | Is pled with tears! – fie, peers, will you hence?

128 | **Bishop.** Madam, 'tis virtue in your grace to plead;
 But we, that see his vain untoward course,
 130 | Cannot but fly the fire before it burn,
 And shun the court before we see his fall.

132 | **Q. Dor.** Will you not stay? then, lordings, fare you well.
 134 | Though you forsake your king, the heavens, I hope,
 Will favour him through mine incessant prayer.

136 | **Nano.** Content you, madam; thus old Ovid sings,

138 'Tis foolish to bewail recureless things.

140 **Q. Dor.** Peace, dwarf; these words my patience move.

142 **Nano.** Although you charm my speech, charm not my love.

144 [Exeunt Queen Dorothea and Nano.]

146 Enter the King of Scots; the Nobles,
148 spying him as they are about to go off, return.

148 **K. James.** Douglas, how now! why changest thou thy cheer?

150 **Doug.** My private troubles are so great, my liege,
152 As I must crave your license for awhile,
154 For to intend mine own affairs at home.

154 **K. James.** You may depart.

156 [Exit Douglas.]

158 But why is Morton sad?

160 **Morton.** The like occasion doth import me too,
162 So I desire your grace to give me leave.

164 **K. James.** Well, sir, you may betake you to your ease.

166 [Exit Morton.]

168 [Aside] When such grim sirs are gone, I see no let
170 To work my will.

170 **Bishop.** What, like the eagle, then,
172 With often flight wilt thou thy feathers lose?
O king, canst thou endure to see thy court
174 Of finest wits and judgments dispossessed,
Whilst cloaking craft with soothing climbs so high
176 As each bewails ambition is so bad?
Thy father left thee with estate and crown,
178 A learnèd council to direct thy court:
These carelessly, O king, thou castest off,
180 To entertain a train of sycophants.
Thou well mayst see, although thou wilt not see,
182 That every eye and ear both sees and hears
The certain signs of thine incontinence.
184 Thou art allied unto the English king
By marriage; – a happy friend indeed,
186 If usèd well; if not, a mighty foe.

188 Thinketh your grace, he can endure and brook
 To have a partner in his daughter's love?
 Thinketh your grace, the grudge of privy wrongs
 190 Will not procure him change his smiles to threats?
 O, be not blind to good! call home your lords,
 192 Displace these flattering Gnathoes, drive them hence!
 Love and with kindness take your wedlock wife;
 194 Or else, which God forbid, I fear a change:
 Sin cannot thrive in courts without a plague.

196 **K. James.** Go pack thou too, unless thou mend thy talk!
 198 On pain of death, proud bishop, get you gone,
 Unless you headless mean to hop away!

200 **Bishop.** Thou God of Heaven, prevent my country's fall!

202 [The Bishop exits with the other Nobles.]

204 **K. James.** These stays and lets to pleasure plague my thoughts,
 206 Forcing my grievous wounds anew to bleed;
 But care that hath transported me so far,
 208 Fair Ida, is dispersed in thought of thee,
 Whose answer yields me life or breeds my death. –
 210 Yond comes the messenger of weal or woe.

212 *Enter Ateukin.*

214 Ateukin, what news?

216 **Ateuk.** The adamant, O king, will not be filed
 But by itself, and beauty that exceeds
 218 By some exceeding favour must be wrought.
 Ida is coy as yet, and doth repine,
 220 Objecting marriage, honour, fear and death:
 She's holy-wise, and too precise for me.

222 **K. James.** Are these thy fruits of wits, thy sight in art,
 224 Thine eloquence, thy policy, thy drift, –
 To mock thy prince? Then, captive, pack thee hence,
 226 And let me die devourèd in my love!

228 **Ateuk.** Good lord, how rage gainsayeth reason's power!
 My dear, my gracious, and belovèd prince,
 230 The essence of my suit, my god on earth,
 Sit down and rest yourself: appease your wrath,
 232 Lest with a frown ye wound me to the death.
 O, that I were included in my grave,
 234 That either now, to save my prince's life,

236 Must counsel cruëlty, or lose my king!

238 **K. James.** Why, sirrah, is there means to move her mind?

240 **Ateuk.** O, should I not offend my royal liege, –

242 **K. James.** Tell all, spare naught, so I may gain my love.

244 **Ateuk.** Alas, my soul, why art thou torn in twain,
For fear thou talk a thing that should displease!

246 **K. James.** Tut, speak whatso thou wilt, I pardon thee.

248 **Ateuk.** How kind a word, how courteous is his grace!
Who would not die to succour such a king?

250 My liege, this lovely maid of modest mind
Could well incline to love, but that she fears

252 Fair Dorothea's power: your grace doth know,
Your wedlock is a mighty let to love.

254 Were Ida sure to be your wedded wife,
That then the twig would bow you might command:

256 Ladies love presents, pomp, and high estate.

258 **K. James.** Ah, Ateukin, how should we displace this let?

260 **Ateuk.** Tut, mighty prince, – O, that I might be whist!

262 **K. James.** Why dalliest thou?

264 **Ateuk.** I will not move my prince! –
I will prefer his safety 'fore my life.

266 Hear me, O king! 'tis Dorothea's death
Must do you good.

268 **K. James.** What, murther of my queen! –

270 Yet, to enjoy my love, what is my queen? –
O, but my vow and promise to my queen! –

272 Ay, but my hope to gain a fairer queen: –
With how contrarious thoughts am I withdrawn!

274 Why linger I twixt hope and doubtful fear?
If Dorothea die, will Ida love?

276 **Ateuk.** She will, my lord.

278 **K. James.** Then let her die: devise, advise the means;
All likes me well that lends me hope in love.

282 **Ateuk.** What, will your grace consent? Then let me work.
There's here in court a Frenchman, Jaques called,

284 | A fit performer of our enterprise,
Whom I by gifts and promise will corrupt
286 | To slay the queen, so that your grace will seal
A warrant for the man, to save his life.

288 | **K. James.** Naught shall he want; write thou, and I will sign:
290 | And, gentle Gnatho, if my Ida yield,
Thou shalt have what thou wilt; I'll give thee straight
292 | A barony, an earldom, for reward.

294 | **Ateuk.** Frolic, young king, the lass shall be your own:
I'll make her blithe and wanton by my wit.

296 |

[*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS IV

Enter Bohan and Oberon.

1 **Bohan.** So, Oberon, now it begins to work in kind.
2 The ancient lords by leaving him alone,
Disliking of his humours and despite,
4 Lets him run headlong, till his flatterers,
Sweeting his thoughts of lawless lust
6 With vile persuasions and alluring words,
Makes him make way by murder to his will.
8 Judge, fairy king, hast heard a greater ill?

10 **Ober.** Nor seen more virtue in a country maid.
I tell thee, Bohan, it doth make me sorry,
12 To think the deeds the king means to perform.

14 **Bohan.** To change that humour, stand and see the rest:
I trow my son Slipper will shew's a jest.

16

*Enter Slipper with a companion, boy or wench,
dancing a hornpipe, and dance out again.*

18

20 Now after this beguiling of our thoughts,
And changing them from sad to better glee,
22 Let's to our cell, and sit and see the rest,
For, I believe, this jig will prove no jest.

24

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.SCENE I.*Edinburgh.**Enter Slipper one way, and Sir Bartram another way.*

1 **Bart.** Ho, fellow! stay, and let me speak with thee.

2
3 **Slip.** Fellow! friend, thou dost disbuse me; I am a
4 gentleman.

6 **Bart.** A gentleman! how so?

8 **Slip.** Why, I rub horses, sir.

10 **Bart.** And what of that?

12 **Slip.** O simple-witted! mark my reason. They that
do good service in the commonweal are gentlemen;
14 but such as rub horses do good service in the
commonweal; *ergo*, tarbox, master courtier, a horse-
16 keeper is a gentleman.

18 **Bart.** Here is overmuch wit, in good earnest. But,
sirrah, where is thy master?

20
22 **Slip.** Neither above ground nor under ground, drawing
out red into white, swallowing that down without
chawing that was never made without treading.

24
26 **Bart.** Why, where is he, then?

28 **Slip.** Why, in his cellar, drinking a cup of neat and
brisk claret, in a bowl of silver. O, sir, the wine runs
trillill down his throat, which cost the poor vintner
30 many a stamp before it was made. But I must hence,
sir, I have haste.

32
34 **Bart.** Why, whither now, I prithee?

36 **Slip.** Faith, sir, to Sir Silvester, a knight, hard by,
upon my master's errand, whom I must certify this,
that the lease of East Spring shall be confirmed; and
38 therefore must I bid him provide trash, for my master
is no friend without money.

40

Bart. [*Aside*]

42 This is the thing for which I sued so long,
 This is the lease which I, by Gnatho's means,
 44 Sought to possess by patent from the king;
 But he, injurious man, who lives by crafts,
 46 And sells king's favours for who will give most,
 Hath taken bribes of me, yet covertly
 48 Will sell away the thing pertains to me:
 But I have found a present help, I hope,
 50 For to prevent his purpose and deceit. –
 Stay, gentle friend.

52
Slip. A good word; thou hast won me: this word is
 54 like a warm caudle to a cold stomach.

56 **Bart.** Sirrah, wilt thou, for money and reward,
 Convey me certain letters, out of hand,
 58 From out thy master's pocket?

60 **Slip.** Will I, sir? why, were it to rob my father, hang
 my mother, or any such like trifles, I am at your
 62 commandment, sir. What will you give me, sir?

64 **Bart.** A hundreth pounds.

66 **Slip.** I am your man: give me earnest. I am dead at
 a pocket, sir; why, I am a lifter, master, by my
 68 occupation.

70 **Bart.** A lifter! what is that?

72 **Slip.** Why, sir, I can lift a pot as well as any man, and
 pick a purse as soon as any thief in my country.

74
Bart. Why, fellow, hold; here is earnest, ten pound to
 76 assure thee.

78 [Gives money.]

80 Go, dispatch, and bring it me to yonder tavern thou
 seest; and assure thyself, thou shalt both have thy
 82 skin full of wine and the rest of thy money.

84 **Slip.** I will, sir. – Now room for a gentleman, my
 masters! who gives me money for a fair new angel, a
 86 trim new angel?

88 [Exeunt severally.]

ACT III, SCENE II.

Edinburgh.

Enter Andrew and Purveyor.

1 **Purv.** Sirrah, I must needs have your master's horses:
2 the king cannot be unserved.

4 **Andrew.** Sirrah, you must needs go without them,
because my master must be served.

6 **Purv.** Why, I am the king's purveyor, and I tell thee I
8 will have them.

10 **Andrew.** I am Ateukin's servant, Signior Andrew, and
I say, thou shalt not have them.

12 **Purv.** Here's my ticket; deny it if thou darest.

14 **Andrew.** There is the stable; fetch them out if thou
16 darest.

18 **Purv.** Sirrah, sirrah, tame your tongue, lest I make
20 you.

22 **Andrew.** Sirrah, sirrah, hold your hand, lest I bum
you.

24 **Purv.** I tell thee, thy master's geldings are good, and
therefore fit for the king.

26 **Andrew.** I tell thee, my master's horses have galled
28 backs, and therefore cannot fit the king. Purveyor,
purveyor, purvey thee of more wit: darest thou
30 presume to wrong my Lord Ateukin, being the chiefest
man in court?

32 **Purv.** The more unhappy commonweal where
34 flatterers are chief in court.

36 **Andrew.** What sayest thou?

38 **Purv.** I say thou art too presumptuous, and the
officers shall school thee.

40 **Andrew.** A fig for them and thee, purveyor! They
42 seek a knot in a ring that would wrong my master or
his servants in this court.

44

Enter Jaques.

46

Purv. The world is at a wise pass when nobility is
afraid of a flatterer.

48

50

Jaques. Sirrah, what be you that parley *contra*
Monsieur my Lord Ateukin? *en bonne foi*, prate you
against Sir *Altesse*, me maka your *tête* to leap from
your shoulders, *par ma foi c'y ferai-je*.

52

54

Andrew. [*To Jaques*] O, signior captain, you shew
yourself a forward and friendly gentleman in my
master's behalf: I will cause him to thank you.

56

58

Jaques. [*To Purveyor*] *Poltron*, speak me one *parola*
against my *bon gentilhomme*, I shall *estamp* your guts,
and thump your backa, that you no *point* manage this
ten hours.

60

62

64

Purv. Sirrah, come open me the stable, and let me
have the horses; – and, fellow, for all your French
brags, I will do my duty.

66

68

Andrew. I'll make garters of thy guts, thou villain, if
thou enter this office.

70

72

Jaques. *Mort dieu*, take me that cappa *pour votre*
labeur: be gone, villain, in the *mort*.

74

[Jaques retires.]

76

Purv. What, will you resist me, then? Well, the
council, fellow, shall know of your insolency.

78

80

Andrew. Tell them what thou wilt, and eat that I can
best spare from my back-parts, and get you gone with
a vengeance.

82

[Exit Purveyor.]

84

Enter Ateukin.

86

Ateuk. Andrew.

88

Andrew. Sir?

90

Ateuk. Where be my writings I put in my pocket last
night?

92

94 **Andrew.** Which, sir? your annotations upon
Machiavel?
96
98 **Ateuk.** No, sir; the letters-patents for East Spring.
Andrew. Why, sir, you talk wonders to me, if you ask
100 that question.
102 **Ateuk.** Yea, sir, and will work wonders too with you,
unless you find them out: villain, search me them out,
104 and bring them me, or thou art but dead.
106 **Andrew.** A terrible word in the latter end of a
sessions. Master, were you in your right wits
108 yesternight?
110 **Ateuk.** Dost thou doubt it?
112 **Andrew.** Ay, and why not, sir? for the greatest clarks
are not the wisest, and a fool may dance in a hood, as
114 well as a wise man in a bare frock: besides, such as
give themselves to philautia, as you do, master, are so
116 choleric of complexion that that which they burn in
fire over night they seek for with fury the next
118 morning. Ah, I take care of your worship! this
commonweal should have a great loss of so good
120 a member as you are.
122 **Ateuk.** Thou flatterest me.
124 **Andrew.** Is it flattery in me, sir, to speak you fair?
what is it, then, in you to dally with the king?
126
128 **Ateuk.** Are you prating, knave? I will teach you better
nurture! Is this the care you have of my wardrobe, of
my accounts, and matters of trust?
130
132 **Andrew.** Why, alas, sir, in times past your garments
have been so well inhabited as your tenants would give
no place to a moth to mangle them; but since you are
134 grown greater, and your garments more fine and gay,
if your garments are not fit for hospitality, blame your
136 pride and commend my cleanliness: as for your
writings, I am not for them, nor they for me.
138
140 **Ateuk.** Villain, go, fly, find them out: if thou lovest
them, thou lovest my credit.

142 **Andrew.** Alas, sir, can I lose that you never had?

144 **Ateuk.** Say you so? then hold, feel you that you never
felt.

146

[Beats him.]

148

[Jaques comes forward.]

150

152 **Jaques.** *O monsieur, ayez patient:* pardon your
pauvre valet: me be at your commandment.

154 **Ateuk.** Signior Jaques, well met; you shall command
me. – [To Andrew] Sirrah, go cause my writings be
156 proclaimed in the market-place; promise a great reward
to them that finds them; look where I supped and
158 everywhere.

160 **Andrew.** I will, sir – [Aside] Now are two knaves
well met, and three well parted: if you conceive mine
162 enigma, gentlemen, what shall I be, then? faith,
a plain harp-shilling.

164

[Exit Andrew.]

166

168 **Ateuk.** Sieur Jaques, this our happy meeting hinders
Your friends and me of care and grievous toil;
For I, that look into deserts of men,
170 And see among the soldiers in this court
A noble forward mind, and judge thereof,
172 Cannot but seek the means to raise them up
Who merit credit in the commonweal.
174 To this intent, friend Jaques, I have found
A means to make you great, and well-esteemed
176 Both with the king and with the best in court;
For I espy in you a valiant mind,
178 Which makes me love, admire, and honour you.
To this intent, if so your trust, and faith,
180 Your secrecy be equal with your force,
I will impart a service to thyself,
182 Which if thou dost effect, the king, myself,
And what or he, or I with him, can work,
184 Shall be employed in what thou wilt desire.

186 **Jaques.** Me sweara by my ten bones, my signior, to
be loyal to your lordship's intents, affairs: ye[a], my
188 *monseigneur, que non ferai-je pour* your pleasure?
By my sworda, me be no *babillard*.

190 | **Ateuk.** Then hoping on thy truth, I prithee see
 192 | How kind Ateukin is to forward thee.
 Hold, [*Giving money*] take this earnest-penny of my love,
 194 | And mark my words: the king, by me, requires
 No slender service, Jaques, at thy hands.
 196 | Thou must by privy practice make away
 The queen, fair Dorothea, as she sleeps,
 198 | Or how thou wilt, so she be done to death:
 Thou shalt not want promotion here in court.

200 | **Jaques.** Stabba the woman! *par ma foi, monseigneur,*
 202 | me thrusta my weapon into her belly, so me may be
 guard *par le roi*. Me do your service: but me no be
 204 | hanged *pour* my labour?

206 | **Ateuk.** Thou shalt have warrant, Jaques, from the king:
 None shall outface, gainsay, and wrong my friend.
 208 | Do not I love thee, Jaques? fear not, then:
 I tell thee, whoso toucheth thee in aught
 210 | Shall injure me: I love, I tender thee:
 Thou art a subject fit to serve his grace.
 212 | Jaques, I had a written warrant once,
 But that, by great misfortune, late is lost.
 214 | Come, wend we to Saint Andrews, where his grace
 Is now in progress, where he shall assure
 216 | Thy safety, and confirm thee to the act.

218 | **Jaques.** We will attend your nobleness.

220 |

[*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS V.

Enter Bohan and Oberon.

1 **Bohan.** I can no more; my patience will not warp
2 To see these flatterers how they scorn and carp.

4 **Ober.** Turn but thy head.

6 *Enter four Kings carrying crowns,
Ladies presenting odours to Potentate enthroned,
8 who suddenly is slain by his Servants
and thrust out; and so they eat.*

10

[*Exeunt.*]

12

Bohan. Sike is the werld; but whilk is he I saw?

14

16 **Ober.** Sesostris, who was conqueror of the world,
Slain at the last and stamped on by his slaves.

18 **Bohan.** How blest are peur men, then, that know their grave!
20 Now mark the sequel of my jig.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III, SCENE III.

The Palace of the King of Scots.

*Enter Queen Dorothea, Sir Bartram, Nano, Lord Ross,
Ladies, and Attendants.*

1 **Q. Dor.** Thy credit, Bartram, in the Scottish court,
2 Thy reverend years, the strictness of thy vows,
All these are means sufficient to persuade;
4 But love, the faithful link of loyal hearts,
That hath possession of my constant mind,
6 Exiles all dread, subdueth vain suspect.
Methinks no craft should harbour in that breast
8 Where majesty and virtue is installed:
Methink[s] my beauty should not cause my death.

10 **Bart.** How gladly, sovereign princess, would I err,
12 And bind my shame to save your royal life!
'Tis princely in yourself to think the best,
14 To hope his grace is guiltless of this crime:
But if in due prevention you default,
16 How blind are you that were forewarned before!

18 **Q. Dor.** Suspicion without cause deserveth blame.

20 **Bart.** Who sees, and shun[s] not, harms, deserve[s] the same.
Behold the tenor of this traitorous plot.

[Gives warrant.]

24 **Q. Dor.** What should I read? Perhaps he wrote it not.

26 **Bart.** Here is his warrant, under seal and sign,
28 To Jaques, born in France, to murder you.

30 **Q. Dor.** Ah, careless king, would God this were not thine! –
What though I read? ah, should I think it true?

32 **Ross.** The hand and seal confirms the deed is his.

34 **Q. Dor.** What know I tho, if now he thinketh this?

36 **Nano.** Madam, Lucretius saith that to repent
38 Is childish, wisdom to prevent.

40 **Q. Dor.** What tho?

42 **Nano.** Then cease your tears that have dismayed you,

44 And cross the foe before he have betrayed you.
 45 **Bart.** What needs these long suggestions in this cause,
 46 When every circumstance confirmeth truth?
 First, let the hidden mercy from above
 48 Confirm your grace, since by a wondrous means
 The practice of your dangers came to light:
 50 Next, let the tokens of approvèd truth
 Govern and stay your thoughts, too much seduced,
 52 And mark the sooth, and listen the intent.
 Your highness knows, and these my noble lords
 54 Can witness this, that whilst your husband's sire
 In happy peace possessed the Scottish crown,
 56 I was his sworn attendant here in court;
 In dangerous fight I never failed my lord;
 58 And since his death, and this your husband's reign,
 No labour, duty, have I left undone,
 60 To testify my zeal unto the crown.
 But now my limbs are weak, mine eyes are dim,
 62 Mine age unwieldly and unmeet for toil,
 I came to court, in hope, for service past,
 64 To gain some lease to keep me, being old.
 There found I all was upsy-turvy turned,
 66 My friends displaced, the nobles loth to crave:
 Then sought I to the minion of the king,
 68 Ateukin, who, allurèd by a bribe,
 Assured me of the lease for which I sought.
 70 But see the craft! when he had got the grant,
 He wrought to sell it to Sir Silvester,
 72 In hope of greater earnings from his hands.
 In brief, I learned his craft, and wrought the means,
 74 By one his needy servants for reward,
 To steal from out his pocket all the briefs;
 76 Which he performed, and with reward resigned.
 Them when I read, – now mark the power of God, –
 78 I found this warrant sealed among the rest,
 To kill your grace, whom God long keep alive!
 80 Thus, in effect, by wonder are you saved:
 Trifle not, then, but seek a speedy flight;
 82 God will conduct your steps, and shield the right.
 84 **Q. Dor.** What should I do? ah, poor unhappy queen,
 Born to endure what fortune can contain!
 86 Alas, the deed is too apparent now! –
 But, O mine eyes, were you as bent to hide
 88 As my poor heart is forward to forgive,
 Ah cruël king, my love would thee acquit!

90 O, what avails to be allied and matched
 With high estates, that marry but in shew!
 92 Were I [more] baser born, my mean estate
 Could warrant me from this impendent harm:
 94 But to be great and happy, these are twain. –
 Ah, Ross, what shall I do? how shall I work?

96
Ross. With speedy letters to your father send,
 98 Who will revenge you and defend your right.

100 **Q. Dor.** As if they kill not me, who with him fight!
 As if his breast be touched, I am not wounded!
 102 As if he wailed, my joys were not confounded!
 We are one heart, though rent by hate in twain;
 104 One soul, one essence doth our weal contain:
 What, then, can conquer him, that kills not me?

106
Ross. If this advice displease, then, madam, flee.

108
Q. Dor. Where may I wend or travel without fear?

110
Ross. Where not, in changing this attire you wear?

112
Q. Dor. What, shall I clad me like a country maid?

114
Nano. The policy is base, I am afraid.

116
Q. Dor. Why, Nano?

118
Nano. Ask you why? What, may a queen
 120 March forth in homely weed, and be not seen?
 The rose, although in thorny shrubs she spread,
 122 Is still the rose, her beauties wax not dead;
 And noble minds, although the coat be bare,
 124 Are by their semblance known, how great they are.

126
Bart. The dwarf saith true.

128
Q. Dor. What garments lik'st thou, than?

130
Nano. Such as may make you seem a proper man.

132
Q. Dor. He makes me blush and smile, though I am sad.

134
Nano. The meanest coat for safety is not bad.

136
Q. Dor. What, shall I jet in breeches, like a squire?
 Alas, poor dwarf, thy mistress is unmeet.

138

140 *Nano.* Tut, go me thus, your cloak before your face,
Your sword upreared with quaint and comely grace:
If any come and question what you be,
142 Say you "A man," and call for witness me.

144 *Q. Dor.* What, should I wear a sword? to what intent?

146 *Nano.* Madam, for shew; it is an ornament:
If any wrong you, draw: a shining blade
148 Withdraws a coward thief that would invade.

150 *Q. Dor.* But, if I strike, and he should strike again,
What should I do? I fear I should be slain.

152
154 *Nano.* No, take it single on your dagger so:
I'll teach you, madam, how to ward a blow.

156 *Q. Dor.* How little shapes much substance may include! –
Sir Bartram, Ross, ye ladies, and my friends,
158 Since presence yields me death, and absence life,
Hence will I fly disguisèd like a squire,
160 As one that seeks to live in Irish wars: –
You, gentle Ross, shall furnish my depart.

162
164 *Ross.* Yea, prince, and die with you with all my heart:
Vouchsafe me, then, in all extremest states
To wait on you and serve you with my best.

166
168 *Q. Dor.* [*To Ross*]
To me pertains the woe: live then in rest. –
Friends, fare you well: keep secret my depart:
170 Nano alone shall my attendant be.

172 *Nano.* Then, madam, are you manned, I warrant ye:
Give me a sword, and, if there grow debate,
174 I'll come behind, and break your enemy's pate.

176 *Ross.* How sore we grieve to part so soon away!

178 *Q. Dor.* Grieve not for those that perish if they stay.

180 *Nano.* The time in words misspent is little worth;
Madam, walk on, and let them bring us forth.

182

[*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS VI

Enter Bohan.

1 **Bohan.** So, these sad motions make the fairy sleep;
2 And sleep he shall in quiet and content:
For it would make a marble melt and weep,
4 To see these treasons 'gainst the innocent.
But, since she scapes by flight to save her life,
6 The king may chance repent she was his wife.
The rest is ruthless; yet, to beguile the time,
8 'Tis interlaced with merriment and rhyme.

10

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

On the King's Preserves.

*After a noise of horns and shoutings,
enter certain Huntsmen (if you please, singing)
one way; another way Ateukin and Jaques.*

1 **Ateuk.** Say, gentlemen, where may we find the king?

2

Ist Hunts. Even here at hand, on hunting;
4 And at this hour he taken hath a stand,
To kill a deer.

6

Ateuk. A pleasant work in hand.
8 Follow your sport, and we will seek his grace.

10 **Ist Hunts.** [*Aside*] When such him seek, it is a woeful case.

12

*[Exeunt Huntsmen one way,
Ateukin and Jaques another.]*

ACT IV, SCENE II.

Near the Castle of the Countess of Arran.

Enter the Countess of Arran, Ida and Eustace.

1 **C. of Arran.** Lord Eustace, as your youth and virtuous life
2 Deserve a far more fair and richer wife,
3 So, since I am a mother, and do wit
4 What wedlock is and that which longs to it,
5 Before I mean my daughter to bestow,
6 'Twere meet that she and I your state did know.

8 **Eust.** Madam, if I consider Ida's worth,
9 I know my portions merit none so fair,
10 And yet I hold in farm and yearly rent
11 A thousand pound, which may her state content.

12 **C. of Arran.** But what estate, my lord, shall she possess?
14

15 **Eust.** All that is mine, grave Countess, and no less. –
16 But, Ida, will you love?

18 **Ida.** I cannot hate.

20 **Eust.** But will you wed?

22 **Ida.** 'Tis Greek to me, my lord:
23 I'll wish you well, and thereon take my word.

24 **Eust.** Shall I some sign of favour, then, receive?
26

27 **Ida.** Ay, if her ladyship will give me leave.
28

29 **C. of Arran.** Do what thou wilt.
30

31 **Ida.** Then, noble English peer,
32 Accept this ring, wherein my heart is set;
33 A constant heart with burning flames be-fret,
34 But under-written this, *O morte dura*:
35 Hereon whenso you look with eyes *pura*,
36 The maid you fancy most will favour you.

38 **Eust.** I'll try this heart, in hope to find it true.

40 *Enter certain Huntsmen, [Lords,] and Ladies.*

42 **1st Hunts.** Widow Countess, well y-met;
Ever may thy joys be many; –

44 Gentle Ida, fair beset,
 Fair and wise, not fairer any;
 46 Frolic huntsmen of the game
 Wills you well, and give you greeting.
 48

Ida. Thanks, good woodman, for the same,
 50 And our sport, and merry meeting.

1st Hunts. Unto thee we do present
 52 Silver hart with arrow wounded.
 54

Eust. [*Aside*] This doth shadow my lament,
 56 Both [with] fear and love confounded.

1st Lady. To the mother of the maid,
 58 Fair as th' lilies, red as roses,
 60 Even so many goods are said,
 As herself in heart supposes.
 62

C. of Arran. What are you, friends, that thus do wish us well?
 64

1st Hunts. Your neighbours nigh, that have on hunting been,
 66 Who, understanding of your walking forth,
 Prepare[d] this train to entertain you with:
 68 This Lady Douglas, this Sir Egmond is.

C. of Arran. Welcome, ye ladies, and thousand thanks for this.
 70 Come, enter you a homely widow's house,
 72 And if mine entertainment please you, let us feast.

1st Hunts. A lovely lady never wants a guest.
 74

76 [*Exeunt Countess of Arran, Huntsmen,
 Lords and Ladies.*]

78

Eust. Stay, gentle Ida, tell me what you deem,
 80 What, doth this hast[e], this tender heart beseem?

Ida. Why not, my lord, since nature teacheth art
 82 To senseless beasts to cure their grievous smart;
 84 Dictamnum serves to close the wound again.

Eust. What help for those that love?
 86

Ida. Why, love again.
 88

Eust. Were I the hart, —
 90

Ida. Then I the herb would be:
 92 You shall not die for help; come, follow me.

94

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE III.

A Public Place near the Palace.

Enter Andrew and Jaques.

1 **Jaques.** *Mon dieu*, what *malheur* be this! me come
2 a the chamber, Signior Andrew, *mon dieu*; take my
3 poniard *en ma main* to give the *estocade* to the
4 damoisella: *par ma foi*, there was no person; *elle*
5 *s'est en allée*.

6
7 **Andrew.** The worse luck, Jaques: but because I am
8 thy friend, I will advise thee somewhat towards the
9 attainment of the gallows.

10
11 **Jaques.** Gallows! what be that?

12
13 **Andrew.** Marry, sir, a place of great promotion, where
14 thou shalt, by one turn above ground, rid the world of
15 a knave, and make a goodly ensample for all bloody
16 villains of thy profession.

17
18 **Jaques.** *Que dites vous*, Monsieur Andrew?

19
20 **Andrew.** I say, Jaques, thou must keep this path, and
21 hie thee; for the queen, as I am certified, is departed
22 with her dwarf, apparelled like a squire. Overtake her,
23 Frenchman, stab her: I'll promise thee, this doublet
24 shall be happy.

25
26 **Jaques.** *Pourquoi?*

27
28 **Andrew.** It shall serve a jolly gentleman, Sir Dominus
29 Monseigneur Hangman.

30
31 **Jaques.** *C'est tout un*; me will rama *pour la monnoie*.

[*Exit Jaques.*]

32
33
34
35 **Andrew.** Go, and the rot consume thee! – O, what a
36 trim world is this! My master lives by cozening the
37 king, I by flattering him; Slipper, my fellow, by
38 stealing, and I by lying: is not this a wily accord,
39 gentlemen? This last night, our jolly horsekeeper,
40 being well steeped in liquor, confessed to me the
41 stealing of my master's writings, and his great reward:
42 now dare I not bewray him, lest he discover my

44 knavery; but thus have I wrought: I understand he will
 45 pass this way, to provide him necessaries; but, if I and
 46 my fellows fail not, we will teach him such a lesson as
 shall cost him a chief place on Pennyless Bench for his
 labour. But yond he comes.

48

[*Stands Aside.*]

50

*Enter Slipper,
 with a Tailor, a Shoemaker, and a Cutler.*

52

54 *Slip.* Tailor.

56 *Tailor.* Sir?

58 *Slip.* Let my doublet be white northren, five groats the
 yard: I tell thee, I will be brave.

60

Tailor. It shall, sir.

62

Slip. Now, sir, cut it me like the battlements of a
 64 custard, full of round holes; edge me the sleeves with
 Coventry blue, and let the linings be of tenpenny
 66 locorum.

68 *Tailor.* Very good, sir.

70 *Slip.* Make it the amorous cut, a flap before.

72 *Tailor.* And why so? that fashion is stale.

74 *Slip.* O, friend, thou art a simple fellow. I tell thee, a
 flap is a great friend to a storrie; it stands him instead
 76 of clean napery; and, if a man's shirt be torn, it is
 a present penthouse to defend him from a clean
 78 huswife's scoff.

80 *Tailor.* You say sooth, sir.

82 *Slip.* [*Giving money*] Hold, take thy money; there
 is seven shillings for the doublet, and eight for the
 84 breeches: seven and eight; byrlady, thirty-six is a fair
 deal of money.

86

Tailor. Farewell, sir.

88

Slip. Nay, but stay, tailor.

90

Tailor. Why, sir?

92

94 **Slip.** Forget not this special make: let my back-parts
be well lined, for there come many winter-storms from
a windy belly, I tell thee.

96

[Exit Tailor.]

98

Shoemaker.

100

102 **Shoe.** Gentleman, what shoe will it please you to
have?

104 **Slip.** A fine, neat calves'-leather, my friend.

106 **Shoe.** O, sir, that is too thin, it will not last you.

108 **Slip.** I tell thee, it is my near kinsman, for I am
Slipper, which hath his best grace in summer to be
110 suited in lakus skins. Guidwife Calf was my
grandmother, and Goodman Netherleather mine uncle;
112 but my mother, good woman, alas, she was a Spaniard,
and being well tanned and dressed by a good fellow,
114 an Englishman, is grown to some wealth: as, when I
have but my upper-parts clad in her husband's costly
116 Spanish leather, I may be bold to kiss the fairest lady's
foot in this country.

118

120 **Shoe.** You are of high birth, sir: but have you all your
mother's marks on you?

122 **Slip.** Why, knave?

124 **Shoe.** Because, if thou come of the blood of the
Slippers, you should have a shoemaker's awl thrust
126 through your ear.

128 **Slip.** [Giving money] Take your earnest, friend, and
be packing, and meddle not with my progenitors.

130

[Exit Shoemaker.]

132

Cutler.

134

Cutler. Here, sir.

136

Slip. I must have a rapier and dagger.

138

Cutler. A rapier and dagger, you mean, sir?

140

Slip. Thou sayest true; but it must have a very fair

142 | edge.

144 | **Cutler.** Why so, sir?

146 | **Slip.** Because it may cut by himself, for truly, my
148 | friend, I am a man of peace, and wear weapons but for
148 | fashion.

150 | **Cutler.** Well, sir, give me earnest, I will fit you.

152 | **Slip.** [*Giving money*] Hold, take it: I betrust thee,
154 | friend; let me be well-armed.

154 | **Cutler.** You shall.

156 |

[*Exit Cutler.*]

158 |

160 | **Slip.** Now what remains? there's twenty crowns for
160 | house, three crowns for household-stuff, sixpence to
162 | buy a constable's staff; nay, I will be the chief of my
162 | parish. There wants nothing but a wench, a cat, a dog,
164 | a wife, and a servant, to make an whole family. Shall I
164 | marry with Alice, Goodman Grimshawe's daughter?
166 | she is fair, but indeed her tongue is like clocks on
166 | Shrove Tuesday, always out of temper. Shall I wed
168 | Sisley of the Whighton? O, no; she is like a frog in a
168 | parsley bed; as skittish as an eel: if I seek to hamper
170 | her, she will horn me. But a wench must be had,
170 | Master Slipper; yea, and shall be, dear friend.

172 | **Andrew.** [*Aside*] I now will drive him from his
174 | contemplations. – O, my mates, come forward: the
174 | lamb is unpent, the fox shall prevail.

176 |

*Enter three Antics, who dance round,
and take Slipper with them.*

178 |

180 | **Slip.** I will, my friend[s], and I thank you heartily:
180 | pray, keep your courtesy: I am yours in the way of an
182 | hornpipe. – [*Aside*] They are strangers; I see they
182 | understand not my language: wee, wee. –

184 |

[*Whilst they are dancing,
Andrew takes away Slipper's money,
and then he and the Antics depart.*]

186 |

188 | Nay, but, my friends, one hornpipe further! a reflucence
190 | back, and two doubles forward! What, not one cross-
190 | point against Sundays? What, ho, sirrah, you gone?

192 | you with the nose like an eagle, and you be a right
193 | Greek, one turn more. – Thieves, thieves! I am robbed!
194 | thieves! Is this the knavery of fiddlers? Well, I will
195 | then bind the whole credit of their occupation on a
196 | bag-piper, and he for my money. But I will after, and
197 | teach them to caper in a halter, that have cozened me
198 | of my money.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV, SCENE IV.*The Forest near Edinburgh.**Enter Queen Dorothea in man's apparel, and Nano.*

1 **Q. Dor.** Ah, Nano, I am weary of these weeds,
 2 Weary to wield this weapon that I bear,
 Weary of love from whom my woe proceeds,
 4 Weary of toil, since I have lost my dear. –
 O weary life, where wanteth no distress,
 6 But every thought is paid with heaviness!

8 **Nano.** Too much of "weary", madam: if you please,
 Sit down, let "weary" die, and take your ease.

10 **Q. Dor.** How look I, Nano? like a man or no?
 12

14 **Nano.** If not a man, yet like a manly shrow.

16 **Q. Dor.** If any come and meet us on the way,
 What should we do, if they enforce us stay?

18 **Nano.** Set cap a-huff, and challenge him the field:
 Suppose the worst, the weak may fight to yield.

20 **Q. Dor.** The battle, Nano, in this troubled mind
 22 Is far more fierce than ever we may find.
 The bodies' wounds by medicines may be eased,
 24 But griefs of minds, by salves are no appeased.

26 **Nano.** Say, madam, will you hear your Nano sing?

28 **Q. Dor.** Of woe, good boy, but of no other thing.

30 **Nano.** What if I sing of fancy? will it please?

32 **Q. Dor.** To such as hope success such notes breed ease.

34 **Nano.** What if I sing, like Damon, to my sheep?

36 **Q. Dor.** Like Phillis, I will sit me down to weep.

38 **Nano.** Nay, since my songs afford such pleasure small,
 I'll sit me down, and sing you none at all.

40 **Q. Dor.** O, be not angry, Nano!
 42

44 **Nano.** Nay, you loathe
 To think on that which doth content us both.

46 **Q. Dor.** And how?

48 **Nano.** You scorn disport when you are weary,
And loathe my mirth, who live to make you merry.

50
52 **Q. Dor.** Danger and fear withdraw me from delight.

54 **Nano.** 'Tis virtue to contemn false Fortune's spite.

56 **Q. Dor.** What should I do to please thee, friendly squire?

58 **Nano.** A smile a-day is all I will require;
And, if you pay me well the smiles you owe me,
I'll kill this cursèd care, or else beshrow me.

60
62 **Q. Dor.** We are descried; O, Nano, we are dead!

Enter Jaques, his sword drawn.

64 **Nano.** Tut, yet you walk, you are not dead indeed.
66 Draw me your sword, if he your way withstand,
And I will seek for rescue out of hand.

68
70 **Q. Dor.** Run, Nano, run, prevent thy prince's death.

72 **Nano.** Fear not, I'll run all danger out of breath.

[Exit Nano.]

74
76 **Jaques.** Ah, you calletta! you strumpetta! *Ta*
Maitressa Doretie, *êtes vous surprise?* Come, say
your paternoster, *car vous êtes morte, par ma foi.*

78
80 **Q. Dor.** Callet! me strumpet! Cative as thou art!
But even a princess born, who scorn[s] thy threats:
82 Shall never Frenchman say, an England maid
Of threats of foreign force will be afraid.

84 **Jaques.** You no *dire votres prières?* *mort dieu,*
mechante femme, guarda your breasta there: me make
86 you die on my Morglay.

88 **Q. Dor.** God shield me, helpless princess and a wife,
And save my soul, although I lose my life!

90
92 *[They fight, and she is sore wounded.]*

Ah, I am slain! some piteous power repay

94 | This murtherer's cursèd deed, that doth me slay!

96 | **Jaques.** *Elle est tout morte.* Me will run *pour a*
wager, for fear me be *surpris* and *pendu* for my
98 | labour. *Bien, je m'en allerai au roi lui dire mes*
affaires. *Je serai un chevalier* for this day's travail.

100

[Exit Jaques.]

102

*Re-enter Nano, with Sir Cuthbert Anderson,
his sword drawn, and Servants.*

104

106 | **Cuth.** Where is this poor distressèd gentleman?

108 | **Nano.** Here laid on ground, and wounded to the death. –

Ah, gentle heart, how are these beauteous looks

110

Dimmed by the tyrant cruèlties of death!

O weary soul, break thou from forth my breast,

112

And join thee with the soul I honoured most!

114 | **Cuth.** Leave mourning, friend, the man is yet alive. –

Some help me to convey him to my house:

116

There will I see him carefully recured,

And send [out] privy search to catch the murtherer.

118

Nano. The God of Heaven reward thee, courteous knight!

120

[Exeunt, bearing out Queen Dorothea.]

ACT IV, SCENE V.

Another part of the Forest.

*Enter the King of Scots, Jaques, Ateukin, Andrew;
Jaques running with his sword one way,
the King with his train another way.*

1 **K. James.** Stay, Jaques, fear not, sheath thy murdering blade:
2 Lo, here thy king and friends are come abroad
To save thee from the terrors of pursuit. –
4 What, is she dead?

6 **Jaques.** *Oui, Monsieur, elle is blessée par la tête*
over *les épaules*: I warrant, she no trouble you.

8
10 **Ateuk.** O, then, my liege, how happy art thou grown,
How favoured of the heavens, and blest by love!
Methinks I see fair Ida in thine arms,
12 Craving remission for her late contempt;
Methink[s] I see her, blushing, steal a kiss,
14 Uniting both your souls by such a sweet;
And you, my king, suck nectar from her lips. –
16 Why, then, delays your grace to gain the rest
You long desired? why lose we forward time?
18 Write, make me spokesman now, vow marriage:
If she deny your favour, let me die.

20
22 **Andrew.** Mighty and magnificent potentate, give
credence to mine honourable good lord, for I heard the
midwife swear at his nativity that the fairies gave him
24 the property of the Thracian stone; for who toucheth it
is exempted from grief, and he that heareth my
26 master's counsel is already possessed of happiness;
nay, which is more miraculous, as the nobleman
28 in his infancy lay in his cradle, a swarm of bees laid
honey on his lips in token of his eloquence, for
30 *melle dulcior fluit oratio*.

32 **Ateuk.** Your grace must bear with imperfectiöns:
This is exceeding love that makes him speak.

34
36 **K. James.** Ateukin, I am ravished in conceit,
And yet depressed again with earnest thoughts.
Methinks, this murder soundeth in mine ear
38 A threatening noise of dire and sharp revenge:
I am incensed with grief, yet fain would joy.

40 | What may I do to end me of these doubts?

42 | *Ateuk.* Why, prince, it is no murther in a king
To end another's life to save his own:

44 | For you are not as common people be,
Who die and perish with a few men's tears;
46 | But if you fail, the state doth whole default,
The realm is rent in twain in such a loss.

48 | And Aristotle holdeth this for true,
Of evils needs we must choose the least:
50 | Then better were it, that a woman died
Than all the help of Scotland should be blent.

52 | 'Tis policy, my liege, in every state,
To cut off members that disturb the head:
54 | And by corruption generation grows,
And contraries maintain the world and state.

56 | *K. James.* Enough, I am confirmed. Ateukin, come,
58 | Rid me of love, and rid me of my grief;

Drive thou the tyrant from this tainted breast,
60 | Then may I triumph in the height of joy.

Go to mine Ida, tell her that I vow
62 | To raise her head, and make her honours great:

Go to mine Ida, tell her that her hairs
64 | Shall be embellishèd with orient pearls,
And crowns of sapphires, compassing her brows,
66 | Shall wear with those sweet beauties of her eyes:

Go to mine Ida, tell her that my soul
68 | Shall keep her semblance closèd in my breast;
And I, in touching of her milk-white mould,
70 | Will think me deified in such a grace.

I like no stay: go write, and I will sign:
72 | Reward me Jaques; give him store of crown[s]. –
And, Sirrah Andrew, scout thou here in court,

74 | And bring me tidings, if thou canst perceive
The least intent of muttering in my train;
76 | For either those that wrong thy lord or thee
Shall suffer death.

78 | *Ateuk.* How much, O mighty king,
80 | Is thy Ateukin bound to honour thee! –
Bow thee, Andrew, bend thine sturdy knees;
82 | Seest thou not here thine only God on earth?

84 | [Exit the King.]

86 | *Jaques.* *Mais ou est mon argent, seigneur?*

88 **Ateuk.** Come, follow me. [*Aside*] His grace, I see, is made,
That thus on sudden he hath left us here. –
90 Come, Jaques: we will have our packet soon dispatched,
And you shall be my mate upon the way.

92 **Jaques.** *Comme vous plaira, monsieur.*

94

[*Exeunt Ateukin and Jaques.*]

96

Andrew. Was never such a world, I think, before,
98 When sinners seem to dance within a net;
The flatterer and the murtherer, they grow big;
100 By hook or crook promotion now is sought.
In such a world, where men are so misled,
102 What should I do, but, as the proverb saith,
Run with the hare, and hunt with the hound?
104 To have two means beseems a witty man.
Now here in court I may aspire and climb
106 By subtlety, for my master's death:
And, if that fail, well-fare another drift;
108 I will, in secret, certain letters send
Unto the English king, and let him know
110 The order of his daughter's overthrow,
That, if my master crack his credit here,
112 As I am sure long flattery cannot hold,
I may have means within the English court
114 To 'scape the scourge that waits on bad advice.

116

[*Exit.*]

CHORUS VII.

Enter Bohan and Oberon.

1 **Ober.** Believe me, bonny Scot, these strange events
2 Are passing pleasing; may they end as well.

4 **Bohan.** Else say that Bohan hath a barren skull,
If better motions yet than any past
6 Do not more glee to make the fairy greet.
But my small son made pretty handsome shift
8 To save the queen his mistress, by his speed.

10 **Ober.** Yea, and yon laddie, for his sport he made,
Shall see, when least he hopes, I'll stand his friend,
12 Or else he capers in a halter's end.

14 **Bohan.** What, hang my son! I trow not, Oberon:
I'll rather die than see him woebegone.

16

Enter a round, or some dance, at pleasure.

18

Ober. Bohan, be pleased, for, do they what they will,
20 Here is my hand, I'll save thy son from ill.

22

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.SCENE I.

Castle of Sir Cuthbert Anderson.

*Enter Queen Dorothea in man's apparel
and in a nightgown, Lady Anderson, and Nano;
and Sir Cuthbert Anderson behind.*

1 **Lady A.** My gentle friend, beware, in taking air,
2 Your walks grow not offensive to your wounds.

4 **Q. Dor.** Madam, I thank you of your courteous care:
My wounds are well-nigh closed, though sore they are.

6 **Lady A.** Methinks these closed wounds should breed more grief,
8 Since open wounds have cure, and find relief.

10 **Q. Dor.** Madam, if undiscovered wounds you mean,
They are not cured, because they are not seen.

12 **Lady A.** I mean the wounds which do the heart subdue.

14 **Nano.** O, that is love: Madam, speak I not true?

16
[*Sir Cuthbert Anderson overhears.*]

18 **Lady A.** Say it were true, what salve for such a sore?

20 **Nano.** Be wise, and shut such neighbours out of door.

22 **Lady A.** How if I cannot drive him from my breast?

24 **Nano.** Then chain him well, and let him do his best.

26 **Cuth.** [*Aside*]
28 In ripping up their wounds, I see their wit;
But if these wounds be cured, I sorrow it.

30 **Q. Dor.** Why are you so intentive to behold
32 My pale and woeful looks, by care controlled?

34 **Lady A.** Because in them a ready way is found
To cure my care and heal my hidden wound.

36 **Nano.** Good master, shut your eyes, keep that conceit;
38 Surgeons give coin to get a good receipt.

40 **Q. Dor.** Peace, wanton son; this lady did amend
My wounds; mine eyes her hidden griefs shall end.

42
44 **Nano.** Look not too much, it is a weighty case
Whereas a man puts on a maiden's face;
46 For many times, if ladies wear them not,
A nine months' wound, with little work is got.

48 **Cuth.** [*Aside*]
I'll break off their dispute, lest love proceed
50 From covert smiles, to perfect love indeed.

52 [Comes forward.]

54 **Nano.** The cat's abroad, stir not, the mice be still.

56 **Lady A.** Tut, we can fly such cats, when so we will.

58 **Cuth.** [*To Dorothea*]
How fares my guest? take cheer, naught shall default,
60 That either doth concern your health or joy:
Use me; my house, and what is mine is yours.

62
64 **Q. Dor.** Thanks, gentle knight; and, if all hopes be true,
I hope ere long to do as much for you.

66 **Cuth.** Your virtue doth acquit me of that doubt:
But, courteous sir, since troubles call me hence,
68 I must to Edinburgh unto the king,
There to take charge, and wait him in his wars. —
70 [*To Lady Anderson*]
Meanwhile, good madam, take this squire in charge,
72 And use him so as if it were myself.

74 **Lady A.** Sir Cuthbert, doubt not of my diligence:
Meanwhile, till your return, God send you health.

76
78 **Q. Dor.** God bless his grace, and, if his cause be just,
Prosper his wars; if not, he'll mend, I trust. —
Good sir, what moves the king to fall to arms?

80
82 **Cuth.** The King of England forageth his land,
And hath besieged Dunbar with mighty force.

84 **Q. Dor.** What other news are common in the court?

86 **Cuth.** [*Giving letters to Lady Anderson.*]
Read you these letters, madam; tell the squire
88 The whole affairs of state, for I must hence.

90 **Q. Dor.** God prosper you, and bring you back from thence!

92 [Exit Sir Cuthbert Anderson.]

94 [Lady Anderson reads letters.]

96 Madam, what news?

98 **Lady A.** They say the queen is slain.

100 **Q. Dor.** Tut, such reports more false than truth contain.

102 **Lady A.** But these reports have made his nobles leave him.

104 **Q. Dor.** Ah, careless men, and would they so deceive him?

106 **Lady A.** The land is spoiled, the commons fear the cross;

All cry against the king, their cause of loss:

108 The English king subdues and conquers all.

110 **Q. Dor.** Alas, this war grows great on causes small!

112 **Lady A.** Our court is desolate, our prince alone,

Still dreading death.

114

Q. Dor. Woe's me, for him I mourn! –

116 Help, now help, a sudden qualm

Assails my heart!

118

Nano. [To Lady Anderson] Good madam, stand his friend:

120 Give us some liquor to refresh his heart.

122 **Lady A.** Daw thou him up, and I will fetch thee forth

Potions of comfort, to repress his pain.

124

[Exit Lady Anderson.]

126

Nano. Fie, princess, faint on every fond report!

128 How well-nigh had you opened your estate!

Cover these sorrows with the veil of joy,

130 And hope the best; for why this war will cause

A great repentance in your husband's mind.

132

Q. Dor. Ah, Nano, trees live not without their sap,

134 And Clytie cannot blush but on the sun;

The thirsty earth is broke with many a gap,

136 And lands are lean where rivers do not run:

Where soul is reft from that it loveth best,

138 How can it thrive or boast of quiet rest?

Thou know'st the prince's loss must be my death,

140 His grief, my grief; his mischief must be mine.

O, if thou love me, Nano, hie to court!

142 Tell Ross, tell Bartram, that I am alive;

Conceal thou yet the place of my abode:

144 Will them, even as they love their queen,

As they are chary of my soul and joy,

146 To guard the king, to serve him as my lord.

Haste thee, good Nano, for my husband's care

148 Consumeth me, and wounds me to the heart.

150 *Nano.* Madam, I go, yet loth to leave you here.

152 *Q. Dor.* Go thou with speed: even as thou hold'st me dear,

Return in haste.

154

[Exit Nano.]

156

Re-enter Lady Anderson with broth.

158

Lady A. Now, sir, what cheer? come taste this broth I bring.

160

Q. Dor. My grief is past, I feel no further sting.

162

Lady And. Where is your dwarf? why hath he left you, sir?

164

Q. Dor. For some affairs: he is not travelled far.

166

Lady And. If so you please, come in and take your rest.

168

Q. Dor. Fear keeps awake a discontented breast.

170

[Exeunt.]

ACT V, SCENE II.

Porch to the Castle of the Countess of Arran.

*After a solemn service, enter,
from the Countess of Arran's house, a service,
with musical songs of marriages,
or a masque, or pretty triumph:
to them Ateukin and Jaques.*

1 **Ateuk.** What means this triumph, friend? why are these feasts?

2

Ist Revel. Fair Ida, sir, was married yesterday
4 Unto Sir Eustace, and for that intent
We feast and sport it thus to honour them:
6 And if you please, come in and take your part;
My lady is no niggard of her cheer.

8

[*Exeunt Revellers.*]

10

Jaques. Monseigneur, why be you so sadda? *faites*
12 *bonne chere: foutre de ce monde!*

14 **Ateuk.** What, was I born to be the scorn of kin?
To gather feathers like to a hopper-crow,
16 And lose them in the height of all my pomp?
Accursèd man, now is my credit lost!
18 Where is my vows I made unto the king?
What shall become of me, if he shall hear
20 That I have caused him kill a virtuous queen,
And hope in vain for that which now is lost?
22 Where shall I hide my head? I know the heavens
Are just and will revenge; I know my sins
24 Exceed compare. Should I proceed in this,
This Eustace must amain be made away. –
26 O, were I dead, how happy should I be!

28 **Jaques.** *Est ce donc à tel point votre etat? faith,*
then, adieu, Scotland, adieu, Signior Ateukin: me will
30 homa to France, and no be hanged in a strange country.

32

[*Exit Jaques.*]

34 **Ateuk.** Thou dost me good to leave me thus alone,
That galling grief and I may yoke in one.
36 O, what are subtle means to climb on high,
When every fall swarms with exceeding shame?
38 I promised Ida's love unto the prince,

40 But she is lost, and I am false forsworn.
I practised Dorothea's hapless death,
And by this practice have commenced a war.
42 O cursèd race of men, that traffic guile,
And, in the end, themselves and kings beguile!
44 Ashamed to look upon my prince again,
Ashamed of my suggestions and advice,
46 Ashamed of life, ashamed that I have erred,
I'll hide myself, expecting for my shame.
48 Thus God doth work with those that purchase fame
By flattery, and make their prince their gain.

50

[Exit Ateukin.]

ACT V, SCENE III.

The English Camp before Dunbar.

*Enter the King of England,
Lord Percy, Samles, and others.*

1 **K. of Eng.** Thus far, ye English peers, have we displayed
2 Our waving ensigns with a happy war;
Thus nearly hath our furious rage revenged
4 My daughter's death upon the traitorous Scot.
And now before Dunbar our camp is pitched;
6 Which, if it yield not to our compromise,
The plough shall furrow where the palace stood,
8 And fury shall enjoy so high a power
That mercy shall be banished from our swords.

10

Enter Douglas and others on the walls.

12

Doug. What seeks the English king?

14

K. of Eng. Scot, open those gates, and let me enter in:
16 Submit thyself and thine unto my grace,
Or I will put each mother's son to death,
18 And lay this city level with the ground.

20 **Doug.** For what offence, for what default of ours,
Art thou incensed so sore against our state?
22 Can generous hearts in nature be so stern
To prey on those that never did offend?
24 What, though the lion, king of brutish race,
Through outrage sin, shall lambs be therefore slain?
26 Or is it lawful that the humble die
Because the mighty do gainsay the right?
28 O English king, thou bearest in thy breast
The king of beasts, that harms not yielding ones:
30 The roseal cross is spread within thy field,
A sign of peace, not of revenging war.
32 Be gracious, then, unto this little town;
And, though we have withstood thee for awhile
34 To show allegiance to our liefest liege,
Yet, since we know no hope of any help,
36 Take us to mercy, for we yield ourselves.

38 **K. of Eng.** What, shall I enter, then, and be your lord?

40 **Doug.** We will submit us to the English king.

42

[They descend, open the gates,

and humble themselves.]

44

K. of Eng. Now life and death dependeth on my sword:

46

This hand now reared, my Douglas, if I list,
Could part thy head and shoulders both in twain;

48

But, since I see thee wise and old in years,
True to thy king, and faithful in his wars,

50

Live thou and thine. Dunbar is too-too small
To give an entrance to the English king:

52

I, eagle-like, disdain these little fowls,
And look on none but those that dare resist. –

54

Enter your town, as those that live by me: –
For others that resist, kill, forage, spoil.

56

Mine English soldiers, as you love your king,
Revenge his daughter's death, and do me right.

58

[Exeunt.]

ACT V, SCENE IV.

Near the Scottish Camp.

Enter a Lawyer, a Merchant, and a Divine.

1 **Lawyer.** My friends, what think you of this present state?

2 Were ever seen such changes in a time?

The manners and the fashions of this age

4 Are, like the ermine-skin, so full of spots,

As soone[r] may the Moor be washèd white

6 Than these corruptions banished from this realm.

8 **Merch.** What sees Mas Lawyer in this state amiss?

10 **Lawyer.** A wresting power that makes a nose of wax

Of grounded law, a damned and subtle drift

12 In all estates to climb by others' loss;

An eager thirst of wealth, forgetting truth.

14 Might I ascend unto the highest states,

And by descent discover every crime,

16 My friends, I should lament, and you would grieve

To see the hapless ruins of this realm.

18

Divine. O lawyer, thou hast curious eyes to pry

20 Into the secret maims of their estate;

But if thy veil of error were unmasked,

22 Thyself should see your sect do maim her most.

Are you not those that should maintain the peace,

24 Yet only are the patrons of our strife?

If your profession have his ground and spring

26 First from the laws of God, then country's right,

Not any ways inverting nature's power,

28 Why thrive you by contentions? why devise you

Clauses and subtle reasons to except?

30 Our state was first, before you grew so great,

A lantern to the world for unity:

32 Now they that are befriended and are rich

Oppress the poor: come Homer without coin,

34 He is not heard. What shall we term this drift?

To say the poor man's cause is good and just,

36 And yet the rich man gains the best in law?

It is your guise (the more the world laments)

38 To coin provisos to beguile your laws;

To make a gay pretext of due proceeding,

40 When you delay your common-pleas for years.

Mark what these dealings lately here have wrought:

42 | The crafty men have purchased great men's lands;
 They powl, they pinch, their tenants are undone;
 44 | If these complain, by you they are undone;
 You fleece them of their coin, their children beg,
 46 | And many want, because you may be rich:
 This scar is mighty, Master Lawyer.
 48 | Now war hath gotten head within this land,
 Mark but the guise. The poor man that is wronged
 50 | Is ready to rebel; he spoils, he pills;
 We need no foes to forage that we have:
 52 | The law, say they, in peace consumèd us,
 And now in war we will consume the law.
 54 | Look to this mischief, lawyers: conscience knows
 You live amiss; amend it, lest you end!

56 | *Lawyer.* Good Lord, that these divines should see so far
 58 | In others' faults, without amending theirs!
 Sir, sir, the general defaults in state
 60 | (If you would read before you did correct)
 Are, by a hidden working from above,
 62 | By their successive changes still removed.
 Were not the law by contraries maintained,
 64 | How could the truth from falsehood be discerned?
 Did we not taste the bitterness of war,
 66 | How could we know the sweet effects of peace?
 Did we not feel the nipping winter-frosts,
 68 | How should we know the sweetness of the spring?
 Should all things still remain in one estate,
 70 | Should not in greatest arts some scars be found?
 Were all upright, nor changed, what world were this?
 72 | A chaos, made of quiet, yet no world,
 Because the parts thereof did still accord:
 74 | This matter craves a variance, not a speech.
 But, Sir Divine, to you: look on your maims,
 76 | Divisions, sects, your simonies, and bribes,
 Your cloaking with the great for fear to fall, —
 78 | You shall perceive you are the cause of all.
 Did each man know there was a storm at hand,
 80 | Who would not clothe him well, to shun the wet?
 Did prince and peer, the lawyer and the least,
 82 | Know what were sin without a partial gloss,
 We[’d] need no long discovery then of crimes,
 84 | For each would mend, advised by holy men.
 Thus [I] but slightly shadow out your sins;
 86 | But, if they were depainted out for life,
 Alas, we both had wounds enough to heal!
 88 |

90 **Merch.** None of you both, I see, but are in fault;
 Thus simple men, as I, do swallow flies.
 This grave divine can tell us what to do;
 92 But we may say, "Physician, mend thyself."
 This lawyer hath a pregnant wit to talk;
 94 But all are words, I see no deeds of worth.

96 **Lawyer.** Good merchant, lay your fingers on your mouth;
 Be not a blab, for fear you bite yourself.
 98 What should I term your state, but even the way
 To every ruin in this commonweal?
 100 You bring us in the means of all excess,
 You rate it and retail it as you please;
 102 You swear, forswear, and all to compass wealth;
 Your money is your god, your hoard your Heaven;
 104 You are the groundwork of contentiön.
 First heedless youth by you is over-reached;
 106 We are corrupted by your many crowns:
 The gentlemen, whose titles you have bought,
 108 Lose all their fathers' toil within a day,
 Whilst Hob your son, and Sib your nutbrown child,
 110 Are gentlefolks, and gentles are beguiled.
 This makes so many noble minds to stray,
 112 And take sinister courses in the state.

114 *Enter a Scout.*

116 **Scout.** My friends, be gone, and if you love your lives!
 The King of England marcheth here at hand:
 118 Enter the camp, for fear you be surprised.

120 **Divine.** Thanks, gentle scout, – God mend that is amiss,
 And place true zeal whereas corruption is!

122 *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V, SCENE V.

Castle of Sir Cuthbert Anderson.

*Enter Queen Dorothea in man's apparel,
Lady Anderson, and Nano.*

1 **Q. Dor.** What news in court, Nano? let us know it.

2
3 **Nano.** If so you please, my lord, I straight will shew it:
4 The English king hath all the borders spoiled,
5 Hath taken Morton prisoner, and hath slain
6 Seven thousand Scottish lads not far from Tweed.

8 **Q. Dor.** A woful murther and a bloody deed!

10 **Nano.** The king, our liege, hath sought by many means
11 For to appease his enemy by prayers:
12 Naught will prevail unless he can restore
13 Fair Dorothea, long supposed dead:
14 To this intent he hath proclaimed late,
15 That whosoe'er return the queen to court
16 Shall have a thousand marks for his reward.

18 **Lady A.** He loves her, then, I see, although enforced,
19 That would bestow such gifts for to regain her. –
20 Why sit you sad, good sir? be not dismayed.

22 **Nano.** I'll lay my life, this man would be a maid.

24 **Q. Dor.** [*Aside to Nano*]
25 Fain would I shew myself, and change my tire.

26 **Lady A.** Whereon divine you, sir?

28 **Nano.** Upon desire.
30 Madam, mark but my skill. I'll lay my life,
31 My master here will prove a married wife.

32 **Q. Dor.** [*Aside to Nano*]
33 Wilt thou bewray me, Nano?

36 **Nano.** [*Aside to Dorothea*] Madam, no:
37 You are a man, and like a man you go:
38 But I, that am in speculation seen,
39 Know you would change your state to be a queen.

40 **Q. Dor.** [*Aside to Nano*]
42 Thou art not, dwarf, to learn thy mistress' mind:

44 Fain would I with thyself disclose my kind,
But yet I blush.

46 **Nano.** [*Aside to Dorothea*]
What? blush you, madam, than,
48 To be yourself, who are a feignèd man?
Let me alone.

50 **Q. Dor.** [*Aside to Nano*] Good Nano, stay awhile.
52 Were I not sad, how kindly could I smile,
To see how fain I am to leave this weed!
54 And yet I faint to show myself indeed:
But danger hates delay, I will be bold. —

[*Dorothea discovers herself.*]

58 Fair lady, I am not [as you] suppose,
60 A man, but even that queen, more hapless I,
Whom Scottish king appointed hath to die;
62 I am the hapless princess, for whose right,
These kings in bloody wars revenge despite;
64 I am that Dorothea whom they seek,
Yours bounden for your kindness and relief;
66 And, since you are the means that save[d] my life,
Yourself and I will to the camp repair,
68 Whereas your husband shall enjoy reward,
And bring me to his highness once again.

70 **Lady A.** Deceitful beauty, hast thou scorned me so?

72 **Nano.** Nay, muse not, madam, for he tells you true.

74 **Lady A.** Beauty bred love, and love hath bred my shame.

76 **Nano.** And women's faces work more wrongs than these:
78 Take comfort, madam, to cure your disease.
And yet she loves a man as well as you,
80 Only this difference, she cannot fancy too.

82 **Lady A.** Blush, grieve, and die in thine insatiate lust.

84 **Q. Dor.** Nay, live, and joy that thou hast won a friend,
That loves thee as her life by good desert.

86 **Lady A.** I joy, my lord, more than my tongue can tell:
88 Although not as I desired, I love you well.
But modesty, that never blushed before,
90 Discover my false heart: I say no more.

92 Pardon, most gracious princess, if you please,
My rude discourse and homely entertain;
And, if my words may savour any worth,
94 Vouchsafe my counsel in this weighty cause:
Since that our liege hath so unkindly dealt,
96 Give him no trust, return unto your sire;
There may you safely live in spite of him.

98
Q. Dor. Ah lady, so would worldly counsel work;
100 But constancy, obedience, and my love,
In that my husband is my lord and chief,
102 These call me to compassion of his estate:
Dissuade me not, for virtue will not change.

104
Lady A. What wondrous constancy is this I hear!
106 If English dames their husbands love so dear,
I fear me, in the world they have no peer.

108
Nano. Come, princess, wend, and let us change your weed:
110 I long to see you now a queen indeed.

112

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V, SCENE VI.*Camp of the King of Scots.**Enter the King of Scots, the English Herald,
and Lords.*

1 **K. James.** He would have parley, lords. – Herald, say he shall,
2 And get thee gone: – [*To Lords*] go, leave me to myself.

4 *[Exit Herald; Lords retire.]*

6 'Twi'x love and fear, continual is the wars;
The one assures me of my Ida's love,
8 The other moves me for my murdered queen:
Thus find I grief of that whereon I joy,
10 And doubt in greatest hope, and death in weal.
Alas, what hell may be compared with mine,
12 Since in extremes my comforts do consist!
War then will cease when dead ones are revived;
14 Some then will yield when I am dead for hope. –
Who doth disturb me?

16 *Enter Andrew and Slipper.*

18 Andrew?

20 **Andrew.** Ay, my liege.

22 **K. James.** What news?

24 **Andrew.** I think my mouth was made at first
26 To tell these tragic tales, my liefest lord.

28 **K. James.** What, is Ateukin dead? tell me the worst.

30 **Andrew.** No, but your Ida – shall I tell him all? –
Is married late – ah, shall I say to whom? –
32 My master sad – for why he shames the court –
Is fled away; ah, most unhappy flight!
34 Only myself – ah, who can love you more! –
To shew my duty, – duty past belief, –
36 Am come unto your grace, O gracious liege,
To let you know – O, would it were not thus! –
38 That love is vain and maids soon lost and won.

40 **K. James.** How have the partial heavens, then, dealt with me,
Boding my weal, for to abase my power!

42 Alas, what thronging thoughts do me oppress!
 Injurious love is partial in my right,
 44 And flattering tongues, by whom I was misled,
 Have laid a snare, to spoil my state and me.
 46 Methinks I hear my Dorothea's ghost
 Howling revenge for my accursèd hate:
 48 The ghosts of those my subjects that are slain
 Pursue me, crying out, "Woe, woe to lust!"
 50 The foe pursues me at my palace-door,
 He breaks my rest, and spoils me in my camp. —
 52 Ah, flattering brood of sycophants, my foes!
 First shall my dire revenge begin on you. —
 54 I will reward thee, Andrew.

56 *Slip.* Nay, sir, if you be in your deeds of charity,
 remember me. I rubbed Master Ateukin's horse-heels
 58 when he rid to the meadows.

60 *K. James.* And thou shalt have thy recompense for that. —
 Lords, bear them to the prison, chain them fast,
 62 Until we take some order for their deaths.

64 *Andrew.* If so your grace in such sort give rewards,
 Let me have naught; I am content to want.
 66

Slip. Then, I pray, sir, give me all; I am as ready for a
 68 reward as an oyster for a fresh tide; spare not me, sir.

70 *K. James.* Then hang them both as traitors to the king.

72 *Slip.* The case is altered, sir: I'll none of your gifts.
 What, I take a reward at your hands, master! faith, sir,
 74 no; I am a man of a better conscience.

76 *K. James.* Why dally you? Go draw them hence away.

78 *Slip.* Why, alas, sir, I will go away. — I thank you,
 gentle friends; I pray you spare your pains: I will not
 80 trouble his honour's mastership; I'll run away.

82 *K. James.* Why stay you? move me not. Let search be made
 For vile Ateukin: whoso finds him out
 84 Shall have five hundred marks for his reward. —
 Away with them!

86
 88 *Enter Oberon and Antics, and carry away Slipper;
 Slipper makes pots, and sports, and scorns.
 Andrew is removed.*

90

140 My Scottish peers, and lastly for your king!

142 *Alarum sounded; both the battles offer to meet,*
and just as the kings are joining battle,
 144 *enter Sir Cuthbert Anderson to Lady Anderson;*
with Queen Dorothea, richly attired,
 146 *who stands concealed, and Nano.*

148 **Cuth.** Stay, princes, wage not war: a privy grudge
 'Twixt such as you, most high in majesty,
 150 Afflicts both nocent and the innocent
 How many swords, dear princes, see I drawn!
 152 The friend against his friend, a deadly friend;
 A desperate division in those lands
 154 Which, if they join in one, command the world.
 O, stay! with reason mitigate your rage;
 156 And let an old man, humbled on his knees,
 Entreat a boon, good princes, of you both.

158 **K. of Eng.** I condescend, for why thy reverend years
 160 Import some news of truth and consequence.

162 **K. James.** I am content, for, Anderson, I know
 Thou art my subject and dost mean me good.

164 **Cuth.** But by your gracious favours grant me this,
 166 To swear upon your sword[s] to do me right.

168 **K. of Eng.** See, by my sword, and by a prince's faith,
 In every lawful sort I am thine own.

170 **K. James.** And, by my sceptre and the Scottish crown,
 172 I am resolved to grant thee thy request.

174 **Cuth.** I see you trust me, princes, who repose
 The weight of such a war upon my will.
 176 Now mark my suit. A tender lion's whelp,
 This other day, came straggling in the woods,
 178 Attended by a young and tender hind,
 In courage haughty, yet tired like a lamb.
 180 The prince of beasts had left this young in keep,
 To foster up as love-mate and compeer,
 182 Unto the lion's mate, a neighbour-friend:
 This stately guide, seduced by the fox,
 184 Sent forth an eager wolf, bred up in France,
 That gripped the tender whelp and wounded it.
 186 By chance, as I was hunting in the woods,
 I heard the moan the hind made for the whelp:

188 I took them both, and brought them to my house.
 With chary care I have recured the one;
 190 And since I know the lions are at strife
 About the loss and damage of the young,
 192 I bring her home; make claim to her who list.

194 [Sir Cuthbert discovers Queen Dorothea.]

196 **Q. Dor.** I am the whelp, bred by this lion up,
 This royal English king, my happy sire:
 198 Poor Nano is the hind that tended me.
 My father, Scottish king, gave me to thee,
 200 A hapless wife: thou, quite misled by youth,
 Hast sought sinister loves and foreign joys.
 202 The fox Ateukin, cursèd parasite,
 Incensed your grace to send the wolf abroad,
 204 The French-born Jaques, for to end my days:
 He, traitorous man, pursued me in the woods,
 206 And left me wounded; where this noble knight
 Both rescued me and mine, and saved my life.
 208 Now keep thy promise: Dorothea lives;
 Give Anderson his due and just reward:
 210 And since, you kings, your wars began by me,
 Since I am safe, return, surcease your fight.

212 **K. James.** Durst I presume to look upon those eyes
 214 Which I have tirèd with a world of woes?
 Or did I think submission were enough,
 216 Or sighs might make an entrance to thy soul,
 You heavens, you know how willing I would weep;
 218 You heavens can tell how glad I would submit;
 You heavens can say how firmly I would sigh.

220 **Q. Dor.** Shame me not, prince, companion in thy bed:
 222 Youth hath misled, – tut, but a little fault:
 'Tis kingly to amend what is amiss.
 224 Might I with twice as many pains as these
 Unite our hearts, then should my wedded lord
 226 See how incessant labours I would take. –
 My gracious father, govern your affects:
 228 Give me that hand, that oft hath blest this head,
 And clasp thine arms, that have embracèd this,
 230 About the shoulders of my wedded spouse.
 Ah, mighty prince, this king and I am one!
 232 Spoil thou his subjects, thou despoilest me;
 Touch thou his breast, thou dost attain this heart:
 234 O, be my father, then, in loving him!

236 **K. of Eng.** Thou provident kind mother of increase,
Thou must prevail; ah, Nature, thou must rule! –

238 Hold, daughter, join my hand and his in one;
I will embrace him for to favour thee:

240 I call him friend, and take him for my son.

242 **Q. Dor.** Ah, royal husband, see what God hath wrought!
Thy foe is now thy friend. – Good men-at-arms,

244 Do you the like. – These nations if they join,
What monarch, with his liege-men, in this world,

246 Dare but encounter you in open field?

248 **K. James.** All wisdom, joined with godly piety! –
Thou English king, pardon my former youth; –

250 And pardon, courteous queen, my great misdeed; –
And, for assurance of mine after-life,

252 I take religious vows before my God,
To honour thee for father, her for wife.

254

Cuth. But yet my boons, good princes, are not passed. –

256 First, English king, I humbly do request,
That by your means our princess may unite

258 Her love unto mine aldertruest love,
Now you will love, maintain, and help them both.

260

K. of Eng. Good Anderson, I grant thee thy request.

262

Cuth. [To James]

264 But you, my prince, must yield me mickle more.
You know your nobles are your chiefest stays,

266 And long time have been banished from your court:
Embrace and reconcile them to yourself;

268 They are your hands, whereby you ought to work.
As for Ateukin and his lewd compeers,

270 That soothed you in your sins and youthly pomp,
Exile, torment, and punish such as they;

272 For greater vipers never may be found
Within a state than such aspiring heads,

274 That reckon not how they climb, so that they climb.

276 **K. James.** Guid knight, I grant thy suit. – First I submit,
And humble crave a pardon of your grace: –

278 Next, courteous queen, I pray thee by thy loves
Forgive mine errors past, and pardon me. –

280 My lords and princes, if I have misdome
(As I have wronged indeed both you and yours),

282 Hereafter, trust me, you are dear to me.
As for Ateukin, whoso finds the man,

284 | Let him have martial law, and straight be hanged,
As all his vain abettors now are dead.

286 | And Anderson our treasurer shall pay
Three thousand marks for friendly recompense.

288 | *Nano.* But, princes, whilst you friend it thus in one,
290 | Methinks of friendship Nano shall have none.

292 | *Q. Dor.* What would my dwarf, that I will not bestow?

294 | *Nano.* My boon, fair queen, is this, – that you would go:
Although my body is but small and neat,
296 | My stomach, after toil, requireth meat:
An easy suit, dread princess; will you wend?

298 | *K. James.* Art thou a pigmy-born, my pretty friend?
300 |

Nano. Not so, great king, but Nature, when she framed me,
302 | Was scant of earth, and Nano therefore named me;
And, when she saw my body was so small,
304 | She gave me wit to make it big withal.

306 | *K. James.* Till time when –

308 | *Q. Dor.* Eat, then.

310 | *K. James.* My friend, it stands with wit
To take repast when stomach serveth it.

312 | *Q. Dor.* Thy policy, my Nano, shall prevail. –
314 | Come, royal father, enter we my tent: –
And, soldiers, feast it, frolic it, like friends: –
316 | My princes, bid this kind and courteous train
Partake some favours of our late accord.
318 | Thus wars have end, and, after dreadful hate,
Men learn at last to know their good estate.

320 |

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

CHORUS VIII.

Enter Bohan and Oberon.

1 **Bohan.** An he weel meet ends. The mirk and sable night
2 Doth leave the peering morn to pry abroad;
Thou nill me stay: hail, then, thou pride of kings!
4 I ken the world, and wot well worldly things.
Mark thou my jig, in mirkest terms that tells
6 The loath of sins and where corruption dwells.
Hail me ne mere with shows of guidly sights;
8 My grave is mine, – that rids me from despites.
Accept my jig, guid king, and let me rest;
10 The grave with guid men is a gay-built nest.

12 **Ober.** The rising sun doth call me hence away;
Thanks for thy jig, I may no longer stay:
14 But if my train did wake thee from thy rest
So shall they sing thy lullaby to nest.

16

[Exeunt.]

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. 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 *shew* to *show* everywhere.
2. modernize *murther* (and its derivatives) to *murder* everywhere.
3. modernize *hundreth* to *hundred* everywhere.
4. modernize *northren* to *northern* everywhere.
5. modernize *cative* to *caitiff* everywhere.
6. correct all cases in which the verb does not agree with the subject.

Induction.

1. opening stage direction: emend *ridstall man* to *Riddesdale man*.
2. line 94: modernize *wive's* to *wife's*.
3. line 136: emend *humer* to *hummer*.
4. line 146: emend *pretty* to *prettiness*.
5. line 150: omit *that*.

Act I, Scene i.

1. line 18: emend *this is* to *this'*.
2. line 99: modernize *stale* to *stole*.
3. line 102: emend *Lest* to *'Less*.
4. line 150: emend *leaden foot* to *leaden shot*.
5. line 313: modernize *moaths* to *motes*.

Chorus I.

1. line 22: emend *art* to *hast*.

Act I, Scene ii.

1. line 128: emend *kill me* to *will me*.
2. line 211: modernize *Edinborough* to *Edinburgh*.
3. line 213: emend *by me* to *by name*.

Chorus II.

1. line 30: emend *tomb* to *home*

Act I, Scene iii.

1. line 15: emend *Welcome* to *As Welcome*.
2. line 26: move the comma from after *well* to after *worse*.
- 3: line 27: emend *were* to *are*.

Chorus III.

1. line 8: emend *one* to *me*.
- 2: line 9: omit *in*.
3. line 12: emend *story* to *tale* or *jig*; emend *doubts* to *debates*.
4. line 17: emend *pride* to *prize*.

Act II, Scene i.

1. opening stage direction: emend *enter* to *discovered*.
2. line 38: emend *rich* to *worth* or *wealth*.
3. line 86: emend *lurks* to *lurk*.
4. line 101: emend *parts* to *part*.
5. line 209: emend *watch* to *or watch*.
6. line 220: emend *live* to *lie*.
7. line 275: emend *ties* to *lies*.
8. line 299: modernize *disgest* to *digest*.

Act II, Scene ii.

1. line 67: emend *concern* to *conserve*.
2. line 71: emend *vain* to *vein*.
3. line 76: modernize *spake* to *spoke*.
4. line 116: omit *to*.
5. line 178: emend *court* to *course*.
6. line 230: emend *suit* to *soul*.

Chorus IV.

1. line 5: emend *Sweeting* to *soliciting*; in place of *lawless*, reinstate the quarto's *luckless*.

Act III, Scene i.

1. line 23 modernize *chawing* to *chewing*.
2. line 82: emend *skin full* to *skinful*.

Act III, Scene ii.

1. line 61: emend *manage* to *mange*.
2. line 112: modernize *clarks* to *clerks*.
3. line 128: emend *nurture* to *nouriture*.

Chorus V.

1. line 2: in place of *flatterers*, reinstate the quarto's *flatteries*.

Act III, Scene iii.

1. line 12: emend *bind* to *blind* or *find* or *bide*.
2. line 168 emend *then* to *thou*.

Act IV, Scene ii.

1. line 32: emend *my heart* to *a heart*.
2. emend line 80 to, "*What doth this hart, this tender hart beseem?*"

Act IV, Scene iii.

1. line 2: emend *take* to *taka*.
2. line 66: modernize *locorum* to *lockram*.

3. line 110: emend *lakus* to *jackass'* or *cork* or *lamb* or *calves'*.
4. line 137: emend *rapier and dagger* to *reaper and digger*.

Act IV, Scene iv.

1. line 23/24: emend *bodies'* and *minds* to *body's* and *mind* respectively.

Act IV, Scene v.

1. line 49: emend *needs* to *needeth*.
2. line 54: emend *And* to *As*.
3. line 66: emend *wear* to *war*.

Act V, Scene i.

1. emend line 61 to read, "*Use me, my house and what is mine as yours.*"

Act V, Scene ii.

1. line 15: omit *to*.
2. line 49: emend *gain* to *game*.

Act V, Scene iii.

1. line 28: emend *breast* to *crest*.

Act V, Scene iv.

1. line 15: emend *discent* to *discant*.
2. line 43: emend *powl* to *poll*.
3. line 83: emend *discovery* to *discourse*.

Act V, Scene v.

1. line 3: emend *shew* to *show*.
2. line 43: emend *wish* to *with*.
3. line 80: emend *too* to *two*.
4. line 88: emend *Although* to *Though*.
5. line 102: emend *estate* to *state*.

Act V, Scene vi.

1. line 115: emend *reasons* to *reason*; emend *divide* to *divert* or *decide*.
2. line 120: omit *for*.
3. line 152: emend *deadly friend* to *deadly fiend* or *deadly feud*.
4. line 211: emend *safe, return* to *safe returned*.
5. line 229: emend *embraced this* to *embraced this neck*.
6. omit line 306 completely.

Chorus VIII.

1. line 1: emend *An* to *And*.