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presents

a Theatre Script of

PERKIN WARBECK

By John Ford

Written c. 1630's?

Earliest Extant Edition: 1634

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

The English:

Henry VII, King of England.

Lord Dawbney.

Sir William Stanley, Lord Chamberlain.

Earl of Oxford.

Earl of Surrey.

Fox, Bishop of Durham.

Urswick, Chaplain to the king.

Sir Robert Clifford, a rebel.

Lambert Simnel, a sometime pretender.

The Spanish:

Hialas, a Spanish agent.

The Scottish:

James IV, King of Scotland.

Earl of Huntley.

Lady Katherine Gordon, his daughter.

Jane Douglas, Lady Katherine's attendant.

Earl of Crawford.

Countess of Crawford, his wife.

Lord Dalyell, in love with Katherine.

Marchmont, a Herald.

The Rebels:

Perkin Warbeck.

Warbeck's followers:

Stephen Frion, his Secretary.

John A-Water, sometime Mayor of Cork.

Heron, a Mercer.

Sketon, a Tailor.

Astley, a Scrivener.

Sheriff, Constable, Officers, Messenger, Guards,

Soldiers, Masquers, and Attendants.

Scene:

Partly in England, partly in Scotland.

Time Covered in the Play: 1494-1499

NOTES.

I. HISTORICAL BACKGROUND.

A. The War of the Roses and Rise of King Henry VII.

The **War of the Roses** (1455-1485) was a long, thirty-year war over possession of the throne of England, fought between the descendants of two of **Edward III's** sons: the **Lancastrians**, descended from **John of Gaunt**, and the **Yorkists**, whose ancestor was John's younger brother **Edmund of Langley** (we may mention that the Yorkists were also descended from Edward's son **Lionel**, who was older than both John and Langley, but through Lionel's daughter **Philippa of Clarence**, which complicates the question of which side had the better claim, since a claim made through a female was less recognized than one made through a male).

Shakespeare's *Richard III* dramatizes the rise of **Richard, the Duke of Gloucester**, to the throne (Richard and his family were Yorkists). After Richard's older brother, **King Edward IV**, died in April 1483, the throne technically passed to Edward's oldest son, a twelve-year-old also named **Edward** (now technically **Edward V**). In Shakespeare's tragedy, Richard one-by-one eliminates all those who are ahead of him in line for the throne, starting with his older brother **George, the Earl of Clarence**, followed by Edward IV's two young sons (famously known as the **young princes**) – the above-mentioned Edward, and his younger brother Richard (styled Duke of York). In July 1483, Richard finally was crowned king himself.

Meanwhile, the leading Lancastrian claimant for the throne, **Henry Tudor, 2nd Earl of Richmond**, had been biding his time in France. Having raised an army, Henry invaded England in 1485, and, in the climactic battle of the war, defeated and killed Richard at the **Battle of Bosworth** (1485). Richmond seized the throne and was crowned **Henry VII**. Henry then married **Elizabeth of York** (Edward IV's daughter), thus uniting the two fractious houses, officially ending the long and bloody war, and commencing England's Tudor Dynasty.

B. Margaret of Burgundy, Our True Villain.

Margaret was the younger sister of **Edward IV**. Born in 1446, she was married in 1468 to **Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy**. After his death in 1477, Margaret ruled Burgundy as a skillful politician.

When Margaret's younger brother **Richard** (ruling now as Richard III) was killed at the Battle of Bosworth in 1485, the duchess became determined to do everything she could to discomfit the new

Lancastrian king, **Henry VII**, the man who usurped the crown from the Yorkists. Her schemes included supporting the first important pretender to the throne, **Lambert Simnel**, who acted primarily as a figurehead for disaffected Yorkists looking to take the throne from Henry.

The Simnel revolt failing, Margaret (according to Bacon's *History*) sent out spies to find her a new and improved candidate whom she could support as an even more convincing pretender to the throne of England.

C. Perkin Warbeck's Story So Far, Part I: Youth and Training.

Peter Warbeck (1474-1499) was born in the Belgian city of **Tournai** to one **John Osbeck**, a controller of the city. In his youth, Warbeck spent time in **Antwerp**, **Bergen-op-Zoom** and **Middleburg**. In the late 1480's he lived in both **Portugal** and **Breton** in the service of a pair of knights. Having spent his childhood surrounded by natives of so many different lands, Warbeck picked up a number of languages, including English.

Margaret's agents, having stumbled across this attractive and intelligent young man, recommended him to Margaret, who found in Warbeck the perfect foil to upset, once again, the reign of the generally kindly Henry VII. Her plan: to pass Warbeck off as her nephew Richard, the junior of the young princes, whom she would claim had not been murdered in the Tower after all.

Margaret began to rigorously train Warbeck for his role as the young prince, including a program in which he was taught "*princely behaviour...[and] how he should keep state*" (Bacon, 116). He was drilled intensely on the story of his life as an English prince, so that, for the rest of his life, he would be able to relate his tale with a conviction and level of detail capable of fooling most any skeptic.

It was time to present Richard, Duke of York, whose life had been miraculously spared, to the world.

D. Perkin Warbeck's Story So Far, Part II: the Rise of the Conspiracy.

Margaret decided to introduce "Richard" to the European public by sending him to Ireland, which had a long history of supporting rebellion in most any form against her rulers in England. Accordingly, Warbeck sailed from Breton to Ireland, landing in Cork in 1491.

In Ireland, Warbeck was actually first acclaimed to be Edward, the son of Richard III's luckless brother Clarence (Edward was still living, though in the Tower of London), and then as the son of King Richard (another Edward, who died in 1484, while Richard was still king),

before everyone finally settled on Warbeck's identity as the young prince, Richard, Duke of York.

Warbeck next traveled to France at the invitation of King Charles VIII, who was looking to tweak Henry during a contentious period between the two monarchs (Henry in fact briefly invaded French lands in 1492). Charles entertained Warbeck royally, but quickly evicted the Pretender from his domains once a peace treaty was signed with Henry.

Warbeck returned to Margaret, before travelling to Vienna, where he presented himself to the Holy Roman Empire's Emperor Maximilian, who was Margaret's son-in-law. Meanwhile, the conspiracy began to grow, as Yorkists in England and Flanders joined up in the hopes of reviving their fortunes.

Our story begins in 1494, as Margaret and Warbeck are pondering their next move.

II. Textual Inconsistencies and Oddities.

It is a common experience for those who study the original text of an Elizabethan publication to find individual words printed with wildly different spellings and alternate forms throughout the text. Though the 17th century witnessed the gradual standardization of spelling in English, there are still a large number of words in 1634's *Perkin Warbeck* which appear in both their modern and now-obsolete alternate forms.

Examples include (modern form first):

he and *'a*; *hither* and *hether*; *bankrupt* and *bankrout*; *spoke* and *spake*; and *partake* and *pertake*. Later editors of this play tend to employ the modern version of these words, but since the distinct forms of these words suggest slightly different pronunciations, we print the form which appears in the quarto in each individual instance.

John Ford also had his own individual quirk with respect to second person pronouns: he was very fond of using *ye* for *you*, and used both interchangeably and inconsistently; but in *Perkin Warbeck*, he also frequently used *ee* as an alternate form of *ye*! Again, unlike other editors, we stick closely to whichever form appears in the quarto in each instance.

Finally, we find in the quarto three unusual and unpunctuated contractions, *ith*, *oth* and *toth*: the first is a contraction of *is the*, the second, *of the* and the last, *to the*. Editors typically print these words respectively as *i' th'*, *o' th'*, and *t' th'*. Ford employed these whenever he needed a single-syllable version of *in the*, *of the*, or *to the*.

III. Scene Breaks, Settings, and Stage Directions.

Perkin Warbeck was originally published in a 1634 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 1634 quarto divides *Perkin Warbeck* into Acts but not scenes, though the scene breaks are fairly obvious; nor does the quarto signal asides or identify settings. Settings and asides have been adopted from Havelock Ellis' *Mermaid* Series edition of 1888.

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 Ellis.

IV. Textual Changes.

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

PERKIN WARBECK

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PROLOGUE.

1 Studies have, of this nature, been of late
2 So out of fashion, so unfollowed, that
It is become more justice to revive
4 The antic follies of the times, then strive
To countenance wise industry: no want
6 Of art doth render wit or lame or scant,
Or slothful, in the purchase of fresh bays;
8 But want of truth in them who give the praise
To their self-love, presuming to outdo
10 The writer, or (for need) the actors too.
But such this author's silence best befits,
12 Who bids them, be in love with their own wits:
From him, to clearer judgements, we can say,
14 He shews a history, couched in a play:
A history of noble mention, known,
16 Famous, and true: most noble, 'cause our own:
Not forged from Italy, from France, from Spain,
18 But chronicled at home; as rich in strain
Of brave attempts as ever fertile rage
20 In action could beget to grace the stage.
We cannot limit scenes, for the whole land
22 Itself appeared too narrow to withstand
Competitors for kingdoms: nor is here
24 Unnecessary mirth forced, to endear
A multitude; on these two rests the fate
26 Of worthy expectation: TRUTH and STATE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Westminster,
The Royal Presence-Chamber.*

*Enter King Henry, supported to the throne by the
Bishop of Durham and Sir William Stanley;
Earls of Oxford and Surrey, and Lord Dawbney.
A Guard.*

1 **King Hen.** Still to be haunted, still to be pursued,
2 Still to be frighted with false apparitions
Of pageant majesty and new-coined greatness,
4 As if we were a mockery king in state,
Only ordained to lavish sweat and blood,
6 In scorn and laughter, to the ghosts of York,
Is all below our merits: yet, my lords,
8 My friends and counsellors, yet we sit fast
In our own royal birthright; the rent face
10 And bleeding wounds of England's slaughtered people
Have been by us, as by the best physician,
12 At last both thoroughly cured and set in safety;
And yet, for all this glorious work of peace,
14 Ourselves is scarce secure.

16 **B. of Dur.** The rage of malice
Conjures fresh spirits with the spells of York.
18 For ninety years ten English kings and princes,
Threescore great dukes and earls, a thousand lords
20 And valiant knights, two hundred fifty thousand
Of English subjects have in civil wars
22 Been sacrificed to an uncivil thirst
Of discord and ambition: this hot vengeance
24 Of the just powers above to utter ruin
And desolation had reigned on, but that
26 Mercy did gently sheathe the sword of justice,
In lending to this blood-shrunk commonwealth
28 A new soul, new birth, in your sacred person.

30 **Dawb.** Edward the Fourth, after a doubtful fortune,
Yielded to nature, leaving to his sons,
32 Edward and Richard, the inheritance
Of a most bloody purchase: these young princes,
34 Richard the tyrant, their unnatural uncle,
Forced to a violent grave: – so just is Heaven,

36 Him hath your majesty by your own arm,
Divinely strengthened, pulled from his boar's sty,
38 And struck the black usurper to a carcass.
Nor doth the house of York decay in honours,
40 Though Lancaster doth repossess his right;
For Edward's daughter is King Henry's queen, –
42 A blessed union, and a lasting blessing
For this poor panting island, if some shreds,
44 Some useless remnant of the house of York
Grudge not at this content.

46 *Oxf.* Margaret of Burgundy
48 Blows fresh coals of division.

50 *Sur.* Painted fires,
Without or heat to scorch or light to cherish.

52 *Dawb.* York's headless trunk, her father; Edward's fate,
54 Her brother, king; the smothering of her nephews
By tyrant Gloster, brother to her nature;
56 Nor Gloster's own confusion, – all decrees
Sacred in Heaven, – can move this woman-monster,
58 But that she still, from the unbottomed mine
Of devilish policies, doth vent the ore
60 Of troubles and sedition.

62 *Oxf.* In her age –
Great sir, observe the wonder – she grows fruitful,
64 Who in her strength of youth was always barren:
Nor are her births as other mothers' are,
66 At nine or ten months' end; she has been with child
Eight, or seven years at least; whose twins being born, –
68 A prodigy in nature, – even the youngest
Is fifteen years of age at his first entrance,
70 As soon as known ith world; tall striplings, strong
And able to give battle unto kings,
72 Idols of Yorkish malice.

74 *Dawb.* And but idols;
A steely hammer crushes 'em to pieces.

76 *K. Hen.* Lambert, the eldest, lords, is in our service,
78 Preferred by an officious care of duty
From the scullery to a falconer – strange example! –
80 Which shews the difference between noble natures
And the base-born: but for the upstart duke,
82 The new-revived York, Edward's second son,
Murdered long since ith Tower, – he lives again,

84 And vows to be your king.

86 *Stan.* The throne is filled, sir.

88 *K. Hen.* True, Stanley; and the lawful heir sits on it:
A guard of angels and the holy prayers
90 Of loyal subjects are a sure defence
Against all force and counsel of intrusion. –
92 But now, my lords, put case, some of our nobles,
Our great ones, should give countenance and courage
94 To trim Duke Perkin; you will all confess
Our bounties have unthriftilly been scattered
96 Amongst unthankful men.

98 *Dawb.* Unthankful beasts,
Dogs, villains, traitors!

100 *K. Hen.* Dawbney, let the guilty
102 Keep silence; I accuse none, though I know
Foreign attempts against a state and kingdom
104 Are seldom without some great friends at home.

106 *Stan.* Sir, if no other abler reasons else
Of duty or allegiance could divert
108 A headstrong resolution, yet the dangers
So lately passed by men of blood and fortunes
110 In Lambert Simnel's party must command
More than a fear, a terror to conspiracy.
112 The high-born Lincoln, son to De la Pole;
The Earl of Kildare, the Lord Geraldine;
114 Francis Lord Lovell; and the German baron
Bold Martin Swart, with Broughton and the rest, –
116 Most spectacles of ruin, some of mercy, –
Are precedents sufficient to forewarn
118 The present times, or any that live in them,
What folly, nay, what madness, 'twere to lift
120 A finger up in all defence but yours,
Which can be but imposturous in a title.

122 *K. Hen.* Stanley, we know thou lov'st us, and thy heart
124 Is figured on thy tongue; nor think we less
Of any's here. – How closely we have hunted
126 This cub, since he unlodged, from hole to hole,
Your knowledge is our chronicle: first Ireland,
128 The common stage of novelty, presented
This gewgaw to oppose us; there the Geraldines
130 And Butlers once again stood in support
Of this colossic statue: Charles of France

132 | Thence called him into his protection,
 Dissembled him the lawful heir of England;
 134 | Yet this was all but French dissimulation,
 Aiming at peace with us; which being granted
 136 | On honourable terms on our part, suddenly
 This smoke of straw was packed from France again,
 138 | T' infect some grosser air: and now we learn –
 Maugre the malice of the bastard Nevill,
 140 | Sir Taylor, and a hundred English rebels –
 They're all retired to Flanders, to the dam
 142 | That nursed this eager whelp, Margaret of Burgundy.
 But we will hunt him there too; we will hunt him.
 144 | Hunt him to death, even in the beldam's closet,
 Though the archduke were his buckler!

146 | **Sur.** She has styled him
 148 | "The fair white rose of England."

150 | **Dawb.** Jolly gentleman!
 More fit to be a swabber to the Flemish
 152 | After a drunken surfeit.

154 | *Enter Urswick with a paper.*

156 | **Urs.** Gracious sovereign,
 Please you peruse this paper.

158 | *[The King reads.]*

160 | **B. of Dur.** The king's countenance
 162 | Gathers a sprightly blood.

164 | **Dawb.** Good news; believe it.

166 | **K. Hen.** Urswick, thine ear. Th'ast lodged him?

168 | **Urs.** Strongly safe, sir.

170 | **K. Hen.** Enough: – is Barley come too?

172 | **Urs.** No, my lord.

174 | **K. Hen.** No matter – phew! he's but a running weed,
 At pleasure to be plucked up by the roots:

176 | But more of this anon. – I have bethought me,
 My lords, for reasons which you shall pertake,

178 | It is our pleasure to remove our court
 From Westminster to th' Tower: we will lodge

180 | This very night there; –
[To Stanley] give, Lord Chamberlain,

A present order for 't.

182 *Stan.* [*Aside*] The Tower! – I shall, sir.

184 *K. Hen.* Come, my true, best, fast friends: these clouds will
vanish,

186 The sun will shine at full; the heavens are clearing.

188 [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT I, SCENE II.*Edinburgh.**An Apartment in the Earl of Huntley's House.**Enter Earl of Huntley and Lord Dalyell.*

1 **Hunt.** You trifle time, sir.

2
3 **Daly.** O, my noble lord,
4 You conster my griefs to so hard a sense,
5 That where the text is argument of pity,
6 Matter of earnest love, your gloss corrupts it
7 With too much ill-placed mirth.

8
9 **Hunt.** Much mirth, Lord Dalyell?
10 Not so, I vow. Observe me, sprightly gallant.
11 I know thou art a noble lad, a handsome,
12 Descended from an honourable ancestry,
13 Forward and active, dost resolve to wrestle
14 And ruffle in the world by noble actions
15 For a brave mention to posterity:
16 I scorn not thy affection to my daughter,
17 Not I, by good Saint Andrew; but this bugbear,
18 This whoreson tale of honour, – honour, Dalyell! –
19 So hourly chats and tattles in mine ear
20 The piece of royalty that is stitched-up
21 In my Kate's blood, that 'tis as dangerous
22 For thee, young lord, to perch so near an eaglet
23 As foolish for my gravity to admit it:
24 I have spoke all at once.

25
26 **Daly.** Sir, with this truth
27 You mix such wormwood, that you leave no hope
28 For my disordered palate e'er to relish
29 A wholesome taste again: alas, I know, sir,
30 What an unequal distance lies between
31 Great Huntley's daughter's birth and Dalyell's fortunes;
32 She's the king's kinswoman, placed near the crown,
33 A princess of the blood, and I a subject.

34
35 **Hunt.** Right; but a noble subject; put in that too.

36
37 **Daly.** I could add more; and in the rightest line
38 Derive my pedigree from Adam Mure,
39 A Scottish knight; whose daughter was the mother
40 To him who first begot the race of Jameses,

That sway the sceptre to this very day.
 42 But kindreds are not ours when once the date
 Of many years have swallowed up the memory
 44 Of their originals; so pasture-fields
 Neighbouring too near the ocean are sooped-up,
 46 And known no more; for stood I in my first
 And native greatness, if my princely mistress
 48 Vouchsafed me not her servant, 'twere as good
 I were reduced to clownery, to nothing,
 50 As to a throne of wonder.

52 **Hunt.** [*Aside*] Now, by Saint Andrew,
 A spark of mettle! 'a has a brave fire in him:
 54 I would 'a had my daughter, so I knew't not.
 But must not be so, must not. – Well, young lord,
 56 This will not do yet: if the girl be headstrong,
 And will not hearken to good counsel, steal her,
 58 And run away with her; dance galliards, do,
 And frisk about the world to learn the languages:
 60 'Twill be a thriving trade; you may set up by't.

62 **Daly.** With pardon, noble Gordon, this disdain
 Suits not your daughter's virtue or my constancy.

64 **Hunt.** You're angry. –
 66 [*Aside*] Would he would beat me, I deserve it. –
 Dalyell, thy hand; w'are friends: follow thy courtship,
 68 Take thine own time and speak; if thou prevail'st
 With passion more than I can with my counsel,
 70 She's thine; nay, she is thine: 'tis a fair match,
 Free and allowed. I'll only use my tongue,
 72 Without a father's power; use thou thine:
 Self do, self have: no more words; win and wear her.

74 **Daly.** You bless me: I am now too poor in thanks
 76 To pay the debt I owe you.

78 **Hunt.** Nay, th'art poor
 Enough. – [*Aside*] I love his spirit infinitely. –
 80 Look ye, she comes: to her now, to her, to her!

82 *Enter Lady Katherine and Jane.*

84 **Kath.** [*To Huntley*] The king commands your presence, sir.

86 **Hunt.** The gallant –
 This, this, this lord, this servant, Kate, of yours,
 88 Desires to be your master.

90 **Kath.** I acknowledge him
A worthy friend of mine.

92 **Daly.** Your humblest creature.

94 **Hunt.** [*Aside*] So, so! the game's a-foot; I'm in cold hunting;
96 The hare and hounds are parties.

98 **Daly.** Princely lady,
How most unworthy I am to employ
100 My services in honour of your virtues,
How hopeless my desires are to enjoy
102 Your fair opinion, and much more your love, –
Are only matter of despair, unless
104 Your goodness give large warrant to my boldness,
My feeble-winged ambition.

106 **Hunt.** [*Aside*] This is scurvy.

108 **Kath.** My lord, I interrupt you not.

110 **Hunt.** [*Aside*] Indeed!
112 Now, on my life, she'll court him. – Nay, nay, on, sir.

114 **Daly.** Oft have I tuned the lesson of my sorrows
To sweeten discord and enrich your pity;
116 But all in vain: here had my comforts sunk,
And never ris'n again to tell a story
118 Of the despairing lover, had not now,
Even now, the earl your father –

120 **Hunt.** [*Aside*] He means me, sure.

122 **Daly.** After some fit disputes of your condition,
124 Your highness and my lowness, giv'n a license
Which did not more embolden than encourage
126 My faulting tongue.

128 **Hunt.** How, how? how's that? "embolden!"
"Encourage!" I "encourage" ye! d'ee hear, sir? –
130 A subtle trick, a quaint one: – will you hear, man?
What did I say to you? come, come, toth point.

132 **Kath.** It shall not need, my lord.

134 **Hunt.** Then hear me, Kate. –
136 Keep you on that hand of her, I on this. –
[*To Katherine*] Thou stand'st between a father and a suitor,

138 Both striving for an interest in thy heart:
He courts thee for affection, I for duty;
140 He as a servant pleads, but by the privilege
Of nature though I might command, my care
142 Shall only counsel what it shall not force.
Thou canst but make one choice; the ties of marriage
144 Are tenures not at will, but during life.
Consider whose thou art, and who; a princess,
146 A princess of the royal blood of Scotland,
In the full spring of youth and fresh in beauty.
148 The king that sits upon the throne is young,
And yet unmarried, forward in attempts
150 On any least occasion to endanger
His person: wherefore, Kate, as I am confident
152 Thou dar'st not wrong thy birth and education
By yielding to a common servile rage
154 Of female wantonness, so I am confident
Thou wilt proportion all thy thoughts to side
156 Thy equals, if not equal thy superiors.
My Lord of Dalyell, young in years, is old
158 In honours, but nor eminent in titles
Or in estate, that may support or add to
160 The expectation of thy fortunes. Settle
Thy will and reason by a strength of judgment;
162 For, in a word, I give thee freedom; take it.
If equal Fates have not ordained to pitch
164 Thy hopes above my height, let not thy passion
Lead thee to shrink mine honour in oblivion:
166 Thou art thine own; I have done.

168 *Daly.* O, y'are all oracle,
The living stock and root of truth and wisdom!

170 *Kath.* My worthiest lord and father, the indulgence
172 Of your sweet composition thus commands
The lowest of obedience; you have granted
174 A liberty so large, that I want skill
To choose without direction of example:
176 From which I daily learn, by how much more
You take off from the roughness of a father,
178 By so much more I am engaged to tender
The duty of a daughter. For respects
180 Of birth, degrees of title, and advancement,
I nor admire nor slight them; all my studies
182 Shall ever aim at this perfection only,
To live and die so, that you may not blush
184 In any course of mine to own me yours.

186 **Hunt.** Kate, Kate, thou grow'st upon my heart like peace,
Creating every other hour a jubilee.

188
190 **Kath.** To you, my lord of Dalyell, I address
Some few remaining words: the general fame
That speaks your merit, even in vulgar tongues,
192 Proclaims it clear; but in the best, a precedent.

194 **Hunt.** Good wench, good girl, y' faith!

196 **Kath.** For my part, trust me,
I value mine own worth at higher rate
Cause you are pleased to prize it: if the stream
198 Of your protested service – as you term it –
Run in a constancy more than a compliment,
200 It shall be my delight that worthy love
Leads you to worthy actions, and these guide ye
202 Richly to wed an honourable name:
So every virtuous praise in after-ages
204 Shall be your heir, and I in your brave mention
Be chronicled the mother of that issue,
206 That glorious issue.

208
210 **Hunt.** O, that I were young again!
She'd make me court proud danger, and suck spirit
From reputation.

212
214 **Kath.** To the present motion
Here's all that I dare answer: when a ripeness
Of more experience, and some use of time,
216 Resolves to treat the freedom of my youth
Upon exchange of troths, I shall desire
218 No surer credit of a match with virtue
Than such as lives in you: mean time my hopes are
220 Preserved secure in having you a friend.

222 **Daly.** You are a blessèd lady, and instruct
Ambition not to soar a farther flight
224 Than in the perfumed air of your soft voice. –
My noble Lord of Huntley, you have lent
226 A full extent of bounty to this parley;
And for it shall command your humblest servant.

228
230 **Hunt.** Enough: we are still friends, and will continue
A hearty love. – O, Kate, thou art mine own! –
No more: – my Lord of Crawford.

232

Enter Earl of Crawford.

234

Craw. From the king

236

I come, my Lord of Huntley, who in council
Requires your present aid.

238

Hunt. Some weighty business?

240

Craw. A secretary from a Duke of York,
The second son to the late English Edward,
Concealed, I know not where, these fourteen years,
Craves audience from our master; and 'tis said
The duke himself is following to the court.

246

Hunt. Duke upon duke; 'tis well, 'tis well; here's bustling
For majesty. – My lord, I will along with ye.

248

250 **Craw.** My service, noble lady!

252

Kath. Please ye walk, sir?

254

Daly. [*Aside*]
"Times have their changes; sorrow makes men wise;
The sun itself must set as well as rise;"
Then, why not I? – Fair madam, I wait on ye.

258

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I, SCENE III.*London.**An Apartment in the Tower.*

*Enter the Bishop of Durham, Sir Robert Clifford,
and Urswick. Lights.*

1 **B. of Dur.** You find, Sir Robert Clifford, how securely
2 King Henry, our great master, doth commit
His person to your loyalty; you taste
4 His bounty and his mercy even in this,
That at a time of night so late, a place
6 So private as his closet, he is pleased
T' admit you to his favour. Do not falter
8 In your discovery; but as you covet
A liberal grace, and pardon for your follies,
10 So labour to deserve it by laying open
All plots, all persons that contrive against it.

12 **Urs.** Remember not the witchcraft or the magic,
14 The charms and incantations, which the sorceress
Of Burgundy hath cast upon your reason:
16 Sir Robert, be your own friend now, discharge
Your conscience freely; all of such as love you
18 Stand sureties for your honesty and truth.
Take heed you do not dally with the king;
20 He's wise as he is gentle.

22 **Clif.** I am miserable,
If Henry be not merciful.

24 **Urs.** The king comes.

Enter King Henry.

28 **K. Hen.** Clifford!

30 **Clif.** [*Kneels*] Let my weak knees rot on the earth,
32 If I appear as leperous in my treacheries
Before your royal eyes, as to mine own
34 I seem a monster by my breach of truth.

36 **K. Hen.** Clifford, stand up; for instance of thy safety,
I offer thee my hand.

38 **Clif.** A sovereign balm
40 For my bruised soul, I kiss it with a greediness.

42 [Kisses the King's hand, and rises.]

44 Sir, you're a just master, but I –

46 **K. Hen.** Tell me,
Is every circumstance thou hast set down
48 With thine own hand within this paper true?
Is it a sure intelligence of all
50 The progress of our enemies' intents
Without corruption?

52 **Clif.** True, as I wish Heaven,
54 Or my infected honour white again.

56 **K. Hen.** We know all, Clifford, fully, since this meteor,
This airy apparition first discreded
58 From Tournay into Portugal, and thence
Advanced his fiery blaze for adoration
60 Toth superstitious Irish; since the beard
Of this wild comet, conjured into France,
62 Sparkled in antic flames in Charles his court;
But shrunk again from thence, and, hid in darkness,
64 Stole into Flanders flourishing the rags
Of painted power on the shore of Kent,
66 Whence he was beaten back with shame and scorn,
Contempt, and slaughter of some naked outlaws:
68 But tell me what new course now shapes Duke Perkin?

70 **Clif.** For Ireland, mighty Henry; so instructed
By Stephen Frion, sometimes secretary
72 In the French tongue unto your sacred excellence,
But Perkin's tutor now.

74 **K. Hen.** A subtle villain,
76 That Frion, Frion, – You, my Lord of Durham,
Knew well the man.

78 **B. of Dur.** French both in heart and actions.

80 **K. Hen.** Some Irish heads work in this mine of treason;
82 Speak 'em.

84 **Clif.** Not any of the best; your fortune
Hath dulled their spleens. Never had counterfeit
86 Such a confused rabble of lost bankrouts
For counsellors: first Heron, a broken mercer,
88 Then John a-Water, sometimes Mayor of Cork,
Sketon a tailor, and a scrivener

90 Called Astley: and whate'er these list to treat of,
Perkin must hearken to; but Frion, cunning
92 Above these dull capacities, still prompts him
To fly to Scotland to young James the Fourth,
94 And sue for aid to him: this is the latest
Of all their resolutions.
96
K. Hen. Still more Frion!
98 Pestilent adder, he will hiss-out poison
As dangerous as infectious: we must match 'em. –
100 Clifford, thou hast spoke home; we give thee life:
But, Clifford, there are people of our own
102 Remain behind untold; who are they, Clifford?
Name those, and we are friends, and will to rest;
104 'Tis thy last task.
106 **Clif.** O, sir, here I must break
A most unlawful oath to keep a just one.
108
K. Hen. Well, well, be brief, be brief.
110
Clif. The first in rank
112 Shall be John Ratcliffe, Lord Fitzwater, then
Sir Simon Mountford and Sir Thomas Thwaites,
114 With William Dawbeney, Chessoner, Astwood,
Worseley the Dean of Paul's, two other friars,
116 And Robert Ratcliffe.
118 **K. Hen.** Churchmen are turned devils. –
These are the principal?
120
Clif. One more remains
122 Unnamed, whom I could willingly forget.
124 **K. Hen.** Ha, Clifford! one more?
126 **Clif.** Great sir, do not hear him;
For when Sir William Stanley, your lord chamberlain,
128 Shall come into the list, as he is chief,
I shall lose credit with ye; yet this lord
130 Last named is first against you.
132 **K. Hen.** Urswick, the light! –
View well my face, sirs; is there blood left in it?
134
B. of Dur. You alter strangely, sir.
136
K. Hen. Alter, lord bishop?
138 Why, Clifford stabbed me, or I dreamed 'a stabbed me. –

140 [To Clifford] Sirrah, it is a custom with the guilty
To think they set their own stains oft by laying
Aspersions on some nobler than themselves;
142 Lies wait on treasons, as I find it here.
Thy life again is forfeit; I recall
144 My word of mercy, for I know thou dar'st
Repeat the name no more.
146
Clif. I dare, and once more,
148 Upon my knowledge, name Sir William Stanley
Both in his counsel and his purse the chief
150 Assistant to the feign[è]d Duke of York.
152 **B. of Dur.** Most strange!
154 **Urs.** Most wicked!
156 **K. Hen.** Yet again, once more.
158 **Clif.** Sir William Stanley is your secret enemy,
And, if time fit, will openly profess it.
160
K. Hen. Sir William Stanley! Who? Sir William Stanley!
162 My chamberlain, my counsellor, the love,
The pleasure of my court, my bosom-friend,
164 The charge and the controlment of my person,
The keys and secrets of my treasury,
166 The all of all I am! I am unhappy.
Misery of confidence, – let me turn traitor
168 To mine own person, yield my sceptre up
To Edward's sister and her bastard duke!
170
B. of Dur. You lose your constant temper.
172
K. Hen. Sir William Stanley! –
174 Oh, do not blame me; he, 'twas only he,
Who, having rescued me in Bosworth-field
176 From Richard's bloody sword, snatched from his head
The kingly crown, and placed it first on mine.
178 He never failed me: what have I deserved
To lose this good man's heart, or he his own?
180
Urs. The night doth waste; this passion ill becomes ye;
182 Provide against your danger.
184 **K. Hen.** Let it be so.
Urswick, command straight Stanley to his chamber; –
186 'Tis well we are ith Tower; – set a guard on him. –

188 Clifford, to bed; you must lodge here to-night;
We'll talk with you to-morrow. – My sad soul
Divines strange troubles.

190 **Dawb.** [*Within*] Ho! the king, the king!
192 I must have entrance.

194 **K. Hen.** Dawbney's voice; admit him.
What new combustions huddle next, to keep
196 Our eyes from rest?

198 *Enter Lord Dawbney.*

200 The news?

202 **Dawb.** Ten thousand Cornish,
Grudging to pay your subsidies, have gathered
204 A head; led by a blacksmith and a lawyer,
They make for London, and to them is joined
206 Lord Audley: as they march, their number daily
Increases; they are –

208 **K. Hen.** Rascals! – talk no more;
210 Such are not worthy of my thoughts to-night,
and if I cannot sleep, I'll wake. – To bed.
212 When counsels fail, and there's in man no trust,
Even then an arm from Heaven fights for the just.

214

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.SCENE I.*Edinburgh.**The Presence-chamber in the Palace.**Enter above the Countess of Crawford,
Lady Katherine, Jane, and other Ladies.*

1 **Countess of C.** Come, ladies, here's a solemn preparation
 2 For entertainment of this English prince;
 The king intends grace more than ordinary:
 4 'Twere pity now if he should prove a counterfeit.

6 **Kath.** Bless the young man, our nation would be laughed at
 For honest souls through Christendom! My father
 8 Hath a weak stomach to the business, madam,
 But that the king must not be crossed.

10 **Countess of C.** 'A brings
 12 A goodly troop, they say, of gallants with him;
 But very modest people, for they strive not
 14 To fame their names too much; their godfathers
 May be beholding to them, but their fathers
 16 Scarce owe them thanks: they are disguisèd princes,
 Brought up, it seems, to honest trades; no matter,
 18 They will break forth in season.

20 **Jane.** Or break out;
 For most of 'em are broken by report. —

[A flourish.]

24 The king!

26 **Kath.** Let us observe 'em and be silent.

28 *Enter King James, Earls of Huntley and Crawford,
 30 Lord Dalyell, and other Noblemen.*

32 **K. Ja.** The right of kings, my lords, extends not only
 To the safe conservation of their own,
 34 But also to the aid of such allies
 As change of time and state hath oftentimes
 36 Hurl'd down from careful crowns to undergo
 An exercise of sufferance in both fortunes:
 38 So English Richard, surnamed Coeur-de-Lion,

40 So Robert Bruce, our royal ancestor,
 Forced by the trial of the wrongs they felt,
 Both sought and found supplies from foreign kings,
 42 To repossess their own. Then grudge not, lords,
 A much distressed prince: King Charles of France
 44 And Maximilian of Bohemia both
 Have ratified his credit by their letters;
 46 Shall we, then, be distrustful? No; compassion
 Is one rich jewël that shines in our crown,
 48 And we will have it shine there.

50 **Hunt.** Do your will, sir.

52 **K. Ja.** The young duke is at hand: Dalyell, from us
 First greet him, and conduct him on; then Crawford
 54 Shall meet him next; and Huntley, last of all,
 Present him to our arms. –

[Exit Lord Dalyell.]

58 Sound sprightly music,
 60 Whilst majesty encounters majesty.

[Hautboys play.]

64 *Re-enter Lord Dalyell with Perkin Warbeck, followed*
at a distance by Frion, Heron, Sketon, Astley, and
 66 *John A-Water. The Earl of Crawford advances and*
entertains Perkin at the door; the Earl of Huntley
 68 *next salutes him and presents him to the King: they*
embrace; the Noblemen slightly salute his Followers.

70 **Warb.** Most high, most mighty king! that now there stands
 72 Before your eyes, in presence of your peers,
 A subject of the rarest kind of pity
 74 That hath in any age touched noble hearts,
 The vulgar story of a prince's ruin
 76 Hath made it too apparent: Europe knows,
 And all the western world, what persecution
 78 Hath raged in malice against us, sole heir
 To the great throne of old Plantagenets.
 80 How from our nursery we have been hurried
 Unto the sanctuary, from the sanctuary
 82 Forced to the prison, from the prison haled
 By cruël hands to the tormentor's fury,
 84 Is registered already in the volume
 Of all men's tongues; whose true relation draws
 86 Compassion, melted into weeping eyes

88 And bleeding souls: but our misfortunes since
Have ranged a larger progress through strange lands,
Protected in our innocence by Heaven.
90 Edward the Fifth, our brother, in his tragedy
Quenched their hot thirst of blood, whose hire to murder
92 Paid them their wages of despair and horror;
The softness of my childhood smiled upon
94 The roughness of their task, and robbed them farther
Of hearts to dare, or hands to execute.
96 Great king, they spared my life, the butchers spared it;
Returned the tyrant, my unnatural uncle,
98 A truth of my dispatch: I was conveyed
With secrecy and speed to Tournay; fostered
100 By obscure means, taught to unlearn myself:
But as I grew in years, I grew in sense
102 Of fear and of disdain; fear of the tyrant
Whose power swayed the throne then: when disdain
104 Of living so unknown, in such a servile
And abject lowness, prompted me to thoughts
106 Of recollecting who I was, I shook off
My bondage, and made haste to let my aunt
108 Of Burgundy acknowledge me her kinsman,
Heir to the crown of England, snatched by Henry
110 From Richard's head; a thing scarce known in world.

112 **K. Ja.** My lord, it stands not with your counsel now
To fly upon invectives: if you can
114 Make this apparent what you have discoursed
In every circumstance, we will not study
116 An answer, but are ready in your cause.

118 **Warb.** You are a wise and just king, by the powers
Above reserved, beyond all other aids,
120 To plant me in mine own inheritance,
To marry these two kingdoms in a love
122 Never to be divorced while time is time.
As for the manner, first of my escape,
124 Of my conveyance next, of my life since,
The means and persons who were instruments,
126 Great sir, 'tis fit I over-pass in silence;
Reserving the relation to the secrecy
128 Of your own princely ear, since it concerns
Some great ones living yet, and others dead,
130 Whose issue might be questioned. For your bounty,
Royal magnificence to him that seeks it,
132 We vow hereafter to demean ourself
As if we were your own and natural brother,

134 Omitting no occasion in our person
T' express a gratitude beyond example.

136 **K. Ja.** He must be more than subject who can utter
138 The language of a king, and such is thine.
Take this for answer: be what'er thou art,
140 Thou never shalt repent that thou hast put
Thy cause and person into my protection.
142 Cousin of York, thus once more we embrace thee;
Welcome to James of Scotland! for thy safety,
144 Know, such as love thee not shall never wrong thee.
Come, we will taste a while our court-delights,
146 Dream hence affliction past, and then proceed
To high attempts of honour. On, lead on! –
148 Both thou and thine are ours, and we will guard ye. –
Lead on!

150
[Exeunt all but the Ladies above.]

152 **Countess of C.** I have not seen a gentleman
154 Of a more brave aspect or goodlier carriage;
His fortunes move not him. –
[To Katherine] Madam, you're passionate.

156 **Kath.** Beshrew me, but his words have touched me home,
158 As if his cause concerned me: I should pity him,
If he should prove another than he seems.

160
Re-enter Earl of Crawford.

162 **Craw.** Ladies, the king commands your presence instantly
164 For entertainment of the duke.

166 **Kath.** The duke
Must, then, be entertained, the king obeyed;
168 It is our duty.

170 **Countess of C.** We will all wait on him.

172
[Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE II.*London.**The Tower.**A flourish.**Enter King Henry, the Earls of Oxford and Surrey,
and the Bishop of Durham.*

1 **K. Hen.** Have ye condemned my chamberlain?

2

B. of Dur. His treasons
 4 Condemned him, sir; which were as clear and manifest
 As foul and dangerous: besides, the guilt
 6 Of his conspiracy pressed him so nearly,
 That it drew from him free confession
 8 Without an importunity.

10 **K. Hen.** O, Lord Bishop,
 This argued shame and sorrow for his folly,
 12 And must not stand in evidence against
 Our mercy and the softness of our nature:
 14 The rigour and extremity of law
 Is sometimes too-too bitter; but we carry
 16 A chancery of pity in our bosom.
 I hope we may reprieve him from the sentence
 18 Of death; I hope we may.

20 **B. of Dur.** You may, you may;
 And so persuade your subjects that the title
 22 Of York is better, nay, more just and lawful,
 Than yours of Lancaster! so Stanley holds:
 24 Which if it be not treason in the highest,
 Then we are traitors all, perjured and false,
 26 Who have took oath to Henry and the justice
 Of Henry's title; Oxford, Surrey, Dawbney,
 28 With all your other peers of state and church,
 Forsworn, and Stanley true alone to Heaven
 30 And England's lawful heir!

32 **Oxf.** By Vere's old honours,
 I'll cut his throat dares speak it.

34

Sur. 'Tis a quarrel
 36 T'engage a soul in.

38 **K. Hen.** What a coil is here
 To keep my gratitude sincere and perfect!

40 Stanley was once my friend, and came in time
To save my life; – yet, to say truth, my lords,
42 The man stayed long enough t' endanger it: –
But I could see no more into his heart
44 Than what his outward actions did present;
And for 'em have rewarded him so fully,
46 As that there wanted nothing in our gift
To gratify his merit, as I thought,
48 Unless I should divide my crown with him,
And give him half; though now I well perceive
50 'Twould scarce have served his turn without the whole. –
But I am charitable, lords; let justice
52 Proceed in execution, whiles I mourn
The loss of one whom I esteemed a friend.

54
B. of Dur. Sir, he is coming this way.

56
K. Hen. If he speak to me,
58 I could deny him nothing; to prevent it,
I must withdraw. Pray, lords, commend my favours
60 To his last peace, which I with him will pray for:
That done, it doth concern us to consult
62 Of other following troubles.

64 [Exit Henry.]

66 **Oxf.** I am glad
He's gone: upon my life, he would have pardoned
68 The traitor, had he seen him.

70 **Sur.** 'Tis a king
Composed of gentleness.

72
B. of Dur. Rare and unheard of:
74 But every man is nearest to himself;
And that the king observes; 'tis fit he should.

76
*Enter Sir William Stanley, Executioner, Confessor,
78 Urswick, and Lord Dawbney.*

80 **Stan.** May I not speak with Clifford ere I shake
This piece of frailty off?

82
Dawb. You shall; he's sent for.

84
Stan. I must not see the king?

86
B. of Dur. From him, Sir William,

88 | These lords and I am sent; he bad us say
That he commends his mercy to your thoughts;
90 | Wishing the laws of England could remit
The forfeit of your life as willingly
92 | As he would in the sweetness of his nature
Forget your trespass: but howe'er your body
94 | Fall into dust, he vows, the king himself
Doth vow, to keep a requiem for your soul,
96 | As for a friend close treasured in his bosom.

98 | **Oxf.** Without remembrance of your errors past,
I come to take my leave, and wish you Heaven.

100 |

102 | **Sur.** And I; good angels guard ye!

102 |

104 | **Stan.** O, the king,
Next to my soul, shall be the nearest subject
Of my last prayers. – My grave Lord of Durham,
106 | My Lords of Oxford, Surrey, Dawbney, all,
Accept from a poor dying man a farewell.
108 | I was as you are once, – great, and stood hopeful
Of many flourishing years; but fate and time
110 | Have wheeled about, to turn me into nothing.

112 | **Dawb.** Sir Robert Clifford comes, – the man, Sir William,
You so desire to speak with.

114 |

116 | **B. of Dur.** Mark their meeting.

116 |

118 | *Enter Sir Robert Clifford.*

118 |

120 | **Clif.** Sir William Stanley, I am glad your conscience
Before your end hath emptied every burthen
Which charged it, as that you can clearly witness
122 | How far I have proceeded in a duty
That both concerned my truth and the state's safety.

124 |

126 | **Stan.** Mercy, how dear is life to such as hug it! –
Come hether; by this token think on me!

128 | *[Makes a cross on Clifford's face with his finger.]*

130 | **Clif.** This token! What! I am abused?

132 | **Stan.** You are not.
I wet upon your cheeks a holy sign, –
134 | The cross, the Christian's badge, the traitor's infamy:
Wear, Clifford, to thy grave this painted emblem;
136 | Water shall never wash it off; all eyes

138 That gaze upon thy face shall read there written
A state-informer's character; more ugly
Stamped on a noble name than on a base.
140 The heavens forgive thee! – Pray, my lords, no change
Of words; this man and I have used too many.

142 **Clif.** Shall I be disgraced
144 Without reply?

146 **B. of Dur.** Give losers leave to talk;
His loss is irrecoverable.

148 **Stan.** Once more,
150 To all a long farewell! The best of greatness
Preserve the king! My next suit is, my lords,
152 To be remembered to my noble brother,
Derby, my much-grieved brother: Oh, persuade him
154 That I shall stand no blemish to his house
In chronicles writ in another age.
156 My heart doth bleed for him and for his sighs:
Tell him, he must not think the style of Derby,
158 Nor being husband to King Henry's mother,
The league with peers, the smiles of fortune, can
160 Secure his peace above the state of man.
I take my leave, to travel to my dust:
162 "Subjects deserve their deaths whose kings are just." –
Come, confessor. – On with thy axe, friend, on!

164
[He is led off to execution.]

166 **Clif.** Was I called hither by a traitor's breath
168 To be upbraided? Lords, the king shall know it.

170 *Re-enter King Henry with a white staff.*

172 **K. Hen.** The king doth know it, sir; the king hath heard
What he or you could say. We have given credit
174 To every point of Clifford's information,
The only evidence 'gainst Stanley's head:
176 'A dies for't; are you pleased?

178 **Clif.** I pleased, my lord!

180 **K. Hen.** No echoes: for your service, we dismiss
Your more attendance on the court; take ease,
182 And live at home; but, as you love your life,
Stir not from London without leave from us.
184 We'll think on your reward: away!

186 *Clif.* I go, sir.
188 [Exit Clifford.]
190 *K. Hen.* Die all our griefs with Stanley! Take this staff
Of office, Dawbney; henceforth be our chamberlain.
192 *Dawb.* I am your humblest servant.
194 *K. Hen.* We are followed
196 By enemies at home, that will not cease
To seek their own confusion: 'tis most true
198 The Cornish under Audley are marched on
As far as Winchester; – but let them come,
200 Our forces are in readiness; we'll catch 'em
In their own toils.
202 *Dawb.* Your army, being mustered,
204 Consists in all, of horse and foot, at least
In number six-and-twenty thousand; men
206 Daring and able, resolute to fight,
And loyal in their truths.
208 *K. Hen.* We know it, Dawbney:
210 For them we order thus; Oxford in chief,
Assisted by bold Essex and the Earl
212 Of Suffolk, shall lead on the first battalia;
Be that your charge.
214 *Oxf.* I humbly thank your majesty.
216 *K. Hen.* The next division we assign to Dawbney:
218 These must be men of action, for on those
The fortune of our fortunes must rely.
220 The last and main ourself commands in person;
As ready to restore the fight at all times
222 As to consummate an assured victory.
224 *Dawb.* The king is still oraculous.
226 *K. Hen.* But, Surrey,
We have employment of more toil for thee:
228 For our intelligence comes swiftly to us,
That James of Scotland late hath entertained
230 Perkin the counterfeit with more than common
Grace and respect, nay, courts him with rare favours.
232 The Scot is young and forward; we must look for
A sudden storm to England from the north;

234 | Which to withstand, Durham shall post to Norham,
To fortify the castle and secure
236 | The frontiers against an invasion there.
Surrey shall follow soon, with such an army
238 | As may relieve the bishop, and encounter
On all occasions the death-daring Scots.
240 | You know your charges all; 'tis now a time
To execute, not talk: Heaven is our guard still.
242 | War must breed peace; such is the fate of kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II, SCENE III.*Edinburgh.**An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter Earl of Crawford and Lord Dalyell.*

1 **Craw.** 'Tis more than strange; my reason cannot answer
 2 Such argument of fine imposture, couched
 In witchcraft of persuasion, that it fashions
 4 Impossibilities, as if appearance
 Could cozen truth itself: this dukeling mushroom
 6 Hath doubtless charmed the king.

8 **Daly.** 'A courts the ladies,
 As if his strength of language chained attention
 10 By power of prerogative.

12 **Craw.** It madded
 My very soul to hear our master's motion:
 14 What surety both of amity and honour
 Must of necessity ensue upon
 16 A match betwixt some noble of our nation
 And this brave prince, forsooth!

18 **Daly.** 'Twill prove too fatal;
 20 Wise Huntley fears the threatening. Bless the lady
 From such a ruin!

22 **Craw.** How the counsel privy
 24 Of this young Phaëthon do screw their faces
 Into a gravity their trades, good people,
 26 Were never guilty of! the meanest of 'em
 Dreams of at least an office in the state.

28 **Daly.** Sure, not the hangman's; 'tis bespoke already
 30 For service to their rogueships – Silence!

32 *Enter King James and Earl of Huntley.*

34 **K. Ja.** Do not
 Argue against our will; we have descended
 36 Somewhat – as we may term it – too familiarly
 From justice of our birthright, to examine
 38 The force of your allegiance, – sir, we have, –
 But find it short of duty.

40 **Hunt.** Break my heart,

42 Do, do, king! Have my services, my loyalty, –
Heaven knows untainted ever, – drawn upon me
44 Contempt now in mine age, when I but wanted
A minute of a peace not to be troubled,
46 My last, my long one? Let me be a dotard,
A bedlam, a poor sot, or what you please
48 To have me, so you will not stain your blood,
Your own blood, royal sir, though mixed with mine,
50 By marriage of this girl to a straggler:
Take, take my head, sir; whilst my tongue can wag,
52 It cannot name him other.

54 **K. Ja.** Kings are counterfeits
In your repute, grave oracle, not presently
56 Set on their thrones with sceptres in their fists.
But use your own detraction; 'tis our pleasure
58 To give our cousin York for wife our kinswoman,
The Lady Katherine: instinct of sovereignty
60 Designs the honour, though her peevish father
Usurps our resolution.

62 **Hunt.** O, 'tis well,
64 Exceeding well! I never was ambitious
Of using congees to my daughter-queen –
66 A queen! perhaps a quean! – Forgive me, Dalyell,
Thou honourable gentleman; – none here
68 Dare speak one word of comfort?

70 **Daly.** Cruël misery!

72 **Craw.** The lady, gracious prince, maybe hath settled
Affection on some former choice.

74 **Daly.** Enforcement
76 Would prove but tyranny.

78 **Hunt.** I thank 'ee heartily. –
Let any yeoman of our nation challenge
80 An interest in the girl, then the king
May add a jointure of ascent in titles,
82 Worthy a free consent; now 'a pulls down
What old desert hath builded.

84 **K. Ja.** Cease persuasions.
86 I violate no pawns of faith, intrude not
On private loves: that I have played the orator
88 For kingly York to virtuous Kate, her grant
Can justify, referring her contents

90 To our provision. The Welsh Harry henceforth
Shall therefore know, and tremble to acknowledge,
92 That not the painted idol of his policy
Shall fright the lawful owner from a kingdom.
94 We are resolved.

96 **Hunt.** Some of thy subjects' hearts,
King James, will bleed for this.

98
100 **K. Ja.** Then shall their bloods
Be nobly spent. No more disputes; he is not
Our friend who contradicts us.

102
104 **Hunt.** Farewell, daughter!
My care by one is lessened, thank the king for't:
I and my griefs will dance now.

106
108 *Enter Perkin Warbeck,
leading and complimenting with Lady Katherine;
Countess of Crawford, Jane,
Frion, Astley, John A-Water, Heron, and Sketon.*

110
112 Look, lords, look;
Here's hand in hand already!

114
116 **K. Ja.** Peace, old frenzy! –
How like a king he looks! – Lords, but observe
The confidence of his aspect; dross cannot
118 Cleave to so pure a metal – royal youth!
Plantagenet undoubted!

120
122 **Hunt.** [Aside] Ho, brave! – Youth,
But no Plantagenet, by'r lady, yet,
By red rose or by white.

124
126 **Warb.** [To Katherine] An union this way
Settles possession in a monarchy
Established rightly, as is my inheritance:
128 Acknowledge me but sovereign of this kingdom,
Your heart, fair princess, and the hand of providence
130 Shall crown you queen of me and my best fortunes.

132
134 **Kath.** Where my obedience is, my lord, a duty
Love owes true service.

136
Warb. [To James] Shall I? –
K. Ja. Cousin, yes,

138 | Enjoy her; from my hand accept your bride;
140 | *[He joins their hands.]*
142 | And may they live at enmity with comfort
143 | Who grieve at such an equal pledge of troths! –
144 | Y[ou] are the prince's wife now.
146 | **Kath.** By your gift, sir.
148 | **Warb.** Thus I take seizure of mine own.
150 | **Kath.** I miss yet
151 | A father's blessing. Let me find it; – humbly
152 | Upon my knees I seek it.
154 | **Hunt.** I am Huntley,
155 | Old Alexander Gordon, a plain subject,
156 | Nor more nor less; and, lady, if you wish for
157 | A blessing, you must bend your knees to Heaven;
158 | For Heaven did give me you. – Alas, alas,
159 | What would you have me say? May all the happiness
160 | My prayers ever sued to fall upon you
161 | Preserve you in your virtues! – Preethee, Dalyell,
162 | Come with me; for I feel thy griefs as full
163 | As mine; let's steal away, and cry together.
164 | **Daly.** My hopes are in their ruins.
166 | *[Exeunt Earl of Huntley and Lord Dalyell.]*
168 | **K. Ja.** Good, kind Huntley
169 | Is overjoyed: a fit solemnity
170 | Shall pérfit these delights. – Crawford, attend
171 | Our order for the preparatiön.
174 | *[Exeunt all but Frion,
175 | Heron, Sketon, John A-Water, and Astley.]*
176 | **Frion.** Now, worthy gentlemen, have I not followed
177 | My undertakings with success? Here's entrance
178 | Into a certainty above a hope.
180 | **Heron.** Hopes are but hopes; I was ever confident,
181 | when I traded but in remnants, that my stars had
182 | reserved me to the title of a viscount at least: honour
183 | is honour, though cut out of any stuffs.
186 | **Sket.** My brother Heron hath right wisely delivered

188 his opinion; for he that threads his needle with the
sharp eyes of industry shall in time go through-stitch
with the new suit of preferment.

190 *Ast.* Spoken to the purpose, my fine-witted brother
192 Sketon; for as no indenture but has its counterpawne,
no *noverint* but his condition or defeasance; so no right
194 but may have claim, no claim but may have possession,
any act of Parliament to the contrary notwithstanding.

196 *Frion.* You are all read in mysteries of state,
198 And quick of apprehension, deep in judgment,
Active in resolution; and 'tis pity
200 Such counsel should lie buried in obscurity. –
But why, in such a time and cause of triumph,
202 Stands the judicious Mayor of Cork so silent?
Believe it, sir, as English Richard prospers,
204 You must not miss employment of high nature.

206 *J. a-Wat.* If men may be credited in their mortality,
which I dare not peremptorily aver but they may or not
208 be, presumptions by this marriage are then, in sooth,
of fruitful expectation. Or else I must not justify other
210 men's belief, more than other should rely on mine.

212 *Frion.* Pith of experience! those that have borne office
Weigh every word before it can drop from them.
214 But, noble counsellors, since now the present
Requires in point of honour, – pray, mistake not, –
216 Some service to our lord, 'tis fit the Scots
Should not engross all glory to themselves
218 At this so grand and eminent solemnity.

220 *Sket.* The Scots! the motion is defied: I had rather,
for my part, without trial of my country, suffer
222 persecution under the pressing-iron of reproach;
or let my skin be punched full of eyelet-holes with
224 the bodkin of derision.

226 *Ast.* I will sooner lose both my ears on the pillory of
forgery.

228 *Heron.* Let me first live a bankrout, and die in the lousy
230 Hole of hunger, without compounding for sixpence in
the pound.

232 *J. a-Wat.* If men fail not in their expectations, there
234 may be spirits also that disgest no rude affronts, Master

236 Secretary Frion, or I am cozened; which is possible, I
grant.

238 **Frion.** Resolved like men of knowledge: at this feast, then,
In honour of the bride, the Scots, I know,
240 Will in some show, some masque, or some device,
Prefer their duties: now it were uncomely
242 That we be found less forward for our prince
Than they are for their lady; and by how much
244 We outshine them in persons of account,
By so much more will our endeavours meet with
246 A livelier applause. Great emperors
Have for their recreations undertook
248 Such kind of pastimes: as for the conceit,
Refer it to my study; the performance
250 You all shall share a thanks in: 'twill be grateful.

252 **Heron.** The motion is allowed: I have stole to a dancing
school when I was a prentice.

254 **Ast.** There have been Irish hubbubs, when I have
256 made one too.

258 **Sket.** For fashioning of shapes and cutting a cross-caper,
turn me off to my trade again.

260 **J. a-Wat.** Surely there is, if I be not deceived, a kind
262 of gravity in merriment; as there is, or perhaps ought to
be, respect of persons in the quality of carriage, which
264 is as it is construed, either so or so.

266 **Frion.** Still you come home to me; upon occasion
I find you relish courtship with discretion;
268 And such are fit for statesmen of your merits.
Pray 'e wait the prince, and in his ear acquaint him
270 With this design; I'll follow and direct 'ee.

272 [Exeunt all but Frion.]

274 O, the toil
Of humouring this abject scum of mankind,
276 Muddy-brained peasants! princes feel a misery
Beyond impartial sufferance, whose extremes
278 Must yield to such abettors: – yet our tide
Runs smoothly, without adverse winds: run on!
280 Flow to a full sea! time alone debates
Quarrels forewritten in the book of fates.

282

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Westminster.

The Palace.

*Enter King Henry, with his gorget on,
his sword, plume of feathers, and leading staff,
followed by Urswick.*

1 **K. Hen.** How runs the time of day?

2 **Urs.** Past ten, my lord.

4 **K. Hen.** A bloody hour will it prove to some,
6 Whose disobedience, like the sons oth earth,
Throws a defiance 'gainst the face of Heaven.
8 Oxford, with Essex and stout De la Pole,
Have quieted the Londoners, I hope,
10 And set them safe from fear.

12 **Urs.** They are all silent.

14 **K. Hen.** From their own battlements they may behold
Saint George's-fields o'erspread with armèd men;
16 Amongst whom our own royal standard threatens
Confusion to opposers: we must learn
18 To practise war again in time of peace,
Or lay our crown before our subjects' feet;
20 Ha, Urswick, must we not?

22 **Urs.** The powers who seated
King Henry on his lawful throne will ever
24 Rise up in his defence.

26 **K. Hen.** Rage shall not fright
The bosom of our confidence: in Kent
28 Our Cornish rebels, cozened of their hopes,
Met brave resistance by that country's earl,
30 George Abergeny, Cobham, Poynings, Guilford,
And other loyal hearts; now, if Blackheath
32 Must be reserved the fatal tomb to swallow
Such stiff-necked abjects as with weary marches
34 Have travelled from their homes, their wives, and children,
To pay, instead of subsidies, their lives,
36 We may continue sovereign. Yet, Urswick,
We'll not abate one penny what in Parliament

38 Hath freely been contributed; we must not;
Money gives soul to action. Our competitor,
40 The Flemish counterfeit, with James of Scotland,
Will prove what courage need and want can nourish,
42 Without the food of fit supplies: – but, Urswick,
I have a charm in secret that shall loose
44 The witchcraft wherewith young King James is bound,
And free it at my pleasure without bloodshed.

46 *Urs.* Your majesty's a wise king, sent from Heaven,
48 Protector of the just.

50 *K. Hen.* Let dinner cheerfully
Be served in; this day of the week is ours,
52 Our day of providence; for Saturday
Yet never failed in all my undertakings
54 To yield me rest at night.

[A flourish.]

58 – What means this warning?
Good Fate, speak peace to Henry!

60
62 *Enter Lord Dawbney, Earl of Oxford,
and Attendants.*

64 *Dawb.* Live the king,
Triumphant in the ruin of his enemies!

66
68 *Oxf.* The head of strong rebellion is cut off,
The body hewed in pieces.

70 *K. Hen.* Dawbney, Oxford,
Minions to noblest fortunes, how yet stands
72 The comfort of your wishes?

74 *Dawb.* Briefly thus:
The Cornish under Audley, disappointed
76 Of flattered expectation, from the Kentish –
Your majesty's right-trusty liegemen – flew,
78 Feathered by rage and heartened by presumption,
To take the field even at your palace-gates,
80 And face you in your chamber-royal: arrogance
Improved their ignorance; for they, supposing,
82 Misled by rumour, that the day of battle
Should fall on Monday, rather braved your forces
84 Than doubted any onset; yet this morning,
When in the dawning I, by your direction,
86 Strove to get Deptford-strand bridge, there I found

88 Such a resistance as might shew what strength
Could make: here arrows hailed in showers upon us
A full yard long at least; but we prevailed.
90 My Lord of Oxford, with his fellow peers
Environing the hill, fell fiercely on them
92 On the one side, I on the other, till, great sir, –
Pardon the oversight, – eager of doing
94 Some memorable act, I was engaged
Almost a prisoner, but was freed as soon
96 As sensible of danger: now the fight
Began in heat, which quenched in the blood of
98 Two thousand rebels, and as many more
Reserved to try your mercy, have returned
100 A victory with safety.

102 **K. Hen.** Have we lost
An equal number with them?

104 **Oxf.** In the total
106 Scarcely four hundred. Audley, Flammock, Joseph,
The ringleaders of this commotion,
108 Railed in ropes, fit ornaments for traitors,
Wait your determinations.

110 **K. Hen.** We must pay
112 Our thanks where they are only due: – O, lords,
Here is no victory, nor shall our people
114 Conceive that we can triumph in their falls.
Alas, poor souls! let such as are escaped
116 Steal to the country back without pursuit:
There's not a drop of blood spilt but hath drawn
118 As much of mine; their swords could have wrought wonders
On their king's part, who faintly were unsheathed
120 Against their prince, but wounded their own breasts. –
Lords, we are debtors to your care; our payment
122 Shall be both sure and fitting your deserts.

124 **Dawb.** Sir, will you please to see those rebels, heads
Of this wild monster-multitude?

126 **K. Hen.** Dear friend,
128 My faithful Dawbney, no; on them our justice
Must frown in terror; I will not vouchsafe
130 An eye of pity to them. Let false Audley
Be drawn upon an hurdle from the Newgate
132 To Tower-hill in his own coat of arms
Painted on paper, with the arms reversed,

134 | Defaced and torn; there let him lose his head.
The lawyer and the blacksmith shall be hanged,
136 | Quartered; their quarters into Cornwall sent
Examples to the rest, whom we are pleased
138 | To pardon and dismiss from further quest. –
My Lord of Oxford, see it done.
140 |
Oxf. | I shall, sir.
142 |
K. Hen. | Urswick!
144 |
Urs. | My lord?
146 |
K. Hen. | To Dinham, our high-treasurer,
148 | Say, we command commissions be new granted
For the collection of our subsidies
150 | Through all the west, and that [right] speedily. –
Lords, we acknowledge our engagements due
152 | For your most constant services.
154 | **Dawb.** | Your soldiers
Have manfully and faithfully acquitted
156 | Their several duties.
158 | **K. Hen.** | For it we will throw
A largess free amongst them, which shall hearten
160 | And cherish-up their loyalties. More yet
Remains of like employment; not a man
162 | Can be dismissed, till enemies abroad,
More dangerous than these at home, have felt
164 | The puissance of our arms. O, happy kings
Whose thrones are raised in their subjects' hearts!
166 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III, SCENE II.*Edinburgh.**The Palace.**Enter Earl of Huntley and Lord Dalyell.*

1 **Hunt.** Now, sir, a modest word with you, sad gentleman:
2 Is not this fine, I trow, to see the gambols,
To hear the jigs, observe the frisks, b' enchanted
4 With the rare discord of bells, pipes, and tabors,
Hotch-potch of Scotch and Irish twingle-twangles,
6 Like to so many quiristers of Bedlam
Trolling a catch! The feasts, the manly stomachs,
8 The healths in usquebaugh and bonny-clabber,
The ale in dishes never fetched from China,
10 The hundred-thousand knacks not to be spoken of, –
And all this for King Oberon and Queen Mab, –
12 Should put a soul int 'ee. Look 'ee, good man,
How youthful I am grown: but, by your leave,
14 This new queen-bride must henceforth be no more
My daughter; no, burlady, 'tis unfit:
16 And yet you see how I do bear this change,
Methinks courageously: then shake off care
18 In such a time of jollity.

20 **Daly.** Alas, sir,
How can you cast a mist upon your griefs?
22 Which, howsoe'er you shadow, but present
To any judging eye the perfect substance,
24 Of which mine are but counterfeits.

26 **Hunt.** Foh, Dalyell!
Thou interrupt'st the part I bear in music
28 To this rare bridal-feast; let us be merry,
Whilst flattering calms secure us against storms:
30 Tempests, when they begin to roar, put out
The light of peace, and cloud the sun's bright eye
32 In darkness of despair; yet we are safe.

34 **Daly.** I wish you could as easily forget
The justice of your sorrows as my hopes
36 Can yield to destiny.

38 **Hunt.** Pish! then I see
Thou dost not know the flexible condition
40 Of my apt nature: I can laugh, laugh heartily,
When the gout cramps my joints; let but the stone

42 Stop in my bladder, I am straight a-singing;
The quartan-fever, shrinking every limb,
44 Sets me a-capering straight; do but betray me,
And bind me a friend ever: what! I trust
46 The losing of a daughter, though I doted
On every hair that grew to trim her head,
48 Admits not any pain like one of these.
Come, th'art deceived in me: give me a blow,
50 A sound blow on the face, I'll thank thee for't;
I love my wrongs: still th'art deceived in me.
52

Daly. Deceived! O, noble Huntley, my few years
54 Have learnt experience of too ripe an age
To forfeit fit credulity: forgive
56 My rudeness, I am bold.

58 **Hunt.** Forgive me first
A madness of ambition; by example
60 Teach me humility, for patience scorns
Lectures, which schoolmen use to read to boys
62 Uncapable of injuries: though old,
I could grow tough in fury, and disclaim
64 Allegiance to my king; could fall at odds
With all my fellow-peers that durst not stand
66 Defendants 'gainst the rape done on mine honour:
But kings are earthly gods, there is no meddling
68 With their anointed bodies; for their actions
They only are accountable to Heaven.
70 Yet in the puzzle of my troubled brain
One antidote's reserved against the poison
72 Of my distractions; 'tis in thee t' apply it.

74 **Daly.** Name it; O, name it quickly, sir!

76 **Hunt.** A pardon
For my most foolish slighting thy deserts;
78 I have culled out this time to beg it: preethee,
Be gentle; had I been so, thou hadst owned
80 A happy bride, but now a castaway,
And never child of mine more.

82 **Daly.** Say not so, sir;
84 It is not fault in her.

86 **Hunt.** The world would prate
How she was handsome; young I know she was,
88 Tender, and sweet in her obedience:
But lost now: what a bankrupt am I made

90 Of a full stock of blessings! Must I hope
A mercy from thy heart?

92 **Daly.** A love, a service,
94 A friendship to posterity.

96 **Hunt.** Good angels
Reward thy charity! I have no more
98 But prayers left me now.

100 **Daly.** I'll lend you mirth, sir,
If you will be in consort.

102 **Hunt.** Thank ye truly:
104 I must; yes, yes, I must; – here's yet some ease,
A partner in affliction: look not angry.

106 **Daly.** Good, noble sir!

[*Flourish.*]

110 **Hunt.** O, hark! we may be quiet,
112 The King and all the others come; a meeting
Of gaudy sights: this day's the last of revels;
114 To-morrow sounds of war; then new exchange:
Fiddles must turn to swords. – Unhappy marriage!

[*A flourish.*]

118 *Enter King James, Perkin Warbeck leading Lady
Katherine, Earl of Crawford and his Countess;
120 Jane, and other Ladies.*

122 *Earl of Huntley and Lord Dalyell fall in among them.*

124 **K. Ja.** Cousin of York, you and your princely bride
Have liberally enjoyed such soft delights
126 As a new-married couple could forethink;
Nor has our bounty shortened expectation:
128 But after all those pleasures of repose,
Of amorous safety, we must rouse the ease
130 Of dalliance with achievements of more glory
Than sloath and sleep can furnish: yet, for farewell,
132 Gladly we entertain a truce with time,
To grace the joint endeavours of our servants.

134 **Warb.** My royal cousin, in your princely favour
136 The extent of bounty hath been so unlimited,
As only an acknowledgment in words

138 | Would breed suspicion in our state and quality.
When we shall, in the fulness of our fate, –
140 | Whose minister, necessity, will pérfit, –
Sit on our own throne; then our arms, laid open
142 | To gratitude, in sacred memory
Of these large benefits, shall twine them close,
144 | Even to our thoughts and heart, without distinction.
Then James and Richard, being in effect
146 | One person, shall unite and rule one people,
Divisible in titles only.
148 |
K. Ja. | | Seat ye. –
150 | Are the presenters ready?
152 | **Craw.** | | All are entering.
154 | **Hunt.** Dainty sport toward, Dalyell! sit; come, sit,
Sit and be quiet; here are kingly bug's-words!
156 |
| | *Enter at one door Four Scotch Antics, accordingly*
158 | | *habited; at another, Warbeck's followers,*
| | *disguised as Four Wild Irish in trowses,*
160 | | *long-haired, and accordingly habited.*
162 | | *Music. A dance by the Masquers.*
164 | **K. Ja.** To all a general thanks!
166 | **Warb.** | | In the next room
Take your own shapes again; you shall receive
168 | Particular acknowledgment.
170 | | *[Exeunt the Masquers.]*
172 | **K. Ja.** | | Enough
Of merriments. – Crawford, how far's our army
174 | Upon the march?
176 | **Craw.** | | At Hedon-hall, great king;
Twelve thousand, well-prepared.
178 |
K. Ja. | | Crawford, to-night
180 | Post thither. We in person, with the prince,
By four o'clock to-morrow after dinner
182 | Will be w'ee; speed away!
184 | **Craw.** | | I fly, my lord.
186 | | *[Exit.]*

188 **K. Ja.** Our business grows to head now: where's your secretary,
That he attends 'ee not to serve?
190
192 **Warb.** With Marchmont,
Your herald.
194 **K. Ja.** Good: the proclamation's ready;
By that it will appear how the English stand
196 Affected to your title. – Huntley, comfort
Your daughter in her husband's absence; fight
198 With prayers at home for us, who for your honours
Must toil in fight abroad.
200
202 **Hunt.** Prayers are the weapons
Which men so near their graves as I do use;
I've little else to do.
204
206 **K. Ja.** To rest, young beauties! –
We must be early stirring; quickly part:
"A kingdom's rescue craves both speed and art." –
208 Cousins, good-night.
210 [A flourish.]
212 **Warb.** Rest to our cousin-king.
214 **Kath.** Your blessing, sir.
216 **Hunt.** Fair blessings on your highness! sure, you need 'em.
218 [Exeunt all but Warbeck, Lady Katherine, and Jane.]
220 **Warb.** Jane, set the lights down, and from us return
To those in the next room this little purse;
222 Say we'll deserve their loves.
224 **Jane.** It shall be done, sir.
226 [Exit Jane.]
228 **Warb.** Now, dearest, ere sweet sleep shall seal those eyes,
Love's precious tapers, give me leave to use
230 A parting ceremony; for to-morrow
It would be sacrilege to intrude upon
232 The temple of thy peace: swift as the morning
Must I break from the down of thy embraces,
234 To put on steel, and trace the paths which lead
Through various hazards to a careful throne.
236
236 **Kath.** My lord, I would fain go w'ee; there's small fortune

238 | In staying here behind.

240 | **Warb.** The churlish brow
Of war, fair dearest, is a sight of horror
242 | For ladies' entertainment: if thou hear'st
A truth of my sad ending by the hand
244 | Of some unnatural subject, thou withal
Shalt hear how I died worthy of my right,
246 | By falling like a king; and in the close,
Which my last breath shall sound, thy name, thou fairest,
248 | Shalt sing a requiem to my soul, unwilling
Only of greater glory, 'cause divided
250 | From such a Heaven on earth as life with thee.
But these are chimes for funerals: my business
252 | Attends on fortune of a sprightlier triumph;
For love and majesty are reconciled,
254 | And vow to crown thee empress of the west.

256 | **Kath.** You have a noble language, sir; your right
In me is without question, and however
258 | Events of time may shorten my deserts
In others' pity, yet it shall not stagger
260 | Or constancy or duty in a wife.
You must be king of me; and my poor heart
262 | Is all I can call mine.

264 | **Warb.** But we will live,
Live, beauteous virtue, by the lively test
266 | Of our own blood, to let the counterfeit
Be known the world's contempt.

268 | **Kath.** Pray, do not use
270 | That word; it carries fate in't. The first suit
I ever made, I trust your love will grant.

272 | **Warb.** Without denial, dearest.

274 | **Kath.** That hereafter,
276 | If you return with safety, no adventure
May sever us in tasting any fortune:
278 | I ne'er can stay behind again.

280 | **Warb.** Y'are lady
Of your desires, and shall command your will;
282 | Yet 'tis too hard to promise.

284 | **Kath.** What our destinies
Have ruled-out in their books we must not search,

286 | But kneel to.

288 | **Warb.** Then to fear when hope is fruitless,
 Were to be desperately miserable;
290 | Which poverty our greatness dares not dream of,
 And much more scorns to stoop to: some few minutes
292 | Remain yet; let's be thrifty in our hopes.

294 | [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III, SCENE III.*Westminster.**The Palace.**Enter King Henry, Hialas, and Urswick.*

1 **K. Hen.** Your name is Pedro Hialas, a Spaniard?

2
3 **Hial.** Sir, a Castilian born.

4
5 **K. Hen.** King Ferdinand,
6 With wise Queen Isabel his royal consort,
7 Write 'ee a man of worthy trust and candour.
8 Princes are dear to Heaven who meet with subjects
9 Sincere in their employments; such I find
10 Your commendation, sir. Let me deliver
11 How joyful I repute the amity
12 With your most fortunate master, who almost
13 Comes near a miracle in his success
14 Against the Moors, who had devoured his country,
15 Entire now to his sceptre. We, for our part,
16 Will imitate his providence, in hope
17 Of partage in the use on't: we repute
18 The privacy of his advisement to us
19 By you, intended an ambassador
20 To Scotland, for a peace between our kingdoms,
21 A policy of love, which well becomes
22 His wisdom and our care.

23 **Hial.** Your majesty
24 Doth understand him rightly.

25
26 **K. Hen.** Else
27 Your knowledge can instruct me; wherein, sir,
28 To fall on ceremony would seem useless,
29 Which shall not need; for I will be as studious
30 Of your concealment in our conference
31 As any council shall advise.

32
33 **Hial.** Then, sir,
34 My chief request is, that on notice given
35 At my dispatch in Scotland, you will send
36 Some learned man of power and experience
37 To join entreaty with me.

38
39 **K. Hen.** I shall do it,
40 Being that way well provided by a servant

42 Which may attend 'ee ever.

44 **Hial.** If King James,
By any indirection, should perceive
46 My coming near your court, I doubt the issue
Of my employment.

48 **K. Hen.** Be not your own herald:
50 I learn sometimes without a teacher.

52 **Hial.** Good days
Guard all your princely thoughts!

54 **K. Hen.** Urswick, no further
56 Than the next open gallery attend him. –
A hearty love go with you!

58 **Hial.** Your vowed beadsman.

60 [Exeunt Urswick and Hialas.]

62 **K. Hen.** King Ferdinand is not so much a fox,
64 But that a cunning huntsman may in time
Fall on the scent: in honourable actions
66 Safe imitation best deserves a praise.

68 *Re-enter Urswick.*

70 What, the Castilian's passed away?

72 **Urs.** He is,
And undiscovered; the two hundred marks
74 Your majesty conveyed, 'a gently pursed
With a right modest gravity.

76 **K. Hen.** What was't
78 'A muttered in the earnest of his wisdom?
'A spoke not to be heard; 'twas about –

80 **Urs.** Warbeck:
82 How if King Henry were but sure of subjects,
Such a wild runagate might soon be caged,
84 No great ado withstanding.

86 **K. Hen.** Nay, nay; something
About my son Prince Arthur's match.

88 **Urs.** Right, right, sir:
90 He hummed it out, how that King Ferdinand

92 Swore that the marriage 'twixt the Lady Katherine
His daughter and the Prince of Wales your son
Should never be consummated as long
94 As any Earl of Warwick lived in England,
Except by new creation.

96 **K. Hen.** I remember
98 'Twas so, indeed: the king his master swore it?

100 **Urs.** Directly, as he said.

102 **K. Hen.** An Earl of Warwick! –
Provide a messenger for letters instantly
104 To Bishop Fox. Our news from Scotland creeps;
It comes so slow, we must have airy spirits;
106 Our time requires dispatch. –

[*Aside*] The Earl of Warwick!
108 Let him be son to Clarence, younger brother
To Edward! Edward's daughter is, I think,
110 Mother to our Prince Arthur. – Get a messenger.

112 [Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE IV.

Northern England: before the Castle of Norham.

*Enter King James, Perkin Warbeck, Earl of
Crawford, Lord Dalyell, Heron, Astley,
John A-Water, Sketon, and Soldiers.*

1 **K. Ja.** We trifle time against these castle-walls;
2 The English prelate will not yield: once more
Give him a summons.

[A parley is sounded.]

*Enter on the walls the Bishop of Durham,
armed, a truncheon in his hand, with Soldiers.*

10 **Warb.** See, the jolly clerk
Appears, trimmed like a ruffian!

12 **K. Ja.** Bishop, yet
14 Set ope the ports, and to your lawful sovereign,
Richard of York, surrender up this castle,
16 And he will take thee to his grace; else Tweed
Shall overflow his banks with English blood,
18 And wash the sand that céments those hard stones
From their foundation.

20 **B. of Dur.** Warlike King of Scotland,
22 Vouchsafe a few words from a man enforced
To lay his book aside, and clap on arms
24 Unsuitable to my age or my profession.
Courageous prince, consider on what grounds
26 You rend the face of peace, and break a league
With a confederate king that courts your amity,
28 For whom, too? for a vagabond, a straggler,
Not noted in the world by birth or name,
30 An obscure peasant, by the rage of hell
Loosed from his chains to set great kings at strife.
32 What nobleman, what common man of note,
What ordinary subject hath come in,
34 Since first you footed on our territories,
To only feign a welcome? Children laugh at
36 Your proclamations, and the wiser pity
So great a potentate's abuse by one
38 Who juggles merely with the fawns and youth
Of an instructed compliment: such spoils,

40 Such slaughters as the rapine of your soldiers
 Already have committed, is enough
 42 To shew your zeal in a conceited justice.
 Yet, great king, wake not yet my master's vengeance
 44 But shake that viper off which gnaws your entrails.
 I and my fellow-subjects are resolved,
 46 If you persist, to stand your utmost fury,
 Till our last blood drop from us.

48 **Warb.** O, sir, lend
 50 No ear to this traducer of my honour! –
 What shall I call thee, thou gray-bearded scandal,
 52 That kick'st against the sovereignty to which
 Thou ow'st allegiance? – Treason is bold-faced
 54 And eloquent in mischief: sacred king,
 Be deaf to his known malice.

56 **B. of Dur.** [To James] Rather yield
 58 Unto those holy motions which inspire
 The sacred heart of an anointed body.
 60 It is the surest policy in princes
 To govern well their own than seek encroachment
 62 Upon another's right.

64 **Craw.** [Aside to Dalyell] The king is serious,
 Deep in his meditations.

66 **Daly.** [Aside to Crawford] Lift them up
 68 To Heaven, his better genius!

70 **Warb.** [To James] Can you study
 While such a devil raves? O, sir!

72 **K. Ja.** Well, bishop,
 74 You'll not be drawn to mercy?

76 **B. of Dur.** Conster me
 In like case by a subject of your own:
 78 My resolution's fixed: King James, be counselled,
 A greater fate waits on thee.

80
 82 [Exeunt Bishop of Durham and Soldiers
 from the walls.]

84 **K. Ja.** Forage through
 The country; spare no prey of life or goods.

86 **Warb.** O, sir, then give me leave to yield to nature;

88 I am most miserable: had I been
Born what this clergyman would by defame
90 Baffle belief with, I had never sought
The truth of mine inheritance with rapes
92 Of women or of infants murdered, virgins
Deflowered, old men butchered, dwellings fired,
94 My land depopulated, and my people
Afflicted with a kingdom's devastation:
96 Shew more remorse, great king, or I shall never
Endure to see such havoc with dry eyes;
98 Spare, spare, my dear, dear England!

100 **K. Ja.** You fool your piety
Ridiculously careful of an interest
102 Another man possesseth. Where's your faction?
Shrewdly the bishop guessed of your adherents,
104 When not a petty burgess of some town,
No, not a villager hath yet appeared
106 In your assistance: that should make 'ee whine,
And not your country's sufferance, as you term it.

108 **Daly.** The king is angry.

110 **Craw.** And the passionate duke
112 Effeminately dolent.

114 **Warb.** The experience
In former trials, sir, both of mine own
116 Or other princes cast out of their thrones,
Have so acquainted me how misery
118 Is destitute of friends or of relief,
That I can easily submit to taste
120 Lowest reproof without contempt or words.

122 **K. Ja.** An humble-minded man!

124 *Enter Frion.*

126 Now, what intelligence
Speaks Master Secretary Frion?

128 **Frion.** Henry
130 Of England hath in open field o'erthrown
The armies who opposed him in the right
132 Of this young prince.

134 **K. Ja.** His subsidies, you mean: —
More, if you have it?

136

138 **Frion.** Howard, Earl of Surrey,
Backed by twelve earls and barons of the north,
140 An hundred knights and gentlemen of name,
And twenty thousand soldiers, is at hand
To raise your siege. Brooke, with a goodly navy,
142 Is admiral at sea; and Dawbney follows
With an unbroken army for a second.

144
146 **Warb.** Tis false! they come to side with us.

K. Ja. Retreat;
148 We shall not find them stones and walls to cope with. —
Yet, Duke of York, for such thou sayst thou art,
150 I'll try thy fortune to the height: to Surrey,
By Marchmont, I will send a brave defiance
152 For single combat; once a king will venture
His person to an earl, with condition
154 Of spilling lesser blood: Surrey is bold,
And James resolved.

156
Warb. O, rather, gracious sir,
158 Create me to this glory, since my cause
Doth interest this fair quarrel; valued least,
160 I am his equal.

162 **K. Ja.** I will be the man. —
March softly off: "where victory can reap
164 A harvest crowned with triumph, toil is cheap."

166 [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*The English Camp near Ayton,
on the Borders.*

*Enter Earl of Surrey, Bishop of Durham,
Soldiers, with drums and colours.*

1 **Sur.** Are all our braving enemies shrunk back,
2 Hid in the fogs of their distempered climate,
Not daring to behold our colours wave
4 In spite of this infected air? Can they
Look on the strength of Cundrestine defaced?
6 The glory of Hedon-hall devastated? that
Of Edington cast down? the pile of Fulden
8 O'erthrown? and this the strongest of their forts,
Old Ayton-castle, yielded and demolished?
10 And yet not peep abroad? The Scots are bold,
Hardy in battle; but it seems the cause
12 They undertake, considered, appears
Unjointed in the frame on't.

14 **B. of Dur.** Noble Surrey,
16 Our royal master's wisdom is at all times
His fortune's harbinger; for when he draws
18 His sword to threaten war, his providence
Settles on peace, the crowning of an empire.

[A trumpet within.]

22 **Sur.** Rank all in order: 'tis a herald's sound;
24 Some message from King James: keep a fixed station.

26 *Enter Marchmont and another in Heralds' coats.*

28 **March.** From Scotland's awful majesty we come
Unto the English general.

30 **Sur.** To me?
32 Say on.

34 **March.** Thus, then; the waste and prodigal
Effusion of so much guiltless blood
36 As in two potent armies of necessity
Must glut the earth's dry womb, his sweet compassion

38 Hath studied to prevent; for which to thee,
Great Earl of Surrey, in a single fight
40 He offers his own royal person; fairly
Proposing these conditions only, that
42 If victory conclude our master's right,
The earl shall deliver for his ransom
44 The town of Berwick to him, with the fishgarths;
If Surrey shall prevail, the king will pay
46 A thousand pounds down present for his freedom,
And silence further arms: so speaks King James.

48 **Sur.** So speaks King James! so like a king 'a speaks.
Heralds, the English general returns
A sensible devotion from his heart,
52 His very soul, to this unfellowed grace:
For let the king know, gentle heralds, truly,
54 How his descent from his great throne, to honour
A stranger subject with so high a title
56 As his compeer in arms, hath conquered more
Than any sword could do; for which – my loyalty
58 Respected – I will serve his virtues ever
In all humility: but Berwick, say,
60 Is none of mine to part with; "in affairs
Of princes subjects cannot traffic rights
62 Inherent to the crown." My life is mine,
That I dare freely hazard; and – with pardon
64 To some unbribed vainglory – if his majesty
Shall taste a change of fate, his liberty
66 Shall meet no articles. If I fall, falling
So bravely, I refer me to his pleasure
68 Without condition; and for this dear favour,
Say, if not countermanded, I will cease
70 Hostility, unless provoked.

72 **March.** This answer
We shall relate unpartially.

74 **B. of Dur.** [To Marchmont] With favour,
76 Pray have a little patience. –
[Aside to Surrey] Sir, you find
78 By these gay flourishes how wearied travail
Inclines a willing rest; here's but a prologue,
80 However confidently uttered, meant
For some ensuing acts of peace: consider
82 The time of year, unseasonableness of weather,
Charge, barrenness of profit; and occasion
84 Presents itself for honourable treaty,

86 Which we may make good use of. I will back,
As sent from you, in point of noble gratitude
88 Unto King James, with these his heralds: you
Shall shortly hear from me, my lord, for order
90 Of breathing or proceeding; and King Henry,
Doubt not, will thank the service.

92 **Sur.** [*Aside to Durham*] To your wisdom,
Lord Bishop, I refer it.

94
96 **B. of Dur.** [*Aside to Surrey*] Be it so, then.

98 **Sur.** Heralds, accept this chain and these few crowns.

100 **March.** Our duty, noble general.

B. of Dur. In part
102 Of retribution for such princely love,
My lord the general is pleased to shew
104 The king your master his sincerest zeal,
By further treaty, by no common man:
106 I will myself return with you.

108 **Sur.** Y' oblige
My faithfullest affections t'ee, Lord Bishop.

110 **March.** All happiness attend your lordship!

112
[*Exit with Herald.*]

114 **Sur.** Come, friends
116 And fellow-soldiers; we, I doubt, shall meet
No enemies but woods and hills to fight with;
118 Then 'twere as good to feed and sleep at home:
We may be free from danger, not secure.

120
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE II.*The Scottish Camp.**Enter Perkin Warbeck and Frion.*

1 **Warb.** Frion, O, Frion, all my hopes of glory
 2 Are at a stand! the Scottish king grows dull,
 Frosty, and wayward, since this Spanish agent
 4 Hath mixed discourses with him; they are private.
 I am not called to council now: – confusion
 6 On all his crafty shrugs! I feel the fabric
 Of my designs are tottering.

8 **Frion.** Henry's policies
 10 Stir with too many engines.

12 **Warb.** Let his mines,
 Shaped in the bowels of the earth, blow up
 14 Works raised for my defence, yet can they never
 Toss into air the freedom of my birth,
 16 Or disavow my blood Plantagenet's:
 I am my father's son still. – But, O, Frion,
 18 When I bring into count with my disasters
 My wife's compartnership, my Kate's, my life's,
 20 Then, then my frailty feels an earthquake. Mischief
 Damn Henry's plots! I will be England's king,
 22 Or let my aunt of Burgundy report
 My fall in the attempt deserved our ancestors!

24 **Frion.** You grow too wild in passion: if you will
 26 Appear a prince indeed, confine your will
 To moderation.

28 **Warb.** What a saucy rudeness
 30 Prompts this distrust! "If?" "If I will appear?"
 "Appear a prince!" death throttle such deceits
 32 Even in their birth of utterance! cursèd cozenage
 Of trust! Ye make me mad: 'twere best, it seems,
 34 That I should turn impostor to myself,
 Be mine own counterfeit, belie the truth
 36 Of my dear mother's womb, the sacred bed
 Of a prince murdered and a living baffled!

38 **Frion.** Nay, if you have no ears to hear, I have
 40 No breath to spend in vain.

42 **Warb.** Sir, sir, take heed!
Gold and the promise of promotion rarely
44 Fail in temptation.

46 **Frion.** Why to me this?

48 **Warb.** Nothing.
Speak what you will; we are not sunk so low
50 But your advice may piece again the heart
Which many cares have broken: you were wont
52 In all extremities to talk of comfort;
Have ye none left now? I'll not interrupt ye.
54 Good, bear with my distractions! If King James
Deny us dwelling here, next whither must I?
56 I preethee, be not angry.

58 **Frion.** Sir, I told ye
Of letters come from Ireland; how the Cornish
60 Stomach their last defeat, and humbly sue
That with such forces as you could partake
62 You would in person land in Cornwall, where
Thousands will entertain your title gladly.

64 **Warb.** Let me embrace thee, hug thee; th'ast revived
66 My comforts; if my cousin-king will fail,
Our cause will never.

68 *Enter John A-Water, Heron, Astley, and Sketon.*

70 Welcome, my tried friends!
72 You keep your brains awake in our defence. –
Frion, advise with them of these affairs,
74 In which be wondrous secret; I will listen
What else concerns us here: be quick and wary.

76 *[Exit Warbeck.]*

78 **Ast.** Ah, sweet young prince! – Secretary, my fellow-
80 counsellors and I have consulted, and jump all in one
opinion directly; an if this Scotch garboils do not
82 fadge to our minds, we will pell-mell run amongst
the Cornish choughs presently and in a trice.

84 **Sket.** 'Tis but going to sea and leaping ashore, cut ten
86 or twelve thousand unnecessary throats, fire seven or
eight towns, take half a dozen cities, get into the market-
88 place, crown him Richard the Fourth, and the business is
finished.

90 | **J. a-Wat.** I grant ye, quoth I, so far forth as men may
92 | do, no more than men may do; for it is good to consider
94 | when consideration may be to the purpose, otherwise –
96 | **Frion.** Then you conclude the Cornish action surest?
98 | **Heron.** We do so, and doubt not but to thrive abundantly.
100 | – Ho, my masters, had we known of the commotion
102 | when we set sail out of Ireland, the land had been ours
104 | ere this time.
106 | **Sket.** Pish, pish! 'tis but forbearing being an earl or a
108 | duke a month or two longer. I say, and say it again, if
110 | the work go not on apace, let me never see new fashion
112 | more. I warrant ye, I warrant ye; we will have it so,
114 | and so it shall be.
116 | **Ast.** This is but a cold phlegmatic country, not stirring
118 | enough for men of spirit. Give me the heart of England
120 | for my money!
122 | **Sket.** A man may batten there in a week only with
124 | hot loaves and butter, and a lusty cup of muscadine and
126 | sugar at breakfast, though he make never a meal all the
128 | month after.
130 | **J. a-Wat.** Surely, when I bore office I found by
experience that to be much troublesome was to be much
wise and busy: I have observed how filching and
bragging has been the best service in these last wars;
and therefore conclude peremptorily on the design in
England. If things and things may fall out, as who can
tell what or how – but the end will shew it.
Frion. Resolved like men of judgment! Here to linger
More time is but to lose it: cheer the prince
And haste him on to this; on this depends
Fame in success, or glory in our ends.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE III.

Another part of the Scottish Camp.

Enter King James, the Bishop of Durham, and Hialas.

1 **Hial.** France, Spain, and Germany combine a league
 2 Of amity with England: nothing wants
 For settling peace through Christendom, but love
 4 Between the British monarchs, James and Henry.

6 **B. of Dur.** The English merchants, sir, have been received
 With general procession into Antwerp;
 8 The emperor confirms the combination.

10 **Hial.** The king of Spain resolves a marriage
 For Katherine his daughter with Prince Arthur.

12 **B. of Dur.** France courts this early contract.

14 **Hial.** What can hinder
 16 A quietness in England? –

18 **B. of Dur.** But your suffrage
 To such a silly creature, mighty sir,
 20 As is but in effect an apparition,
 A shadow, a mere trifle?

22 **Hial.** To this union
 24 The good of both the church and commonwealth
 Invite 'ee.

26 **B. of Dur.** To this unity, a mystery
 28 Of providence points out a greater blessing
 For both these nations than our human reason
 30 Can search into. King Henry hath a daughter,
 The Princess Margaret; I need not urge
 32 What honour, what felicity can follow
 On such affinity 'twixt two Christian kings
 34 Inleagued by ties of blood; but sure I am,
 If you, sir, ratify the peace proposed,
 36 I dare both motion and effect this marriage
 For weal of both the kingdoms.

38 **K. Ja.** Dar'st thou, lord bishop?

40 **B. of Dur.** Put it to trial, royal James, by sending
 42 Some noble personage to the English court

44 By way of embassy.

46 **Hial.** Part of the business
Shall suit my mediation.

48 **K. Ja.** Well; what Heaven
Hath pointed out to be, must be: you two
50 Are ministers, I hope, of blessed fate.
But herein only I will stand acquitted,
52 No blood of innocents shall buy my peace:
For Warbeck, as you nick him, came to me,
54 Commended by the states of Christendom,
A prince, though in distress; his fair demeanour,
56 Lovely behaviour, unappallèd spirit,
Spoke him not base in blood, however clouded.
58 The brute beasts have both rocks and caves to fly to,
And men the altars of the church; to us
60 He came for refuge: "kings come near in nature
Unto the gods in being touched with pity."
62 Yet, noble friends, his mixture with our blood,
Even with our own, shall no way interrupt
64 A general peace; only I will dismiss him
From my protection, throughout my dominions,
66 In safety; but not ever to return.

68 **Hial.** You are a just king.

70 **B. of Dur.** Wise, and herein happy.

72 **K. Ja.** Nor will we dally in affairs of weight:
Huntley, lord bishop, shall with you to England
74 Ambassador from us: we will throw down
Our weapons; peace on all sides! Now repair
76 Unto our council; we will soon be with you.

78 **Hial.** Delay shall question no dispatch; Heaven crown it.

80 [Exeunt Bishop of Durham and Hialas.]

82 **K. Ja.** A league with Ferdinand! a marriage
With English Margaret! a free release
84 From restitution for the late affronts!
Cessation from hostility! and all
86 For Warbeck, not delivered, but dismissed!
We could not wish it better. – Dalyell!

88

90 *Enter Lord Dalyell.*

Daly. Here sir.

92 **K. Ja.** Are Huntley and his daughter sent for?
 94
 94 **Daly.** Sent for
 96 And come, my lord.
 98 **K. Ja.** Say to the English prince,
 We want his company.
 100
 100 **Daly.** He is at hand, sir.
 102
 102 *Enter Perkin Warbeck, Lady Katherine, Jane, Frion,*
 104 *Heron, Sketon, John A-Water, and Astley.*
 106 **K. Ja.** Cousin, our bounty, favours, gentleness,
 Our benefits, the hazard of our person,
 108 Our people's lives, our land, hath evidenced
 How much we have engaged on your behalf:
 110 How trivial and how dangerous our hopes
 Appear, how fruitless our attempts in war;
 112 How windy, rather smoky, your assurance
 Of party shews, we might in vain repeat:
 114 But now obedience to the mother church,
 A father's care upon his country's weal,
 116 The dignity of state, direct our wisdom
 To seal an oath of peace through Christendom;
 118 To which we are sworn already: [i]t is you
 Must only seek new fortunes in the world,
 120 And find an harbour elsewhere. As I promised
 On your arrival, you have met no usage
 122 Deserves repentance in your being here;
 But yet I must live master of mine own:
 124 However, what is necessary for you
 At your departure, I am well content
 126 You be accommodated with, provided
 Delay prove not my enemy.
 128
 128 **Warb.** It shall not,
 130 Most glorious prince. The fame of my designs
 Soars higher than report of ease and sloath
 132 Can aim at: I acknowledge all your favours
 Boundless and singular; am only wretched
 134 In words as well as means to thank the grace
 That flowed so liberally. Two empires firmly
 136 You're lord of, – Scotland and Duke Richard's heart:
 My claim to mine inheritance shall sooner
 138 Fail than my life to serve you, best of kings;
 And, witness Edward's blood in me! I am

140 More loth to part with such a great example
Of virtue than all other mere respects.
142 But, sir, my last suit is, you will not force
From me what you have given, – this chaste lady,
144 Resolved on all extremes.

146 **Kath.** I am your wife;
No human power can or shall divorce
148 My faith from duty.

150 **Warb.** Such another treasure
The earth is bankrout of.

152 **K. Ja.** I gave her, cousin,
154 And must avow the gift; will add withal
A furniture becoming her high birth
156 And unsuspected constancy; provide
For your attendance: we will part good friends.

158 [Exit James with Lord Dalyell.]

160 **Warb.** The Tudor hath been cunning in his plots:
162 His Fox of Durham would not fail at last.
But what? our cause and courage are our own:
164 Be men, my friends, and let our cousin-king
See how we follow fate as willingly
166 As malice follows us. Y'are all resolved
For the west parts of England?

168 **All.** Cornwall, Cornwall!

170 **Frion.** The inhabitants expect you daily.

172 **Warb.** Cheerfully
174 Draw all our ships out of the harbour, friends;
Our time of stay doth seem too long, we must
176 Prevent intelligence; about it suddenly.

178 **All.** A prince, a prince, a prince!

180 [Exeunt Heron, Sketon, Astley, and John A-Water.]

182 **Warb.** Dearest, admit not into thy pure thoughts
The least of scruples, which may charge their softness
184 With burden of distrust. Should I prove wanting
To noblest courage now, here were the trial:
186 But I am perfect, sweet; I fear no change,
More than thy being partner in my sufferance.

188

190 **Kath.** My fortunes, sir, have armed me to encounter
What chance soe'er they meet with. – Jane, 'tis fit
Thou stay behind, for whither wilt thou wander?

192
194 **Jane.** Never till death will I forsake my mistress,
Nor then in wishing to die with 'ee gladly.

196 **Kath.** Alas, good soul!

198 **Frion.** Sir, to your aunt of Burgundy
I will relate your present undertakings:
200 From her expect on all occasions welcome.
You cannot find me idle in your services.

202 **Warb.** Go, Frion, go: wise men know how to soothe
204 Adversity, not serve it: thou hast waited
Too long on expectation; "never yet
206 Was any nation read of so besotted
In reason as to adore the setting sun."
208 Fly to the archduke's court; say to the duchess,
Her nephew, with fair Katherine his wife,
210 Are on their expectation to begin
The raising of an empire: if they fail,
212 Yet the report will never. Farewell, Frion!

214 [Exit Frion.]

216 This man, Kate, has been true, though now of late
I fear too much familiar with the Fox.

218
220 *Re-enter Lord Dalyell with the Earl of Huntley.*

Hunt. I come to take my leave: you need not doubt
222 My interest in this sometime child of mine;
She's all yours now, good sir. –

[to Katherine] O, poor lost creature,
224 Heaven guard thee with much patience! if thou canst
Forget thy title to old Huntley's family,
226 As much of peace will settle in thy mind
As thou canst wish to taste but in thy grave.
228 Accept my tears yet, preethee; they are tokens
Of charity as true as of affection.

230
232 **Kath.** This is the cruëll'st farewell!

Hunt. [To Warbeck] Love, young gentleman,
234 This model of my griefs; she calls you husband;
Then be not jealous of a parting kiss,

236 | It is a father's, not a lover's offering; –
Take it, my last [*Kisses her*]. – I am too much a child.
238 | Exchange of passion is to little use,
So I should grow too foolish: goodness guide thee!
240 |
[*Exit Huntley.*]
242 |
Kath. Most miserable daughter! –
[*To Dalyell*] Have you aught
244 | To add, sir, to our sorrows?
246 | **Daly.** I resolve,
Fair lady, with your leave, to wait on all
248 | Your fortunes in my person, if your lord
Vouchsafe me entertainment.
250 |
Warb. We will be bosom-friends, most noble Dalyell;
252 | For I accept this tender of your love
Beyond ability of thanks to speak it. –
254 | Clear thy drowned eyes, my fairest: time and industry
Will shew us better days, or end the worst.
256 |
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE IV.*The Palace of Westminster.**Enter Earl of Oxford and Lord Dawbney.*

1 **Oxf.** No news from Scotland yet, my lord?

2 **Dawb.** Not any

4 But what King Henry knows himself: I thought
Our armies should have marched that way; his mind,
6 It seems, is altered.

8 **Oxf.** Victory attends
His standard everywhere.

10 **Dawb.** Wise princes, Oxford,
12 Fight not alone with forces. Providence
Directs and tutors strength; else elephants
14 And barbèd horses might as well prevail
As the most subtle stratagems of war.

16 **Oxf.** The Scottish king shewed more than common bravery
18 In proffer of a combat hand-to-hand
With Surrey.

20 **Dawb.** And but shewed it: northern bloods
22 Are gallant being fired; but the cold climate,
Without good store of fuël, quickly freezeth
24 The glowing flames.

26 **Oxf.** Surrey, upon my life,
Would not have shrunk an hair's-breadth.

28 **Dawb.** May 'a forfeit
30 The honour of an English name and nature,
Who would not have embraced it with a greediness
32 As violent as hunger runs to food!
'Twas an addition any worthy spirit
34 Would covet, next to immortality,
Above all joys of life: we all missed shares
36 In that great opportunity.

38 *Enter King Henry and Urswick, whispering.*

40 **Oxf.** The king!
See, 'a comes smiling.

42

44 **Dawb.** O, the game runs smooth
On his side, then, believe it: cards well shuffled
And dealt with cunning bring some gamester thrift,
46 But others must rise losers.

48 **K. Hen.** The train takes?

50 **Urs.** Most prosperously.

52 **K. Hen.** I knew it should not miss.
He fondly angles who will hurl his bait
54 Into the water 'cause the fish at first
Plays round about the line and dares not bite. —
56 Lords, we may reign your king yet: Dawbney, Oxford,
Urswick, must Perkin wear the crown?

58 **Dawb.** A slave!

60 **Oxf.** A vagabond!

62 **Urs.** A glow-worm!

64 **K. Hen.** Now, if Frion,
66 His practised politician, wear a brain
Of proof, King Perkin will in progress ride
68 Through all his large dominions; let us meet him,
And tender homage: ha, sirs! liegemen ought
70 To pay their fealty.

72 **Dawb.** Would the rascal were,
With all his rabble, within twenty miles
74 Of London!

76 **K. Hen.** Farther off is near enough
To lodge him in his home: I'll wager odds,
78 Surrey and all his men are either idle
Or hasting back; they have not work, I doubt,
80 To keep them busy.

82 **Dawb.** 'Tis a strange conceit, sir.

84 **K. Hen.** Such voluntary favours as our people
In duty aid us with, we never scattered
86 On cobweb parasites, or lavished out
In riot or a needless hospitality:
88 No undeserving favourite doth boast
His issues from our treasury; our charge
90 Flows through all Europe, proving us but steward
Of every contribution which provides

92 | Against the creeping canker of disturbance.
 Is it not rare, then, in this toil of state
 94 | Wherein we are embarked, with breach of sleep,
 Cares, and the noise of trouble, that our mercy
 96 | Returns nor thanks nor comfort? Still the West
 Murmur and threaten innovatiön,
 98 | Whisper our government tyrannical,
 Deny us what is ours, nay, spurn their lives,
 100 | Of which they are but owners by our gift:
 It must not be.
 102 | **Oxf.** It must not, should not.
 104 | *Enter Messenger with a packet.*
 106 | **K. Hen.** So then –
 108 | To whom?
 110 | **Mess.** This packet to your sacred majesty.
 112 | **K. Hen.** Sirrah, attend without.
 114 | *[Exit Messenger.]*
[Henry reads letter.]
 116 | **Oxf.** News from the North, upon my life.
 118 | **Dawb.** Wise Henry
 120 | Divines aforehand of events; with him
 Attempts and executions are one act.
 122 | **K. Hen.** Urswick, thine ear: Frion is caught; the man
 124 | Of cunning is outreached; we must be safe.
 Should reverend Morton, our archbishop, move
 126 | To a translation higher yet, I tell thee
 My Durham owns a brain deserves that see;
 128 | He's nimble in his industry, and mounting –
 Thou hear'st me?
 130 | **Urs.** And conceive your highness fitly.
 132 | **K. Hen.** Dawbney and Oxford, since our army stands
 134 | Entire, it were a weakness to admit
 The rust of laziness to eat amongst them:
 136 | Set forward toward Salisbury; the plains
 Are most commodious for their exercise.
 138 | Ourself will take a muster of them there;
 And or disband them with reward, or else

140 | Dispose as best concerns us.
142 | **Dawb.** Salisbury!
142 | Sir, all is peace at Salisbury.
144 |
144 | **K. Hen.** Dear friend,
146 | The charge must be our own; we would a little
146 | Pertake the pleasure with our subjects' ease. —
148 | Shall I entreat your loves?
150 | **Oxf.** Command our lives.
152 | **K. Hen.** Y'are men know how to do, not to forethink.
152 | My bishop is a jewël tried and perfect;
154 | A jewël, lords. The post who brought these letters
154 | Must speed another to the Mayor of Exeter;
156 | Urswick, dismiss him not.
158 | **Urs.** He waits your pleasure.
160 | **K. Hen.** Perkin a king? a king!
162 | **Urs.** My gracious lord, —
164 | **K. Hen.** Thoughts busied in the sphere of royalty
164 | Fix not on creeping worms without their stings,
166 | Mere excrements of earth. The use of time
166 | Is thriving safety, and a wise prevention
168 | Of ills expected. W'are resolved for Salisbury.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE V.

The Coast of Cornwall.

[A general shout within.]

*Enter Perkin Warbeck, Lord Dalyell,
Lady Katherine, and Jane.*

1 **Warb.** After so many storms as wind and seas
2 Have threatened to our weather-beaten ships,
 At last, sweet fairest, we are safe arrived
4 On our dear mother earth, ingrateful only
 To Heaven and us in yielding sustenance
6 To sly usurpers of our throne and right.
 These general acclamations are an omen
8 Of happy process to their welcome lord:
 They flock in troops, and from all parts with wings
10 Of duty fly to lay their hearts before us. –
 Unequalled pattern of a matchless wife,
12 How fares my dearest yet?

14 **Kath.** Confirmed in health,
 By which I may the better undergo
16 The roughest face of change; but I shall learn
 Patience to hope, since silence courts affliction,
18 For comforts, to this truly noble gentleman, –
 Rare unexampled pattern of a friend! –
20 And my belovèd Jane, the willing follower
 Of all misfortunes.

22 **Daly.** Lady, I return
24 But barren crops of early protestations,
 Frost-bitten in the spring of fruitless hopes.

26 **Jane.** I wait but as the shadow to the body;
28 For madam, without you let me be nothing.

30 **Warb.** None talk of sadness, – we are on the way
 Which leads to victory: keep cowards thoughts
32 With desperate sullenness! The lion faints not
 Locked in a grate, but loose disdains all force
34 Which bars his prey, – and we are lion-hearted,
 Or else no king of beasts.

[Another general shout within.]

38 – Hark, how they shout,

40 | Triumphant in our cause! bold confidence
Marches on bravely, cannot quake at danger.

42

Enter Sketon.

44

Sket. Save King Richard the Fourth! save thee, king
46 | of hearts! The Cornish blades are men of mettle; have
proclaimed, through Bodmin and the whole county, my
48 | sweet prince Monarch of England: four thousand tall
yeomen, with bow and sword, already vow to live and
50 | die at the foot of King Richard.

52

Enter Astley.

54 | **Ast.** The mayor, our fellow-counsellor, is servant for
an emperor. Exeter is appointed for the rendezvous,
56 | and nothing wants to victory but courage and resolution.
Sigillatum et datum decimo Septembris, anno regni
58 | *regis primo, et cetera; confirmatum est.* All's cock-
sure.

60

Warb. To Exeter! to Exeter, march on!
62 | Commend us to our people: we in person
Will lend them double spirits; tell them so.

64

Sket. and Ast. King Richard, King Richard!

66

[Exeunt Sketon and Astley.]

68

Warb. A thousand blessings guard our lawful arms!
70 | A thousand horrors pierce our enemies' souls!
Pale fear unedge their weapons' sharpest points!
72 | And when they draw their arrows to the head,
Numbness shall strike their sinews! Such advantage
74 | Hath Majesty in its pursuit of justice,
That on the proppers-up of Truth's old throne
76 | It both enlightens counsel and gives heart
To execution; whiles the throats of traitors
78 | Lie bare before our mercy. – O, divinity
Of royal birth! how it strikes dumb the tongues
80 | Whose prodigality of breath is bribed
By trains to greatness! Princes are but men
82 | Distinguished in the fineness of their frailty,
Yet not so gross in beauty of the mind;
84 | For there's a fire more sacred purifies
The dross of mixture. Herein stands the odds,
86 | "Subjects are men on earth, kings men and gods."

88

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.SCENE I.

St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall.

*Enter Lady Katherine and Jane in riding-suits,
with one Servant.*

1 **Kath.** It is decreed; and we must yield to Fate,
2 Whose angry justice, though it threaten ruin,
Contempt, and poverty, is all but trial
4 Of a weak woman's constancy in suffering.
Here, in a stranger's and an enemy's land,
6 Forsaken and unfurnished of all hopes
But such as wait on misery, I range,
8 To meet affliction wheresoe'er I tread.
My train and pomp of servants is reduced
10 To one kind gentlewoman and this groom. —
Sweet Jane, now whither must we?
12
13 **Jane.** To your ships,
14 Dear lady, and turn home.
16 **Kath.** Home! I have none.
Fly thou to Scotland; thou hast friends will weep
18 For joy to bid thee welcome; but, O, Jane,
My Jane! my friends are desperate of comfort,
20 As I must be of them: the common charity,
Good people's alms and prayers of the gentle,
22 Is the revénue must support my state.
As for my native country, since it once
24 Saw me a princess in the height of greatness
My birth allowed me, here I make a vow:
26 Scotland shall never see me being fallen
Or lessened in my fortunes. Never, Jane,
28 Never to Scotland more will I return.
Could I be England's queen, — a glory, Jane,
30 I never fawned on, — yet the king who gave me
Hath sent me with my husband from his presence,
32 Delivered us suspected to his nation,
Rendered us spectacles to time and pity;
34 And is it fit I should return to such
As only listen after our descent
36 From happiness enjoyed to misery
Expected, though uncertain? Never, never! —
38 Alas, why dost thou weep? and that poor creature

40 Wipe his wet cheeks too? let me feel alone
Extremities, who know to give them harbour;
Nor thou nor he has cause: you may live safely.

42
44 **Jane.** There is no safety whiles your dangers, madam,
Are every way apparent.

46 **Serv.** Pardon, lady,
I cannot choose but shew my honest heart;
48 You were ever my good lady.

50 **Kath.** O, dear souls,
Your shares in grief are too-too much!

52
Enter Lord Dalyell.

54 **Daly.** I bring,
56 Fair princess, news of further sadness yet
Than your sweet youth hath been acquainted with.

58 **Kath.** Not more, my lord, than I can welcome: speak it;
60 The worst, the worst I look for.

62 **Daly.** All the Cornish
At Exeter were by the citizens
64 Repulsed, encountered by the Earl of Devonshire
And other worthy gentlemen of the country.
66 Your husband marched to Taunton, and was there
Affronted by King Henry's chamberlain;
68 The king himself in person with his army
Advancing nearer, to renew the fight
70 On all occasions: but the night before
The battles were to join, your husband privately,
72 Accompanied with some few horse, departed
From out the camp, and posted none knows whither.

74 **Kath.** Fled without battle given?

76 **Daly.** Fled, but followed
78 By Dawbney; all his parties left to taste
King Henry's mercy, – for to that they yielded, –
80 Victorious without bloodshed.

82 **Kath.** O, my sorrows!
If both our lives had proved the sacrifice
84 To Henry's tyranny, we had fall'n like princes,
And robbed him of the glory of his pride.

86

88 **Daly.** Impute it not to faintness or to weakness
Of noble courage, lady, but to foresight;
90 For by some secret friend he had intelligence
Of being bought and sold by his base followers.
Worse yet remains untold.

92 **Kath.** No, no, it cannot.

94 **Daly.** I fear y[ou] are betrayed: the Earl of Oxford
96 Runs hot in your pursuit.

98 **Kath.** 'A shall not need;
We'll run as hot in resolution gladly
100 To make the earl our jailor.

102 **Jane.** Madam, madam,
They come, they come!

104 *Enter Earl of Oxford with his Followers.*

106 **Daly.** Keep back! or he who dares
108 Rudely to violate the law of honour
Runs on my sword.

110 **Kath.** Most noble sir, forbear. –
112 What reason draws you hither, gentlemen?
Whom seek 'ee?

114 **Oxf.** All stand off! – With favour, lady,
116 From Henry, England's king, I would present
Unto the beauteous princess, Katherine Gordon,
118 The tender of a gracious entertainment.

120 **Kath.** We are that princess, whom your master-king
Pursues with reaching arms to draw into
122 His power: let him use his tyranny,
We shall not be his subject.

124 **Oxf.** My commission
126 Extends no further, excellentest lady,
Than to a service; 'tis King Henry's pleasure
128 That you, and all that have relation t'ee,
Be guarded as becomes your birth and greatness;
130 For, rest assured, sweet princess, that not aught
Of what you do call yours shall find disturbance,
132 Or any welcome other than what suits
Your high condition.

134

136 **Kath.** By what title, sir,
May I acknowledge you?

138 **Oxf.** Your servant, lady,
140 Descended from the line of Oxford's earls,
Inherits what his ancestors before him
Were owners of.

142 **Kath.** Your king is herein royal,
144 That by a peer so ancient in desert
As well as blood commands us to his presence.

146 **Oxf.** Invites 'ee, princess, not commands.

148 **Kath.** Pray use
150 Your own phrase as you list: to your protection
Both I and mine submit.

152 **Oxf.** There's in your number
154 A nobleman whom fame hath bravely spoken.
To him the king my master bad me say
156 How willingly he courts his friendship; far
From an enforcement, more than what in terms
158 Of courtesy so great a prince may hope for.

160 **Daly.** My name is Dalyell.

162 **Oxf.** 'Tis a name hath won
Both thanks and wonder from report, my lord:
164 The court of England emulates your merit,
And covets to embrace 'ee.

166 **Daly.** I must wait on
168 The princess in her fortunes.

170 **Oxf.** Will you please,
Great lady, to set forward?

172 **Kath.** Being driven
174 By fate, it were in vain to strive with Heaven.

176 [Exeunt.]

ACT V, SCENE II.

Salisbury.

*Enter King Henry, Earl of Surrey, Urswick,
and a guard of Soldiers.*

1 **K. Hen.** The counterfeit, King Perkin, is escaped: –
2 Escape[d]! so let him; he is hedged too fast
Within the circuit of our English pale
4 To steal out of our ports, or leap the walls
Which guard our land; the seas are rough and wider
6 Than his weak arms can tug with. – Surrey, henceforth
Your king may reign in quiet; turmoils past,
8 Like some unquiet dream, have rather busied
Our fancy than affrighted rest of state. –
10 But, Surrey, why, in articling a peace
With James of Scotland, was not restitution
12 Of losses which our subjects did sustain
By the Scotch inroads questioned?

14 **Sur.** Both demanded
16 And urged, my lord; to which the king replied,
In modest merriment, but smiling earnest,
18 How that our master Henry was much abler
To bear the detriments than he repay them.

20 **K. Hen.** The young man, I believe, spake honest truth;
22 'A studies to be wise betimes. – Has, Urswick,
Sir Rice ap Thomas, and Lord Brook our steward,
24 Returned the Western gentlemen full thanks
From us for their tried loyalties?

26 **Urs.** They have;
28 Which, as if health and life had reigned amongst 'em,
With open hearts they joyfully received.

30 **K. Hen.** Young Buckingham is a fair-natured prince,
32 Lovely in hopes, and worthy of his father;
Attended by an hundred knights and squires
34 Of special name he tendered humble service,
Which we must ne'er forget: and Devonshire's wounds,
36 Though slight, shall find sound cure in our respect.

38 *Enter Lord Dawbney with a Guard,
leading in Perkin Warbeck, Heron, John A-Water,
40 Astley, and Sketon, chained.*

42 **Dawb.** Life to the king, and safety fix his throne!
I here present you, royal sir, a shadow
44 Of majesty, but in effect a substance
Of pity; a young man, in nothing grown
46 To ripeness but th' ambition of your mercy, –
Perkin, the Christian world's strange wonder.

48 **K. Hen.** Dawbney,
50 We observe no wonder: I behold, 'tis true,
An ornament of nature, fine and polished,
52 A handsome youth indeed, but not admire him.
How came he to thy hands?

54 **Dawb.** From sanctuary
56 At Bewley, near Southampton; registered,
With these few followers, for persons privileged.

58 **K. Hen.** I must not thank you, sir; you were to blame
60 T' infringe the liberty of houses sacred:
Dare we be irreligious?

62 **Dawb.** Gracious lord,
64 They voluntarily resigned themselves
Without compulsion.

66 **K. Hen.** So? 'twas very well;
68 'Twas very, very well. –
[To Warbeck] Turn now thine eyes,
Young man, upon thyself and thy past actions;
70 What revels in combustion through our kingdom
A frenzy of aspiring youth hath danced,
72 Till, wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipt
To break thy neck!

74 **Warb.** But not my heart; my heart
76 Will mount till every drop of blood be frozen
By death's perpetual winter: if the sun
78 Of majesty be darkened, let the sun
Of life be hid from me in an eclipse
80 Lasting and universal. Sir, remember
There was a shooting-in of light when Richmond,
82 Not aiming at a crown, retired, and gladly,
For comfort to the Duke of Brittain's court.
84 Richard, who swayed the sceptre, was reputed
A tyrant then; yet then a dawning glimmered
86 To some few wandering remnants, promising day

88 When first they ventured on a frightful shore
At Milford Haven; –

90 **Dawb.** Whither speeds his boldness? –
Check his rude tongue, great sir.

92 **K. Hen.** O, let him range:
94 The player's on the stage still, 'tis his part;
'A does but act. – What followed?

96 **Warb.** Bosworth Field;
98 Where, at an instant, to the world's amazement,
A morn to Richmond, and a night to Richard,
100 Appeared at once: the tale is soon applied;
Fate, which crowned these attempts when least assured,
102 Might have befriended others like resolved.

104 **K. Hen.** A pretty gallant! Thus your aunt of Burgundy,
Your duchess-aunt, informed her nephew; so,
106 The lesson prompted and well conned, was moulded
Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,
108 Till, learnt by heart, 'tis now received for truth.

110 **Warb.** Truth, in her pure simplicity, wants art
To put a feignèd blush on: Scorn wears only
112 Such fashion as commends to gazers' eyes
Sad ulcerated novelty, far beneath
114 The sphere of majesty: in such a court
Wisdom and gravity are proper robes,
116 By which the sovereign is best distinguished
From zanies to his greatness.

118 **K. Hen.** Sirrah, shift
120 Your antic pageantry, and now appear
In your own nature, or you'll taste the danger
122 Of fooling out of season.

124 **Warb.** I expect
No less than what severity calls justice,
126 And politicians safety; let such beg
As feed on alms: but if there can be mercy
128 In a protested enemy, then may it
Descend to these poor creatures, whose engagements,
130 To th' bettering of their fortunes, have incurred
A loss of all; to them, if any charity
132 Flow from some noble orator, in death
I owe the fee of thankfulness.

134

136 **K. Hen.** So brave!
What a bold knave is this! – Which of these rebels
Has been the Mayor of Cork?

138 **Dawb.** This wise formality. –
140 Kneel to the king, 'ee rascals!

142 [They kneel.]

144 **K. Hen.** Canst thou hope
A pardon, where thy guilt is so apparent?

146 **J. a-Wat.** Under your good favours, as men are men,
148 they may err; for I confess, respectively, in taking great
parts, the one side prevailing, the other side must go
150 down: herein the point is clear, if the proverb hold, that
hanging goes by destiny, that it is to little purpose to
152 say, this thing or that shall be thus or thus; for, as the
Fates will have it, so it must be; and who can help it?

154 **Dawb.** O, blockhead! thou a privy-counsellor?
156 Beg life, and cry aloud, "Heaven save King Henry!"

158 **J. a-Wat.** Every man knows what is best, as it happens;
for my own part, I believe it is true, if I be not
160 deceived, that kings must be kings and subjects subjects;
but which is which, you shall pardon me for that:
162 whether we speak or hold our peace, all are mortal;
no man knows his end.

164 **K. Hen.** We trifle time with follies.

166 **Her., J. a-Wat., Ast., Sket.** Mercy, mercy!

168 **K. Hen.** Urswick, command the dukeling and these fellows

170 [They rise.]

172 To Digby, the lieutenant of the Tower:
174 With safety let them be conveyed to London.
It is our pleasure no uncivil outrage,
176 Taunts or abuse be suffered to their persons;
They shall meet fairer law than they deserve.
178 Time may restore their wits, whom vain ambition
Hath many years distracted.

180 **Warb.** Noble thoughts
182 Meet freedom in captivity: the Tower, –

184 Our childhood's dreadful nursery!

186 **K. Hen.** No more!

188 **Urs.** Come, come, you shall have leisure to bethink 'ee.

190 [Exit Urswick with Perkin Warbeck
and his Followers, guarded.]

192 **K. Hen.** Was ever so much impudence in forgery?
The custom, sure, of being styled a king
194 Hath fastened in his thought that he is such;
But we shall teach the lad another language:
196 'Tis good we have him fast.

198 **Dawb.** The hangman's physic
Will purge this saucy humour.

200 **K. Hen.** Very likely;
202 Yet we could temper mercy with extremity,
Being not too far provoked.

204 [Enter Earl of Oxford, Lady Katherine in her richest
206 attire, Lord Dalyell, Jane, and Attendants.]

208 **Oxf.** Great sir, be pleased,
With your accustomed grace to entertain
210 The Princess Katherine Gordon.

212 **K. Hen.** Oxford, herein
We must beshrew thy knowledge of our nature.
214 A lady of her birth and virtues could not
Have found us so unfurnished of good manners
216 As not, on notice given, to have met her
Halfway in point of love. –
[To Katherine] Excuse, fair cousin,
218 The oversight: –

220 [Katherine offers to kneel.]

222 O, fie! you may not kneel;
Tis most unfitting: first, vouchsafe this welcome,
224 A welcome to your own; for you shall find us
But guardian to your fortune and your honours.

226 **Kath.** My fortunes and mine honours are weak champions,
228 As both are now befriended, sir: however,
Both bow before your clemency.

230

232 **K. Hen.** Our arms
Shall circle them from malice. – A sweet lady!
Beauty incomparable! – here lives majesty
234 At league with love.

236 **Kath.** O, sir, I have a husband. –

238 **K. Hen.** We'll prove your father, husband, friend, and servant,
Prove what you wish to grant us. – Lords, be careful
240 A patent presently be drawn for issuing
A thousand pounds from our exchequer yearly
242 During our cousin's life. – Our queen shall be
Your chief companion, our own court your home,
244 Our subjects all your servants.

246 **Kath.** But my husband?

248 **K. Hen.** By all descriptions, you are noble Dalyell,
Whose generous truth hath famed a rare observance.
250 We thank 'ee; 'tis a goodness gives addition
To every title boasted from your ancestry,
252 In all most worthy.

254 **Daly.** Worthier than your praises,
Right princely sir, I need not glory in.
256

K. Hen. Embrace him, lords. –
[To Katherine] Whoever calls you mistress
258 Is lifted in our charge. – A goodlier beauty
Mine eyes yet ne'er encountered.

260 **Kath.** Cruël misery
262 Of fate! what rests to hope for?

264 **K. Hen.** Forward, lords,
To London. – Fair, ere long I shall present ye
266 With a glad object, – peace, and Huntley's blessing.

268 [Exeunt.]

ACT V, SCENE III.*Tyburn.*

*Enter Constable and Officers, Perkin Warbeck,
Urswick, and Lambert Simmel as a Falconer,
followed by the rabble.*

A pair of stocks.

1 **Const.** Make room there! keep off, I require 'ee; and
2 none come within twelve foot of his majesty's new
3 stocks, upon pain of displeasure. – Bring forward the
4 malefactors. – Friend, you must to this gear, no remedy.
5 – Open the hole, and in with his legs, just in the middle
6 hole; there, that hole. [*Warbeck is put in the stocks.*]
7 – Keep off, or I'll commit you all: shall not a man in
8 authority be obeyed! – So, so, there; 'tis as it should be:
9 put on the padlock, and give me the key. – Off, I say,
10 keep off!

12 **Urs.** Yet, Warbeck, clear thy conscience: thou hast tasted
13 King Henry's mercy liberally; the law
14 Has forfeited thy life; an equal jury
15 Have doomed thee to the gallows; twice most wickedly,
16 Most desperately, hast thou escaped the Tower,
17 Inveigling to thy party with thy witchcraft
18 Young Edward Earl of Warwick, son to Clarence,
19 Whose head must pay the price of that attempt;
20 Poor gentleman, unhappy in his fate,
21 And ruined by thy cunning! so a mungrel
22 May pluck the true stag down. Yet, yet, confess
23 Thy parentage; for yet the king has mercy.

24 **Sim.** You would be Dick the Fourth; very likely!
25 Your pedigree is published; you are known
26 For Osbeck's son of Tournay, a loose runagate,
27 A landloper; your father was a Jew,
28 Turned Christian merely to repair his miseries:
29 Where's now your kingship?

32 **Warb.** Baited to my death?
33 Intolerable cruelty! I laugh at
34 The Duke of Richmond's practice on my fortunes:
35 Possession of a crown ne'er wanted heralds.

36 **Sim.** You will not know who I am?
38

Lambert Simnel,

40 Your predecessor in a dangerous uproar;
But, on submission, not alone received
42 To grace, but by the king vouchsafed his service.

44 *Sim.* I would be Earl of Warwick, toiled and ruffled
Against my master, leaped to catch the moon,
46 Vaunted my name Plantagenet, as you do;
An earl, forsooth! whenas in truth I was,
48 As you are, a mere rascal: yet his majesty,
A prince composed of sweetness, – Heaven protect him! –
50 Forgave me all my villainies, reprieved
The sentence of a shameful end, admitted
52 My surety of obedience to his service,
And I am now his falconer; live plenteously,
54 Eat from the king's purse, and enjoy the sweetness
Of liberty and favour; sleep securely:
56 And is not this, now, better than to buffet
The hangman's clutches, or to brave the cordage
58 Of a tough halter which will break your neck? –
So, then, the gallant totters! – preethee, Perkin,
60 Let my example lead thee; be no longer
A counterfeit; confess, and hope for pardon.

62 *Warb.* For pardon! hold, my heart-strings, whiles contempt
64 Of injuries, in scorn, may bid defiance
To this base man's foul language! – Thou poor vermin,
66 How dar'st thou creep so near me? thou an earl!
Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness
68 As all the swinge of slight ambition flew at.
A dunghill was thy cradle. So a puddle,
70 By virtue of the sunbeams, breathes a vapour
T' infect the purer air, which drops again
72 Into the muddy womb that first exhaled it.
Bread and a slavish ease, with some assurance
74 From the base beadle's whip, crowned all thy hopes:
But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one drop
76 Of such a royal blood as flows in mine,
Thou wouldst not change condition, to be second
78 In England's state, without the crown itself.
Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence:
80 But let the world, as all to whom I am
This day a spectacle, to time deliver,
82 And by tradition fix posterity
Without another chronicle than truth,
84 How constantly my resolution suffered
A martyrdom of majesty.

86 **Sim.** He's past
88 Recovery; a Bedlam cannot cure him.

90 **Urs.** Away, inform the king of his behaviour.

92 **Sim.** Perkin, beware the rope! the hangman's coming.
94 [Exit Simnel.]

96 **Urs.** If yet thou hast no pity of thy body,
Pity thy soul!

98
100 *Enter Lady Katherine, Jane, Lord Dalyell,
and Earl Of Oxford.*

102 **Jane.** Dear lady!

104 **Oxf.** Whither will 'ee,
Without respect of shame?

106 **Kath.** Forbear me, sir,
108 And trouble not the current of my duty. –
[To Warbeck] O, my loved lord! can any scorn be yours
110 In which I have no interest – Some kind hand
Lend me assistance, that I may partake
112 Th' infliction of this penance. – My life's dearest,
Forgive me; I have stayed too long from tendering
114 Attendance on reproach; yet bid me welcome.

116 **Warb.** Great miracle of constancy! my miseries
Were never bankrout of their confidence
118 In worst afflictions, till this; now I feel them.
Report and thy deserts, thou best of creatures,
120 Might to eternity have stood a pattern
For every virtuous wife without this conquest.
122 Thou hast outdone belief; yet may their ruin
In after-marriages be never pitied,
124 To whom thy story shall appear a fable!
Why wouldst thou prove so much unkind to greatness
126 To glorify thy vows by such a servitude?
I cannot weep; but trust me, dear, my heart
128 Is liberal of passion. – Harry Richmond,
A woman's faith hath robbed thy fame of triumph.
130

132 **Oxf.** Sirrah, leave-off your juggling, and tie up
The devil that ranges in your tongue.

134 **Urs.** Thus witches,

136 Possessed, even [to] their deaths deluded, say
They have been wolves and dogs, and sailed in egg-shells
Over the sea, and rid on fiery dragons,
138 Passed in the air more than a thousand miles,
All in a night: – the enemy of mankind
140 Is powerful, but false, and falsehood confident.

142 **Oxf.** Remember, lady, who you are; come from
That impudent impostor.

144
Kath. You abuse us:
146 For when the holy churchman joined our hands,
Our vows were real then; the ceremony
148 Was not in apparition, but in act. –
Be what these people term thee, I am certain
150 Thou art my husband, no divorce in Heaven
Has been sued-out between us; 'tis injustice
152 For any earthly power to divide us:
Or we will live or let us die together.
154 There is a cruel mercy.

156 **Warb.** Spite of tyranny
We reign in our affections, blessed woman!
158 Read in my destiny the wrack of honour;
Point out, in my contempt of death, to memory
160 Some miserable happiness; since herein,
Even when I fell, I stood enthroned a monarch
162 Of one chaste wife's troth pure and uncorrupted.
Fair angel of perfection, immortality
164 Shall raise thy name up to an adoration,
Court every rich opinion of true merit,
166 And saint it in the calendar of Virtue,
When I am turned into the self-same dust
168 Of which I was first formed.

170 **Oxf.** The lord ambassador,
Huntley, your father, madam, should 'a look on
172 Your strange subjection in a gaze so public,
Would blush on your behalf, and wish his country
174 Unleft for entertainment to such sorrow.

176 **Kath.** Why art thou angry, Oxford? I must be
More péremptory in my duty. – [To Warbeck] Sir,
178 Impute it not unto immodesty
That I presume to press you to a legacy
180 Before we part for ever.

182 **Warb.** Let it be, then,

184 My heart, the rich remains of all my fortunes.

186 **Kath.** Confirm it with a kiss, pray.

188 **Warb.** O, with that
I wish to breathe my last! upon thy lips,
Those equal twins of comeliness, I seal
190 The testament of honourable vows:

192 [Kisses her.]

194 Whoever be that man that shall unkiss
This sacred print next, may he prove more thrifty
196 In this world's just applause, not more desertful!

198 **Kath.** By this sweet pledge of both our souls, I swear
To die a faithful widow to thy bed;
200 Not to be forced or won: O, never, never!

202 *Enter Earls of Surrey, Huntley, and Crawford,
and Lord Dawbney.*

204 **Dawb.** Free the condemnèd person; quickly free him!
206 What, has 'a yet confessed?

208 [Perkin Warbeck is taken out of the stocks.]

210 **Urs.** [To Dawbney] Nothing to purpose;
But still he will be king.

212 **Sur.** Prepare your journey
214 To a new kingdom, then, unhappy madman,
Wilfully foolish! –
[To Huntley] See, my lord ambassador,
216 Your lady daughter will not leave the counterfeit
In this disgrace of fate.

218 **Hunt.** I never pointed
220 Thy marriage, girl; but yet, being married,
Enjoy thy duty to a husband freely.
222 The griefs are mine. I glory in thy constancy;
And must not say I wished that I had missed
224 Some partage in these trials of a patience.

226 **Kath.** You will forgive me, noble sir?

228 **Hunt.** Yes, yes;
In every duty of a wife and daughter
230 I dare not disavow thee. To your husband, –

232 For such you are, sir, – I impart a farewell
 Of manly pity; what your life has passed through,
 The dangers of your end will make apparent;
 234 And I can add, for comfort to your sufferance,
 No cordial, but the wonder of your frailty,
 236 Which keeps so firm a station. We are parted.
 238 **Warb.** We are. A crown of peace renew thy age,
 Most honourable Huntley! – Worthy Crawford!
 240 We may embrace; I never thought thee injury.
 242 **Craw.** Nor was I ever guilty of neglect
 Which might procure such thought. I take my leave, sir.
 244 **Warb.** To you, Lord Dalyell, – what? accept a sigh,
 246 'Tis hearty and in earnest.
 248 **Daly.** I want utterance;
 My silence is my farewell.
 250 **Kath.** Oh, oh!
 252 **Jane.** Sweet madam,
 254 What do you mean? –
 [To Dalyell] My lord, your hand.
 256 **Daly.** Dear lady,
 258 Be pleased that I may wait 'ee to your lodging.
 260 [Exeunt Lord Dalyell and Jane,
 supporting Lady Katherine.]
 262 Enter Sheriff and Officers with
 264 Sketon, Astley, Heron, and John A-Water,
 with halters about their necks.
 266 **Oxf.** Look 'ee; behold your followers, appointed
 268 To wait on 'ee in death!
 270 **Warb.** Why, peers of England,
 We'll lead 'em on courageously: – I read
 272 A triumph over tyranny upon
 Their several foreheads. – Faint not in the moment
 274 Of victory! our ends, and Warwick's head,
 Innocent Warwick's head, – for we are prologue
 276 But to his tragedy, – conclude the wonder
 Of Henry's fears; and then the glorious race
 278 Of fourteen kings, Plantagenets, determines
 In this last issue male; Heaven be obeyed!

280 | Impoverish time of its amazement, friends,
And we will prove as trusty in our payments
282 | As prodigal to nature in our debts.
Death? pish! 'tis but a sound; a name of air;
284 | A minute's storm, or not so much: to tumble
From bed to bed, be massacred alive
286 | By some physicians, for a month or two,
In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,
288 | Might stagger manhood; here the pain is past
Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit!
290 | Spurn coward passion! so illustrious mention
Shall blaze our names, and style us kings o'er Death.

292 |
Dawb. Away, impostor beyond precedent!

294 |
[Exeunt Sheriff and Officers with the Prisoners.]

296 |
No chronicle records his fellow.

298 |
Hunt. I have
300 | Not thoughts left: 'tis sufficient in such cases
Just laws ought to proceed.

302 |
Enter King Henry, the Bishop of Durham, and Hialas.

304 |
K. Hen. We are resolved.
306 | Your business, noble lords, shall find success
Such as your king impórtunes.

308 |
Hunt. You are gracious.

310 |
K. Hen. Perkin, we are informed, is armed to die;
312 | In that we'll honour him. Our lords shall follow
To see the execution; and from hence
314 | We gather this fit use, – that public states,
As our particular bodies, taste most good
316 | In health when purgèd of corrupted blood.

318 |
[Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.

1 Here has appeared, though in a several fashion,
2 The threats of majesty, the strength of passion,
Hopes of an empire, change of fortunes; all
4 What can to theätres of greatness fall,
Proving their weak foundations. Who will please,
6 Amongst such several sights, to censure these
No births abortive, nor a bastard brood, –
8 Shame to a parentage or fosterhood, –
May warrant by their loves all just excuses,
10 And often find a welcome to the Muses.

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.

The following suggested changes each appear in multiple locations in the play:

1. modernize *shew* (and its derivatives) to *show*.
2. modernize *'a* to *he*.
3. modernize *bankrout* to *bankrupt*.
4. modernize *pertake* to *partake*.
5. modernize *murther* (and its derivatives) to *murder*.
6. modernize *preethee* to *prithee*.
7. modernize *'ee* to *ye*.
8. modernize *ith* to *i' th'* or *in the*.
9. modernize *oth* to *o' th'* or *of the*.
10. modernize *toth* to *t' th'* or *to the*.
11. emend the tailor's name from *Sketon* to *Skelton*.
12. emend the family name of Sir Giles *Dawbney* to *Dawbeney*.

Omit Prologue and Epilogue.

Act I, Scene i.

1. line 12: modernize *thoroughly* to *thoroughly*.
2. line 131: modernize *collosic* to *collosal*.

Act I, Scene iii.

1. line 31: emend *rot* to *root*.
2. line 64: emend *into* to *out of*.
3. line 99: emend *'em* to *him*.
4. line 211: move *To bed* from the end to the beginning of the line.

Act II, Scene ii.

1. line 120: modernize *burthen* to *burden*.
2. line 126: modernize *hether* to *hither*.

Act II, Scene iii.

1. line 66: emend "*A queen! perhaps a quean!*" to "*A queen, perhaps! A queen?*".
2. line 121: emend "*Ho, brave! Youth*" to "*Ho, brave youth*".
3. line 171: modernize *perfit* to *perfect*.
4. line 192: modernize *counterpawne* to *counterpane*.
5. line 234: modernize *disgest* to *digest*.

Act III, Scene ii.

1. line 6: modernize *quiristers* to *choristers*.
2. line 131: modernize *sloath* to *sloth*.
3. line 140: modernize *perfit* to *perfect*.

Act III, Scene iv.

1. line 76: modernize *conster* to *construe*.

Act IV, Scene ii.

1. line 81 emend *this* to *these*.

Act IV, Scene iii.

1. line 131 modernize *sloath* to *sloth*.

Act V, Scene ii.

1. line 21: modernize *spake* to *spoke*.
2. line 173: modernize *lieftenant* to *lieutenant*.

Act V, Scene iii.

1. line 21: modernize *mungrel* to *mongrel*.