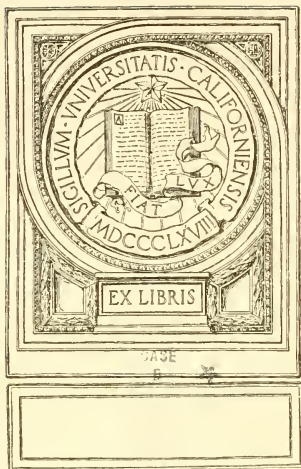


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Death of
Robert Earl of Huntington

[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

Date of only known original edition 1601

(*B.M. C34 d. 18.*)

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Death of
Robert Earl of Huntington

[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

1601

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIII

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The Death of
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[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

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This facsimile is from an original copy in the British Museum. There are other examples in Bodley and at South Kensington (Dyce).

For what is known of Munday see the "D.N.B.," but as I have already pointed out the bibliography there given of the subject of the memoir is not always accurate.

The present reproduction is, subject to the usual limitations of collotype, very well done indeed. Here and there is observable the barest tendency to excess in tone, but beyond that there is little, if anything, on which to remark.

JOHN S. FARMER.

274836



THE
DEATH OF
ROBERT, EARLE
OF HUNTINGTON.

(**)

OTHERWISE CALLED
Robin Hood of merrie Sherwodde:
with the lamentable Tragedie of chaste

MATILDA, his fairemaid MARIAN,
— poysoned at Dunmowe by King

IOHN.

*Acted by the Right Honourable, the Earle of
Nottingham, Lord high Admirall of
England, his servants.*



¶ Imprinted at London, for *William
Leake*, 1601.



THE DEATH
OF ROBERT, EARLE
OF HUNTINGTON.

(* *)

¶ Enter Frier Tucke.

SCENE. I.

Frier.



Olla, holla, holla: follow, follow, fol-
lowe. Like noyse within.
Now benedicite, what fowle absur-
ditic, follie & foolerie had like to fol-
lowed mee! I & my mates, like adde
pates, inuiting great States, to see
our last play, are hunting the hay,
with ho, that way, the goodly Heart ranne, with followe
litt le lohn, Much play the man; and I, like a sot, haue
wholly forgot the course of our plot: but crasse-bowe
eye downe, come on Friers gowne, hoode couer my
crowne, and with a lowe becke, pꝛeuent a sharpe
checke.

Wlicke sit yꝛe all, and winke at our rude cry,
Winde where wee left, in Sheerewod merrily,
The king, his traine, Robin, his ycomen fall
Gone to the wodde to see the fat deare fall.
Wlee left maid Marian bulic in the bower,
And pꝛectie linnay looking, enery hower,

A 2

f 02

THE DEATH OF ROBERT

For their returning from the hunting game,
 And therefore seeke to set each thing in frame.
 Warman all wofull for his sinne we left.
 Sir Doncaster, whole villanies and theft,
 You neuer heard of, but too soone yee shall,
 Hurt with the Poy: shame them both befall,
 They two will make our might be short and small.
 But least I bring yee sorrow ere the time,
 Pardon I beg of your well iudging eyne,
 And take in part bad prologue, and rude play:
 The hunters holloo, Tucke must needs away.
 Therefore downe weede, howe doe the deede, to make
 the Stagge bleede, and if my hand speede, hey for a cry,
 to a throate strained hie, & a lowde yall, at the beasts
 fall.
 Exit. Holloo within:

Enter King, Ely, Fitzwater, Salisbury, Chester,
 Prince Iohn, little Iohn, Scathlocke.

Kin. Where is our mother?

Pr. Iohn. Pounded in a stand.

Six fallowe deere haue dyed by her hand.

Fitz. Three Stags I slewe.

Ely. Two Bucks by me fell downe.

Chest. As many dyed by mee.

Salf. But I had three.

Prin. Scathlocke, wheres Much?

Sca. When last I saw him, may it please your Grace,
 He and the Frier footed it apace,

Prin. Scathlocke, no Grace, your fellowe & plaine Iohn.

Lit. Ioh. I warrant you, Much will be here anone.

Pr. Thinkst thou little Iohn, that he must Linny wed?

Lit. Ioh. No doubt he must.

Prin. Then to adorne his head, we shall haue hoznes
 good store,

King. God, for thy grace,

How

Earle of Huntington.

How could I misse the Stagge I had in chase?
Twice did I hit him in the very necke,
When backe my arrowes flew, as they had smite
On some sure armour. Where is Robin Hood,
And y^e wighte Scarlet? Secke them little Iohn, Exit Ioh.
Ile haue that Stagge before I dine to day.

¶ Enter Much.

Much. O the frier, the frier, the frier.

King. Why, how now Much?

Cry ye mercy, master king. Harry this is the matter;
Scarlet is following the Stagge you hit, and has al-
most lodg'd him: now the frier has the best bowe, but
yours, in all the field: which and Scarlet had, he would
haue him straight.

King. Where is thy master?

Much. Nay, I cannot tell, nor the frier neither.

Scath. I heare them holloo, farre off in the wod.

King. Come Much, canst lead vs where as Scarlet is?

Muc. Neuer feare you; follow me, Excunt, holloeing.

SCENE, II.

¶ Enter sir Doncaster, Prior.

Don. You were resolued to haue him poysoned,
Or kild, or made away, you car'd not how.

What diuell makes you doubtfull now to doot?

Pri. Why Doncaster? his kindnesse in our needes.

Don. A plague vpon his kindnesse, let him die.
I neuer temperd poyson in my life, but I employd it.

By th^e masse and I loose this,
For euer looke to loose my company.

Pri. But will you giue it him?

Don. That cannot bee.

The Ducene, Earle Chester, and Earle Salisbury,
If they once see mee, I am a deade man:

The death of Robert.

Did they heare my name, I le lay my life,
They all would hunt me, for my life.

Pri. What hast thou done to them?

Don. Faith, some odde toys,
That made me fly the south: but passe wee them:
Here is the popson: will you giue it Robin?

Pri. Now by this gold I will.

Don. As I said, for euer I desire your company.

Pri. Well, he shall die, and in his tollity:
And in my head I haue a policy
To make him die disgrac't.

Don. I tell it Prior.

Pri. I will, but not as now: Call the Frier within,
Wheelee seeke a place, the woods haue many eares,
And some me thinkes are calling for the Frier, *Exeunt.*

SCENE. III.

¶ Enter, calling the Frier, as afore.

Ioh. The Frier, the Frier?

Scath. Why, where's this Frier?

Fri. Here sir, what is your desire?

¶ Enter Robin Hoode.

Rob. Why Frier, what a murren dost thou meane?
The King calls for thee. For, a mightie flagge,
(That hath a copper ring about his necke,
With letters on it, which hee would haue read)
Hath Scarlet killd, I pray thee goe thy way.

Fri. Haster I will, no longer will I stay. *Exit.*

Rob. Good vnkle be moze carefull of your health,
And you sir Doncaster, your wounds are greene.

Both. Through your great kindnes, we are comforted.

Rob. And Watman, I aduise you to moze mirth.
Shun solitary walkes, keepe company,
Forget your fault: I haue forg'tuen the fault.
Good Warman be moze blithe, and at this time,
A little helpe my Marian and her maide:

Much



Earle of Huntington.

much shall come to you straight : a little now,
We must all strive to doe the best we may, Exit, winding.
War, On you and her Ile waite, untill my dying day.
Excunt, and as they are going out, *Doncaster* puls

Warman.

Don. Warman a word, By good Lord Prior and I
Are full of griefe, to see thy misery.

War. My misery, sir Doncaster? why? I thanke God,
I neuer was in better state than now.

Pri. Why, what a seruile slauiſh minde hast thou?
Art thou a man, and canst be such a beast,
As-like to beare the burthen of thy wrong?

War. What wrong haue I? It wrong to be relieu'd?
Don. Relieu'd saist thou?

Why, shallow witted foole,
Dost thou not see Robins ambitious pride?
And how he clymes by pittying, and aspires,
By humble lookes, good deedes, and such fond topes,
To be a monarch, raigning ouer vs,
As if wee were the vassals to his will?

War. I am his vassall, and I will be still.

Pri. Warman, thou art a foole. I doe confesse,
Were these good deedes done in sinceritie,
Pittie of minde, thine oz this knights distresse,
Without vaine braggs, it were true charitie:
But to relieue our fainting bodies wants,
And grieue our soules with quippes, and bitter brayds,
Is good turnes ouerturnd: no thanks wee owe
To any, whatsoeuer helps vs so.

War. Neither himselfe, noz any that hee keepes,
Euer vpbayded mee, since I came last.

Don. O God haue mercie on thee, silly asse-
Doth he not say to euery guest that comes;
This same is Warman, that was once my steward?

War. And what of that?

The death of Robert

Pri. Itt not as much to say;

Why, here he stands that once did mee betray.

Don. Did hee not bring a troope to grace himselfe,
Like Captiuēs waiting on a conquercours chaire,
And calling of them out, by one and one,
Presented them, like fairings, to the king?

Pri. O, I: there was a rare inuention:

A plague vpon the foole.

I hate him worse for that than all the rest.

War. Why should you hate him? why should you or you
Cruite this noble Lord, thus as you doe?

Don. Nay rather, why dost thou not toyne in hate
With vs, that lately liu'dst like vs, in wealth thy state?
Remember this, remember foolish man,
How thou hast bene the Shyene of Noringham.

Pri. Cry to thy thoughts, let this thought neuer cease,
I haue bene Iustice of my Soueraignes peace,
Lords of faire liuings: men with cap and knce,
In liueries waited howcrly on mee.

Don. And when thou thinkst, thou hast bene such & such,
Thinke then what tis to be a mate to Much,
To runne when Robin bids, come at his call,
Be mistresse Marians man.

Pri. Nay thinke withall

War. What shall I thinke? but thinke vpon my need,
When men fed dogs, and me they would not feede:

When I despaired through want, and sought to die,
By pitious matter, of his charitie,
Forgaue my fault, relieu'd and saued mee:

This doe I thinke vpon, and you should thinke
(If you had hope of soules saluation)

First Prioz, that he is of thy flesh and bloode,
That thou art vnkle vnto Robin Hood:

That by extorcion thou didst get his lands:
God, and I know how it came to thy hands:



Earle of Huntington.

How thou pursu'dst him in his misery,
And how heauen plagu'd thy hearts extremitie:
Thinke Doncaster, when, hired by this Biaz,
Thou cam'st to take my master with the Frier,
And wert thy selfe tane, how he set thee free,
Gauē thee an hundred pound to comfort thee,
And boch be thinke yee how but yester day,
Wounded and naked in the felde you lay,
How with his owne hand he did raise your heads,
How he balme into your wounds, your bodie fed,
Watcht when yee slept, wept when he sawe your woe,

Don. Stay Warman, stay: I graunt that he did so,
And you, turnd honest, haue forsworne the villaine?

War. Euen from my soule, I villany desie.

Pri. A blessed hower: a fit time now to die:

Don. And you shall, Conscience. Stab him, he fals.

War. O forgiue mee, God,

And saue my master from their bloodie hands.

Pri. What, hast thou made him sure?

Don. Its deade sure: he is dead, if that be sure.

Pri. Then let vs thrust the dagger in his hand,

And when the next comes, cry he kild himselfe.

Don. That must be now: yonder comes Robin Hood.
No life in him.

Pri. No, no, not any life.

Three moe all wounds haue let in piercing ayre,
And at their gaps, his life is cleane let out.

Rob. Who is it vncke that you so bemoane?

Pri. Warman, good nephew, whom sir Doncaster & I
Found freshly bleeding, as he now doth lye.

You were scarce gone, when he did stab himselfe.

Ro. O God, he in his own hand bound his own hartes
I dreadd too much his distressed looke: (hurr,

Belike the wretch despaird, and slewe himselfe.

Don. Nay, thats most sure, yet he had little reason,

The death of Robert.

Considering how well you vsted him.

Rob. Well, I am soyle; but must not be sad,
Because the King is conning to my bower.
Helpe mee, I pray thee, to remooue his bodie,
Least he should come and see him murdered.
Sometime anone he shall be buried.

Exit.

Pri. Good, all is good: this is as I desire,
Now for a face of pure hypocrisie:
Sweete murder, cloath thee in religious weedes,
Raigne in my holome, that with helpe of thee,
I may effect this Robins Tragedie.

¶ Enter Robin, Doncaster.

Do. Nay, nay, you must not take this thing so heauily.

Rob. A bodys losse, sir Doncaster, is much:
But a soules too, is moze to be bemon'd.

Pri. Truly I wonder at your vertuous minde:
O God to one so kinde, who wd be unkinde!
Let goe this grieffe, now must you pat on ioy,
And for the many fauours I haue found,
So much exceeding all conceypt of mine,
Unto your cheere, Ie adde a pretious drinke,
Of colour rich, and red, sent ince from Rome,
There's in it moly, Syrian Ballamum,
Golds rich Elixer: O tis pretious!

Rob. Where is it vncl'e?

Pri. As yesterday,
Sir Doncaster and I rid on our way,
Theeues did beset vs, bound vs as you saw:
And among other things, did take from mee,
This rich confection: but regardlesly,
As comon drinke, they cast, into a bush,
The bottle, which this day sir Doncaster
Fetcht, and hath left it in the inner lodging:
I tell you colin (I doe loue you well)
A pint of this ranfomde the Sophies sonne,

When



Earle of Huntington.

When he was taken in Nacolia,
I meant indeede to giue it my liege Lord,
In hope to haue his fauour : but to you
I put my selfe, be my good friend,
And, in your owne restozing, mee restoze.

Rob. Ankle I will, you neede vrge that no more.
But whats the vertues of this pzetious dzinke?
Pri. It keepe fresh youch, restozes diseased sight,
Helps natures weakenesse, smotheres the scars of wounds,
And cooles the intrals with a balmie breach,
When they by thirst oz trauell boyle with heate.

Rob. Ankle I thanke you, pray you let me haue
A cuppe prepared, gainst the king comes in,
To coole his heate. my selfe will giue it him.

Pri. And when he dzinkes, be bold to say he dzinkes
A richer draught than that dissolved pearle,
Which Cleopatra drank to Antonie.

Rob. I haue much businesse; let it be your charge,
To make this rich draught readie for the King,
And I will quit it, pray yee doe not faile. Exit.

Pri. I warrant you, good Nephew.

Don. Better, and better still.

We thought before but to haue poysond him,
And now shall Robin Hoode destroy the king.
Euen when the King, & Queene, the Prince, the Lords
Joy in his vertues, this supposed vice
Will turne, to sharpe hate, their exceeding loue.

Pri. Ha, ha, ha, I cannot chuse but laugh,
To see my cousin colend in this soze.
Falle him quoth you? nay hang mee if I doe.
But Doncaster art sure the poysons are well mixt?

Don. Tut, tut, let me alone for poysoning:
I haue already turnd ore foure, or siue,
That angerd mee. But tell mee Pzior,
Wherefore so deadly dost thou hate thy cousin?

The death of Robert.

Pri. Shall I be plaine? Because if he were deade,
I should be made the Earle of Huntingdon.

Don. A prettie cause: But thou a church-man art.

Pri. Tut man, if that would fall,

Ile haue a dispensation, and turne temporall.

But tell mee Doncaster, why dost thou hate him?

Don. By the Masse, I cannot tel. O yes, now I ha't,

I hate thy cousin, Earle of Huntingdon,

Because so many loue him as there doe,

And I my selfe am loued of so fewe.

Ray, I haue other reasons for my hate;

Hee is a foole, and will be reconcilde,

To anie foe hee hath: he is too milde,

Too honest for this world, fitter for heauen:

Hee will not kill these greedie cozmozants,

Nor stripe base peasants of the wealth they haue:

Hee does abuse a thieues name and an outlawes,

And is indeede no outlawe, nor no thiefe,

He is unworthe of such reuerent names.

Besides, he keepes a paltry whinling girle,

And will not bed, forsooth, befoze he byde:

Ile stand too't, he abuses maidehead,

That will not take it, being offered:

Hinders the common wealth of able men.

Another thing I hate him for againe:

He saies his praiers, kisse eues, giues alms, does good:

For these and such like crimes, sweares Doncaster,

To worke the speedie death of Robin Hood.

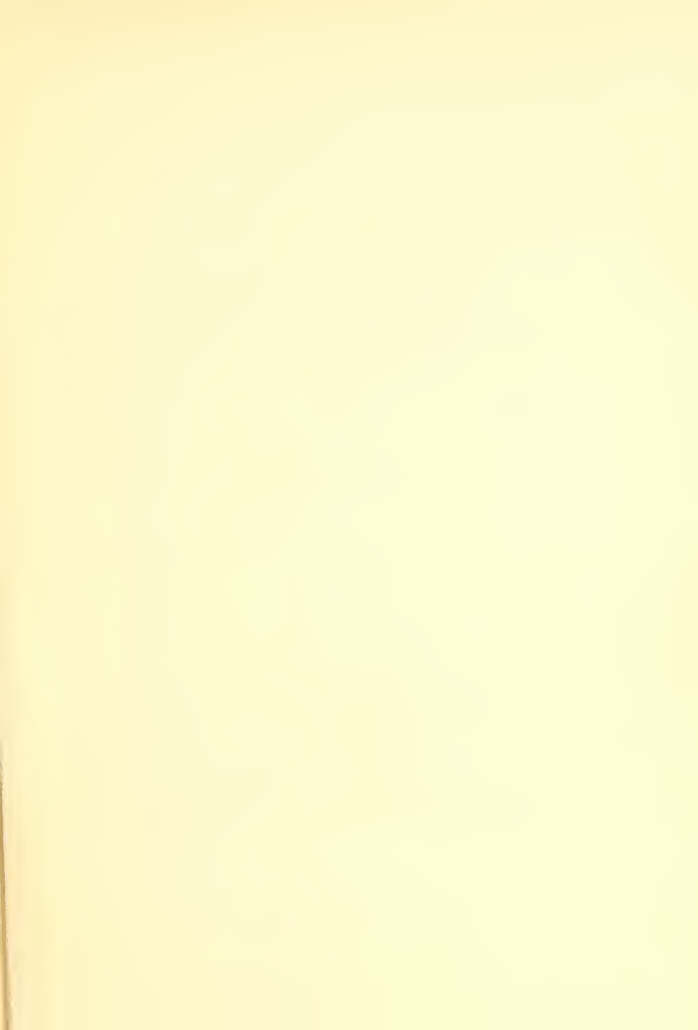
Pri. Well said yfaith. Harke, hark, the king returns:

To doe this deede, my heart like fuel burns. Exeunt.

SCENE. IIII.

¶ Windehornes. Enter King, Queene, *John*, *Fitzwater*,
Ely, *Chester*, *Salisbury*, *Lester*, *little John*, *Frier Tuck*, *Scar-*
let, *Scathlocke*, and *Much*, *Frier Tuck* carrying a Staggs
head, dauncing.

King.



Earle of Huntington.

King. Gramercy Frier for thy glee,
Thou greatly hast contented mee,
That with thy sporting and thy game,
I sweare I highly pleased am.

Fri. It was my masters whole desire
That maiden, yeoman, swaine and frier
Their arts and wits should all apply,
For pleasure of your Palettie.

Qu. Sonne Richard, looke I pray you on the ring,
That was about the necke of the last stagge.

Chest. Was his name Scarlet, that shot off his necke?
Iohn. Chester, it was this honest fellow Scarlet:
This is the fellowe, and a yeoman bold,
As euer court the swift Hart on the molde.

King. Frier, heres somewhat graud upon the Ring,
I pray thee reade it. Meane while list to mee;
This while, most compassing the Frier about the Ring.
Scarlet and Scathlock, you bold bze theren,
Twelue pence a day I giue each for his set,
And hence forth see yee liue like honest men.

Both. We will my Liege, else let vs dye the death.

Much. A boone, a boone, upon my knee,
Good king Richard, I begge of thee.
For indeede sir, the troth is, much is my father, and hee
is one of your tenants in Kings Mill at Wakefield all on
a greene: There dwelleth a tolly pinder, at Wake-
field all on a greene: Now I would haue you, if you wil
doe so much for mee, to set mee forward in the way of
marriage to Inny: the mill would not be cast away v-
pon vs.

King. Much, be thou euer master of that mill,
I giue it thee for thine inheritance.

Much. Thanks pretious Prince of curtesie.
Ile to Inny, and tell her of my lands pfaith.

Ioh. Here Frier, here, here it begins,

Exit

Fri.

The death of Robert

Fri. read. When Harold hare-foote raign'd king,
About my necke he put this ring.

King. In Harolds time, moze than a hundred yeare,
Hath this ring bene about this newe slaine Deere!
I am sozpy now if dyde: but let the same
Head, ring and all be sent to Noringham,
And in the Castle kept for monuments.

Fitz. My Liege, I heard an olde tale long agoe,
That Harold being Goodwins sonne of Kent,
When he had got faire Englands government,
Hunted for pleasure once within this wood,
And singled out a faire and stately Stagge,
Which foote to foote, the king in running caught:
And sure this was the Stagge.

King. It was no doubt.

Chell. But some my Lord affirme,
That Iulius Caesar many yeares before,
Tooke such a Stag, and such a Poesie writ.

King. It should not be in Iulius Caesars time:
There was no English used in this Land,
Untill the Saxons came, and this is writ
In Saxon characters.

Ioh. Well, 'twas a goodly beast.

¶ Enter Robin Hood.

King. How now earle Robert:

Fri. A foxet, a foxet, my liege Lord.
My matters lawes are on record,
The Court-roll here your Grace may see.

King. I pray thee Frier, read them mee.

Fri. One shall suffice, and this is hee.
No man that cometh in this wood,
To feast, or dwell with Robin Hood,
Shall call him Earle, Lord, Knight, or Squire,
He no such titles doth desire,
But Robin hood, platne Robin hood,

That



Earle of Huntington.

That honest peoman stout and good,
On paine of forsetting a marke,
That must be paid to mee his Clarke,
By liege, my liege, this lawe you broke,
Almost in the last word you spoke.
That crime may not acquitted bee,
Till frater Tuck receive his fee. (Casts him purse.

King. Theres moze than twenty marks, mad frater.

Fri. If thus you pay h Clarke his hire,
It may you forset, I desire.

You are a perfect penitent,
And well you doe your wrong repent:
For this your Highnesse liberall gift,
I here absolue you without thilt.

King. Gramercies frater. Now Robin Hood,
Sith Robin hood it needes must bee,
I was about to aske before,
If thou didst see the great Stags fall.

Rob. I did my Lord, I sawe it all.
But missing this same prating frater,
And hearing you so much desire
To haue the lozels companie,
I went to seeke small honestie.

Fri. But you found much, when you found mee.

Rob. I, Much my man: but not a tot
Of honestie in thee, God wot.

Qu. Robin, you doe abuse the frater.

Fri. Hadam, I dare not call him lye,
He may be bold with mee, he knowes.
How now Prince Iohn, how goes, how goes
This wood-mans life with you to day?
My fellow Wodnet you would bee.

Ioh. I am thy fellowe, thou dost see:
And to be plaine, as God me sauz,
So well I like thee, merry knave,

The death of Robert

That I thy company must haue:

May, and I will.

Fri. May, and you shall.

Rob. My Lord, you neede not feare at all,
But you shall haue his company,
He will be bold I warrant you.

King. Know you where ere a spying is nie?
Faine would I drinke, I am right dry.

Rob. I haue a drinke within my bower,
Of pleasing taste, and soueraigne power:
My reuerend vnckle giues it mee,
To giue vnto your Maiestie.

King. I would be loath indeede, being in heate,
To drinke cold water. Let vs to thy bower.

Ro. Runne Frier before, & bid my vnckle be in readines.
Fr. Gon w a trice, on such good businesse, Excū omnes.

S C E A N E, V.

¶ Enter *Marian*, with a white apron.

Mar. What Much? What linny? Much? I say.
much. Whats the matter mistresse?

mar. I pray thee see, the fueller
Suffer the cooke to want no wodde.
Good Lord, where is this idle girle?

Why linny?
Within, I come for sooth.

Mar. I pray thee bring the flowers sooth.
much. He goe send her mistres, and help the cookes, if
they haue any neede. Exit much.

mar. Dispatch good much, What lin I say?

¶ Enter *linny*.

much. Hie yee, hie yee: the cals for life.

mar. Indeebe, indeede, you doe me wrong,
To let me cry, and call so long.

Linny



Earle of Huntington.

In. Forsooth, I strawed the dining bowers,
And smoth'd the walkes with hearbes & flowers,
The peomens tables I haue spred,
Drest saltes, laid trenchers, set on bread:
Nay all is well, I warrant you.

Mar. You are not well I promise you,
Your foresseues are not pind (sic, sic)
And all your hed-geere stands atwy.
Giue me the flowers: Goe in for shame,
And quickly see you mend the same.

Exit Linny.

Marian strewing flowers, Enter sir *Doncaster*, Prior.

Don. How bule mistresse marian is?
She thinkes this is her day of blisse.

Pri. But it shall be the wofull st day
That euer chaunst her, if I may.

Mar. Why are you two thus in the ayre?
Your wounds are greene,
Good cuz haue care.

Pri. Thanks for your kindnesse, gentle mats.
By colin Robert vs hath praid,
To helpe him in this busnesse.

¶ Enter Frier.

Fri. Sir *Doncaster*, sir *Doncaster*?
Don. Holla.

Fri. I pray you, did you see the *Prior*?

Pri. Why, here I am. What wouldst thou *Frier*?

Fri. The king is heated in the chace,
And posseth hitherward apace.
He told my master he was by,
And hee desires ye, presently
To send the drinke whereof ye spake. Hornes blowe.

Pri. Come, it is here; haste let vs make

Exeunt *Prior*, and *Frier*,

¶ Enter *King*, *John*, *Queene*, *Scarlet*, *Scablocke*, *Ely*, *Fitzwater*, *Salsbury*, *Chester*. *Marian* kneeles downe.

Ⓒ

Mar.

The death of Robert

Mar. Most gracious Soueraigne, welcome once againe:
Welcome to you, and all your princely traine.

King. Thanks louely hostesse: we are homely guests.
Wheres Robin Hood: He promised me some drinke.

Mar. Your handmaid, Robin will not then be long,
The Frier indeede came running to his vnkle,
Who with sir Doncaster were here with mee,
And altogether went for such a drinke.

King. Well, in a better time it could not come,
For I am very hot and passing dry.

Enter Robin Hood, a cuppe, a towell, leading Donca-
ster: Tuck, and Much pulling the Prior.

Rob. Traitor, He draw thee out before the king.

Fri. Come murderous Prior.

Much. Come yee dogges face.

Ki. Why how now Robin? wheres thy drinke you bring?

Rob. Lay holde on these.

Farre be it, I should bring your Hatellie,
The drinke these two prepared for your taste.

King. Why Robin Hood, be brieft and answer mee:
I am amazed at thy troubled lookes.

Rob. Long will not my ill lookes amaze your Grace.
I shortly looke, neuer to looke againe.

Mar. Neuer to looke: What will it still be night?
If thou looke neuer, day can neuer be.

What ailes my Robin? Therfore dost thou faint?

Rob. Because I cannot stand: yet now I can.
Thanks to my king, and thanks to Marian.

King. Robin be brieft, and tell vs what hath chaunc?

Rob. I must be brieft, for I am sure of death,
Before a long tale can be halfe way tolde.

Fitz. Of death, my sonne: bright sunne of all my joy?
Death cannot haue the power of vertuous life.

Rob. Not of the vertues, but the life it can. (dies)

King. What dost thou speak of death? how shouldst thou
Rob

Earle of Huntington.

Rob. By poison, and the Priors treachery.

Qu. Why, take this soueraigne powder at my hãds,
Take it and liue in spite of poysons power.

Don. I, let him forwarde Powders quoth ye? ha,

I am a foole then, if a little dust,
The hauing of a hozne, a Bezars stone,
Or any Antidote haue power to stay
The execution of my hearts resolute.
Lur, lur, you labour louely Queene, in vaine,
And on a thanklesse groome pour toyle bestowe,
How hath your foe reueng'd you of your foe:
Robin shall die, if all the world sayd no.

Mar. How the Wolfe howles! Fly like a tender Kid
Into thy sheepeheards bosome. Shield mee loue.

Canst thou not Robin? Where shall I be hid?

O God, these Rauens will seaze vpon thy Doue.

Rob. They cannot hurt thee, pray thee doe not feare,
Vase currees will couch, the Lyon being neare,

Qu. How wokes my powder?

Rob. Very well, faire Queene.

King. Dost thou feele any ease?

Rob. I shall, I trust, anone.

Sleepe fals vpon mine eyes.

O I must sleepe, & they that loue me, do not waken me.

Mar. Sleepe in my lap, and I will sing to thee.

Ioh. We should not sleepe.

Rob. I must, for I must die:

While I liue therfore let me haue some rest.

Fitz. I, let him rest, the poyson brges sleepe.

When he awakes, there is no hope of life.

Don. Of life? now by the little time I haue to liue,
He cannot liue one hower for your liues.

King. Villaine what art thou?

Don. Why, I am a knight.

Cher. Thou wert indeede.

The death of Robert

If it so please your Grace,
I will describe my knowledge of this wretch.
Kin. Doe Chester.

Chest. This Doncaster, soz so the fellon hight,
Was, by the king your father, made a knight,
And well in armes he did himselfe behaue,
Hany a bitter storme, the winde of rage
Blasted this Realme wich, in those woful daies,
When the vnnaturall sights continued,
Berweene your kingly father and his sonnes.
This cut-throat, knighted in that time of woe,
Seaz'd on a beautious Nunne, at Barkhamsted,
As wee were marching toward Winchester,
After proud Lincolne was compeld to yield,
Hee tooke this virgine straying in the field:
Foz all the Nunnnes and euery Couent fled
The daungers that attended on our troopes.
Foz those sad times too oft did testifie,
Wars rage hath no regard of prettie,
She humbly prayd him, soz the loue of heauen,
To guid her to her fathers, two miles thence.
He swoze he would, and very well he might:
Foz to the campe he was a Forager.
Upon the way they came into a wood,
Wherin, in hysie, he stript this tender maid:
Whose lust, when she in vaine had long witchstood,
Being by strength and torment ouerlaid,
He did a sacrilegious deede of rape,
And left her bath'd in her owne teares and blood.
When she reui'd, she to her fathers got,
And got her father to make lust complain,
Unto your mother, being then in campe.

Qu. Is this the villaine Chester, that deside
Sir Eustace Scuciles chast and beautious childe?
Don. I Hadam, this is hee,

That



Earle of Huntington.

That made a wench daunce naked in a wood:
And for shee did denie what I desired,
I scourg'd her for her pride, till her faire skinne
With stripes was checked like a vintners grate.
And what was this? A might matter sure,
I haue a thousand moze than she desilde,
And cut the squeaking throats of some of them:
I grieue I did not hers,

Qu. Punish him Richard.

A faire virgin neuer sawe the sunne-
A chaster maid was neuer swozne a Nunne.
King. How scapt the villaine punishment, that time?
Fitz. I rent his spurres off, and disgraded him.

Chest. And then he raild vpon the Queene and mee,
Being committed, he his keeper slue,
And to your father fled, who pardond him.

Rich. God giue his soule a pardon for that sinne,

Sal. O had I heard his name, or seene his face,
I had defended Robin from this chance.

Ah villaine, but those gloomy lights of thine.

Rememb'rest thou a little sonne of mine,
Whose nurse at Wilton first thou rauthest,
And slew't two maids that did attend on them?

Don. I grant, I dasht the braines out of a brat,
Thine if he were, I care not: had he bin
The first bozne comfote of a royall king,
And should haue paid when Doncaster cried peace,
I would haue done by him as then I did.

King. Soone shall the world be rid of such a wretch,
Let him be hangd aliu, in the high way, that loyneth to
the power.

Don. Aliu or deade, I reck not how I die.
You, them, and these, I desperately desire.

Ely. Repent, or neuer looke to be absolu'd,
But die accurst as thou deseruest well.

The death of Robert

Don. Then giue me my desert; curse one by one.

Ely. First I accurse thee, and, if thou persist,
Unto damnation leaue thee wretched man.

Don. What doe I care for your damnation?
Am I not doom'd to death? what more damnation
Can there inlue your loud and yelling cryes?

Pri. Yes diuell: heare thy sell owe spirit speake,
Who would repent; & faine he would repent,
After this bodiees bitter punishment,
There is an euer-during endlesse woe,
A quenchesse fire, an vnconsuming paine,
Which desperate soules and bodiees must indure.

Don. Can you preach this, yett set me on fir Pzioz,
Corunne into this endlesse, quenchesse fier?

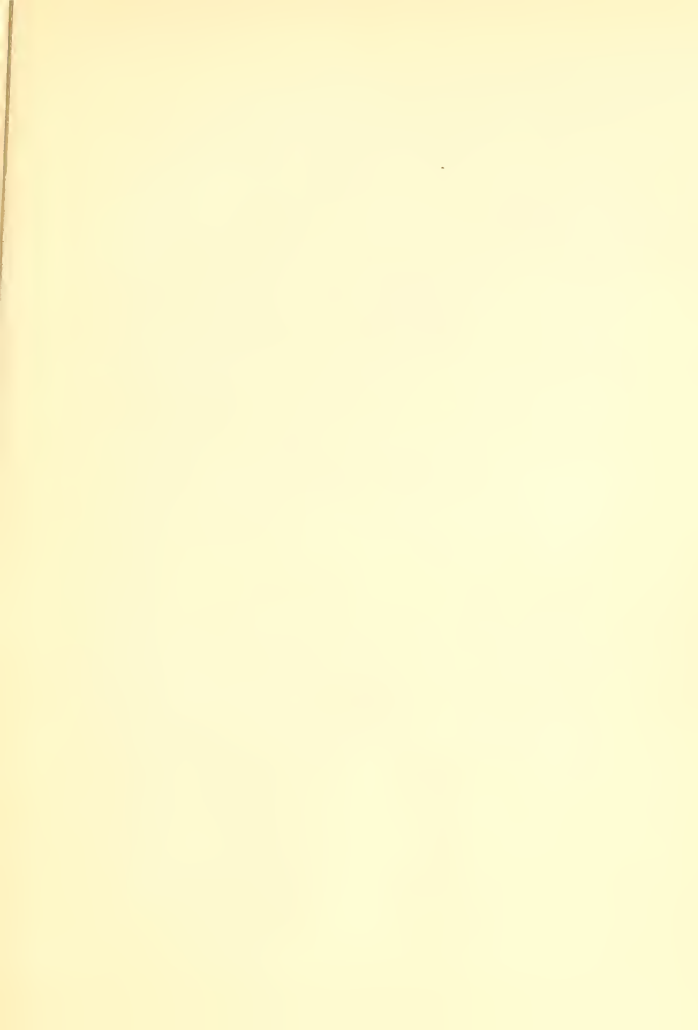
Pri. High heaucns shewe mercie to my many ill.
Neuer had this bene done, but like a fiend,
Thou temptest me with ceaselesse diuelish thoughts.
Therefore I curse, with bitternesse of soule,
The tower wherein I saw thy balefull eyes.
By eyes I curse, for looking on those eyes.
By eares I curse, for harkning to thy tongue,
I curse thy tongue for tempting of myne eares.
Each part I curse, that wee call thine or mine:
Thine for enticing mine, mine following thine.

Don. A holy prayer. what Collect haue we next:

This time *Robin* stirres.

Fitz. My Marian wanteth words, such is her wor:
But old Fitzwater for his girle and him
Beggs nothing, but worlds plague for such a foe,
Which causelesse harmd a vertuous noble man,
A pittie of his griefes, when he felt grieue:
Therefore betinke thee of thy hatefull deede,
Thou faithlesse Pzioz, and thou this ruchslesse theefe.
Pri. Will no man curse me, giuing so much cause?
Then Doncafter, our selues our selues accurse,

And



Earle of Huntington.

And let no good betide to thee or mee.
All the yemen, Frier, Much, linny cry;
All. Amen, amen: accursed may ye bec,
Foz murdering Robin, flower of curtesie.

Robin sits vp.

Rob. D ring not such a peale foz Robins death,
Let sweete fozgiuenesse be my passing bell.
Art thou there Marian? then fly forth my breath:
To die within thy armes contents me well.

Pri. Keepe in, keepe in a little while thy soule,
Till I haue powrd my soule forth at thy feete.

Rob. I slept not vnkle, I pour grieft did heare,
Let him fozgiue your soule that bought it deare:
Your bodies deede, I in my death fozgiue,
And humbly begge the king that you may liue.
Stand to your Cleargie vnkle, saue your life,
And lead a better life than you haue done.

Pri. O gentle Nephew, ah my b:others sonne,
Thou dying glozy of old Huntington,
Tillhest thou life to such a murderous foe?
I will not liue, sith thou must life fozgoe.
Oh happie Warman, blessed in thy end,
Now too too late thy truth I doe commend.
O Nephew, Nephew, Doncaster and I
Murdered pooze Warman, foz he did deuie
To toyne with vs in this blacke tragedy.

Rob. Alas pooze Warman. Frier, little Iohn,
I told ye both where Warmans bodie lay:
And of his buriall I le dispose anone.

King. Is there no lawe, Lord Ely, to conuict,
This Pylor, that confesseth murders thus?

Ely. He is a hallowed man, and must be tried,
And punisht by the censure of the Church.

Pri. The Church therein doth erre: God doth allowe
No Canon to preserue a murderers life.

The death of Robert

Richard, king Richard, in thy Grandfathers daies,
A law was made, the Clergie swoyne thereto,
That whatsoeuer Church-man did commit
Treason, or murder, or false felonie,
Should like a seculer be punished.
Treason we did, for sure we did intend
King Richards poisoning, Soueraigne of this land.
Murder we did in working Warrnans end,
And my deare Nephewes, by this fatall hand.
And theft we did, for we haue robd the king,
The State, the Nobles, Commons, and his men,
Of a true Deere, firme Piller, liberall Lozd.
Fitzwater we haue robd of a kinde sonne,
And Marians loue-loyes we haue quite vndoone.
Don. Whoppe, what a coyle is here to your confession?
Pri. I aske but iudgement for my soule transgression.
King. Thy owne mouth hath condemned thee.
Hence with him.
Hang this man dead, then see him buried:
But let the other hang alivie in chaines.
Don. I thanke you sir.
Exeunt yeomen, Frier, prisoners, *Much.*
Ioh. My selfe will goe, my Lozd,
And see sharpe Justice done vpon these slaues.
Rob. O goe not hence Prince Iohn: a word or two
Befoze I die, I faine would say to you.
King. Robin, wee see what we are sad to see,
Death like a champion treading downe thy life:
Yet in thy end somwhat to comfort thee,
Wee freely giue to thy betrothed wife,
Beautifull and chaste Marilda, all those lands,
Falne by thy folly, to the Priors hands,
And by his fault now forfeited to mee:
Earle Huntington, he shall thy Countesse bee,
And thy wight yeomen, they shall wend with mee,
Against



Earle of Huntington.

Against the faithlesse enemies of Christ,

Rob. Bzing forth a Beere, and couer it with Greene:

A Beere is brought in.

That on my death-bed I may here sit downe.

Beere brought, he sits.

At Robins buriall let no blacke be seene,

Let no hand giue for him a mourning gowne:

For in his death, his king hath giuen him life,

By this large gift, giuen to his maiden wife.

Chast maid Marilda, Countesse of account,

Chase, with thy bright eyes, all these clouds of woe,

From these faire cheekes, I pray thee sweets do so.

Thinke it is bootlesse folly, to complaine,

For that which neuer can be had againe.

Queene Elianor, you once were Matilds foe:

Prince Iohn, you long sought her vnlawfull loue:

Let dying Robin Hood intreat you both,

To change those passions Hadame turns your hate,

To princely loue; Prince Iohn, conuert your loue

To vertuous passions, chaste and moderate.

That your gracious right hands would in folde,

Matildas right hand, prisoned in my palme,

And sweare to doe what Robin Hood desires:

Qu. I sweare I will, I will a mother be,

To saue Matildas life and chastite.

Ioh. When Iohn sollicites chaste Matildas eares,

With lawlesse lutes, as he hath often done:

Offers to the altars of her eyes,

Lasciuious Poems, stuf with vanities,

He craves to see but thort and lower daies,

His death he like to Robins he desires,

His perjur'd body proue a poysoned prey,

For cowed Honkes, and barefoote begging Friers.

Rob. Inough, inough, Fitzwater, take your child:

By dying frost which no sunnes heat can thawe,

D

Close

The death of Robert.

Closes the powers of all my outward parts,
My freezing blood runnes backe vnto my heart,
Where it assits death, which it would resist:
Only my loue a little hinder's death.

For he beholds her eyes, and cannot smite:

Thou goe not yet mailda, stay a while.

Frier, make speeche, and list my latest will.

Mar. Let mee looke, for euer in thy eyes,

And lay my warme breath to thy bloodlesse lips,

If my sight can restraine deaths tyrannies,

Whoe keepe liues breath within thy bosome lockt.

Rob. Away, away,

For beare, my loue, all this is but delay.

Fitz. Come maiden daughter, from my maiden sonne,

And giue him leaue to doe what must be done.

Rob. First I bequeath my soule to all soules sauer,

And will my bodie to be buried,

At Wakefield, vnderneath the Abbey wall:

And in this order make my funerall;

When I am dead, stretch me vpon this Beere,

My beades and Primer shall my pillowe bee:

On this side lay my bowe, my good shafts here,

Upon my brest the crosse, and vnderneath,

My trustie sword, thus fastned in the sheath.

Let Warmans bodie at my feete be laid,

Poore Warman, that in my defence did die,

For holy dirges, sing me wofull songs,

As ye to Wakefield walke, with voices shrill:

This for my selfe: my goods and plate I giue

Among my premen: them I dos bestowe,

Upon my Soueraigne, Richard. This is all.

My liege farewell, my loue farewell, farewell.

Farewell faire Queene, Prince Iohn and noble Lords.

Father Fitzwater heartily adieu,

Adieu my premen all.



Earle of Huntington.

Ma:ilda close mine eyes.

Frier fare well, fare well to all.

Mar. O must my hands with enuious death conspire,
To shut the mozning gates of my liues sight?

Fitz. It is a duette, and thy lones desire,

It helpe thee girle to close vp Robins sight.

King. Laments are bootefesse, teares cannot restoze

Lost life: Ma:ilda, theretozze weepe no moze.

And since our mirth is turned into mone,

Our merry spoze, to tragick funerall,

Wee will pzeare our power for Austria,

After earle Roberts timelesse buriall.

Fall to your wod-songs theretozze peomen hold,

And deck his herle with flowers, that lou'd you deare,

Dispose his goods, as hee hath them dispos'd.

Fitzwater and ma:ilda, bidde you here,

See you the bodie vnto Wakefield bozne,

A little wee will beate yee company,

But all of vs at London point to meete:

Thither Fitzwater, bring earle Robins men:

And frier, see you come along with them.

Fr. Ah my liege Lord, the frier faints,

And hath no woords to make complaints:

But since he must forsake this place,

We will awaite, and thanks your Grace.

Song. Weepe, weepe, ye wod-men waile,

Your hands with sozrowe wyng:

Your master Robin Hood lies deade,

Theretozze sigh as you sing.

Here lies his Primer and his beades,

His bent bowe and his arrowes keene,

His good sword and his holy crosse,

Now cast on flowers fresh and greene:

And as they fall, shed teares and say,

The death of Robert.

Wella, wella day, wella, wella day:
Thus cast yee flowers and sing,
And on to Wakefield take your way. Exeunt.
Fri. Here dothe the Frier leaue with grieuance:
Robin is deade, that grac't his entrance:
And being de ad he craues his audience,
With this thort play, they would haue patience.

¶ Enter Chester.

Chest. Nay Fryer, at request of thy kinde friend,
Let not thy Play so soone be at an end.
Though Robin Hoode be deade, his peomen gone,
And that thou thinkst thare now remaines not one,
To act an other Seene or two for thee:
Yet knowe full well, to please this company,
We meane to end Matildaes Tragedie.

Fri. Off then, I wish you, with your Kendall greener:
Let not sad grieffe, in fresh aray be seene.
Matildaes storie is repleat with teares,
Wrongs, desolations, ruins, deadly feares.
In, and attire yee: though I tired be,
Yet will I tell my mistresse Tragedie.
Apolloes master doone I inuocate:
To whome henceforth my deedes I dedicate:
That of his Godhead, boue all Gods diuine,
With his rich spirit he would lighten mine:
That I may sing true lapes of trothlesse deedes,
Which to conceive, my heart through sorrow bleeds.
Chere thee, sad soule, and in a loftie line,
Thunder out wrong, compass in cloudy teares.

Enter in blacke.

Shewe to the eyes, all the beholders eares,
With all the luely acts of lustfull rage,
Restrained by modest teares, and chastities intreats,
And let king Iohn that ill part personage,
By lutes, deuices, practises and threats:

And

Earle of Huntington.

And when he sees all seruet to no end,
Of chaste matilda let him make an end.

Cho. We are all fitted, Frier, shall we beginne?

Fri. Well art thou futed: would my o;der would
Permit me habit equal to my heart.

Cho. If you remember, Iohn did take an oath,
Neuer againe to seeke matildaes loue.

Fri. What is he, that swozne affections slaue,
That will not violate all lawes, all oathes?
And being mightie, what will he omit,
To compasse his intents, though nere so ill:
You must suppose king Richard now is dead,
And Iohn (resistlesse) is faire Englands Lord:
Who struiuing to forget Matildaes loue,
Takes to his wite the beauctious Isabell,
Betroth'd to Hugh de Briu, Earle of North March:
And picking quarrels vnder the we of kinne,
Wholly diuorces his first Ducne away:
But yet Matilda, still, still troubles him,
And being in the Court, so oft he courts her,
That by her noble father, old Fitzwater,
She is remoou'd from his lust-tempting eye.
But tides restraind, ope swell their bounds with rage:
Her absence addes moze fuell to his fire.
In sleepe he sees her, and his waking thoughts,
Stadie by day to compasse his desire.

Cho. Frier, since now you speake of visions,
It was receiued by tradition,
From those that were right neere vnto king Iohn,
Of thzee strange visions, that to him appeard:
And as I guesse, I could you what they were.
Fri, With them I will begin: draw but that baile,
And there king Iohn sits sleeping in his chaire.

¶ Drawe the curten, the king sits sleeping, his sworde by
his

The death of Robert

his side, Enter *Austria*, before whome commeth
Ambition: and bringing him before the chaire, king
Iohn, in sleepe, maketh signes to auoid, and holdeth
his owne crowne fast with both his hands.

Fri. Ambition, that had euer waited on king Iohn,
Now brings him Austria, easie to be tane,
Being wholly can'd by Richards warlike hand,
And bids him adde that Dukedome to his crowne:
But he puts by Ambition, and contemnes
All other kingdomes, but the English crowne,
Which he holds fast, as if hee would not loose.

¶ Enter *Constance*, leading young *Arthur*: both offer
to take the crowne; but with his foote he ouerturneth
them: to them commeth *Insurrection*, ledde by the
F. K. and L. menacing him, and lead the childe
againe to the chaire: but he only layeth hand on his
sworde, and with his foote ouerthroweth the childe,
whome they take vp as deade: and *Insurrection* flying,
they mournefully beare in the bodie.

Fr. The Ladie and the childe that did ascend,
Striuing in vaine to take the crowne from Iohn,
Were Constance, and her sonne the Duke of Britains,
Deire to the elder brother of the king.
Yet hee strepes on, and with a litle spurne,
The mother and the Prince doch ouerturne,
Againe when *Insurrection* them assists,
Scird by the French king, and the wronged Earle,
Whose troth-plight wife, king Iohn had tane to wife,
He only claps his hand vpon his sword,
Docketh their cheatings, and in their attempts,
The harmelesse Prince receiueth reuerlesse death.
Who

Earle of Huntington.

Whome they too late with boote lesse teares lament.

¶ Enter Queene, with two children borne after her: she ascends, and seeing no motion, she fetcheth her children one by one; but seeing yet no motion, she descēdeth wringing her hands, and departeth. Enter *Matilda*, in mourning vaile, reading on a booke, at whose coming he starteth, and sitteth vpright: as shee passeth by, hee smiles, and foldes his armes, as if hee did embrace her; being gone, he starts sodainly, and speaks.

King. *Matilda, stay Matilda, doe but speake:*
Whoes there? Intreate *matilda* to come backe.

Bon. Who would you haue, my Lord?

Kin. Why, my Lord Bonuill: I would haue *Matilda*:
That but euen now, past by toward the doore.

Bon. I sawe her not my Lord.

King. Hadst thou a louers eye,
A gnat, a moate, a shadowe thou wouldst spy:

Come followe me, she cannot be so farre,

But I shall ouertake her: come away. Exeunt.

Fri. The last appearence shadowed the faire Queene,

And her two children, at whose sight king Iohn

She wd neither signe nor shewe of passion:

But when the sunne came masked in a cloude,

And veiled beautie, ioynde with chastitie,

Appeared in *Matildaes* louely shape,

He starts, he clasps, he wakes, he calls, he seeks

The shadowe of that substance he affects:

To her he seues, but she his sute neglectes:

To him she seues, but he her sute neglectes:

He sues to be her loue, she doth despise:

She sues to liue a maid, which he denies,

The death of Robert

What followes of this wilfull will, and shall,
This no arid nay, this quenchelesse, bootlesse fire,
This cold affection, and this hot desire,
The act it selfe shall tell, and the pooze frier,
Your partiall fauours humbly doth require. *Exic.*

Sound trumpets, Enter king, *Bonville, Salisbury,*
Lorcs.

King. Now I perceiue, this only was a dreame:
Diuine Matildæes Angell did appeare,
Deckt like a Vestall, reauie for beauen's quire,
And to this earthly truncke will not come neare.
Well, let her goe: I must pfaith, I must,
And so I will: kings thoughts should be diuine:
So are matildæes, so henceforth shall mine.

Old Anb. So doing, peace shall wait vpon your crown,
And blessing vpon blessing shall befall.

Kin. Its true my Lord, I know full well there shall.

Sal. Your people will wax proud of such a king,
That of himselfe is king, Lord of his thoughts:
Which by assertion of Philosophers,
Is held to be the greatest Empery.

Kin. And they said wisely, noble Anbery.

Sal. They will Fitzwater with his gallant troopes,
Againe keepe triumphes in the English Court.
Then will Matilda

King. Matilda, what of her?

Sal. Like a bright starre, adorne the louely traine
Of cautious Ladies, which attend the Queene,
Whose onely beauty equalleth them all.

Ki. Like an old foole, whose dim eyes wanting light,
Comparst the sunne, to common candle light.

Sal. Pardon my liege: I doe confesse, her faire
Exceedes all these, as farre as day doth night.

King. Grossely alluded: night by moone, by starres.

By

Earle of Huntington.

By wandring fires, exhales meteors,
By artificiall lightes, by eyes of beastes,
And little glow-wormes, glimpsing in the darke,
Hath somewhere brightnesse, lightnesse, and sometime
Under each Horizon in all parts clear:
But they at no time, no where can be said
To be lesse darke, then dungeon darknesse is.
Pitch coloured, Eban fact, blacker than blacke,
While her faire eyes giues beauty to bright day.
Sal. To heare the Queene thus praise works my content.

King. The Queene? Oh, had I such a thought I would
repent. To himselfe.

Sal. Further my Lord,

King. What shall we further wade?

I feare I shall be tyred with this trade.

Sal. The common-wealth will flourish & increase.

K. Good Oxford of those things now hold your peace:
And take the paines to fetch in Isabell.
I haue strange tydings sent me out of France,
Which she will take, I knowe, in as good part,
As I accept her praise; fetch her I say.

Exit Salisbury.

What is the old foole gone? now goe thy way.

What thinkst thou of him Hubert? tell me man.

Hub. As of a good old gentleman my Lord,
That speaks but what he thinks, & thinks you thinke
As he doth: and I warrant you

Will not conceale those praises from the Queene,
Which as hee deemes you betred in her praise.

King. I would haue them beleue it so indeede:

But I protest, is no part of my Creede.

Hu. I faith your Grace did Oxfords years great wrong.
To curtall his good worke, that seem'd so long:
He peradventure would haue brought in more,
After his Preface, to rich plenties store,

The death of Robert

Perchance he would haue shew'd dame vanitie,
 That in your Court is suffered howlerly:
 And had you punish rufflans with long haire,
 Newe fashions, and such toys: a special care
 Was that good man: he turnes the statute booke:
 About his hall and chambers if you looke,
 The mozell vertues in faire effigie,
 Are liuely painted: mozell Philosophie
 Was not a sentence, be it great or small,
 But it is painted on his Honours wall.

Enter Queene, Oxford.

Kin. Peace, peace, he comes, now lets be silent all.

Salf. I tell you I was proud of his good words.

Qu. God hold them Oxford: for tcs often seene,
 A reconciled foe small good affords. (hold you deare.

Salf. D forbeare: trust me, I gage my Honour he doth

King. How cheere you Isabell? The earle, your spouse,
 Hath sent defiance to the king your husband.

And like a tried tall souldier, fled his hold

In Marchland: Where he knowes, despight of him,

And all the men that he therein can raise,

King Iohn could haue sent dogs enow to teare

Their ill arm'd bodtes peece-meale, ere his hands

Should with base blood haue staine their noble hãds.

And whether is this worshipfull good Earle

(This first loue, old loue, newe loue if you will)

Gone thinks your Ladishippe? Forsooth, good man,

To Formandy; and there he stirs vp coales,

And brge th strong aid for confederates,

Who, as he saies, are treacherously dispos'd.

Qu. If he doe so, the greater is his sinne:

Peoqe man, I haue no interest in him.

King. But he hath had in you, as it should seeme,

Als would he not make sonnets of your browe,

Your eye, your lip, your hand, your thigh.

Earle of Huntington.

A plague vpon him: how came he so nigh?
Nay, now you haue the curst queanes counterfet:
Throughe rage you shake, because you cannot rauer,
But answer me; Why should the Bedlam slaue
Entitle a whole Poem to your kisse,
Calling it chery, ruby, this and this?
I tell you, I am iealous of your loue,
Which makes me bryake into this passion.
Here's the kinde noble Anbery de Vere,
Knowes what I speake is true:
My Lord, my Lord, I doe appeale to you:
Are these things to be hozne?

Sal. No by the Roode,

These loue-rimes are the tokens of small good.

Hu. Why my good Lord, was neuer Poetry,
Offred vnto a Ladies patronage?

Sal. Yes, but not taken.

Hu. Yes, and taken too.

Though muddy slaues, whose ballatizing rimes,
With words vnpolisht, shewe their brutish thoughts,
Naming their Haukins in each lustfull line:
Let no celestiall beautie looke awry,
When well writ poemes, conching her rich praise,
Are offerd to her vnstain'd vertues eye.
For Poetries high spightted sonnes will raise,
True beautie to all wisht eternitie:
Therefore my Lord, your age is much to blame,
To thinke a taken Poeme Ladies shame.

Sal. You see the King, thats better read than you,
And far more wongd than I, takes it not wel.

Ki. Yes but I doe: I thinke not Isabell, Lord,
The worse for any writing of Brunes.

Sal. Will you ha the troth my Lord? I thinke so too:
And though I be an old man, by my sword,
My arme shall iustifie my constant word.

The death of Robert.

Qu. After a long storme in a troublous sea,
The Pilot is no gladder of a calme,
Than Isabell to see the vexed lookes
Of her lou'd Lord, chang'd into sweete aspects.
Kin, I will not tell thee what a world of woes,
For thy loue, deare loue, rise againe: If my life,

To himselfe,

(Matildaes loue: se we swords will fight for thee)
I will not number by the many woes
That shall be multiplied, strike vpon strike
Will follow: But to thynne insuing ills,
Ile take such pledges as shall please me aske,
Of each proud Baron, dwelling in the Realme.
Bruse knightman, and the deputie to March,
Hath a high minded Lady, and a lesse boy,
An able sonne for armes, and a lesse boy,
That is the comfort of his fathers life:
Madame, I know you loue the Lady well,
And of her wealth you may be bold to build,
By sending you foure hundred white milch kine,
And ten like coloured bulles, to serue that heard:
So faire, that euery cow did lo seme,
And euery bull Europaes rauisher.
To friend my selfe with such a subjects truth,
Thus I commaund; You, and Earle Salisbury
Shall, with what speede conueniently ye may,
Hye ye to Gilsford, there the Ladie lies,
And her sonnes too, as I am told by spies:
All that she hath, I knowe she calleth yours,
All that she hath, I gladly would call mine,
If she abuse yee: if she vse yee well,
For euer be, what she retaines, her owne:
Only goe by as Queenes in progresse doe,
And send me word how she receiueth you.

Qu. Well, I auaouch she will, before I goe,

Earle of Huntington.

Farre be it, Iohn should pꝛooue Lord Bruses foe,
Come noble Oxford, I long to be at Gilford.

Sall. In such a businesse, Hadam, so doe I. Exeunt.

King. Goe on, good Itales, now Gilford is mine owne.
hubert, I charge you take an hundred hozse,
And followe vnto Gilford Castle gates,
The Ducene, pꝛetend, you come to tend vpon,
Sent carefully from vs: when you are in,
Boldly demaund the Lady for her sonnes,
For pledges of her husbands faith and hers:
Whome when yee haue, vpon the Castle seize,
And keepe it to our vse vntill we come:
Meane while let me alone with Hugh your sonne,
To worke a wonder, if no pꝛodigie:
But, what soere, it shall attempted be.

hub. Euen that which to your Maestie
May seeme contentfull, thereto I agree.

King. Goe then to Gilford, and a victoz be. Exit hub.

Mowbray, our maske? are you and Chester ready?

Mow. We will befoze your Grace, I warrant you.

King. How thinkst of it, Mowbray?

Hu. As on a malke; but for our tozch-bearers,
Hell cannot take so mad a crewe as I.

King. Faith, who is thiefe?

hu. Will Brand, my Lord.

But then your Grace must curbe his cruelty:
The raigne once got, he's apt for villanie.

King. I knowe the villaine is boch rough and grim:

But as a ty-dogge I will muzzle him.

Ile bring him vp to lawne vpon my friends,
And wozy be ad my foes. But to our malke.

I meane this night to reuell at the scaff,
Where faire marilda graceth euery guest:
And if my hidden curteise she grace,

The death of Robert

Old Bainards Castle good Fitzwaters place,
John will make rich, with royall Englands wealth:
But if he do not: not those scattred bands,
Dropping from Austria, and the Holy land,
That boast so much of glorious victozies,
Shall stoppe the inundations of those woes,
That like a deluge I will bying on them:
I knowe the crue is there, banish all feares:
If wrongd, they shall be ours, if welcome, theirs. *Exeūt*
¶ Enter *Fitzwater* and his sonne *Bruse*, and call forth
his daughter,

Fitz. Why how now botary? still at your booke?
Euer in mourning weeves? For shame, for shame,
With better entertainment cheere our friends,
Now by the blest crosse you are much too blame,
To crosse our mirth thus; you are much too blame I say.
Good Lord, hath neuer woe enough of wellada!
In deed, in deed,

Some sozrow fits: but this is moze than neede.

mat. Good father pardon me,
You saw I ate the supper and the banquet,
You knowe I cannot dance, discourse I shunne:
By reason that my wit, but small before,
Comes farre behinde the ripe wits of our age.

Young B. Youl be too ripe for marriage,
If you delay, by day, and day, thus long,
There is the noble Wigmore, lord of the March,
That lyes on Wye, Lug, and the Seuerne streames,
His sonne is like the sunnes syes Ganimede,
And for your loue, hath sent a Lord to plead:
His absence, I did purpose to excuse:

¶ Enter *Lester*, *Richmond*.

But Lester is the man for him that sues.

F. My cousin Bruse hath bene your Broker, Lester,
At least hath broke the matter to my girle.

Lest. O for a barber at the time of neede,

Earle of Huntington.

Oz one of these that dzesses perlwigs,
To decke my gray head wíth a yowthfull haire:
But I must tooe. Matilda, thus it is;
Say, can ye loue mee? I am Wigmore's sonne.
Ma. My cousin said, he look't like Ganimedé:
But you, but you.

Ley. But I, but I, you say,
Am rather like old Chremes in a play.
But thats a nice obiection: I am hee,
But by atturneshippe made deputie.

Mat. He's neuer like to speede well, all his life,
That by atturney sues to winne a wife:
But graunt you are, whome you seeme nothing like,
Young Wigmore, the heire to this noble Lord:
He for his sonne hath yet sent vs nere a word.

Old. Br. If you grant loue, when his sonne doth wooe,
Then in your ioynture heele send, say, and doe.

Y. Br. And for a dooer, cosin sake my word,
Looke for a good egge, he was a good bird:
Cooke a the game ifaith, neuer feare.

Ma. I, but I feare the match will fall out ill,
Because he saies his sonne is named Will.

Fitz. And why good daughter? Hath some Palmister,
Some Augur, oz some dreaming Calculator
(For such I know you ofte hearken to)
Bene pzating gainst the name? Go too, go too,
Doe not belecue them. Lester, fall to wooe.

Ma. I must beleue my father, and tis you,
That if I ought misdoe, repprou'd me still,
And chiding said, you'r wedded to your will.

Fitz. God for thy mercy, haue pee caught me there?
Wigmore is William, woman. Lester, speake,
Thou art the simplest wooc in the world.

Lest. You haue put me out, & she hath cooke me downe
You with your talke, she with her ready tongue.
You told me I should find her milde and still,

The death of Robert

And scarce a worde come from her in an hower,
Then did I thinke, I should haue all the talke,
Unhindred by your willingnesse to helpe,
Unanswerd till I had no moze to say: And then
Y.B. What then? she with a courtly curtsie saying nay.

Ma. Your friends at turney might haue gone his way,
With as great credit, as did that Orator,
Which handling an Oration, some three howeres,
All for the matter, worse than bad for phrase:
Having said Dixi; lookt, and found not one,
To praise or dispraise his Oration:
For, wearied with his talke, they all were gone.

F. Now by my troth, if any troth I haue,
I am as merry at matildes mirth,
As I was glad to see her first daies birth.
For till this hower, so helpe me holidam,
Since the soe timely death of huntington,
Not a blithe word had passage through her lips.

Ley. See what a pleasing humour wooers bring.

Col. B. But yee leaue tos soone.

Ley. Yet she auerers

I stand too long, shall I chuse yours or hers?

Mat. Either for beare, I pray yee, for a while.
Welcome Lord Richmond.

Rich. What, doth matilda smile?

That still like sadnesse solitary sat:

Then off with widowes weedes, and teach your feete,

(That haue for got for want of exercise,
And by the meanes your sorrowe had no meane)

To tread a measure: for a gallant crue,

Of courtly maskers landed at the staires,

Before whome vintreated, I am come,

And haue presented, I beleue, their page,

Who with his torch is entred.

ritz. Richmond, thankes:



Earle of Huntington.

If you haue ought to say about the maskers,
Beseech the Gentlemen to enter in:
For they are welcome guests to old Fitzwater.

Exit Messenger.

Sonne, sonne, I pray you fetch the Ladies in:
We haue beene talking here about a match,
And left our noble friends in discontent.

Rich. Nay by my faith, we had much merriment;
Yet thought it long, you neither came, nor sent.

Matilda faints, and sits downe.

Fitz. How now matilda? pray thee cheere thee gentle.
Mac. I thought it was a lightning before death:
Too sodaine to be certaine: good pleasure stay.

Enter Ladies.

Willst thou not wanton? churle then goe thy way.

After maske.

Rich. What? chang'd so soon: so soon saue to your dūps?
Cheerly: the maske comes in. O God, this veile & looke
Is it not this spoze.

Mac. Ile leaue it.

! (stay.

Rich. Nay: for your loue, Williams sake, faire maiden

Dance: Maskers take each a Ladie, Iohn Matilda:
but refusing, father;

This is no cōureshy daughter, be not nice,
You both abuse him and disparage vs:
His fellows had the Ladies they did chuse,
And wel you knowe, here is no more maids than Dauid:
Your selues are all our spoze: I pray you rise,
Or by my faith, I say you doe vs wrong.

Mac. I wil do what you wil: lead, lead your daunce.

Rich. You know me by my speech.

Mac. I my Liege, I: O! that temptatiōus tongue
Had no where to be plac't but in your head.

f

King

The death of Robert

Ki. Well, say I haue her tongue, had I not neede,
When you haue both her eyes: nay all her shape:
Able to tempt euen loue himsele to rape.
Ma Good my Lozd leaue; or I wil leaue the place.

Dauce againe; & in the first course *Maiilda* slings
from him: *Iohn* followes,

Fitz. Dauce out your Galliard: Gods deare holidzead,
P'are too forgetfull; dauce, or by my troth,
You'l moue my patience more than I will speake.

She vnwilling, *Iohn* roughly puls her.

Nay soft. vnmanner'd sir, you are too rough:
Her soynts are weake, your armes are strong & tough:
If yee come here for sport, you welcome be,
If not, better your roome than such bad company.

Iohn threatens him by signes.

Dost thou threaten mee? thou wilt I see thy face.

Kin. And so thou shalt, looke on me rebell Lozd;
Thou that wert late a factious ring-leader,
And in the open field gau'st me fierce fight,
Art thou againe gathering another head,
That with such rudenesse thou dost entertaine
The gentle conning of thy Soueraigne?

Fitz. My deead Lozd, heare me, and forgiue this fault:
What I haue eare done, long since you forgate:
If I did lead the Barons in the field,
The Barons chose me, when they could not chuse
But make some leader, you were so misled.
When better thoughts entred your royall bzeast,
We then obeyd you, as our Soueraigne head.

King. You did euen what you list, and so doe still.
I am the king, but you must haue your will:
The plaine troth is, we are not come in sport,
Though for our conning, this was our best cloake:



Earle of Huntington.

For if we neuer come, till you doe send,
We must not be your guests while bankets last,
Contentious bzauls you howerly send to vs:
But we may send and send, and you returne,
This Lord is sicke, that pained with the gout,
He rid from home. You thinke I finde not out
Your close confederacies: yes I doe, no doubt.

Lest. If there be here a close confederate,
Gods vengeance light vpon him with my hate.

K. No, you are open Lester, that I knowe.

Ch. I by the Lords, my Lords, your open foe, (Chester,
Lest. By thy Lords Lords, and mine, proud Rafe of
Thou dar'st not say so, wert thou from the king,
now. Yes, but he dares and shall.

Rich. Mowbray, if you stand by,

He dares perchance, els will the daffard fly. (speach:

Ch. My owne sword shall maintaine my tongues true
For it is not frequented to such lies,
As wangling Lester, and proud Richmond vse:
It cannot set out like a thundring drumme,
Or roaring Canon, stuf with naught but by eggs,
The multitudes of seas died red with blood,
And famous cities into cinders turn'd,
By their two armed armes.

King. I Chester.

And then they shewe vs rags, tozne off belike,
From poore decayed Ladies petticoates:
For neither bill, nor feathered shot, nor pike
Hauē halfe or any of those rents they haue:
These patcht together, fastned vnto staues,
They will not stick to sweare, haue beene aduanc't
Against the Sophie Souldan, and the Turke,
Le. Do not maintaine proud Chester, my liues Liege:
Your words I must put by: his if I beare
Yes you shall beare them, Beare, and yet not bite:

The death of Robert

We haue you muzzeld now: remember once
You braud vs wih your Bombard boasting words:
Come bytely, Lester, Richmód, both Fitzwaters, Bruse,
Deliuér by your swords immediatly:
And eithér yield your bodles to our hands,
Or giue such pledges as we shall accept,
Unto our Steward Winchester, with speede.

Lest. I will not leaue my armes, nor bzeak my woꝝd
Except I be prouok't: your liege-man I am swoꝝne:
That oath is pledge enough. If you mislike

Kin. Thou hearest me say, I doe.

Lest. And I reply, that pledge refus'd, I haue no moꝝe
foꝝ you.

Rich. And Richmond saies as noble Lester saith;
Alreadie haue we plighted fame and faith:
Which being scoꝝnde, returns to vs againe,
And by the kings owne mouth, we are discharg'd.

Kin. Fitzwater, what say you?

Fitz. What pledge desires my Liege?

King. I aske your stubborne daughter.

Yong Br. That were a gage to be ingag'd.

Fitz. Peace thou head-strong boy.

Pardon me soueraigne: all my power is yours:
My goods you may commaund, my life you maye
My children too I know with both their liues,
Will readily aduventure deaths woꝝst wrongs,
To doe such seruice as true subjects should:
But honozable fame, true chastitie

Kin. Make no exceptions, yield her by to mee,
Or looke foꝝ euer foꝝ my enmitie.

Fitz. May then Fitzwater tels your Paternie,
You doe him wrong; and well will let you wit,
He will defende his honour to the death.

King. And Bruse, you are no otherwife dispos'd,
You will not giue your sons to me foꝝ pledge.

Br.

Earle of Huntington.

Br. I haue but one, being my lesser boy,
Who is at Gilford: for my other sonne,
Ki. He braues me with the rest.
Well it is night, and theres no sunne tof weare by,
But by Gods sonne: and by him I here protest,
A miserable storme this night to raise,
That shall not cease, while England giueth rest,
To such vile traitors: Bruse Ile begin with you:
I will ifaith, as true as God is true,

Exeunt king, cum suis.

Lest. Then shal a storme be rais'd against a storme,
And tempest be with tempest beaten backe.

Fitz. But this firme Island like the sea will tolle,
And many goodly buildings goe to wracke,
Many a widowe weepe her dying sonne,
And many a mother to her helplese babes
Cry out vncomfortably; children peace,
Your crying vnto me is all in vaine,
Dead is my husband, your pooze father slaine.

Yong Br. We can not helpe it vnkle. (power:

Ri. No, you see intreats & humble suites haue now no
But lust and wrach the kingdome both deuour.

Br. He did menace first, and much I feare
He will to Gilford, and bessege my wife.

Fitz. O, hpe to saue her, Richmond ride with him,

Rich. Let vs away Bruse, least we come to late,
And with vs take some scoze of men well arme.

Exeunt Richmond,

Fitz. Doe: Lester, and my selfe will keepe the citie,
Til we are furnisht with an able armie.
Your Nephew, Bruse, shal take an hundred armed men,
And poast to Hartford Castle with your sister:
Sith wrong will wake vs, we will keepe such watch,
As to his life, he shall not hurt vs bring.

Exeunt omnes.

The death of Robert

¶ Enter Queene, *Bruses* Ladie, *Hubert*, *Salisbury*.

Qu. Be comforted good *Havame*, doe not feare,
But giue your sonne as pledge vnto the king:
Your selfe at Court may keepe him company.

Wife. I am betraid, alas I am betraid,
And little thought your Highnesse had bene hent,
So much against me, for my many loues,
As to prepare an entrance for my foe.

Qu. As I shall liue in heauen, I did not knowe
Of *Huberts* conning: but lament not this:
Your sonne you say is gone; what feare you then?

Wi. O madame, murder, mischief, wrongs of men
I feare, I feare: what ist I doe not feare?
Such hope is so farr off, despaire so neare.

Ox. Answer mee good *Hubert*, I pray the *Hubert* doe.
What thinke you of this matter, may I on your word
Perswade the woman that all things are well?

Hu. You may perswade her, if you can my Lord:
For I protest I knowe no other thing,
But that the king would haue him for a pledge of the
Lord *Bruses* faith.

Sal. And reason too. Now by my Honour, *Hubert*, I
protest it is good reason.

Bruse, I tell you plaine,
Is no sound cloake, to keepe Iohn from the raine.
I will goe to her- Hu. Doe good simple *Carle*.

If not by threats, nor my intreats she yield,
Thy braine is barren of inuention,
Dried vp with care: & neuer will shee yield her sonne to
thee, that hauing power, wantst wit.

Br. Wife. I ouerheare thee *Hubert*.

Ox. So do I dame *Bruse*:
But stir no coles: the man is well below v,
And merits more than so.

Br. W. But I will answer:

Hubert

Earle of Huntington.

Hubert, thou fatall keeper of pooze babes,
That are appointed hostages for Iohn,
Had I a sonne here, as I haue not one
(For yesterday I sent him into Wales)
Thinkest thou I would be so degenerate,
So farre from kinde, to giue him vnfo thee?
I would not I protest: thou knowest my minde,

Ox. Ladie, you feare moze than you neede to doe,
Indeede you doe, in very deepe you doe:
Hubert is wrongd about the thing you meane,
About young Arthus: O, I thought it was so:
Indeede the honest, good, kinde gentleman
Did all he might for safegard of the childe.

Qu. Beleeue me Madame Bruse, the man is wrongd.

B. w. But he wrongs me, to keepe my Castle thus,
Disarming my true seruants, arming his,
Now moze of outrage comes, what shall I doe?

¶ Enter the king, Mowbray, Winchester, Chester.

King. O this is well, Hubert, wheres Bruscs sonne?

Wi. Where thou shalt neuer see him, Iohn.

K. Ladie, we shall haue talke with you anone.

Where is he Hubert? (to confesse.)

Hu. Hid, or fled my Lord: we can by no means get her

Sa. Welcome to Gilsford, Oxfords liefest Lord.

K. You scarce giue welcme, ere I bid you goe:

For you my Lord, the Queene and Winchester,

Shall march to Harford. Sweete Isabell,

And if thou loue me, play the Amazon.

Matilda that hath long bewitcht mine eye,

Is as I heare by spials, now in Harford Castle;

Besiege her there: for now her haughty father

Ruffians it by and downe, and all the brood

Of viperous traitors whet their poysoned teeth,

That they may feed on vs that foster them.

Go forward, and goe with you victorie:

The death of Robert

Which to assure, my powers shall followe you.

Sail. Did I not tell you this: then trust money:
May beis chang'd, and cares no more for her,
Than I doe Madame.

King. Be gone I say, be gone:
Your speeche, rich victorie attendeth one:
But your delay
May giue your foes the happie glorious day.

Qu. One boone my Liege, and part.

Kin. Be briefe.

Qu. Shew that pooze Ladie pietie, I beseech. *Exeunt.*

Kin. I will indeede. Come Ladie, let vs in,
You haue a sonne, goe in and bring him mee,
And for the Queenes sake I will fauour yee.

B. W. I haue no son: come, come: come in and search,
And if you finde him, wretched may I bee. *Exit.*

Ki. Chester and Hubert, see you keepe good watch.

Not farre of doe I heare a warlike sound:
Brase on my life: looke too't while I goe in
To seeke this boy; for needs we must haue him.

Come with vs Mowbray. *Exeunt.*

¶ Enter Bruse, Richmond, Souldiers.

Rich. The Castle gates are shut. what ho: what ho?

You that are seruants to the Lady Bruse,
Arise, make entrance for your Lord and friends.

Enter, or about, *Hugh Winchester.*

Hu. We will make issue ere yee enter here.

Who haue we there, Richmond and Bruse? Is't you?

What, by so soone, are yee so early here?

In you faith the Proverb's verified:

We are early by, and yet are nere the neare.

Rich. The worse our fortune, Bruse let vs goe hence,
We haue no power to fight, nor make defence.

Ch. What Richmond, will you proue a Runaway?

Rich. From thee good Winchester: Now by Lord defend.
Bruse



Earle of Huntington.

Bruse, we will stay and fight.

Br. 'Tis to no end: we haue but t'wentie men, & they
be tyr'd.

But ere we doe retire, tell me Lozd Hubert,

Where are my wife and sonne?

Hu. Your wife is here, your sonne we cannot finde.

Br. Let son & wife, high heauens, your comfort finde.
Exeunt.

¶ Enter King, Mowbray, Ladie Bruse.

Chest. Bruse hath bene here, my Lozd.

Ki. I, let him goe: we haue good pledges: though wee
see but one,

The other we are sure will come anone.

Mow. I doe aduise you, for your owne discharge,
Deliuer by your seruice vnto the king.

King. Nay let her chuse. Come hither Mowbray.

The king and Mowbray whisper.

Hu. The king is angry; Ladie Bruse aduise you.

L.Br. What he aduis'd by thee, to haue my louing,
kinde and prettie boy, giuen to an unkinde killer of
sweete boyes?

Ch. Madame go too, take counsell of your friends,
I warrant you the king will vse him well.

L.B. I, as he vs'd his Nephew, Arthur Chester:

God blesse my childe from being vsed so.

Mow. Sit Hubert, what are all the people voided,

The horses and the cattel turned forth?

Hu. Mowbray, they be.

Mow. Then will I doe the kings commaundement.

L.B. What will he doe! good lozd, what will he doe!

Mowbray, I pray you what ist you will doe.

Mo. Why? fire the Castle.

L.B. The Castle Mowbray? tarry, tarry man,

Hold me not Chester, gentle Mowbray stay:

Good Hubert let me goe.

The death of Robert

Mow. You must not goe: the king is mou'd and will not heare you speake.

L. Br. But he shall heare mee. Pittie mee king Iohn, call Mowbray backe: heare mee for pitties sake, regard the Ladie Bruses wofull cry.

K. What dost thou aske?

L. First call backe Mowbray.

K. Stay Mowbray: now he bylefe.

L. I haue some linnen garments, Iewels, cypres, Wackt in a hamper here within the lodge:
O let me saue it from consuming fire.

K. And is this all?

L. Its all the little all, I here haue left.

K. Away, set fire; linnen and trash.

L. Once moze heare mee, theres a pretious Jewell,
You haue not any richer in all the Realme:

If fire doe blemish it, Arte neuer moze,
To his true colour, can the same restoze.

Ki. Fetch it: two of yee helpe her to her hamper hither.

L. Nay, nay: one will suffice: the Jewell if I saue, is all I aske. Exit with Chester.

Kin. We shall her Jewell haue,

hu. She is very fearefull I should keepe her sonne.

Within, La. Ye doe, yee doe.

Ki. Alas good Ladie: harken, Chester & she are chiding,

Enter Chester and she, leading the boy.

La. Let goe his hand, Is this a pawe, thinke you,

To holde a tender hand in? sic for shame:

A noble man so churlish? Looke I pray,

His armes are gristles.

King. How now Lady Bruce,
Doth Chester hurt the Jewell of your isy?
Now by my troth it is a prettie boy.

La. I knowe your Mercie as much as I, you would
say moze.

King.

Earle of Huntington.

Ki. Well, he and you of vs no wrong shall haue:
But stay in Windsor Castle with sir Walter Blunt,
And honourably be vsed: you shal till,
Your husband and your sonne obey our will.

L. For this great mercie, if they disobey,
My selfe will chide them: Fortune followe John,
And on his foes fall swift destruction. *Exeunt.*

K. Come let vs now after the Queene & Oxford.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Queene, Oxford, Souldiers.

Qu. Now are yee, worthy and resolu'd men,
Come to the cage where the vnleane birds hide,
That tyre on all the faire flight in the Realme.
Summon this Castle, or (to keepe my words)
This cage of night-hid owles, light-flying birds.

*Offer to summon. Enter yong Bruse, Matilda,
Souldiers,*

Ox. Stay bym: thou need'st not summon willing men:
I rather willfull: for such me thinke they be.

Qu. Se yee yon baggage, muffled in black weeds?
Those clouds folde in the Coniect, that portends
Sad desolation to this royall Realme:
For euer seeke to make her light, good friends.
Let vs disrobe her of each little beame,
And then your Phoebus will one Phoebe haue,
That while they clue that leud your land true light,
Giue ioy vnto your day, rest to your night.
Assaile them: stay not.

Ox. Stay, and assaile them first.
I say to you, faire Queene, this fact is foule.
Let not prouoking words whet dull edg'd swords:
But try if we can biant sharpe blades with words.
Fitzwaters Nephew, Bruse, I see thee there,
And tell thee, it is shame for such a boy,

The death of Robert

To lead a many able men to fight.
And modest looking maid, I see you too:
And vntil sight, to biewe virginitie
Guarded with other souldiers, than good praers:
But you will say the king occasions it.
Say what you will, no king but would take cause
Of iust offence: yeld you young Bruse: your mocher is
in holde.

Yield you young maid: your father is in holde.
ma. Will the Queene keepe me from the lustfull king?
Then will I yeld.

Qu. A plague vpon this counterfaitting queene,
ma. Gods blessed mercy, will you still be mad,
And wzong a noble virgine with vile speech?

Ox. Let me alone: matilda, maiden faire,
Thou virgine spouse, true Huntingtons iust heire,
Wilt thou come hither? and I doe protest,
The Queene and I, to mitigate this warre,
Will doe what thou wouldest haue.

ma. I come.

Br. You shall not goe: sound dzums to warre.

Ox. Alack, alack for woe: well God for vs, sth it
will needes be so.

Alarum, fight, stay.

Ox. What stay you for?

Br. Matildaes cryes doe stay vs.

mat. Oxford, I come in hope: of my defence.

Br. I will fight, ere you shall yeld your selfe;
To any coward Lord that serues the King.

Ox. Toward proud boy? thou findest me no such beast,
And thou shalt rue in earnest this rude iest.

Fight againe, Matilda taken, led by the haire by
two Souldiers.

Ox. Rude hands how hale you vertuous honour for? th?
You doe not well: away: now by my faith,

You



Earle of Huntington.

See doe not well I say.

Take her, faire Queene, vse her as she deserues:

Shes faire, shes noble, chaste, and de bonaire.

I must, according to due course of warre,

See that our souldiers scatter not too farre,

Least what care wonne, our negligence may loose. *Exit.*

Qu. Is this the Helen, this the Paragon,
That makes the English Minnus flame to fall?

Mar. I am not she, you see I am not shee:

I am not rauight yet, as Helen was,

I know not what will come of Johns desire,

That rages like the sea, that burnes like fire.

Qu. Plaine John, proud Ione? He teare your painted
face: thus, thus He vse you.

Enter Oxford.

Ma Doe, doe, what you will.

Ox. How goes this geere? ha: foule fall so foule a deed,

Wooze chaste childe of Fitzwater dost thou bleede.

By Gods blest mother this is moze than neede:

And moze I tell you true than I would beare,

Were not the danger of the campe so neere.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. By Lord, the foes haue gathered head:

Lord Bruce the father, toyneth with the sonne.

Ox. Why heres the matter, we must spend our time,

To keepe your nailes from scratching innocence,

Which should haue beene bestowed for our defence.

What shall we now doe? helpe me holy God,

The foe is come, and we are out of ranke.

Skirmish: Queene taken, Matilda rescued.

Enter olde Bruce wounded, led by his sonne and

Lester.

Br. Is the field ours?

Young Br. I, thanks to noble Lester.

Br. Give God thanks, sonne, be carefull to thy mother:

The death of Robert

Commend me to Fitzwater, loue thy brother,
If eir her armes, or prayers may him recover, Fals down,
Lest. How cheeres old Bruse?

Br. His soule to top is fled:

His gricfe is in my bosome buried,

Lest. His life was dearely bought. For my eyes sawe
A shambles of dead men about his teete,
Sent by his sword vnto eternall shade:

With honour bury him: cease teares good Bruse.

Br. Teares helpe not I confesse: yet must I weepe.
Souldiers, your helpe to beare him to my tent.

Exeunt, cum Bruse.

ma. Be comforted great Queene: so get my wrongs,
It was my fortune, and no fault of yours.

Qu. Is she thus milde? or doth she mock my chance?

Lest. Queene Elianor, are you a prisoner?

See what it is to be a souldier.

But what foule hand hath harm'd Matildaes faire?

Speake honourable maid: who toze thy haire?

Did Oxford or the Queene this violence?

ma. Ungentle groomes first tooke and toze me thus:

From whom old Oxford, chastising their wrong,

Hott kindly bzought mee to this gentie Queene:

Who laid her soft hand on my bleeding cheekes,

Gave kisses to my lips, wept for my woe:

And was deuising how to send me backe,

Euen when your last alarum frighted vs:

And by her kindnesse, fell into your hands.

Lest. Which kindnesse we returne. Madame, be free.

Souldiers, conduct the Queene whether she please.

Qu. Farewell Matilda: if I liue, beleue,

I will remember this. How I grieue,

That I should wrong to innocent a maid.

Come Ladie, old Fitzwater is not farre:

Hete weepe to see these scarres, full well I knowe.



Earle of Huntington.

Ma Would I were from this wofull world of warre:
Sure I will scape, and to some Runnygoe. *Exeunt,*
Enter king, Oxford, Hubert,

K. Had you her then: had you her in your power?

Ox. I marry had we; we had taken her.

K. Who had she bene in mine, (her.

Not all earths power, from my power, should haue freed

Ox. You are a king: and high are Princes thoughts:

It may be with your sight you could haue chaac

An host of armed men: it may be so:

But we your subiects did the best we could:

Yet Bruce the father, backing Bruce the sonne,

Scattered our troopes: brought rescue to Matilda,

And tooke your peerlesse Queene, their prisoner.

K. On all the race of Bruses, for this wrong,
I will haue vengeance, Hubert, call in Brand, *Exit Hu.*
My Lord of Oxford, giue vs leaue a while to be alone.

Ox. I will my liege: but be you comforted,
The Queene will be recover'd, doe not feare,

As well as ere she was;

K. Oxford, for beare I pray. (I feare, *Exit*

Ox. Yet for the wrong she did vnto Matilda, I feare,

K. The father and the sonne did rescue her:

The mother and the sonne shall rue the dedde:

So it shall be: I am resolu'd thereon.

Matilda, my soules foode, those haue bereft:

And these of bodie's foode I will bereaue.

Enter Hubert, Brand.

K. Will Brand?

Brand. Your Maiestie. Make legs.

K. Lesse of your curtesie. Hubert, stand aside.

Pass speedily to Windfor: take this ring:

Bid Blunt deliuer Bruses wife and childe,

Into your hands: and aske him for the key

Of the darke tower, or the dungeon vault.

The death of Robert

In that, see you shut by the dam and hzat.
Pretend to Blunt that you haue left them meat,
Will serue some sennight: and vnto him say,
It is my will you bring the key away.
And here you sit, I charge you on your life,
You doe not leaue a bit of bread with them.

Brood. I warrant you, let me alone.

Ki. Come backe againe with all the speede you may.

Hugh. Some cruell taske is pointed for that slaue,
Which he will execute as cruelly.

Kin. No ruth, no pittie shall haue harbour here,
Till faire Matilda be within these armes.

Enter Oxford with the Queene.

Oxf. Comfozt my Lord, comfozt my grattous Lord,
Your loue is come againe.

Ki. Ah Oxford, where?

Ox. Here my dread Soueraigne.

Kin. Thou ly'st she is not there.

Ox. Under correction you wzong my age,
Say I beseech you, is not this the Queene?

Kin. I cry you mercie Oxford, tis indeede.

Where is Matilda?

Qu. Where vertue, chastitie, and innocence remain,
there is Matilda.

King How comes she, pray, to be so chaste, so faire, so
vertuous in your eye?

Qu. She freed me from my foes, and neuer brg'd
My great abuse, when she was prisoner.

Kin. What did you to her?

Qu. Railed vpon her first,

Then tare her haire, and rent her tender cheekes.

K. O heauen! was not the day darke at that foule deed?

Could the sunne see, without a red eclipse,

The purple teares fall from those tyrant wounds!

Out



The death of Robert

Be not afraid: come come, here is the dooze,

L. O God how darke it is!

Brand. Goe in: its higher by the staires.

La. My trembling heart forbids mee to goe in.

O if thou haue compassion, tell me true,

What my pooze boy and I must trust vnto?

Brand. I teill thee true, compassion is my foe:

Yet haue I had of thee compassion.

Take in thy childe: as I haue faith or troth,

Thou and thy boy shall be but prisoner:

And I must daily bring you meate and drinke.

La. Tell thou hast sworn: and God so giue thee light,

As in this darke place thou rememb'rest vs.

Pooze heart, thou laugh'st, and hast not wit to thinke,

Upon the many feares that me afflict.

I will not in: helpe vs, assist vs Blunt,

We shall be murder'd in a dungeon.

Brand. Cry without cause: He haue yee no faith.

La. O let my boy and I but dine with Blunt,

And then I will with patience goe in.

Br. Will ye, or will yee, sounds, ye must goe in,

And neuer dine.

La. What saiest thou? neuer dine?

Br. No not with Blunt, I meane. Goe in I say:

O by this hand, yee get no meate to day,

La. My childe is hangry. When shall he haue meate?

Br. Why, and ye would goe in, immediately.

La. I will goe in: but very much I doubt,

For I, nor my pooze boy shall ere come out.

Exie

hee seemes to locke a doore.

Br. Here while yee liue, yee are they sure.

Cry till their hearts ake, no man can them heare.

I miserable: eare his familiement:

But what care I, hee king commaunded me.

Alarum.



Earle of Huntington.

Alarum within: excursions. Enter *Fitzwater, Bruce.*

Fitz. Now doth faire fortune offer hope of speede:
But howsoere we speede: good cosin Bruce,
March with three hundred bowes & pikers to Windsor,
Spreading a rumour that the day is ours:
As ours it shall be, with the helpe of heaven.
Blunt leues our part farre better than the kings:
And will, I gage my life, vpon the newes,
Surrender vp the Castle to our vse.
By this means shall you helpe vs to a holde,
How ere it chance, set free your Lady mother
That liues in prison there, with your young brother.

Br. Away good trinke, to the battel goe:
But that a certaine good insues I knowe,
For all the world, I would not leaue you so.
Fitz. Away, away.

God send thee Windsor: vs this happie day.

Alarum still. Enter *Hughbert.*

Hu. You cannot hide your selfe *Mailda*: no disguise
Will serue the tme: now must you to the king:
And all these warres will with your presence cease.
Yield you to him, hee soone will yield to peace.

Ma. They say thou took'st some piccie of a childe,
The king appointing thee to leare his eyes,
Men doe repozt thee to be iust of word,
And a deare louer of my Lord the king.
If thou didst that if thou be one of these:
Pittie *Mailda*, prostrate at thy feete.

Hugh. I sau'd young *Arthurs* eyes, and pittie thee:
My word is iust, which I haue giuen the king.
The king I loue: and thee I knowe he loues.
Compare these: then how can I pleasure thee?

Ma. By letting me escape to *Dunmow* Abbey,
Where I will end my life a votary.

The death of Robert

Hu. And the king die with doting on thy loue.
Mar. No, no: this fire of lust would be soone laide,
If once he knetwe me sworne a holy maid.

Hu. Thy teares and loue of vertue haue the power
To make me, at an instant, true and false:
True to distressed beautie and rare chastitie:
False to king Iohn, that holds the right of thee
Dearer than England, or earths Emperie,
Goe happie soule, that in so ill an age,
Hast such faire beautie for thy heritage:
Yet goe not so alone. Dost heare tall souldier?

Call a Souldier.

I know thee honest: guide this gentle maid,
To Dunmow Abbey: she is one I knowe.
I will excuse thee and content thee well.
By signe take, - that yee may passe unsearcht.
Mar. Kinde subert, many prayers, for this good deede,
Shall on my beads be daily numbered.

¶ Enter *Lester, Richmond, Fitzwater.*

Lest. O trebble heat of honour, toyle and rage!
How cheeres earle Richmond?
Fitzwater, speake old man,
We are now nere together; answere mee.

Fitz. Lester, the more our woe,
The likelier to be taken by the foe.

Rich. O let not such a thought abuse thy age:
Weele neuer yeld vs to the tyrants rage.

Fitz. But if my girle be yilded,

Lest. If she be.

Fitz. J. J: theres no man but shall haue his time to dy.
Lest. Now is our hower: which they shall dearily buy.

¶ Enter king, *Hugh, Chester, Mowbray.*

Rich. Lester, weele stand like thzee Battalions:
What saies our noble Generall theretoo?

Fitz.



Earle of Huntington.

Fitz. Why, I say doe: while I can, I keepe my place
with you.

King. Now now my bug-beare, will ye now submit:

Lest. To death, but not to thee.

King. Richmond, no? you?

Rich. Earle Richmond will not yield.

K. He thinke s Fitzwater, you should haue moze wit.

Fitz. If it be wit to liue, I haue no will:

And so in this, my will oerules my wit.

K. Alarm then, with weapons will (wic.)

We scourge your desperate will, and teach yce to heare

Fight: driue back the king.

Withdrawe.

K. Of high heroicke spirites be they all:
We will withstande a litle and conferre:
For they are circled round, and cannot scape.

Rich. O that we thre, who in the suns arise,
Were (like the thre Triumirates of Rome)
Guids of an hoast, able to vanquish Rome,
Are now alone, inclos'd with enemies!

Fitz. The glozie of the world hath no moze stay:
But as it comes, it fleetes, and fades away.

Lest. Courage, and let vs die; they come againe:

It s Lord Hugh Burgh alone, Hughberr, what newes?
Hu. This dates fierce slaughter, lohn, our King, lamets:
And to you thre, great leaders of an hoast,
That now haue not a man at all to leade:

You worchie captaines without companies
Lest. Fitzwater, Richmond: by the blessed Sunne,
Lord Hubert mocks vs.

hu. By the Spoone I doe not, and put the blessed too't.
It is as good an oath as you haue swozne.

My heart grieues, that so great hearts, as yours be,
Should put your fortunes on a sort of slaues,
That bying bale feare within them to the field:

The death of Robert

But to the matter. Sith your state is such,
That without mercie you are sure of death
(Which I am sure, and wel his Highnesse knowes,
You doe not feare at all) yet he giues grant,
On iust conditions you shall saue your liues.

Fitz. On no condition will I saue my life,
Except Matilda be returnd againe,
Unblemisht, vnabro; and then I yield.

Hugh. She now is where she neuer will retire,
Fitz. Neuer? O God! is my Matilda dead?

Hugh. Deade to the world: dead to this woe she is.
She liues at Dunmow, and is bowd a Nunne-
Fitz. Doe not delude me Hubert, gentle sonne.

Hugh. By all the faith and honour of my kin:
By my vntain'd alleagiance to the king:
By my owne word, that hath reprooue lesse bin,
She is at Dunmow.

Fitz. O, how came she there?

Hu. When all these fields were walks for rage & fear
(This, howling like a head of hungry wolues:
That, scudding as a heard of frighted deere)
When dust arising like a cole blacke fogge,
From friend diuided friend, to yad foe to foe:
Yet neither those, nor these could either know,
Till here and there through large wide mouthed wounds
Proud life, euen in the gize of his heat,
Losing possession, belcht forth streames of blood:
Whose spouts in falling, made ten thousand drops,
And with that purple shower the dust alaid:
At such a time met I the trembling maid,
Secming a doue, from all her fellowes parted.
Secne, knowne, and taken: vnseene & vnknowne,
To any other that did knowe vs both,
At her entreats I sent her safely guided,
To Dunmow Abbey: and the guide returne,

Earle of Huntington.

Assures me she was gladfully receiv'd,
Purried: and in his sight did take her oath.

Fitz. Hubert, for this thy honourable deede,
I and my house will reuerence thy name.

Ho. Yet, I beseech you, hide it from the King:
At least that I countaid her to the place.

Enter King, *Monbray, Chester,*

Fitz. Hubert, I will.

King. What stand they still on tearmes?

Left. On honourable tearmes: on tearmes of right.

Our lutes without our libertie we scozne.

King. You shall haue life and libertie, I sweare.

Left. Then Lester bowes his knee to his liege Lord,
And humbly begs his Highnesse to beware
Of wronging innocence, as he hath done.

Rich. The like Richmond desires: I yields his sword.

King. I doe embrace ye both, and hold my selfe
Richer by a whole Realm, in hauing you.

*Fitz. Much is my wrong: yet I submit with these,
Begging free leave, to liue a private life.*

King. O Id byrands of malice in thy bosome rest.

Thou shalt haue leaue to leaue mee, neuer doubt-
Fitz. water, see thou shippe thee straight for France,
And neuer set thy foote on English shoze,
Till I repeale thee. Goe goe hence in peace.

Left. Why doth your Highnesse wrong Fitz. water thus?

King. I right his wrong; he's wearie of the land.

Rich. Not of the land, but of a publike life.

King. Content ye Lords: in such quick times as these,
We must not keepe a dzone among our bees.

Fitz. I am as glad to goe, as you to send:

Yet I beseech this fauour of your Grace,

That I may see Matilda ere I part.

King. Matilda? See Matilda, if thou canst
Before Sunne set; stay not another day.

The death of Robert

The Abbey wals, that throtted my happy child,
Appare within her haplesse fathers sight.
Farewell my Soueraigne, Lester, Richmond, Lords:
Farewell to all: gricfe giues no way to words.

King, Fitzwater stay: Lords, giue vs leaue a while,
Hubert, goe you befoze vnto the Abbesse,
And signifie our conuning; let her bring

(Exit Hubert.)

Matilda to her father. Come old man;
Be not too stoward, and we shall be friends.
About this girle our mozt all iarres began:
And if thou wilt, here all our quarrell ends.

Fitz, Reserve my honour, and my daughters fame,
And no pooze subiect that your Grace commands,
Shall willinger submit, obey, and serue.

K. Do then but this; Perswade thy beautious child,
To leaue the Hunry and returne to Court:
And I protest from hencefozth to forswear
All such conceipts of lust as I haue bozne.

Fitz, I will, my Lord, doe all that I may doe:
But giue me leaue, in this, to doubt of you.

K. This small thing graunt, and ake me any thing:
O else die in exile, loath'd of the King.

Fitz, You shall perceiue I will doe what I may.

Enter, on the wall, Abbesse, Matilda.

Hu. Matilda is afraid to leaue the house:
But loe, on yonder battlement she stands:
But in no case will come within your hands.

K. What will my Lady Abbesse warres with vs:
Speake Ladie; wherefoze shut you by your gates?

Ab. Haue we not reason, when an hoast of men,
Hunt and pursue religious chastitie?

King Iohn, bethinke thee what thou tak'st in hand,
On paine of interdiction of thy Land.

Murders and fellons may haue Sanctuary:

And

EARLE OF HUNTINGTON.

And shall not honorable maids distressed,
Religious virgins, holy Nunnes profess,
Haue that small pittulledge: Now out vpon thee, out,
Holy Sainct Catherine shield my virginicie:
I neuer tooke in such extre amicie.

hu. My Lord, the Abbelle lyes, I warrant you:
For I haue heard, there is a Honke of Bury,
That once a weake comes thither to make mer cy.

kin. Content thee Hubert, that same monke and he,
And the worst come, my instruments shall be.

Good Ladie Abbelle, feare no violence?
Theres not one here shall offer you offence. (said-

Fitz. Daughter, all this while teares my speech haue
My Lord the King: Lords all draw neare I pray:
And heare a pooze mans parting from his childe.

marilda, Till my vnkaind honours toy,
Faile Dynament of old Fitzwaters coat,
Bozne to rich fortunes, vnto not this ill age
Bereane thee of thy birth-rightes heritage,
Thou leest our Soueraigne, Lord of both our liues,
A long besieger of thy chastitie,

Both scattered all our forces, laine our friends,
Raced our Castles, left vs nere a house
Wher in to hide vs from his wrathfull eye:

Yet God prouides; France is appointed mee:
And thou find st house- roome in this Nunry.
Here if the king should vote, as he hath done,
Its sacriledge to tempt a holy Nunne:

But I haue hope he will not: yet my feare
Do vntowne my hope, as I am forst to stay,
And leaue abruptly, what I moze would say.

mar. O goe not yet, my grieu'd hearts comforter,
I am as valiant to resist desire,
As euer thou wert worthie in the field.
Iohn may attempt: but if marilda yeld,

The death of Robert

O then.

Fitz. I then Mailda, thou dost loose
The former glozie of thy chaste resolues.
These leauen years hast thou bid a Martyrs pains,
Restring in thy selfe lust-growing fier:
For being mortall, sure thou hadst desire.
And true sad winters haue their full course runne,
Since thou didst bury noble Huntingdon.
In these years, many months, and many daies,
Haue bene consum'd, thy vertues to consume:
Gifts haue bene heralds, Pandars did presume
To tempt thy chaste eares, with their vnchaste tongues:
All in effect, working to no effect.

For I was still the watchman of thy tower;
The keeper of foule wormes, from my faire flower:
But now, no moze, no moze Fitzwater may
Defend his pooze Lambe, from the Lyons prey:
Thy order and thy holy prayers may
To helpe thee, thou hast prouided by lawe:
Therefore be resolute, and nobly die,
Abhoire base lust, defend thy chasticite.

K. Dispatch Fitzwater, hinder not thy childer:
Many preferments doe on her awaite.

Fitz. A girle, I know thou shalt be offerd wealth
(Which is a greiuous inticement in sad want)
Great honours to lift by thy lowe estate,
And glorious titles to eternize thee.

All these doe but gild ouer vgly shame:
Such wealth, my child, foreruns releaslesse need:
Such honour euer prououes dishonourate.

For titles, none comes neare a vertuous name:

Keepe it euer, as thou hast done yet.

And though these darke times should forget thy praise,
An age will come, that shall eternize it.

Wid me farewell, and speake it in a word.

Me.



Earle of Huntington.

Ma. Farewell deare father.

Fitz. Oh farewell sweete childe:

My Liege farewell: Lester, Richmond, Hughbert,
Chester, and Mowbray: friends and foes farewell.

Matilda, see thou keepe thy spotlesse fame,

And liue eterniz'd; els die soone with shame. Exit.

na. Amen, amen: father, adieu, adieu:

Griefe dwels with mee, sweete comfort follow you.

Ab. Come daughter come: this is a wofull sight,
When good endeauours are opprest by might.

Exeunt from above, Abbesse, matilda.

K. Th Hubert, seest thou not the sunne go downe,
Cloudy and darke? matilda, stay one word.

She shakes her head, and scornefully saies nay.

Rich. How cheerst thou Lester?

Lest. Had man, at my state:

That cannot raise true honour ruinate.

Enter Messenger.

King. I will not be disbeignd: I beue to see
Dutck vengeance on this girle, for scornng me.

mess. Your Bruse, my Lord, hath gotten Windsor castle,

Slatue Blunc your Constable, and those that kept it:

And finding in a tower his mocher dead,

With his young brother star'd and famished:

That euery one may see the rufull sight,

In the thicke wall he a wide windowe makes:

And as he found them, so he lets them be

A spectacle to euery commer by,

That heauen and earth, your tyrant shame may see.

All pe ople cursing, ceping he vpon

The tyrant mercilesse, inhumane Iohn.

Ki. Chester, and Mowbray, march away to Windsor:

Suppresse that traitor Bruse. What if his dam,

In wilfull fury, would receiue no meat,

Not suffer her young childe any to eat,

Is it our fault? Waste pee with speede away,

The death of Robert

And we will followe: goe, be gon I pray. Exit, Ch. now,

Hu. O black and wofull deede! O pittious thing,
When slaues attend the fierce thoughts of a king,
Lest, My Lord, shall we goe too?

Kin. Lester and Richmond, I: I pray yee doe:

Lest, Get I my Beare & ragged Calfe once more
Rais'd in the field, for these wrongs some shall reare.

Exit Richmond, Lester.

K. Fetch in the Donke of Bury, that I talkt off,

Exit Hubert, for the Monke.

And bid Will Brand, my instrument of death,

Come likewise in. Conuert, to raging hate,

Monke, Hugh, Brand, enter.

My long resisted loue. Welcome good Donke.

Mon. Thanks to my Liege.

K. Thou hast bene long in lute,

To be installed Abbot of your house:

And in your fauour many friends haue strv.

Now is the hower that you shall be preferd,

Upon condition, and the matter small.

Sho't shall to make good honest Confessors,

I loue a faire Nunne, now in Dunmow Abbey.

The Abbesse loues you, and you pleasure her.

Now if, betweene you two, this prettie Ladie

Could be perswaded to affect a king,

Your lute is graunted; and on Dunmowe Abbey,

I will bestowe a hundred markes a yeare.

Mon. A holy Nunne, a young Nunne, and a Lady.

Deare ware my Lord; yet hit you well as may be:

Strike hands; a bargaine, she shall be your owne;

Or if she will not

Ki. Nay, if she doe refuse,

I send a deaths-man with you, this is hee:

If she be wilfull, leaue her to his hands:

Ant. on her owne head be her hasted end.

Earle of Huntington.

mon. The matter shall be done.

K. Sierra, what popsons haue you readie?

Brand. Stoze, stoze.

K. Waite on the monke then, and ere we take hoise,
He giue you such instructions as you neede.
Hughbert, prepare to Windsor with our hoast.

Exit King, Monke.

HU. Your tyrannies haue lost my loue almost:
And yet I cannot chuse but loue eternally
This wanton king, repleat with crueltie.
O how are all his princely vertues strайд,
With lust abhorred and lasciuious heate!
Which kindling first to fire, now in a flame,
Shewes to the whole world clearly his fowle shame.
To quench this flame, full many a tide of teares,
Like ouerflowing full seas, haue bene spent:
And many a d; y land drunke with humane blood;
Yet nothing helps his passions violent:
Rather they adde oyle to his raging fire,
Heate to his heate, desire to his desire,
Somewhat I feare, is now a managing,
For that prodigious bloodie stigmatique,
Is neuer cald vnto his kingly sight,
But like a Comet he portendeth still
Some inuouation, or some monstrous act,
Cruell, unkindly, horrid, full of hate:
As that vile deed at Windsor, done of late.
Gentle matilda some what I mistrust:
Yet ther I neede not feare. Such is his loue;
Againe, the place doth giue thee warrantise:
Yet I remember when his Highnesse said,
The lustfull monke of Bury should him aid:
I so it is; if she haue any ill,
Thoughe y lewd haueling wil her shame be wrought:
If it so chaunce, Matildas guiltlesse w; or; s.

THE DEATH OF ROBERT

Will with the losse of many a life be bought.
 But Hubert will be still his dead Lords friend,
 Howeuer he deserues, his matter serue:
 Though he neglect, him will not I neglect:
 Whoeuer failes him, I will Iohn affect.
 For though kings fault in many a soule offence,
 Subjects must sue, not mend with violence. Exit

Enter Oxford, Queene.

Ox. Now by my faith, you are too blame **Madame:**
 Euer tormenting euer bering you?
 Cease off these fretting humours, pray pae doe.
 Griefe will not mend it, nought can pleasure you,
 But patient suffering: noz by your Graces leane,
 Haue you such cause to make this hue and cry
 After a husband; you haue not in good looth.
 Hearely a child? this painment is not bad.
 Content faire Queene, and do not think it strange,
 That kings doe sometimes seeke delight in change:
 For now and then, I tell you, poore men range.
 Sit downe a little, I will make you smile.
 Though I be now like to the snowie Alpes,
 I was as hot as AEtna in my youth:
 All fire yfaith, true heart of oake, right Steele,
 A ruffian Ladie; often for my sport,
 I to a lodge of mine did make repose,
 To vie we my deere I said; deare God can tell,
 It was my keepers wife, whome I lou'd well.
 My Countesse (God be with her) was a shewe,
 As women be, your Maiestie doth knowe:
 And some odd pickt hanke put it in her head,
 All was not well; but such a life I led,
 And the poore keeper, and his smooth'd fact wiffe,
 That will I, nil I, there she might not bibe:
 But for the people I did well prouide:

And

Earle of Huntington.

And by gods mother, for my Ladies spight,
I trerkt her in her kinde, I seru'd her right.
Where she at London, I the country kept;
Come thither, I at London would sojourne:
Came she to court, from court I straightway stept:
Return, I to the court would backe returne.
So this way, that way, euey way she went,
I still was retrograde, seild opposite:
Till at the last, by mildnesse and submission,
We met, kiss, ioynd, and here left all suspicion.

Qu. Now out vpon you Vere, I would haue thought,
The world had not containd a chaster man.

Ox. Now, by my say, I will be swozne, I am.
In all I tell you, I confesse no ill,
But that I curbd a forward womans will:
Yet had my keepers wife bene of my minde,
There had bene cause some fault with vs to finde:
But I protest, her noes and napes were such,
That for my life she euer kept goe much.

Qu. You would take nay: but our king Iohn saies no;
No nay, no answer will suffice his turue:
He, for he cannot tempt true chastitie,
Filles all the Land with hostile crueltie.
Is it not shame, he that should punish sinne,
Defend the righteous, helpe the innocent,
Carues with his sworde, the purpose of his will,
Vpon the guarders of the vertuous,
And hunts admired spotlesse maiden-head,
With all the darts of desolation,
Because she scozned to be dissolute.
He, that he leaues, I doe not murmur at:
That he loues her, doth no whit me perplex;
If she did loue him, or my selfe did hate:
But this alone is it that me doth vex,
He leaues me that loues him, and her pursues,

The death of Robert

That loath him and looves me; how can I chuse,
But sadly grieue, and moune in my greene youch:
When noz of her, noz mee he taketh ruthe.

Ox. Ha done, good Queene, for gods good loue, ha don.
This raging humour will no doubt be staid:
Vertuous mailda is profess a Nunne:
With in a mile, at Dunmow liues the maid:
God will not suffer any ching so vile:
Hee will not fare, that he should her defile.

Qu. Noz Church, noz chappell, Abbey, Manry,
Are pziuledg'd from his intemperance.
But leaue we him, and let vs, I entreat,
Goe visit faire Mailda: much I am
In debt vnto the maide.

Ox. You are indeede.
You wzongd her, when witch biotwes you made her bleed.
But if you please to visit her, faire dame,
Our coach is ready: we will soone be there.

Qu. Thanks Oxford; and with vs I meane to beare
The beauctious garland, sent me out of Spaine:
Which I will offer in the Abbey chappell;
As witnesse of Maildaes chastitie:
Whom while I liue, I euer bow to loue,
In recompence of rash and causelesse wzong.

Enter Brand solus, with cuppe, bottle of poyson.

Brand, Good, by this hand: exceeding, passing good,
The dog no sooner dzanke it, but, yugh, yugh quoth he:
So grins me with his teeth: lyes downe, and dies.
Yugh quoth I: by gods bloud goe thy waies:
Of all thy line and generation,
Was neuer dog so worshipping as thou art.
For ere thou didst, thou wert an officer:
I ly not, by these nailes, a squires place:
For the vile cur became a countesse rafter,
So dyed the dog. Now in our next account

The

Earle of Huntington.

The Countesse comes, lets see a Countesse & a Nunne.
Why so: why so?
What would she haue the whole world quite vndone?
Whee meete her so: that trick What, not a king?
Hanging's too good for her; I am but a plaine knaue,
And yet should any of these no forsooths,
These pray awapes, these trip and goes, these tics,
Deny mee: now by these:
A plague vpon this bottle and this cup:
I cannot act mine oath: but too't againe,
By these ten ends of flesh and blood, I swear:
First with this hand, wound thus about her haire,
And with this dagger lustilie lamback:
I would yfaith, I, by my villany,
I would: but here, but here she comes,
Led by two doctozs in sweete letcherp:
If they speede, with my popson I goe by;
If not, hane at you maid: then steppe in I.

Enter Matilda, betweene the monke and the Nunne.

Mon. And as I saide, faire maid, you hane done well,
In your distresse, to seeke this holy place:
But tell me truely, how doe you expell
The rage of lust-arising heat in you?

Ma By prayer, by fasting, by considering
The shame of ill, and meede of doing well.

Ab. But daughter, daughter, tell me in my eare,
Hane you no fleshy fightings now and then: whisper,
Brand. Fleshy quoth you: a maid of threescore years,
And fleshy fightings sticking in her teeth:
Well wench, th'art matcht yfaith.

Ab. You doe confesse the king hath tempted you,
And thinking now and then on gifts and state,
A glowing heat hath proudly puffed you vp:
But thanks to God, his Grace hath done you good.

R

Mon.

The death of Robert

Mon. Who, the kings Grace?

Ma. No: Gods Grace, holy monke-

(maid)

Mo. The kings Grace faime would do you good, faire

Me. Ill good: he meanes my fame to violate.

Ab. Well, let that be.

Br. Good haud, good mother B.

How faime you would that that good bred should be?

Ab. I was about to say some what vpon a thing. O thus

We maids that all the day ace occupied,

(it is)

In labour and chaste hallowed exercise,

Are nothing so much tempted while day lasts,

As we are tried and p̄cured in the night.

Tell mee Mailda, had you since you came,

No dreames, no visions, nothing worth the notes?

Ma. No, I thanke God.

Ab. Truly you will, per will;

Except you take good heede and blesse your selfe.

For if I lie but on my backe a while,

I am past recovery, sure of a bad dreame.

You see you reuerend Monke now God he knowes,

I loue him dearer for his holinesse:

And I beleue the diuell knowes it too:

For the soule fiend comes to me many a night,

As like the monke, as if he were the man.

Many a hundred nights, the Nuns haue seene:

Pray, cry, make crosses, doe they what they can.

Once gotten in, then doe I fall to worke,

My holy water bucket being nere hand,

I whisper secret spelles, and coniure him,

That the soule fiend hath no more powre to stand:

Or downe, as I can quickly get him laid,

I blesse my selfe, and like a holy maid,

Turne on my right side: where I sleepe all night,

Without more dreames, or troubling of the spright.

Bravo. An abbelle: by the crosse of my good blade,

Ag

Earle of Huntington.

An excellent mother to bring by a maid,
For mee I meane, and my good master, Iohn:
But neuer any for an honest man. Coughs.

Now lie vpon that word of honestie:
Passing my throat, 'thad almost choked me:
S blood Ile forswear it for this trickie.

Mon, The trifle time. Faire in vs, its thus in bylese.
This Abbey by your meanes may haue reliefe:
An hundred markes a yeare; answerc I pray,
What will you doe herein?

Ma. Euen all I may.

Ab. Its charitably spoken, my faire childer:
A litle thing of yours, a litle helpe
Will serue the curue, learne but to beare, to beare
The burden of this world, and it will doe.

Bra. Well goe thy waies: Is this no haud thinke you?

Ma. Hadam, the heauie burden of the world
Hath long opprest mee.

Ab. But not prest you tight:

Now shall you beare a burden farre moze light.

Ma. What burden bearing? wherto tends this talke?

Mon. To you, to vs, this Abbey and King Iohn,

Me. O God forsend he should be thought vpon.

Mon. Lady make haste, the King must lie with you,

Ma. With me, with me?

First to the Monke, then to the Abbesse.

Ab. Swete neuer looke so strange;

He shall come closely, no bodie shall see.

Ma. How can he come, but one hath eyes to see?

Mon. Your chamber windowes shall be shadowed.

Ma. But no baile from my conscience shadowes me.

Ab. And all the Nunnes sent quietly to bed.

Ma. But they will rise, and, by my blushing red,
Quickly giue guesse of my lost maidenhead.

Bra. She goes pfaith, by God she is their cloue.

Mo. Be not so nice, the sin is veniall:

The death of Robert

Considering you yield for charitie,
And by your fall, the Nunnerie shall rise.

Ab. Regard good counsell daughter, pray be wise.

Mon. Come, here's a stre: wilt doe wench? wil it do?

Ab. Say I, say I, forget the sound of no:

Or else say no and take it: wilt thou so?

Mar. Doe you intend thus lewdely as you speake?

Br. I by gogs bloode do they: & moppet, you were best
To take their proffers, least if they forsake you,
I play the diuels part, step in and take you.

Mar. Some holy water, helpe me blessed Nunnes.

Two damned spirits, in religious weeds,

Attempt to tempt my spotlesse chastitie:

And a third diuell gaping for my soule,

With horrid darings, gaskly frighteth me.

Ab. You may call while you will; but maide list what.

Or be assur'd this is your dying day. (we say,

Drawes a Crucifix.

Mar. In his name that did suffer for my sinne,

And by this blessed signe, I coniure you:

Depart fowle fiends, returne from whence yee came:

Auoide yre fiends, and cease to trouble mee. (ret)

Brand. Founds, she thinks vs diuels. Heare you coniu-

Except you vse that trick, to coniure downe

The standing spirit of my Lord the King,

That your good mother there, the Abbesse vses,

To coniure downe the spirit of the Honke,

Not all your crosses haue the power to blesse

Your bodie from a sharpe and speedie death.

Ma. Are ye not fiends, but mortall bodie then?

Feeles them all.

(men)

Brand. Maide, maide: catch lower, when you feeles possig

sblood, I was neuer taken for the diuell till now?

Ma. Where shall chastitie haue true defence,

When Churchmen lay this siege to innocence?

Where

Earle of Huntington.

Where shall a maid haue certaine sanctuary,
When Ladie Lust rules all the Nunnerie?
Now sit vpon yee both, false seeming Saints,
Incarnate diuels, diuclish hypocrites.
A toyled Honke, an aged vailed Nunne,
Become base Pandars and with lustful speech,
Maie the chaste eares of true maidenhead!
Now sit vpon this age, would I were deade.

Monk. Come leaue her Ladie; she shall haue her wish.

Ab. Speede her I pray thee; should the baggage liue,
Sheele flauer all the chaste Nunnnes in the Land.

Exeunt Monk, Abbess.

Bra. Well, well, goe get you two vnto your coniuering:
Let me alone to lay her on gods ground.

Ma. Why dost thou stay?

Bra. Why maid, because I must:
I haue a message to you from the king.

Ma. And thou art welcome to his humble maid,
I thought thee to be grim and sterce at first:
But now thou hast a weete aspect, milde lookes.
Art thou not come to kill me from the king?

Brand. Yes.

Ma. And thou art welcom, euen the welcom't man,
That euer came vnto a woefull maid.

Be bziefe goodfellow: I haue in the world,
No goods to giue, no will at all to make:

But Gods will and the kings on me be done.
A little money kept to giue in almes,

I haue about mee, beath's-man take it all:
Thou art the last pooze alms-man I shall see.

Come, come, dispatch: what weapon will beath weare,
When he assailes mee? Is it knife, or sword?

A strangling cord, or sobaine flaming fire?

Brand. Neither, thou manly maid: looke here, looke here:
A cup of popson. Wherefoze dost thou smile?

The death of Robert

Mat. O God, in this the king is mercifull.
My deare lou'd Huncington by popson dyed.
Good fellow, tell the king I thanke his Grace,
And doe forgive his causelesse crueltie,
I doe forgive thee to; but doe advise
Thou leaue this bloodie course, and seeke to saue
Thy soule immortall, closed in thy breast:

G.ues it her.

Be bylese I pray thee: now to King Johns health
A full arouse; and god remember not
The curse he gaue himselfe at Robin's death,
Within by popson he might end his life,
If euer he solicited my loue.

Farewell goodfellowe, now thy medicine wo; kes,
And wth the labour, I am soj: r to rest.

Bra. Founds she cares not, she makes death a feast.
Ma. The guiltlesse feare not death. Farewel good friend
I pray thee be no trouble in my end.

He stands staring and quaking.

Enter Oxford, Queene, Abbesse, attendants.

Ox. And say you Ladie Abbesse that there came
Due from the King vnto her? what was hee?

Ab. Ponder he stands, I know not what he is.

Still he stands staring.

O. Iesus haue mercy. Oxford, come not nigh him.

Ox. Not nigh him Madame? yes: keepe you away.

Ab. Come in good Queene: I doe not mean to stay.

Exit Ab.

Ma. I to stirre, before I see the end.

Ox. Why starest thou thus? speake fellow, answer me,
Who art thou?

Bra. A bloodie villaine, and a murderer.

A hundred haue I slaine with mine owne hands.

It was I that stard the Ladie B. use to death,
And her young sonne, at Windsor Castle late.

¶

Earle of Huntington.

'Tis I haue slaine Matilda, blessed maid,
And now will hurry to damnations mouth,
Foz by the gnawing worme of conscience *Dunsin.*
Ox. Hold him foz gods sake: stay the desperate wretch.

Ma. O some good pitying man compassionate,
That wretched man, so woefull desperate:
Sauc him foz gods sake: he hath set me free,
From much woorlds woe, much wrong, much miserie.

Qu. I heare thy tongue, true perfect charitie,
Chaste maide, faire maide, look vpon and speake to mee,
Ma. Whose here? my greuous soueraigne Habel?

I will take strength and kneele. *girl,*
Qu. Matilda sit, He kneele to thee. Forgiue me, gettis
My most vngentle wrongs.

Ma. Faire beauntious Queene,
I giue god thankes, I doe not thinke on wrongs.
Ox. How now Fitzwaters childe? how dost thou *girl?*
Ma. Well, my good Lord of Oxford: pzetie well:

A little trauell moze, and I shall rest:
Foz I am almost at my tozneyes end.
O that my head were rais'd a little vp:
My droule head, whose dim decaying lights,
Assure me it is almost time to sleep.

Raise her head.

I thanke your Highnesse, I haue now some ease.
We wien'te, I beseech your Haiesse,
That I forgiue the King, with all my heart:
With all the litle of my liuing heart,
That giues me leaue to say, I can forgiue:
And I beseech high heauen he long may liue
A happie King, a king belou'd and fear'd,
Oxford, foz gods sake, to my father wite
The latest commendacions of his childe:
And say, Matilda kept his Honours charge,
Dying a spotlesse maiden vndefilde,

The death of Robert

Bid him be glad, for I am gone to toy:

I that did turne his weale to bitter woe:

The king and he with quickly now growe friends,

And by their friendship much content will growe,

Sinke earth to earth, fade flower, or dauid to sader:

But passe forth soule vnto the light of peace,

Ther there attonement may be quickly made.

Faire Queene, kinde Oxford, all good you attend:

Fly forth my soule, heauens king be there thy friend.

Ox. O pittie, mourning sight, age pittifull:

Art these shewd stages king Iohn doth send?

Weepe in, my teares, for shame, your conduits keepe,

Say doe beholding eyes: no, will ye not?

Why, then a Gods name weepe.

Sir.

Qu. I cannot weepe for wrauth: here, here, take in

The blessed bodie of this noble maid:

In milke white cloathing let the same be laid,

Exeunt with the bodie.

Upon an open bier, that all may see

King Iohns vnkingly lust and crueltie.

Ox. I, be it so. Your selfe, if so you please,

Will I attend vpon, and both vs waite,

On chast matildes bodie which with speede,

To Windsor Castle we will hence conuey:

There is anothers spectacle of ruth,

Old Brues familt Ladie and her sonne.

Qu. These is the king besieging of poiting Bruse,

His Lords are there: who when they see this sight,

I know will haue small heate for Iohn to fight.

Ox. But whete is the murderer, has not he staid?

Ser. Boyne with a violent rage, he climd a tree,

And none of vs could hinder his intent:

But getting to the top boughes, fast he tied

His garters to his necke, and a weake branch,

Which being vnable to sustaine his weight,

Downe

Earle of Huntington.

Downe to the ground he fell, where bones and flesh
Lie past together, in a poole of bloode,

Ox, Alas for woe; but this is lust heaueus doome
On those that liue by bloode: in bloode they die.
Pay an example of it, honest friends,
Doe well, take paines, beware of crueltie,
Come Hadam, come, to Windfor let vs goe
And there to Brules grieffe, adde greater woe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bruse, vpon the walles.

Brus, Will not my bitter bannings and sad plaints,
By stink and execrable execrations,
By teares, my prayers, my pittie-mouing mones
Prouaile, thou glorious bright Lampe of the day,
To cause thee keepe an obit for their soules,
And dwell one month with the Antipodes?
Bright sunne retire, gyld not this vault of death,
With thy illustrate rays: retyre, retyre,
And yield black night thy Empery a while:
A litle while, till as my teares be spent,
By bloode be likewise shed in raining drops,
By the tempestuous rage of tyrant Iohn.
Learne of thy loue, the morning: she hath wept,
Shower vpon shower, of siluer deawie teares.
High trees, lowe plants, and prettie litle flowers
Witness her woe: on them her grieffe appeares:
And as shee dropes on them, they doe not let,
By droppe and droppe, their mother earth to wet.
See these hard stones, how fast small roulets
Issue from them, though they seeme issuelesse:
And wet eyed woe on euery thing is viewder
Saue in thy face that smile at my distresse,
Doe not drinke their teares thus greedily:
Yet let the mornings mourning garment dwell
Upon the sad earth. Will thou not, thou churle?

L

Then

THE DEATH OF ROBERT

Then surfet with thy exhalations speedily:
 For all earths venemous infecting woymes
 Haue belcht their severall popsons on the fields,
 Mixing their simples in thy compound draught.
 Well rhœbus well, drinke on I say, drinke on:
 But when thou dost vngorge thee, grant me this,
 Thou power those popsons on the head of Iohn.

Drum. Enter *Chester, Mowbray, Souldiers: Lester,*
Richmond at an other: *Souldiers.*

Bru. How now my Lords: were ye last night so pleas'd
 With the beholding of that propretie,
 Which Iohn and other murderers haue wrought,
 Upon my starued mother and her sonne:
 That you are come againe? Shall I againe
 Set open shop, shew my dead ware, beare bought,
 Of a relentlesse merchant that doth trade
 On the red sea, swolne mightie with the bloud
 Of noble, vertuous, harmelesse innocents?
 Whose cole black vessell is of Ebonie,
 Their shrouds & tackle (wrought & wou'n by wrong)
 Stretcht with no other gale of winde, but griefe:
 Whose sighes with full blasts beateth on her shrouds:
 The Halker murder is, the Pilot shame,
 The Partners rape, theft, and perjury:
 The burden, tyrannous oppression,
 Which howerly he in England doth vnlade:
 Say, shall I open shop, and shewe my wares?

Lest. No, good Lord *Bru.* we haue enough of that.

Drum: Enter king, *Hubert,* Souldiers.

Ki. To Windsor welcome, *Hubert:* Soft some thinks
Bru. and our Lords are at a party now?
Br. *Chester* and *Mowbray,* you are Iohns sworn friends.
 Will you see moze? Speake, answer me my Lords:

Earle of Huntington.

I am no niggard, you shall have your fill.

Both. We haue too much, and surfeit with the woe.

Br. Are you all full? Here comes a rauening kite,
That both at quick, at deade, at all will smite.

Ye shall, he must, I, and his Lady, may

Commaund me to giue ouer holy day,

And set wide open, what you would not see

Ki. Why stand ye Lords, and see this traitour peacht,
Upon our Castles battlements so proude?

Come downe young Bruse, set ope the castle gates:

Unto thy soueraigne, let thy knee be bow'd,

And mercie shall be giuen to thee and thine,

Br. O miserable thing!

Comes mercie from the mouth of Iohn our king?

Why then belike hell will be pittifull.

I will not ope the gates, the gate I will:

The gate where thy shame, and my sorrowe sits.

See my dead mother, and her famisht sonne:

Open thy tyrants eyes: for to the world,

I will lay open thy fell cruelties.

K. We heard indeede, thy mother and her sonne

In prison dyed, by wilfull famishment.

Br. Sinne doubled vpon sin, to launders thou the dead?

Unwilling willingnesse it shall appeare,

By then I haue produc't, as I will doe,

The iust presumptions gainst your vnjust act.

K. Make the castle Lords: Alarm drums:

And downe this scricc howls cryes id your deep sound.

Lest, I tell thee drummer, if thy drum thou smite,

By heauen, Ile send thy soule to hels darke night.

Hence with thy drum: gods passion, get thee hence:

We gone I say, moue not my patience. Exit drum.

K. Are you aduised Lester, what you doe?

Lest. I am aduised: for my Soueraigne knowe,

Theres not a Lord here will lift vp his arme,

The death of Robert

Against the person of honorable youth,
Till you haue heard the circumstantiall truth,
By good presumptions, touching this foule deede.
Wherefoze goe on young Bruse, proceede, retell
The allegation that puts in this doubt,
Whether thy mother through her wilfulnesse,
Famisht her selfe and her sweete sonne, or no:

Br. Unlikely supposition: nature first denies,
That any mother, when her youngling cryes,
If she haue meanes, is so vnaturall
To let it faint and starue. But we will prouue
She had no meanes; except this monesfull meane,
This torture of her selfe. Come forth, come forth,
Sir William Blunt, whome slauder saies I slewe:
Come tell the king and Lozds what you know true.

King. Thou hast betraid our Castle. (report,

Blunt. No: God can tell it was surpriz'd by politicke
And affirmation that your Grace was slaine.

Rich. Go on, sir William Blunt:

Pass e briefly to the Ladies famishment.

Bl. About some ten daies since, there came one Brand,
Bzinging a signet from my Lozd the king,
And this commission signed with his hand,

Lords looke, and reade the thing.

Commanding me (as the contents expresse)
That I should presently deliuer by
The Ladie Bruse and her young sonne to him.

Mow. What time a day was this?

Bl. It was, Lozd Mowbray, somewhat past eleauen:
For we were euen then sitting downe to dine.

Lest. But did yee dine?

Bl. The Ladie and her sonne did not:
Brand would not stay.

Bru. No Lester, no: for here is no such signe
Of any meats digesture.

Rich.

Earle of Huntington.

Rich. But by the way. Tell vs I pray you Blant,
While she remained with you, was she distraught
With griefe, or any other passions violent?

Blu. She now and then would weepe, & often pray,
For reconcilment twixt the king and Lords.

Ches. How to her sonne did she affected stand:

Blu. Affection could not any moze affect:

For might a mother shewe moze mothers loue.

Mowb. How to my Lord the king: (king moze:

Bl. O my Lord God! I neuer knewe a subiect loue

She neuer would bin telling how his Grace

Sau'd her young sonne from souldiers, & from fire:

How faire he spake, gaue her her sonne to keepe:

And then, poore Ladie, he would kisse her boy,

Pray for the king so hearty earnestly.

That in pure zeale, she wept most bitterly.

K. I weepe for her, and doe by heauen protest,

I honour'd Brules wife. How cre that slaue

Rudely effected what I rashly wild:

Yet when he came againe, and I bethought,

What bitter pennance I had put them to,

For my concei'd displeasure gainst old Brule,

I had the villaine poste and beare them meat:

Which he excus'd, protesting pittie mou'd him.

To leaue wine, bread, and other poudzed meate,

More than they twaine could in a fortnight eate.

Blu. Ineede, this can I witnesse with the king.

Which argues in that point his innocence:

Brand did beare in a months pzonstion;

But lockt it like a villaine, farre from them:

And lockt them in a place where no mans eare

Might heare their lamentable wofull moues:

For all the issue both of vent and light,

Came from a loouer at the towers toppe,

Till now Lord Brule made open this wide gappe.

The death of Robert

Br. Had I not reason, thinke you, to make wide
The windowe that should let so much woe forth?
Where sits my mother martyred by her selfe,
Hoping to saue her childe from martyrdome:
Where stands my brother martyred by himselfe,
Because he would not taste his mothers bloud.
For thus I gather this: my mothers teeth and chin
Are bloody with the sauage cookery,
Which her soft heart, though pittie of her sonne,
Respectlesse, made her practise on her selfe:
And her right hand, with offering it the child,
Is with her owne pure blood stained and defilde.
My little brothers lips and chin, alone,
Are cainted with the blood: but his eauen teeth,
Like orient pearle, or snow-white puorp,
Haue not one touch of blood, one little spot:
Which is an argument the boy would not
Once stir his lips, to taste that bloody foode,
Our cruell gentle mother ministred:
But as it seem'd (for see, his prettie
Palme is bloody too) he cast it on the ground:
For on this side these blessed reliques lye,
By famines rage diuided from this thyrine,
Sad wofull mother in Ierusalem,
Who when thy sonne and thou didst faint for foode,
Burped his sweete flesh in thy hungry wombe:
How mercilesse wert thou, if we compare
Thy fact and this: For my pooze Ladie mother
Did kill her selfe, to saue my dying brother.
And thou vngentle soune of miriam,
Why didst thou beg life when thy mother lackt?
My little brother George did nobly act
A more couragious part; he would not eat,
Nor beg to liue, it seem'd he did not cry:
Few teares stand on his cheek, smooth is each eye:

But

EARLE OF HUNTINGTON

But when he sawe my mother bent to die,
He dyed with her: O childish valiancie!

Kin-Good Bruse haue done: my heart can not containe
The grieffe it holds, my eyes must shoure down raine.

Left, Which flowers are euen as good,
As raine in haruest, or a swelling floode
When neighbouring meadowes lack the mowers sicke:

¶ A march for buriall, with drum and fife. Enter *Oxford*,
Matilda borne with Nuss, one carrying a white pen-
dant. These words writ in golde; *Amoris, Castitatis, &*
Honoris honos. The Queene following the Biere, car-
rying a Garland of flowers: set it in the midst of the
Stage.

Rich. List Lester, heark thou not a mournfull march?

Left. Yes Richmond, and it seemeth old de Vere.

Ox. Lords, by your leaue, is not our soueraign here?

K. Yes good old Awbury.

Ox. Ah my gracious Lord,

That you so much your high state should neglect!

Ah god in heauen forgive this bloudie dedde,

Young Bruse, young Bruse, I weepe,

Thy mothers and thy brothers wrong:

Yet to afflict thee more, more grieffe I bring,

Br. O Honourable Awbery de Vere,

Let sorrow in a sable sute appeare:

Doe not misshape her garments, like delight,

If it be grieffe, why cloyst thou her in white?

Ox. I cannot tell thee yet: I must sit downe.

Attend young Bruse, and listen to the Queene:

Shceele not be tongue tyed, we shall haue a stierre

Anone, I feare, would make a man halfe sicke.

Qu. Are you here leacher? O intemperate king,

The death of Robert

Wilt thou not see mee? come, come, shewe your face:
Pour Graces gracelesse, kings, vnkingly face.
What? mute, hands folded, eyes fixt on the earth?
Whose turne is next now to be murdered?
The lamisht Bruses are on yonder side:
On this another, I will name anone:
One for whose head this garland I doe heare,
And this faire milke-white spotlesse pendant too.
Looke by king Iohn, see, yonder sits thy shame:
Wonder if I yes: what, must I tell her name?
It is Matilda, popsoned by thee.

Ki. matilda: O that foule swift footed slaue,
That kills ere one haue time to bid him saue-
Faire gentle girle, vngently made away.

Br. My banisht vnckles daughter, art thou there?
Then I desie all hope, and sweare

Left. Stay Bruse, and listen wel what oath to sweare.
Lewys the Dolphin, pittying our estate,
Is by the Christian king his father, sent
With aid to helpe vs, and is landed too.
Lords that will fly the denne of cruelty,
And fight to free your selues from tyranny,
Bruse, keepe that Castle, to the only vse
Of our elected king, Lewys of Fraunce.

Oxf. Gods passion doe not so: king Iohn is here,

Lords, whisper not with Lester. Letter, sic:

Stir not againe regardlesse mutinie:

Speake to them Hugh: I know thou loouest the king.

Madame, goe to them, nay doe, for gods sake doe:

Downe with your stomacke: for if he goe downe,

You must downe too, and be no longer Queene:

Aduise you, goe intreat them speedily.

My soueraigne, wherefoze sit you fighting there?

The Lords are all about to followe Lewys:

Go and intreat them, els they will away.

Kin,

Earle of Huntington.

K. Good Oxford let them goe. Why should they stay?
Ox. What are you desperate? that must not be.
Heare me my Lords.

All stand in Counsell.

Ki. This pendant let mee see.
Amoris, Callitatis, & honoris honos.
She was indeede of London the honour once,
When she was lou'd of vertuous Huntington;
Of chastitie the honour, all her life:
To impure thoughts she neuer could be wonne.
And she of Honour was the honour too,
By birth, in life, the honour honoured.
Bring in two tapers lighted, quick, dispatch.
Lest Remēber Bruse, thy charge. Come Lords a way.

All, but Oxford and Hugh,

Away, wee will away.

Bring in two white Tapers.

Ox. Harke Lester but one word, a little stay.
Helpe mee good Hubert, helpe me gentle Queene.
Againe conferre,

K. How dim these Tapers burne: they giue no light.
Here were two beauious Lamps, & could haue taught
The Sunne to shine by day, the Moone by night:
But they are dim too: cleane extinguisht.
Away with these, sth those faire lightes be dead.

Ox. And as I say, harke Bruse vnto our talke.
Thinke you it is for loue of England, Lewis comes?
Ray: Fraunce is not so kinde: I would it were.
Aduisse pour selues, harke, dost thou heare me Bruse?
Br. Oxford, I doe.

Ox. Can noble English hearts heare the French poke?
No Lester: Richmond thinke on Lewys fire,
That let you, and your king, in Palestine.

Qu. And think beside, you know not Lewys nature,
Whomay be as bad as Iohn, or rather worse than he.

The death of Robert

Hu. And looke my Lords, vpon his silent woe:
His soule is at the doore of death I knowe.
See how he seekes to suck, if he could drinke,
Drops from dead Marildas ashie lips.

He be sworne his very heart strings nips.
A venge ance ou that slaue, that cursed *Brand*,
He kill him if I liue, with this right hand.

Ox. Thou canst not Hubert, he hath killd himselfe:
But to our matter, *Lester*, pray thee speake.

Young Brule, for gods sake let vs knowe thy minde.

Bru. I would be loath to be a strangers slaue:

For Englands loue, I would no French king haue.

Lest. Well *Oxford*, if I be deceiu'd in Iohn againe,

Its long of you, *Lord Hubert*, and the *Queene*.

Yield by the *Castle Brule*, weele once moze try

King Iohns proceedings. *Oxford*, tell him so.

Oxford goes to the king, does his duety, and talks
with him.

Br. I will come downe: but first farewell dear mother.
Kisse her.

Farewell pooze little *George*, my pretty brother.

How well I shut my *Hamble* in againe.

Farewell, farewell.

In euerlasting blisse your sweete soules dwell.

Ox. But you must mend yf faith, in faith you must.

Lest. My *Lord*, once moze your subjects do submit,

Beleeching you to thinke how things haue pass,

And let some comfort shine on vs your friends,

Through the bright splendour of your vertuous life.

K. I thanke you all; and *Lester* I protest,

I will be better than I yet haue beene.

Br. Of *Windsor Castle* here the keyes I yield.

K. Thanks *Brule*: forgiue mee, and I pray thee see

Thy mother and thy brother buried,

Brule offers to kisse *Marilda*,

Earle of Huntingtōn.

In Windsor Castle Church, Doe, kisse her cheeke:
Weepe thou on that, on this side I will weepe.
Q. Chaste virgine, thus I crowne thee wth these flowers.
K. Let vs goe on to Dunmow with this maide:
Among the hallowed Nunnes let her be laide:
Unto her toinbe, a monthly pilgrimage
Doth king John bowe in penance for this wrong.
Goe forward maids: on with Matildaes herse,
And on her Toombe see you ingraue this verse;
Within this Marble monument, doth lye
Matilda martyrd, for her chasticie, Exeunt.

Epilogus.

Thus is *Matildaes* story showne in act,
And rough heauen out by an vncunning hand:
Being of the most materiall points compact,
That with the certainst stare of truth doe stand.

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