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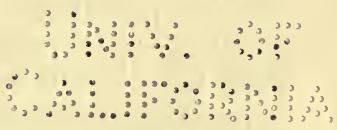
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# KING EDWARD THE FIRST BY GEORGE PEELE

1593



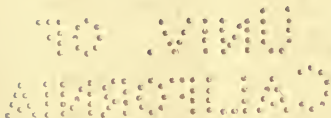
THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS  
1911

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This reprint of Peele's *Edward I* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

Oct. 1911.

W. W. Greg.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
PRESS

Peele's play was entered in the Register of the Stationers' Company as follows:

viiij<sup>o</sup> Die Octobris. / . [1593]

Entred for his Copie vnder thandes of bothe the wardens an <sup>Abell Jeffes</sup> enterlude entituled the Chronicle of Kinge Edward the firste surnamed Longeshank with his Retourne out of the Holye Lande, with the lyfe of Leublen Rebell in Wales with the sinkinge of Quene Elinour . . . . . vjd/

[Arber's Transcript, II. 637.]

An edition duly appeared with the date 1593, printed by Jeffes and sold for him by William Barley in Gracechurch street. It is a quarto printed in the usual roman type of a body similar to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). Copies are preserved in the Bodleian Library and the British Museum: both have been collated throughout for the present reprint, each proving to have an uncorrected page, the former sig. L 2 recto, the latter sig. B 2 verso. In both copies the last leaf, presumably blank, is missing. The original is a very ordinary piece of presswork of the time, composed with tolerable care but representing a very corrupt text. Moreover, in spite of the unusual length of the play as it has come down to us, it would yet seem that it has been mutilated and possibly some scenes altogether excised. What should have lead to a second edition of the play being published, still more why any special care should have been bestowed upon it, is not clear. Nevertheless the fact remains that a second edition appeared in 1599 very tastefully printed in a much smaller type than its predecessor (20 ll. = 68 mm.). The printer was William White, to whom Jeffes had transferred his rights on 13 August 1599 (Arber, III. 146). No book-

PR 2  
K5  
191  
MA

seller's name appears. Again, on 14 August 1600, White made over the play to Thomas Pavier (Arber, III. 169), but no further edition is known.

The authorship is attested in the printed editions by a curious colophon evidently copied from the manuscript. A play named *Longshanks* appears repeatedly in Henslowe's Diary (fols. 12<sup>b</sup>-15<sup>b</sup>, 21<sup>b</sup>, 107<sup>a</sup>). It was performed as a new play by the Lord Admiral's company at the Rose on 29 August 1595, and at least thirteen subsequent performances are recorded before the middle of July of the next year. It is possible that this may have been Peele's play, the entry of it as a new piece being accounted for by the fact of its being new to the company and having very likely undergone revision. The play was the personal property of Edward Alleyn, which points to its having been an old piece, and together with *Philip of Spain*, of which nothing else is known, was sold by him to the Admiral's men on 8 August 1602 for the sum of £4.

For convenience of reference the play has been divided into scenes by a marginal numbering. The division follows that given in A. H. Bullen's edition, but the text is so corrupt as to make not only all attempt at scenic arrangement, but even the dramatis personae, often very doubtful.

## LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS

including variants between the quartos of  
1593 and 1599

(N.B.—This list is not intended to include all the errors or irregularities of the original edition, being for the most part confined to readings as to which some possible doubt exists in the copies examined and to trifling variations between those copies. The two editions agree closely: the list of variants does not purport to include differences of spelling or punctuation, or obvious misprints of the later quarto. In general the punctuation is considerably improved in the edition of 1599, and the spelling somewhat modernized. There are, however, a good many fresh misprints, though some of the old ones are corrected. It clearly possesses no independent authority.)

Title, l. 3 Edward	390 set '93: fit '99
114 affaires: 1593: affaire 1599	414 had '93: haue '99
132 m y daye,	425 pray you, &c '93: pray, and '99
174 <i>Da.</i> '93: <i>David</i> '99	432 <i>Guenth.</i> '93: <i>Guenthian</i> '99
179 souldiers: (?)	439 neeere. '93: neare. '99
193 <i>Shee</i> '93: <i>Shee</i> '99	449 Ye '93: Yea '99
205 pounds: '93: poundes. '99	484-5 ( <i>one line in</i> '99)
242 one '93: owne '99	510 Gofcup? '93: Goofecap? '99
252 showres, ( <i>s doubtful</i> )	533 <i>Carmarthen</i> (? <i>Carnaruon</i> see l. 547)
255 ftate: '93: estate: '99	540 a '93: he '99
260 admire, (?)	564-5 ( <i>one line in</i> '99)
266 of '93: of the '99	581 fuune, '93: funne: '99
276 c.w. Difdai- (277 Difdaning)	601-2 ( <i>one line in</i> '99)
288 King like '93: King-like '99	606 yo ur '93: your '99
302 traiterous '93: traiterous '99	641 <i>Mont argis</i> '93: <i>Montargis</i> '99
310 <i>Æliner.</i> '93: <i>Eliner.</i> '99	642 say in '93: say I in '99
328 winne ( <i>Bodl.</i> : winue <i>B.M.</i> ) '93: winne '99	644 <i>Lluel</i> '93: <i>Lluel.</i> '99
353 haue, '93: haue. '99	645 beautions '93: beautious '99
386 Sanct '93: Sainct '99	

- 680 whot '93 : hot '99  
697 compound: (*colon turned*)  
711 the '93 : this '99  
732 sfrue d,  
780 earrhlie '93 : earthlie '99  
782 Bo unteo us (? *the whole  
of the corner of this  
page is rather loose*)  
854 trie '93 : tie '99  
869 flies, '93 : fie; '99  
870 Infpeakeable (*first e  
doubtful*)  
894 our '93 : your '99  
898 Io,ught '93 : I, ought  
'99  
907 thy '93 : the '99  
925 thirflie '93 : thirstie '99  
926 long. '93 : long, '99  
929 thinkft '93 : thinkest '99  
1039 my '93 : may '99  
1047 *Lluel* '93 : *Lluel.* '99  
1058 *Sold.* (*point doubtful*)  
1062 Aud '93 : And '99  
1065 *Sold.* (*point doubtful*)  
1097 *Fuellen* '93 : *Lluellen*  
'99  
1105 *litter.* '93 : *Litter,* '99  
1107 pantables. '93 :  
Pantaphels. '99  
1111 romple not, '93 : romple  
it not, '99  
1133 frogges '93 : fogges '99  
1136 sweetens '93 :  
sweetneffe, '99  
1204 *Long* '93 : *Longs.* '99  
1211 *Qu* '93 : *Qu.* '99  
1212 whote '93 : hot '99  
1228 theare. '93 : th'eare. '99  
1243 roode, '93, '99  
1244 harm e. (?)  
1257 *Veniacion* '93 : *Veniacion*  
'99  
*Katherina* '93 : *Katherine*  
'99
- 1285 *Lluellen.* (*point doubt-  
ful*)  
1288 tnrnd '93 : turnd '99  
1294 his '93 : this '99  
1298 take '93 : rake '99  
1300 that '93 : thats '99  
*Kice* '93, *Rice* '99  
1301 hers '93 : heers '99  
1307 har '93 : her '99  
1312 fseepe '93 : sleepe '99  
1323 *Manmoeke* '93, '99  
1342 quechy '93 : quefie '99  
1350 tyfet '93 : tyft '99  
1355 not be '93 : not to be '99  
1357 flies. (*turned point*)  
1369 *Lluelleu* '93 : *Lluellen* '99  
1383 sweere '93 : sweete '99  
1399 an d  
1411 Potter '93 : Porter '99  
1440 hand '93 : band '99  
1442 foug '93 : fong '99  
1444 broalde '93 : bralde '99  
1472 mifters '93 : mistres '99  
1487 dined '93 : diued '99  
1517 fhort en  
1519 Crucifige '93 : Crucifixe  
'99  
1549 yoke (?)  
1571 therethinke '93 :  
there thinke '99  
message '93 : messags '99  
1581 manie a daie. '93 :  
manie daie. '99  
1593 beatusous '93 : beatusous  
'99  
1610 *Emund* '93 : *Edmund* '99  
hers '93 : heers '99  
1617 in now '93 : me, now  
'99  
1618 with my '93 : with the  
'99  
1628 thine, (?) mine,  
1635 Dereare '93 : Deare are  
'99

- 1640 *Ione*, '93: *Ione*. '99  
 1648 *Clace* '93: *Gloster*, '99  
 1670 *Eduumd*.  
 1671 *nappe*, '93: *nappe*. '99  
 1672 hold in '93: hold it in  
     '99  
     *lappe*, '93: *lappe*. '99  
 1677 *Wales*, '93: *Wales?* '99  
 1678 *Mun*, '93: *mun*, '99  
 1710 *Enlands* '93: *Englands*  
     '99  
 1745 *houfheld* '93: *houfhold*  
     '99  
 1747 *Q.* (*point doubtful*) '93:  
     *Queene* '99  
 1760 *warm*, '93: *warme*. '99  
 1762 *fie* '93: *hee* '99  
 1767 *prefume* '93, '99  
 1816 *bleede*. (*turned point*)  
 1859 *my praies* '93: *my*  
     *prayer* '99  
 1872 *fight* '93: *light* '99  
 1876 *all*. (?)  
 1877 *pure* '93: *true* '99  
 1889 *belecue* '93: *Belecue*  
     '99  
     *wemen* '93: *wee-men*  
     '99  
 1891 *VVe men* '93: *We-men*  
     '99  
 1892 *will*, (? *no trace of comma,*  
     *but space enough*)  
     *women are women*, '93:  
     *wemen are wemen*;  
     '99  
 1904 *carpell in* '93: *carpellin*  
     '99  
 1922 *redde* '93: *read* '99  
 1942 *S* '93: *S*. '99  
 1952 *abids* '93: *a bids* '99  
 1954 *you carrie* '93: *you to*  
     *carrie* '99  
 1991 *mountain* '93:  
     *mountaine*, '99
- 1994-6 *Frier*, . . . *defire* : . . .  
     *deuife*, . . . *dife*. (*as*  
     *four lines of verse in*  
     '99)  
 2007 *ouer* '93: *ouer*, '99  
 2016 *Busling* '93: *Bufling* '99  
 2031 *as* (*s very doubtful, trace*  
     *in B.M. only*) '93: *as*  
     '99  
 2036 *meffeugers* '93:  
     *meffengers* '99  
 2060 *lope* '93: *lop* '99  
 2065 *ende*. (?)  
 2075 *darft* '93: *dareft* '99  
 2088 *Dauy*. (*point doubtful*)  
 2103 *aie* '93: *Aie* '99  
 2133 *Harrolde* '93: *Heraldes*  
     '99  
 2149 *lords* '93: *Lords* '99  
 2158 *kiffes* '93: *kiffeth* '99  
 2161 *God* '93: *Gods* '99  
 2162 *thim* '93: *him* '99  
 2170 *No thing*  
 2186 *Verffes* '93: *Verffes*. '99  
 2215 *broughtft* '93, '99  
 2218 *Disloge* '93: *Disfodge*  
     '99  
 2229 *warlicke* '93: *warlike*  
     '99  
 2231 *VVarwicke* '93:  
     *Barwicke* '99  
 2240 *iourneis* '93: *iournies*  
     '99  
 2267 *Ierem* '93: *Ierome* '99  
 2280 *dainted* '93: *daunted* '99  
 2282 *threating* '93:  
     *threatning* '99  
 2288 *gaue* '93: *giue* '99  
 2336 *Katherina* '93: *Katherine*  
     '99  
 2340 *Autor* '93: *author* '99  
 2345 *s.d.* (*after 2346 in* '99)  
 2351 *foror* '93: *forar* '99  
 2372 *ftaffe*: (?)

2373	coutenance '93 : countenance '99	2664	ye'e '93 : you '99
2388	(play-)ingt he '93 : playing the '99	2687	makerefiſt '93 : make refiſt '99
	rachell '93, '99	2720	in eternall '93, '99
2389	whot '93 : hot '99	2735	wifedomes '93 : wifedome '99
2395	ſong '93 : ſung '99	2746	follow '93 : fellow '99
2412	ro '93 : to '99	2753	couch '93 : touch '99
2421	the '93 : her '99	2757	<i>in ſandum</i> '93 : <i>in ſandum</i> (?) '99
2427	K. '93 : King '99	2762	heat '93 : hart '99
2439	bread. '93 : bread, '99	2775	anued '93, '99
2450	Tragedy, '93 : Tragedie. '99	2817	nor how '93 : not how '99
2480	Edward '93 : <i>Edvard.</i> '99	2818	<i>King.</i> ( <i>n</i> doubtful)
2481	good, (?)	2838	From ( <i>m</i> doubtful)
2484	<i>Edmund.</i> (?) <i>Edward.</i>	2847	in '93 : me '99
2501	windes. '93 : mindes, '99		we '93 : woe '99
2505	flig, '93 : flig, '99	2865	hard ( <i>B.M.</i> : <i>ard Bodl.</i> : <i>read heard</i> ) '93 : hard '99
2523	Gofſipfe '93 : Gofſips '99		leſſe, '93 : leſſe. '99
2527	<i>Poaters</i> '93 : <i>Potters</i> '99	2872	<i>Porce ine</i> '93 : <i>Por ce ine</i> '99
2548	therfoere '93 : therefore '99	2873	<i>bocea</i> ( <i>B.M.</i> : <i>becea</i> (?) <i>Bodl.</i> : <i>read bocca</i> ) '93 : <i>bocea</i> '99
2576	<i>Meffeng</i> '93 : <i>Meffeng.</i> '99		<i>gli ſproni</i> '93 : <i>gliſprons</i> '99
2616	Fathers '93 : Father '99	2874	<i>humani</i> , '93 : <i>humans</i> '99
2631	<i>Harper.</i> '93 : <i>Harper,</i> '99	2875	<i>oſcunro</i> , '93, '99
2649	one '93 : owne '99	2877	Nurſe '93 : Curſe '99
2653-4	( <i>as two lines of verſe</i> <i>in</i> '99)	2933	chanceff ( <i>or</i> ? <i>chanceff</i> ) '93 : <i>chanceff</i> '99
2658-9, 2660-1	( <i>each one line</i> <i>in</i> '99)	2971	whie '93 : while '99

The four lines of Italian (2872-5), which should presumably all form part of the King's speech, are from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (xx. 131. 7-8, x. 15. 1-2) and should run :

L'orecchie abbassa, come vinto e stauco  
Destrier c'ha in bocca il fren, gli sproni al fianco.  
Oh sommo Dio, come i giudicj umani  
Spesso offuscati son da un nembo oscuro !



## LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance

<p>HELINOR, the Queen Mother.</p> <p>GILBERT DE CLARE, Earl of Gloucester.</p> <p>MORTIMER, Earl of March.</p> <p>Sir DAVID of Brecknock, brother of Lluellen.</p> <p>EDWARD I, king of England, surnamed Longshanks.</p> <p>EDMUND, Duke of Lancaster, surnamed Couchback, his brother.</p> <p>The Earl of SUSSEX.</p> <p>ELINOR of Castile, queen to Edward.</p> <p>JONE of Acon, her daughter.</p> <p>LLUELLEN, prince of Wales.</p> <p>RICE AP MEREDITH } his</p> <p>OWEN AP RICE        } followers.</p> <p>HUGH AP DAVID, a friar.</p> <p>GUENTHIAN, his wench.</p> <p>JACK, his novice.</p>	<p>a Harper.</p> <p>GUENTHER, a follower of Lluellen.</p> <p>JOHN BALIOL, elected king of Scotland.</p> <p>MARY BEARMBER, Mayoress of London.</p> <p>ELLEN (ELINOR), wife of Lluellen.</p> <p>VERSESSES, a Scottish lord.</p> <p>four Mantle Barons of Wales.</p> <p>a Farmer.</p> <p>a Pedler.</p> <p>a Bishop.</p> <p>KATHERINA, attendant on the queen.</p> <p>a Soldier.</p> <p>a Potter's wife.</p> <p>JOHN, her man.</p> <p>a Messenger from Wales.</p> <p>Sir THOMAS SPENCER.</p>
--	--

Soldiers, sailors, an ancient, Signor Mountfort, Charles de Mountfort, Scottish lords (including the Bruce), negro moors, footmen, Cressingham, Mary Duchess of Lancaster, Lluellen's prisoners, heralds, pages, officers, ladies.

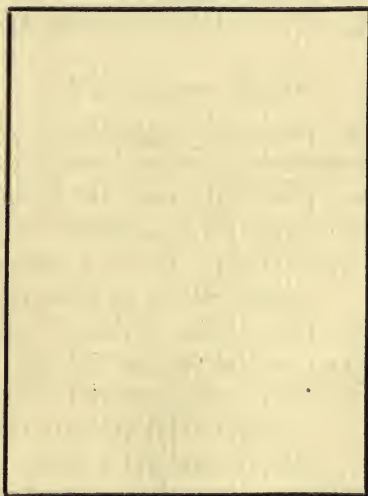




THE  
Famous Chronicle of king Edward  
the first, firnamed Edward Longshankes,  
with his returne from the holy land.

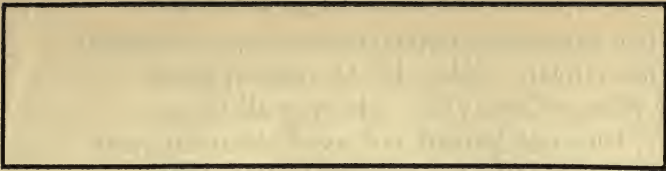
ALSO THE LIFE OF LLEVELLEN  
*rebell in Wales.*

Lastly, the sinking of Queene *Elinor*, who sunck  
*at Charingcrosse, and rose againe at Potters-*  
hith, now named Queenehith.



LONDON  
Printed by Abell Ieffes, and are to  
be folde by William Barley, at his shop  
in Gracious ftreete. 1593.





T H E  
 Famous Chronicle historie of King  
 Edwarde the first, firnamed Edwarde  
 Longshankes: with the fincking of Queene  
*Elinor at Charingcrosse, and her rising*  
 againe at Potters hith, otherwise  
 called Queene hith.

---

*Enter Gilbert de Clare Earle of Glocester, with the Earle of  
 Suffex, Mortimer the Earle of March, David Lluel-  
 lens brother, waiting on Helinor the Queene mother.*

*The Queene Mother.*

**M**Y L. lieutenant of Glocester, and L. Mortimer,  
 To do you honor in your Soueraignes eyes,  
 That as we heare is newly come aland,  
 From *Palestine*, with all his men of warre:  
 The poore remainder of the royall Fleete,  
 Preferu'd by miracle in *Sicill* Roade. 10  
 Go mount your Coursers, meete him on the way,  
 Pray him to spur his Steede, minutes and houres,  
 Vntill his mother see hir princely sonne,  
 Shining in glory of his safe returne. *Exeunt Lords.*

*Manet Queene Mother.*

Illustrious England, auncient feat of kings,  
 Whose chiuallrie hath roiallized thy fame:  
 That founding brauely through terrestiall vaile,  
 Proclaiming conquests, spoiles, and victories,  
 Rings glorious Ecchoes through the farthest worlde. 20  
 What warlike nation traind in feates of armes,

*The Historie*

- What barbarous people, stubborne or vntaimd,  
What climate vnder the Meridian signes,  
Or frozen Zone vnder his brumall stage,  
Erst haue not quaked and trembled at the name  
Of Britaine, and hir mightie Conquerours?  
Her neighbor realmes as *Scotland, Denmarke, France,*  
Aude with their deedes, and ielialous of her armes,  
Haue begd defensiu and offensiu leagues.
- 30 Thus *Europe* riche and mightie in her kinges,  
Hath feard braue England dreadfull in her kings:  
And now to eternize Albions Champions,  
Equivalent with *Troians* auncient fame,  
Comes louely *Edward* from *Ierusalem,*  
Veering before the winde, plowing the sea,  
His stretched failes fild with the breath of men,  
That through the world admires his manlines.  
And loe at last, ariued in *Douer* roade,  
*Longbanke* your king, your glory and our sonne,
- 40 With troopes of conquering Lords and warlike knights,  
Like bloody crested Mars orelooks his hoste,  
Higher then all his armie by the head,  
Marching along as bright as *Phæbus* eyes,  
And we his mother shall beholde our sonne,  
And Englands Peeres shall see their Souerainge.

- The Trumpets sound, and enter the traine, viz. his maimed  
Souldiers with headpeeces and Garlands on them, euery man  
with his red Crosse on his coate: the Ancient borne in a  
Chaire, his Garland and his plumes on his headpeece, his*
- 50 *Ensigne in his hand. Enter after them Gloucester and Mor-  
timer bareheaded, & others as many as may be. Then Long-  
banks and his wife Elinor, Edmund Couchback, and Ione  
and Signior Mounfort the Earle of Leicesters prisoner,  
with Sailers and Souldiers, and Charles de Mounfort his  
brother.*

Q. Mother. Gloucester, Edward, O my sweete sonnes.  
*And then she fals and sounds.*

*Long.*

of Edward Longshankes.

*Longsh.* Helpe Ladies: O ingratefull deſteny,  
To welcome Edward with this tragedie.

*Gloceſt.* Pacient your highnes, tis but mothers loue, 60  
Receiu'd with ſight of her thrice valiant ſonnes:  
Madam amaze not, ſee his Maieſtie  
Returnd with glory from the holy land.

*Moth.* Braue ſons the worthy Champions of our God,  
The honourable ſouldiers of the higheſt,  
Beare with your mother whoſe abundant loue,  
With teares of ioyes ſalutes your ſweete returne,  
From famous iourneys hard and fortunate.  
But lordes alas how heauie is our loſſe,  
Since your departure to theſe Chriſtian warres, 70  
The king your Father, and the prince your ſonne,  
And your braue Vnckle Almaines Emperour,  
Aye me are dead.

*Longsh.* Take comfort madam, leaue theſe ſad laments,  
Deare was my vnckle, dearer was my ſonne:  
And ten times dearer was my noble father,  
Yet were their liues valewd at thouſand worlds,  
They cannot ſcape the arreſt of dreadfull death:  
Death that dooth ſeaze and ſommon all alike.  
Then leauing them to heauenly bleſſednes, 80  
To ioyne in thrones of glory with the iuſt,  
I doo ſalute your royall Maieſtie.

My gracious mother Queene, and you my lordes,  
Gilbart de Clare, Suffex, and Mortimer,  
And all the princely ſtates of Englands peeres,  
With health and honor to your harts content,  
And welcome wiſhed England on whoſe ground,  
Theſe feete ſo often haue deſird to tread,  
Welcome ſweete Queene my fellow Traueller,  
Welcome ſweete *Nell* my fellow mate in armes, 90  
Whoſe eyes haue ſeene the ſlaughtered Sarazens,  
Pil'de in the ditches of Ieruſalem,  
And laſtly welcome manly followers,  
That beares the ſcars of honor and of armes,

*The Historie*

And on your war drums carry crownes as kings,  
Crowne Murall, Nauall, and triumphant all,  
At view of whom the Turkes haue trembling fled,  
And Sarazens like sheepe before the walles,  
Haue made their cottages in walled townes,  
100 But Bulwarkes had no fence to beate you back,  
Lords, these and they will enter brazen gates,  
And teare downe lime and Morter with their nailes.  
Imbrace them Barons these haue got the name,  
Of English Gentlemen and knights at armes:  
Not one of these but in the Champaine field,  
Hath wonne his crowne, his collar and his spurs,  
Not *Cæsar* leading through the streetes of Rome,  
The captiue kings of conquered nations,  
Was in his princely triumphes honoured more,  
110 Then English *Edward* in this martiall fight.  
Countrimen your lims are lost in seruice of the Lord,  
Which is your glory and your Countries fame,  
For lims, you shall haue liuing, lordships, lands,  
And be my counsellors in warres affaires:  
Souldiers sit downe, *Nell* fit thee by my side,  
These be prince *Edwards* pompious tresurie.

*The Queene Mother being set on the one side, and Queene Elinoron the other, the king sitteth in the midst mounted highest, and at his feete the Ensigne underneath him.*

120 O glorious Capitoll, beautilous Senate house,  
Triumphant *Edward*, how like sturdie Oakes,  
Do these thy Souldiers circle thee about,  
To shield and shelter thee from winters stormes?  
Display thy crosse, old Aimes of the Vies,  
Dub on your Drums tand with *Indiaes* sunne,  
My lustie westerne lads, *Matreueirs* thou,  
Sound proudly here a perfect point of warre,  
In honour of thy Souereignes safe returne.  
Thus *Longshanks* bids his Souldiers *Bien venu*.



of Edward Longshankes.

*Use Drummes, Trumpets, and Ensignes, and then* 130  
*speake Edward.*

*Edw.* O God my God, the brightnes of m y daye,  
How oft hast thou preferu'd thy seruant safe,  
By sea and land, yea in the gates of death,  
O God to thee how highly am I bound,  
For setting me with these on English ground?  
One of my mansion houses will I giue,  
To be a colledge for my maimed men,  
Where every one shall haue an hundred markes  
Of yearely pention to his maintenance, 140  
A Souldier that for Christ and countrie fightes,  
Shall want no liuing whilst king *Edward* liues,  
Lords you that loue me now be liberall,  
And giue your larges to these maimed men.

*Q. Mot.* Towards this erection doth thy mother giue,  
Out of her dowrie, fise thousand pounds of gold,  
To finde them Surgeons to recure their wounds,  
And whilst this auncient Standard bearer liues,  
He shall haue fortie pound of yeerely fee,  
And be my Beadsman father if you please. 150

*Longsh.* Madam I tell you England neuer bred,  
A better souldier then your Beadsman is,  
And that the Souldan and his Armie felt.

*Edmund.* Out of the dutchie of riche Lancaster,  
To finde soft bedding for their bruized bones,  
Duke *Edmund* giues three thousand pounds.

*Longsh.* Gramercies brother *Edmund*,  
Happie is England vnder *Edwards* raigne,  
When men are had so highly in regarde,  
That Nobles striue who shall remunerate, 160  
The souldiers resolution with regarde.

My Lord of Glocester what is your beneuolence?

*Glocest.* A thousand markes and please your Maiestie.

*Longsh.* And yours my lord of Suffex?

*Suffex.* Fise hundred pound, and please your maiestie.

*Long.*

*The Historie*

*Long.* What say you fir *Dauid* of *Brecknock*.

*Dauid.* To a fouldier fir *Dauid* cannot be too liberall,  
Yet that I may giue no more then a poore knight is able  
And not presume as a mightie Earle,

170 I giue my Lord foure hundred, foure score,  
And nineteene poundes:

And so my lord of *Suffex* I am behind you an ace.

*Suffex.* And yet fir *Dauid* ye aumble after apace.

*Lon.* Wel said *Da.* thou couldst not be a Camber Britain  
If thou didst not loue a fouldier with thy hart,  
Let me see now if my Arithmeticke wil serue,  
To totall the particulars.

*Qu. Eli.* Why my lord I hope you meane,  
I shal be a benefactor to my fellow fouldiers.

180 *Longshankes.* And wel said *Nell*.

What wilt thou I fet downe for thee?

*Q. El.* Nay my lord I am of ageto fet it down for my self.  
You will alowe what I do, will you not?

*Longsh.* That I will Maddam,  
Were it to the value of my kingdome.

*Qu. Elin.* What is the summe my lord?

*Longshankes.* 10000 poundes my *Nell*.

*Qu. Eli.* Then *Elinor* bethinke thee of a gift worthie  
the king of Englandes wife, and the king of Spaines  
190 daughter, and giue such a largis, that the Chronicles of  
this land may crake with record of thy liberalitie.

*Parturient montes: nascetur ridiculus mus.*

*Shee makes a Cipher.*

There my lord, neither one, two, nor three,  
But a poore Cipher in Agrum, to enrich good fellowes,  
And compound their figure in their kinde.

*Longsh.* Madam I commend your composition,  
An argument of your honourable disposition:  
Sweete *Nell* thou shouldst not be thy selfe,

200 Did not with thy mounting minde,  
Thy gift surmount the rest.

*Gloce.* Cal you this *Ridiculus mus*? mary fir this moufe  
Would

of *Edward Longshankes.*

Would make a foule hole in a faire Cheefe,  
Tis but a Cipher in Agrum,  
And it hath made of 10000. pounds, 100000 pounds :

*Edmund.* A princely gift and worthy memorie.

*Glocester.* My gracious Lord, as erst I was afflignde,  
Lieutenant to his Maiestie,

Here render I vp the crowne left in charge with me,

By your princely father king *Henrie,*

210

Who on his death bed still did call for you,

And dying, wild to you the Diadem.

*Longshankes.* Thankes worthie Lordes,

And seeing by doome of heauens it is decreed,

And lawful line of our succession,

Vnworthy *Edward* is become your king,

We take it as a blessing from on hie,

And wil our Coronation be solemnized,

Vpon the 14. of December next.

*Qu. Eli.* Vpon the 14. of December next?

220

Alas my Lord, the time is all too short

And sudden, for so great solemnitie :

A yeare were scarce enough to fet a worke,

Tailers, Imbroderes, and men of rare deuice,

For preparation of so great estate.

Trust me sweete *Ned,* hardlie shal I bethinke me,

In twentie weekes what fashions robes to weare,

I pray thee then deferre it till the spring,

That we may haue our garments point deuice.

I meane to fend for Tailers into Spaine,

230

That shall confer of some fantastickt futes,

With those that be our conningst Englishmen,

What? let me braue it now or neuer *Ned.*

*Long.* Madam content ye, would that weregreatest care

You shall haue garments to your harts desire,

I neuer red but Englishmen exceld,

For change of rare deuises euery way.

*Q. Eli.* Yet pray thee *Ned,* my loue, my lord, and king,

My fellow fouldier, and compeere in armes,

*The Historie*

240 Do so much honour to thy *Elinor*,  
To weare a sute that shee shall giue thy grace,  
Of her one cost and workmanship perhaps.

*Q. Mot.* Twil come by leafure daughter then I feare,  
Th'art too fine fingard to be quick at worke.

*Long.* Twixt vs a greater matter breakes no square,  
So it be such my *Nell* as may besee me,  
The maiestie and greatnes of a king.

And now my Lords and louing friends,  
Follow your Generall to the court,

250 After his trauels to repose him then,  
There to recount with pleasure what is past,  
Of warres alarums, showres, and sharpest stormes.

*Exeunt all, sauing the Queene and her daughter.*

*Q. Eli.* Now *Elinor*, now Englands louely Queene,  
Bethinke thee of the greatnes of thy state :

And how to beare thy selfe with roialtie,

Aboue the other Queenes of Christendome,

That Spaine reaping renoune by *Elinor*,

And *Elinor* adding renoune to Spaine,

260 Britaine may her magnificence admire.

I tell thee *Ione*, what time our highnes fits,

Vnder our royall Canopie of state,

Glistering with pendants of the purest gold,

Like as our feate were spangled all with stars,

The world shall wonder at our maiestie,

As if the daughter of eternall *Ops*,

Turnd to the likenes of Vermilion fumes,

Where from her cloudie wombe the *Centaures* lept,

VWere in her royall feate inthronized.

270 *Ione.* Madam, if *Ione* thy daughter may aduise,

Let not your honour make your manners change,

The people of this land are men of warre,

The women courteous, milde, and debonaire,

Laying their liues at princes feete,

That gouernes with familiar maiestie,

But if their soueraignes once gin swell with pride,

of Edward Longshankes.

Disdaining commons loue which is the strength,  
And furenes of the richest common welth:  
That Prince were better liue a priuate life,  
Then rule with tirannie and discontent.

280

*Q. Eli.* Indeed we count them headstrong Englishmen  
But we shall hold them in a Spanish yoake.  
And make them know their Lord and foueraigne.  
Come daughter let vs home for to prouide:  
For all the cunning work-men of this Ile,  
In our great chamber shall bee set aworke,  
And in my hall shall bountifully feede.  
My King like *Phœbus* bridegroome like shall marche  
With louely *Xbeis* to her glassie bed,  
And all the lookers on shall stand amazde,  
To see King Edward and his louely Queene,  
Sit louely in Englands stately throne.

290

*Exeunt Ambo.*

*Enter Lluellen, alias Prince of Wales: Rice ap Meredeth, Sc. ii*  
*Owen ap Rice, with swordes and bucklers and freefe*  
*Jerkins.*

*Llu.* Come Rice and rouse thee for thy countries good,  
Followe the man that meanes to make you great:  
Follow Lluellen rightfull prince of VVales.  
Sprong from the loines of great *Cadwallader*,  
Discended from the loines of *Troian Brute*,  
And though the tariterous *Saxons, Normans, Danes*,  
Haue spent the true Romans of glorious *Troy*,  
Within the westerne mountaines of this Ile,  
Yet haue we hope to clime these stonie pales,  
VVhen Londoners as Romains earst amazde,  
Shall trembling crie Lluellens at the gate.  
T'accomplish this, thus haue I brought you forth,  
Disguisde to Milford hauen, here attend,  
The landing of the ladie *Æliner*.  
Her stay doth make me muse, the winde stands faire:

300

310

B 2

And

*The Historie*

And ten dayes hence we did expect them heere,  
*Neptune* be fauourable to my loue,  
And steere hir keele with thy three forked mace,  
That from this shore I may behold her failes,  
And in mine armes embrace my deereft deare.

*Rice.* Braue prince of Wales, this honorable matche,  
Cannot but turne to *Cambrias* common good.

*Simon de Momfort*, her thrife valiant sonne,  
320 That in the Barons warres was Generall,  
VVas lou'd and honoured of the Englishmen.  
VVhen they shall heare, shees your espoused wife,  
Affure your grace we shall haue great supplie,  
To make our roades in England mightilie.

*Owen.* VVhat we resolu'd, must strongly be performd,  
Before the king returne from *Palestine*,  
VVhilst he wins glorie at *Ierusalem*,  
Let vs winne ground vpon the Englishmen.

*Lluel.* *Owen ap Rice*, tis that *Lluellen* feares,  
330 I feare me *Edward* will be come a shore,  
Ere we can make prouision for the warre.  
But be it as it will, within his court  
My brother *Dauid* is, that beares a face,  
As if he were my greatest enemy,  
He by this craft shall creepe into her heart,  
And giue intelligence from time to time,  
Of her intentions, driftes and stratagems.  
Heere let vs rest vpon the salt sea shore,  
And while our eyes long for our hearts desires,  
340 Let vs like friends pastime vs on the sands,  
Our frolike mindes are ominous for good.

*Enter Friar Hugh ap Dauid, Guenthian his wench  
in Flannell, and Iack his Nouice.*

*Friar.* *Guenthian* as I am true man,  
So will I doo the best I can:  
*Guenthian* as I am true Priest,

of Edward Longshankes.

So will I bee at thy behest:

*Guenthian* as I am true Friar,

So wil I be at thy desire.

*Nouice.* My maister stands too neere the fier, 350  
Trust him not wench, he will prooue a liar.

*Lluellen.* True man, true Friar, true priest, & true knaue,  
These foure in one this trull shall haue,

*Friar.* Heere sweare I by my shauen crowne,  
VVench if I giue thee a gay greene gowne,  
Ile take thee vp as I laid thee downe,  
And neuer bruze nor batter thee.

*Nouice.* O sweare not maister, flesh is fraile,  
VVenche when the signe is in the taile,  
Mightie is loue and will preuaile, 360  
This Churchman dooth but flatter thee.

*Lluel.* A prittie worme, and a lustie friar,  
Made for the field, not for the quire.

*Guenth.* Mas Friar as I am true maide,  
So do I hold me well apaide:  
Tis Churchmans laie and veritie,  
To liue in loue and charitie,  
And therefore weene I as my creede,  
Your wordes shall companie my deed,  
Daue my deare, I yeeld in all, 370  
Thine owne to goe and come at call.

*Rice.* And so farre fourth begins our braule.

*Friar.* Then my *Guenthian* to begin,  
Sith idlenes in loue is sinne,  
Boie to the towne I will thee hie,  
And so returne euen by and by,  
VVhen thou with cakes and muskadine,  
And other iunkets good and fine,  
Hast fild thy bottle and thy bagge.

*Nouice.* Now maister as I am true wag, 380  
I will be neither late nor lag,  
But goe and come with gossips cheere,  
Ere Gib our Cat can lick her eare.

*The Historie*

For long agoe I learned in schoole,  
That louers desire, and pleasures coole:  
Sanct *Ceres* sweetes and *Bacchus* vine,  
Now maister for the Cakes and Wine.

*Exit* Nouice.

*Friar.* Wench to passe away the time in glee,  
390 *Guenthian* set thee downe by me,  
And let our lips and voices meete,  
In a merrie cuntrye songe.

*Guenth.* *Friar*, I am at beck and baye,  
And at thy commaundement to sing and say,  
And other sportes among.

*Ow.* I marry my lord, this is fomwhatlike a mans mony,  
Heeres a wholsome Welsh wench,  
Lapt in her Flannell as warme as wooll,  
And as fit as a pudding for a Friars mouthe.

400 *The Friar and Guenthian sing: Lluellen  
speakes to them.*

*Pax vobis, pax vobis*, good fellowes faire fall yee.

*Friar.* *Et cum spiritu tuo.*

Friends haue you any thing els to say to the *Friar*?

*Owen.* Much good doo you, much good you,  
My maisters heartelie.

*Friar.* And you sir when yee eate:  
Haue ye any thing els to say to the *Friar*?

*Lluel.* Nothing, but I would gladly know,  
410 If muttõ be your first dish, what shalbe your last seruice.

*Friar.* It may bee sir I count it phyficke,  
To feede but on one dish at a sitting:

Sir would you any thing els with the *Friar*?

*Rice.* O nothing sir, but if you had any manners,  
You might bid vs fall too.

*Friar.* Nay and that be the matter good enough,  
Is this all yee haue to say to the *Friar*?

*Lluel.* All we haue to say to you sir, it may be sir,  
We would walke aside with your wenche a little.

*Friar.*



of *Edward Longshankes.*

*Friar.* My maisters and friends, I am a poore Friar, a man 420  
of Gods making, and a good fellow as you are, legs, feete,  
face and hands, & hart from top to toe, of my word, right  
shape and Christendome: and I loue a wenche as a wench  
should be loued, and if you loue your selfe walke good  
friends I pray you, & let the Friar alone with his flesh.

*Lluel.* O Friar, your holie mother the church teaches  
you to abstaine from these morsels, therefore my maisters  
tis a deed of charitie to remooue this stumbling block, a  
faire wench, a shrewd temptation to a Friars conscience.

*Guen.* Friend if you knew the Friar halfe so well as the 430  
bailie of *Brecknock*, you would think you might as soone  
mooue munck *Dauie* into the sea, as *Guentb.* from his side.

*Lluel.* Mas by your leaue, weele prooue.

*Guentb.* At your perill if you mooue his patience.

*Friar.* Brother, brother, and my good Countrimen.

*Lluel.* Countrimen? nay I cannot thinke that an English  
friar, will come so farre into Wales barefooted.

*Owen.* Thats more then you know, and yet my lord he  
might ride, hauing a fillie so neere. (warnings.)

*Fri.* Hands off good countriman, at few words & faire 440

*Lluel.* Countrimen, not so fir, wee renounce thee Friar,  
and refuse your countrie.

*Friar.* Then brother and my good friends,  
Hands off and if you loue your ease.

*Rice.* Ease me no easings, weele ease you of this carriage.

*Friar.* Fellow be gone quicklie, or my pike staffe and I  
will set thee away with a vengeance.

*Llu.* I am sorie trust me to see the church so vnpatient.

*Fri.* Ye Dogs ounes, do me a shrowde turne and mocke  
me too, flesh and blood will not beare this: then rise vp 450  
*Robart* and say to *Richard*, *Redde rationem villicationis tue.*  
fir Countriman, kinsman, Englishman, Welshman, you  
with the Wenche, returne your *Habeas corpus*, heres a  
*Circiorari* for your *Procedendo.*

*Owen.* Holde friar we are thy countriemen.

*Rice.* *Payd, payd, Digone*, we are thy countrimẽ, *Mundue.*

*Friar.*

*The Historie*

*Friar.* My Countrymen? nay marry fir shal you not be my countrimen, you fir, you, specially you fir that refuse the Friar, and renounce his countrie.

460 *Lluel.* Friar, hold thy hands, I sweare as I am a Gentleman, I am a Welshman, and so are the rest of honestie.

*Friar.* Of honestie saiest thou?

They are neither Gentlemen nor Welshmen,  
That will denie their countrie: Come hither wenche,  
Ile haue about with them once more,  
For denying of theyr Countrie.

*Make as if yee would fight.*

*Rice.* Frier thou wottest not what thou sayest,  
This is the prince, and we are all his traine:  
470 Disposed to be pleasant with thee a little,  
But I perceiue Friar, thy nose will bide no iest.

*Friar.* As much as you will with me fir,  
But not at any hand with my wench,  
I and *Richard* my man heere.  
For here, *Contra omnes gentes.*

But is this *Lluellen* the great *Camber Britaine*?

*Lluel.* It is he Friar, giue me thy hand,  
And gramercies twentie times,  
I promise thee thou hast cudgeld  
480 Two as good lessons into my iacket,  
As euer Churchman did at so short warning.  
The one is, not to be too busie with another mans cattel,  
The other, not in hast to denie my countrie.

*Friar.* Tis pittie my Lorde,  
But you should haue more of this learning  
You profit so well by it.

*Lluel.* Tis pittie Friar but thou shouldst be *Lluellens*  
Chaplain, thou edifiest so well, and so shalt thou be, of  
mine honor, heere I entertaine thee, thy boye, and thy  
490 trull, to follow my fortune, in *Secula seculorum.*

*Friar.* And Richard my man fir and you loue me,  
He that stands by me, and shrunke not at all weathers,  
And then you haue me in my colours.

*Lluel.*

of Edward Longshankes.

*Lluel.* Friars agreed: *Rice* welcome the Ruffines.

*Enter the Harper, and sing to the tune of Who list  
to lead a Souldiers life.*

Goe too, goe too, you Britaines all,  
And plaie the men both great and small,  
A wonderous matter hath befall,  
That makes the Prophets crie and call, 500  
*Tum da et di te de te dum,*  
That you must marche both all and some,  
Against your foes with trumpe and Drum:  
I speake to you from God that you shall ouercome.

*With a turne both waies.*

*Lluel.* What now, who haue we here?

*Tum date dite dote dum.*

*Fri.* What haue we a fellow dropt out of the element,  
Whats hee for a man?

*Rice ap Mer.* Knowest thou this Goscup? 510

*Fri.* What? not *Morgain Pigot*, our good welsh prophet,  
O tis a holie Harper.

*Meredith.* A Prophet with a moraine,  
Good my Lord, lets heare a few of his lines I pray you.

*Nouice.* My lords, tis an od fellow I can tell you,  
As any is in all Wales:  
He can sing rime with reason, and rime without reason,  
And without reason or rime.

*Lluellen.* The diuell hee can,  
Rime with reason, and rime without reason, 520  
And reason without rime:

Then good *Morgan Pigot*, pluck out thy spigot,  
And draw vs a fresh pot,  
From the kinder kinde of thy knowledge.

*Friar.* Knowledge my sonne, knowledge I warrant ye,  
How saist thou *Morgaine*, art thou not a very prophet?

*Harper.* Friar, friar, a Prophet verilie,  
For great *Lluellens* loue,

*The Historie*

Sent from aboue, to bring him victorie.

530 *Mered.* Come then gentle prophet, lets see how thou  
canst salute thy prince, say, shall we haue good successe in  
our enterprize or no?

*Harp.* VVhen the weathercock of *Carmarthen* steeple  
Shall ingender yong ones in the belferie,  
And a heard of Goates leaue their pasture,  
To be cloathed in siluer :

Then shall *Brute* be borne a new,  
And VVales record their auncient hew,  
Aske Friar *Dauid* if this be not true.

540 *Friar.* This my Lord a meanes by you,  
O he is a prophet, a prophet.

*Lluel.* Soft you now good *Morgan Pigot*,  
And take vs with yee a little I pray,  
VVhat meanes your wisdome by all this.

*Harper.* The VVeathercock (my lord) was your fa-  
ther, who by foule weather of warre, was driuen to take  
Sanctuarie in Saint *Maries* at *Carnaruon*, where he begat  
yong ones on your mother in the belfrey, viz. your wor-  
ship, and your brother *Dauid*.

550 *Lluel.* But what didst thou meane by the Goates?

*Harp.* The Goates that leaue the pasture to be cloa-  
thed in siluer, are the siluer Goates your men wore on  
their sleues.

*Fr.* O how I loue thee *Morgain Pigot* our sweet prophet.

*Llu.* Hence rogue with your prophecies, out of my fight.

*Mered.* Nay good my lord, lets haue a few more of these  
meeters, he hath great store in his head.

*Nowice.* Yea, and of the best in the market,  
And your Lordship would vouchsafe to heare them.

560 *Lluellen.* Villaine away, ile heere no more of your  
prophecies.

*Harper.* VVhen legs shall lose their length,  
Returning wearie home, from out the holy land :  
A VVelshman shall be king,  
And gouerne merrie England.

*Mered.*

of Edward Longshankes.

*Mered.* Did I not tell your Lordship hee would hit it home anon?

*Friar.* My Lord he comes to your time thats flat.

*Novice.* I maister and you marke him, he hit the marke pat.

570

*Friar.* As how Iack?

*Nou.* VVhy thus: when legs shall lose their length,  
And shankes yeelde vp their strength:

Returning wearie home from out the holy land,

A VVelshman shall bee king,

And gouerne merrie England.

VVhy my Lord, in this prophesie, is your aduancement as plainlie seene, as a three halpence through a dishe of butter in a funnie daie.

*Fri.* I thinke so Iack, for hee that fees three halpence, 580  
must tarrie till the butter be melted in the suune, and so fourth applie boie.

*Novice.* *Non ego* maister, do you and you dare.

*Lluel.* And so boy thou meanest, hee that carries this prophesie, may see *Longshankes* shorter by the head, and *Lluellen* weare the crowne in the field.

*Friar.* By ladie my Lord you go neere the matter,  
But what faith *Morgaine Pigote* more?

*Harper.* In the yeare of our lorde God 1272, shall spring from the loines of *Brute*, one whose wiues name 590  
being the perfect end of his ground, shal cõsummate the peace betwixt England and VVales, and bee aduanced to ride through Cheapside with a crowne on his head, and thats ment by your lordship, for your wiues name being *Ellen*, and your owne *Lluellen*, beareth the perfect end of your owne name: so must it needes bee, that for a time *Ellen* flee from *Lluellen*, yee being betrothed in heart each to others, must needes bee aduanced to bee highest of your kinne.

*Lluel.* Iacke, I make him thy prifoner,  
Looke what waie my fortune inclines,  
That waie goes hee.

600

*The Historie*

*Mered.* Sirra, see you runne swiftest.

*Friar.* Farewell, be farre from the Spigote. *Exit.*

*Nouice.* Now sir, if our countrie Ale, were as good as yo ur Metheglen, I would teach you to play the knaue. or you should teache me to play the Harper.

*Harp. Ambo,* boye, you are too light witted,  
As I am light minded.

610 *Noui.* It seemed to me thou art fittest, and passing well.

*Exeunt ambo.*

*Enter Guenther to Lluellen with letters.*

*Lluel.* What tidings bringeth *Guenther* with his haste?  
Say man, what bodes thy message good or bad.

*Guenther.* Bad my lord, and all in vaine I wot,  
Thou darest thine eyes vpon the wallowing maine,  
As erst did *Aegen* to behold his sonne,  
To welcome and receiue thy welcome loue,  
And fable failes he saw, and so maist thou,  
620 For whose mishap the Brackish seas lament,  
*Edward*, ô *Edward*.

*Lluel.* And what of him?

*Guenther.* Landed he is at *Douer* with his men,  
From *Palestine* safe by his English Lords,  
Receiued in triumphes like an earthly God,  
He liues to weare his fathers Diadem,  
And sway the sworde of brittish *Albion*.  
But *Elinor*, thy *Elinor*.

*Lluellen.* And what of her?

630 Hath amorous *Neptune* gazd vpon my loue,  
And stopt her passage with his forked mace:  
Or that I rather feare, O deadly feare,  
Enamoured *Nereus* dooth he withhold my *Elinor*?

*Guenther.* Nor *Neptune*, *Nereus* nor other God,  
Withholdeth from my gracious lord his loue,  
But cruell *Edward* that iniurious king,  
Withholds thy liefest louely *Elinor*,

Taking

of *Edward Longshankes.*

Taking in a Pinnasse on the narrow seas,  
By foure tall ships of *Bristowe*, and with her,  
Lord *Emerick* her vnhappy noble brother, 640  
As from *Mont argis* hetherward they faild:  
This say in breefe, these letters tell at large.

*Lluellen* reades his brother *Dauids* letters.

*Lluel* Is *Longshankes* then, so lustie now become,  
Is my faire loue my beautions *Elinor* tane?  
Villaine damnde villaines not to guard her safe,  
Or fence her sacred person from her foes,  
Sunne couldst thou shine and see my loue beset,  
And didst not clothe thy cloudes in fierie coates,  
Ore all the heauens with winged fulphure flames, 650  
As when the beames like mounted combatants,  
Battaild with *Pyetion* in the fallowed laies,  
But if kinde *Cambria* deigne me good aspect,  
To make me cheefest brute of westerne Wales;  
Ile short that gainlegd *Longshanke* by the top,  
And make his flesh my murdering sawchions foode:  
To armes true *Britaines* sprong of *Troians* seede.  
And with your swordes write in the booke of Time,  
Your *Brittish* names in Characters of blood.

*Owen ap Rice*, while we staie for further force, 660  
Prepare awaie in poste, and take with thee,  
A hundred chosē of thy countrimen,  
And scowre the marches with your Welshmens hookes,  
That Englishmen may thinke the diuell is come.  
*Rice* shall remaine with me, make thou thy boade,  
In resolution to reuenge these wronges,  
With blood of thousands guiltlesse of this rage,  
Flie thou on them amaine: *Edward*, my loue  
Be thy liues bane. Follow me countrimen,  
VVords make no waie, my *Elinor* is surprizd, 670  
Robd am I of the comfort of my life,  
And know I this and am not veng'd on him?

*Exit Lluellen, and the other lords.*

*Manet, the Friar and Nouice.*

*The Historie*

*Friar.* Come boie we must buckle I see.  
The prince is of my profession right :  
Rather than he wil lose his wenche,  
He will fight *Ab ouo vsque ad mala.*

*Nonice.* O maister doubt you not but your *Nonice*  
680 will prooue a whot shot, with a bottle of Metheglin.

*Exeunt, ere the wenche fall into a Welsh song, and the  
Friar aunswer, and the Nonice betweene.*

Sc. iii *Enter the nine lordes of Scotland, with their nine pages, Glo-  
ster, Suffex, king Edward in his sute of Glasse, Queene E-  
linor, Queene Mother, the King and Queene vnder a  
Canopie.*

*Long.* Nobles of Scotland, we thanke you all,  
For this daies gentle princelie seruice done,  
To *Edward* Englands king, and Scotlands lord:  
690 Our Coronations due sollemnitie,  
Is ended with applause of all estates.  
Now then let vs appose and rest vs heere,  
But speciallie we thanke you gentle lords,  
That you so well haue gouerned your greefes,  
As being growne vnto a generall iarre,  
You choose king *Edward* by your Messengers,  
To calme, to qualifie, and to compound:  
Thanke Britains strife of Scotlands climing peeres.  
I haue no doubt faire lords but you well wot,  
700 How factions waste the ritchest Commonwealth,  
And discord spoiles the seates of mightie kings.  
The Barons warres, a tragicke wicked warre.  
Nobles how hath it shaken Englands strength ?  
Industrioullie it seemes to me you haue,  
Loiallie ventured to preuent this shock,  
For which sith you haue chofen me your iudge,  
My lords wil you stand to what I shall award ?

*Baliol.* Victorious *Edward*, to whom the Scottish kings  
Owe homage as their lorde and foueraigne,  
710 Amongst vs nine, is but one lawfull king :

But



of *Edward Longshankes.*

But might we all be iudges in the case,  
Then should in Scotland be nine kings at once,  
And this contention neuer set or limited,  
To staie these iarres we iointlie make appeale,  
To thy imperiall throne, who knowes our claimes,  
We stand not on our titles before your grace,  
But do submit our selues to your awarde,  
And whome your Maiestie shall name to be our king,  
To him weele yeeld obedience as a king,  
Thus willinglie, and of their owne accorde, 720  
Doth Scotland make great Englands king their iudge.

*Long.* Then nobles since you all agree in one,  
That for a crowne so disagree in all,  
Since what I do shall rest inreuoicable,  
And louelie England to thy louely Queene,  
Louelie Queene *Elinor*, vnto her turne thy eye,  
Whose honor cannot but loue thee wel,  
Holde vp your hands in fight, with generall voice,  
That are content to stand to our award.

*They all holde vp their handes, and say he shall.* 730  
Deliuier me the golden Diadem.

Loe here I holde the goale for which ye striue d,  
And heere behold my worthie men at armes,  
For chiuallrie and worthie wisdomes praise,  
Worthie each one to weare a Diadem,  
Expect my doome, as erst at Ida hilles,  
The Goddeffes deuine waited the award,  
Of *Danaes* sonne: *Balioll* stand farthest forth,  
*Baliol* behold I giue thee the Scottish crowne,  
Weare it with heart and with thankfulnes: 740  
Sound Trumpets, and say all after me,  
God saue king *Baliol* the Scottish king.

*The Trumpets sounds, all crie aloud, God saue  
King Baliol the Scottish king.*

Thus lords though you require no reason why,  
According to the conscience in the cause,  
I make *John Balioll* your anointed king:

*The Historie*

Honor and loue him as behooues him best,  
That is in peace of Scotlands crowne posselt.

750 *Baliol.* Thankes roiall England for thy honor doone,  
This iustice that hath calmd our ciuell strife:  
Shall now be ceast with honourable loue,  
So moued of remorse and pittie,  
We will erect a colledge of my name,  
In Oxford will I build for memorie,  
Of *Baliols* bountie and his gratitude:  
And let me happie daies no longer see,  
Then heere to England loyall I shall bee.

*Elinor.* Now braue *John Balioll* Lord of Gallaway,  
760 And king of Scots shine with thy goulden head,  
Shake thy speres in honour of his name,  
Vnder whose roialtie thou wearst the same.

*Queene Elinors speeche.*

The welken spangled through with goulden spots,  
Reflects no finer in a frostie night,  
Then louely *Longshankes* in his *Elinors* eye:  
So *Ned* thy *Nell* in euery part of thee,  
Thy person's garded with a troope of Queenes,  
And euery Queene as braue as *Elinor*,  
770 Giue glorie to these glorious christall quarries,  
Where euery robe an obiect entertaines,  
Of riche deuce and princelie maiestie:  
Thus like *Narcissus* diuing in the deepe,  
I die in honour and in Englands armes:  
And if I drowne, it is in my delight.  
Whose companie is cheefest life in death,  
From fourth whose currall lips I suck the sweete,  
VVherewith are daintie *Cupids* candles made,  
Then lue or die braue *Ned*, or sinke or swim,  
780 An earrhlie blisse it is to looke on him.  
On thee sweete *Ned*, it shall become thy *Nell*,  
Bo unteous to be vnto the beauteous,

of *Edward Longshankes.*

Ore prie the palmes sweete fountaines of my blisse,  
And I will stand on tiptoe for a kisse.

*Long.* He had no thought of any gentle heart,  
That would not feaze desire for such defart,  
If any heauenly ioy in women be,  
Sweet of all sweetes, sweete *Nell* it is in thee.  
Now lords along by this the Earle of Marche,  
Lord *Mortimor* ore *Cambriaes* mountaine tops, 790  
Hath rang'd his men, and feeles *Lluellens* minde,  
To which confines that well in waisting be,  
Our sollemne seruice of coronation past,  
We will amaine to backe our friends at neede,  
And into Wales our men at armes shall march,  
And we with them in person foote by foote.  
Brother of Scotland, you shall to your home,  
And liue in honour there faire Englands friend,  
And thou sweet *Nell* Queene of king *Edwards* heart. 800  
Shall now come lesfer at thy daintie loue,  
And at coronation meete thy louing peeres,  
When stormes are past, and we haue coolde the rage  
Of these rebellious Welshmen that contend,  
Gainst Englands maiestie, and *Edwards* crowne.  
Sound Trumpets, Harolds lead the traine along,  
This be king *Edwards* feast and hollie daie.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Maris of London from Church,  
and Musicke before her.*

*Qu. Eli.* Gloucester, who may this be, a bride or what? 810  
I praie yee *Ione* goe see,  
And know the reason of the harmonie.

*Ione.* Good woman let it not offend you any whit,  
For to deliuer vnto me the cause,  
That in this vnusuall kinde of fort,  
You passe the streeetes with musicke so.

*Maris.* Mistres or Madam what ere you be,

*The Historie*

Wot you I am the Maior of Londons wife,  
Who for I haue beene deliuered of a sonne,  
820 Hauing not these doozen yeares had any before,  
Now in my husbands yeare of Mairoltie,  
Bringing him a goodly boye,  
I passe vnto my house a maiden bride,  
Which priuate pleasure touching godlineffe,  
Shall here no waye I hope offend the good.

*Queene.* You hope so gentle mistres, do you indeed?  
But doe not make it parcell of your creede.

*Maris.* Alas I am vndone, it is the Queene,  
The proudest Queene that euer England knew.

830 *Exeunt Maris, & omnes.*

*Quee.* Come Gloster, lets to the court and reuel there.

*Exeunt Glocester and the Queene.*

*Sc. iij*

*Enter Meredith, Dauid, and Lluellen.*

*Dauid.* Soft is it not *Meredeth* I behold?

*Lluel.* All good, all friends: *Meredeth* see the man,  
Must make vs great, and raise *Lluellens* head:  
Fight thou *Lluellen* for thy friend and thee.

*Mer.* Fight mauger fortune, strong our battailes strong,  
And beare thy foes before thy pointed lance.

840 *Dauid.* Not too much prowesse good my lord at once,  
Some talke of pollicie another while.

*Mered.* How comes my lims hurt at this assault?

*Lluel.* Hurt for our good, *Meredeth* make account,  
Sir *Dauids* wit is full of good deuise,  
And kindlie will performe what he pretends.

*Dauid.* Enough of this my Lord at once,  
What will you that I holde the king in hand,  
Or what shall I especiallie aduize,

Sitting in counsell with the English lordes,  
850 That so my counsell may auaille my friends?

*Lluel.* *Dauid* if thou wilt best for me deuise,  
Aduise my loue be rendered to my hand:

Tell

of *Edward Longshankes.*

Tell them the Chaines that *Mulciber* erst made,  
To trie *Prometheus* lims to *Caucasus*,  
Nor furies phanges shal hold me long from her,  
But I will haue her from the vsurpers tent,  
My beautious *Elinor*: if ought in this,  
If in this case thy wit may boote thy friends,  
Expres it then in this, in nothing els.

*David.* I theres a Carde that puts vs to our trumpe, 860  
For might I see the starre of Leisters loines,  
It were enough to darken and obscure,  
This *Edwards* glorie, fortune, and his pride:  
First hereof can I put you out of doubt,  
Lord *Mortimor* of the king hath her in charge,  
And honourable intreates your *Elinor*,  
Some thinkes he praies *Lluellen* were in heauen,  
And thereby hopes to coache his loue on earth.

*Lluel.* No, where *Lluellen* mounts, there *Ellen* flies, 870  
Inspeakeable are my thoughts for her,  
Shee is not from me in death to be diuorst.

*David.* Go to, it shall be so, so shall it be,  
*Edward* is full resolued of thy faith,  
So are the English lords and Barons all:  
Then what may let thee to intrude on them,  
Some new found stratagem to feele their wit,  
It is enough: *Meredeth* take my weapons,  
I am your prisoner, say so at the least,  
Go hence, and when you parle on the walles,  
Make shew of monstrous tirannie you intend, 880  
To execute on me, as on the man,  
That shamefullie rebels gainst kin and kinde:  
And least thou haue thy loue, and make thy peace,  
With such conditions as shall best concerne,  
*David* must die say thou a shamefull death,  
*Edward* perhaps with ruthe and pittie moou'd,  
Will in exchange yeelde *Elinor* to thee.  
And thou by me shalt gaine thy hearts desire.

*Lluel.* Sweetely aduized *David*, thou bleffest me,

*The Historie*

890 My brother *Dauid* lengthener of my life,  
Friends gratulate to me my ioyfull hopes.

*Exeunt.*

Sc. 7

*Enter Longshankes, Suffex, and others.*

*Long.* Why Barons, suffer yee our foes to breathe?  
Affault, affault, and charge them all amaine,  
They feare, they flie, they faint, they fight in vaine,  
But where is gentle *Dauid* in his Den?  
Loth were Iought but good should him betide.

*Sound an Alarum.*

900 *On the walles enter Longshankes, Suffex, Mortimor,  
Dauid the Friar, Meredith holding Dauid  
by the collar, with a Dagger  
in his hande.*

*Long.* Where is the proude disturber of our state?  
Traitor to Wailes, and to his Soueraigne.

*Lluel.* Vsurper here I am, what doost thou craue.

*Lon.* Welshman alleagance which thou owest thy king.

*Lluel.* Traitor, no king, that seekes thy countries sack,  
The famous runnagate of Christendome.

910 *Long.* Ambitious rebell, knowest thou what I am,  
How great, how famous, and how fortunate,  
And darst thou carie armes against me here,  
Euen when thou shouldst do reuerence at my feete?  
Yea feard and honourd in the farthest parts,  
Hath *Edward* beene, thy noble *Henries* sonne,  
Traitor, this sworde vnsheathd hath shined oft,  
VVith reeking in the bloud of Sarazens,  
When like to *Perseus* on his winged steede,  
Brandishing bright the bloud of Adamant,  
920 That aged *Saturne* gaue faire *Maias* sonne,  
Conflicting tho with *Gorgon* in the vale,  
Setting before the gates of *Nazareth*,

My

of *Edward Longshankes*.

My horses hooves I staid in *Pagans* gore,  
Sending whole countries of heathen soules,  
To *Plutoes* house: this sworde, this thirffie sworde,  
Aimes at thy head, and shall I hope ere long.  
Gage and deuide thy bowels and thy bulke,  
Disloiall villaine thou, and what is more.

*Lluel*. Why *Longshankes*, thinkst thou I will bee scarde  
with wordes? 930

No, didst thou speake in thunder like to *Ioue*,  
Or shouldst as *Briareus* shake at once,  
A hundred bloudie swordes, with bloudie hands,  
I tell thee *Longshankes* here he faceth thee,  
VVhome nought can daunt, no not the stroke of death:  
Resolu'd yee see: but see the chance of warre.  
Knowst thou a traitor and thou seest his head,  
Then *Longshankes* looke this villaine in the face:  
This Rebell he hath wrought his countries wrack,  
Base rascall, had and hated in his kinde, 940  
Object of wrath, and subiect of reuenge.

*Long*. *Lluellen*, calst thou this the chance of warre?  
Bad for vs all pardie, but worfe for him,  
Courage fir *Dauid*, kings thou knowst must die,  
And noble mindes all dastard feare desies.

*Dauid*. Renowmed England, star of *Edwards* Globe,  
My liefest lord and sweetest Soueraigne,  
Glorious and happie is this chance to me,  
To reape this fame and honour in my death,  
That I was hewed with foule defiled hands, 950  
For my beloued king and countries good,  
And died in grace and fauour with my prince:  
Seaze on me bloudie butchers with your pawes,  
It is but temporall that you can inflict.

*Long*. Brauelie resolu'd braue souldier by my life.

*Friar*. Harke you fir, I am afeard you will not be so re-  
solued, by that time you knowe so much as I can shoue  
you, here be hote Dogges I can tell you, meanes to haue  
the baiting of you.

*The Historie*

960 *Mort. Lluellen* in the midst of all thy braues,  
How wilt thou vse thy brother, thou hast tane,  
Wilt thou let his maister ranfome him?

*Lluel.* No nor his mistres gallant *Mortimor*,  
With all the golde and filuer of the land.

*Mered.* Raunfome this *Judas* to his fathers line,  
Raunfome this traitor to his brothers life,  
No take that earnest pennie of thy death,  
This touche my lord comes nothing neere the marke.

*Meredeth* stabs him into the armes and shoulders.

970 *Longsb.* O damned villaine holde thy hands,  
Aske and haue.

*Lluel.* We will nor ask nor haue, feest thou these tooles?  
*He shoves him hote Pinfers.*

These be the Dogges shall baite him to the death,  
And shall by peecemeales teare his cursed flesh,  
And in thy sight here shall he hang and pine.

*Long.* O villains, traitors, how will I be vengd?

*Lluel.* What threats thou *Edward*,  
Desperate mindes contemne,

980 That furie menaceth, see thy words effects.

*He cuts his nose.*

*Dauid.* O gracious heauens, dissolue me into claie,  
This tirannie is more then flesh can beare.

*Lon.* Beare it braue minde, sith nothing but thy bloud,  
May satisfie in this extreame estate.

*Suffex.* My lord it is in vaine to threaten them,  
They are resolu'd yee see vpon his death.

*Long. Suffex,* his death, they all shall buie it deare,  
Offer them any fauour for his life,

990 Pardon, or peace, or ought what is beside:  
So loue me God, as I regarde my friends.

*Lluellen* let me haue thy brothers life,  
Euen at what rate and ranfome thou wilt name.

*Lluel. Edward,* king *Edward*, as thou list be termd,  
Thou knowst thou hast my beautious *Elinor*,  
Produce her forth, to plead for *Dauid's* life,



of *Edward Longshankes.*

She may obtaine more then an hoaste of men.

*Long.* VVilt thou exchange thy prifoner for thy loue?

*Lluel.* Talke no more to me, let me see her face.

*Morti.* VVhy, will your maiestie be all so base, 1000  
To stoope to his demaunds in euerie thing?

*Long.* Fetch her at once, good *Mortimor* be gone.

*Morti.* I go, but how vnwilling heauens doth know.

*Mered.* Apace *Mortimor* if thou loue thy friend.

*Morti.* I go for dearer then I leaue behinde.

*Mortimor goes for Elinor, and conducts her in.*

*Long.* See *Suffex* how he bleedeth in my eye,  
That beareth fortunes shocke triumphantlie.

*Friar.* Saw haw, maister, I haue found, I haue found.

*Lluel.* VVhat hast thou found *Friar*, ha? 1010

*Mered.* Newes my lord, a Star from out the Sea,  
The same is risen, and made a sommers day.

*Then Lluellen spieth Elinor and Mortimor,  
and saieth thus.*

VVhat *Nell*, sweete *Nell*, doe I behold thy face?

Fall heauens, fletee stars, shine *Phæbus* lampe no more,

This is the Planet lends this world her light,

Starre of my fortune, this that shineth bright,

Queene of my heart, loadstarre of my delight,

Faire mould of beautie, miracle of fame, 1020

O let me die with *Elinor* in mine armes:

VVhat honour shall I lend thy loialtie,

Or praise vnto thy sacred dietie.

*Mered.* Marrie this my lord, if I may giue you counfel,  
sacrifice this Tike in her sight, her friend, which beeing  
done, one of your souldiers may dip his foule shirt in his  
bloud; so shall you bee waited with as many crosses as  
king *Edward*.

*Long.* Good cheere sir *Dauid*, we shall vp anon.

*Morti.* Die *Mortimor*, thy life is almost gone. 1030

*Eli.* Sweet prince of Wales, were I within thine armes,  
Then should I in peace possesse my loue,  
And heauens open faire their christall gates,

That

*The Historie*

That I may see the pallace of my intent.

*Long.* *Lluellen* fet thy brother free,  
Let me haue him, thou shalt haue *Elinor*.

*Lluel.* Sooth *Edward* I do prize my *Elinor*,  
Deerer then life, but there belongeth more  
To these affaires, than my content in loue :  
1040 And to be short, if thou wilt haue thy man,  
Of whome I sweare thou thinkest ouer well,  
The safetie of *Lluellen* and his men,  
Must be regarded highlie in this matche,  
Say therefore and be short, wilt thou giue peace  
And pardon to *Lluellen* and his men.

*Long.* I will herein haue time to be aduizd.

*Lluel* King *Edward* no, we will admit no pause,  
For goes this wretch, this traitor to the pot,  
And if *Lluellen* be pursued so neere,  
1050 May chance to shoue thee such a tumbling cast,  
As erst our father, when he thought to scape,  
And broke his neck from *Iulius Cæsars* towne.

*Suffex.* My lord these rebels all are desperate.

*Morti.* And *Mortimor* of all most miserable.

*Longsb.* How say you Welshmen, will you leaue your  
armes,  
And be true liegemen vnto *Edwards* crowne ?

*All the Sold.* If *Edward* pardon surely what is past,  
Vpon conditions we are all content.

1060 *Long.* Belike you will condition with vs then.

*Sold.* Speciall conditions for our safetie first,  
Aud for our countrie *Cambrias* common good,  
T'auoide the fusion of our guiltie bloud.

*Longsb.* Go to, say on.

*Sold.* First for our followers, and our selues and all,  
We aske a pardon in the Princes word,  
Then for this Lords possession in his loue :  
But for our Countrie cheefe these boones we beg,  
And Englands promise princely to thy Wailes,  
1070 That none be *Cambrias* prince to gouerne vs,

But

of *Edward Longshankes.*

But he that is a Welshman borne in Wales.  
Graunt this and sweare it on thy knightly sword,  
And haue thy man, and vs, and all in peace.

*Lluel.* Whie *Cambria Britaines* are you so incensed,  
VVill you deliuer me to *Edward's* hands?

*Soldi.* No lord *Lluellen* we will backe for thee,  
Thy life, thy loue, and golden libertie.

*Morti.* A truce with honourable conditions tane,  
VVales happines, Englands glorie, and my bane.

*Long.* Commaund retreat be founded in our campe, 1080  
Souldiers I graunt at full what you request,

*Dauid* good cheere, *Lluellen* open the gates.

*Lluel.* The gates are opened, enter thee and thine.

*Dau.* The sweetest funne that ere I saw to shine.

*Long.* Madam, a brabble well begun for thee,  
Be thou my guest, and fir *Lluellens* loue.

*Exeunt.*

*Mortimor solus.*

*Mortimor*, a brable ill begunne for thee,  
A truce with capitall conditions tane: 1090

A prifoner fau'd and raunfomd with thy life,

*Edward* my king, my Lord and loue deare,

Full little doost thou wot, how this retreat,

As with a sword, hath slaine poore *Mortimor*.

Farewell the flower, the gem of beauties blaze,

Sweete *Ellen*, miracle of natures hand,

*Fuellen* in thy name, but heauen is in thy lookes,

Sweete *Venus* let me faint or diuel be,

In that sweet heauen or hell that is in thee. *Exit.*

*Enter Iack and the Harper getting a standing* Sc. vi  
*against the Queene comes in.*

*The trumpets sound, Queene Elinor in hir litter borne by foure* 1102

*Negro Mores, Ione of Acon with her, attended on by the*

*Earle of Gloucester, and her foure footemen, one hauing set a*

*ladder to the side of the litter. she discended, and her daugh-*

*ter followeth.*

The Historic

Qu. *Eli.* Giue me my pantables.

Fie this hot wether how it makes me sweate,  
Hey ho my heart, ah I am pasing faint.

1110 Giue me my fanne that I may coole my face,  
Hold, take my maske but see you romple not,  
This wind and dust see how it smolders me,  
Some drinke good *Gloster* or I die for drinke,  
Ah *Ned* thou hast forgot thy *Nell* I see,  
That shee is thus inforst to follow thee. (maiesty

*Gloster.* This aires distemperature and please your  
Noisome through mountains vapors send thick mist,  
Vnpleasant needes must be to you and your company,  
That neuer was wont to take the aire,

1120 Til *Flora* haue perfumde the earth with sweetes,  
With lillies, roses, mints and Eglantine.

Qu. *Eli.* I tel thee the ground is al to base,  
For *Elinor* to honor with her steps :  
Whose footpace when shee progreft in the streete,  
Of *Aecon* and the faire *Ierusalem*,  
Was nought but costly Arras points :  
Faire Iland tapestrie and Azured filke,  
My milke white steed treading on cloth of ray,  
And trampling proudly vnderneath the feete,  
1130 Choise of our English wollen drapery.

This climat orelowring with blacke congealed clouds,  
That takes their swelling from the marrish soile,  
Fraught with infectious frogges and mistie dampes,  
Is farre vnworthy to be once embalmd :  
With redolence of this refreshing breath :  
That sweetens where it lights as doe the flames,  
And holy fires of *Vestaes* sacrifice. spring,

*Ione.* VVhose pleasant fields new planted with the  
Make *Thamesis* to mount about the bankes,  
1140 And like a wanton wallouing vp and downe :  
On *Floras* beds and *Napees* siluer downe.

*Glo.* And wales for me Madame while you are here,  
No Climate good vnlesse your grace be nere,

VVould

of *Edward Longshankes.*

Would wales had ought could please you halfe so well,  
Or any precious thing in *Glosters* gift,  
Whereof your ladiship would challenge me.

*Ione.* Well saide my lord tis as my mother saies,  
You men haue learnd to woe a thousande waies.

*Gloster.* O madame had I learned against my neede,  
Of all those waies to woo one way to speede, 1150  
My cunning then had beene my fortunes guide.

*Q. Eli.* Faith *Ione* I thinke thou must be *Glosters* bride,  
Good Earle how neare he steps vnto her side,  
So soone this eie these younglings had espide,  
Ile tel thee girle when I was faire and young:  
I found such honny in sweete *Edward's* tongue,  
As I could neuer spend one idle walke,  
But *Ned* and I would peece it out with talke.

So you my Lord when you haue got your *Ione*,  
No matter let Queene mother be alone. 1160

Old *Nell* is mother now and grandmother may,  
The greenest grasse doth droupe and turn to hay,  
Woo one kinde Clarke, good *Gloster* loue thy *Ione*,  
Her heart is thine, her eies is not her owne.

*Gl.* This comfort Madam that your grace doth giue  
Binds me in double duety whilst I liue,  
Would God King *Edward* see and say no lesse.

*Qu. Eli. Gloster* I warrant thee vppon my life,  
My King vouchsafs his daughter for thy wife,  
Sweet *Ned* hath not forgot since he did woo, 1170  
The gal of loue and al that longs thereto.

*Gloft.* Why was your grace so coie to one so kinde?

*Qu. Eli.* Kinde *Gloster* so me thinks in deede,  
It seemes he loues his wife no more then needs,  
That sends for vs in al the speedy hast,  
Knowing his Queene to be so great with childe,  
And make me leaue my princely pleasant seates.  
To come into his ruder part of wales.

*Gl.* His highnes hath some secrete reason why,  
He wisheth you to moue fro Englands pleasant courts 1180

*The Historie*

The VVelshmen haue of long time suters beene,  
That when the warre of rebels forts an end:  
None might be prince and ruler ouer them,  
But such a one as was their countriman,  
VVhich sute I thinke his grace hath graunted them.

*Qu. Eli.* So then it is king *Edwards* pollicie,  
To haue his sonne, forfooth sonne if it be,  
A VVelshman, well welshman it liketh me,  
And heere he comes.

1190           *Enter Edward Longshankes and his lords,  
                  to the Queene and her footmen.*

*Longsb. Nell,* welcome into VVales,  
How fares my *Elinor*?

*Qu. Eli.* Neare worfe, beshrow their harts tis long on.

*Long.* Harts sweet *Nell,* shrow no harts,  
VVhere such sweete faints doe dwell.

*He holds her hand fast.*

*Qu. Eli.* Naythen I see I haue my dreame, I pray let go,  
You will not, will you whether I will or no?

1200 You are disposed to mooue me.

*Longsb.* Say any thing but so:  
Once *Nell* thou gauest me this.

*Qu. Eli.* I pray let go, yee are disposed I thinke.

*Long* I madame verie well.

*Qu. Eli.* Let go and be naught I say.

*Longsb.* VVhat ailes my *Nell*?

*Qu. Eli.* Aie me, what sodaine fits is this I prooue,  
What grieffe, what pinching paine, like youngmens loue,  
That makes me madding run thus too and froe?

1210 *Longsb.* VVhat, mallencollie *Nell*?

*Qu. Eli.* My lord, pray let me go,  
Giue me sweet water, why how whote it is?

*Gloft.* These be the fits, trouble mens wits.

*Long. Ione* aske thy beautious Mistris how she dooth.

*Ione.* How fares your maiestie?

*Queene*

of Edward Longshankes.

*Qu. Eli.* *Ione* agreeu'd at the hart and angered worfe,  
Because I came not right in,  
I thinke the King comes purpofely to spite me,  
My fingers itche till I haue had my will,  
Proud *Edward* call in thy *Elinor* be still, 1220  
It will not be, nor rest I any where :  
Till I haue fet it foundly on his eare.

*Ione.* Is that the matter then let me alone.

*Qu. Elin.* Fie how I fret with greefe.

*Long.* Come hither *Ione*, knowest thou what ailes  
my Queene?

*Ione.* Not I my lord, shee longs I thinke to giue  
your grace a boxe on theare.

*Long.* Nay wench if that be al weele eare it wel,  
What all a mort how doth my dainty *Nell*? 1230  
Looke vp sweete loue, vnkind, not kisse me once ?  
That may not be.

*Qu. Eli.* My lord I thinke you doe it for the nonce.

*Long.* Sweet heart one kisse.

*Qu. Eli.* For Gods sake let me go.

*Long.* Sweet heart a kisse.

*Qu. Eli.* What, whether I will or no? you will not  
leauē? let be I say?

*Long.* I must be better chidde.

*Qu. Eli.* No wil? take that then lusty lord, Sir leauē 1240  
when you are bidde.

*Long.* Why so this chare is charde.

*Gloster.* A good one by the roode,

*Qu. Eli.* No force no harme.

*Long.* No harme that doth my *Elinor* any good.

Learne lords gainst you be maried men to bow to wo-  
mens yoke:

And sturdy though you be you may not stur for euery  
stroke:

Now my sweet *Nell* how doth my Queene? 1250

*Qu. Eli.* Shee vaunts that mighty England hath felt  
her fist:

*The Historie*

Taken a blow basely at *Elinors* hand,  
And vaunt shee may good leauē being curst and coy,  
Lacke nothing *Nell* whilst thou hast brought thy lorde  
a louely boie.

*Veniacion* I am sicke good *Katherina* I pray thee be at  
hand.

1260 *Kath. Spain.* This sickenes I hope wil bring King *Ed-*  
*ward* a iollie boy.

*Longsb.* And *Katherin* who brings me that newes shal  
not goe emptie handed.

*Exite omnes.*

*Sc. vii*

*Enter Mortimor, Lluellen and Mere-*  
*dith.*

*Mortimor.* Farewel *Lluellen* with thy louing *Nell*.

*Exit Mortimor.*

*Lluellen.* Godamercy *Mortimor* and so farewell.

*Mere.* Farewel and behangde half *Sinons sapons* brood

1270 *Lluellen.* Good words Sir *Rice* wronges haue best  
remedy,

So taken with time patience and pollicy.

But where is the Friar who can tel?

*Enter Friar.* That can I maister very wel,

And saie I faith what hath besel:

Must we at once to heauen or hel?

*Elinor.* To heauen Frier, Frier no fie,

Such heauie soules mount not so hie.

*Frier lies downe.* Then Frier lie thee downe and die.

1280 And if any aske the reason why,

Answer and say thou canst not tel,

Vnles because thou must to hel.

*Eli.* No Frier because thou didst rebel,

Gentle Sir *Rice* ring out thy knel.

*Lluellen.* And *Maddocke* towle thy passing bel.

So there lies a strawe, and now to the law maisters and  
friends, naked came we into the worlde naked are wee  
turnd



of *Edward Longshankes.*

turn'd out of the good townes into the wilderneffe, let mee saie Masse, me thinkes we are a handsome Common-wealth, a handful of goodfellowes, set a sunning <sup>1290</sup> to dog on our own discretion, what say you Sir? we are enough to keepe a passage, will you be ruled by mee? weele get the next daie from *Brecknocke* the booke of *Robin Hood*, the Frier he shal instruct vs in his cause and weele euen here fair and well since the king hath put vs amongst the discarding cardes, and as it were turned vs with deuces and traies out of the decke, euerie man take his standing on *Mannocke deny* and wander like irregulars vp and down the wilderneffe, ile be maister of misrule, ile be *Robin Hood* that once, cousin *Kice* thou <sup>1300</sup> shalt be little *John*, and hers Frier *Dauid* as fit as a die for Frier *Tucke*, now my sweet *Nel* if you wil make vp the messe with a good heart for Maide marian and doe well with *Lluellen* vnder the greene wood trees, with as good a wil as in the good townes, why *plena est curia.*

*Eli.* My sweetest loue and this my infracte fortune could neuer vaunt har soueraignty, and shouldest thou passe the foorde of *Phlegeton*, or with *Leander* win the *Hellispont* in deserts, *Oenophrius* euer dwell, or builde thy bowre on *Aetnas* fierie tops, thy *Nel* would <sup>1310</sup> follow thee and keepe with thee, thy *Nel* would feede with thee and sleepe with thee.

*Friar.* *O Cupido quantus quantus.*

*Mere.* Brauelie resolude Madam and then what rests my Lord *Robin* but we will liue and die together like Chamber *Britaines*, *Robin Hood*, little *John*, Frier *Tucke*, and *Maide marrian.*

*Llu.* There rests nothing now cofin but that I sell my chaine to set vs all in greene and weele al play the *Pioners* to make vs a caue and Cabban for al weathers. <sup>1320</sup>

*Eli.* My sweete *Lluellen* though this sweet bee gal, *Patience* doth conquer me by out suffering al.

*Frier.* Now *Manmocke deny* I hold thee a peny, Thou shalt haue neither sheep nor goate:

But

*The Historie*

But Frier *David*, *Will* fleeces his coate,  
Where euer *Iacke* my *Nouice* iet.  
Al is fishe with him that comes to net,  
*David* this yeare thou paieſt no dette.

*Exeunt ambo.*

1330

*Enter Mortimor ſolus.*

*Mortimor.* Why Frier is it ſo plaine in deede,  
*Lluellen* art thou flatly ſo reſolude:  
To roift it out and rouſt ſo neare the king:  
What ſhal we haue a paſſage kept in wales:  
For men at armes and knights aduenturous?  
By cocke Sir *Rice* I ſee no reaſon why,  
Young *Mortimor* ſhould make one among:  
And play his part on *Manmocke* dying here,  
For loue of his beloued *Elinor*:

1340

His *Elinor* where ſhee his I wott,  
The bitter Northern winde vppon the plaines:  
The dampes that riſe from out the quechy plots:  
Nor influence of contagious aire ſhould touch,  
But ſhee ſhould court yet with the proudeſt dames,  
Rich in attire and ſumptuous in her fare.  
And take her eaſe in beds of ſaſeſt Downe,

Why *Mortimor* may not thy offers moue,  
And win ſweet *Elinor* from *Lluellens* loue,  
Why pleaſant gold and gentle eloquence,

1350

Haue tyſet the chafeſt *Nimphs* the faireſt dames,  
And vants of words, delights of wealth and eaſe,  
Haue made a *Nunne* to yeelde *Lluellens*,  
Being ſet to ſee the laſt of deſperate chance,  
Why ſhould ſo faire a ſtarre ſtand in a vale?  
And not be ſeene to ſparkle in the ſkie,  
It is enough *Ioue* change his glittering robes:  
To ſee *Mennoſyne* and the flies.

Maſters haue after gentle *Robin hood*,  
You are not ſo wel accompanied I hope:

But

of *Edward Longshankes.*

But if a potter come to plaie his part,  
Youle giue him stripes or welcome good or worfe :  
Goe *Mortimor* and make their loue holidaies,  
The king wil take a common scufe of thee,  
And who hath more men to attend then *Mortimor*.

1360

*Exit Mortimor.*

*Enter Lluellen, Meredith, Frier, Elinor,  
and their traine.*

Sc. viii

*They are all clad in greene &c. sing &c.  
Blith and bonny, the song ended Lluelleu speaketh.*

*Lluellen.* Why so, I see my mates of olde,  
All were not lies that Bedlams told :  
Of *Robin Hood* and little *John*,  
*Frier Tucke* and *Maide marian*.

1370

*Frier.* I forsooth maister.

*Lluellen.* How well they coucht in forrest green,  
Frolike and liuelie with oaten teene :  
And spent their daie in game and glee,  
*Lluellen* doe seeke if ought please thee,  
Nor though thy foot be out of towne,  
Let thine looke blacke on *Edwards* Crowne.

1380

Nor thinke this greene is not so gaie,  
As was the golden rich array :  
And if sweere *Nel* my *Marrian*,  
Trust me as I am Gentle man :  
Thou art as fine in this attire :  
As fine and fitte to my desire,  
As when of *Leist*ers Hal and bowre,  
Thou wert the rose and sweetest flowre :  
How saist thou *Frier* say I wel ?  
For anie thing becomes my *Nell*.

1390

*Frier.* Neuer made man of a woman borne,  
A Bullockes taile a blowing horne,  
Nor can an Asses hide disguise,

*The Historie*

A Lion if he rampe and rife.

*Eli.* My Lord, the Frier is wondrous wife.

*Lluellen.* Beleeue him for he tels no lies,

But what doth little *John* deuife?

*Meredith.* That *Robin Hood* beware of spies,

An aged faying and a true,

1400 Blacke wil take no other hue.

He that of old hath beene thy foe:

Wil die but wil continue fo.

*Frier.* O maisters, whither shal we, doth anie liuing creature knowe?

*Lluellen.* *Rice* and I wil walke the round,  
Frier see about the ground.

*Enter Mortimor.*

And spoile what praie is to be found.

My loue I leaue within in trust,

1410 Because I knowe thy dealing iust:

Come Potter come and welcome to,

Fare as we fare and doe as we doe.

*Exit Lluellen & Meredith.*

*Frier.* *Nell* adiew we goe for newes,

A little serues the Friers lust,

When *nolens volens* fast I must,

Maister at al that you refuse.

*Mortimor.* Such a porter would I choose,

When I meane to blinde a skuse,

1420 While *Robin* walke with little *John*,

The Frier wil licke his marrian.

So wil the Porter if he can.

*Eli.* Now Frier sith your lord is gone,

And you and I are left alone,

What can the Frier doe or saie,

To passe the wearie time away?

Wearie God wot poore wench to thee,

That neuer thought these daies to see.

*Mortimor.* Breake heart and split mine eies in twaine,

1430 Neuer let me heare those wordes againe.

*Frier.*

of Edward Longshankes.

*Friar.* What can the Frier doe or faie?  
To passe the wearie time awaie:  
More dare I doe then he dare faie,  
Because he doubts to haue away.

*Eli.* Doe somewhat Frier faie or sing,  
That may to sorrowes solace bring,  
And I meane while wil Garlands make.

*Morti.* O *Mortimor* were it for thy sake,  
A Garland were the happiest stake:  
That euer this hand vnhappie drew.

1440

*Frier.* Mistres shal I tel you true,  
I haue a sough I learnd it long agoe,  
I wot not whether yole like it wel or ill,  
Tis short and sweete but somewhat brold before,  
Once let me sing it and I aske no more.

*Eli.* What Frier will you so indeede,  
Agrees it somewhat with your neede?

*Frier.* Why mistres shal I sing my creede,

*Eli.* Thats fitter of the two at neede.

*Morti.* O wench how maist thou hope to speede? 1450

*Frier.* O mistres out it goes.

Looke what comes next the Frier throes.

*The Frier fittes along and sings.*

*Morti.* Such a fitting who euer saw,  
An Eagles bird of a lacke daw.

*Eli.* So Sir is this all?

*Morti.* Sweete heart heres no more.

*Eli.* How now good fellow more indeede,  
By one then was before.

*Frier.* How now the diuel in steede of a dittie.

1460

*Morti.* Frier a dittie come late from the cittie,  
To aske some pittie of this lass so pretty:  
Some pittie sweete mistres I praie you.

*Eli.* How now Frier where are we now and you play  
not the man?

*The Historie*

*Frier.* Friend Copes mate, you that come late from  
the Cittie,

To aske some pittie of this lasse so prettie,

In likenes of a doleful dittie,

1470 Hang me if I doe not paie yee.

*Mortimor.* O Frier you grow chollericke, wel yole  
Haue no man to Court your misters but your selfe,

On my word ile take you downe a botton hole,

*Frier.* Ye talk, ye talke childe.

*Enter Lluelen and Meredith.*

*Lluelen.* Tis wel potter you fight in a good quarrel,

*Meredith.* Mas this blade wil holde let mee see then

Frier.

*Frier.* Mines for mine owne turne I warrant, giue him  
1480 his Toolles, rise and lets to it, but no change and if you  
loue me, I skorne the oddes I can tel you, see faire play  
and you be Gentlemen.

*Lluelen.* Mary shal we Frier, let vs see, be their staues  
of a length good, so now let vs deeme of the matter Fri-  
er and Potter without more clatter I haue cast your  
water, and see as deepe into your desire, as he that hadde  
dined euerie day into your bosome, O Frier wil nothing  
serue your turne but Larkes.

Are such fine birds for such course Clarkes,

1490 None but my *Marian* can serue your turne.

*Eli.* Cast water, for the house wil burne.

*Frier.* O mistres mistres flesh is fraile,

Ware when the signe is in the taile,

Mightie is loue and doth preuaile.

*Lluelen.* Therefore Frier shalt thou not faile,

But mightily your foe affaile:

And thrash this Potter with thy flaile,

And Potter neuer raue nor raile,

Nor aske questions what I aile:

1500 But take this toole and doe not quaile,

But

of Edward Longshankes.

But thrash this Friers ruffet cote:

*They take the Flailes.*

And make him sing a dastards note,

And crie *Peccaui miserere David.*

*In amo amau:* Goe to.

*Mortimor.* Strike, strike.

*Frier.* Strike Potter be thou liefe or loth,  
And if youle not strike ile strike for both.

*Potter strikes.* He must needs go that the diuel driues  
Then Frier beware of other mens wiues. 1510

*Frier strikes.* I wish maister proud Potter the Diuell  
haue my foule:

But ile make my flaile *circumscribe* your noule.

*Lluellen.* Why so, now it cottens, now the game be-  
ginnes.

One knaue currieth another for his finnes.

*Frier kneeles.* O maister short en my offences in mine  
eies.

If this Crucifige doe not suffice,  
Send me to Heauen in a hempen sacrifice. 1520

*Mortimer kneeles.* O maisters maisters let this bee  
warning:

The Frier hath infected me with his learning.

*Lluellen.* Villains do not touch the forbidden haire  
now to delude, or to dishonor me.

*Frier.* O maister, *quæ negata sunt grata sunt.*

*Lluellen.* *Rice* every day thus shal it be, weele haue a  
thrashing set among the Friers, and he that of these chal-  
lengers laies on slowest loade, be thou at hand *Rice* to  
gore him with thy gode. 1530

*Frier.* A Potter Potter the Frier may rue,  
That euer this day this our quarrel he knew:  
My pate adle, mine armes blacke and blue.

*Potter.* Ah Frier who may his fates force eschew,  
I thinke Frier you are prettilie scholde,

*Frier.* And I thinke the Potter is handsomlie coold,

*Exeunt ambo.*

*The Historie*

*Morti.* No *Mortimor* here that Eternal fire,  
That burnes and flames with brands of hot desire :  
1540 Why *Mortimor*, why doest thou not discouer,  
Thy selfe her knight her liegeman and her louer ?  
*Exit Mortimor.*

*Sc. ix* *Enter Iohn Balioll, King of Scots with his*  
*traine.*

Lords of Albana, and my peeres in France,  
Since *Balioll* is inuested in his rights,  
And weares the roial Scottish Diadem,  
Time is to rouze him that the world may wotte,  
Scotland disdaines to carrie Englands yoke.  
1550 Therefore my friends thus put in readines,  
Why slacke we time to greeete the English king ?  
With resolute message to let him know our minds,  
Lord *Verffes* though thy faith and oath be tane,  
To follow *Baliols* armes for Scotlands right,  
Yet is thy heart to Englands honor knit,  
Therefore in spite of England and thy selfe,  
Beare thou defiaunce proudly to thy king,  
Tel him *Albania* findes heart and hope,  
To shake off Englands tiranny be time,  
1560 To reskue Scotlands honor with his sword,  
Lorde *Bruze* see cast about *Verffes* necke,  
A strangling halter that he minde his hast.  
How saiest thou *Verffes* wilt thou doe this message ?  
*Verffes.* Although no comon post, yet for my king  
I wil to England maugre Englands might,  
And doe mine arrand boldly as becomes,  
Albeit I honor English *Edwards* name,  
And hold this flauish contemnt to skorne.

*Balioll.* Then hie away as swift as swallow flies,  
1570 And meete me on our rodes on Englands ground,  
We therethinke of thy message and thy hast.

Sound Trumpets. *Exit Balioll.*

*Enter*



of *Edward Longshankes*.

*Enter King Edward Longshankes, Edmund Duke of Lancaster, Gloster, Suffex, David, Crespall* Sc. x  
*booted from Northam.*

*Longsb.* Now haue I leasure Lords to bid you welcome into Wales.

Welcome sweet *Edmund* to christen thy young nephew  
And welcome *Cresingham*, giue me thy hand,  
But *Suffex* what became of *Mortimor*?

1580

We haue not seene the man this manie a daie.

*Suffex.* Before your highnes rid frō hence to Northam.  
Sir *Roger* was a suter to your Grace,  
Touching faire *Elinor Lluellens* loue,  
And so belike denide with discontent,  
A discontinued from your Roial presence.

*Longsb.* Why *Suffex* faide we not for *Elinor*,  
So she would leaue whom she had loued too long,  
Shee might haue fauour with my Queene and me,  
But man, her minde aboue her fortune mounts,  
And thats a cause she failes in her accounts.

1590

But goe with me my lord of *Lancaster*,  
We will goe see my beatusous louely Queene,  
That hath inricht me with a goodly boie.

*King Edward, Edmund, and Gloster, goes into the Queenes Chamber, the Queenes Tent opens, shee is discovered in her bed, attended by Mary Dutches of Lancaster, Ione of Acon her daughter, & the Queen dandles his young sonne.*

*Longsb.* Ladies by your leaue, how doth my *Nell*, mine owne, my loue, my life, my heart, my deare, my doue, my Queene, my wife. 1600

*Eli.* *Ned* art thou come, sweet *Ned* welcome my ioy.  
Thy *Nell* presents thee with a louely boy,  
Kisse him, and christen him after thine owne name.  
Hey ho whom doe I see, my lord of *Lancaster*, welcome hartely.

*Lancaster*

The Historie

*Lancaster.* I thanke your grace, sweet *Nell* wel mette  
withall.

1610 *Q. Eli.* Brother *Edmund* hers a kinsman of yours you  
must needes be acquainted.

*Edmund.* A goodly boy God blesse him, giue mee  
your hand Sir, you are welcome into Wales.

*Qu. Eli.* Brother thers a fist I warrant you wil holde a  
Mace as fast as euer did father or grandfather be-  
fore him.

*Longsb.* But tel in now lapt in Lillie bands,  
How with my Queen, my louely boie it stands:  
After thy iourney and these childbed paines.

1620 *Qu. Eli.* Sicke mine owne *Ned* thy *Nell* for thy com-  
panie:

That lured her with thy lies all so farre,  
To follow thee vnweldie in thy warre,  
But I forgiue thee *Ned* my lims delight:  
So thy young sonne thou see be brauelie dight,  
And in *Carnaruan* christened roiallie.  
Sweet loue let him be lapt most curiouselie,  
He is thine owne, as true as he is thine,  
Take order then that he be pasing fine.

1630 *Longsb.* My louelie Ladie let that care be lesse,  
For my young sonne the countrey wil I feast:  
And haue him borne as brauely to the funt,  
As euer yet Kings sonne to Christning went.  
Lacke thou no precious thing to comfort thee,  
Dereare then Englands Diadem vnto me.

*Qu. Eli.* Thankes gentle Lord, nurse rocke the Cra-  
dle, fie:

The King so neare, and here the boie to crie?

*Ione* take him vp and sing a *Lullabie*.

1640 *Longsb.* Tis wel beleeu me wench godamercie *Ione*,  
*Edmund.* Shee learnes my Lord to lull a young one of  
her owne.

*Qu. Eli.* Giue me some drinke.

*Longsb.* Drinke *Nectar* my sweete *Nell*,

Worthy

of *Edward Longshankes.*

Worthy for feat in heauen with Ioue to dwell.

*Eli.* Gramercis *Ned*, now wel remembred yet,  
I haue a fuite sweete lord, but you must not denie it,  
Whereas my Lord of *Gloster*, good *Clace* mine host, my  
guide,

Good *Ned* let *Ione* of *Acon* be his bride, 1650  
Affure your selfe that they are throughly wooed.

*Longsb.* God fend the King be taken in the mood,  
Then Neece tis like that you shall haue a husband,  
Come hither *Gloster* hold giue her thy hand,  
Take her, sole daughter to the Queene of England.

*Longsb. giues her to Gloster.*

For newes hee brought *Nell* of my young sonne,  
I promist him as much as I haue done.

*Gloster and Ione hand in hand.*

We humbly thanke your maiestie. 1660

*Edmund.* Much ioy may them betide,  
A gallant bridegrome and a princely bride.

*Longsb.* Now say sweete Queene what doth my Lady  
craue?

Tell me what name shal this young Welshman haue.  
Borne Prince of wales by *Cambrias* full consent.

*Eli.* *Edward* the name, that doth me wel content,

*Longsb.* Then *Edward* of *Carnaruan* shal he be,  
And Prince of Wales christned in roialtie.

*D. Edmund.* My Lord I thinke the Queene woulde 1670  
take a nappe,

*Ione.* Nurse take the childe and hold in your lappe,

*Longsb.* Farewell good *Ione* be careful of my Queen.  
Sleepe *Nell*, the fairest Swan mine eies haue seene.

*They close the Tent.*

*D. Edmund.* I had forgot to aske your Maiesty,  
How doe you with the Abbies here in Wales,

*Longsb.* As kings with rebels *Mun*, our right preuails,  
We haue good *Robin Hood* and little *John*,

*The Historie*

1680 The Frier and the good *Maide marrian*.

Why our *Lluellen* is a mightie man.

*Gloster*. Trust me my Lord, me thinks twere very good  
That some good fellowes went and scourd the wood,

And take in hand to cudgell *Robin Hood*.

I thinke the Frier for all his lusty lookes,

Nor *Robin* rule with their gleames and hookes,

But would be quickly driuen to the nookes.

*Dauid*. I can assure your highnes what I knowe,

The false *Lluellen* will not runne nor goe.

1690 Or giue an inche of ground come man for man,

Nor that proude rebel called little *John*,

To him that welds the mafsieft fword of England,

*Gloster*. Welshman, how wilt thou that we vnderstand,

But for *Lluellen*, *Dauid* I denie,

England hath men will make *Lluellen* flie,

Maugre his beard and hide him in a hole,

VVearie of Englands dints and manly dole.

*D. Edm. Gloster*, grow not so hot in Englands right,

That paints his honor out in euerie fight.

1700 *Long*. By Gis faire Lords ere many daies be past,

England shall giue this *Robin Hood* his breakefast.

*Dauid*, be secrete friend to that I faie,

And if I vse thy skill thou knowest the waie.

VVhere this proude *Robin* and his yeomen rome.

*Dauid*. I do my Lord and blindfold thither can I run.

*Longsb*. *Dauid* enough, as I am a Gentleman,

Ile haue one merrie flirt with little *John*,

And *Robin Hood*, and his *Maide marrian*.

Be thou my counsell and my companie,

1710 And thou maist Enlands resolution see.

*Enter Suffex before the foure Barons of Wales.*

*Suffex*. May it please your maiestie, here are 4. good  
Squires of the *Cantreds* where they do dwell, come in  
the name of the whole countrey to gratulate vnto your  
high-

of *Edward Longshankes.*

highnes all your good fortunes, and by me offer their most humble seruice to your young sonne their Prince, whom they most heartely beseech God to bleffe with long life and honor.

*Longsb.* Wel said *Suffex* I pray bid them come neare, Sir *Dau.* trust me, this is kindly don of your cuntrey mē. 1720

*Dauid.* Villains, Traitors to the ancient glory and renowne of *Cambria*, *Morris Vaghan* art thou there, and thou proude Lord of *Anglesee.* *They kneele downe.*

*Enter Suffex with the foure Barrons of Wales, with the Mantle of frise.*

*Mantle Barrons.* The poore countrey of *Cambria* by vs vnworthie messengers, gratulats to your maiesty the birth of your young sonne Prince of Wales, and in this poore prest exprest their most zealous duetie and affection, which with all humblenes we present to your 1730 highnes sweete and sacred hands.

*Longsb.* Gramercis Barons for your giftes and good wils, by this means my boie shal weare a Mantle of cuntries weauing to keepe him warm, and liue for Englands honor and *Cambrias* good, I shall not neede I trust curteously to inuite you, I doubt not Lords but you wil be all in readines to waite on your young Prince and doe him honor at his christning.

*Suffex.* The whole countrey of *Cambria* round about all wel horft, and attended on both men and women in 1740 their best array, are come downe to doe seruice of loue and honour to our late born Prince, your Maiesties son and honnie, the men and women of *Sowdone* especially haue sent in great abundance of cattle & corn enough by computation for your highnes housheld a whole month and more.

*Long.* We thank them all, and wil present our Q. with these curtesies and presents bestowed on her yong Son, and greatly account you for our friends. *Exite 4 Barons.*

The Historie

1750

The Queens Tent opens, the King his brother  
the Earle of Gloster enter.

*Elinor.* VVho talketh there?

*Longsb.* A friend Madam.

*Ione.* Madam it is the King.

*Elinor.* VVelcome my Lord hey ho what haue wee  
there?

*Longsb.* Madam the countrey in all kindnes and duty  
recommend their seruice and good will to your sonne  
and in token of their pure good will, presents him by vs  
1760 with a mantle of frize richlie lined to keepe him warm,

*Q. Elinor.* A mantle of frize, fie fie for Gods sake let  
me here no more of it and if you loue me, fie my lorde is  
this the wisedome and kindnes of the countrey? now I  
commend me to them all, and if VVales haue no more  
witte or manners, then to cloath a Kings sonne in frize  
I haue a mantle in store for my boie, that shall I trowe  
make him shine like the sonne, and perfume the streetes  
where he comes.

*Longsb.* In good time Madam, he is your own, lappe  
1770 him as you list, but I promise thee *Nell* I would not for  
tenne thousand pounds the countrey should take vn-  
kindnes at thy wordes.

*Q. Elinor.* Tis no maruaile sure, you haue beene roial-  
ly receaued at their handes, no *Ned*, but that thy *Nell*  
doth want of her will, her boie should glister like the  
Sommers Sunne in robes as rich as *Ioue* when hee tri-  
umphes.

His pappe should be of precious *Nectar* made,  
His food *Ambrosia* no earthlie womans milke,  
1780 Sweete fires of Sinamon to open him by,  
The *Graces* on his craddle should attend,  
*Venus* should make his bed and waite on him,  
And *Phebus* daughter sing him still a sleepe.  
Thus would I haue my boie vsed as deuine,  
Because he is king *Edwardes* sonne and mine.

And

of *Edward Longshankes.*

And doe you meane to make him vp in frize,  
For God sake laie it vp charilie, and perfume it against  
winter, it will make him a goodly warme Christemas  
coate.

*Longsb.* Ah *Mun* my brother, dearer then my life, 1790  
How this proude honor slaies my heart with grieffe.  
Sweete Queene how much I pittie the effects,  
This Spanish pride grees not with Englands prince,  
Milde is the mind where honor builds his bowre,  
And yet is earthlie honor but a flowre.  
Fast to those lookes are all my fancies tide,  
Pleasde with thy sweetnes, angry with thy pride.

*Qu. Eli.* Fie fie me thinkes I am not where I shoulde  
bee,  
Or at the least I am not where I would be. 1800

*Longsb.* VVat wants my Queene to perfecte her  
content,  
But aske and haue the King will not repent.

*Qu. Eli.* Thankes gentle *Edward*, lordes haue at you  
then,  
Haue at you all long bearded Englishmen,  
Haue at you lords and ladies when I craue,  
To giue your English pride a Spanish braue.

*Longsb.* VVhat meanes my Queene *Gloster*, this is a  
Spanish fitte. 1810

*Qu. Eli.* *Ned* thou hast graunted and canst not re-  
uoke it.

*Longsb.* Sweete Queene saie on my worde shall bee  
my deede.

*Qu. Elinor.* Then shal my wordes make many a bosom  
bleede.

Reede *Ned* thy Queenes request lapt vp in rime,  
And saie thy *Nell* had skil to choose her time.

*Read the paper Rice.*

The pride of Englishmens long haire, 1820  
Is more then Englands Queene can beare:  
VVomens right breast cut them off al,

The Historie

And let the great tree perish with the small.

*Longsb.* VVhat meanes my louelie *Elinor* by this?

*Qu. Elinor.* Not be denide for my request it is.

The rime is, that mens beards and womens breast  
bee cutte off. &c.

*D. Edmund. Gloster,* an olde said saying, he that grants  
all is askt,

1830 Is much harder then *Hercules* taske.

*Gloft.* VVere the King so mad as the Queen is wood,  
Here were an end of Englands good.

*Long.* My word is past I am well agreeed,  
Let mens beards milt and womens bosomes bleed.  
Call foorth my Barbers, Lords weele first beginne.

*Enter two Barbers.*

Come firra cutte me close vnto the chinne,  
And round me euen feest thou by a dishe,  
Leaue not a locke, my Queene shall haue her wishe.

1840 *Qu. Eli.* VVhat *Ned*, those locks that euer pleasd thy  
VVere her desire, where her delight doth dwell, (*Nel?*)  
VVilt thou deface that siluer laborinth?

More orient then pimpilde Hyancinth,  
Sweete *Ned*, thy sacred person ought not droupe,  
Though my command make other gallants stoupe.

*Longsb.* Madam, pardon me and pardon all,  
No iustice but the great runnes with the small.  
Tell me good *Gloster* art thou not affeard?

*Gloster.* No my Lord but resolute to lose my bearde.

1850 *Longsb.* Now Madam if you purpose to proceede,  
To make so many guiltles Ladies bleede.

Here must the law begin, sweete *Elinor* at thy breast,  
And stretch it selfe with violence to the rest.

Else Princes ought no other doe,  
Faire ladie, then they would be done vnto.

*Qu. Eli.* VVhat logick cal you this, doth *Edward* mock  
his loue?

*Longsb.* No *Nell* he doth as best in honor doth behoue,  
And praies thee gentle Queene, and let my praies moue,  
Leaue



of Edward Longshankes.

Leaue these vngentle thoughts, put on a milder mind, 1860  
Sweet lookes, not loftie, ciuil mood becomes a womans  
kinde :

And liue as being dead, and buried in the ground,  
Thou maist for affability and honor be renownde.

*Qu. Elin.* Naie and you preach, I pray my lord begon,  
The childe will crie and trouble you anon.

*The Nurse closeth the Tent.*

*Quo semel est imbutarecens seruabit odorem Testa diu.*

*L. Maris.* Proud incest in the cradle of disdaine,  
Bred vp in court of pride, brought vp in Spaine, 1870  
Doeest thou command him coily from thy fight ?  
That is the starre, the glorie of thy fight.

*Longsb.* O could I with the riches of my crowne,  
Buy better thoughts for my renownmed *Nel*,  
Thy minde sweete Queen should be as beautifull,  
As is thy face, as is thy features all,  
Fraught with pure honor, treasure, and enricht,  
VVith vertues and glorie incomparable.

Ladies about her Maiestie, se that the Queen your mo-  
ther know not so much, but at any hand our pleasure is, 1880  
that our young sonne be in this Mantle borne to his  
Christening, for speciall reasons is thereto mouing, from  
the Church as best it please your womens wittes to de-  
uise, yet sweete *Ione* see this faithfullie perfourmed, and  
heare you daughter, looke you be not last vp when this  
day coms, leaſt *Gloster* find another Bride in your steed,  
*Dauid* goe with me. (*Gloster.*

*Gloste.* Shee riseth earelie *Ione*, that beguileth thee of a  
*Edmund.* beleue him not sweete Neece, wemen can  
speake smooth for aduantage. 1890

*Ione.* VVe men doe you mean my good vnckle ?  
VVell be the accent where it will women are women, I  
will beleue you for as great a matter as this comes to  
my lord.

*Gloſt.* Gramercies sweet ladie, & *habebis fidei mercedem*  
*contra.* *Exite.*

*Enter*



of *Edward Longshankes.*

wel, I resolued either to ride twenty miles about, or else to be so well accompanied that I will not care for these ruffelers.

1930

*Frier.* Did euer man play with such vncircumcised hands, sice ace to eleuen and lose the chauce.

*Farmer.* God speed good fellow, why chafest thou so fast, thers no body will win thy money from thee.

*Frier.* Sounds you offer me iniury Sir to speake in my cast.

*Farmer.* The Frier vndoubtedly is lunaticke, I pray thee good fellow leaue chaffing, and get some warme drinke to comfort thy braines.

*Frier.* Alas Sir I am not lunaticke, tis not so well, for 1940 I haue lost my money which is farre worse, I haue lost fise golde Nobles to S *Francis*, and if I knew where to meete with his receauer I would paie him presently.

*Farmer.* Wouldest thou speake with S. *Francis* receauer?

*Frier.* O Lord, I Sir full gladlie.

*Farmer.* Why man I am S. *Francis* receauer, if you would haue anie thing with him.

*Frier.* Are you S. *Francis* receauer, Iesus, Iesus, are you S. *Francis* receauer, and how does all? 1950

*Farmer.* I am his receauer, and am now going to him, abids S. *Thomas a Waterings* to breakefast this morning to a calves head and bacon.

*Frier.* Good Lord Sir I beseech you carrie him these fise Nobles, and tell him I deale honestlie with him as if he were here present.

*Farmer.* I will of my word and honestie Frier, and so farewell.

*Frier.* Farewel S. *Francis* receauer euen heartely, well now the Frier is out of cash fise Nobles, God knowes 1960 how he shall come into cash againe, but I must to it againe, theres nine for your holines and fixe for me.

*The Historie*

*Enter Lluellen, Meredith, Potter, with there  
prisoners.*

*Lluellen.* Come on my hearts, bring forth your prisoners and let vs see what store of fishe is there in their purlenets, Frier why chafest thou man heres no bodie wil offer thee anie foule plaie I warrant thee.

*Dauid.* O good maister giue me leaue, my hand is in a  
1970 little, I trust I shall recouer my losses.

*Lluellen.* The Frier is mad, but let him alone with his deuise, and now to you my maisters, Pedler, Priest and Piper, throw downe your budgets in the mean while, and when the Frier is at leasure he shal tel you what you shall trust to. (shoe,

*Pedler.* Alas sir I haue but 3. pence in the corner of my  
*Meredith.* Neuer a shoulder of Mutton Piper in your  
Taber, but soft here comes companie.

*Enter Longshankes, Dauid, Farmer.*

1980 *Farmer.* Alas gentlemen it you loue your selues doe not venter through this mountaine, heres such a coile with *Robin Hood* and his rabell that euerie crosse in my purse trembles for feare.

*Longsb.* Honest man as I saide to thee before, conduct vs through this wood, and if thou beest robde, or haue anie violence offered thee, as I am a Gentleman I will repaie it thee againe.

*Dauid.* How much money hast thou about thee ?

1990 *Farmer.* Faith Sir a hundred marks, I receiued it euen now at Breaknocke, but out alas we are vndone, yonder is *Robin Hood* and al the strong theeues in the mountain I haue no hope left but your honors assurance.

*Longsb.* Feare not I will be my words maister.

*Frier.* Good maister and if you loue the Frier, giue aime a while I you desire: and as you like of my deuise, so loue him that holdes the dise.

*Farmer.*

of Edward Longshankes.

*Farmer.* What Frier art thou stil laboring so hard, wil you haue anie thing more to S. Francis?

*Frier.* Good lord are you here sweet S. Francis receauer, how doth his holines and al his good familie? 2000

*Farmer.* In good health faith Frier, hast thou anie Nobles for him?

*Frier.* You knowe the dice are not partiall and Saint Francis were ten S. they wil fauor him no more thẽ they would fauour the Diuel if he plaie at dice, in verie truth my friend they haue fauored the Frier, and I haue won a C. marks of S. Francis, come Sir I praie, sirra draw it ouer I know sirra he is a good man and neuer deceaues none.

*Farmer.* Draw it ouer, what meanest thou by that?

*Frier.* Why *in numeratis pecuniis legem pone*, paie me my 2010 winnings.

*Far.* What affe is this, should I pay thee thy winnings?

*Frier.* Why art not thou sirra Saint Francis receauer?

*Farmer.* Indeede I doe receaue for Saint Francis.

*Frier.* Then ile make you paie for S. Francis thats flat.

*Busling on both sides.*

*Farmer.* Helpe helpe I am robde, I am robde.

*Longsb.* Villaine you wrong the man, hands off.

*Frier.* Maisters I beseech you leaue this brawling and giue me leaue to speake, so it is I went to dice with S. 2020 Francis & lost fiue Nobles, by good fortune his Cashier came by, receaued it of me in readie cash, I being verie desirous to trie my fortune further, plaide still, and as the dice not being bound prentise to him or anie man, fauored me, I drew a hand and wonne a hundred marks, now I refer it to your iudgements whither the Frier is to seeke his winnings.

*Longsb.* Marie Frier the Farmer must and shall paie thee honestly ere he passe.

*Farmer.* Shall I fir, why will you be content to paie 2030 halfe as you promist me.

*Longsb.* I Farmer if you had beene robde of it, but if you bee a gamester ile take no charge of you I.

The Historie

*Farmer.* Alas I am vndone.

*Lluellen.* So fir Frier, now you haue gathered vp your winnings I pray you stand vp and giue the melleugers their charge that *Robin Hood* may receaue his Toule.

2040 *Frier.* And shal my Lord. Our thrife renoumed *Lluellen* Prince of Wales and *Robin Hood* of the great mountaine, doth will and command all passengers at the fight of *Richard* seruauant vnto me Frier *David ap Tucke* to lay downe their weapons, and quietlie to yeeld for custom towards the maintenance of his highnes wars, the halfe of al such golde, siluer, money, and money worth, as the saide messenger hath then about him, but if he conceal anie part or parcel of the same, then shall he forsaite all that he possesseth at that present, and this sentence is ir-reuocable confirmed by our Lord *Lluellen* Prince of Wales, and *Robin Hood* of the great mountaines.

2050 *Lluellen.* So vaile your budgettes to *Robin* of the mountaine, but what art thou that disdaineest to paie this custoe, as if thou scornest the greatnes of the prince of Wales?

*Longsb.* Faith *Robin* thou seemest to be a good fellow theres my bagge, halfe is mine and halfe is thine, but lets to it if thou darst man for man, to trie who shal haue the whole.

2060 *Lluellen.* Why thou speakest as thou shouldst speak. My maisters on pain of my displeasure depart the place and leaue vs two to our selues, I must lope his Longshankes, for ile eare to a paire of Longshankes.

*Longsb.* They are faire markes fir, and I must defende as I may, *Dauy* be gone, hold here my hearts, long legs giues you this amongst you to spend blows one with an other, *Dauie* now *Dauie* daies are almost come at ende.

*Mortim.* But *Mortimor* this fight is strange, stayer thou in some corner to see what wil befall in this battaile.

2070 *Edward.* Now *Robin* of the wood, alias *Robin Hood*, be it knowen to your worship by these presents, that the Longshankes which you aime at, haue brought the king  
of

of *Edward Longshankes.*

of England into these mountaines, to vse *Lluellen*, and to cracke a blade with his man that supposeth himselfe Prince of Wales.

*Lluellen.* What Sir King, welcome to *Cambrias*, what foolish *Edward*, darst thou endanger thy selfe to trauail these mountaines, art thou so foolish hardie as to combate with the Prince of Wales?

*Edward.* What I dare thou seeest, what I can performe thou shalt shortly knowe, I thinke thee a Gentleman, and therefore holde no sorne to fight with thee. 2080

*Lluellen.* No *Edward* I am as good a man as thy selfe.

*Longsb.* That shall I trie.

*They fight, and Dauid takes his brothers part, and Mortimor the Kings.*

*Edward.* Halloe *Edward* how are thy fences confounded, what *Dauy* is it possible thou shouldest be false to England?

*Dauy.* *Edward* I am true to Wales, and so haue benee frendes since my birth, and that shalthe King of England know to his cost. 2090

*Lluellen.* What Potter, did not I charge you to begon with your fellowes?

*Mortimor.* No Traitor no Potter I, but *Mortimor* the Earle of *March*, whose comming to these woods, is to deceiue thee of thy loue, and referued to faue my foueraignes life.

*Dauid.* Vppon them brother let them not breath.

*The King bath Lluellen downe, and Dauid bath Mortimor downe.*

*Longsb.* Villaine thou dieest, God and my right hath 2100 preuailed.

*Dauid.* Bafe Earle now doth *Dauid* triumph in thine ouerthrow, aie is me *Lluellen* at the feet of *Longshanks.*

*The Historie*

*Longsb.* What *Mortimor* vnder the fword of fuch a Traitor?

*Mortimor.* Braue King run thy fword vp to the hiltes into the bloud of the rebell.

*Longsb.* O *Mortimor* thy life is dearer to me then millions of rebels.

2110 *Dauid.* *Edward* relieue my brother and *Mortimor* liues.

*Longsb.* I villaine thou knowest too wel how deare I holde my *Mortimor*, rife man and affure thee, and the hate I beare to thee is long, in respect of the deadly hatred I beare to that notorious rebell.

*Mortimor.* Awaie, his fight to me is like the fight of a Cockatrice, villaine I goe to reuenge me on thy treason, and to make thee patterne to the world, of mountains treason, falshood and ingratitude.

*Exit Mortimor.*

2120 *Dauid.* Brother a chafes, but hard was your hap to be ouermastered by the coward.

*Lluellen.* No coward *Dauid*, his courage is like to the Lion, and were it not that rule and foueraigntie sets vs at iarre, I could loue and honor the man for his valour.

*Dauid.* But the Potter, oh the villaine will neuer out of my minde whilst I liue, and I wil laie to be reuenged on his villanie.

2130 *Lluellen.* Wel *Dauid* what wil be shall be, therefore casting these matters out of our heads, *Dauid* thou art welcome to *Cambria*, let vs in and bee merrie after this colde cooling, and to prepare to strengthen our felues against the last threatnings.

*Exeunt ambo.*

Sc. xiii *After the Christening and marriage done, the Harrolds hauiug attended, they passe ouer, the bride is led by two Noble men, Edmund of Lancaster, and the Earle of Suffex, and the Bishop.*

*Gloster.* Welcome *Ione* Countesse of *Gloster*, to *Gilbert de Clare* for euer, God giue them ioie, cofin *Gloster*, let

vs



of *Edward Longshankes.*

vs now goe visite the King and Queen, and present ther  
Maiesties with their yong sonne, *Edward Prince of Wales.* 2140

*Then all passe in their order to the kings pavilion, the king sits  
in his Tent with his pages about him.*

*Bishop.* Wee represent your highnes most humblie,  
with your young sonne *Edward of Carnaruan Prince of  
Wales.* *Sound Trumpets.*

*Omnes.* God saue *Edward of Carnaruan prince of Wales.*

*Longsb. kissethem both Edward Prince of Wales* God  
blesse thee with long life and honor, welcom *Ione* coun-  
tessse of *Gloster*, God blesse thee and thine for euer. lords  
let vs visite my Queene and wife, whome we wil at once 2150  
present with a Son and daughter honored to her desire.

*Sound Trumpets, they all march to the Chamber.*

*Bishop speakes to her in her bed.*

Wee humblie present your Maiestie with your yong  
sonne *Edward of Carnaruan Prince of Wales.*

*Sound Trumpets.*

*Omnes.* God saue *Edward of Carnaruan prince of wales:*  
*Queene Elinor shee kissethim.*

*Gramercis Bishop,* holde take that to buie thee a Ro-  
chell, welcome *VVelshman*, here *Nurse* open him and 2160  
haue him to the fire for God sake, they haue touzed  
him, and wash thim throughlie and that bee good, and  
welcome *Ione Countessse of Gloster*, God blesse thee with  
long life, honor, and hearts ease.

I am nowe as good as my word *Gloster*, shee is thine  
make much of her gentile Earle.

*Longsb.* Now my sweete *Nell* what more commandeth  
my Queene that nothing may want to perfect her con-  
tentment.

*Q. Eli.* No thing sweet *Ned*, but pray my king to feaste 2170  
the Lords and ladies roiallie, and thanks a thousand  
times

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times good men and women, to you all, for this duetie and honor done to your Prince.

*Longsb.* Maister Bridegroome by olde custome this is your waiting daie, Sir *Dauid* you may commaund al ample welcome in our court, for your cuntrey men: brother *Edmund* reuell it now or neuer for honour of your Englands sonne, *Gloster* now like a braue Bridegrome marshall this manie, and set these Lords and Ladies to dancing, so shall you fulfil the olde English prouerbe, tis merrie in Hall when beardes wag all.

*After the showe, and the King and Queen with all the lordes and ladies in place, Longshanks speaketh.*

What tidings bringes *Verffes* to our court?

*Enter in Verffes with a halter about his necke.*

*Verffes* Tidings to make thee tremble English king.

*Longsb.* Me tremble boie? must not bee newes from Scotland, can once make English *Edward* stand a-gaste.

*Verffes.* *Balioll* hath chofen at this time to sturre,  
To rouze him Lion like and cast the yoke:  
That Scots ingloriouſlie haue borne from thee,  
And all the predeceffors of thy line:  
And make his rodde to reobtaine his rights,  
And for his homage sends thee al this despight.

*Edmund.* Why how now princookes pratest thou to a king?

*Verffes.* I doe my message truely from my king,  
2200 This sword and targot chide in lower tearmes,  
I bring defiance from king *John Balioll*,  
To English *Edward* and his Barons all.

*Longsb.* Marie so me thinkes thou defiest mee with a witnes.

*Verffes.* *Balioll* my king in Barwicke makes his Court,  
His campe he spreads vppon the sandie plaine,

And

of *Edward Longshankes.*

And dares thee to the battaile in his right.

*Edmund.* VVhat Court and Campe in Englishmens  
despight?

*Longsb.* Hold meffenger, commend me to thy King, 2210  
Weare thou my chaine and carrie this to him,  
Greete all his route of Rebels more or leffe,  
Tel them fuch shamefull end will hit them all,  
And wend with this as resolutely backe,  
As thou to England broughtst thy Scottish braues,  
Tel then difdainefullie *Balioll* from vs,  
VVeele rouze him from his hold, and make him soone  
Disloge his Campe, and take his walled towne.  
Saie what I bid thee *Verffes* to his teeth.  
And earne this fauour and a better thing. 2220

*Verffes.* Yes King of England whom my heart beloues,  
Thinke as I promist him to braue thee heare,  
So shall I bid *John Balioll* bace from thee.

*Longsb.* So shalt thou earne my chaine and fauour  
*Verffes,*  
And carrie him this token that thou fendst:  
VVhy now is Englands haruest ripe,  
Barons now maie you reape the rich renowne,  
That vnder warlicke colours springs in field,  
And growes where ensignes wan vpon the plains. 2230  
False *Balioll* VVarwicke is no hold of prooffe,  
To shrowd thee from the strength of *Edwards* arme,  
No Scot thy Treasons feare shal make the breach,  
For Englands pure renowne to enter one.

*Omnes.* Amaine amaine vppon these treacherous  
Scottes.

Amaine saie all, vppon these treacherous Scots,

*Longsb.* VVhile wee with *Edmund, Gloster,* and the  
rest,  
VVith speedie iourneis gather vp our forces, 2240  
And beat these brauing Scots from Englands bounds,  
*Mortimor* thou shalt take the route in taske,  
That reuell here and spoile faire *Cambria,*

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My Queene when shee is strong and well a foote,  
Shall post to London and repaste her there,  
Then God shall fend vs happely all to meete,  
And ioy the honors of our victories,  
Take vantage of our foes and see the time,  
Keepe stil our hold, our fight yet on the plaine,  
2250 *Balioll* I come proud *Balioll* and ingrate,  
Perswaded to chafe thy men from Englands gate.  
*Exit Edward King.*

Sc. xiv

*Enter Balioll with his traine.*

*Balioll.* Princes of Scotland and my louing friends.  
Whose neckes are ouer-wearied with the yoke,  
And seruile bondage of these Englishmen,  
Lift vp your hornes, and with your brasen hoofes,  
Spurre at the honor of your Enemies.  
Tis not ambitious thoughts of priuate rule,  
2260 Hath forst your king to take on him these Armes,  
Tis countreis cause, it is the commons good,  
Of vs and of our braue posterity, to armes, to armes.  
*Verffes* by this hath tolde the King our mindes,  
And he hath braued proud England to the prooffe,  
VVe will renumerate his resolution,  
With gold, with glory, and with kingly gifts.

*Lorde.* By sweet Saint Ierem *Verffes* will not spare,  
To tell his message to the English King:  
And beard the iolly *Longshankes* to his face,  
2270 VVere he the greatest Monarch in the world,  
And here he comes his halter makes him hast.

*Enter Verffes.*

Long liue my lord the rightfull King of Scots.

*Balioll.* Welcome *Verffes*, what newes from England?  
Like to the measure of Scotlands King?

*Verffes.* *Verffes* my Lord in tearmes like to himselfe,  
Like to the messenger of Scottish King,  
Defied the Peares of England and their lords,

That

*of Edward Longshankes.*

That all his Barons trembles at my threats,  
And *Longshankes* himselfe as dainted and amased, 2280  
Gazde on my face not witting what to say :  
Till rouzing vp he shakte his threatening haire,  
*Verffes* quoth he take thou King *Edwards* chaine,  
Vppon condicion, thou a meffage doe,  
To *Balioll* false, periurde *Balioll*.  
For in these tearmes he bad me greete your Grace,  
And gaue this halter to your excellences,  
I tooke the chaine and gaue your Grace the rope.

*Balioll*. You tooke the chaine and giue my Grace the  
rope, 2290  
Lay hold on him, why miscreat recreant,  
And darst thou bring a halter to thy King ?  
But I will quite thy paine, and in that chaine,  
Vppon a filuer Gallowes shalt thou hang,  
That honored with a golden rope of England,  
And a filuer Gibbet of Scotland,  
Thou maist hang in the aire for fowles to feede vppon,  
And men to wonder at, awaie with him away.

*After the sight of Iohn Balioll is done, enter Mortimor Sc. xv*  
*purfuing of the Rebels.*

*Mort*. Strike vp that drum, follow, pursue and chafe, 2301  
Follow, pursue, spare not the proudest he,  
That hauocks Englands sacred roialty. *Exit Morti.*

*Then make the proclamation vpon the walles.*  
*Sound Trumpets.*

*Enter Queene alone.* Sc. xvi

Now fits the time to purge our melancholly, and bee  
reuenged vppon this London Dame.

*Katherina.*

*Enter Katherina.* At hand Madam. 2310

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*Queene.* Bring forth our London Maris here.

*Kather.* I will Madam.

*Queene.* Now *Nell* bethinke thee of some tortures for the Dame:

And purge thy choller to the vttermost,

*Enter Maris and Katherine.*

Now mistres Maris you haue attendance vrgde,

And therefore to requite your curtesie,

Our minde is to bestow an office on you straight.

2320 *Maris.* My selfe, my life, and seruice mighty Queen, are humblie at your Maiesties commaund.

*Queene.* Then mistres Maris saie whether will you be our Nurse or Landeres.

*Maris.* Then maie it please your Maiestie, to entertaine your handmaide for your Nurse, shee will attende the craddle carefully.

2330 *Queene.* O no Nurse, the Babe needes no great rockeing, it can lull it selfe, *Katherina* binde her in the chaire, and let me see how shee become a Nurse, so now *Katherin* draw forth her brest and let the Serpent sucke his fil, why so now shee is a Nurse, sucke on sweet Babe.

*Maris.* Ah Queene sweete Queene, seeke not my bloud to spill:

For I shal die before this Adder haue his fil.

*Queene.* Die or die not, my minde is fullie pleased, Come *Katherina* to London now wil we, And leaue our Maris with her nurserie.

*Kath.* Farewel sweete Maris looke vnto the Babe.

*Exeunt Queene and Kath.*

2340 *Maris.* Farewel proud Queen the Autor of my death, The scourge of England and to English dames:  
Ah husband sweete *Iohn Bearmber* Maior of London,  
Ah didst thou know how *Mary* is perplext,  
Soone wouldst thou come to Wales and rid me of this  
paine. *Here shee dies.*

But oh I die, my wishe is al in vaine.

*Enter*

of *Edward Longshankes.*

*Enter Lluellen running out before, and Dauid with a halter ready to hang himselfe.* Sc. xvii

*Lluellen.* The angry Heauens frownd on Brittaines face  
To Ecclipse the glorie of faire Cambria, 2350  
VVith foror aspectes the dreadful Planets lowre,  
*Lluellen* basely turne thy backe and flie,  
No Welshmen fight it to the last and die.  
For if my men safely haue got the Bride,  
Careles of chance, ile recke no sowre euent,  
Englands broad wombe hath not that armed band,  
That can expel *Lluellen* from his land.

*Enter Dauid.*

Flie Lord of Cambria, flie Prince of VVales,  
Sweete brother flie the field is wonne and lost, 2360  
Thou art beset with Englands furious troupes,  
And cursed *Mortimor* like a Lion leades,  
Our men haue got the Bride but al in vaine :  
The Englishmen are come vppon our backes,  
Either flee or die for *Edward* hath the day :  
For me I haue my rescue in my hand,  
England on me no torments shal inflict,  
Farewell *Lluellen* while wee meete in Heauen.

*Exit Dauid.*

*Enter Souldiers.* 2370

Follow pursue : lie there what ere thou be,  
*Lluellen is slaine with a Pike staffe.*  
Yet soft my hearts let vs his coutenance see,  
This is the Prince I know him by his face,  
O gracious fortune that me happie made,  
To spoile the weede that chokes faire Cambria,  
Hale him from hence and in this buskie wood,  
Bury his corps, but for his head I vowed,  
I will present our gouernour with the same.

*Exeunt omnes.* 2380

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Sc. xviii

*Enter the Frier with a halter about  
his necke.*

*Frier.* Come my gentle *Richard* my trew maister seruant that in some stormes haue stood my maister, hang thee I praie thee least I hang for thee, and downe on thy mary bones like a foolish fellow, that haue gone farre astray and aske forgiuenes of God and king *Edward* for playngt he rachell and the Rebel here in Wales, ah gentle *Richard* many a whot breakefast haue wee beene at together, & now since, like one of *Mars* his frozen knights  
2390 I must hang vp my weapon vppon this tree and come *per misericordiam* to the madde Potter *Mortimor*, wring thy handes Frier and sing a pittiful farewell to thy pike-staffe at parting.

Sc. xix *The Frier hauing song his farewell to his Pikestaffe atakes his  
leauē of Cambria, and Exit the Frier.*

*Enter Mortimor with his souldiers, and Elinor.*

*Mortimor.* Binde fast the Traitor and bring him a-waie, that the law maie iustly passe vppon him and re-  
2400 ceauē the reward of monstrous treasons and villanye, staine to the name and honor of his noble countrey, for you that slew *Lluellen* and presented vs with his heade, the King shall reward your fortune and chualry. Sweet Ladie abate not thy lookes so heauenlie to the earth, God and the King of England hath honor for thee in store, and *Mortimors* heart at seruice and at thy commaundement.

*Elinor.* Thankes gentle Lord, but alas who can blame  
2410 *Elinor* to accuse her starres, that in one howre hath loste honor and contentment.

*Mort.* And in one howr may your Ladishippe recouer both, if you vouchsafe ro be aduised by your friendes, but what makes the Frier here vppon his mary bones?

*Frier.*



of *Edward Longshankes.*

*Frier.* O Potter Potter the Frier doth sue,  
Now his olde maister is flaine and gone to haue anew.

*Elinor.* Ah sweet *Lluellen* how thy death I rue.

*Mortimor.* Well faide Frier better once then neuer,  
giue me thy hand, my cunning shall faile me but we will  
be fellowes yet, and now *Robin Hood* is gone, it shall cost  
me whot water but thou shalt be King *Edwards* man, on- 2420  
ly I enioyne thee this, come not too neare the Frier  
but good Frier be at my hand.

*Frier.* O firre nofirre not sofirre, a was warned too late-  
lie none of that flesh I loue.

*Mortimor.* Come on, and for those that haue made  
their submission, and giuen their names in the Kinges  
name, I pronounce their pardones, and so God saue K.  
*Edward.* *Exeunt ambo from Wales.*

*Heres thunder and lightning when the Queen comes in.* Sc. xx

*Enter Queene Elinor and Ione.* 2430

*Q. Eli.* Whie *Ione*, is this the welcome that the clouds  
affordes, how dare these disturbe our thoughts, knowing  
that I am *Edwardes* wife and Englands Queen here thus  
on Charing greene to threaten me?

*Ione.* Ah mother blasphemme not so, your blaspheming  
and other wicked deeds hath caused our God to terrifie  
your thoughts, and call to minde your finfull fact com-  
mitted against the Maris here of louely London, and  
better Maris London neuer bread. so full of ruth and  
pitty to the poore, her haue you made awaie, that Lon- 2440  
don cries for vengeance on your head.

*Queene.* I rid her not, I made her not awaie, by heauen  
I sweare, Traitors they are to *Edward* and to Englandes  
Queene that faie I made awaie the Maris.

*Ione.* Take heede sweet Lady mother sweare not so, a  
field of prise corne wil not stop their mouths, that said  
you haue made awaie that vertuous woman.

*Queen.*

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*Queene.* Gape earth and swallow me, and let my foule  
fincke downe to Hell if I were Autor of that womens  
2450 Tragedy, Oh *Ione*, helpe *Ione* thy mother finckes.

*Ione.* Oh mother my helpe is nothing, oh she is funcke,  
and here the earth is new clofde vp againe, ah Charinge  
greene for euer change thy hew, and neuer may the gras  
grow greene againe but wither and returne to stones,  
because that beauteous *Elinor* fincke on thee, wel I will  
send vnto the king my fathers Grace, and fatisfie him of  
this strange mishap.

*Exit Ione.*

Sc. xxi *Alarum a charge after long skirmishe assault florishe. Enter*  
*King Edward with his traine and Balioll prisoner*

2461 *Edward speaketh.*

*Edward.* Now trothles King what fruites haue bra-  
uing boastes,

VVhat end hath Treason but a foddaine fall?  
Such as haue knowne thy life and bringing vp,  
Haue praised thee for thy learning and thy art;  
How comes it then that thou forgetst thy bookes,  
That schoold thee to forget ingratitude,  
Vnkinde, this hand hath noited thee a king,  
2470 This tongue pronounst the sentence of thy ruth,  
If thou in lue of mine vnfaigned loue,  
Hast leuied armes for to attempt my crowne,  
Now see thy fruites, thy gloryes are dispearst,  
And his, for like sith thou hast past thy bounds,  
Thy sturdie necke must stoope to beare this yoke.

*Balioll.* I tooke this lesson *Edward* from my booke,  
To keepe a iust equality of minde,  
Content with euery fortune as it comes,  
So canst thou threat no more then I expect.

2480 *Edward* So sir your moderation is enforst,  
Your goodly gloses cannot make it good.

*Balioll.* Then will I keepe in silence what I meane,

Since

of Edward Longshankes.

Since *Edward* thinkes my meaning is not good.

*Edmund.* Naie *Balioll* speake forth, if there yet remain,  
A little remnant of perfwading Art.

*Balioll.* If cunning haue power to win the king,  
Let those imploy it that can flatter him.

If honored deede may reconcile the King,

It lies in me to giue and him to take.

*Edward.* Why what remaines for *Balioll* now to giue? 2490

*Balioll.* Alegeance as becomes a roiall king.

*Edward.* What league of faith where league is broken  
once?

*Balioll.* The greater hope in them that once haue  
falne.

*Edward.* But foolishe are those Monarches that doe  
yeelde

A conquered Realme vppon submissiue vowes.

*Balioll.* There take my crowne and so redeme my life.

*Edward.* I fir that was the choifest plea of both, 2500

For who so quels the pomp of haughtie windes.

And breakes their staffe, wheron they build their trust,

Is sure in wanting power they carrie not harme.

*Balioll* shall liue, but yet within such bounds,

That if his wings grow fflig, they may be clipt.

*Enter the Potter and the Potters wife, called the Potters hiue Sc. xxii*  
*dwelling there, and Iohn her man.*

*Potters wife.* *Iohn* come awaie, you goe as though you  
slept, a great knaue and be afraide of a little thundering  
and lightning. 2510

*Iohn.* Call you this a little thundering, I am sure my  
breeches findes it a great deale, for I am sure they are  
stufte with thunder.

*Potters wife.* They are stufte with a foole, are they not,  
will it please you to carrie the lantern a little handfom-  
mer, and not to carrie it with your handes in your slops.

*Iohn.* Slops quoth you, woulde I had taried at home

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by the fire, and then I should not haue neede to put my hands in my pockets, but ile laie my life I know the reason of this fowle weather.

*Pot. wife.* Doe you know the reason? I praie thee *John* tel me and let me heare this reason.

*John.* I laie my life some of your Gofsipfe be cros legd that we came from, but you are wise mistres for you com now awaie and will not staie a gofsiping in a drie house all night.

*Poters wife.* Would it please you to walke and leaue of your knauerie, but staie *John*, whats that rifeth out of the ground, Iesus bleffe vs *John*, look how it rifeth higher and higher.

*John.* Be my troth mistres tis a woman, good Lord do women grow, I neuer saw none grow before.

*Poters wife.* Hold thy tongue thou foolish knaue, it is the spirite of some woman.

*Queene.* Ha let me see where am I, on Charing green, I on Charing greene here hard by Westminster, where I was crowned and *Edward* there made King, I tis true so it is, and therefore *Edward* kisse not me vnlesse you will straight perfume your lips *Edward*.

*Poters wife.* *Ora pro nobis John*, I praiefall to your prayers, for my life it is the Queene that chafes thus, who funcke this daie on Charing greene, and now is risen vp on Potters Hiue, and therfore trulie *John* ile goe to her.

*Here let the Potters wife goe to the Queen.*

*Queene.* Welcome good woman, what place is this, sea or land I pray shew to me.

*Poters wife.* Your Grace neede not to feare you are on firme ground, it is the Potters Hiue, and therfoere cheare your Maiestie for I wil see you safe conducted to the Court, if case your highnes be therewithall pleased.

*Make a noise, Westward how.*

*Queene.*

of *Edward Longshankes.*

*Queene.* I good woman conduct me to the court, that there I maie bewaile my sinfull life, and call to God to faue my wretched soule, womã what noife is this I hear?

*Potters wife.* And like your Grace it is the Watermen that cals for passengers to goe VVestward now.

*Queene.* That fits my turne, for I will straight with them to Kinges towne to the Court, and there repose me till the king come home: and therefore sweete woman conceale what thou hast seene, and leade mee to 2560 those Watermen, for here doth *Elinor* droupe.

*John.* Come come heres a goodly leading of you is ther not, first you must make vs asfeard, and now I must bee troubled in carrying of you, I would you were honestly laid in your bed so that I were not troubled with you.

*Exeunt ambo.*

*Enter two messengers, the one that David shall be hangd Sc. xxiii*  
*the other of the Queenes sincking.*

1. *Mes.* Honor and Fortune waite vpon the Crowne  
Of Princelie *Edward* Englands valiant king. 2570

*Edward.* Thanks Messenger, and if my God vouchsafe  
That winged Honor waite vpon my throne,  
Ile make her spred her plumbes vpon their heads,  
Whose true allegiance doth confirme the Crowne,  
What news in Wales how wends our busines there?

2. *Messeng.* The false disturber of that wasted soile,  
VVith his adherents is surprised my King:  
And in assuraunce he shall start no more,  
Breathles he lies and headles to my Lordes,  
The circumstance these lines shal here vnfold. 2580

*Edward.* A harmfull weede by wisdome rooted out,  
Can neuer hurt the true ingrafted plant,  
But whats the newes Sir *Thomas Spencer* bringes?

*Spenc.* Wonders my Lord, wrapt vp in homely words,  
And Letters to infourme your Maiestie.

*Edw.* O Heauens, what maie these miracles portend?

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Nobles my Queene is ficke but what is more,  
Reed brother *Edmund* reede a wondrous chance.

*Edmund* reedes a line of the Queens sincking.

- 2590 *Edmund.* And I not heard nor red so strange a thing.  
*Edward.* Sweete Queene this sincking is a surfet tane  
Of pride, wherewith thy womans heart did swell,  
A dangerous maladie in the heart to dwell.  
Lords march we towards London now in hast,  
I will goe see my louelie *Elinor*,  
And comfort her after this strange affright,  
And where she is importune to haue talke,  
And secreet conference with some Friers of France,  
2600 *Mun* thou with me and I with thee will goe,  
And take the swete confesion of my *Nell*,  
We will haue French enough to parlee with the Queen.  
*Edmund.* Might I aduise your royall maiestie,  
I would not goe for millions of golde:  
What knowes your grace disguised if you wend,  
What you may heare in secrecy reualde?  
That maie appeale and discontent your highnes,  
A goodly creature is your *Elinor*,  
Brought vp in nicenesse and in delicacie,  
Then listen not to her confesion Lord,  
2610 To wound thy heart with some vnkinde conceite,  
But as for *Lancaster* he maie not goe.  
*K. Edward.* Brother I am resolute and goe I will,  
If God giue life, and cheare my dying Queene,  
Why *Mun*, why man, what ere *King Edward* heares,  
It lies in God and him to pardon all.  
Ile haue no ghostlie Fathers out of France,  
England hath learned Clarkes and Confessors,  
To comfort and absolue as men may doe,  
And ile be ghostlie Father for this once.  
2620 *Edmund.* *Edmund* thou maist not goe although thou  
die.

And

of *Edward Longshankes.*

And yet how maist thou here thy King denie?

*Edward* is gracious, merciful, meeke and milde,  
But furious when he findes he is beguilde.

*Edward.* Messenger hie thee backe to Shrewsbury,  
Bid *Mortimor* thy maister speede him fast,  
And with his fortune welcome vs to London,  
I long to see my beauteous louelie Queene.

*Exeunt omnes.* 2629

*Enter David drawne on a hurdle with Mortimor and officers Sc. xxiv*  
*accompanied, with the Frier, the Nouice, the Harper.*  
*and Lluellens head on a speare.*

*Frier.* On afore, on afore.

*Nouice.* Hold vp your torches for dropping.

*Frier.* A faire procesion, Sir *David* be of good chear  
you cannot goe out of the waie hauing so manie guides  
at hand.

*Nouice.* Be sure of that, for we goe all the highway to  
the Gallowes I warrant you.

*David.* I goe where my starre leads me, and die in my 2640  
countreis iust cause and quarrell.

*Harper.* The Starre that twinckled at thy birth,  
Good brother mine hath mard thy mirth,  
An olde faide saw Earth must to earth,  
Next yeare will be a pitteous dearth,  
Of Hempe I dare laie a pennie:  
This yeare is hangde so many.

*Frier.* Well faide *Morgan Pigot* Harper, and Prophet  
for the Kinges one mouth.

*Nouice.* *Tunda tedi tedo dote dum*, this is the daie the 2650  
time is come *Morgan Pigots* prophecie and Lord *Lluellen*  
*lens* Tragedie.

*Frier.* Who saith the Prophet is an Assè, whose pro-  
phecies come so to passe:  
Said he not oft and fung it to, *Lluellen* after much adoe,  
Should in spite heaue vp his chin, and be the highest of

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his kinne:

And see aloft *Lluellens* head,  
Empalled with a crowne of lead:

2660 My Lord let not this South-faire lacke,  
That hath such cunning in his iacke.

*Harper.* *Dauid* holde still your clacke,  
Least your heeles make your necke cracke.

*Frier.* Gentle Prophet and yee loue me forspeake me  
not, tis the worst lucke in the world to sturre a witche  
or anger a wise man, maister Shiriffe haue wee anie haft,  
best giue my horses some more haie. *Exeunt omnes.*

Sc. xxv

*Elimor in child-bed with her daughter Ione, and o-  
ther Ladies.*

2670 *Qu. Eli.* Cal forth those renowmed Friers come from  
France,

And raise me gentle Ladies in my bed,  
That while this faultring engine of my speach,  
I leane to vtter my concealed guilt,  
I maie respect and so repent my sinnes.

*Ione.* VVhat plague afflicts your roiall Maiestie?

*Qu. Eli.* Ah *Ione* I perish through a double warres,  
First in this painfull prison of my soule,  
A world of dreadfull sins holpe thee to fight,  
2680 And Nature hauing lost her working power,  
Yeeldes vp her earthlie Fortunes vnto death.  
Next ouer VVar my soule is ouer preast,  
In thee my Conscience loaden with misdeedes,  
Sittes seeing my Conscience to ensue,  
VVithout especiall fauour from aboue.

*Ione.* Your Grace must account it a warriors crosse,  
To makere sist where daunger there is none,  
Superdewe your Feuer by precious Art,  
And helpe you still through hope of heauenlie aide.

2690 *Qu. Eli.* The carelesse sleepe rule on the mountaines  
toppes,

That



of *Edward Longshankes.*

That see the Sea-man floating on the fwerge,  
The threatning windes comes springing with the flouds  
To ouerwhelme and drowne his craised keele,  
His tackes torne, his failes borne ouer boarde.  
How pale like *Vallowe* flowres the mountaine standes?  
Vppon his hatches waiting for his iearke,  
Wringing his hands that ought to plaie the pompe,  
Maie blame his feare that laboreth not for life.  
So thou poore foule maie tell a feruile tale, 2700  
Maie counsell me, but I that prooue thy paine,  
Maie heare thee talke, but not redresse my harme,  
But ghastlie death already is adrest,  
To gleane the latest blossome of my life,  
My spirite failes me, are these Friers come?

*Enter the King and his brother in Friers weede.*

*King. Dominus vobiscum.*

*Edmund. Et cum spiritu tuo.*

*Qu. Elinor.* Draw neare graue Fathers, and approche  
my bed: 2710

Forbeare our presence Ladies for a while,  
And leaue vs to our secret conference.

*King.* What cause hath moued your roiall Maiestie,  
To call your seruauents from their countreis bounds?  
For to attend your pleasure here in Englands court?

*Qu. Eli.* See you not holie Friers mine estate,  
My bodie weake inclining to my graue.

*Edm.* We see and sorrow for thy paine faire Queene.

*Qu. Eli.* By this eternall signes of my defectes,  
Friers consecrate mine ineternall grieffe, 2720  
My foule, ah wretched foule within this brest,  
Faint for to mount the Heauens with wings of grace,  
A hundred by flocking troupes of sinne,  
That stop my passage to my wished howres.

*King.* The nearer *Elinor*, so the greatest hope of health,  
And daine to vs for to impart your quiet.

Who

*The Historie*

VVho by our praiers and counsaile ought to arme,  
Aspiring foules to scale the heauenly grace.

2730 *Qu. Eli.* Shame and remorse doth stop my course of  
speech.

*King.* Madam you need not dread our conference,  
VVho by the order of the holy Church,  
Are all annoynted to sacred secrecie.

*Qu. Eli.* Did I not thinke, naie were I not assured,  
Your wisedomes would be silent in that cause,  
No feare could make me to bewraie my selfe,  
But gentle fathers I haue thought it good,  
Not to relie vppon these Englishmen,  
But on your trothes, you holy men of Fraunce,  
2740 Then as you loue your life and Englands weale,  
Keepe secret my Confession from the king,  
For why my storie nearelie toucheth him,  
Whose loue compared with my losse delights.  
With manie sorrowes that my heart affrightes.

*Edmund.* My heart misgiues.

*King.* Be silent, follow Frier.

*Qu. Eli.* In pride of youth when I was yong and faire,  
And gracious in the king of Englands sight,  
The daie before that night his Highnes should,  
2750 Possesse the pleasure of my wedlockes bed,  
Caitife accursed monster as I was,  
His brother *Edmund* beautifull and young,  
Vppon my bridall couch by my concent,  
Enioies the flowre and fauour of my loue.

*The King beholdeth his brother wofully.*

And I becam a Traitresse to my Lord.

*King. Facinus scelus, in fandum nefas.*

*Edm.* Madam, through sickenes, weakenes, and your  
wittes, twere verie good to bethinke your selfe before  
2760 you speake.

*Qu. Eli.* Good father not so weake but that I wot,  
My heat doth rent to thinke vpon the time,  
But whie exclames this holie Frier so?

of *Edward Longshankes.*

Oh praie then for my faults religious man.

*King.* Tis charitie in men of my degree,  
To sorrow for our neighbours hainous finnes:  
And Madam, though some promise loue to you  
And zeale to *Edmund* brother to the King,  
I praie the Heauens you both maie soone repent.  
But might it please your Highnes to proceede,  
Vnto this sinne a worser doth succede.

2770

*Qu. Eli.* For *Ione* of *Acon* the supposed child,  
And daughter of my Lord the English King:  
Is baselie borne begotten of a Frier.

Such time as I was their anued in Fraunce,  
His onelie true and lawfull sonne my frendes,  
He is my hope, his sonne that should succeed.

Is *Edward* of *Carnaruan* latelie borne,  
Now all the scruples of my troubled minde,  
I fighting found within your reuerent eares,

2780

Oh praie for pittie, praie for I must die.  
Remitte my God the follie of my youth,  
My groaned spirites attends thy mercies seate,

*Queene Elinor dies.*

Fathers farewell, commend me to my King,  
Commend me to my children and my friends,  
And close mine eies for death will haue his due.

*King.* Blushing I shut these thine inticing lampes,  
The wanton baites that make me sucke my bane,  
*Pirpus* hardned flames did neuer reflect,

2790

More hidious flames then from my brest arise,  
VVhat fault more vilde vnto thy dearest Lord?

Our daughter base begotten of a Priest,

And *Ned* my brother partner of my loue,

Oh that those eies that lightned *Cesars* braine,

Oh that those lookes that mastered *Phucebus* brand,

Or else those lookes that staine *Melisaes* farre,

Should shrine discret desire and lawles lust,

Vnhappie King dishonored in thy stocke,

Hence fained weedes, vnfaigned is my griefe.

2800

L

*Edmund.*

The Historie

*Edm.* Dread Prince my brother if my vowes auaille,  
I call to witnes Heauen in my behalfe,  
If zealous praier might driue you from suspect,  
I bend my knees and humblie craue this boone,  
That you will driue misdeedes out of your minde,  
Maie neuer good betide my life my Lord,  
If once I dreamde vppon this damned deede,  
But my deceased sifter and your Queene,  
Afflicted with recurelessse maladies,  
2810 Impatient of her paine grew lunatick,  
Discouering errors neuer dreamde vppon,  
To proue this true the greatest men of all,  
Within their learned volumes doe discord,  
That all extreames, and al and in naught but extremes,  
Then thinke oh King her agonie in death,  
Bereaues her sence and memorie at once,  
So that shee spoke shee knew nor how nor what.

*King.* Sir sir, fain would your highnes hide your faults,  
By cunning vowes and glosing tearmes of Arte,  
2820 And well thou maist delude these listning eares,  
Yet neuer affwage by prooffe this ieaalous heart,  
Traitor thy head shal raunfome my disgrace,  
Daughter of darkenes, whose accursed bowre,  
The Poet fained to liue vppon *Auernus*,  
Whereas *Cimerians* darkenes checks the Sun,  
*Dauids* ieaalousie afflict me not so fore,  
Faire Queene *Elinor* could neuer be so false,  
I but shee vowed these treasons at her death,  
A time not fitte to fashion monstrous lies,  
2830 Ah my vngratefull brother as thou art,  
Could not my loue, naie more could not the law,  
Naie further, could not nature thee allure,  
For to refraine from this incestuous sinne,  
Hast from my sight, call *Ione* of *Acon* here,

*Exit Edmund.*

The luke-warme spring distilling from his eies,  
His othes, his vowes, his reasons rested with remorse,

From

*of Edward Longshankes.*

From forth his breast impoisoned with suspect,  
Faine would I deeme that false I finde too true.

*Enter Ione of Acone.*

2840

I come to know what Englands King commands,  
I wonder why your Highnes greetes me thus.  
With strange regarde and vnacquainted tearmes.

*Ki.* Ah *Ione* this wonder needes must wound thy brest,  
For it hath well nigh flaine my wretched heart.

*Ione.* What is the Queen my foueraigne mother dead  
Woes in vnhappy Ladie we begonne?

*King.* The Queene is dead, yet *Ione* lament not thou,  
Poore soule guiltles art thou of this deceite,  
That hath more cause to curse then to complaine. 2850

*Ione.* My dreadful soule assailed with dolefull speach,  
Ioynes me to bow my knees vnto the ground,  
Beseeching your most roiall Maiestie,  
To rid your woefull daughter of suspect.

*King.* I daughter *Ione*, poore soule thou art deceaued,  
The King of England is no scorned Priest.

*Ione.* Was not the Ladie *Elinor* your spouse,  
And am not I the offspring of your loins?

*King.* I but when Ladies liste to runne astraie,  
The poore supposed father weares the horne, 2860  
And pleating leaue their Liege in Princes laps,

*Ione* thou art daughter to a leacherous Frier,  
A Frier was thy father haplesse *Ione*,

Thy mother in profetsion voves no lesse,  
And I vilde wretch which forrowed hard no lesse,

*Ione.* What am I then a Friers base borne brat?  
Presumptuous wretch why preasse I fore my king,  
How can I looke my husband in the face?

Why should I liue since my renoune is lost?  
Awaie thou wanton weede, hence worlds delight. 2870

*Shee fals groueling on the ground.*

*Porce ine abba isa come vint o et stanco,  
Defluer chain bocea il fren gli sproni al fianco.*

L 2

*King.*

*The Historie*

*King.* O sommo Dio come i guidneo humani,  
Spesse off uscan son danu membo oscunro,  
Haplesse and wretched, lift vp thy heauie head,  
Nurse not so much as this vnhappie chance,  
Vnconstant Fortune still will haue her course.

*Ione.* My King, my King, let Fortune haue her course  
2880 Flie thou my foule and take a better corse,  
Aies me from roiall state I now am false.  
You purple springs that wander in my vaines,  
And whilom wants to feede my heauie heart,  
Now all at once make hast and pittie me,  
And stop your powers and change your natie course,  
Disolue to aire your luke-warme blouddie streames,  
And cease to be that I maie be no more,  
Your curled lockes draw from this cursed head,  
Abase her pompe, for *Ione* is baselie borne,  
2890 Ah *Gloster* thou poore *Gloster* hast the wrong.

*Shee sodainly dies at the Queenes beds feete.*

Die wretch, hate death, for *Ione* hath liued too long.

*King.* Reuiue thee haples Ladie greeue not thus,  
In vaine speake I for shee reuiues no more,  
Poore haplesse foule thy owne expected mones,  
Hath wrought her foddaine and vntimelie death.

*Enter Edmund, Gloster, running with Ladies  
and conuaies Ione of Acon awaie.*

Lords, Ladies hast, ah *Gloster* art thou come,  
2900 Then must I now present a Tragedie,  
Thy *Ione* is dead, yet grieue thou not her fall,  
Shee was too base a spouse for such a Prince.

*Gloster.* Conspire you then with Heauens to work my  
harmes?

O sweete affwagers of our martiall misse,  
Desired death depriue me of my life,  
That I in death maie end my life and loue.

*King.* *Gloster* thy King is partner of thy heauines,  
Although nor tongue nor eies bewraie his meane,  
2910 For I haue lost a flowre as faire as thine,

of *Edward Longshankes.*

A loue more deare, for *Elinor* is dead,  
But since the heauenlie ordinance decrees,  
That all thinges change in their prefixed time,  
Be thou content and beare it in thy breast,  
Thy swelling grieffe as needes I must mine,  
Thy *Ione* of *Acon* and my Queene deceast,  
Shall haue that Honor as befeemes their state.  
You peeres of England, see in roiall pompe,  
These breathles bodies be entombd straight,  
With tried colours couered all with blacke, 2920  
Let Spanish steedes as swift as fleeting winde,  
Conuaie these Princes to their funerall,  
Before them let a hundred mourners ride,  
In euerie time of their enforste aboade,  
Reare vp a crosse in token of their worke,  
Whereon faire *Elinors* picture shall be plaste,  
Arriued at London neare our Pallas bounds,  
Interre my louelie *Elinor* late deceast,  
And in remembraunce of her roialtie,  
Erect a rich and statelie carued Crosse, 2930  
Whereon her stature shall with glorie shine,  
And hence forth see you call it Charing crosse,  
For why the chanceff and the choifest Queene,  
That euer did delight my roiall eies,  
Their dwell in darkenes whilst I die in grieffe,  
But soft, what tidings with these Purciuants?

*Enter Messenger approach from Mortimor.*

*Messenger.* Sir *Roger Mortimor* with all *Suffex* as earste  
your Grace by message did commaund, is here at hande  
in purpose to present your Highnes with his signes of vi- 2940  
ctorie, and trothles *Balioll* their accursed King, with fire  
and sword doth threat Northumberland.

*King.* How one affliction cals another ouer.  
First death torments me, then I feele disgrace,  
Againe *Lluellen* he rebels in VVales,  
And false *Balioll* meanes to braue me to,  
But I will finde prouision for them all,

*The Historie*

My constancie shall conquer death and shame,  
And *Mortimor* tis thou must hast to wales,  
2950 And rouse that Rebel from his starting holes,  
And rid thy King of his contentious foe,  
VVhilst I with *Elinor*, *Gloster*, and the rest,  
With speedie iourney gather vp our force,  
And beat these brauing Scots from out our bounds,  
Courage braue Souldiers fates hath done their worst,  
Now Vertue let me triumphe in thine aide.

*Exite Edward.*

*Gloster solus.*

*Gloster.* Now *Ione* of *Acon* let me mourne thy fal,  
2960 Sole here alone now fet thee downe and sigh,  
Sigh haples *Gloster* for thy sodaine losse,  
Pale death alas hath bannished all thy pride,  
Thy wedlocke vowes how ought haue I beheld?

*Enter Mortimor with the head.*

Thy eies thy lookes thy lippes and euerie part,  
How nature store in them to shew their Art,  
In shine, in shape, in colour and compare,  
But now hath death the enemy of loue,  
Staind and deformed, the shine, the shape, the reede,  
2970 With pale and dimnes, and my loue is dead.  
Ah dead my loue, vile wretch whie am I liuing?  
So willeth fates, and I must be contented,  
All pompe in time must fade and grow to nothing,  
VVept I like *Nobe*, yet it profit's nothing,  
Then cease my sighs since I maie not regaine her,  
And woe to wretched death that thus hath slaine her.

*Exit Gloster.*

*Yours. By George Peele Maister of  
Artes in Oxenford.*

*Finis.*





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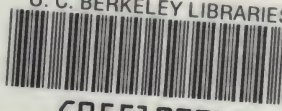
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