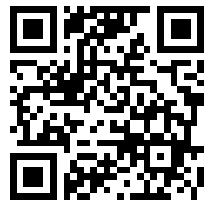


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THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE AND  
LAMENTABLE DEATH...

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MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER

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troublesome raigne a. lament-  
able death of Edward the second.  
As it was sundrie times publi-  
quely acted by the Earle of Pem-  
brooke his seruants. [Anr. ed.]  
As it was publikely acted by the  
Earl of Pembroke his seruants.  
4<sup>o</sup>. f. H. Bell, 1622. Ent. 17 ap.  
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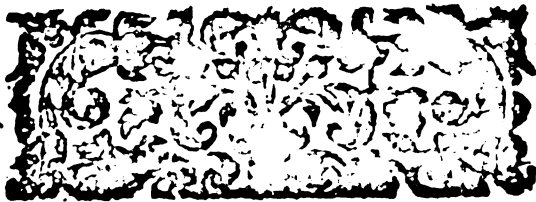
THE  
TROUBLESOME  
RAIGNE AND LAMEN-  
table death of EDVWARD. the  
*second, King of England :*

WITH  
The Tragickall fall of proud  
MORTIMER.

And also the life and death of *Peirs Gausestone*, the  
*great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty Favorite*  
of King EDVWARD the second.

As it was publikely acted by the right Honou-  
*rable the Earle of Pembroke his*  
*seruants.*

Written by *Christopher Marlow* Gent.



LONDON,  
Printed for *Henry Bell*, and are to be sold at his  
Shop, at the *Lame-Hospitall Gate*, neere  
*Smithfield*, 1622.

[The page contains extremely faint and illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the document. No specific words or phrases can be discerned.]



*Enter Gaueston reading on a Letter that was brought him from the King.*

**M**Y Father is deceast, come *Gauestone*,  
 And share the Kingdome with thy deere friend.  
 Ah words that make me surfet with delight,  
 What greater blisse can hap to *Gaueston*,  
 Then liue and be the Favorite of a King?  
 Sweete Prince I come: These these, thy amorous lines  
 Might haue enforst me to haue swum from France,  
 And like *Leander* gaspt vpon the land,  
 So thou wouldst smile and take me in thine armes.  
 The sight of London to my exil'd eyes,  
 Is as *Elizium* to a new come soule,  
 Not that I loue the City or the men,  
 But that it harbors him I hold so deere,  
 The King, vpon whose bosome let me dye,  
 And with the world be still at enmity:  
 What need the Articke people loue star-light,  
 To whom the sunne shines both by day and night.  
 Farewell base stooping to the Lordly Peeres,  
 My knees shall bow to none but to the King,  
 As for the multitude that are but sparkes  
 Rakt vp in embers, of their pouerty,  
 Tanti: He fanne first on the winde,  
 That glaunceth at my lips and flyeth away:  
 But how now, what are these?

*Enter three poore men.*

*Poore men.* Such as desire your worships seruice.  
*Gauest.* What canst thou doe?  
 1. *Poore.* I can ride.  
*Gauest.* But I haue no horse. What art thou?  
 2. *Poore.* A Traueller.  
*Gauest.* Let me see, thou wouldst doe well  
 To waite at my Trencher, and tell me lies at dinner time,  
 And

And as I like your discoursing, ile haue you.

And what art thou?

3. *Poore.* A Souldier that hath serued against the Scot.

*Gane.* Why, there are Hospitals for such as you,  
I haue no warre, and therefore Sir be gone.

*Soul* Farewell, and perish by a Souldier's hand,  
Tha would'it reward them with an Hospitall.

*Gau.* I, I, these words of his moue me as much.  
As if a Goose should play the Porcupine  
And dart her Plumes, thinking to pierce my brest,  
But yet it is no paine to speake men faire,  
Ile flatter these, and make them liue in hope:  
You know that I came lately out of France,  
And yet I haue not veiw'd my Lord the King:  
If I speede well, ile entertaine you ail.

*Omnes.* We thanke your worship.

*Gan.* I haue some businesse, leaue me to my selfe.

*Omnes.* We will waite here about the Court. *Exeunt.*

*Gan.* Do: these are not men for me,  
I must haue wanton Poets, Pleasant wits,  
Musitians that with touching of a string  
May draw the pliant King which way I please:  
Musicke and Poetry is his delight,  
Therefore ile haue Italian Maskes by night,  
Sweet speeches, Comedies, and pleasing shoues,  
And in the day when he shall walke abroad,  
Like *Siluan* Nimphs my Pages shall be clad,  
My men like *Satyres* grazing on the Lawnes  
Shall with their Goate-feete dance the Anticke Hay,  
Sometime a louely Boy in *Dians* shape,  
With haire that gilds the Water as it glides,  
Crownets of Pearle about his naked armes,  
And in his sportfull hands an Oliuetree,  
To hide those parts which men delight to see,  
Shall bath him in a Spring, and there hard by,  
One like *Atlan* peeping through the Groue,  
Shall by the angry Goddesse be transformd,  
And running in the likenesse of an Hart,

of Edward the second.

By yelping hounds puld downe, and seeme to dye,  
Such thing as these best please his Maiesty,  
My Lord, here comes the King and the Nobles  
From the Parliament, ile stand aside.

*Enter the King, Lancaster, Mortimer senior, Mortimer in-  
nior, Edmond Earle of Kent, Guy Earle of Warwicke, &c.*

*Ed. Lancaster.*

*Lan. My Lord.*

*Gauc. That Earle of Lancaster doe I abhorre.*

*Ed. Will you not grant me this? in spite of them  
Ile haue my will, and these two Mortimers  
That croise me thus, shall know I am displeas'd.*

*Mor. se. If you loue vs my Lord, hate Gauestone?*

*Gauc. That Villaine Mortimer, ile be his death.*

*Mor. in. Mine Vncle here, this Earle, and I my selfe  
Were sworne to your father at his death,  
That he should nere returne into the Realme:  
And know my Lord, ere I will breake my oath,  
This sword of mine that should offend your foes,  
Shall sleepe within the scaberd at thy neede,  
And vnderneath thy Banners march whowill,  
For Mortimer will hang his Armor vp.*

*Gaucst. Mort. dien.*

*Ed. Well Mortimer, ile make thee rue these words.  
Besemes it thee to contradict thy King?  
Frounst thou thereat aspiring Lancaster,  
The Sword shall plaine the forrowes of thy browes,  
And hew these knees that now are growne so stiffe,  
I will haue Gaueston, and you shall know,  
What danger tis to stand against your King.*

*Gaucst. Well done, Ned.*

*Lan. My Lord, why do you thus incense your Peeres,  
That naturally would loue and honour you:  
But for that base and obscure Gaueston,  
Foure Earledomes haue I besides Lancaster,  
Darby, Salisbury, Lincolde, Leicester,  
These will I sell to give my Souldiers pay,  
Ere Gaueston shall stay within the realme,*

## The Tragedy

Therefore if he be come, expell him straight.

*Ed.* Barons and Earles, your pride hath made me mute,  
But now Ile speake, and to the prooffe I hope:

I doe remember in my fathers dayes,  
Lord *Piercy* of the North being highly mou'd,  
Brau'd *Mowbray* in presence of the King,  
For which had not his highnesse lou'd him well,  
He should haue lost his head, but with his looke,  
The vndaunted spirit of *Piercie* was appeas'd,  
And *Mowbray* and he were reconcilde:

Yet dare you braue the King vnto his face.  
Brother reuenge it, and let these their heads,  
Preach vpon poles for trespasse of their tongues.

*War.* O our heads,

*Edw.* I yours, and therefore I would wish you graue.

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

*Mor. in.* I cannot, nor I will not, I must speake,  
Cofin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,  
And strike off his that makes you threaten vs:  
Come vncle let vs leaue the brainicke King,  
And henceforth parly with our naked swords.

*Mor. se.* Wiltshire hath men enough to saue our heads,

*War.* All Warwickshire will loue him for my sake.

*Lanc.* And Northward *Gauestone* hath many friends.  
Adew my Lord, and either change your minde,  
Or looke to see the Throne where you should sit  
To floate in bloud, and at thy wanton head,  
The glosing head of thy base minion throwne.

*Exeunt Nobles.*

*Edw.* I cannot brooke these haucie menaces:  
Am I a King, and must be ouer-rul'd?  
Brother display my Ensignes in the field,  
Ile bandy with the Barons and the Earles,  
And either dye or liue with *Gaueston*.

*Gaue.* I can no longer keepe me from my Lord.

*Edw.* What *Gauestone*, welcome, kisse not my hand,  
Embrace me *Gauestone* as I do thee:  
Why shouldst thou kneele,

Knowest



Know'st thou not who I am?  
Thy friend, thy selfe, another *Gaueſon*,  
Not *Hilas* was more mourned for of *Hercules*,  
Then thou haſt beene of me ſince thy exile.

*Gauc.* And ſince I went from hence, no ſoule in hell  
Hath felt more torment then poore *Gaueſton*.

*Ed.* I know it, Brother welcome home my friend,  
Now let the trecherous *Mortimers* conſpire,  
And that high minded Earle of *Lancaſter*,  
I haue my wiſh in that I ioy thy ſight,  
And ſooner ſhall the Sea orewhelme my Land,  
Then beare the Ship that ſhall transport thee hence:  
I heere create thee Lord high Chamberlaine,  
Chiefe Secretary to the State and me,  
Earle of *Cornwall*, King and Lord of man.

*Gauc.* My Lord theſe Titles farre exceede my worth.

*Ken.* Brother the leaſt of theſe may well ſuffice  
For one of greater birth then *Gaueſton*.

*Edw.* Ceafe brother, For I cannot brooke theſe words:  
Thy worth ſweet friend is farre about my gifts,  
Therefore to equall it, receiue my heart,  
If for theſe dignities thou be enuiſed,  
Ile giue thee more, for but to honour thee,  
Is *Edward* pleas'd with Kingly regiment,  
Fearſt thou thy perſon? thou ſhalt haue a guard:  
Wants thou Gold? go to my Treasury.  
Wouldſt thou be lou'd and fear'd? receiue my ſcale,  
Saue or condemne, and in our name command,  
What ſo thy minde affects or fancy likes.

*Gauc.* It ſhall ſuffice me to enioy your loue,  
Which whiles I haue, I thinke my ſelfe as great  
As *Ceſar* riding in the *Romane* ſtreete,  
With Captiue Kings at his tryumphant Carre.

*Enter the Biſhop of Conentry.*

*Ed.* Whither goes my Lord of *Conentry* ſo faſt?

*Biſh.* To celebrate your fathers exequies,  
But is that wicked *Gaueſton* returnd?

*Edw.* I prieſt, and liues to be reueng'd on thee,

## The Tragedy

Thatwert the only cause of his exile.

*Gauc.* Tis true, and but for reuerence of these robes,  
Thou shouldst not plod one foote beyond this place.

*Bish.* I did no more then I was bound to do,  
And *Gauceston* vnlesse thou be reclaimd,  
As then I did incense the Parliament,  
So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

*Gauc.* Sauing your reuerence, you must pardon me.

*Ed.* Throw off his golden Miter, rend his stole,  
And in the channell christen him anew.

*Kent.* Ah brother, lay not violent hands on him,  
For heele complaine vnto the Sea of Rome.

*Gauc.* Let him complaine vnto the sea of hell,  
He bereueng'd on him for my exile.

*Edw.* No, spare his life, but seize vpon his goods,  
Bethou Lord Bishop, and receiue his rents,  
And make him serue thee as thy Chaplaine,  
I giue him thee, heere vse him as thou wilt.

*Gauc.* He shall to prison, and there dye in bolts.

*Edw.* I to the Tower, the Fleete, or where thou wilt.

*Bish.* For this offence be thou accurst of God.

*Edw.* Whose there? Conuey this Priest to the Tower.

*Bish.* True, true.

*Edw.* But in the meane time *Gauceston* away,  
And take possession of his house and goods:  
Come follow me, and thou shalt haue my Guard  
To see it done, and bring thee safe againe.

*Gauc.* What should a Priest do with so faire a house,  
A prison may best be seeme his holinesse.

*Enter both the Mortimers, Warwick  
and Lancaster.*

*War.* Tis true, the Bishop is in the Tower,  
And goods and body giuen to *Gauceston*.

*Lan.* What? will they tyrannize vpon the Church?  
Ah wicked King, accursed *Gauceston*,  
This ground which is corrupted with their steps,  
Shall be their timelesse sepulcher, or mine. sure

*Mor. in.* Well, let that peeuish Frenchman guard him  
Vnlesse

Valessè his brest be sword prooffe he shall dye.

*Mor. se.* How now, why droopes the Earle of *Lancaster*?

*Mor. iii.* Wherefore is *Guy* of *Warwick* discontent?

*Lan.* That Villaine *Gameston* is made an Earle.

*Mor. se.* An Earle!

*War.* I, and besides Lord Chamberlaine of the realme,  
And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.

*Mor. se.* We may not nor we will not suffer this,

*Mor. iii.* Why post we not from hence to leuie men?

*Lan.* My Lord of *Cornwall* now at euery word,  
And happy is the man, whom he vouchsafes  
For vailing of his bonnet one good looke,  
Thus arme in arme, the King and he doth march:  
Nay more, the Guard vpon his Lordship waites:  
And all the Court begins to flatter him.

*War.* Thus leaning on the shoulder of the King,  
He nods, and scornes, and smiles at those that passe.

*Mor. se.* Doth no man take exceptions at the slaue?

*Lan.* All stomack him, but none dare speake a word.

*Mor. iii.* Ah that bewrayes their basenesse *Lancaster*,  
Were all the Earles and Barons of my mind,  
Weele hale him from the bosome of the King,  
And at the Court gate hang the *Pesant* vp,  
Who swolne with venome of ambitious pride,  
Will be the ruine of the realme and vs.

*Enter the Bishop of Canterbury.*

*War.* Heere comes my Lord of *Canterburies* Grace.

*Lan.* His countenance bewrayes he is displeas'd.

*Bish.* First were his sacred garments rent and torne,  
Then laid they violent hands vpon him next,  
Himselfe imprisoned, and his goods asceas'd,  
This certifie the Pope, away take horse.

*Lan.* My Lord, will you take armes against the King?

*Bish.* What neede I, God himselfe is vp in armes,  
When violence is offered to the Church.

*Mor. iii.* Then will you ioyne with vs that be his Peeres  
To banish or behead that *Gameston*?

*Bish.* What else my Lords, for it concernes me neere,

*The Tragedy*

The Bishopricke of *Conentry* is his.

*Enter the Queene.*

*Mor. in.* Madame, whither walkes your maiesty so faste

*Que.* Vnto the Forrest gentle *Mortimer*,  
To liue in griefe and balefull discontent,  
For now my Lord the King regards me not,  
But dotes vpon the loue of *Ganeston*,  
He claps his cheekes and hangs about his necke,  
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his eares,  
And when I come, he frownes, as who should say,  
Goe whither thou wilt seeing I haue *Ganeston*.

*Mor. se.* Is it not strange that he is thus bewichte?

*Mor. in.* Madame, returne vnto the Court againe:  
That slye inueigling Frenchman weele exile,  
Or lose our liues: and yet ere that day come,  
The King shall lose his crowne. for we haue power,  
And courage too to bereuengde at full:

*Bish.* But yet lift not your swords against the King.

*Lan.* No, but weele lift *Ganeston* from hence.

*War.* And warre must be the meanes, or hele stay still.

*Que.* Then let him stay, for rather then my Lord  
Shall be opprest with ciuill mutinies,  
I will endure a melancholly life,  
And let him frolicke with his Minion.

*Bish.* My Lords, to ease all this, but heare me speake,  
We and therest that are his Counsellors  
Will meete, and with a generall consent,  
Confirm his banishment with our hands and seales.

*Lan.* What we confirme the King will frustrate.

*Mor. in.* Then may we lawfully reuolt from him.

*War.* But say my Lord, where shall this meeting be?

*Bish.* At the new Temple.

*Mor. in.* Content:

And in the meane time ile intreat you all,  
To crosse to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

*Lan.* Come then lets away.

*Mor. in.* Madame farewell.

*Que.* Farewell sweete *Mortimer*, and for my sake,  
Forbear

Forbear to leue Armes against the King;

*Mor. in.* I, if words will serue, if not, I must.

*Enter Gaueston and the Earle of Kent.*

*Gau.* Edmond the mighty Prince of Lancaster,  
That hath more Eariedomes then an Alike can beare,  
And both the *Mortimers* two goodly men,  
With *Guy* of Warwicke that redoubted Knight,  
Are gone towards Lambeth, there let them remaine.

*Enter Nobles.* *exunt.*

*Lan.* Heere is the forme of *Gauestons* exile:  
May it please your Lordship to subscribe your name,

*Bish.* Giue me the Paper.

*Lan.* Quicke quicke my Lord:  
I long to write my name.

*War.* But I long more to see him banisht hence.

*Mor. in.* The name of *Mortimer* shall fright the King,  
Vnlesse he be declind from that base Desant.

*Enter the King and Gaueston.*

*Edw.* What are you mou'd that *Gaueston* sits heere?  
It is our pleasure, we will haue it so.

*Lan.* Your Grace doth well to place him by your side,  
For no where else the new Earle is so safe.

*Mor. se.* What man of noble birth can brook this sight?  
*Quam male conueniunt:*  
See what a scornefull looke the Pesant casts.

*Penb.* Can Kingly Lyons fawne on creeping Ants?

*War.* Ignoble Vnfall that like *Phaeton*,  
Aspir' st vnto the guidance of the Sunne.

*Mor. in.* Their downfall is at hand, their forces down,  
We will not thus be fac'd and ouer-peer'd.

*Edw.* Lay hands on that Traytor *Mortimer*.

*Mor. se.* Lay hands on that Traytor *Gaueston*.

*Kent.* Is this the duty that you owe your King?

*War.* We know our duties, let him know his Peeres.

*Edw.* Whither will you beare him, stay or yee shall die.

*Mor. se.* We are no traytors, therefore threaten not.

*Gau.* No, threaten not my Lord, but pay them home,  
I am a King —

## The Tragedy

*Mor. in.* Thou Villaine, wherefore talkest thou of a king,  
That hardly art a Gentleman by birth?

*Edw.* Were he a Peasant being my Minion,  
He make the proudest of you stoop to him.

*Lan.* My Lord you may not thus disparage vs.  
Away I say with hatefull Gauestone.

*Mor. se.* And with the Earle of *Kent* that fauors him.

*Edw.* Nay then lay violent hands vpon your King,  
Here *Mortimer*, sit thou in *Edwards* throne,  
*Warwicke* and *Lancaster*, weare you my Crowne,  
Was euer King thus ouer-rul'd as I?

*Lan.* Learne then to rule vs better and the realme.

*Mor. in.* What we haue done,  
Our heart blood shall maintaine.

*War.* Think you that we can brooke this vpstart pride?

*Edw.* Anger and wrathfull fury stops my speech.

*Bish.* Why are you mou'd, be patient my Lord,  
And see what we your Councillors haue done.

*Mor. in.* My Lords, now let vs all be resolute,  
And either haue our wils or lose our liues.

*Edw.* Meete you for this, proud ouer-daring Peeres,  
• Ere my sweete *Gaueston* shall part from me,  
This Ile shall fleete vpon the Ocean,  
And wander to the vnfrequented Inde.

*Bish.* You know that I am Legate to the Pope,  
On your allegiance to the Sea of Rome,  
Subscribe as we haue done to his exile:

*Mor. in.* Curse him, if he refuse, and then may we  
Depose him and elect another King.

*Edw.* I there it goes, but yet I will not yeeld,  
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.

*Lan.* Then linger not my Lord but do it straight.

*Bish.* Remember how the Bishop was abus'd,  
Either banish him that was the cause thereof,  
Or I will presently discharge these Lords,  
Of duety and allegiance due to thee,

*Edw.* It bootes me not to threat, I must speake faire,  
The Legate of the Pope will be obeyd:

My

My Lord, ye shall be Chancelour of the Realme,  
 Thou Lancaster, high Admirall of our Fleete,  
 Yong *Mortimer* and his Vnkle shall be Earles,  
 And you Lord Warwicke, President of the North,  
 And thou of Wales, if this content you not,  
 Make seuerall Kingdomes of this Monarchy,  
 And share it equally amongst you all,  
 So I may haue some nooke or corner left,  
 To frolike with my deereft *Gaueston*.

*Bish.* Nothing shall alter vs, we are resolu'd.

*Lan.* Come, come, subscribe.

*Mor. in.* Why should you loue him,  
 Whom the world hates so?

*Edw.* Because he loues me more then all the world:  
 Ah none but rude and sauage minded men,  
 Would seeke the ruine of my *Gaueston*,  
 You that are noble borne should pittie him.

*War.* You that as a princely borne should shake him off.  
 For shame subscribe, and let the Lowne depart.

*Mor. se.* Vtge him my Lord.

*Bish.* Are you content to banish him the Realme?

*Edw.* I see I must, and therefore am content,  
 In stead of Inke ile write it with my teares.

*Mor. in.* The King is loue-sicke for his Minion.

*Edw.* Tis done, and now accursed hand fall off.

*Lan.* Giue it me, Ile haue it published in the streetes,

*Mor. in.* Ile see him presently dispatched away.

*Bish.* Now, is my heart at ease.

*War.* And so is mine.

*Penb.* This will be good newes to the common sort.

*Mor. se.* Be it or no, he shall not linger heere.

*Exeunt Nobles.*

*Edw.* How fast they run to banish him I loue,  
 They would not stirre, were it to do me good:  
 Why should a King be subiect to a Priest?  
 Proud Rome, that hatchest such imperiall groomes,  
 For these thy superstitious taper-lights,  
 Wherewith thy Antichristian Churches blaze,

He

*The Tragedy*

He fire thy crazed buildings, and enforce  
The Papall Towers, to kille the lowly ground,  
With slaughterd Priests may *Tyber's* channell swell,  
And bankes rais'd higher with their sepulchers,  
As for the Peeres that back the clergy thus,  
If I be King, no: one of them shall liue.

*Enter Gaueston.*

*Gaue.* My Lord, I heare it whispered euery where  
That I am banish'd, and must flie the Land.

*Ed.* Tis true sweet *Gaueston*, oh were it were it false,  
The Legate of the Pope will haue it so.  
And thou must hence, or I shall be depos'd,  
But I will raigne to be reueng'd of them,  
And therefore sweet friend, take it patiently.  
Liue where thou wilt, ile send thee gold enough,  
And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou dost,  
He come to thee, my loue shall nere decline.

*Gaue.* Is all my hope turn'd to this hel'p of grieffe.

*Edw.* Rend not my heart with thy too piercing words,  
Thou from this Land, I from my selfe am banisht.

*Gaue.* To go from hence, grieues not poore *Gaueston*,  
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks,  
The blessednelle of *Gaueston* remains,  
For no where else seekes he felicity.

*Ed.* And only this torments my wretched soule,  
That whether I will or no thou must depart:  
Be Gouvernour of Ireland in my stead,  
And there abide till fortune call thee home.  
Here take my Picture, and let me weare thine,  
O might I keepe thee heere, as I do this,  
Happy were I, but now most miserable.

*Gaue.* Tis something to be pittied of a King.

*Edw.* Thou shalt not hence, ile hide thee *Gaueston*.

*Gaue.* I shall be found, and then twill grieue me more.

*Edw.* Kind words and mutuall talke makes our grieffe  
greater.

Therefore with dumbe imbracement let vs part,  
Stay *Gaueston*, I cannot leane thee thus.

*Gaue.*



*Gauc.* For every looke my Lord drops downe a teare,  
Seeing I must goe, do not renew my sorrow.

*Edw.* The time is little that thou hast to stay,  
And therefore giue me leaue to looke my fill,  
But come sweete friend, ile beare thee on thy way.

*Gauc.* The Peeres will frowne.

*Edw.* I passe not for their anger, come lets goe,  
O that we might as well returne as goe.

*Enter Edmond and Queene Isabell.*

*Qu.* Whither goes my Lord?

*Edw.* Fawne not on me french strumpet, get thee gone,

*Qu.* On whom but on my husband should I fawne?

*Gauc.* On *Mortimer*, with whom vngentle *Queene*,  
I say no more, iudge you the rest my Lord,

*Qu.* In saying this thou wrongt me *Gauceston*,  
Is't not enough that thou corrupts my Lord,  
And art a Bawd to his affections,  
But thou must call mine honour thus in question?

*Gauc.* I meane not so, your Grace must pardon me.

*Edw.* Thou art too familiar with that *Mortimer*,  
And by thy meanes is *Gauceston* exil'd,  
But I would wish thee reconcile the Lords,  
Or thou shalt ne're be reconcil'd to me.

*Qu.* Your Highnesse knowes it lies not in my power.

*Edw.* Away then, touch me not, come *Gauceston*.

*Qu.* Villaine, tis thou that rob'st me of my Lord.

*Gau.* Madam, tis you that rob me of my Lord.

*Edw.* Speake not vnto her, let her droope and pine.

*Qu.* Wherein my Lord, haue I deseru'd these words?  
Witnesse the teares that *Isabella* sheds,  
Witnesse this heart, that sighing for thee breakes,  
How deere my Lord is to poore *Isabell*.

*Edw.* And witnesse Heauen how deere thou art to me.  
There weepe : for till my *Gauceston* be repeal'd,  
Assure thy selfe thou comst not in my sight.

*Exeunt Edward and Gauceston.*

*Qu.* O miserable and distressed *Queene*,  
Would when I left sweete France and was imbarck't,  
C That

## The Tragedy

That charming *Circes* walking on the waues,  
Had chang'd my shape, or that the marriage day,  
The cup of *Hymen* had beene full of poyson,  
Or with those armes that twin'd about my necke,  
I had beene stifled, and not liu'd to see,  
The King my Lord thus to abandon me:  
Like frantike *Iuno* will I fill the earth,  
With gasty murmure of my sighs and cries,  
For neuer doted *Ioue* on *Ganimed*,  
So much as he on cursed *Gaueston*,  
But that will more exasperate his wrath,  
I must entreat him, I must speake him faire,  
And be a meanes to call home *Gaueston*:  
And yet heele euer dote on *Gaueston*,  
And so am I for euer miserable.

*Enter the Nobles to the Queene.*

*Lanc.* Looke where the sister of the King of France,  
Sits wringing of her hands and beats her brest.

*War.* The King I feare hath ill intreated her.

*Pen.* Hard is the heart that iniures such a saint.

*Mor. in.* I know tis long of *Gaueston* she weepes.

*Mor. se.* Why? he is gone.

*Mor. in.* Madame, how fares your Grace?

*Qu.* Ah *Mortimer*! now breakes the Kings hate forth.  
And he confesseth that he loues me not.

*Mor. in.* Cry quittance Madame then, & loue not him.

*Qu.* No rather will I dye a thousand deaths,  
And yet I loue in vaine, heele nere loue me.

*Lanc.* Feare ye not Madame, now his minions gone,  
His wanton humour will be quickly left.

*Qu.* Oh neuer Lancaster! I am inioynd,  
To sue vnto you all for his repeale:  
This wils my Lord, and this must I performe,  
Or else be banisht from his Highnesse presence:

*Lanc.* For his repeale, Madame, he comes not backe,  
Vnlesse the sea cast vp his ship-wrack't body.

*War.* And to behold so sweete a sight as that,  
Ther's none here, but would runne his horse to death.

*Mor.*

*Mor. in.* But Madame, would you haue vs call him

*Qu.* I *Mortimer*, for till he be restor'd, (home?)  
The angry King hath banisht me the Court,  
And therefore as thou lou'st and tendrest me,  
Be thou my Aduocate vnto these Peeres.

*Mor. in.* What would you haue me plead for *Gaueston*?

*Mor. se.* Plead for him that will, I am resolu'd.

*Lanc.* And so am I my Lord, disswade the Queene.

*Que.* O *Lancaster*, let him disswade the King,  
For tis against my will he should returne.

*War.* Then speake not for him, let the Pefant goe.

*Qu.* Tis for my selfe I speake, and not for him.

*Pen.* No speaking will preuaile, and therefore cease.

*Mor. in.* Faire Queene. forbear to angle for the fish,  
Which being caught, strikes him that takes it dead,  
I meane that vile *Torpedo*, *Gaueston*,  
That now I hope flotes on the Irish Seas,

*Qu.* Sweete *Mortimer* sit downe by me awhile,  
And I will tell thee reasons of such waight,  
As thou wilt soone subscribe to his repeale.

*Mor. in.* It is impossible, but I speake your mind.

*Que.* Then thus, but none shall heare it but our selues.

*Lan.* My Lords albeit the Queene winne *Mortimer*,  
Will you be resolute and hold with me?

*Mor. se.* Not I against my Nephew.

*Pen.* Feare not, the Queenes words cannot alter him.

*War.* No, do but marke how earnestly she pleads.

*Lan.* And see how coldly his looks make deniall.

*War.* She smiles, now for my life his mind is chang'd.

*Lan.* Ile rather lose his friendship I, then grant.

*Mor. in.* Well of necessity it must be so,  
My Lords that I abhorre base *Gaueston*,  
I hope your honours make no question,  
And therefore though I plead for his repeale,  
Tis not for his sake but for our auaille:  
Nay for the realmes behoofe and for the Kings.

*Lan.* Fie *Mortimer*, dishonour not thy selfe,  
Can this be true, twas good to banish him?

The Tragedy

And is this true, to call him home againe?

Such reasons make white black, and darke night day,

*Mor. in.* My Lord of *Lancaster* mark the respect,

*Lan.* In no respect can contraries be true.

*Qu.* Yet good my Lord heare what he can alledge.

*War.* All that he speakes is nothing, we are resolu'd.

*Mor. in.* Doe you not wish that *Gameston* were dead?

*Pen.* I would he were. (speake.

*Mor. in.* Why then my Lord, giue mee but leaue to

*Mor. se.* But Nephew do not play the Sophister.

*Mor. in.* This which I vrge is of a burning zeale

To mend the King, and do our Country good:

Know you not *Gameston* hath store of Gold,

Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,

As he will front the mightiest of vs all,

And whereas he shall liue and be belou'd,

Tis hard for vs to worke his ouerthrow.

*War.* Marke you but that my Lord of *Lancaster*,

*Mor. in.* But were he here detested as he is,

How easily might some base slaue be subornd,

To greete his Lordship with a Poniard,

And none so much as blame the murther,

But rather praise him for that braue attempt.

And in the Chronicle, enrowle his name,

For purging of the Realme of such a plague.

*Pen.* He saith true.

*Lan.* I, but how chance this was not done before?

*Mor. in.* Because my Lords, it was not thought vpon:

Nay more, when he shall know it lies in vs,

To banish him, and then to call him home,

Twill make him vaile the top-flag of his pride,

And feare to offend the meanest noble man.

*Mor. se.* But how if he do not Nephew?

*Mor. in.* Then may we with some colour rise in armes,

For howsoeuer we haue borne it out,

Tis treason to be vp against the King,

So shall we haue the people on our side,

Which for his fathers sake leane to the King,

But

But cannot brooke a night growne Musarump,  
 Such a one as my Lord of Cornewall is,  
 Should beare vs downe of the nobility,  
 And when the Commons and the Nobles ioyne,  
 Tis not the King can buckler *Gaueston*.  
 Weele pull him from the strongest hold he hath,  
 My Lords, if to performe this I be slacke,  
 Thinke me as base a Groome as *Gaueston*.

*Lan.* On that condition *Lancaster* will grant.  
*War.* And so will *Penbrooke* and I.

*Mor. se.* And I.

*Mor. in.* In this I count me highly gratified,  
 And *Mortimer*, will rest at your command,

*Qu.* And when this fauour *Isabell* forgets,  
 Then let her liue abandon'd and forlorne,  
 But see in happy time my Lord the King,  
 Hauing brought the Earle of Cornewall on his way,  
 Is newes return'd, this newes will glad him much,  
 Yet not so much as me, I loue him more,  
 Then he can *Gaueston*, would he lou'd me  
 But halfe so much, then were I treble blest.

*Enter King Edward mourning.*

*Edw.* Hees gone, and for his absence thus I mourne,  
 Did neuer sorrow goe so neere my heart,  
 As doth the want of my sweete *Gaueston*,  
 And could my Crownes reueneu bring him backe,  
 I would freely giue it to his enemies,  
 And thinke I gain'd, hauing bought so deere a friend.

*Qu.* Harke how he harpes vpon his Minion.

*Edw.* My heart is as an Anuill vnto sorrow,  
 Which beates vpon it like the Cyclops hammers,  
 And with the noise turnes vp my giddy braine,  
 And makes me franticke for my *Gaueston*:  
 Ah had some bloudlesse fury rose from Hell,  
 And with my Kingly Scepter strooke me dead,  
 When I was forst to leaue my *Gaueston*.

*Lan. Diabls,* what passions call you these.

*Qu.* My gracious Lord I come to bring you newes.

The Tragedy

*Edw.* That you haue parted with your *Mortimer*.

*Qu.* That *Gaucstone* my Lord shall be repcald.

*Edw.* Repcald, the newes is too sweet to be true.

*Qu.* But will you loue me if you find it so?

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

*Qu.* For *Gaucston*, but not for *Isabell*.

*Edw.* For thee faire Queene, if thou louest *Gaucston*,  
He hang a golden tongue about my necke,  
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good successe.

*Qu.* No other leuels hang about my necke  
Then these my Lord, nor let me haue more wealth,  
Then I may fetch from this rich treasury:  
O how a kisse reuiues poore *Isabell*.

*Edw.* Once more receiue my hand, and let this be,  
A second mariage twixt thy selte and me.

*Qu.* And may it proue more happy then the first,  
My gentle Lord, bespeake these Nobles faire,  
That waite attendance for a gracious looke,  
And on their knees salute your Maiesty.

*Edw.* Couragious *Lancaster*, imbrace thy King,  
And as grosse vapours perish by the sunne,  
Euen so let hatred with thy soueraignes smile,  
Liue thou with me as my companion.

*Lanc.* This salutation ouer-ioyes my heart.

*Edw.* *Warwick* shall be my chiefeft Counsellour:  
These siluer haire will more adorne my Court,  
Then gaudie lilkes, or rich imbrothery,  
Chide me sweete *Warwicke*, if I goe astray.

*War.* Slay me my Lord, when I offend your Grace.

*Edw.* In solemne triumphs, and in publike shoues  
*Penbrooke* shall beare the Sword before the King.

*Pen.* And with this sword *Penbrooke* will fight for you.

*Edw.* But wherefore walkes yong *Mortimer* aside?  
Be thou commander of our roy all fleete,  
Or if that lofty office like thee not,  
I make thee here Lord Marshall of the realme.

*Mor. iii.* My Lord, ile Marshall all your enemies,  
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

*Edw.*

*Edw.* And as for you *Lord Mortimer of Chirke,*  
Whose great atchiuements in our forraigne warre  
Deserues no common place nor meane reward:  
Be you the Generall of the leuied troopes,  
That now are ready to assaile the Scots.

*Mor. se.* In this your Grace hath highly honoured me.  
For with my nature warre doth best agree.

*Q. N.* Now is the King of England rich and strong,  
Hauing the loue of his renowned Peeres.

*Edw.* I *Isabell,* nere was my heart so light,  
Clarke of the Crowne, direct our warrant forth,  
For *Gau:ston* to Ireland: *Beaumont* flye  
As fast as *Iris,* or *Iones Mercury.*

*Beam.* It shall be done my gracious Lord.

*Edw.* Lord *Mortimer* we leaue you to your charge:  
Now letvs in and feast it royally:  
Against our friend the Earle of *Cornewall* comes,  
Weele haue a generall Tilt and Turnament,  
And then his marriage shall be solemniz'd,  
For wrote you not that I haue made him sure  
Vnto our Cosin, the Earle of *Gloisters* heire.

*Lm.* Such newes we heare my Lord.

*Edw.* That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,  
Who in triumph will be challenger?  
Spare for no cost, we will requite your loue.

*War.* In this, or ought your highnes shall command vs.

*Edw.* Thankes gentle *Warwicke,* come lets in and reuell.

*Manent Mortimers.*

*Exeunt.*

*Mor. se.* Nephew, I must to Scotland, thou stayest here.  
Leaue now to oppose thy selfe against the King,  
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calme,  
And seeing his mind so dotes on *Gau:ston,*  
Let him without controlement haue his will.  
The mightiest Kings haue had their Minions,  
Great *Alexander* loued *Ephestion,*  
The conquering *Hector* did for *Hilus* weepe,  
And for *Patroclus* sterne *Achilles* droopt:  
And not Kings only, but the wisest men.

The

The Romane Tully loued *Otilium*,

Graue *Socrates*, wild *Alcibiades*:

Then let his grace whose youth is flexible,  
And promiseth as much as we can wish,  
Freely enjoy that vaine light-headed Earle,  
For riper yeeres will weane him from such toys.

*Mor. in.* Vncle his wanton humor grieues not me,  
But this I scorne, that one so basely borne  
Should by his Soueraignes fauour grow so pert,  
And riot it with the treasure of the Realme,  
While Souldiers mutiny for want of pay.  
He weares a Lords reueneu on his backe,  
And *Midas* like he iets it in the Court,  
With base outlandish Cullions at his heeles,  
VVhose proud fantastlike Liueries makes such shew,  
As if that *Proteus* God of shapes appear'd.  
I haue not seene a dapper Iack so briske,  
He weares a short Italian hooded Cloake,  
Larded with Pearle, and in his tuscan cap  
A Jewell of more value then the Crowne,  
VVhiles others walke below, the King and he,  
From out a window laugh at such as we,  
And flout our traine, and iest at our Attire:  
Vncle tis this that makes me impatient.

*Mor. se.* But Nephew, now you see the King is chang'd.

*Mor. in.* Then so am I, and liue to do him seruice,  
But whiles I haue a sword, a hand, a heart,  
I will not yeeld to any such vpstart.

You know my minde, come Vncle lets away. *exeunt.*

*Enter Spencer and Balducke.* (dead

*Bald. Spencer,* seeing that our Lord th' earle of Glosters  
Which of the Nobles dost thou meane to serue?

*Spen.* Not *Mortimer* nor any of his side,  
Because the King and he are enemies,  
*Balducke*: learne this of me, a factious Lord  
Shall hardly doe himselfe good, much lesse vs,  
But he that hath the fauour of a King,  
May with one word aduance vs while we liue:

The



The liberall Earle of Cornewall is the man,  
On whose good fortune *Spencers* hope depends.

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

*Spen.* No, his Companion, for he loues me well,  
And would haue once prefer'd me to the King.

*Bald.* But he is banisht, theres small hope of him.

*Spen.* I for a while, but *Balducke* marke the end,  
A friend of mine told me in secrecy,  
That hees repeal'd, and sent for backe againe,  
And euen now, a Poast came from the Court,  
With Letters to our Lady from the King,  
And as she read she smild, which makes me thinke,  
It is about her Louer *Ganeston*.

*Bald.* Tis like enough, for since he was exile,  
She neither walkes abroad, nor comes in sight:  
But I had thought the match had beene broke off,  
And that his banishment had chang'd her minde.

*Spen.* Our Ladies first loue is not wauering,  
My life for thine she will haue *Ganeston*.

*Bald.* Then hope I by her meanes to be prefer'd,  
Hauing read vnto her since she was a child.

*Spen.* Then *Balducke* you must cast the Scholler off,  
And learne to court it like a Gentleman,  
Tis not a blacke Coat and a little Band,  
A Veluet cap'd Cloake fac'd before with Serge,  
And smelling to a Nosegay all the day,  
Or holding of a Napkin in your hand,  
Or saying a long Grace at a Tables end,  
Or making low legs to a noble man,  
Or looking downward, with your eye-lids close,  
And saying, truely ant may please your honour,  
Can get you any fauour with great men,  
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,  
And now and then stab, as occasion serues.

*Bald.* *Spencer* thou know'st I hate such toyes,  
And vse them but as meere Hypocrisie.  
Mine old Lord whiles he iiu'd was so precise,  
That he would take exceptions at my Buttons,

D

And

And being like pins heads, blame me for the bignesse,  
Which made me Curate-like in mine attire,  
Though inwardly licentious enough,  
And apt for any kind of villany.  
I am none of these common Pedants I,  
That cannot speake without *propterea quod*.

*Spem.* But one of those that saith *quando quidem*,  
And hath a speciall gift to forme a verbe.

*Bald.* Leave off this iesting, here my Lady comes.

*Enter the Lady.*

*Lady.* The griefe for his exile was not so much,  
As is the ioy of his returning home,  
This Letter came from my sweete *Ganeston*,  
What needst thou loue thus to excuse thy selfe?  
I know thou couldst not come and visit me,  
I will not long be from thee though I dye:  
This argues the entire loue of my Lord,  
When I forsake thee, death seaze on my heart,  
But stay thee here where *Ganeston* shall sleepe.  
Now to the Letter of my Lord the King,  
He wills me to repaire vnto the Court,  
And meete my *Ganeston*: why do I stay,  
Seeing that he talkes thus of my marriage day?  
Whose there, *Balducke*?

Seethat my Coach be ready, I must hence.

*Bald.* It shall be done Madam.

*Exit.*

*Lad.* And meete me at the Parke pale presently:  
*Spencer*, stay you and beare me company,  
For I haue ioyfull newes to tell thee of,  
My Lord of *Cornewall* is a comming ouer,  
And will be at the Court as soone as we,

*Spe.* I knew the King would haue him home againe.

*Lady.* If all things sort out, as I hope they will,  
Thy seruice *Spencer* shall be thought vpon.

*Spem.* I humbly thanke your Ladiship.

*Lad.* Come leade the way, I long till I am there.

*Enter Edward, the Queene, Lancaster, Mortimer, Warwickke, Pembroke, Kent, attendants.*

*Edw.*

of Edward the second.

**Edw.** The winde is good, I wonder why he staves.  
I feare me he is wrackt vpon the Sea.

**Qu.** Looke *Lancaster* how passionate he is,  
And still his mind runnes on his Minion.

**Lan.** My Lord,

**Edw.** How now, what newes? is *Gaueston* arriu'd?

**Mor. in.** Nothing but *Gaueston*, what means your Grace?  
You haue matters of more waight to thinke vpon,  
The King of France sets foote in Normandy.

**Edw.** A trifle, weele expell him when we please:  
But tell me *Morsimer*, whats thy deuce,  
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

(linge

**Mor. in.** A homely one my Lord, not worth the tel-

**Edw.** Prey thee let me know it.

**Mor. in.** But seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:  
A lofty Cedar tree faire flourishing,  
On whose top-branches kingly Eagles perarch,  
And by the barke a canker creepes me vp,  
And gets vnto the highest bough of all,  
The Motto: *Aequo tandem.*

**Edw.** And what is yours my Lord of *Lancaster*?

**Lan.** My Lord, mines more obscure then *Mortimers*,  
*Plinie* reports, there is a flying Fish,  
Which all the other Fishes deadly hate,  
And therefore being pursu'd it takes the aire:  
No sooner is it vp, but ther's a Fowle  
That seizeth it, this Fish my Lord I beare,  
The Motto this: *Vndique mors est.*

**Edw.** Proud *Mortimer*, vngentle *Lancaster*?  
Is this the loue you beare your Soueraigne?  
Is this the Fruit your reconcilment beares?  
Can you in words make shew of amity,  
And in your sheild: display your rancorous minds?  
What call you this but priuate libelling,  
Against the Earle of Cornewall and my brother?

**Qu.** Sweete husband be content, they all loue you.

**Edw.** They loue me not that hate my *Gaueston*,  
I am that Cedar, shake me not too much,

## The Tragedy

And you the Eagles, sore you nere so high,  
I haue the Gresses that will pull you downe,  
And *Aequo tandem* shall that canker cry,  
Vnto the proudest Peere of Brittainy:  
Though thou compar'st him to a flying Fish,  
And threatnest death whether he rise or fall,  
Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,  
Nor foulest Harpie that shall swallow him.

*Mor. in.* If in his absence thus he fauors him,  
What will he doe when as he shall be present?

*Lan.* That shal we see, looke where his Lordship comes.

*Enter Gaueston.* (thy friend,

*Edw.* My *Gaueston*, welcome to *Tinmouth*, welcome to  
Thy absence made me droope and pine away,  
For as the Louers of faire *Danae*,  
When she was lockt vp in a brazen Tower,  
Desir'd her more, and waxt outrageous,  
So did it fare with me: and now thy sight  
Is sweeter farre, then was thy parting hence,  
Bitter and irkesome to my sobbing heart.

*Ga.* Sweet Lord & King, your speech preuenteth mine,  
Yet haue I words left to expresse my ioy:  
The Shepheard nipt with biting winters rage,  
Frolicks not more to see the painted Spring,  
Then I do to behold your Maiesty.

*Edw.* Will none of you salute my *Gaueston*?

*Lan.* Salute him? yes, welcome Lord Chamberlaine.

*Mor. in.* Welcome is the good Earle of Cornewall.

*War.* Welcome Lord Gouvernour of the Ile of Man.

*Pen.* Welcome Master Secretary.

*Edm.* Brother do you heare them?

*Edw.* Still will these Earles and Barons vse me thus?

*Gaue.* My Lord I cannot brook these iniuries,

*Que.* Aye me poore soule when these begin to iarre.

*Edw.* Returne it to their throats, Ile be thy warrant.

*Gaue.* Base Leaden Earles that glory in your birth,  
Goe sit at home and eate your Tenants Beefe,  
And come not here to scoffe at *Gaueston*,

Whose.

Whose mounting thoughts did neuer creepe so low,  
As to bestow a looke on such as you.

*Lanc.* Yet I disdaine not to do this for you.

*Edw.* Treason, treason: wher's the traytor? (der him.

*Pen.* Here here king, conuay hence *Gaueston*? thei'l mur-

*Gauc.* The life of thee shall salue this foule disgrace.

*Mor. in.* Villain thy life vnlesse I misse mine aime.

*Que.* Ah furious *Mortimer*, what hast thou done?

*Mor. in.* No more then I would answere were he slaine.

*Edw.* Yes more then thou canst answer though he liue,  
Deare shall you both abide this riotous deed:

Out of my prefence, come not neere the Court.

*Mor. in.* Ile not be bard the Court for *Gaueston*.

*Lan.* Weele hale him by the eares vnto the blocke.

*Edw.* Looke to your owne heads, his is sure enough.

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

*Edm. Warwicke*, these words do ill beseme thy yeeres.

*Edw.* Nay all of them conspire to crosse me thus,  
But if I liue, ile tread vpon their heads,  
That thinke with high lookes thus to tread me downe,  
Come *Edmond* lets away and leuy men,  
Tis warre that must abate these Barons pride.

*Exit the King.*

*War.* Lets to our Castles, for the King is mou'd.

*Mor. in.* Moou'd may he be, and perish in his wrath.

*Lan.* Cofin it is no dealing with him now,  
He meanes to make vs sloop by force of armes,  
And therefore let vs ioyntly heere protest,  
To profecute that *Gaueston* to the death.

*Mor. in.* By beauen the abiect Villaine shall not liue.

*War.* Ile haue his bloud, or dye in seeking it.

*Pen.* The like oath *Penbrooke* takes.

*Lan.* And so doth *Lancaster*:

Now send our Heralds to defie the King,  
And make the people sweare to put him downe.

*Enter a Poast.*

*Mor. in.* Letters from whence?

*Messen.* From Scotland my Lord.

*Lan.* Why how now Colin, how fares all our friends?

*Mor. in.* My Vncles taken prisoner by the Scots.

*La.* Weele haue him ransom'd man, be of good cheere.

*Mor. in.* They rate his ransome at five thousand pound,  
Who should detray the money but the King,  
Seeing he is taken Prisoner in his warres?

Ile to the King.

*Lan.* Doe Colin, and Ile beare thee company,

*War.* Meane time my Lord of *Pembroke* and my selfe,  
Will to New-castle heere, and gather head.

*Mor. in.* About it then, and we will follow you.

*Lan.* Be resolute and full of secrecy.

*War.* I warrant you.

*Mor. in.* Colin, and if he will not ransom him,  
Ile thunder such a peale into his eares,  
As neuer subiect did vnto his King.

*Lan.* Content, ile beare my part, holla whose there?

*Mor. in.* I marry, such a Guard as this doth well.

*Lan.* Lead on the way.

*Guard.* Whither will your Lordships?

*Mor. in.* Whither else but to the King.

*Guard.* His Highnesse is dispos'd to be alone.

*Lan.* Why, so he may, but we will speake to him.

*Guard.* You may not in my Lord.

*Mor. in.* May we not?

*Edw.* How now, what noise is this?

Who haue we there, ist you?

*Mor. in.* Nay, stay my Lord, I come to bring you newes,  
Mine Vncles taken Prisoner by the Scots.

*Edw.* Then ransom him.

*Lan.* Twas in your warres, you should ransom him.

*Mor. in.* And you shall ransom him, or else.

*Edm.* What *Mortimer*, you will not threaten him?

*Edw.* Quiet your selfe, you shall haue the broad scale,  
To gather for him throughout the Realme.

*Lan.* Your Minion *Ganeston* hath taught you this.

*Mor. in.* My Lord, the Family of the *Mortimers*  
Are not so poore, but would they sell their Land,  
Twould

**T**would leuie men enough to anger you,  
**W**e neuer beg but vse such prayers as these.

*Edw.* Shall I still be haunted thus?

*Mor.* Nay, now you are here alone, ile speak my mind.

*Lan.* And so will I, and then my Lord farewell.

*Mor.* The idle Triumphs, Maskes, lasciuious shewes,  
 And prodigall gifts bestowed on *Gauceston*,  
 Haue drawne thy treasury dry, and made thee weake,  
 The murmuring Commons ouer-stretched hath.

*Lan.* Looke for Rebellion, looke to be depos'd,  
 Thy Garrisons are beaten out of France,  
 And lame and poore, lye groning at the Gates,  
 The wild *Oueyle*, with swarmes of Irish Kernes,  
 Liues vncontrol'd within the English pale,  
 Vnto the walls of Yorke the Scots made rode,  
 And vnresisted draue away rich spoyles.

*Mor. iu.* The hauty Dane commands the narrow Seas,  
 While in the Harbor ride thy Ships vnrig'd.

*Lan.* What forraine Prince sends thee Embassadors?

*Mor. iu.* Who loues thee? but a sort of flatterers.

*Lan.* Thy gentle Queene, sole sister to *Valoys*,  
 Complaines, that thou hast left her all forlorne.

*Mor. iu.* Thy Court is naked, being bereft of those,  
 That makes a King seeme glorious to the world,  
 I meane the Peeres, whom thou shouldst dearely loue:  
 Libels are cast against thee in the streete,  
 Ballads and rimes made of thy ouerthrow.

*Lan.* The Northren borderers seeing their houses burnt  
 Their wiues and Children slaine, runne vp and downe  
 Cursing the name of thee and *Gauceston*.

*Mor.* When wert thou in the field with banners spread?  
 But once, and then thy Souldiers marcht like Players,  
 With garish robes, not armour; and thy selfe  
 Bedaub'd with Gold, rode laughing at the rest,  
 Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,  
 Where womens fauour hung like labels downe.

*Lan.* And therefore came it, that the fleeing Scots,  
 To Englands high disgrace, haue made this ligge,

Maids

*The Trageay*

Maides of England, fore may you mourne,  
For your Lemons you haue lost, at Bannocks borne,  
With a heaue and a ho,  
What weaneth the King of England,  
Sofoone to haue wonne Scotland,  
With a rombelow.

*Mor.* *Wigmore* shall flye to set my Vncle free. (more,

*Lan.* And when tis gone, our swords shall purchase  
If you be mou'd reuenge it if you can. (Nobles.  
Looke next to see vs with our Ensignes spread. *Exeunt*

*Edw.* My swelling heart with very anger breakes,  
How oft haue I beene baited by these Peeres?  
And dare not be reueng'd, for their power is great:  
Yet, shall the crowing of these Cockerels,  
Affright a Lyon? *Edward* vnfold thy pawes  
And let their liues bloud slake thy furies hunger:  
If I be cruell and grow tyrannous,  
Now let them thanke themselves, and rue too late.

*Kent.* My Lord, I see your loue to *Gaueston*  
Will be the ruine of the realme and you,  
For now the wrathfull Nobles threaten warres,  
And therefore Brother banish him for euer.

*Edw.* Art thou an enemy to my *Gaueston*?

*Kent.* I, and it grieues me that I fauoured him.

*Edw.* Traitor be gone, whine thou with *Mortimer*. 

*Kent.* So will I, rather then with *Gaueston*.

*Edw.* Out of my sight and trouble me no more.

*Kent.* No maruell though thou scornethy noble Peeres,  
When I thy Brother am reiected thus. *Exit.*

*Edw.* Away poore *Gaueston*, that hast no friend but me,  
Do what they can, weele liue in *Tinmoth* heere,  
And so I walke with him about the walls,  
What care I though the Earles begirt vs round?  
Heere comes she thats cause of all these iarres.

*Enter the Queene, three Ladies, Balducke,  
and Spencer.*

*Qu.* My Lord tis thought the Earles are vp in armes,

*Edw.* I, and tis likewise thought you fauour him.

*Qu.*



of Edward the second.

*Qu.* Thus do you still suspect me without cause.

*La.* Sweete Vncle speake more kindly to the Queene.

*Gau.* My Lord, dissemble with her, speake her faire.

*Edw.* Pardon me sweete, I forgot my selfe.

*Qu.* Your pardon is quickly got of *Isabell*.

*Edw.* The yonger *Mortimer* is growne so braue,  
That to my face he threatens ciuill warres.

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

*Edw.* I dare not, for the people loue him well.

*Gau.* Why then weele haue him priuily made away.

*Edw.* Would Lancaster and he had both carroust  
A bowle of poyson to each others health:  
But let them goe, and tell me what are these.

*La.* Two of my fathers seruants whilst he liu'd,  
Mai't please your Grace to entertainethem now.

*Edw.* Tell me, where wast thou borne?  
What is thine armes?

*Bald.* My name is *Balducke*, and my Gentry  
I fetch from Oxford, not from Heraldry.

*Edw.* The fitter art thou *Balduck* for my turne,  
Waite on me, and Ile see thou shalt not want.

*Bald.* I humbly thanke your Maie sty.

*Edw.* Knowest thou him *Gauceston*?

*Gau.* I my Lord, his name is *Spencer*, he is well allied,  
For my sake let him waite vpon your Grace,  
Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.

*Edw.* Then *Spencer* waite vpon me for his sake,  
Ile grace thee with a higher stile ere long.

*Spen.* No greater titles happen vnto me,  
Then to be fauoured of your Maie sty.

*Edw.* Colin, this day, shall be your marriage feast,  
And *Gauceston*, thinke that I loue thee well,  
Towed thee to our Neece, the only Heire  
Vnto the Earle of Gloster late deceased.

*Gau.* I know my Lord, many will stomacke me,  
But I respect neither their loue nor hate.

*Edw.* The head-strong Barons shall not limit me,  
He that I list to fauour shall be great:

E

Come

*The Tragedy*

**Come lets away, and when the marriage ends,  
Haue at the Rebels, and their complices. *Exeunt omnes.***

*Enter Lancaster, Mortimer, Warwicke, Penbrooke, Kent.*

***Kent.* My Lords, of loue to this our natie Land,  
I come to ioyne with you and leaue the King,  
And in your quarrell and the Realmes behoofe,  
Will be the first that shall aduenture life.**

***Lan.* I feare me you are sent of pollicy,  
To vndermine vs with a shew of loue.**

***War.* He is your Brother, therefore haue we cause  
To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.**

***Edm.* Mine honour should be hostage of my truth.  
If that will not suffice farewell my Lords.**

***Mor. in.* Stay Edmond, neuer was *Plantagenet*  
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.**

***Pen.* But whats the reason you should leaue him now?**

***Kent.* I haue enform'd the Earle of Lancaster.**

***Lan.* And it sufficeth: now my Lords know this,  
That *Gaueston* is secretly arriu'd,  
And here in *Timmoth* frolickes with the King,  
Let vs with these our followers scale the walle:  
And sodainely surprize them vnawares.**

***Mor. in.* Ile giue the ouer.**

***War.* And ile follow thee.**

***Mor. in.* This tottered Ensigne of my Ancestors,  
Which swept the desert shore of that dead sea,  
Whereof we got the name of *Mortimer*,  
Will I aduance vpon this Castle walls,  
Drums strike alarum, raise them from their sport,  
And ring aloud the knell of *Gaueston*.**

***Lan.* None be so hardy as to touch the King,  
But neither spare you *Gaueston* nor his friends. *Exeunt.***

*Enter the King and Spencer, to them Gaueston &c.*

***Edw.* O tell me *Spencer* where is *Gaueston*?**

***Spen.* I feare me he is slaine my gracious Lord.**

***Edw.* No, here he comes, now let them spoyle and kill:  
Flie, flie my Lords, the Earles haue got the hold,  
Take shipping and away to Scarborough,**

*Spen.*

of Edward the second.

Spencer and I will post away by Land.

*Gauc.* O stay my Lord, they will not iniure you.

*Edw.* I will not trust them, *Gaueston* away.

*Gauc.* Farewell my Lord.

*Edw.* Lady, farewell.

*Lady.* Farewell sweete Vncle till we meete againe.

*Edw.* Farewell sweete *Gaueston*, and farewell Neece.

*Que.* No farewell to poore *Isabell*, thy Queene?

*Edw.* Yes yes, for *Mortimer* your Louers sake.

*Exeunt omnes, manet Isabella.*

*Que.* Heauens can witnesse I loue none but you,  
From my imbracements thus he breakes away,  
O that mine armes could close this Ile about,  
That I might pull him to me where I would,  
Or that these teares that drisfell from mine eyes,  
Had power to mollifie his stony heart,  
That when I had him we might neuer part.

*Enter the Barons alarums.*

*Lan.* I wonder how he scapt.

*Mor. in.* Whose this, the Queene?

*Que.* I *Mortimer*, the miserable Queene,  
Whose pining heart her inward sighs haue blasted,  
And body with continuall mourning wasted:  
These hands are tir'd, with hailing of my Lord  
From *Gaueston*, from wicked *Gaueston*,  
And all in vaine, for when I speake him faire,  
He turnes away, and smiles vpon his Minion.

*Mor. in.* Cease to lament, and tell vs wher's the King?

*Qu.* What would you with the King? ist him you seeke?

*Lan.* No Madame, but that cursed *Gaueston*,  
Farre be it from the thought of *Lancaster*,  
To offer violence to his Soueraigne,  
We would but rid the Realme of *Gaueston*,  
Tell vs where he remains, and he shall dye.

*Qu.* Hees gone by water vnto *Scarborough*,  
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot scape,  
The King hath left him, and his traine is small.

*War.* Foreflow no time, sweete *Lancaster* lets march.

## The Tragedy

*Mor.* How comes it that the King and he is parted?

*Qu.* That this your army going severall wayes,  
Might be of lesser force, and with the power  
That he intendeth presently to raise,  
Be easily suppress: therefore be gone.

*Mor.* Heere in the River rides a Flemmish Hoy,  
Lets all aboard, and follow him amaine.

*Lan.* The wind that beares him hence will fill our sails,  
Come, come aboard, tis but an houres sayling.

*Mor.* Madame stay you within this Castle here.

*Qu.* No *Mortimer*, Ile to my Lord the King.

*Mor.* Nay, rather saile with vs to Scarborough.

*Qu.* You know the King is so suspicious,  
As if he heare, I haue but talk't with you,  
Mine Honour will be cal'd in question,  
And therefore gentle *Mortimer* be gone.

*Mor.* Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,  
But thinke of *Mortimer* as he deserues.

*Qu.* So well hast thou deseru'd sweete *Mortimer*,  
As *Isabel* could liue with thee for euer,  
In vaine I looke for loue at *Edwards* hand,  
Whose eyes are fixt on none but *Gaueston*:  
Yet once more Ile importune him with prayer,  
If he be strange and not regard my words,  
My sonne and I will ouer into France,  
And to the King my Brother there complaine,  
How *Gaueston* hath rob'd me of his loue:  
But yet I hope my sorrowes will haue end,  
And *Gaueston* this blessed day be slaine.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Gaueston, pursued.*

*Gau.* Yet lusty Lords I haue escap'd your hands,  
Your threats, your Larams, and your hot pursuits,  
And though diuorced from King *Edwards* eyes,  
Yet liueth *Pierce* of *Gaueston* vn surpriz'd,  
Breathing, in hope (*malgrado* all your beards,  
That muster Rebels thus against your King)  
To see his royall Soueraigne once againe.

*Enter the Nobles.*

*War.*

of Edward the second.

*War.* Vpon him Souldiers, take away his weapons.

*Mor. in.* Thou proud disturber of thy countries peace,  
Corrupter of thy King, cause of these broiles,  
Base flatterer, yeeld, and were it not for shame,  
Shame and dishonour to a Souldiers name,  
Vpon my weapons point heere shouldst thou fall,  
And welter in thy gore.

*Lan.* Monster of men **T**hat like the Greekish Strumper  
Train'd to armes and bloody warres  
So many valiant Knights,  
Looke for no other fortune wretch then death,  
King *Edward* is not here to buckler thee.

*War.* Lancaister, why talkst thou to the slaue?  
Go Souldiers take him hence,  
For by my sword his head shall off:  
*Gaueston*, short warning shall serue thy turne:  
It is our Countries cause,  
That heere seuerely we will execute  
Vpon thy person: hang him at a bough:

*Gau.* My Lord.

*War.* Souldiers haue him away:  
But for thou wert the fauorite of a King,  
Thou shalt haue so much honour at our hands.

*Gau.* I thankeyou all my Lords, then I perceiue.  
That heading is one, and hanging is the other,  
And death is all.

*Enter Earle of Arundell.*

*Lanc.* How now my Lord of *Arundell*?

*Arun.* My Lords, King *Edward* greetes you all by me.

*War.* *Arundell* say your message. (ston,

*Arun.* His Maiesty hearing that you had taken *Gau-*  
Intreateth you by me, yet but he may  
See him before he dyes, for why, he sayes  
And sends you word, he knowes that dye he shall,  
And if you gratifie his Grace so farre,  
He will be mindfull of the curtesie.

*War.* How now?

*Gau.* Renowned *Edward*, how thy name

## The Tragedy

Reuiues poore *Gaueston*.

*War.* No it needeth not,  
*Arundell*, we will gratifie the King  
In other matters, he must pardon vs in this,  
Souldiers away with him.

*Gauc.* Why my Lord of *Warwick*,  
Will not these delayes beget my hopes?  
I know it Lords, it is this life you aime at,  
Yet grant King *Edward* this.

*Mor. in.* Shalt thou appoint what we shall grant?  
Souldiers away with him:

Thus weele gratifie the King,  
Weele send his head by thee, let him bestow  
His teares on that, for that is all he gets,  
Of *Gaueston*, or else his senselesse trunke.

*Lan.* Not so my Lord, lest he bestow more cost  
In burying him, then he hath euer earned.

*Arun.* My Lords, it is his Maiesties request,  
And in the honour of a King he sweares,  
He will but talke with him and send him backe.

*War.* When can you tell? *Arundell* no, we wot  
He that hath the care of Realme remits,  
And driues his Nobles to these exigents  
For *Gaueston*, will if he seize him once,  
Violate any promise to possesse him.

*Arun.* Then if you will not trust his Grace in keepe,  
My Lords I will be pledge for his returne.

*Mor. in.* It is honourable in thee to offer this,  
But for we know thou art a noble Gentleman,  
We will not wrong thee so,  
To make away a true man for a theefe.

*Gauc.* How meanest thou *Mortimer*? that is ouer base.

*Mor.* Away base Groome, robber of Kings renowne,  
Question with thy companions and mates.

*Pen.* My Lord *Mortimer*, and you my Lords each one,  
To gratifie the Kings request therein,  
Touching the sending of this *Gaueston*,  
Because his Maiesty so earnestly

Desires

Desires to see the man before his death,  
I will vpon my honour vndertake  
To carry him and bring him backe againe,  
Provided this, that you my Lord of *Arundel*?  
Will ioyne with me.

*War. Penbrooke*, what wilt thou doe?  
Cause yet more bloud-shed: is it not enough  
That we haue taken him, but must we now  
Leaue him on had-I-will, and let him go?

*Pen.* My Lords, I will not ouer-wooe your Honours,  
But if you dare trust *Penbrooke* with the Prisoner,  
Vpon mine Oath I will returne him backe.

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

*Lan.* Why I say let him goe on *Penbrookes* word.

*Pen.* And you Lord *Mortimer*.

*Mor.* How say you my Lord of *Warwicke*?

*War.* Nay, doe your pleasures,  
I know how t'will prooue.

*Pen.* Then giue him me.

*Gaue.* Sweete Soueraigne, yet I come  
To see thee ere I dye.

*War.* Yet not perhaps,  
If *Warwicks* wit and policy preuaile.

*Mor. in.* My Lord of *Penbrooke*, we deliuer him you.  
Returne him on your Honour sound away. *Exeunt.*

*Manent Penbrooke, Matreuis, Gaueston, and Pen-  
brookes men, foure Souldiers.*

*Pen.* My Lord, you shall goe with me,  
My house is not farre hence, out of the way  
A little, but our men shall goe along,  
We that haue pretty wenches to our Wiues,  
Sir, must not come so neere to balke their lips.

*Mat.* Tis very kindly spoke my Lord of *Penbrooke*,  
Your honour hath an Adamant of power,  
To draw a Prince.

*Pen.* So my Lord, come hither *James*,  
I do commit this *Gaueston* to thee,  
Be thou this night his Keeper, in the morning

We

We will discharge thee of thy charge, be gone.

*Gau.* Vnhappy *Gaueston*, whither goest thou now?

*Exit cum seruis Pen.*

*Horse boy.* My Lord, weele quickly be at *Cobham*.

*Exeunt ambo.*

*Enter Gaueston mourning, and the Earle of Pembrookes men.*

*Gau.* O trecherous *Warwick* thus to wrong thy friend.

*Jam.* I see it is your life these armes pursue.

*Gau.* Weaponlesse must I fall and dye in bands,  
O must this day be period of my life!  
Center of my blisse, and ye be men,  
Speed to the King.

*Enter Warwick and his company.*

*War.* My Lord of *Penbrookes* men,  
Striue you no longer, I will haue that *Gaueston*.

*James.* Your Lordship doth dishonour to your selfe,  
And wrong our Lord, your honourable friend.

*War.* No *James*, it is my countries cause I follow,  
Goe, take the Villaine, Souldiers come away,  
Weele make quicke worke, commend me to your master  
My friend, and tell him that I watcht it well,  
Come let thy shadow parly with King *Edward*.

*Gau.* Trecherous Earle, shall not I see the King?

*War.* The King of Heauen perhaps, no other King,  
Away.

*Exeunt Warwick and his men, with Gaueston.*

*Manent James cum cateris.*

Come fellowes, it booteth not for vs to striue,  
We will in hast goe certifie our Lord,

*Enter King Edward and Spencer, with Drums and Fifes.*

*Edw.* I long to heare an answere from the Barons,  
Touching my friend, my deerest *Gaueston*,  
Ah *Spencer*, not the riches of my Realme  
Can ranfome him, ah he is mark't to die,  
I know the malice of the yonger *Mortimer*,  
*Warwicke* I know is rough, and *Lancaster*



Inexorable, and I shall neuer see  
My louely *Pierce of Gameston* againe,  
The Barous ouer-beare me with their pride.

*Spencer.* Were I King *Edward*, Englands Soueraigne,  
Sonne to the louely *Elenor* of Spaine,  
Great *Edward Long-shankes* Issue : would I beare  
These braues, this rage, and suffer vncontrol'd  
These Barons thus to beard me in my Land,  
In mine owne Realme? my Lord pardon my speech,  
Did you retaine your fathers magnanimity,  
Did you regard the honour of your name,  
You would not suffer thus your Maiesty  
Be counter-bust of your Nobility.  
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles,  
No doubt such lessons they will teach the rest,  
As by their preachments they will profit much,  
And learne obedience to their lawfull King.

*Edw.* Yea gentle *Spencer*, we haue beene too mild,  
Too kind to them, but now haue drawne our sword,  
And if they send me not my *Gameston*,  
Weele steele it on their crest, and powle their tops.

*Bald.* This haught resolute becomes your Maiesty,  
Not to be tied to their affection,  
As though your Highnesse were a Schoole-boy still,  
And must be aw'd and govern'd like a Child.

*Enter Hugh Spencer, an old man, father to the young  
Spencer, with his Truncheon and Souldiers.*

*Spen. pa.* Long liue my Soueraigne the noble *Edward*,  
In peace triumphant, fortunate in warres.

*Edw.* Welcome old man, com'st thou in *Edwards* aid?  
Then tell the Prince of whence and what thou art.

*Spen. pa.* Loe with a band of Bowmen and of Pikes,  
Browne Bils, and Targetires, foure hundred strong,  
Sworne to defend King *Edwards* royall right,  
I come in person to your Maiesty,  
*Spencer*, the Father of *Hugh Spencer* there,  
Bound to your Highnesse euer-lastingly,  
For fauour done in him, vnto vs all.

F

*Edw.*

*Edw.* Thy Father *Spencer*?

*Spencer, sirs.* True, and it like your Grace,  
That powres (in lieu of all your goodnesse shewne)  
His life my Lord, before your Princely feete.

*Edw.* Welcome ten thousand times, old man againe.

*Spencer,* this loue, this kindnesse to thy King,  
Argues thy noble mind and disposition:

*Spencer,* I here create thee Earle of Wilshire,  
And dayly will enrich thee with our fauour,  
That as the sun-shine shall reflect ore thee:  
Beside, the more to manifest our loue,  
Because we heare Lord *Bruse* doth sell his Land,  
And that the *Mortimers* are in hand withall,  
Thou shalt haue Crownes of vs to out-bid the Barons:  
And *Spencer,* spare them not, lay it on.  
Souldiers a Largis, and thrice welcome all:

*Spencer.* My Lord, heere comes the Queene.

*Enter the Queene and her Sonne, and  
Lewne a Frenchman.*

*Edw.* Madam, what newes?

*Qu.* Newes of dishonour Lord and discontent,  
Our friend *Lewne*, faithfull and full of trust,  
Informeth vs by Letters and by words,  
That Lord *Valoys* our Brother, King of France,  
Because your Highnesse hath beene slacke in homage,  
Hath seized *Normandy* into his hands,  
These be the Letters, this the Messenger.

*Edw.* Welcome *Lewne*; tush *Sib*, if this be all,  
*Valoys* and I will soone be friends againe,  
But to my *Gaueston*: shall I neuer see,  
Neuer behold thee now? Madam in this matter:  
We will employ you and your little sonne,  
You shall go parley with the King of France,  
Boy, see you beare you brauely to the King,  
And do your message with a Maietty.

*Prin.* Commit not to my youth, things of more waight  
Then fits a Prince so young as I to beare.

And feare not Lord and father, heatens great beames

On

On *Atlas* shoulder, shall not lye more safe,  
Then shall your charge committed to my trust.

*Qu.* Ah *Bey* this towardnesse makes thy Mother feare  
Thou art not markt to many dayes on Earth.

*Edw.* Madame we will that you with speede be shipt,  
And this our sonne, *Lewne*, shall follow you,  
With all the haste we can dispatch him hence,  
Choose of our Lords to beare you company,  
And goe in peace, leaue vs in warres at home.

*Qu.* Vnnaturall wars, where subiects braue their King,  
God end them once, my Lord I take my leaue,  
To make my preparation for France.

*Enter Lord Matreuis.*

*Edw.* What Lord *Matre*, dost thou come alone?

*Mat.* Yes my good Lord, for *Ganeston* is dead.

*Edw.* Ah Traytors, hauethey put my friend to death,  
Tell me *Matre*, died he ere thou cam'st,  
Or did'st thou see my friend to take his death?

*Mat.* Neither my Lord, for as he was surpriz'd,  
Begirt with weapons, and with enemies round,  
I did your Highnesse message to them all,  
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,  
And said, vpon the honour of my name,  
That I would vndertake to carry him  
Vnto your Highnesse, and to bring him backe.

*Edw.* And tell me, would the Rebels deny me that?

*Spem.* Proud Recreants.

*Edw.* Yea *Spencer* traitors all.

*Matre.* I found them at the first inexorable.  
The Earle of *Warwicke* would not bide the hearing,  
*Mortimer* hardly, *Penbrooke* and *Lancaster*  
Spake least: and when they flatly had denyed,  
Refusing to receiue my pledge for him,  
The Earle of *Penbrooke* mildly thus bespake:  
My Lords, because our Soueraigne sends for him,  
And promiseth he shall be safe return'd,  
I will this vndertake, to haue him hence,  
And see him redeliuered to your hands.

*Edw.* Well, and how fortunes that he came not?

*Spem.* Some treason, or some villany <sup>his</sup> cause.

*Mat.* The Earle of *Warwicke* seiz'd him <sup>in</sup> his way,  
For being deliuered vnto *Penbrookes* men,  
Their Lord rode home, thinking his Prisoner safe,  
But ere he came *Warwicke* in ambush lay,  
And bare him to his death, and in a Trench  
Stroke off his head, and march't vnto the Campe.

*Spem.* A bloody part, flatly 'gainst law of armes.

*Edw.* O shall I speake, or shall I sigh and dye!

*Spem.* My Lord, referre your vengeance to the sword,  
Vpon these Barons, harden vp your men,  
Let them not vnreueg'd murder your friends,  
Aduance your Standard *Edward* in the field,  
And march to fire them from their starting holes.

*Edward kneeles. and saith.*

By Earth, the common Mother of vs all,  
By Heauen and all the moouing Orbes thereof,  
By this right hand, and by my Fathers sword,  
And all the Honours longing to my Crowne,  
I will haue Heads, and Liues for him as many,  
As I haue Manors, Castles, Townes and Towers,  
Treachorous *Warwicke*, traiterous *Mortimer*;  
If I be Englands King, in Lakes of gore  
Your headlesse Trunkes, your bodies will I traile,  
That you may drinke your fill, and quaffe in blood:  
And slaine my royall Standard with the same,  
That so my bloody colours may suggest  
Remembrance of reuenge immortally,  
On your accursed traiterous Progenie:  
You Villaines that haue slaine my *Gaueston*,  
And in this place of Honour and of trust,  
*Spencer*, sweete *Spencer*, I adopt thee heere,  
And meerey of our loue we do create thee  
Earle of Gloster, and Lord Chamberlaine,  
Despight of times, despight of enemies.

*Spem.* My Lord, heer's a Messenger from the Barons,  
Desires accesse vnto your Maiesty.

*Edw.*

*Edw.* Admit him neere.

*Enter the Herald from the Barons, with his Coate of Armes.*

*Mef.* Long liue King Edward, Englands lawfull Lord.

*Edw.* So wish not they I wis that sent thee hither,  
Thou com'st from Mortimer and his complices,  
A ranker rout of Rebels neuer was:  
Well, say thy Message.

*Mef.* The Barons vp in armes, by me salute  
Your Highnesse, with long life and happinesse,  
And bid me say as plainer to your Grace,  
That if without effusion of bloud,  
You will of this haue ease and remedy,  
That from your Princely Person you remoue  
This *Spencer*, as a putrifying branch,  
That deads the royall Vine whose golden Leaues  
Empale your Princely head, your Diadem,  
Whose brightnesse such pernicious Vpstarts dim,  
Say they, and louingly aduise your Grace,  
To cherish Vertue and Nobility,  
And haue old Seruitors in high esteeme,  
And shake off smooth dissembling Flatterers:  
This granted, they, their honours, and their liues,  
Are to your Highnesse vow'd and consecrate.

*Spen.* A Traytors, will they still display their pride?

*Edw.* Away, tarry no answere but be gone,  
Rebels, will they appoint their Soueraigne  
His sports, his pleasures, and his company?  
Yet ere thou goe, see how I doe diuorce  
*Spencer* from me: now get thee to thy Lords, *Embrace Spencer.*  
And tell them I will come to chastise them,  
For murdering *Gaueston*: hie thee, get thee gone,  
*Edward* with fire and sword, followes at thy heeles,  
My Lord, perceiue you how these Rebels swell:  
Souldiers, good hearts, defend your Soueraignes right,  
For now, euen now, we march to make them stoope,  
Away. *Exeunt.*

*Alarums, Excursions, a great Fight, and a Retreat.*

*Enter the King, Spencer the father, Spencer the sonne,  
and the Noblemen of the Kings side.*

*Edw.* Why doe we found retreat? vpon them Lords,  
This day I shall powre vengeance with my sword  
On those proud Rebels that are vp in armes,  
And do confront and countermaund their King.

*Spen. son.* I doubt it not my Lord, right will preuaile,  
*Spen. fa.* Tis not amisse my Leige for either part,  
To breath a while, our men with sweat and dust  
All chockt well neare, begin to faint for heate,  
And this retire refresheth horse and man.

*Spen. son.* Heere come the Rebels.

*Enter the Barons, Mortimer, Lancaster, Warwick,  
Penbrooke, cum ceteris.* (terers.

*Mor.* Looke Lancaster, yonder is Edward among his flat-  
*Lan.* And there let him bee, till he pay decerely for their  
company.

*War.* And shall, or *Warwicks* sword shall smite in vaine:

*Edw.* What Rebels, do you shrinke, and found retreat?

*Mor.* No Edward no, thy flatterers faint and flye.

*Lan.* Th'ad best betimes forsake thee and their trains,  
For theile betray thee, traytors as they are.

*Spen. son.* Traytor on thy face, rebellious Lancaster.

*Pen.* Away base Vpstart, brau'st thou Nobles thus?

*Spen. fa.* A noble attempt and honourable deede,  
Is it not trow ye, to assemble aide,  
And leuie armes against your lawfull King?

*Edw.* For which ere long their heads shall satisfie,  
T'appeale the wrath of their offended King.

*Mor.* Then Edward thou wilt fight it to the last,  
And rather bath thy sword in subiects bloud  
Then banish that pernicious company.

*Edw.* I traitours all, rather then thus be brau'd,  
Make Englands ciuill Townes huge heapes of stones,  
And plowes to goe about our Palace gates.

*War.* A desperate and vnnaturall resolution,  
Alarum to the fight, Saint George for England,  
And the Barons right.

*Edw.*

*Edm. S. George for England, and King Edwards right.*  
*Enter Edward, with the Barons captiues.*

*Edm.* Now lusty Lords, now not by chance of warre,  
But iustice of the quarrell and the cause  
Vaild is your pride, me thinkes you hang the heads,  
But weele aduance them Traytos, now tis time  
To be aueng'd on you for all your braues,  
And for the murther of my deere friend,  
To whom right well you knew our soule was knit,  
Good *Pierce of Gaueston* my sweete fauorit,  
Ah Rebels, Recreants, you made him away.

*Edm.* Brother, in regard of thee and of thy Land,  
Did they remoue that Flatterer from thy Throne.

*Edm.* So sir, you haue spoke, away, auoid our presence,  
Accursed wretches, wast in regard of vs,  
When we had sent our Messengers to request  
He might bespar'd to come to speake with vs,  
And *Penbrooke* vndertooke for his returne,  
That thou proud *Warwicke* watcht the prisoner,  
Poore *Peirce*, and headed him 'gainst law of armes,  
For which thy head shall ouerlooke the rest;  
As much as thou in rage out went'st the rest.

*War.* Tyrant, I scorne thy threats and menaces,  
Tis but temporall that thou canst inflict.

*Lan.* The worst is death, and better dye to liue,  
Then liue in infamy vnder such a King.

*Edm.* Away with them my Lord of Winchester,  
These lusty Leaders *Warwicke* and *Lancaster*,  
I charge you roundly off with both their heads, away.

*War.* Farewell vaine world.

*Lan.* Sweete *Mortimer* farewell.

*Mor.* England vnkinde to thy Nobility,  
Grone for this grieffe, behold how thou art maimed.

*Edm.* Goe take that haughty *Mortimer* to the Tower,  
There see him safe bestowed, and for the rest,  
Doe speedy execution on them all, be gone.

*Mor.* What *Mortimer*? can ragged stony walles  
Immure thy vertue that aspires to Heauen,  
No *Edward* Englands scourge, it may not be,

*Mor*

*Mortimers* hope surmounts his fortune farre. (friends.

*Ed.* Sound Drums and Trumpets, march with me my  
*Edward* this day hath crown'd him King anew. *Exit.*

*Manent Spencer filius, Lewne and Baldock.*

*Spen.* *Lewne*, the trust that we repose in thee,  
Begeres the quiet of King *Edward's* Land,  
Therefore be gone in hast, and with aduice,  
Bestow that Treasure on the Lords of France,  
That therewithall enchanted like the Guard  
That suffered *Ioue* to passe in showers of Gold  
To *Danae*, all aid may be denyed  
To *Isabell* the Queene, that now in France  
Makes friends, to crosse the Seas with her young sonne,  
And step into his fathers Regiment.

*Lew.* That's it these Barons and the subuill Queene  
Long leuied at.

*Bald.* Yea, but *Lewne* thou seest,  
These Barons lay their heads on blocks together,  
What they intend the Hangman frustrates cleane.

*Lew.* Haue you no doubt my Lords, Ile claps close,  
Among the Lords of France with Englands Gold,  
That *Isabell* shall make her plaints in vaine,  
And France shall be obdurate with her teares.

*Spen.* Then make for France, amaine *Lewne* away,  
Proclaime King *Edward's* warres and victories.

*Enter Edmond.*

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Edm.* Faire blowes the wind for France, blow gentle gale,  
Till *Edmond* be arriu'd for Englands good,  
Nature, yeeld to my Countries cause in this.  
A Brother, no, a Butcher of thy friends,  
Proud *Edward* dost thou banish me thy presence?  
But Ile to France, and cheere the wronged Queene,  
And certifie what *Edward's* loosenesse is,  
Vnnaturall King to slaughter Noblemen,  
And cherish Flatterers: *Mortimer* I stay (deuice,

Thy sweete escape, stand gracious gloomy night to his  
*Enter Mortimer disguised.*

*Mor.* Holla, who walketh there, ist you my Lord?

*Edm.*



*Edm. Mortimer* tis I, but hath thy potion wrought so happily?

*Mor.* It hath my Lord, the Warders all asleepe, I thanke them, gaue me leaue to passe in peace. But hath your Grace got shipping into France?

*Edm.* Feare it not.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Queene and her some.*

*Qu.* Ah Boy, our friends do faile vs all in France: The Lords are cruell and the King vnkind, What shall we doe?

*Prince.* Madame, returne to England, And please my Father well, and then a Fig For all my Vncles friendship heere in France, I warraunt you Ile winne his Highnesse quickly, A loues me better then a thousand *Spencers.*

*Qu.* Ah Boy, thou art deceiu'd at least in this, To thinke that we can yet be tun'd together, No, no, we iarre too farre, vnkind *Valoys,* Vnhappy *Isabell,* when France reiects, Whither, O whither dost thou bend thy steps?

*Enter Sir Iohn of Henolt.*

*S. Iohn.* Madam, what cheere?

*Qu.* Ah good *Sir Iohn of Henolt,* Neuer so cheerelesse, nor so farre distrest.

*S. Iohn.* I heare sweete Lady of the Kings vnkindnesse, But droope not Madam, Noble minds contemne Despaire: will your Grace with me to *Henolt,* And there stay times aduantage with your soane? How say you my Lord, will you goe with your friends, And shake off all our fortunes equally?

*Prim.* So pleaseth the Queene my Mother, me it likes, The King of England, nor the Court of France, Shall haue me from my gracious Mothers side, Till I be strong enough to breake a staffe, And then haue at the proudest *Spencers* head.

*Sir Iohn.* Well said my Lord.

*Qu.* Oh my sweete heart, how do I mone thy wrongs? Yet triumph in the hope of thee my ioy,

G

Ah

216 1126107  
Ah sweet Sir *John*, euen to the vtmost verge  
Of *Enrope*, or the shore of *Tanasse*,  
Will we with thee to *Henolt*, so we will,  
The Marquesse is a noble Gentleman,  
His Grace I dare presume will welcome me,  
But who are these?

*Enter Edmond and Mortimer.*

*Edm.* Madam, long may you liue,  
Much happier then your friends in *England* do.

*Qu.* Lord *Edmond* and Lord *Mortimer* aliue,  
Welcome to France: the newes was here my Lord,  
That you were dead, or very neere your death.

*Mor. in.* Lady, the last was truest of the twaine,  
But *Mortimer* reseru'd for better hap,  
Hath shaken off the thraldome of the Tower,  
And liues to aduance your Standard good my Lord,

*Prin.* How meane you, and the King my Father liues?  
No my Lord *Mortimer*, not I, I trow.

*Qu.* Not sonne, why not? I would it were no worse,  
But gentle Lords, friendlesse we are in France.

*Mor. in.* Mounier le Grand, a Noble friend of yours,  
Told vs at our arriuall all the newes,  
How hard the Nobles, how vnkind the King  
Hath shewed himselfe, but Madam, right makes roome,  
Where weapons want, and though a many friends,  
Are made away, as *Warmecke*, *Lancaster*,  
And others of our party and faction,  
Yet haue we friends, assure your Grace in *England*,  
Would call vp cappes, and clap their hands for ioy,  
To see vs there appointed for our foes.

*Edm.* Would all were well, and *Edward* well reclaim'd,  
For *Englands* honour, peace, and quietnesse.

*Mor.* But by the sword, my Lord, it must be deseru'd,  
The King will nere forsake his flatterers.

*S. Iohn.* My Lords of *England*, sith the vngentle King  
Of France refuseth to giue aid of armes,  
To this distressed Queene his Sister heere,  
Goe you with her to *Henolt*, doubt ye not,

We

We will find comfort, money, men, and friends,

Ere long, to bid the English King abase,

How say young Prince, what thinke you of the match?

*Prin.* I thinke King *Edward* will outrunne vs all.

*Qu.* Nay Sonne, not so, and you must not discourage  
Your friends that are so forward in your aide.

*Edm.* Sir *John* of *Henolt*, pardon vs I pray,  
These comforts that you giue our wofull Queene,  
Bind vs in kindnesse all at your commaund.

*Qu.* Yea gentle brother, and the God of Heauen,  
Prosper your happy motion good Sir *John*.

*Mor.* This noble Gentleman forward in armes,  
Was borne I see to be our Anchor hold,  
Sir *John* of *Henolt*, be it thy renowne,  
That England. Queene, and Nobles in distresse,  
Haue beene by thee restor'd and comforted.

*S. John.* M. dame along, and you my Lord with me,  
That Englands P.eres may *Henolts* welcome see.

*Enter the King, Matreuil, the two Spencers, with others.*

*Edw.* Thus after many threats of wrathfull warre,  
Triumpheth Englands *Edward* with his friends,  
And triumph *Edward* with his friends vncontroll'd,  
My Lord of *Gloster*, doe you heare the newes?

*Spencer. iii.* What newes my Lord?

*Edw.* Why man, they say there is great execution  
Done through the Realme, my Lord of *Arundell*  
You haue the note, haue you not?

*Mat.* From the Lieutenant of the Tower my Lord.

*Edw.* I pray let vs see it what haue we there?

Read it *Spencer.* *Spencer* reads their names.

Why so? they bark't apace not long agoe,  
Now on my life, theile neither barke nor bite.

Now sirs, the newes from France, *Gloster* I trow,  
The Lords of France loue Englands gold so well,  
As *Isabell* gets no aid from thence.

What now remaines, haue you proclaim'd my Lord,  
Reward for them can bring in *Mortimer*?

*Spencer. iii.* My Lord we haue, and it he be in England,

A will be had ere long I doubt it not.

*Edw.* If, doost thou say? *Spencer*, as true as death,  
He is in Englands ground, our Port-masters  
Are not so carelesse of their Kings command.

*Enter a Poast.*

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How now, what newes with thee? from whence come

*Poast.* Letters my Lord, and tidings forth of France,  
To you my Lord of Gloster from *Lewne.*

*Edw.* Reade.

*Spencer reads the Letters.*

My duty to your Honour premised, &c. I haue according to instructions in that behalfe, dealt with the King of France his Lords, and effected that the Queene all discontented and discomforted, is gone, whither if you aske, with Sir *John of Henolt*, Brother to the Marquesse, into Flaunders: with them are gone Lord *Edmond*, and the Lord *Mortimer*, hauing in their company diuers of your Nation and others, and as constant report goeth, they intend to giue King *Edward* battell in England, sooner then hee can looke for them: this is all the newes of Import.

*Your Honours in all service, Lewne.*

*Edw.* Ah Villaines, hath that *Mortimer* escap't?

With him is *Edmond* gone associate:

And will Sir *John of Henolt* lead the round?

Welcome a Gods name Madam and your sonne,

England shall welcome you, and all your route,

Gallop apace bright *Phœbus* through the skye,

And dusky night in rusty Iron Carre,

Betweene you both, shorten the time I pray,

That I may see that most desired day,

When we may meete these traytors in the field.

Ah nothing greues me but my little Boy,

Is thus misled to countenance their ils.

Come friends to *Brislow*, there to make vs strong,

And winds as equall be to bring them in,

As you iniurious were to beare them forth.

*Enter the Queene, her son, Edmond, Mortimer, and Sir John.*

*Qu.*

*Qu.* Now Lords, our louing friends and countrymen,  
Welcome to England all with prosperous winds,  
Our kindest friends in Belgia haue we left  
To cope with friends at home : a heauy case,  
When force to force is knit, and sword and glaue  
In ciuill broiles make kin and countrymen  
Slaughter themselues in others, and their sides  
With their owne weapons goar'd, but what's the helpe?  
Misgouern'd Kings are cause of all this wrack,  
And *Edward* thou art one among them all,  
Whose loofenisse hath betrayed thy Land to spoyle,  
And made the Channell ouerflow with bloud  
Of thine owne people: patron shouldst thou be, but thou.

*Mor.* Nay Madam, if you be a Warriour,  
You must not grow so passionate in speeches.  
Lords, sith that we are by sufferance of Heauen,  
Arriu'd and armed in this Princes right,  
Heere for our Countries cause sweare we to him  
All homage, fealty and forwardnesse,  
And for the open wrongs and iniuries  
*Edward* hath done to vs, his Queene and Land,  
We come in armes to wrecke it with the sword:  
That Englands Queene in peace may repossesse  
Her Dignities and honours: and withall  
We may remoue these flatterers from the King,  
That hauocks Englands wealth and treasury.

*S. Jo.* Sound Trumpets my Lord, and forward let vs  
*Edward* will thinke we come to flatter him. (march)

*Edm.* I would he neuer had beene flattered more.

*Enter the King, Baldocke, and Spencer the  
sonne, flying about the Stage.*

*Spem.* Fly, fly, my Lord, the Queene is ouer-strong,  
Her friends do multiply, and yours do fayle,  
Shape we our course to *Ireland* there to breath.

*Edm.* What, was I borne to flye and runne away,  
And leaue the *Mortimers* Conquerours behinde?  
Giue me my Horse and lets re'nforce our troopes:  
And in this bed of honour dye with fame.

**Bald.** O no my Lord, this Princely resolution  
Fits not the time, away, we are pursued.

*Edmond alone with a Sword and Target.*

**Edm.** This way he fled, but I am come too late,  
**Edward,** alas my heart relents for thee,  
**Proud Traytor Mortimer** why dost thou chase  
Thy lawfull King thy Soueraigne, with thy sword  
**Vildewretch,** and why hast thou of all vnkinde,  
Borne armes against thy Brother and thy King  
Raine showers of Vengeance on my curled head  
Thou God, to whom in iustice it belongs  
To punish this vnnaturall reuolt:

**Edward,** this *Mortimer* aimes at thy life:  
O flye him then, but *Edmond* calme this rage,  
Dissemble or thou diest, for *Mortimer*  
And *Isabell* do kisse while they conspire,  
And yet she beares a face of loue forsooth:  
Fie on that loue that hatcheth death and hate,  
*Edmond* away, Bristow to Longshankes bloud  
Is false, be not found single for suspect:  
**Proud Mortimer** pries neere into thy walkes.

*Enter the Queene, Mortimer, the yong Prince  
and Sir Iohn of Henale.*

**Qu.** Succesfull battell giues the God of Kings,  
To them that fight in right and feare his wrath:  
Since then successiuelly we haue preuail'd,  
Thanked be Heauens great architect and you,  
Ere farther we proceede my noble Lords,  
We heere create our welbeloued sonne,  
Of loue and care vnto his royall person,  
Lord Warden of the Realme, and sith the fates  
Haue made his father so vnfortunate,  
Deale you my Lords in this, my louing Lords,  
As to your wisdomes fittest seemes in all.

**Edm.** Madam, without offence if I may aske,  
How will you deale with *Edward* in his fall?

**Prin.** Tell me good Vnkle, what *Edward* do you meane?

**Edm.** Nephew, your father, I dare not call him King.

*Mor.*

*Mor.* My Lord of *Kent*, what needes these questions?  
Tis not in her controulment, nor in ours,  
But as the Realme and Parliament shall please,  
So shall your Brother be disposed of.

I like not this relenting moode in *Edmond*.

*Madam*, tis good to looke to him betimes.

*Qu.* My Lord, the Maior of *Bristow* knowes our mind.

*Mor.* Yea *Madam*, and they scape not easly,  
That fled the field.

*Qu.* *Baldocke* is with the King.

A goodly Chancellour, is he not my Lord?

*S. Iohn.* So are the *Spencers*, the father and the sonne.

*Edm.* This *Edward* is the ruine of the Realme.

*Enter Rice ap Howell, and the Maior of Bristow,  
with Spencer the father.*

*Rice.* God saue *Queene Isabell*, and her Princely sonne,  
*Madam*, the Maior and Citizens of *Bristow*.  
In signe of loue and duty to this presence,  
Present by me this Traytor to the State,  
*Spencer*, the Father to that wanton *Spencer*,  
That like the lawlesse *Catiline* of Rome,  
Reueld in Englands wealth and Treasury.

*Qu.* We thanke you all.

*Mor. in.* Your louing care in this,  
Deserueth Princely fauours and rewards,  
But where's the King and the other *Spencer* fled?

*Rice.* *Spencer* the sonne, created Earle of Gloucester,  
Is with that smooth tongu'd Scholler *Baldocke* gone,  
And shipt but late for Ireland with the King.

*Mor. in.* Some whirlwind fetch them backe, or sinke  
them all:

They shall be started thence I doubt it not.

*Prin.* Shall I not see the King my father yet?

*Edm.* Vnhappy's *Edward*, chast from Englands bounds.

*S. Iohn.* *Madam*, what relecth, why stand ye in a muse?

*Qu.* I rue my Lords ill fortune, but alas,  
Care of my Country cald me to this warre.

*Mor.* *Madam*, haue done with care and sad complaint,  
Your

Your King hath wrong'd your Country and himselfe,  
And we must seeke to right it as we may.

Meane while, haue hence this Rebel to the block.

*Spensa.* Rebel is he that fights against the Prince,  
So fought not they that fought in *Edwards* right.

*Mor.* Take him away, he prates, you *Rice ap Howell*,  
Shall do good seruice to her Maiesty,  
Being of countenance in your Country heere,  
To follow these rebellious Runagates,  
We in meane while Madam, must take aduice,  
How *Baldock*, *Spencer*, and their complices,  
May in their fall be followed to their end.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the Abbot, Monkes, Edward, Spencer,  
and Baldocke.*

*Ab.* Haue you no doubt my Lord, haue you no feare.  
As silent, and as carefull we will be,  
To keepe your Royall person safe with vs,  
Free from suspect and fell inuasion  
Of such as haue your Maiesty in chase,  
Your selfe, and those your chosen company,  
As danger of this stormy time requires.

*Edw.* Father, thy face should harbour no deceit,  
O had'st thou euer beene a King, thy heart  
Pierc't deeply with sence of my distresse,  
Could not but take compassion of my state.  
Stately and proud, in riches and in traine  
Whilom I was powerfull and full of pompe,  
But what is he, whom rule and Empery  
Haue not in life or death made miserable?  
Come *Spencer*, come *Baldocke*, come sit downe by me,  
Make tryall now of thy Philosophie,  
That in our famous nurseries of Arts  
Thou suckedst from *Plato*, and from *Aristotle*.  
Father this life contemplatiue is Heauen,  
O that I might this life in quiet lead,  
But we alas are chaste, and you my friends,  
Your liues and my dishonour they pursue,

Yes



Yet gentle Monkes, for Treasure, Gold, nor Fee,  
Doe you betray vs and our company.

*Mon.* Your Grace may sit secure, if none but we do wet  
of your abode.

*Spem.* Not one aliue, but shrewdly I suspect,  
A gloomy fellow in a Mead below,  
A gaue a long looke after vs my Lord,  
And all the Land I know is vp in armes,  
Armes that pursue our liues with deadly hate.

*Bald.* We were imbark't for *Ireland*, wretched we,  
With aukward winds, and with sore tempests driuen  
To fall on shore, and here to pine in feare  
Of *Mortimer* and his Confederates.

*Edw. Mortimer*, who talkes of *Mortimer*,  
Who wounds me with the name of *Mortimer*  
That bloody man? good father on thy lap  
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care,  
O might I neuer ope these eyes againe,  
Neuer againe lift vp this drooping head,  
O neuer more lift vp this dying heart!

*Spem. son.* Looke vp my Lord. *Baldocke*, this drowlinesse  
Betides no good, here euen we are betrayed.

*Enter with Welch bookes, Rice ap Howell, a Mower,  
and the Earle of Leicester.*

*Mower.* Vpon my life, these be the men ye seeke,  
*Rice.* Fellow enough, my Lord I pray be short,  
A faire Commission warrants what we doe.

*Lei.* The *Queenes* commission, vrg'd by *Mortimer*,  
What cannot *Mortimer* doe with the *Queene*?  
Alas, see where he sits, and hopes vnscene  
T'escape their hands that seeke to reauie his Life:  
Too true it is, *quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*  
*Hunc dies videt fugiens iacentem.*

But *Leister* leaue to grow so passionate,  
*Spencer* and *Baldocke* by no other names,  
I arrest you of high treason heere,  
Stand not on Titles, but obey the arrest,  
Tis in the name of *Isabell* the *Queene*.

H

My

My Lord, why droope you thus?

*Edw.* O day! the last of all my blisse on earth,  
Center of all misfortune. O my Starres!  
Why do you lowre vnkindly on a King?  
Came *Leister* then in *Isabellas* name,  
To take my life, my company from me?  
Heere man rip vp this panting breast of mine,  
And take my heart in reskew of my friends.

*Rice.* Away with them.

*Spencer, in.* It may become thee yet,  
To let vs take our farewell of his Grace.

*Abb.* My heart with pittie eernes to see this sight;  
A King to beare these words and proud commands.

*Edw. Spencer,* ah sweet *Spencer*, thus then must we part.

*Spencer, in.* We must my Lord, so will the angry Heauens.

*Edw.* Nay so will Hell and cruell *Mortimer* :

The gentle Heauens haue not to do in this.

*Bald.* My Lord, it is in vaine to grieue or storme,  
Heere humbly of your Grace we take our leaues,  
Our Lots are cast, I feare me so is thine,

*Edw.* In Heauen we may, in earth neuer shall we meet,  
And *Leister* say, what shall become of vs?

*Lei.* Your Maiesty must goe to Killingworth.

*Edw.* Must! Tis somewhat hard, when Kings must go.

*Lei.* Here is a Litter ready for your Grace,  
That waites your pleasure, and the day growes old.

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

*Edw.* A Litter haist thou, Lay me on a Hearse,  
And to the gates of Hell conuay me hence,  
Let *Plutos* Bels ring out my fatall knell,  
And Hags howle for my death at *Charons* shore,  
For friends hath *Edward* none. but these, and these,  
And these must dye vnder a Tyrants sword.

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

*Edw.* Well, that shall be, shall be, part we must,  
Sweet *Spencer*, gentle *Baldocke*, part we must,  
Hence fained weedes, vnfained are my woes,

Father.

Father, farewell : *Leister* thou stais't for me,  
And goe I must, Life farewell with my friends,  
*Exeunt Edward and Lancaster.*

*Spencer.* O is he gone ! is Noble *Edward* gone,  
Parted from hence, neuer to see vs more,  
Rent Sphere of Heauen, and fire forsake thy Orbe,  
Earth melt to Aire, gone is my Soueraigne,  
Gone, gone alas, neuer to make returne.

*Bald. Spencer,* I see our soules are fleeting hence,  
We are depriu'd the sun-shine of our life,  
Make for a new life man, throw vp thy eyes,  
And heart and hand to Heauens immortall Thronc,  
Pay Natures debt with cheerefull countenance,  
Reduce we all our Lessons vnto this,  
To dye, sweete *Spencer,* therefore liue we all,  
*Spencer,* all liue to dye, and rise to fall.

*Rice.* Come, come, keepe these preachments till you  
come to the place appointed.

You, & such as you are, haue made wise work in England.  
Will your Lordships away?

*Mower.* Your Lordship I trust will remember me?

*Rice.* Remember thee fellow? what else?  
Follow me to the Towne.

*Enter the King, Leicester, with a Bishop for  
the Crowne.*

*Lei.* Be patient good my Lord, cease to lament,  
Imagine Killingworth Castell were your Court:  
And that you lay for pleasure heere a space,  
Not of compulsion or necessity.

*Edw.* *Leister,* if gentle words might comfort me,  
Thy speeches long agoe had eas'd my sorrowes,  
For kinde and louing hast thou alwayes beene:  
The griefes of priuate men are soone alaid,  
But not of Kings, the Forrest Deere being stricke,  
Runnes to an Herbe that closeth vp the wounds,  
But when the imperiall Lyons flesh is gor'd,  
He rends, and teares it with his wrathfull paw,  
Highly scorning, that the lowly earth

H 2

Should

Should drinke his blood, mounts vp to the ayre:  
 And so it fares with me, whose dauntlesse mind  
 The ambitious *Mortimer* would seeke to curbe,  
 And that vnnaturall *Queene* false *Isabell*,  
 That thus hath pent and mu'd me in a prison,  
 For such outrageous passions cloy my soule,  
 As with the wings of rancour and disdain  
 Full off am I soaring vp to Heauen,  
 To plaine me to the Gods against them both:  
 But when I call to mind I am a King,  
 Methinks I should reuenge me of my wrongs,  
 That *Mortimer* and *Isabell* haue done.

But what are Kings, when regiment is gone,  
 But perfect shadows in a sun-shine day?  
 My Nobles rule, I beare the name of King,  
 I weare the Crowne, but am contrould by them,  
 By *Mortimer*, and my vnconstant *Queene*,  
 Who spots my nupriall bed with infamy,  
 Whilst I am lodg'd within this Caue of care,  
 Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,  
 To company my heart with sad laments,  
 That bleedes within me for this strange exchange.  
 But tell me must I now resigne my Crowne,  
 To make vsurping *Mortimer* a King?

*Bish.* Your Grace mistakes, it is for Englands good,  
 And Princely *Edwards* right, we craue the Crowne.

*Edw.* No, tis for *Mortimer*, not *Edwards* head,  
 For hees a Lambe, encompassed by Wolues,  
 Which in a moment will abridge his life:  
 But if proud *Mortimer* doe weare this Crowne,  
 Heauens turne it to a blaze of quenchlesse fire,  
 Or like the snaky wreath of *Tisiphon*,  
 Engirt the Temples of his hatefull head,  
 So shall not Englands Vine be perished,  
 But *Edwards* name suruiue, though *Edward* dies.

*Leist.* My Lord, why waste you thus the time away,  
 They stay your answer, will you yeeld your Crowne?

*Edw.* Ah *Leister*, weigh how hardly I can brooke

To lose my Crowne and Kingdome without cause,  
 To giue ambitious *Mortimer* my right,  
 That like a Mountaine ouerwhelmes my blisse,  
 In which extreames my mind heere murdered is:  
 But that the Heauens appoint, I must obey.  
 Here take my Crowne, the life of *Edward* too,  
 Two Kings in England cannot raigne at once:  
 But stay awhile, let me be King till night,  
 That I may gaze vpon this glittering Crowne,  
 So shall my eyes receiue their last content,  
 My head the latest honour due to it,  
 And ioynly both yeeld vp their wished right.  
 Continue ever thou celestiall Sunne,  
 Let neuer silent night possesse this clime,  
 Stand still you watches of the Element,  
 All times and seasons rest you at a stay,  
 That *Edward* may be still faire Englands King:  
 But dayes bright beame doth vanish fast away,  
 And needs I must resigne my wished Crowne.  
 Inhumane creatures, nurst with Tigers milke,  
 Why gape you for your Soueraignes ouerthrow?  
 My Diadem I meane and guiltlesse life,  
 See Monsters see, Ile weare my Crowne againe:  
 What feare you not the fury of your King?  
 But haplesse *Edward*, thou art fondly led,  
 They passe not for thy frownes as late they did;  
 But seeke to make a new elected King,  
 Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,  
 Which thoughts are martyred with endlesse torments,  
 And in this torment comfort finde I none,  
 But that I feele the Crowne vpon my head,  
 And therefore let me weare it yet a while.

*Tru.* My Lord, the Parliament must haue present newes,  
 And therefore say, will you resigne or no.

*The King rageth.*

*Edw.* Ile not resigne, not whilst I liue,  
 Traytors be gone, and ioynce you with *Mortimer*,  
 Elect, conspire, enstall, doe what you will,

H 3

Their

Their bloud and yours shall seale these Trecheriēs.

*Bish.* This answere weele returne, and so farewell.

*Lei.* Call them againe my Lord, and speake them faire,  
For if they goe, the Prince shall lose his right.

*Edw.* Call thou them backe, I haue no power to speake.

*Lei.* My Lord, the King is willing to resigne,

*Bish.* If he be not, let him chuse.

*Edw.* O would I might, but heauens and earth conspire  
To make me miserable: here receiue my Crowne,  
Receiue it? no, these innocent hands of mine  
Shall not be guilty of so foule a crime,  
He of you all that most desires my bloud,  
And will be cald the murtherer of a King,  
Take it: what are you mou'd? pittie you me?  
Then send for vnrelenting *Mortimer*  
And *Isabell*, whose eyes being turn'd to steele,  
Will sooner sparkle fire then shed a teare:  
Yet stay, for rather then I will looke on them,  
Heere, heere: now sweete God of Heauen,  
Make me despise this transitory pompe,  
And sit for aye inthronized in Heauen,  
Come death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,  
Or if I liue let me forget my selfe.

*Enter Bartley.*

*Bart.* My Lord.

*Edw.* Call me not Lord,  
Away, out of my sight, ah pardon me,  
Griefe makes me Lunaticke,  
Let not that *Mortimer* protect my sonne,  
More safety there is in a Tigers lawes  
Then his imbracements: beare this to the *Queene*,  
Wet with my teares, and dryed againe with sighs,  
If with the sight thereof she be not moued,  
Returne it backe, and dip it in my bloud,  
Commend me to my Sonne and bid him rule  
Better then I, yet how haue I transgress,  
Vnlesse it be with too much clemency?

*Tru.* And thus most humbly do we take our leaue.

*Edw.*

*Edw.* Farewell, I know the next newes that they bring,  
Will be my death, and welcome shall it be,  
To wretched men death is felicity.

*Lei.* Another Post, what newes brings he?

*Edw.* Such newes as I expect, come *Bartley* come,  
And tell thy message to my naked breast.

*Bart.* My Lord thinke not a thought so villanous  
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.

To doe your Highnesse seruice and deuoir,  
And saue you from your foes, *Bartley* would dye,

*Lei.* My Lord, the Councill and the Queen commands,  
That I resigne my charge.

*Edw.* And who must keep me now, must you my Lord?

*Bart.* I, my most gracious Lord, so tis decreed.

*Edw.* By *Mortimer* whose name is written here,  
Well may I rent his name, that rends my heart,  
This poore reuenge hath something eas'd my mind,  
So may his limbs be torne as is this Paper,  
Heare me immortal *Ioue*, and grant it too.

*Bar.* Your Grace must hence with me to *Bartley* straight.

*Edw.* Whither you will, all places are alike,  
And euery earth is fit for buriall.

*Lei.* Fauour him my Lord as much as lieth in you.

*Bart.* Euen so betide my soule as I vse him.

*Edw.* My enemy hath pittied my estate,  
And that's the cause that I am now remou'd.

*Bar.* And thinks your Grace that *Bartley* will be cruel?

*Edw.* I know not, but of this am I assured,  
That death ends all, and I can dye but once,  
*Leicester* farewell.

*Lei.* Not yet my Lord, Ile beare you on your way;

*Exeunt omnes.* Enter *Mortimer* and *Queene Isabell*.

*Mor. in.* Faire *Isabell*, now haue we our desire,  
The proud corrupters of the light-braind King,  
Haue done their homage to the lofty Gallowes,  
And he himselfe lies in captiuitie,  
Berul'd by me, and we will rule the Realme,  
In any case take heede of childish feare,

For

For now we hold an old Wolfe by the eare,  
 That if he slip will seaze vpon vs both,  
 And gripe the sorer being gript, himselfe.  
 Thinke therefore Madam that imports vs much,  
 To erect your sonne with all the speede we may,  
 And that I be Protector ouer him,  
 For our behoofe, 'twill beare the greater sway,  
 When as a Kings name shall be vnder writ.

*Qu.* Sweete *Mortimer*, the life of *Isabell*,  
 Be thou perswaded that I loue thee well,  
 And therefore so the Prince my sonne be safe,  
 Whom I esteeme as deere as these mine eyes,  
 Conclude against his father what thou wilt,  
 And I my selfe will willingly subscribe.

*Mor. in.* First would I heare newes he were depos'd,  
 And then let me alone to handle him.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mor. in.* Letters, from whence?

*Messen.* From Killingworth my Lord.

*Qu.* How fares my Lord the King?

*Messen.* In health Madam, but full of pensiueneffe.

*Qu.* Alas poore soule, would I could ease his grieffe,  
 Thankes gentle Winchester, sirra be gone.

*Win.* The King hath willingly resign'd his Crowne.

*Qu.* O happy newes, send for the Prince my sonne.

*Bi.* Further, or this Letter was seal'd, Lord *Bartley* came,  
 So that he now is gone from Killingworth,  
 And we haue heard that *Edmond* laid a plot,  
 To set his brother free, no more but so,  
 The Lord of *Bartley* is so pittifull,  
 As *Leicester* that had charge of him before.

*Qu.* Then let some other be his Guardian.

*Mor. in.* Let me alone, here is the priuy Seale,  
 Whose there, call hither *Gurney* and *Matrenis*,  
 To dash the heauy headed *Edmonds* drift,  
*Bartley* shall be discharg'd, the King remou'd,  
 And none but we shall know where he lieth.

*Qu.* But *Mortimer*, as long as he suruiues,

What



What safety rests for vs, or for my sonne?

*Mor. in.* Speake, shall he presently be dispatch'd & dye?

*Qu.* I would he were, so it were not by my meanes.

*Enter Matrenis and Gurney.*

*Mor. in.* Inough *Matrenis*, write a Letter presently  
Vnto the Lord of *Bartley* from our selfe,  
That he resigne the King to thee and *Gurney*,  
And when tis done, we will subscribe our name,

*Mat.* It shall be done my Lord.

*Mor. in. Gurney.*

*Gur.* My Lord.

*Mor. in.* As thou intendest to rise by *Mortimer*,  
Who now makes Fortunes wheele turne as he please,  
Seeke all the meanes thou canst to make him droope,  
And neither giue him kind word nor good looke.

*Gur.* I warrant you my Lord.

*Mor. in.* And this about the rest, because we heare  
That *Edmond* casts to worke his liberty,  
Remoue him still from place to place by night,  
Till at the last he come to *Killingworth*,  
And then from thence to *Bartley* backe againe:  
And by the way to make him fret the more,  
Speake curstly to him, and in any case  
Let no man comfort him, If he chance to weepe,  
But amplifie his grieffe with bitter words.

*Matr.* Feare not my Lord, weele do as you command,

*Mor. in.* So now away, post thither wards amaine.

*Qu.* Whither goes this Letter, to my Lord the King?  
Commend me humbly to his Maiesty,  
And tell him, that I labour all in vaine,  
To ease his grieffe, and worke his liberty:  
And beare him this, as witneise of my loue,

*Mat.* I will Madam.

*Exeunt Matrenis and Gurney.*

*Manent Isabell and Mortimer.*

*Enter the young Prince, and the Earle of Kent  
talking with him.*

*Mor. in.* Finely dissembled, do so still sweete Queene,  
Here

## The Tragedy

Here comes the young Prince with the Earle of Kent.

*Qu.* Something he whispers in his childish cares.

*Mor. in.* If he haue such accessse vnto the Prince,

Our plots and stratagemes will soone be dash't.

*Qu.* Use *Edmond* friendly, as if all were well.

*Mor. in.* How fares my Honourable Lord of Kent?

*Edm.* In health sweet *Mortimer*: how fares your Grace?

*Qu.* Well, if my Lord your brother were enlarg'd.

*Edm.* I heare of late he hath depos'd himselfe.

*Qu.* The more my griefe.

*Mor. in.* And mine.

*Edm.* Ah they doe dissemble.

*Qu.* Sweete sonne come hither, I must talke with thee.

*Mor. in.* You being his Vncle, and the next of blood,

Doc looke to be Protector ouer the Prince.

*Edm.* Not I my Lord: who should protect the sonne,  
But she that gaue him life, I meane the Queene?

*Prin.* Mother, perswademe not to weare the Crowne,  
Let him be King, I am too young to raigne.

*Qu.* But be content, seeing it is his Highnes pleasure.

*Prin.* Let mee but see him first, and then I will.

*Edm.* I do sweete Nephew.

*Qu.* Brother you know it is impossible,

*Prin.* Why, is he dead?

*Qu.* No, God forbid.

*Edm.* I would those words proceeded from your heart.

*Mor. in.* Inconstant *Edmond* dost thou fauour him,  
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?

*Edm.* The more cause haue I now to make amends.

*Mor. in.* I tell thee tis not meet, that one so false  
Should come about the Person of a Prince,  
My Lord, he hath betray'd the King his brother,  
And therefore trust him nor.

*Prin.* But he repents and sorrowes for it now.

*Qu.* Come Son, and go with this gentle Lord and me.

*Prin.* With you I will, but not with *Mortimer*.

*Mor.* Why yongling, s'daint thou so of *Mortimer*?  
Then I will carry thee by force away.

*Prin.*

*Prin.* Helpe Vnkle *Kent*, *Mortimer* will wrong me.

*Qu.* Brother *Edmond*, striue not, we are his friends,  
*Isabell* is neerer then the Earle of *Kent*.

*Edm.* Sister, *Edward* is my charge, redeeme him.

*Qu.* *Edward* is my sonne, and I will keepe him.

*Edm.* *Mortimer* shall know that he hath wrong'd me.  
Hence will I halt to *Killingworth Castle*,  
And rescue aged *Edward* from his foes,  
To be reueng'd on *Mortimer* and thee.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Matreuis and Gurney with the King.*

*Mat.* My Lord, be not pensieue, we are your friends,  
Men are ordain'd to liue in misery,  
Therefore come, dalliance dangereth our liues.

*Edw.* Friends, whither must vnhappy *Edward* goe,  
Will hatefull *Mortimer* appoint no rest?  
Must I be vexed like the nightly Bird,  
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged Fowles?  
When will the fury of his mind assuage?  
When will his heart be satisfied with bloud?  
If mine will serue, vnbowell straight this brest,  
And giue my heart to *Isabell* and him,  
It is the chiefest marke they leuell at.

*Gur.* Not so my Leige, the Queene hath giuen this  
To keepe your Grace in safety, (charge,  
Your passions make your dolours encrease.

*Edw.* This vsage makes my misery encrease,  
But can my ayre of life continue long,  
When all my senses are annoy'd with stench?  
Within a Dungeon Englands King is kept,  
Where I am staru'd for want of sustenance,  
My dayly diet is heart-breaking sobs,  
That almost rents the closet of my heart,  
Thus liues old *Edward* not relieu'd by any,  
And so must dye, though pittied by many.  
O water gentle friends to coole my thirst,  
And cleere my body from scule excrements.

*Mat.* Heer's channell water as our charge is giuen,

*The Tragedy*

Sit downe, for weele be Barbaras to your Grace.

*Edm.* Traytors away, what will you murder me,  
Or choake your Soueraigne with puddle water?

*Gur.* No, but wash your face, & shawe away your beard,  
Lest you be knowne, and so be rescued.

*Matr.* Why strue you thus, your labour is in vaine?

*Edm.* The Wren may strue against the Lions strength,  
But all in vaine, so vaineley do I strue,  
To secke for mercy, at a Tyrants hand.

*They wash him with puddle water, and shawe  
his beard away.*

Immortall powers, that knowes the painefull cares,  
That waites vpon my poore distressed soule,  
O leuell all your lookes vpon these daring men,  
That wrongs their Leige & Soueraigne, Englands King,  
O *Gaueston*, it is for thee that I am wrong'd,  
For me, both thou and both the *Spencers* died,  
And for your sakes a thousand wrongs lie take,  
The *Spencers* Ghosts, where euer they remaine,  
Wish well to mine, then rush, for them lie dye.

*Matr.* Twixt theirs and yours shall be no enmity,  
Come, come away, now put the Torchcs out,  
Weele enter in by darkencesse to Killingworth.

*Enter Edmond.*

*Gur.* How now, who comes there?

*Matr.* Guard the King sure, it is the Earle of Kent.

*Edm.* O gentle brother helpe to rescue me.

*Matr.* Keepe them asunder, thrust in the King.

*Edm.* Souldiers, let me but talke to him one word.

*Gur.* Lay hands vpon the Earle for his assault.

*Edm.* Lay down your weapons, traytors yeeld the King.

*Matr.* *Edmond*, yeeld thou thy selfe, or thou shalt dye.

*Edm.* Base Villaines, wherefore do you gripe me thus?

*Gur.* Bind him, and so conuey him to the Court.

*Edm.* Where is the Court but heere, here is the King,  
And I will visite him, why stay you me?

*Matr.* The Court is where Lord *Mortimer* remaines,  
Thither shall your honour goe, and so farewell.

*Exeunt*

*Exeunt Matreus and Gierney, with the King.*

*Manent Edmond and the Souldiers.*

*Edm.* O miserable is that common weale, where Lords  
Keepe Courts, and Kings are lockt in Prison!

*Sould.* Wherefore stay we? on Sirs to the Court.

*Edm.* I, lead me whither you will, euen to my death,  
Seeing that my Brother cannot be releast.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Mortimer alone.*

*Mor. in.* The King must dye, or *Mortimer* goes down,  
The Commons now begin to pittie him,  
Yet he that is the cause of *Edwards* death,  
Is sure to pay for it when his sonne is of age,  
And therefore will I doe it cunningly,  
This Letter written by a friend of ours,  
Containes his death, yet bids them saue his life,  
*Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.*  
Feare not to kill the King, tis good he dye;  
But reade it thus, and that's another sence:  
*Edmar dum occidere nolite timere bonum est.*  
Kill not the King, tis good to feare the worst.  
Vnpointed as it is, thus shall it goe,  
That being dead, if it chance to be found,  
*Matreus* and the rest may beare the blame,  
And we be quit that caus'd it to be done.  
Within this Roome is lock'd the Messenger,  
That shall conuey it, and performe the rest,  
And by a secret token that he beares,  
Shall he be murdered when the deed is done.

*Lightborne* come forth, art thou so resolute as thou wast?

*Light.* What else my Lord? and farre more resolute.

*Mor. in.* And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?

*Light.* I, I, and none shall know which way he died.

*Mor. in.* But at his lookes *Lightborne* thou wilt relent.

*Light.* Relent, ha, ha, I vse much to relent.

*Mor. in.* Well, doe it brauely, and be secret.

*Light.* You shall not neede to giue instructions,  
Tis not the first time I haue kil'd a man,

The Tragedy

I learn'd in Naples how to poyson Flowers,  
To strangle with a Lawne thrust downe the throate,  
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needles point,  
Or whilst one is asleepe, to take a Quill  
And blow a little powder in his eares,  
Or open his mouth, and powre quick-siluer downe,  
But yet I haue a brauer way then these.

*Mor.* What's that?

(tricks.

*Light.* Nay, you shall pardon me, none shall know my

*Mor.* I care not how it is, so it be not spide,

Deliuier this to *Gurney* and *Matrenis*,  
At euery ten miles end thou hast a Horse.  
Take this, away, and neuer see me more.

*Light.* No?

*Mor.* No, vnlesse thou bring me news of *Edwards* death.

*Light.* That will I quickly do, farewell my Lord.

*Mor.* The Prince I rule, the Queene do I command,  
And with a lowly conge to the ground,  
The proudest Lords salute me as I passe,  
I seale, I cancell, I do what I will,  
Fear'd am I more then lou'd, let me be fear'd:  
And when I frowne make all the Court looke pale.  
I view the Prince with *Aristarcus* eyes,  
Whose lookes were as a breeching to a boy,  
They thrust vpon me the Protectorship,  
And sue to me for that, that I desire,  
While at the Councell Table, graue enough,  
And not vnlike a bashfull Puritaine,  
First I complaine of imbecility,  
Saying it is, *onus quàm grauissimum*,  
Till being interrupted by my friends,  
*Suscepi* that *provinciam* as they terme it,  
And to conclude, I am Protector now,  
Now is all sure, the Queene and *Mortimer*  
Shall rule the Realme, the King, and none rules vs.  
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends aduance,  
And what I list command, who dare controule,  
*Maior sum quàm cui possit fortuna nocere*,

And

And that this be the coronation day,  
It pleaseth me, and *Isabell* the *Queene*,  
The Trumpets sound, I must goe take my place.

*Enter the young King, Bishop, Champion, Nobles, Queene.*

*Bish.* Long liue King *Edward*: by the grace of God,  
King of England, and Lord of Ireland.

*Cham.* If any Christian, Heathen, Turke, or Iew,  
Dares but affirme, that *Edwards* not true King,  
And will auouch his saying with the sword,  
I am the Champion that will combat him.

*Mor. iii.* None comes, sound Trumpets.

*King.* Champion here's to thee.

*Qu.* Lord *Mortimer*, now take him to your charge.

*Enter Souldiers with the Earle of Kent prisoner.*

*Mor.* What Traytor haue we there with Blades & Bills?

*Sould.* *Edmond* the Earle of Kent.

*King.* What hath he done?

*Sould.* A would haue taken the King away perforce,  
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

*Mor. iii.* Did you attempt his rescue? *Edmond* speake.

*Edm. Mortimer*, I did, he is our King,

And thou compels't this Prince to weare the Crowne.

*Mor. iii.* Strike off his head, he shall haue Marshall law.

*Edm.* Strike off my head, base Traytor I defie thee.

*King.* My Lord, he is my Vnkle, and shall liue.

*Mor. iii.* My Lord, he is your enemy, and shall dye.

*Edm.* Stay Villaines.

*King.* Sweete Mother if I cannot pardon him,  
Intreate my Lord Protector for his life.

*Qu.* Sonne be content, I dare not speake a word.

*King.* Nor I, and yet me thinkes I should command,  
But seeing I cannot, Ile intreat for him:  
My Lord, if you will let my Vnkle liue,  
I will requite it when I come to age.

*Mor. iii.* Tis for your Highnesse good, and for the  
Realmes.

How often shall I bid you beare him hence?

*Edm.* Art thou a King, must I dye at thy command?

*Ador.*

*Mar. in.* At our command once more away with him,

*Edm.* Let me but stay and speake, I will not goe,  
 Either my Brother or his sonne is King,  
 And none of both them thirst for *Edmonds* blood.  
 And therefore Souldiers whither will you hale me?

*They hale Edmond away, and carry him to  
 be beheaded.*

*King.* What safety may I looke for at his hands,  
 If that my Vnkle shall be murdered thus?

*Qu.* Feare not sweet boy, Ile guard thee from thy foes.  
 Had *Edmond* liu'd he would haue sought thy death,  
 Come sonne, weele ride a hunting in the Parke.

*King.* And shall my Vnkle *Edmond* ride with vs?

*Qu.* He is a Traytor, thinke not on him, come.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Matrenis and Gurney.*

*Matr. Gurney,* I wonder the King dyes not,  
 Being in a Vault vp to the knees in water,  
 To which the channels of the Bastell runs,  
 From whence a dampe continually ariseth,  
 That were enough to poyson any man,  
 Much more a King brought vp so tenderly.

*Gur.* And so do I, *Matrenis*: yesternight  
 I opened but the doore to throw him meate,  
 And I was almost stifled with the saour.

*Matr.* He hath a body able to endure  
 More then we can inflict, and therefore now,  
 Let vs assaile his mind another while.

*Gur.* Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

*Matr.* But stay, whose this?

*Enter Lightborne.*

*Light.* My Lord Protector grettes you.

*Gur.* Whats heere? I know not how to construe it.

*Matr. Gurney,* It was left vnpointed for the nonce,  
*Edwardum occidere nolite timere,*

That's his meaning.

*Light.* Know you this token, I must haue the King?

*Matr.* I, stay a while, thou shalt haue answere straight,  
 This



of Edward the second.

This Villain's sent to make away the King.

*Gurney.* I thought as much.

*Matr.* And when the murther's done,  
See how he must be handled for his labour,  
*Perent iste.* Let him haue the King,  
What else, here's the Keyes, this is the Lake,  
Doe as you are commanded by my Lord.

*Light.* I know what I must doe, get you away,  
Yet be not farre off, I shall need your helpe,  
See that in the next roome I haue a Fire,  
And get me a Spit, and let it be red hot.

*Matr.* Very well.

*Gur.* Neede you any thing besides?

*Light.* What else, a Table and a Fetherbed.

*Gur.* That's all.

*Light.* I, I, so when I call you, bring it in.

*Matr.* Feare not thou that.

*Gurn.* Heer's a light to goe into the Dungeon.

*Light.* So, now must I about this geere, neare was  
there any

So finely handled as this King shall be,  
Foh, here's a place indeed with all my heart.

*Edw.* Whose there, what light is that, wherefore  
com'st thou?

*Light.* To comfort you, and bring you ioyfull newes.

*Edw.* Smal comfort finds poore *Edward* in thy lookes,  
Villaine I know thou com'st to murder me.

*Light.* To murther you my most gracious Lord,  
Farre is it from my heart to do you harme,  
The Queene sent me, to see how you were vsed,  
For she relents at this your misery.  
And what eyes can refraine from shedding teares,  
To see a King, in this most pitious state?

*Edw.* Weep'st thou already, list awhile to me,  
And then thy heart were it as *Gurneys* is,  
Or as *Maurenis*, hewne from the *Caucasus*,  
Yet will it melt, ere I haue done my tale.

This Dungeon where they keepe me, is the sinke

K

Wherein

*The Trageay*

Wherein the filth of all the Castle falles.

*Light.* O Villaines!

*Edw.* And therein mire and puddle haue I stood,  
Thisten dayes space, and lest that I should sleepe,  
One playes continually vpon a Drum,  
They giue me bread and water being a King,  
So that for want of sleepe and sustenance,  
My mind's distempered, and my bodie's num'd,  
And whether I haue limbs or no I know not,  
O would my bloud dropt out from euery veine,  
As doth this water from my tottered robes.  
Tell *Isabell* the Queene, I look't not thus,  
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,  
And there vnhorst the Duke of *Cleremont*. (heart,

*Light.* O speake no more my Lord, this breakes my  
Lye on this bed and rest your selfe a while.

*Edw.* These lookes of thine can harbour nought but  
I see my Tragedy written in thy browes, (death,  
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand;  
And let me see the stroke before it comes,  
That and euen then when I shall lose my life,  
My mind may be more stedfast on my God. (thus?

*Light.* What meanes your Highnesse to mistrust mee

*Edw.* What meanes thou to dissemble with me thus?

*Light.* These hands were neuer stain'd with innocent  
Nor shall they now be rainted with a Kings. (bloud,

*Edw.* Forgiue my thought, for hauing such a thought,  
One Jewell haue I left, receiue thou this,  
Still feare I, and I know not what's the cause,  
But euery ioynt shakes as I give it thee:  
O if thou harbourst murder in thy heart,  
Let this gift change thy mind, and saue thy soule,  
Know that I am a King, oh at that name,  
I feele a hell of griefe, where is my Crowne:  
Gone, gone, and doe I remaine?

*Light.* Your ouer-watcht my Lord, lye downe and rest.

*Edw.* But that griefe keepes me waking, I should sleepe.  
For not these ten dayes haue these eye-lids clos'd,

Now

Now as I speake they fall, and yet with feare  
Open againe, O wherefore sits thou heere?

*Light.* If you mistrust me, Ile be gone my Lord.

*Edw.* No, no, for if thou meanst to murder me,  
Thou wilt returne againe, and therefore stay.

*Light.* He sleepes.

*Edw.* O let me not dye yet, O stay a while.

*Light.* How now my Lord.

*Edw.* Some thing still buzzeth in mine eares,  
And tels me if I sleepe I neuer wake,  
This feare is that which makes me tremble thus,  
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

*Light.* To rid thee of thy life, *Matrenis* come,

*Edw.* I am too weake and feeble to resist,  
Assist me sweet God, and receiue my soule.

*Light.* Runne for the Table.

*Edw.* O spare me, or dispatch me in a trice.

*Light.* So, lay the Table downe, and stampe on it,  
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

*Matr.* I feare me that this cry will raise the Towne,  
And therefore let vs take horse and away.

*Light.* Tell me sirs, was it not brauely done?

*Gur.* Excellent well, take this for thy reward.

*Then Gurney stabs Lightborne.*

Come let vs cast the body in the Mote.

And beare the Kings to *Mortimer* our Lord, away.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Mortimer and Matrenis.*

*Mor. in.* Ist done, *Matrenis*, and the murderer dead?

*Matr.* I my good Lord, I would it were vndone.

*Mor. in.* *Matrenis*, if thou growest penitent  
Ile be thy ghostly father, therefore chuse  
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,  
Or else dye by the hand of *Mortimer*.

*Matr.* *Gurney*, my Lord, is fled, and will I feare  
Betray vs both, therefore let me flye.

*Mor. in.* Fly to the Sauages.

*Matr.* I humbly thanke your Honour.

*Mor. iii.* As for my selfe, I stand as *Ioues* huge tree,  
 And others are but shrubs compar'd to me,  
 All tremble at my name, and I feare none,  
 Lets see who dare impeach me for his death?

*Enter the Queene.*

*Qu.* A *Mortimer*, the King my sonne hath newes,  
 His father's dead, and we haue murdered him.

*Mor. iii.* What if he haue? the King is yet a child.

*Que. I, I,* but he teares his haire and wrings his hands,  
 And vowes to be reueng'd vpon vs both,  
 Into the Councell Chamber he is gone,  
 To craue the aid and succour of his Peeres,  
 Aye me, see where he comes, and they with him,  
 Now *Mortimer* begins our Tragedy.

*Enter the King with the Lords.*

*Lords.* Feare not my Lord, know that you are a King.

*King.* Villaine.

*Mor. iii.* How now my Lord?

*King.* Thinke not that I am frighted with thy words,  
 My father's murdered through thy trechery,  
 And thou shalt dye, and on his mournfull Herse,  
 Thy hatefull and accursed head shall lye,  
 To witnesse to the world, that by thy means  
 His Kingly body was too soone inter'd.

*Qu.* Weepe not sweete sonne.

*King.* Forbid not me to weepe, he was my Father,  
 And had you lou'd him halfe so well as I,  
 You could not beare his death thus patiently,  
 But you I feare conspir'd with *Mortimer*.

*Lords.* Why speake you not vnto my Lord the King?

*Mor. iii.* Because I thinke scorne to be accus'd,  
 Who is the man dares say I murdered him?

*King.* Traytour, in me my louing Father speaks,  
 And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murderedst him.

*Mor. iii.* But hath your Grace no other prooffe then

*King.* Yes, if this be the hand of *Mortimer*. (this?)

*Mor. iii.* False *Gurney* hath betray'd me and himselfe.

*Qu.* I fear'd as much, murder cannot be hid.

*Mor.*

*Mor. in.* Tis my hand, what gather you by this?

*King.* That thither thou didst send a Murtherer.

*Mor. in.* What Murtherer? bring forth the man I sent.

*King.* Ah *Mortimer*, thou know'st that he is slaine,

And so shalt thou be too: why staves he heere?

Bring him vnto a Hurdle, drag him forth,

Hang him I say, and set his quarters vp,

But bring his head backe presently to me.

*Que.* For my sake sweete sonne pittie *Mortimer*.

*Mor. in.* Madame intreat not, I will rather dye,  
Then sue for life vnto a paltry Boy.

*King.* Hence with the Traytor, with the Murtherer.

*Mor. in.* Base Fortune, now I see, that in thy Wheele  
There is a point, to which when men aspire,  
They tumble headlong downe, that point I toucht,  
And seeing there was no place to mount vp higher,  
Why should I grieve at my declining fall?  
Farewell faire Queene, weepe not for *Mortimer*,  
That scoras the World, and as a Traueller  
Goes to discouer Countries yet vnkowne.

*King.* What, suffer you the Traytor to delay?

*Que.* As thou receiud'st thy life from me,  
Spill not the bloud of gentle *Mortimer*.

*King.* This argues that you spilt my Fathers bloud,  
Els would you not intreat for *Mortimer*.

*Que.* I spill his bloud?

*King.* I Madam, you, for so the rumour runnes.

*Que.* That rumour is vntue, for louing thee,  
Is this report rais'd on poore *Isabell*.

*King.* I do not thinke her so vnnaturall.

*Lords.* My Lord, I feare me it will proue too true.

*King.* Mother you are suspected for his death,  
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,  
Till further tryall be made thereof,

If you be guilty, though I be your sonne,

Thinke not to finde me slack or pittifull.

*Que.* Nay, to my death, for too long haue I liu'd,  
When as my sonne thinkes to abridge my dayes.

*King.* Away with her, her words inforce these teares,  
And I shall pittie her if she speake againe.

*Qu.* Shall I not mourne for my beloued Lord?  
And with the rest accompany him to the Graue?

*Lor.* Thus Madam, tis the Kings will you shall hence.

*Qu.* He hath forgotten me, itay, I am his Mother.

*Lords.* That bootes not, therefore gentle Madam goe.

*Qu.* Then come sweet death, and rid me of this grieffe.

*Lords.* My Lord, heere is the head of *Mortimer*.

*King.* Goe fetch my Fathers hearse, where it shall lye,  
And bring my Funerall Robes. Accused head,  
Could I haue rul'd thee then, as I doe now,  
Thou hadst not hatcht this monstrous Trechery.  
Here comes the Harse, helpe me to mourne my Lords:  
Sweet Father heere, vnto thy murdered Ghost,  
I offer vp this wicked Traytors head,  
And let these teares distilling from mine eyes,  
Be witnesse of my grieffe and innocency.

*FINIS.*



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