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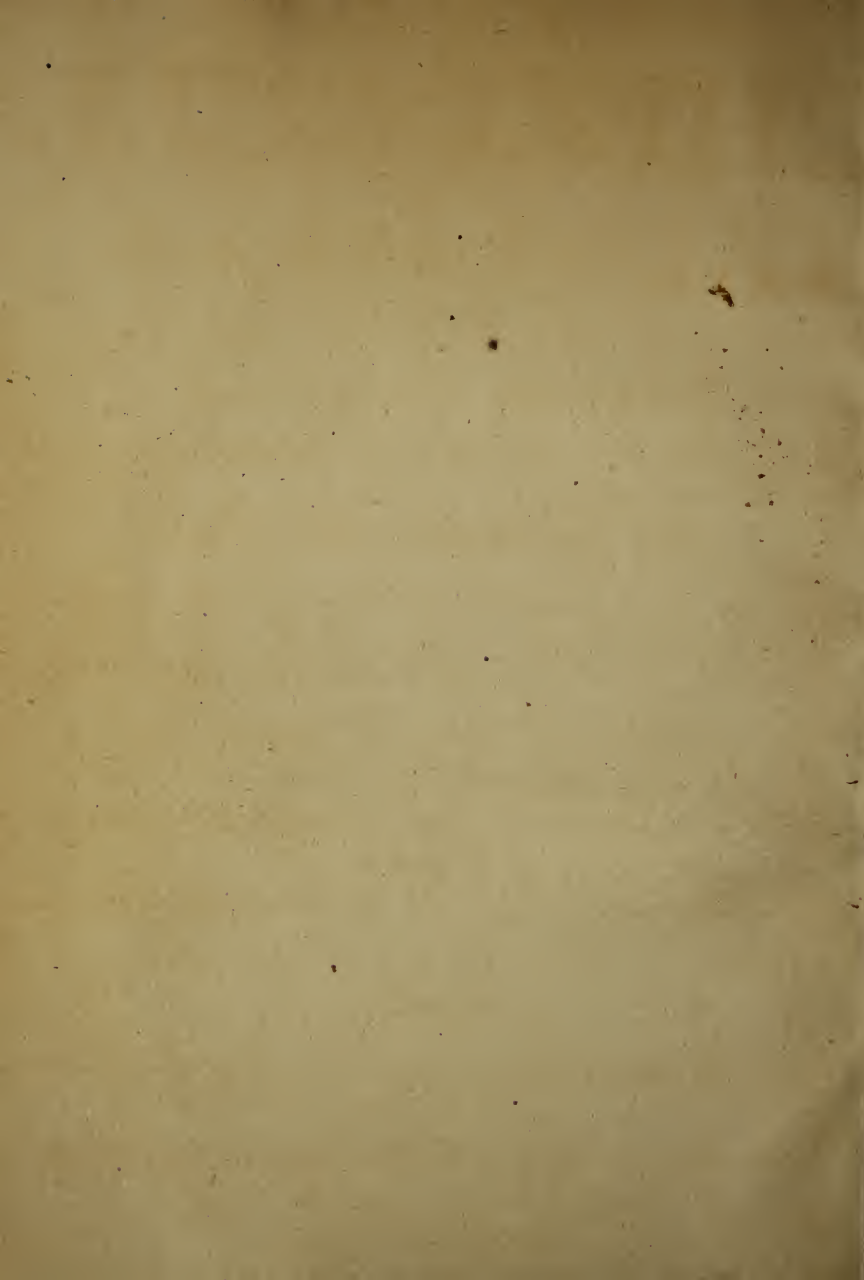
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THE
CHRONICLE
HISTORIE

OF
PERKIN WARBECK.

A Strange Truth.

Acted (some-times) by the Queenes
M^AIESTIES Servants at the
Phanix in Drurie lane.

Fide Honor.

John Ford

LONDON,

Printed by T. P. for Hugh Beeston, and are to
be sold at his Shop, neere the Castle in
Cornhill. 1634.

The Scene,
The Continent of Great Britayne.

157. 6 44
May 1873
The Persons presented.

Henry the seaventh.

Dawbnry.

Sir William Stanly.

Oxford.

Surrey.

Bishop of Durham.

*Wyswicke Chaplaine to
King Henry.*

Sir Robert Clifford.

Lambert Simnell.

Hialas a Spanish Agent.

*Constable, Officers, Ser-
vingmen, and Souldiers.*

James the 4th King of Scotl.

Earle of Huntley.

Earle of Crawford.

Lord Daliell.

*Marchmount a He-
rauld.*

*Perkin Warbeck supposed to be
Frien his Secretarie.*

Mayor of Cork.

Heron a Mercer.

Sketon a Taylor.

Astly a Scrivener.

Women.

*Ladie Katherine Gourdon, — wife to Perkin.
Countesse of Crawford.*

Iane Douglas — Lady Kath: mayd.



TO
THE RIGHTLY
HONOURABLE,

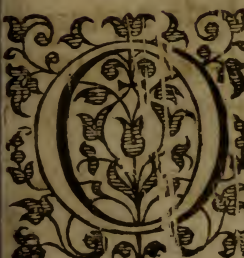
WILLIAM CAVENDISH,

Earle of *New-Castle*, Vis-

count *Mansfield*, Lord

Boulfower and *Ogle*.

MY LORD:

OF the darknesse of a former Age, (enlighten'd by a late, both learned, and an honourable pen) I haue endeavoured, to personate a great Attempt, and in It, a greater Daunger. In *other Labour's*, you may reade Actions of Antiquitie discourst; In *This Abridgement*, finde the Actors themselues discoursing : in some kinde, practiz'd as well *What* to speake ; as speaking *Why* to doe. Your Lop. is a most competent Iudge, in expressions of
A 2. such

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

such credit; commissioned by your knowne Ability in examining; and enabled by your knowledge in determining, the monuments of Time. Eminent Titles, may indeed informe, *who*, their owners are, not often *what*: To your's, the addition of that information, in BOTH, cannot in any application be observ'd flattery; the Authority being established by TRUTH. I can onely acknowledge, the errours in writing, mine owne; the worthinesse of the *Subject written*, being a perfection in the Story, and of It. The custome of your LOPs. entertainements (even to Strangers) is, rather an *Example*, than a *Fashion*: in which consideration, I dare not professe a curiositie; but am onely studious, that your LOP will please, amongst such as best honour *your Goodnesse*, to admit into your noble construction.

JOHN FORD.

To my owne friend, Master Iohn Ford,
on his Iustifiable Poem of *Perkin Warbeck*,
This Ode.

THey, who doe know mee, know, that I
(Vnskil'd to flatter)
Dare speake *This Piece*, in words, in matter,
A W O R K E : without the daunger of the *Lye*.
Beleeue mee (friend) the name of *This*, and *Thee*,
Will liue, *your Storie*:
Bookes may want Faith, or merit, glorie;
T H I S, neither; without Iudgement's Lethargie.
When the Arts doate, then, some *sicke Poet*, may
Hope, that his penne
In new-staind-paper, can finde men
To roare, *H E* is *T H E W I T*s; His *N O Y S E* doth sway:
But such an Age cannot be know'n: for All,
E're that Time bee,
Must proue such Truth, mortalitie:
So (friend) thy honour stand's too fixt, to fall.

George Donne.

To his worthy friend, Master *John Ford*,
vpon his *Perkin Warbeck*.

LEt men, who are writt Poets, lay a claime
To the *Phebean Hill*, I haue no name,

Nor art in Verse ; True, I haue heard some tell
 Of *Aganippe*, but ne're knew the Well:
 Therefore haue no ambition with the Times,
 To be in Print, for making of ill Rimes ;
 But loue of *Thee*, and Iustice to *thy Penne*,
 Hath drawne mee to this Barre, with other men
 To iustifie, though against double Lawes,
 (Waving the subtrill bus'nesse of his cause)
 The GLORIOUS PERKIN, and thy Poet's Art
 Equall with *His*, in playing the KINGS PART.

Ra: E'ure

Baronis Primogen



To my faithfull, no lesse deserving friend,
the Authour ; This indebted Oblation.

PERKIN is rediviu'd by thy strong hand,
 And crownd' a King of new; the vengefull wand
 Of Greatnesse is forgot : HIS Execution
 May rest vn-mention'd; and HIS birth's Collusion
 Lye buried in the Storie : But HIS fame
 Thou has't eterniz'd; made a Crowne HIS Game.
 HIS loftie spirit soares yet. Had HE been
 Base in his enterprife, as was his sinne
 Conceiv'd, HIS TITLE, (doubtlesse) prou'd vnjust,
 Had, but for *Thee*, been silenc't in his dust.

George Crymes, miles.

To the Authour, his friend, vpon his
Chronicle Historie.

THEse are not to expresse thy witt,
But to pronounce thy *Iudgement* fitt;
In full-fil'd phrase, those Times to rayse,
When PERKIN ran his wilie wayes.
Still, let the methode of thy brayne,
From *Errours* touch, and *Envy's* stayne
Preferue Thee, free; that eu'r, thy quill
Fayre *Truth* may wett, and *Fancy* fill.
Thus *Graces* are, with *Muses* mett,
And practick *Critick's* on may frett:
For heere, Thou hast product, *A Storie*,
Which shall ecclipse, *Their* future Glorie.

John Brograne: Ar.

To my friend, and kinsman, Master *John*
Ford, the Authour.

D*Rammatick* Poets (as the Times goe) now
Can hardly write, what *others* will allow;
The *Cynick* snarl's; the *Critick* howles and barks;
And *Ravens* croake, to drowne the voyce of *Larkes*:
Scorne those ST-GE-HARPYES! This I'll boldly say,
Many may imitate, few match thy Play.

John Ford: Graiensis.




PROLOGVE.

Studies haue, of this Nature, been of late
So out of fashion, so vnfollow'd; that
It is become more Iustice, to reuine
The antick follies of the Times, then strue
To countenance wise Industrie : no want
Of Art, doth render witt, or lame, or scant,
Or slothfull, in the purchase of fresh bayes ;
But want of Truth in Them, who giue the prayse
To their selfe-loue, presuming to out-doe
The Writer, or (for need) the Actor's too.
But such THIS AVTHOR'S silence best besitt's,
Who bidd's Them, be in loue, with their owne witt's :
From Him, to cleerer Iudgement's, wee can say,
Hee shew's a Historie, couch't in a Play :
A Historie of noble mention, knowne,
Famous, and true : most noble, 'cause our owne :
Not forg'd from Italie, from Fraunce, from Spaine,
But Chronicled at Home; as rich in strayne
Of braxe Attempts, as ever, fertile Rage
In Action, could beget to grace the Stage.
Wee cannot limitt Scenes, for the whole Land
It selfe, appeared too narrow to with-stand
Competitors for Kingdomes : nor is heere
Vnnecessary mirth forc't, to indeere
A multitude; on these two, rest's the Fate
Of worthy expectation; TRUTH and STATE.

THE
CHRONICLE
HISTORIE OF
PERKIN WARBECK.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter King Henry, Durham, Oxford, Surrey, Sir William Stanly, Lord Chamberlaine, Lord Dawbny. The King supported to his Throne by Stanly and Durham.
. A Guard.

King.  Till to be haunted; still to be pursued,
Still to be frighted with false apparitions
Of pageant Majestic, and new-coynd greatnesse,
As if wee were a mockery King in state;
Onely ordaind to lauish sweat and blond
In scorne and laughter to the ghosts of *Yorke*,
Is all below our merits; yet (my Lords,
My friends and Counsailers) yet we sit fast
In our owne royall birth-right; the rent face
And bleeding wounds of *England's* slaughterd people,
Haue beene by vs (as by the best Physitian)
At last both throughly Cur'd, and set in safetie;
And yet for all this glorious worke of peace
Our selfe is scarce secure.

The Chronicle Historie

Dur: The rage of malice
Conjures fresh spirits with the spells of *Yorke*;
For ninetie yeares ten English Kings and Princes,
Threescore great Dukes and Earles, a thousand Lords
And valiant Knights, two hundred fittie thousand
Of English Subjects haue in Ciuill Warres,
Beene sacrificed to an vnciuill thirst
Of *discord* and *ambition*: this hot vengeance
Of the iust powers aboue, to vtter ruine
And Desolation had raignd on, but that
Mercie did gently sheath the sword of *Iustice*,
In lending to this bloud-shrunck Common-wealth
A new soule, new birth in your *Sacred person*.

Daw: *Edward* the fourth after a doubtfull fortune
Yeelded to nature; leaving to his sonnes
Edward and *Richard*, the inheritance
Of a most bloody purchase; these young Princes
Richard the Tirant their vnnaturall Vricle
Forc'd to a violent graue, to iust is Heauen.
Him hath your Majestie by your owne arme
Divinely strengthen'd, pulld from his *Boares stie*
And strucke the black Vsurper to a Carkasse:
Nor doth the House of *Yorke* decay in Honors,
Tho *Lancaster* doth repossesse his right.
For *Edwards* daughter is King *Henries* Queene,
A blessed Vnion, and a lasting blessing
For this poore panting Iland, if some shreds
Some vtleesse remnant of the House of *Yorke*
Grudge not at this Content, *Ox:* *Margaret* of *Burgundy*
Blowes fresh Coales of Division. *Sur:* Painted fires
Without to heate or scorch, or light to cheerish.

Daw: *Yorke*s headlesse trunck her Father, *Edwards* fate
Her brother King, the smothering of her Nephewes
By Tirant *Gloster*, brother to her nature;
Nor *Glosters* owne confusion, (all decrees
Sacred in Heauen) Can moue *this Woman-Monster*,
But that shee still from the vnbottom'd myne

Of Devilish policies, doth vent the Ore
 Of troubles and sedition. *Ox:* In her age
 (Great Sir, obserue the Wonder) shee growes fruitfull,
 Who in her strength of youth was alwayes barraine
 Nor are her birthes as other Mothers are,
 At nine or ten moneths end, shee has beene with childe
 Eight or seaven yeares at least; whose twinnes being borne
 (A prodegie in Nature) even the youngest
 Is fiftene yeares of age at his first entrance
 As soone as knowne 'ith world, tall striplings, strong
 And able to giue battaile vnto Kings.
 Idolls of *Yorkish* malice. *Ox:* And but Idolls,
 A steellie hammer Crushes 'em to peeces.

K: *Lambert* the eldest (Lords) is in our service,
 Prefer'd by an officious care of Dutie
 From the Scullery to a Faulkner (strange example!)
 Which shewes the difference betweene noble natures
 And the base borne: but for the *upstart Duke*,
 The new reuiu'd *Torke*, *Edwards* second sonne,
 Murder'd long since 'ith Towre; he liues againe
 And vows to be your King. *Stan:* The throne is filld Sir.

K: True *Stanlie*, and the lawfull heire sits on it;
 A guard of Angells, and the holy prayers
 Of loyall Subjects are a sure defence
 Against all force and Counsaile of Intrusion.
 But now (my Lords) put case some of our Nobles,
 Our GREAT ONES, should giue Countenance and Courage
 To trim Duke *Perkin*; you will all confesse
 Our bounties haue vnthriftilly beene scatter'd
 Amongst vnthankfull men. *Daw:* Vnthankfull beasts,
 Dogges, villaines, traytors. *K:* *Dawbney* let the guiltie
 Keepe silence, I accuse none, tho I know,
 Forraigne attempts against a State and Kingdome
 Are seldome without some great friends at home.

Stan: Sir, if no other abler reasons else
 Of dutie or alegiance could diuert
 A head-strong resolution, yet the dangers

The Chronicle Historie

So lately past by *men of bloud and fortunes*
In *Lambert Simnells* partie, must Command
More than a feare, a terror to Conspiracie,
The high-borne *Lincolne*, sonne to *De la Pole*,
The Earle of *Kildare*, Lord *Geraldine*,
Francis Lord *Louell*, and the German Baron,
Bould *Martin Swart*, with *Broughton* and the rest,
(Most spectacles of ruine, some of mercy;)
Are presidents sufficient to forewarne
The present times, or any that liue in them,
What follie, nay, what madnesse 'twere to list
A finger vp in all defence but yours,
Which can be but impostorous in a title.

K. Stanlie wee know thou lou'st Vs, and thy heart
Is figur'd on thy tongue; nor thinke wee lesse
Of anie's here, how closely wee haue hunted
This *Cubb* (since he vnlodg'd) from hole to hole,
Your knowledge is our Chronicle: first *Ireland*
The common stage of Noveltye, presented
This *gemgaw* to oppose vs, there the *Geraldines*
And *Butlers* once againe stood in support
Of this *Colossicke* statue: *Charles* of *Fraunce*,
Thence call'd him into his protection;
Dissembled him the lawfull heire of *England*;
Yet this was all but *French dissimulation*,
Ayming at peace with vs, which being granted
On honorable termes on our part, suddenly
This *smoake of straw* was packt from *Fraunce* againe,
To infect some grosser ayre; and now wee learne
(Mauger the malice of the *bastard Nevill*,
Sir Tator, and a hundred *English* Rebels)
Thei'r all retir'd to *Flaunders*, to the *Dam*
That nurs't this eager *Whelp*, *Margaret* of *Burgundie*.
But wee will hunt him there too, wee will hunt him,
Hunt him to death euen in the *Beldams* Closet,
Tho the *Arch-duke* were his Buckler.

Sur: Shee has stil'd him — The faire white rose of *England*.

Daw: Iollic

Daw: Iollie Gentleman, more fit to be a Swabber
To the *Flemish* after a drunken surfet.

Enter Vrswick.

Vr: Gracious Soueraigne, please you peruse this paper.

Dur: The Kings Countenance, gathers a sprightly bloud :

Daw: Good newes beleewe it. *K:* *Vrswick* thine care—
Th'ast lodgd him ? *Vr:* Strongly, safe Sir.

K: Enough, is *Barly* come to ? *Vr:* No, my Lord.

K: No matter—phew, hee's but a running weede,
At pleasure to be pluck'd vp by the rootes :

But more of this anon—I haue bethought mee.

(My Lords) for reasons which you shall pertake,

It is our pleasure to remoue our Court

From *Westminster* to th' *Tower* : Wee will lodge

This very night there, giue Lord Chamberlaine

A present order for it.

Stan: The *Tower* — I shall sir.

K: Come my true, best, fast friends, these clouds will vanish,
The Sunne will shine at full : the Heauens are clearing. *Exeunt.*

Flourish.

Enter Huntley and Dalieff.

Hun: You trifle time Sir. *Dal:* Oh my noble Lord,
You conster my griefes to so hard a sence,
That where the text is argument of pittie,
Matter of earnest loue, your glosse corrupts it
With too much ill plac'd mirth.

Hunt: Much mirth Lord *Dalieff* ?

Not so I vow : obserue mee sprightly gallant :
I know thou art a noble ladd, a handsome,
Discended from an honorable Auncestrie,
Forward and actiue, do'st resolute to wrestle,
And ruffle in the world by noble actions
For a braue mention to posteritie:
I scorne not thy affection to my Daughter,

Not I by good St. *Andrew* ; but this bugg-beare,
This whoresome tale of honor, (*honor Daliell*)
So hourelly chatts, and fattles in mine eare,
The peece of royaltie that is stich'd vp
In my *Kates* bloud, that 'tis as dangerous
For thee young Lord, to pearch so neere an Eaglet,
As foolish for my gravitie to admit it,
I haue spoake all at once.

Dal: Sir, with this truth
You mix such Worme wood, that you leaue no hope
For my disorderd palate, ere to relish
A wholesome taste againe ; alas, I know Sir,
What an vnequall distance lies betweene
Great *Huntlies* Daughters birth, and *Daliells* fortunes.
Shee's the Kings kinswoman, plac'd neere the Crowne,
A Princeesse of the bloud, and I a Subject.

Hunt: Right, but a noble Subject, put in that too.

Dal: I could adde more ; and in the rightest line,
Deriue my pedigree from *Adam Mure*,
A Scottish Knight ; whose daughter, was the mother
To him who first begot the race of *Iameses*,
That sway the Scepter to this very day.
But kindreds are not ours, when once the date
Of many yeares, haue swallowed vp the memory
Of their originalls : So pasture fields
Neighbouring too neere the *Ocean*, are soopd vp
And knowne no more : for stood I in my first
And natiue greatnesse, if my Princely Mistresse
Voutsafd mee not her servant, 'twere as good
I were reduc'd to Clownery ; to nothing
As to a throane of Wonder.

Hunt: Now by Saint *Andrew*
A sparke of mettall, a'has a braue fire in him.
I would a had my Daughter so I knewt not.
But must not bee so, must not : —well young Lord
This will not doe yet, if the girle be headstrong
And will not harken to good Counsaile, steale her

of PERKIN WARBECK.

And runne away with her, daunce galliards, doe,
And friske about the world to learne the Languages :
T'will be a thriving trade ; you may set vp by't.

Dal: With pardon (*noble Gourdon*) this disdaine
Suites not your Daughters vertue, or my constancie.

Hunt: You are angrie — would a would beate me, I deserue it.

Daliell thy hand, w'are friends ; follow thy Courtship
Take thine owne time and speake, if thou prevail'st
With passion more then I can with my Counsaile,
Shees thine, nay, shee is thine, tis a faire match
Free and allowed, Ile onely vse my tongue
Without a Fathers power, use thou thine :
Selfe doe selfe haue, no more words, winne and weare her.

Dal: You blesse mee, I am now too poore in thanks
To pay the debt I owe you.

Hunt: Nay, th'art poore enough — I loue his spirit infinitely,
Looke yee, shee comes, to her now, to her, to her.

Enter Katherine and Iane.

Kat: The King commands your presence Sir.

Hunt: The gallant — this this this Lord, this
Servant (*Kate*) of yours, desires to be your Maister.

Kat: I acknowledge him, a worthy friend of mine.

Dal: Your humblest Creature.

Hunt: So, so, the games a foote, I'me in cold hunting,
The hare and hounds are parties.

Dal: Princely Lady, — how most vnworthy I am to imploy
My services, in honour of your vertues,
How hopelesse my desires are to enjoy
Your faire opinion, and much more your loue ;
Are onely matter of despaire, vnlesse
Your goodnesse giue large warrant to my boldnesse,
My feeble-wing'd ambition. *Hunt:* This is scurvie.

Kat: My Lord I interrupt you not. *Hunt:* Indced ?
Now on my life sheel Court him — nay, nay, on Sir.

Dal: Oft haue I tun'd the lesson of my sorrowes
To sweeten discord, and enrich your pittie ;

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But all in vaine: heere had my Comforts sunck
And never ris'n againe, to tell a storie
Of the *despairing Lover*, had not now
Even now the Earle your Father.

Hunt: Ameanes mee sure.

Dal: After some fit disputes of your Condition,
Your highnesse and my lownesse, giv'n a licence
Which did not more embolden, then encourage
My faulting tongue. *Hunt*: How how? how's that?
Embolden? Encourage? I encourage yee? d'ee heare sir?
A subtil trick, a queint one, — will you heare (man)
What did I say to you, come come toth poynt.

Kate: It shall not neede my Lord.

Hunt: Then heare mee *Kate*:

Keepe you on that hand of her; I on this —
Thou standst betweene a *Father* and a *Sister*,
Both striving for an interest in thy heart:
Hee Courts thee for affection, *I* for dutie;
Hee as a servant pleads, but by the priviledge
Of nature, tho I might Command, my care
Shall onely Counsaile what it shall not force.
Thou canst but make one choyce, the tyes of marriage
Are tenures not at will, but during life.
Consider whoes thou art, and who; a *Princede*,
A *Princede* of the royall blood of *Scotland*.
In the full spring of youth, and fresh in beautie.
The King that sits vpon the throne is young
And yet vnmarried, forward in attempts
On any least occasion, to endanger
His person; Wherefore *Kate* as I am confident
Thou dar'st not wrong thy birth and education
By yeelding to a common servile rage
Of female wantonneffe, so I am confident
Thou wilt proportion all thy thoughts to side
Thy *equalls*, if not equall thy *superiors*.
My Lord of *Daliell* young in yeares, is old
In honoss, but nor eminent in titles

Or in estate, that may support or adde to
The expectation of thy fortunes, settle
Thy will and reason by a strength of Iudgement;
For in a word, I giue thee freedome, take it.
If equall fates haue not ordain'd to pitch
Thy hopes about my height, let not thy passion
Leade thee to shrink mine honor in oblivion:
Thou art thine owne; I haue done.

Dal: Oh y'are all Oracle,
The living stocke and roote of truth and wisdom.

Kat: My worthiest *Lord and Father*, the indulgence
Of your sweete composition, thus commands
The lowest of obedience, you haue graunted
A libertie so large, that I want skill
To choose without direction of **EXAMPLE:**
From *which* I daily learne, by how much more
You take off from the roughnesse of a *Father*,
By so much more I am engag'd to tender
The dutie of a *Daughter*. For respects
Of birth, degrees of title, and advancement,
I nor admire, nor slight them; all my studies
Shall ever ayme at *this perfection* onely,
To liue and dye so, that you may not blush
In any course of *mine* to owne mee yours.

Hunt: *Kate*, *Kate*, thou grow'st vpon my heart, like peace,
Creating every other houre a *Inbile*.

Kate: To you my *Lord of Daliell*, I addresse
Some few remaining words, the generall fame
That speakes your merit even in vulgar tongues,
Proclaimes it cleare; but in the best a *President*.

Hunt: Good wench, good girle y' fayth.

Kat: For my part (trust mee)
I value mine owne worth at higher rate,
Cause you are pleas'd to prize it; if the streame
Of your protested service (as you terme it)
Runne in a constancie, more then a Complement;
It shall be my delight, that worthy loue

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Leades you to worthy actions; and these guide yee
Richly to wedde an *honourable name* :
So every vertuous praise, in after ages,
Shall be your heyre, and I in your braue mention,
Be Chronicled the *MOTHER* of that *issue*,
That glorious *issue*. *Hunt*: Oh that I were young againe,
Sheed make mee Court proud danger, and sucke spirit
From reputation.

Kat: To the present motion,
Heeres all that I dare answer : when a ripenesse
Of more experience, and some vse of time,
Resolues to treate the freedome of my youth
Vpon exchange of troathes, I shall desire
No surer credit, of a match with vertue,
Then such as lyes in you ; meane time, my hopes are
Prefer'd secure, in having you a friend.

Dal: You are a blessed Lady, and instruct
Ambition not to soare a farther flight,
Then in the perfum'd ayre of your soft voyce.
My noble *Lord of Huntley*, you haue lent
A full extent of bountie to this parley ;
And for it, shall command your humblest servant.

Hunt: Enough ; wee are still friends, and will continue
A heartie loue, oh *Kate*, thou art mine owne : —
No more, my Lord of *Crawford*.

Enter Crawford.

Craw. From the King I come my Lord of *Huntley*.
Who in Counsaile requires your present ayde.

Hunt: Some weightie businesse !

Craw: A Secretarie from a *Duke of Torke*,
The second sonne to the late English *Edward*,
Conceal'd I know not where these fourteen yeares,
Craues audience from our *Maister*, and tis said
The *Duke* himselfe is following to the Court.

Hunt: *Duke* vpon *Duke* ; tis well ; 'tis well heeres bustling
For Majestie ; my Lord, I will along with yee.

Craw: My service noble Lady, *Kat*: Please yee walke fir ?

Dal: “ Times

of PERKIN WARBECK.

Dal: "Times haue their changes, sorrow makes men wise,
"The Sunne it selfe must sett as well as rise;
Then why not I—faire *Maddam* I waite on yee. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Durham, Sir Robert Clifford, and Vrsuick: Lights.

Dur: You finde (*Sir Robert Clifford*) how securely
King Henry our great Maister, doth commit
His person to your loyaltie; you taste
His bountie and his mercy even in this;
That at a time of night so late, a place
So private as his Closet, hee is pleas'd
To admit you to his fauour; doe not faulter
In your Discovery, but as you couet
A liberall grace, and pardon for your follies,
So labour to deserue it, by laying open
All plotts, all persons, that contriue against it.

Vrs: Remember not the witchcraft, or the Magick,
The charmes, and incantations, which the *Sorcereesse*
Of Burgundie hath cast vpon your reason!
Sir Robert bee your owne friend now, discharge
Your conscience freely, all of such as loue you,
Stand sureties for your honestie and truth.
Take heede you doe not dallie with the King,
He is wise as he is gentle. *Cliff:* I am miserable,
If *Henry* be not mercifull. *Vrs:* The King comes.

Enter King Henry.

K: H: Clifford! *Cliff:* Let my weake knees rot on the earth,
If I appeare as leap'rous in my treacheries,
Before your royall eyes; as to mine owne
I seeme a Monster, by my breach of truth.

K: H: Clifford stand vp, for instance of thy safetie
I offer thee my hand. *Cliff.* A soveraigne Balme
For my brui'd Soule, I kisse it with a greedinesse.
Sir you are a just Master, but I—

K: H: Tell me, is every circumstance, thou hast set downe
With thine owne hand, within this paper true?
Is it a sure intelligence of all

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The progresse of our enemies intents

Without corruption? *Cliff*: True, as I wish heaven;
Or my infected honor white againe.

K: H: Wee know all (*Clifford*) fully, since this meteor
This ayrie apparition first discredl'd
From *Tournay* into *Portugall*; and thence
Advanc'd his fire blaze for adoration
Toth superstitious *Irish*; since the beard
Of this wilde *Comet*, Conjur'd into *Fraunce*,
Sparkled in antick flames in *Charles* his Court:
But shrunke againe from thence, and hid in darknesse,
Stole into *Flaunders*, flourishing the ragges
Of painted power on the shore of *Kent*,
Whence hee was beaten backe with shame and scorne,
Contempt, and slaughter of some naked out-lawes:
But tell me, what new course now shapes Duke *Perkin*?

Cliff: For *Ireland* (mightie *Henric* :) so instructed
By *Stephen Frion*, sometimes Secretarie
In the *French* tongue vnto your sacred Excellence,
But *Perkins* tutor now. *K: H*: A subtrill villaine!
That *Frion*, *Frion*, — you my Lord of *Durham*
Knew well the man. *Dur. French* both in heart and actions!
K: H: Some *Irish* heads worke in this mine of treason;
Speake em! *Cliff*. Not any of the best; your fortune
Hath dult their spleenes; never had *Counterfeit*
Such a confused rabble of lost Banquerouts
For Counsellors: first *Heron* a broken Mercer,
Then *Iohn a Water*, sometimes Major of *Corke*,
Sketon a taylor and a Scrivenor
Calld *Astley*: and what ere these list to treat of,
Perkin must harken to; but *Frion*, cunning
Aboue these dull capacities, still prompts him,
To flie to *Scotland* to young *James* the fourth;
And sue for ayde to him; this is the latest
Of all their resolutions. *K. H.* Still more *Frion*.
Pestilent Adder, hee will hisse out poyson
As dang'rous as infections — we must match 'em.

Clifford

Clifford thou hast spoke home, wee giue thee life :
But *Clifford*, there are people of our owne
Remaine behinde vntold, who are they *Clifford*?
Name those and wee are friends, and will to rest,
Tis thy last taske. *Cliff.* Oh Sir, here I must breake
A most vnlawfull Oath to keepe a just one.

K. H. Well, well, be briefe, be briefe. *Cliff.* The first in ranck
Shall be *John Ratcliffe*, Lord *Fitzwater*, then
Sir *Simon Mountford*, and Sir *Thomas Thwaites*,
With *William Dawbegney*, *Chessoner*, *Astwood*,
Worsley the Deane of *Paules*, two other Fryars,
And *Robert Ratcliffe*. *K. H.* Church-men are turn'd Diuells.
These are the principall. *Cliff.* One more remaines
Vn-nam'd, whom I could willingly forget.

K. H. Ha *Clifford*, one more? *Cliff.* Great Sir, do not heare him :
For when Sir *William Stanlie* your Lord *Chamberlaine*
Shall come into the list, as he is chiefe
I shall loose credit with yee, yet this Lord,
Last nam'd, is first against you.

K. H. *Vrswick* the light, view well my face Sirs,
Is there bloud left in it? *Dur.* You alter
Strangely Sir. *K. H.* Alter Lord Bishop?
Why *Clifford* stab'd mee, or I dream'd a' stabd mee.
Sirra, it is a custome with the guiltie
To thinke they set their owne staines off, by laying
Aspersions on some nobler then themselves:
Lyes waite on treasons, as I finde it here.

Thy life againe is forfeit, I recall
My word of mercy, for I know thou dar'st
Repeate the name no more. *Cliff.* I dare, and once more
Vpon my knowledge, name Sir *William Stanlie*
Both in his counsaile, and his purse, the chiefe
Assistant, to the fain'd Duke of *Yorke*. *Dur.* Most strange!

Vrs: Most wicked! *K: H.* Yet againe, once more;
Cuss: Sir *William Stanlie* is your secret enemy,
And if time fit, will openly professe it.

K. H. Sir *William Stanlie*? Who? Sir *William Stanlie*

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My Chamberlaine, my Counsellor, the loue,
The pleasure of my Court, my bosome friend,
The Charge, and the Controulement of my person;
The keyes and secrets of my treasurie;
The *all of all* I am : I am vnhappie :

Miserie of confidence, — let mee turne traytor
To mine owne person, yeeld my Scepter vp
To *Edwards Sister*, and her *bastard Duke*!

Dur. You loose your constant temper.

K. H. Sir *William Stanlie* !

Oh doe not blame mee; *hee*, twas onely *hee*
Who having rescu'd mee in *Bosworth field*
From *Richards* bloody sword, snatch'd from his head
The Kingly Crowne, and plac'd it first on mine.
Hee never fail'd mee; what haue I deserv'd
To loose this good mans heart, or *hee*, his owne?

Vrs: The night doth waste, this passion ill becomes yee;
Provide against your danger. *K. H.* Let it be so.
Vrswick command streight *Stanly* to his chamber,
Tis well wee are ith *Tower*; set a guard on him;
Clifford to bed; you must lodge here to night,
Weel talke with you to morrow: my sad soule
Devines strange troubles. *Dawb:* Ho, the King, the King,
I must haue entrance. *K. H.* *Dawbneys* voyce; admit him.
What new combustions huddle next to keepe
Our eyes from rest? — the newes?

Enter Dawbney.

Daw: Ten thousand *Cornish* grudging to pay your
Subsidies, haue gatherd a head, led by a
Blacksmith, and a Lawyer, they make for *London*,
And to them is joyn'd Lord *Audlie*, as they march,
Their number daily encreases, they are —

K. H. Rascalls — talke no more;
Such are not worthie of my thoughts to night:
And if I cannot sleepe, Ile wake: — to bed.
When Countailes faile, and theres in *man* no trust,
Even then, an arme from *heaven*, fights for the just.

Finis Actus primi.

Excurs.
Actus

Actus Secundus : Scena prima.

*Enter above : Countesse of Crawford, Katherine, Iane,
with other Ladies.*

Coun. **C**OME Ladies, heeres a solemne preparation
For entertainment of this *English Prince* ;
The King intends grace more then ordinarie,
Twere pittie now, if a' should proue a *Counterfeit*.

Kat: Blesse the young man, our Nation would be laughd at
For honest soules through Christendome : my father
Hath a weake stomacke to the businesse (Madam)
But that the King must not be crost. *Coun:* A'brings
A goodly troope (they say) of gallants with him ;
But very modest people, for they strive not
To fame their names too much ; their god-fathers
May be beholding to them, but their fathers
Scarce owe them thanks : they are disguised Princes,
Brought vp it seemes to honest trades ; no matter ;
They will breake forth in season. *Iane.* Or breake out.
For most of em are broken by report ; — The King,

Kat. Let vs obserue 'em and be silent.

Flourish.

Enter King James, Huntley, Crawford, and Daliell.

K. J. The right of Kings (my Lords) extends not onely
To the safe Conservation of their owne ;
But also to the ayde of such Allies
As change of time, and state, hath often times
Hurld downe from carefull Crownes, to vndergoe
An exercise of sufferance in both fortunes :
So English *Richard* furnam'd *Côr-de-lyon*,
So *Robert Bruce* our royall Ancestor,
Forc'd by the tryall of the wrongs they felt,
Both sought, and found supplies, from forraigne Kings
To repossesse their owne : then grudge not (Lords)
A much distressed Prince, King *Charles of Fraunce*,
And *Maximihan of Bohemia* both,

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Whose issue might be question'd. For your bountie,
Royall magnificence to him that seekes it,
WEE vow hereafter, to demeane our selfe,
As if wee were your owne, and naturall brother :
Omitting no occasion in *our person*,
To expresse a gratitude, beyond example.

K. I. Hee must bee more then subject, who can vtter
The language of a King, and such is thine.
Take this for answer, bee what ere thou art,
Thou never shalt repent that thou hast put
Thy cause, and person, into my protection.
Cosen of Yorke, thus once more Wee embrace thee ;
Welcome to *James of Scotland*, for thy safetie,
Know such as loue thee not, shall never wrong thee.
Come, wee will taste a while our Court delights,
Dreame hence afflictions past, and then proceede
To high attempts of honor, on, leade on ;
Both thou and thine are ours, and wee will guard yee.
Leade on. — *Exeunt, Maient Ladies above.*

Coun: I haue not seene a Gentleman
Of a more brane aspect, or goodlier carriage ;
His fortunes moue not him — Madam, yare passionate.

Kat: Beshrew mee, but his words haue touchd mee home,
As if his cause concernd mee ; I should pittie him
If a' should proue another then hee seemes.

Enter Crawford.

Craw. Ladies the King commands your presence instantly,
For entertainment of *the Duke*. *Kat.* *The Duke*
Must then be entertain'd, the King obeyd :
It is our dutie. *Coun:* Wee will all waite on him. *Exeunt.*

Flourish.

Enter King Henry : Oxford ; Durham ; Surrey.

K: H: Haue yee condem'd my Chamberlaine ?

Dur. His treasons condem'd him (Sir,) which were as

Gleere

Cleere and manifest, as foule and dangerous :
Besides the guilt of his conspiracie prest him
So neerely, that it drew from him free
Confession without an importunitie.

K: H: Oh Lord Bishop,
This argued shame, and sorrow for his follie ;
And must not stand in evidence against
Our mercie, and the softnesse of our nature ;
The rigor and extremitie of Law
Is sometimes too too bitter, but wee carry
A *Chancerie* of pittie in our bosome.
I hope wee may reпреiue him from the sentence
Of death ; I hope, we may. *Dur:* You may, you may ;
And so perswade your Subjects, that the title
Of *Yorke* is better, nay, more just, and lawfull,
Then yours of *Lancaster* ; so *Stanlie* houlds :
Which if it be not treason in the highest,
Then we are traytors all ; perjurd and false,
Who haue tooke oath to *Henry*, and the justice
Of *Henries* title ; *Oxford, Surrey, Dambney*,
With all your other Peeres of State, and Church,
Forsworne, and *Stanlie* true alone to Heaven,
And *Englands* lawfull heire. *Ox:* By *Veres* old honors,
Ile cut his throate dares speake it. *Sur:* Tis a quarrell
To' ingage a soule in. *K: H:* What a coyle is here,
To keepe my gratitude sincere and perfect ?
Stanlie was once my friend, and came in time
To saue my life ; yet to say truth (my Lords,)
The man staid long enough t'indanger it :
But I could see no more into his heart,
Then what his outward actions did present ;
And for 'em haue rewarded 'em so fullie,
As that there wanted nothing in our giest
To gratifie his merit, as I thought,
Vnlesse I should deuide my Crowne with him,
And giue him halfe ; tho now I well perceine
Twould scarce haue seru'd his turne, without the whole.

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But I am Charitable (Lords) let Iustice
Proceede in execution, whiles I mourne
The losse of one, whom I esteemd a friend.

Dur: Sir, he is comming this way. *K: H:* If a'speake to me,
I could denie him nothing ; to prevent it,
I must withdraw, pray (Lords) commend my favours
To his last peace, which I with him, will pray for:
That done, it doth concerne vs, to consult
Of other fo'llowing troubles. *Exeunt.*

Ox: I am glad hee's gone, vpon my life he would
Haue pardon'd the Traytor, had a'seene him.

Sur: 'Tis a King compos'd of gentlenesse.

Dur: Rare, and vnheard of ;
But every man is neereſt to himſelfe,
And that the King obserues, tis fit a' should.

Enter Stanly ; Executioner : Vrswick and Dawbney.

Stan: May I not speake with *Clifford* ere I shake
This peice of Frailltie off? *Dawb:* You shall, hees sent for.

Stan: I must not see the King? *Dur:* From him Sir *William*
These Lords and I am sent, hee bad vs say
That he commends his mercy to your thoughts ;
Wishing the Lawes of *England* could remit
The forfeit of your life, as willingly
As he would in the sweetnesse of his nature,
Forget your trespassse ; but how ere your body
Fall into dust, Hee vowes, *the King himſelfe*
Doth vow, to keepe a *requiem* for your soule,
As for a friend, close treatur'd in his bosome.

Ox: Without remembrance of your errors past,
I come to take my leaue, and wish you Heaven.

Sur: And I, good Angells guard yee. *Stan:* Oh the King
Next to my soule, shall be the neereſt ſubject
Of my last prayers ; my graue *Lord of Durham,*
My Lords of *Oxford, Surrey, Dawbney,* all,
Accept from a poore dying man, a farewell.

I was as you are once, great, and stood hopefull
Of many flourishing yeares, but fate, and time
Haue wheeld about, to turne mee into nothing.

Enter Clifford.

Daw: Sir Robert Clifford comes, the man (Sir William)
You so desire to speake with. *Dur:* Marke their meeting.

Cliff: Sir William Stanlie, I am glad your Conscience
Before your end, hath emptied every burthen
Which charg'd it, as that you can cleerely witnesse,
How farre I haue proceeded in a dutie
That both concern'd my truth, and the States safetie.

Stan: Mercy, how deare is life to such as hugge it ?
Come hether— *by this token* thinke on mee— } *Makes a Crosse*
Cliff: This token? What? I am abuld? } *on Cliffords face*
Stan: You are not. } *with his finger.*

I wett vpon your cheekes a holy Signe,
The Crosse, the Christiansbadge, the Traytors infamie;
Weare Clifford to thy graue this painted Emblem:
Water shall never wash it off, all eyes
That gaze vpon thy face, shall reade there written,
A State-Informers Character, more vglie
Stamp'd on a noble name, then on a base.
The Heavens forgiue thee; pray (my Lords) no change
Of words: this man and I haue vsu too manie.

Cliff: Shall I be disgrac'd without reple? *Dur.* Giue loosers
Leaue to talke; his losse is irrecoverable. *Stan:* Once more
To all along farewell; the best of greatnesse
Preferue the King; my next suite is (my Lords)
To be remembred to my noble Brother,
Darby my much griev'd brother; Oh! perswade him,
That I shall stand noblemish to his house,
In Chronicles writ in another age.
My heart doth bleede for him; and for his sighes,
Tell him, hee must not thinke, the stile of *Darby*,
Nor being husband to King *Henries* Mother,
The league with Peeres, the smiles of Fortune, can
Secure his peace, about the state of man:

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I take my leaue, to trauaile to my dust,
“ Subjects deserue their deaths whose Kings are iust.
Come Confessor, on with thy Axe (friend) on.

Exeunt.

Cliff: Was I call'd hither by a Traytors breath
To be vpbraided? Lords, the King shall know it.

Enter King Henry with a white staffe.

K: H: The King doth know it Sir; the King hath heard
What he or you could say; Wee haue given credit
To every point of *Cliffords* information,
The onely evidence 'gainst *Stanlies* head.

A' dyes fort, are you pleas'd? *Cliff:* I pleas'd my Lord!

K: H: No ecchoes: for your service, wee dismisse
Your more attendance on the Court; take ease
And liue at home; but as you loue your life,
Stirre not from *London* without leaue from vs.
Weele thinke on your reward, away.

Cliff: I goe Sir.

Exit Clifford.

K: H: Dye all our griefes with *Stanlie*; take this staffe
Of office *Dawbney*, henceforth be our Chamberlaine.

Dawb: I am your humblest servant.

K: H: Wee are followed

By enemies at home, that will not cease
To seeke their owne confusion; 'tis most true,
The *Cornish* vnder *Awdley* are marcht on
As farre as *Winchester*; but let them come,
Our forces are in readinesse, wee catch 'em
In their owne toyles. *Dawb:* Your Armie, being mustred,
Consist in all, of horse and foote, at least
In number six and twentie thousand; men
Daring, and able, resolute to fight,
And loyall in their truthes.

K: H: Wee know it *Dawbney*:
For them, wee order thus, *Oxford* in chiefe
Assisted by bolde *Essex*, and the Earle
Of *Suffolke*, shall leade on the first Battalia:
Be that your charge.

Oxf: I humbly

of PERKIN WARBECK.

Ox: I humbly thanke your Majestie.

K: H: The next Devision wee assigne to *Dambney*:

These must be men of action, for on those

The fortune of our fortunes, must relie.

The last and mayne, *our selfe* com nands in person,

As readie to restore the fight at all times,

As to consummate an assured victorie.

Damb: The King is still oraculous. K: H: But *Surrey*,

Wee haue imployment of more toyle for thee!

For our intelligence comes swiftly to vs,

That *James of Scotland*, late hath entertaind

Perkin the counterseite, with more then common

Grace and respect; nay courts *him* with rare favours;

The *Scot* is young and forward, wee must looke for

A suddaine storme to *England* from the *North*:

Which to withstand, *Durham* shall post to *Norham*,

To fortifie the Castle, and secure

The frontiers, against an Invasion there.

Surrey shall follow soone, with such an Armie,

As may relieue the Bishop, and incounter

On all occasions, the *death-daring Scotts*.

You know your charges *all*, 'tis now a time

To execute, not talke, Heaven is our guard still.

Warre must breede peace, such is the fate of Kings.

Exeunt.

Enter Crawford and Daliell.

Crawf: Tis more then strange, my reason cannot answere

Such argument of fine Impossiure, coucht

In witch-craft of perswasion, that it fashions

Impossibilities, as if appearance

Could cozen *truth it selfe*; this Duk-ling Mushrome

Hath doubtlesse charm'd the King. *Daliell*: A' courts the Ladies,

As if his strength of language, chaynd attention

By power of prerogative. *Crawf*: It madded

My very soule, to heare our *Maisters* motion:

What suretie both of amitie, and honor,

Must

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Must of necessitie insue vpon
A match betwixt some noble of our Nation,
And this braue Prince forsooth, *Dali*: Twill proue to fatall,
Wife *Huntley* feares the threatning. Blesse the Ladie
From such a ruine. *Gra*: How the Counsaile pricke
Of this young *Phucton*, doe skrewe their faces
Into a gravitie, their trades (good people)
Were never guiltie of? the meanest of 'em
Dreames of at least an office in the State.

Dal: Sure not the Hangmans, tis bespoken alreadie
For service to their rogueshippes — silence.

Enter King James and Huntley.

K: *James*, Doe not —

Argue against our will; wee haue descended
Somewhat (as wee may tearme it) too familiarly
From Iustice of our birth-right, to examine
The force of your alleagence : — Sir, wee haue;
But finde it short of dutie !

Hunt: Breake my heart,

Doe, doe, King; haue my services, my loyaltie,
(Heaven knowes vntainted ever) drawne vpon mee
Contempt now in mine age? when I but wanted
A minute of a peace not to be troubled?
My last, my long one? Let me be a Dotard,
A Bedlame, a poore sot, or what you please
To haue me, so you will not staine your bloud,
Your owne bloud (royall Sir) though mixt with mine,
By marriage of this girle to a straggler!

Take, take my head Sir, whilst my tongue can wagge
It cannot name him other. *K*: *Ja*: Kings are counterfeits

In your repute (graue Oracle) not presently
Set on their thrones, with Scepters in their fists :

But vse your owne detraction : tis our pleasure
To giue our *Cosen Yorke* for wife our kinswoman

The *Ladie Katherine* : Instinct of soveraigntie
Designes the honor, though her peevish Father

Vsurps our Resolution. *Hunt*: O tis well,

Exceeding

Exceeding well, I never was ambitious
Of vsing Congeys to my Daughter *Queene*:
A *Queene*, perhaps a *Queene*? — Forgiue me *Daliell*
Thou honorable Gentleman, none here
Dare speake one word of Comfort? *Dal*: Cruell misery!

Craw: The Lady gracious Prince, may be hath settled
Affection on some former choyce.

Dal: Inforcement, would proue but tyrannie.

Hunt. I thanke 'ee heartily.

Let any yeoman of our Nation challenge
An interest in *the girle*: then the King
May adde a Ioynture of ascent in titles,
Worthy a free consent; now a' pulls downe
What olde Desert hath builded. *K. Ia*. Cease perswasions,
I violate no pawnes of faythes, intrude not
On private loues; that I haue play'd the Orator
For Kingly *Yorke* to vertuous *Kate*, her grant
Can iustifie, referring her contents
To our provision. the *Welch Harrie*, henceforth
Shall therefore know, and tremble to acknowledge,
That not the paynted Idoll of his pollicie,
Shall fright the lawfull owner from a Kingdome.
Wee are resolv'd. *Hunt*. Some of thy Subjects hearts
King Iames will bleede for this! *K. Ia*. Then shall their blouds
Be nobly spent; no more disputes, hee is not
Our friend who contradicts vs. *Hunt*. Farewell Daughter!
My care by one is lessened; thanke the King for't, *Enter.*
I and my griefes will daunce now, — Looke Lords looke,
Heeres hand in hand alreadie? *K. Ia*. Peace olde phrensie.

Enter Warbeck leading Katherine, complementing;
Countesse of Crawford, Iane, Frison, Major
of Corke, Astley, Heron and Sketon.

How like a' King alookes? Lords, but obserue
The confidence of his aspect? Drosse cannot
Cleauue to so pure a mettall; royall youth!
Plantaginet vndoubted! *Hunt*: Ho braue Lady!

But no *Plantagenet* byr Lady yet
By red Rose or by white. Warb. An Vnion this way,
 Settles possession in a Monarchie
 Establisht rightly, as is my inheritance:
 Acknowledge me but Soveraigne of this Kingdome,
Your heart (sayre Princes) and the hand of providence,
 Shall crowne you Queene of me, and my best fortunes.

Kath. Where my obedience is (my Lord) a dutie,
 Loue owestrue service. *Warb:* Shall I? — *K. Ia:* Cossen yes,
 Enjoy her; from my hand accept your bride;
 And may they liue at emnitie with comfort,
 Who grieue at such an equall pledge of trothes.

Y'are the Princes wife now. *Kath:* By your gift Sir;

Warb: Thus I take seisure of mine owne. *Kath:* I misse yet
 A fathers blessing: Let me finde it; — humbly
 Vpon my knees I seeke it. *Hunt:* I am *Huntley*
Olde Alexander Guerdon, a plaine subject,
 Nor more, nor lesse; and Ladie, if you wish for
 A blessing, you must bend your knees to Heaven;
 For Heaven did giue me you; alas, alas,
 What would you haue me say? may all the happinesse.

My prayers ever sued to fall vpon you,
 Preferue you in your vertues; — preethee *Daliell*
 Come with me; for, I feele thy griefes as full
 As mine, lets steale away, and cry together.

{ *Exeunt Huntley*
and Daliell.

Dal: My hopes are in their ruines.

K. Ia. Good kinde *Huntley*
 Is over-joy'd, a fit solemnitie,
 Shall perfit these delights: *Cramford* attend
 Our order for the preparation.

{ *Exeunt, manent, Frior, Ma-*
jor, Astley, Heron, & Sketon.

Fri: Now worthy Gentlemen, haue I not followed
 My vndertakings with successe? Heeres entrance
 Into a certaintie about a hope.

Heron. Hopes are but hopes, I was ever confident, when I tra-
 ded but in remnants, that my starres had reserv'd me to the title of
 a Viscount at least, honor is honor though cut out of any stufes.

Sket:

of PERKIN WARBECK.

Sket: My brother *Heron*, hath right wisely delivered his opinion: for he that threds his needle with the sharpe eyes of industrie, shall in time goe through-stitch, with the new suite of preferment.

Astley. Spoken to the purpose my fine witted brother *Sketon*, for as no Indenture, but has its counterpawne; no *Noverint* but his Condition, or Defeysance; so no right, but may haue claime, no claime but may haue possession, any act of *Parlament* to the Contrary notwithstanding.

Frion. You are all read in mysteries of State,
And quicke of apprehension, deepe in judgement,
Active in resolution; and tis pittie
Such counsaile should lye buried in obscuritie.
But why in such a time and cause of triumph,
Stands the judicious *Major of Corke* so silent?
Beleeue it Sir, as ENGLISH RICHARD prospers,
You must not misse imployment of high nature.

Major. If men may be credited in their mortalitie, which I dare not peremptorily averre, but they may, or not be; presumptions by this marriage are then (in sooth) of fruitfull expectation. Or else I must not justifie other mens beliefs, more then other should relie on mine.

Frion. Pith of experience, those that haue borne office,
Weigh every word before it can drop from them;
But noble Counsellors, since now the present,
Requires in poynt of honor (pray mistake not)
Some service to our Lord; 'tis fit the *Scotts*
Should not ingrosse all glory to themselues,
At this so grand, and eminent solemnitie.

Sket: The *Scotts*? the motion is defied: I had rather, for my part, without tryall of my Countrie, suffer persecution vnder the pressing Iron of reproach: or let my skinne be pincht full of oylett holes, with the *Boottin* of Derision.

Ast: I will sooner loose both my eares on the *Pillorie* of Forgerie.

Heron. Let me first liue a Barckrout, and die in the lowsee hole of hunger, without compounding for six pence in the pound.

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Major. If men faile not in their expectations, there may be spirits also that digest no rude affronts (*Master Secretarie Frion*) or I am cozen'd: which is possible I graunt.

Frion. Resolv'd like men of knowledge; at this feast then In honor of the Bride, the *Scotts* I know,
Will in some shew, some maske, or some Devise,
Preferre their duties: now it were vncomely,
That wee be found lesse forward for our *Prince*,
Then they are for their Ladie; and by how much
Wee out-shine them in persons of account,
By so much more will our indeavours meete with
A liuelier applause. Great Emperours,
Haue for their recreations vndertooke
Such kinde of pastimes; as for the Conceite,
Referre it to my studie; the performance
You all shall share a thanks in, twill be gratefull.

Heron. The motion is allowed, I haue stole to a dauncing Schoole when I was a Prentice.

Asht. There haue beene *Irish*-Hubbubs, when I haue made one too.

Sket. For fashioning of shapes, and cutting a crosse-caper, turne me off to my trade againe.

Major. Surely, there is, if I be not deceived, a kinde of gravitie in merriment: as, there is, or perhaps ought to be, respect of persons in the qualitie of carriage, which is, as it is construed, either *so*, or *so*.

Frion. Still you come home to me; vpon occasion I finde you relish Courtship with discretion:
And such are fit for Statesmen of your merits.
Pray'e waite the *Prince*, and in his eare acquaint him
With this Designe, Ile follow and direct ee'.

O the toyle (*Exeunt, mane Frion.*

Of humoring this abject scumme of mankinde?
Muddie-braynd peasants? Princes feele a miserie
Beyond impartiall sufferance, whose extreames
Must yeelde to such abettors; yet our tyde
Runnes smoothly without aduerse windes; runne on!

of PERKIN WARBECK.

Flow to a full sea ! time alone debates,
Quarrells forewritten in the Booke of fates.

Exit.

Actus Tertius : Scena prima.

Enter King Henrie, his Gorget on, his sword, plume of feathers, leading Staffe, and Vrswicke.

K: H: **H**OW runnes the time of day ?
Vrsw: Past tenne my Lord.

K: H: A bloudie houre will it proue to some,
Whose disobedience, like the sonnes 'oth earth,
Throw a defiance 'gainst the face of Heaven.
Oxford, with Essex, and stout De la Poole,
Haue quietted the *Londoners* (I hope)
And set them safe from feare ! *Vrs:* They are all silent.

K: H: From their owne battlements, they may behold,
Saint Georges fields orespred with armed men ;
Amongst whom, our owne royall Standard threatens
Confusion to opposers ; wee must learne
To practise warre againe in time of peace,
Or lay our Crowne before our Subjects feete,
Ha, *Vrswicke*, must we not ? *Vrsw:* The powers, who seated
King Henry on his lawfull throne, will ever
Rise vp in his defence. K: H: Rage shall not fright
The bosome of our confidence ; in *Kent*
Our *Cornish Rebels* cozen'd of their hopes,
Met braue resistance by that *Countryes Earle,*
George Aburgenie, Cobham, Poynings, Guilford,
And other loyall hearts ; now if *Black heath*
Must be reserv'd the fatall tombe to swallow
Such stifneckt Abjects, as with wearie Marches,
Haue travaild from their homes, their wiues, and children,
To pay in stead of *Subsidies* their liues,
Wee may continue Soveraigne ? yet *Vrswicke*

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Wee'le not abate one pennie, what in *Parliament*
Hath freely beene contributed ; wee must not ;
Money giues soule to action ; Our Competitor,
The *Flemish Counterfeit*, with *James of Scotland*,
Will proue, what courage *neede, and want*, can nourish
Without the foode of fit supplyes ; but *Vrswicke*
I haue a charme in secret, that shall loose
The Witch-craft, wherewith young *King James* is bound,
And free it at my pleasure without bloud-shed.

Vrsw: Your Majestie's a wise King, sent from Heaven
Protector of the just.

K. H. Let dinner cheerefully
Be serv'd in ; this day of the weeke is ours,
Our day of providence, for *Saturday*
Yet never fayld in all my vndertakings,
To yeeld me rest at night ; what meanes this warning ?
Good Fate, speake peace to *Henry*. A Flourish.

Enter Dawbney, Oxford, and attendants.

Dawb: Line the King,
Triumphant in the ruine of his enemies.
Oxf: The head of strong rebellion is cut off ;
The body hew'd in peeces : *K: H: Dawbney, Oxford,*
Minions to noblest fortunes, how yet stands
The comfort of your wishes ? *Dawb:* Briefly thus :
The *Cornish* vnder *Awdley* disappointed
Of flattered expectation, from the *Kentish*
(Your Majesties right trustie Liegemen) flewe,
Featherd by rage, and hartned by presumption,
To take the field, even at your Pallace gates,
And face you in your *chamber Royall* ; Arrogance,
Improu'd their ignorance ; for they supposing,
(Misled by rumor) that the day of battaile
Should fall on Munday, rather brav'd your forces
Then doubted any onset ; yet this Morning,
When in the dawning I by your direction

of PERKIN WARBECK.

Stroue to get *Dertford Strand bridge*, there I found
 Such a resistance, as might shew what strength
 Could make; here Arrowes hayld in showers vpon vs
A full yard long at least; but wee prevayld.
 My Lord of *Oxford* with his fellow Peeres,
 Invironing the hill, fell feircely on them
 On the one side, I on the other, till (great Sir)
 (Pardon the over-sight) eager of doing
 Some memorable act, I was engagd
 Almost a prisoner, but was freed as soone
 As sensible of daunger: now the fight
 Beganne in heate, which quenched in the bloud of
 Two thousand Rebels, and as many more
 Reserv'd to trie your mercy, ~~have return'd~~
 A victory with safetie. *K: H:* Have we lost
 An equall number with them? *Oxf:* In the totall
 Scarcely foure hundred: *Awdley, Flammock, Ioseph,*
 The Ring-leaders of this Commotion,
 Raled in ropes, fit *Ornaments* for traytors,
 Waite your determinations. *K: H:* Wee must pay
 Our thanks where they are onely due: Oh, Lords,
 Here is no victorie, nor shall our people
 Conceiue that wee can triumph in their falles.
 Alas, poore soules! Let such as are escapt
 Steale to the Countrey backe without pursuite:
 There's not a drop of bloud spilt, but hath drawne
 As much of mine, their swords could haue wrought wonders
 On their Kings part, who faintly were vnshcath'd
 Against their Prince, but wounded their owne breasts.
 Lords wee are debtors to your care, our payment
 Shall be both sure, and fitting your Deserts.

Dawb: Sir, will you please to see those Rebels, heads
 Of this wilde Monster multitude? *K: H:* Deare friend,
 My faithfull *Dawbney*, no; on them our Iustice
 Must frowne in terror, I will not vouchsafe
 An eye of pittie to them, let false *Awdley*
 Be drawne vpon an hurdle from the *New-gate*

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Dal: Deceiu'd? Oh noble *Huntley*, my few yeares
Haue learnt experience of too ripe an age
To forfeite fit credulitie, forgieue
My rudenesse, I am bolde. *Hunt:* Forgieue me first
A madnesse of ambition, by example
Teach me humilitie, for patience scornes,
Lectures which Schoolemen vse to reade to boyes
Vncapable of injuries; though olde
I could grow tough in furie, and disclaime
Alleagence to my King, could fall at odds
With all my fellow Peeres, that durst not stand
Defendants 'gainst the rape done on mine honor.
But Kings are earthly gods, there is no meddling
With their annoynted bodies, for their actions,
They onely are accountable to Heaven.
Yet in the puzzle of my troubled braine
One Antidote's reserv'd against the poyson
Of my distractions, tis in thee t'apply it.

Dal: Name it, oh name it quickly Sir! *Hunt:* A pardon
For my most foolish sleighting thy Deserts,
I haue culd out this time to beg it, preethee
Be gentle, had I beene so, thou hadst own'd
A happie Bride, but now a cast away,
And never childe of mine more.

Dal: Say not so (Sir,) it is not fault in her.

Hunt: The world would prate
How shee was handsome; young I know shee was,
Tender, and sweet in her obedience;
But lost now; what a banckrupt am I made
Of a full stocke of blessings. — must I hope
a mercy from thy heart? *Dal:* A loue, a service,
A friendship to posteritie. *Hunt:* Good Angells
Reward thy charitie, I haue no more
But prayers left me now. *Dal:* Ile lend you mirth (Sir)
If you will be in Consort. *Hunt:* Thank' yee truly:
I must, yes, yes, I must; heres yet some ease,
A partner in affliction, looke not angry.

Dal: Good

of PERKIN WARBECK.

Dal: Good noble Sir.

Hunt: Oh harke, wee may be quiet,
The King and all the others come : a meeting
Of gawdie fights ; this dayes the last of Revells ;
To morrow sounds of warre ; then new exchange :
Fiddles must turne to swords, vnhappie marriage !
Flourish.

*Enter King James, Warbecke leading Katherine, Crawford,
Countesse, and Iane, Huntley, and Daliell fall among them.*

K: Ia: Cosen of Yorke, you and your Princely Bride,
Haue liberally enjoy'd such soft delights,
As a new married couple could fore-thinke :
Nor ha's our bountie shortned expectation ;
But after all those pleasures of repose,
Or amorous safetie, wee must rowse the ease
Of dalliance, with achievements of more glorie,
Then sloath and sleepe can furnish : yet, for farewell,
Gladly wee entertaine a truce with time,
To grace the joynt endeavours of our servants.

Warb: My Royall Cosen, in your Princely favour,
The extent of bountie hath beene so vnlimited,
As onely an acknowledgement in words,
Would breede suspition in our state, and qualitie ;
When *Wee* shall in the fulnesse of our fate
(Whose Minister *necessitie* will perfitte,)
Sit on our *owne throne* ; then our armes laid open
To gratitude, in sacred memory
Of these large benefits, shall twyne them close
Even to our thoughts, and heart, without distinction.
Then *James*, and *Richard*, being in effect
One person, shall vnite and rule *one people*.
Devisible in titles onely. *K: Ia:* Seate yee' ;
Are the presentors readie ?

Crawf: All are entring.

Hunt: Daintie sport toward *Daliell*, sit, come sit,
Sit and be quiet, here are Kingly buggs words.

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{ Enter at one dore foure Scotch Antickes, accordingly habited ; Enter at another foure wilde Irish in Trowse, long hayred, and accordingly habited. Musicke. **}**
The Maskers daunce.

K: Ia: To all a generall thanks!

Warb: In the next Roome

Take your owne shapes againe, you shall receiue

Particular acknowledgement. K: Ia: Enough

Of merriments; *Crawford*, how far's our Armie

Vpon the March? *Craw*: At *Hedenhall* (great King)

Twelue thousand well prepar'd. K: Ia: *Crawford*, to night

Post thither ! Wee in person with the Prince

By foure a clocke to morrow after dinner,

Will be w'ee; speede away ! *Craw*. I flie my Lord.

K: I: Our businesse growes to head now, where's your
Secretarie that he attends'ee not to serue?

Warb: With *March-mont* your Herald.

K: Ia: Good: the Proclamations readie;

By that it will appeare, how the *English* stand

Affected to your title ; *Huntley* comfort

Your Daughter in her *Husbands* absence; fight

With prayers at home for vs, who for your honors,

Must toyle in fight abroad.

Hunt: Prayers are the weapons,

Which men, so neere their graues as I, doe vse.

I've little else to doe,

K: Ia: To rest young beauties!

Wee must be early stirring, quickly part,

" A Kingdomes rescue craues both speede and art.

Coffens good night.

Flourish.

Warb: Rest to our Coffen King. *Kath*: Your blessing Sir;

Faire blessings on your Highnesse, sure you neede 'em.

Exeunt omnes, Manent, Warb. & Katherine.

Warb: Iane set the lights downe, and from vs returne

To those in the next roome, this little purse

Say we'ele deserue their loues. *Iane*. It shall be done Sir.

Warb: Now

of PERKIN WARBECK.

Warb: Now dearest; ere sweet sleepe shall seale those eyes,
(Leues pretious tapers,) giue me leaue to vse
A parting Ceremonie; for to morrowe,
It would be sacriledge to intrude vpon
The temple of thy peace: swift as the morning,
Must I breake from the downe of thy embraces,
To put on Steele, and trace the pathes which leade
Through various hazards to a carefull throne.

Kath: My Lord, I would faine goe w'ee, theres small fortune
In staying here behinde. *Warb:* The churlish browe
Of warre (faire dearest) is a sight of horror
For Ladies entertainment; if thou hear'st
A truth of my sad ending by the hand
Of some *unnaturall subject*, thou withall
Shalt heare, how I dyed worthie of my right,
By falling like a KING, and in the close
Which my last breath shall sound; thy name, thou sayrest
Shalt sing a *requiem*, to my soule, vnwilling
Onely of greater glorie, 'cause devided
From such a heaven on earth, as life with thee.
But these are chimes for funeralls, my businesse
Attends on fortune of a sprightlier triumph;
For loue and Majestie are reconcil'd,
And vow to crowne thee *Empresse of the West*.

Kath: You haue a noble language (Sir,) your right
In mee is without question, and howeuer
Events of time may shorten my deserts,
In others pittie; yet it shall not stagger,
Or constancie, or dutie in a wife.
You must be *King of me*, and my poore heart
Is all I can call mine. *Warb:* But we will liue;
Liue (beauteous vertue) by the liuely test
Of our owne bloud, to let the *Counterfeite*
Be knowne the worlds contempt.

Kath: Pray doe not vse
That word, it carries fate in't; the first suite
I ever made, I trust your loue will graunt!

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Warb: Without deniall (dearest.) *Kath:* That hereafter,
If you returne with safetie, no adventure
May sever vs in tasting any fortune :
I nere can stay behinde againe. *Warb:* Y'are Ladie
Of your desires, and shall commaund your will :
Yet 'tis too hard a promise.

Kath: What our Destinies
Haue rul'd out in their Bookes, wee must not search
But kneele too.

Warb: Then to feare when hope is fruitlesse,
Were to be desperately miserable ;
Which povertie, our greatnesse dares not dreame of,
And much more scornes to stoope to ; some fewe minutes
Remaine yet, let's be thriftie in our hopes.

Exeunt

Enter King Henrie, Hialas, and Vrswicke.

K: H: Your name is *Pedro Hialas* : a *Spaniard* ?

Hialas. Sir a *Castillian* borne. *K: H:* King *Ferdinand*
With wise *Queene Isabell* his royall consort,
Write 'ee a man of worthie trust and candor.
Princes are deare to heaven, who meete with Subjects
Sincere in their imployments ; such I finde
Your commendation (Sir,) let me deliver
How joyfull I repute the amitie,
With your most fortunate Maister, who almost
Comes neere a miracle, in his successe
Against the *Moores*, who had devour'd his Countrie,
Entire now to his Scepter ; *Wee*, for our part
Will imitate his providence, in hope
Of partage in the vse o'nt ; *Wee* repute
The privacie of his advisement to vs
By you, entended an Ambassadour
To *Scotland* for a peace betweene our Kingdomes ;
A policie of loue, which well becomes
His wisdome, and our care. *Hialas.* Your Majestie
Doth vnderstand him rightly.

K: H: Els, your knowledge can instruct me, wherein (Sir)

of PERKIN WARBECK.

To fall on Ceremonie, would seeme vfelesse,
Which shall not neede; for I will be as studious
Of your concealement in our Conference,
As any Counsell shall advise. *Hialas*. Then (Sir)
My chiefe request is, that on notice given
At my dispatch in *Scotland*, you will send
Some learned man of power and experience
To joyne in treatie with me. *K. H.* I shall doe it,
Being that way well provided by a servant
Which may attend 'ee ever. *Hialas*. If King *James*
By any indirection should perceiue
My coming neere your Court, I doubt the issue
Of my imployment.

K. H. Be not your owne Herald,
I learne sometimes without a teacher.

Hialas. Good dayes guard all your Princely thoughts.

K. H. *Vrswicke* no further

Then the next open Gallerie attend him.
A heartie loue goe with you.

Hialas. Your vow'd Beadsman. *Ex: Vrsw: and Hialas.*

K. H. King *Ferdinand* is not so much a Foxe,
But that a cunning Huntsman may in time
Fall on the sent; in honourable actions
Safe imitation best deserues a prayse.

Enter Vrswicke.

What the *Castillians* past away? *Vrsw:* He is,
And vndiscovered; the two hundred markes
Your Majestie conveyde, a' gentlie purst,
With a right modest gravitie. *K. H.* What wast
A' mutterd in the earnest of his wisedome,
A' spoke not to be heard? Twas about—*Vrsw: Warbecke;*
How if King *Henry* were but sure of Subjects,
Such a wilde runnagate might soone be cag'd,
No great adoe withstanding. *K. H.* Nay, nay, something
About my tonne Prince *Arthurs* match!

Vrsw: Right, right, Sir.

A humd it out, how that King *Ferdinand*

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Swore, that the marriage 'twixt the Ladie *Katherine*
His Daughter, and the Prince of *Wales* your Sonne,
Should never be consummated, as long
As any *Earle of Warwicke* liv'd in *England*,
Except by newe Creation. *K: H:* I remember,
'Twas so indeede, the King his Maister swore it?

Prsw: Directly, as he said. *K: H:* An *Earle of Warwicke*!
Provide a Messenger for Letters instantly
To *Bishop Fox*. Our newes from *Scotland* creepes,
It comes too slow; wee must haue ayrie spirits:
Our time requires dispatch, — the *Earle of Warwicke*!
Let him be sonne to *Clarence*, younger brother
To *Edward*! *Edwards* Daughter is I thinke
Mother to our Prince *Arthur*; get a Messenger.

Exeunt

Enter King *James*, Warbecke, Crawford, Daliell, Heron,
Astley, Major, Sketon, and Souldiers.

K: Ia: Wee trifle time against these Castle walls,
The *English* Prelate will not yeelde, once more
Giue him a Summons!

Parley.

Enter about *Durham* armed, a Truncheon
in his hand, and Souldiers.

Warb: See, the jolly Clarke
Appeares trimd like a ruffian.

K: Ia: Bishop, yet
Set ope the portes, and to your lawfull Soveraigne
Richard of Yorke surrendér vp this Castle,
And he will take thee to his Grace; else *Tweede*
Shall overflow his bankes with *English* blood,
And wash the sande that cements those hard stones,
From their foundation.

Dur: Warlike King of *Scotland*,
Vouchsafe a few words from a man inforc't
To lay his Booke aside, and clap on Armes,
Vnsutable to my age, or my profession.
Couragious Prince, consider on what grounds,

You

of PERKIN WARBECK.

You rend the face of peace, and breake a League
 With a confederate King that courts your amitie;
 For whom too? for a vagabond, a straggler,
 Not noted in the world by birth or name,
 An obscure peasant, by the rage of Hell
 Loosd from his chaynes, to set great Kings at strife,
 What Nobleman? what common man of note?
 What ordinary subject hath come in,
 Since first you footed on our Territories,
 To onely faine a wellcome? children laugh at
 Your Proclamations, and the wiser pittie,
 So great a Potentates abuse, by one
 Who juggles meerly with the fawnes and youth
 Of an instructed complement; such spoyles,
 Such slaughters as the rapine of your Souldiers
 Alreadie haue committed, is enough
 To shew your zeale in a *conceited Iustice*.
 Yet (great King) wake not yet my Maisters vengeance:
 But shake that Viper off which gnawes your entrayles!
 I, and my fellow Subjects, are resolv'd
 If you persist, to stand your vtmost furie,
 Till our last blood drop from vs.

Warb: O Sir, lend

Me eare to *this seducer* of my honor!
 What shall I call thee, (thou graybearded Scandall)
 That kickst against the Soveraigntie to which
 Thou owest alleagance? Treason is bold-fac'd,
 And eloquent in mischief; sacred King
 Be deafe to his knowne malice! *Dar:* Rather yeelde
 Vnto those holy motions, which inspire
 The sacred heart of an annoynted bodie!
 It is the surest pollicie in Princes,
 To governe well their owne, then seeke encroachment
 Vpon anothers right. *Crawf:* The King is serious,
 Deene in his meditation. *Dal:* Lift them vp
 To heaven his better genius!

Warb: Can you studie, while such a Devill raues? O Sir.

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K: Ia: Well, — Bishopp,
You'le not be drawne to mercie? *Dur:* Conster me
In like case by a Subject of your owne!
My resolutions fixt, King *James* be counfeld.
A greater fate waites on thee.

Exit Durham cum suis.

K: Ia: Forrage through
The Countrey, spare no prey of life, or goods,
Warb: O Sir, then giue me leaue to yeeld to nature,
I am most miserable; had I beene
Borne what this *Clergie man* would by defame
Baffle beliefe with, I had never sought
The truth of mine inheritance with rapes
Of women, or of infants murthered; Virgins
Defloured; olde men butchered; dwellings fir'd;
My Land depopulated; and my people
Afflicted with a Kingdomes devastation.
Shew more remorse great King, or I shall never
Endure to seee such havoocke with drie eyes:
Spare, spare, my deare deare *England*.

K: Ia: You foole your pietie
Ridiculously, carefull of an interest
Another man possesseth! Wheres your faction?
Shrewdly the Bishop ghest of your adherents,
When not a pettie Burgesse of some Towne,
No, not a Villager hath yet appear'd
In your assistance, that should make'ee whine,
And not your Countreyes sufferance as you tearme it.

Dal: The King is angrie. *Crawf:* And the passionate Duke,
Effeminately dolent. *Warb:* The experience
In former tryalls (Sir) both of mine owne
Or other Princes, cast out of their thrones,
Haue so acquainted mee, how miserie
Is destitute of friends, or of reliefe,
That I can easily submit to taste
Lowest reproofe, without contempt or words.

Enter Frion.

K: Ia: An humble minded man, — now, what intelligence
Speakes

of PERKIN WARBECK.

Speakes Maister Secretarie *Frion. Frion. Henrie*
Of England, hath in open field ore'throwne
The Armies who opposed him, in the right
Of this young Prince.

K: Ia: His Subsidies you meane: more if you haue it?

Frion. Howard Earle of Surrey,

Backt by twelue Earles and Barons of the North,
An hundred Knights and Gentlemen of Name,
And twentie thousand Souldiers, is at hand
To raise your siege. *Brooke* with a goodly Navie
Is Admirall at Sea: and *Dawbney* follows
With an vnbroken Armie for a second.

Warb: 'Tis false! they come to side with vs. *K: Ia:* Retreat:
Wee shall not finde them stones and walls to cope with,
Yet *Duke of Yorke*, (for such thou sayest thou art,))
Ile trie thy fortune to the height; to *Surrey*
By *Marchmont*, I will send a braue Defiance
For single Combate; once a King will venter
His person to an Earle; with Condition
Of spilling lesser bloud, *Surrey* is bolde
And *Iames* resolv'd. *Warb:* O rather (gracious Sir,)
Create me to this glorie; since my cause
Doth interest this fayre quarrell; valued least
I am his equall. *K: I:* I will be the man;
March softly off, where Victorie can reape
" A harvest crown'd with triumph, toyle is cheape.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus : Scena prima.

Enter Surrey, Durham, Souldiers,
with Drummes and Collors,

Surrey: **A**Re all our braving enemies shrunke backe?
Hid in the fogges of their distempered climate,

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Not daring to behold our Colours wave
In sight of this infected ayre? Can they
Looke on the strength of *Cundrestine* defac't?
The glorie of *Heydonhall* devastated? that
Of *Edington* cast downe? the pile of *Fulden*
Orethrowne? And this the strongest of their Forts
Olde *Ayton Castle* yeelded, and demolished?
And yet not peepe abroad? the *Scots* are bold,
Hardie in battayle, but it seemes the cause
They vndertake considered, appears
Vnjoynted in the frame ont. *Dur*: Noble *Surrey*,
Our Royall Masters wisedome is at all times
His fortunes Harbinger; for when he drawes
His sword to threaten warre, his providence
Settles on peace, the crowning of an Empire.

(*Trumpe.*

Sur: Rancke all in order, 'tis a Heralds sound,
Some message from King *James*, keepe a fixt station.

*Enter March-mount, and another Herald
in their Coates,*

March: From *Scotlands* awfull Majestie, wee come
Vnto the *English* Generall;

Surrey. To me? Say on.

March: Thus then; the wast and prodigall
Effusion of so much guiltlesse blood,
As in two potent Armies, of necessitie
Must glut the earths drie wombe, his sweet compassion
Hath studied to prevent; for which to thee
Great *Earle of Surrey*, in a single fight
He offers his owne royall person; fayrely
Proposing these conditions onely, that,
If Victorie conclude our Masters right;
The *Earle* shall deliver for his ransome
The towne of *Barmicke* to him, with the *Fishgarths*.
If *Surrey* shall prevaile; the King will paie
A thousand pounds downe present for his freedome,
And silence further Armes; so speakes King *James*.

Sur: So

of PERKIN WARBECK.

Surr: So speakes King *James*; so like a King a' speakes.

Heralds, the *English Generall* returnes,
A sensible Devotion from his heart,
His very soule, to this vnfellowed grace.
For let the King know (gentle Haraldis) truely
How his descent from his great throne, to honor
A stranger subject with so high a title
As his *Compeere in Armes*, hath conquered more
Then any sword could doe: for which (my loyaltie
Respected) I will serue his vertues ever
In all humilitie: but *Barwicke* say
Is none of mine to part with: In affayres
"Of Princes, Subjects cannot trafficke rights
"Inherent to the Crowne. My life is mine,
That I dare freely hazard; and (with pardon
To some vnbrib'd vaine-glorie) if *his Majestic*
Shall taste a chaunge of fate, his libertie
Shall meete no Articles. If I fall, falling
So brauely, I referre me to his pleasure
Without condition; and for this deare favour,
Say (if not countermaunded) I will cease
Hostilitie, vnlesse provokt. *March:* This answer
Wee shall relate vnpartially.

Durh: With favour,

Pray haue a little patience — Sir, you finde
By these gay-flourishes, how wearied travayle
Inclines to willing rest; heeres but a Prologue
However confidently vtterd, meant
For some entuing Acts of peace: consider
The time of yeare, vnseasonablenesse of weather,
Charge, barrennesse of profite, and occasion
Presents it selfe for honorable treatie,
Which wee may make good vse of; I will backe
As sent from you, in poynt of noble gratitude
Vnto King *James* with these his Heralds; you
Shall shortlie heare from me (my Lord) for order
Of breathing or proceeding; and King *Henrie*

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(Doubt not) will thanke the service.

Surr: To your wisdomes Lord Bishop I referre it.

Durb: Be it so then.

Surr: Haraldis, accept this chaine, and these few Crownes!

March: Our Dutie Noble Generall. *Dur.* In part
Of retribution for such Princely loue,
My Lord the Generall is pleas'd to shew
The King your Maister, his sincerest zeale
By further treatie, by no common man;
I will my selfe returne with you. *Surr:* Y'oblige
My faithfullest affections t'ee (Lord Bishop.)

March: All happinesse attend your Lordship,

Surr: Come friends,
And fellow-Souldiers, wee I doubt shall meete
No enemies, but woods and hills to fight with :
Then twere as good to feede, and sleepe at home,
Wee may be free from daunger, not secure. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Warbeck and Frion.

Warb: *Frion,* ô *Frion!* all my hopes of glorie
Are at a stand! the *Scottish King* growes dull,
Frostie and wayward, since this *Spanish Agent*
Hath mixt Discourses with him; they are private,
I am not cald to counsaile now; confusion
On all his craftie shrugges; I feele the fabricke
Of my designs are tottering. *Frion.* *Henries* pollicies
Stirre with too many engines. *Warb:* Let his mines,
Shapt in the bowells of the earth, blow vp
Workes raisd for my defence, yet can they never
Tosse into ayre the freedome of my birth,
Or disavow my bloud, *Plantaginetts!*
I am my Fathers sonne still; but ô *Frion,*
When I bring into count with my Disasters,
My Wifes compartnership, *my Kates,* my lifes;
Then, then, my frailtie feeles an earth-quake; mischiefe
Damb *Henries* plotts, I will be *Englands King,*
Or let my *Aunt of Burgundie* report

of PERKIN WARBECK.

My fall in the attempt, deserv'd *our Ancestors*?

Frion. You grow too wilde in passion, if you will
Apppeare a Prince indeede, confine your will
To moderation. *Warb*: What a saucie rudenesse
Prompts this distrust? If, if I will apppeare?
Apppeare, a Prince? Death throttle such deceites
Even in their birth of vtterance; cursed cozenage
Of trust? Y'ee make me mad, twere best (it seemes)
That I should turne Imposter to *my selfe*,
Be mine owne counterfeite, belie the truth
Of my deare mothers wombe, the sacred bed
Of a *Prince* murthered, and a *living* baffled!

Frion. Nay, if you haue no eares to heare, I haue
No breath to spend in vaine. *Warb*. Sir, sir, take heede!
Golde, and the promise of promotion, rarely
Fayle in temptation. *Frion*. Why to me this?

Warb. Nothing
Speake what you will ; wee are not funcke so low
But your advise, may peece againe the heart
Which many cares haue broken : you were wont
In all extremities to talke of comfort :
Haue yee' none left now? Ile not interrupt yee'.
Good, beare with my distractions! if King *James*
Denie vs dwelling here, next whither must I?
I preethee' be not angrie. *Frion*. Sir, I tolde yee'
Of Letters come from *Ireland*, how the *Cornish*
Stomacke their last defeate, and humblie sue
That with such forces, as you could partake,
You would *in person* land in *Cornwall*, where
Thousands will entertaine *your title* gladly.

Warb: Let me embrace thee, hugge thee! th'ast reuiud
My comforts, if my cosen King will fayle,
Our cause will never, welcome my tride friends.

Enter Major, Heron, Astley, Sketon.

You keepe your braines awake in our defence :

Frion, advise with them of these affaires,

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In which be wondrous secret; I will listen

What else concernes vs here, be quicke and warie. *Ex: Warbeck.*

Asst: Ah sweet young Prince? Secretarie, my fellow Counsellors and I, haue consulted, and jumpe all in one opinion directly, that if this *Scotch* garboyles doe not fadge to our mindes wee will pell mell runne amongst the *Cornish* *Changes* presently, and in a trice.

Sket: 'Tis but going to Sea, and leaping ashore, cut tenne or twelue thousand vnecessary throats, fire seaven or eight townes, take halfe a dozen Cities, get into the Market place, crowne him RICHARD THE FOURTH, and the businesse is finisht.

Major. I graunt yee, quoth I, so farre forth as men may doe, no more then men may doe; for it is good to consider, when consideration may be to the purpose, otherwise still you shall pardon me: *Little sayd is soone amended.*

Frion. Then you conclude the *Cornish* Action surest?

Heron. Wee doe so. And doubt not but to thrive abundantly: Ho (my Masters) had wee knowne of the Commotion when wee set sayle out of *Ireland*, the Land had beene ours ere this time.

Sket: Pish, pish, 'tis but forbearing being an Earle or a Duke a moneth or two longer; I say, and say it agen, if the worke goe not on apace, let me never see new fashion more, I warrant yee, I warrant yee, wee will haue it so, and so it shall be.

Asst: This is but a cold phlegmaticke Countrie, not stirring enough for men of spirit, giue mee the heart of *England* for my money.

Ske: A man may batten there in a weeke onely with hot loaves and butter, and a lustie cup of Muscadine and Sugar at breakfast, though he make never a meale all the moneth after.

Major. Surely, when I bore office, I found by experience, that to be much troublesome, was to be much wise and busie; I haue observed, how filching and bragging, has beene the best service in these last warres, and therefore conclude peremptorily on the Designe in *England*; If things and things may fall out; as who can tell what or how; but the end will shew it.

Frion. Resolv'd like men of judgement, here to linger

More

More time, is but to loose it; cheare *the Prince*,
And hast him on to this; on this depends,
Fame in successe, or glorie in our ends. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter King Iames, Durban, and Hialas on either side.

Hialas. France, Spaine and Germanie combine a League
Of amitie with *England*; nothing wants
For setting peace through Christendome, but lone
Betweene the *British* Monarchs, *Iames*, and *Henric*.

Dur: The *English* Merchants (Sir,) haue beene receiu'd
With generall procession into *Antwerpe*;
The Emperour confirms the Combination.

Hialas. The King of *Spaine*, resolves a marriage
For *Katherine* his Daughter, with *Prince Arthur*.

Dur. *Fraunce* court's this holy contract.

Hial. What can hinder a quietnesse in *England*?

Durb: But your suffrage

To such a fillie creature (mightie Sir?)

As is but in effect an apparition,

A shaddow, a meere trifle? *Hial.* To this vnion

The good of both the *Church* and *Common-wealth*

Invite ee'—*Dur.* To this vnitie, a mysterie

Of providence poynts out a greater blessing

For both these Nations, then our humane reason

Can search into; King *Henric* hath a Daughter

The Princess *Margaret*; I neede not vrge,

What honor, what felicitie can followe

On such affinitie twixt two Christian Kings,

Inleagu'd by tyes of bloud; but sure I am,

If you Sir ratifie the peace propos'd,

I dare both motion, and effect this marriage

For weale of both the Kingdomes.

K: Ia. Darst thou Lord Bishop?

Dur. Put it to tryall royall *Iames*, by sending
Some noble personage to the *English* Court
By way of Embassie. *Hial.* Part of the businesse,

Shall suite my mediation. *K. Ia.* Well; what Heaven
Hath poynted out to be, must be; you two
Are Ministers (I hope) of blessed fate.
But herein onely I will stand acquitted,
No blood of Innocents shall buy my peace.
For *Warbecke* as you *nicke* him, came to me
Commended by the States of Christendome.
A Prince, though in distresse; his fayre demeanour,
Louely behaviour, vnappalled spirit,
Spoke him *not base in bloud*, how ever *clouded*.
The brute beasts haue both rockes and caues to flie to,
And men the Altars of the Church; to vs
He came for refuge, " Kings come neere in nature
" Vnto the Gods in being toucht with pittie.
Yet (noble friends) his mixture with our blood,
Even with our owne, shall no way interrupt
A generall peace; onely I will dismisse him
From my protection, throughout my Dominions
In safetie, but not ever, to returne.

Hialas. You are a iust King.

Durb. Wise, and herein happie.

K. Ia. Nor will wee dallie in affayres of weight:
Huntley (Lord Bishop) shall with you to *England*
Embassador from vs; wee will throw downe
Our weapons; peace on all sides now, repayre
Vnto our Counsayle, wee will soonē be with you.

Hial. Delay shall question no dispatch,
Heaven crowne it. *Exeunt Durham and Hialas.*

K. Ia: A league with *Ferdinand*? a marriage
With *English Margaret*? a free release
From restitution for the late affronts?
Cessation from hostilitie? and all
Eor *Warbeck* not delivered, but dismist?
Wee could not wish it better, *Daliell*—

Dal: Here Sir.

Enter Daliell.

K. Ia: Are *Huntley* and his Daughter sent for?

Dal: Sent for, and come (my Lord.)

K. Ia:

of PERKIN WARBECK.

K. Ia. Say to the *English Prince*,
Wee want his companie.

Dal. He is at hand Sir.

*Enter Warbeck, Katherine, Iane, Frion, Heron,
Sketon, Major, Astley.*

K. Ia. Cosen, our bountie, favours, gentlenesse,
Our benefits, the hazard of our person,
Our peoples liues, our Land hath evidenc't,
How much wee haue engag'd on your behalfe :
How triviall, and how dangerous our hopes
Appeare, how fruitlesse our attempts in warre,
How windie rather smokie your assurance
Of partie shewes, wee might in vaine repeate !
But now obedience to the Mother Church,
A Fathers care vpon his Countreyes weale,
The dignitie of State directs our wisedomē,
To seale an oath of peace through Christendome :
To which wee are sworne alreadie ; 'tis *you*
Must onely seeke new fortunes in the world,
And finde an harbour elsewhere : as I promis'd
On your arrivall, you haue met no vsage
Deserues repentance in your being here :
But yet I must liue Master of mine owne.
How ever, what is necessarie for you
At your departure, I am well content
You be accommodated with ; provided
Delay proue not my enemye.

Warb. It shall not

(Most glorious Prince.) the fame of my Designes,
Soares higher, then report of ease and sloath
Can ayme at ; I acknowledge all your favours
Boundlesse, and singular, am onely wretched
In words as well as meanes, to thanke the grace
That flow'd so liberallie. *Two Empires* firmly
You're Lord of, *Scotland*, and *Duke Richards* heart.
My claime to *mine inheritance* shall sooner

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Fayle, then my life to serue you, best of Kings.
And witnesse EDWARDS bloud in me, I am
More loath to part, with such a great example
Of vertue, then all other meere respects.
But Sir my last suite is, you will not force
From me what you haue given, this chaste Ladie,
Resolv'd on all extremes. *Kath:* I am your wife,
No humane power, can or shall divorce
My faith from dutie. *Warb:* Such another treasure
The earth is Banckrout of. *K: Ia:* I gaue her (Cosen)
And must avowe the gift: will adde withall
A furniture becomming her high birth
And vnsuspected constancie; provide
For your attendance—wee will part good friends.

Exit King and Dalie.

Warb: The Tudor hath beene cunning in his plotts;
His Fox of *Durham* would not fayle at last.
But what? our cause and courage are our owne:
Be men (my friends) and let our Cosen King,
See how wee followe fate as willingly
As malice followes vs. Y'are all resolv'd
For the West parts of *England?*

James. *Cornwall, Cornwall.*

Frion. The Inhabitants expect you daily.

Warb: Chearefully

Draw all our shippes out of the harbour (friends)
Our time of stay doth seeme too long, wee must
Prevent Intelligence; about it suddenly.

James. A Prince, a Prince, a Prince.

Exeunt Counsellors.

Warb: Dearest; admit not into thy pure thoughts
The least of scruples, which may charge their softnesse
With burden of distrust. Should I proue wanting
To noblest courage now, here were the tryall:
But I am perfect (sweete) I feare no change,
More then thy being partner in my sufferance.

Kath: My fortunes (Sir) haue armd me to encounter
What chance so ere they meete with,—*Iane'tis sit*

Thou

of PERKIN WARBECK.

Thou stay behinde, for whither wilt thou wander?

Iane. Never till death, will I forsake my Mistresse,
Nor then, in wishing to dye with ee' gladly.

Kath: Alas good soule.

Frion. Sir, to your *Aunt of Burgundie*
I will relate your present vndertakings;
From her expect on all occasions, welcome.
You cannot finde me idle in your services.

Warb: Goe, *Frion*, goe! wisemen knowe how to soothe
Adversitie, not serue it: thou hast wayted
Too long on expectation; "never yet
"Was any Nation read of, so besotted
"In reason, as to adore the setting Sunne.
Flieto the *Arch-Dukes* Court; say to the *Dutchesse*,
Her *Nephewe*, with fayre *Katherine*, his wife,
Are on their expectation to beginne
The raysing of an Empire. If they sayle,
Yet the report will never: farewell *Frion*.
This man *Kate* ha's bene true, though now of late,
I feare too much familiar with the *Foxe*.

Exit Frion.

Enter Huntley and Dalicll.

Hunt: I come to take my leaue; you neede not doubt
My interest in this sometime-childe of mine.
Shees all yours now (good Sir) oh poore lost creature!
Heaven guard thee with much patience, if thou canst
Forget thy title to olde *Huntleyes* familie;
As much of peace will settle in thy minde
As thou canst wish to taste, (but in thy graue,)
Accept my teares yet, (preethee) they are tokens
Of charitie, as true as of affection.

Kath: This is the cruellst farewell!

Hunt: Loue (young Gentleman)
This modell of my griefes; shee calls you husband;
Then be not jealous of a parting kisse,
It is a Fathers not a Lovers offering;
Take it, my last, — I am too much a childe.

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Exchange of passion is to little vse,
So I should grow to foolish,—goodnes guide thee. *Exit Hunt.*

Kath: Most miserable Daughter! — haue you ought
To adde (Sir) to our sorrowes? *Daliell.* I resolue
(*Fayre Ladie*) with your leaue, to waite on all
Your fortunes in my person, if your Lord
Vouchsafe me entertainment.

Warb: Wee will be bosome friends, (most noble *Daliell*)
For I accept this tender of your loue
Beyond abilitie of thanks to speake it.
Cleere thy drownd eyes (my fayrest) time and industrie
Will shew vs better dayes, or end the worst. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Oxford and Dawbney.

Oxf: No newes from *Scotland* yet (my Lord!) *Daw:* Not any
But what King *Henrie* knowes himselte; I thought
Our Armies should haue marcht that way, his minde
It seemes, is altered. *Oxf:* Victorie attends
His Standard every where. *Dawb:* Wile Princes (*Oxford*)
Fight not alone with forces. Providence
Directs and tutors strength; else Elephants,
And barbed Horses might as well preuaile,
As the most subtil stratagems of warre.

Oxf: The *Scottish King* shew'd more then common braverie,
In proffer of a Combatt hand to hand
With *Surrey*! *Dawb:* And but shew'd it; Northern blouds
Are gallant being fir'd, but the cold climate
Without good store of fuell, quickly freeleth
The glowing flames. *Oxf:* *Surrey* vpon my life
Would not haue shrunke an hayres breadth.

Dawb: May a' forseite
The honor of an *English name, and nature,*
Who would not haue embract it with a greedinesse,
As violent as hunger runnes to foode.
'Twas an addition, any worthie Spirit
Would covet next to immortalitie,
Aboue all joyes of life: wee all mist shares
In that great opportunitie.

Enter

of PERKIN WARBECK.

Enter King Henrie, and Vrswicke whispering.

Oxf: The King: see a' comes smiling!

Dawb: O the game runnes smooth
On his side then beleue it, Cards well shuffeld
And dealt with conning, bring some gamester thrift,
But others must rise loosers. *K: H:* The trayne takes?
Vrsw: Most prosperously. *K. H.* I knew it should not misse.
He fondly angles who will hurle his bayte
Into the water, 'cause the Fish at first
Playes round about the line, and dares not bite.
Lords, wee may reigne your King yet, *Dawbney, Oxford,*
Vrswicke, must *Perkin* weare the Crowne?

Dawb: A Slaue. *Oxf:* A Vagabond.

Vrsw: A Glow-worme. *K: H:* Now if *Frion,*
His practisd politician weare a brayne
Of prooffe, King *Perkin* will in progresse ride
Through all his large Dominions; let vs meete him,
And tender homage; Ha Sirs? Liegmen ought
To pay their fealtie. *Dawb:* Would the Rascall were
With all his rabble, within twentie miles
Of *London.* *K: H:* Farther off is neere enough.
To lodge him in his home; Ile wager odds
Surrey and all his men are either idle,
Or hasting backe, they haue not worke (I donbt)
To keepe them busie. *Dawb:* 'Tis a strange conceite Sir.

K: H: Such voluntarie fayours as our people
In dutie ayde vs with, wee never scatter'd
On *Cobweb Parasites*, or lavish't out
In ryot, or a needlesse hospitalitie:
No *undeseruing* favourite doth boast
His issues from our treasury; our charge
Floues through all *Europe*, proouing vs but Steward
Of every contribution, which provides
Against the creeping Cankar of Disturbance.
Is it not rare then, in this toyle of State
Wherein wee are imbarkt, with breach of sleepe,
Cares, and the noyse of trouble, that our mercy

Returnes

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Returns nor thanks, nor comfort ? Still the *West*
Murmure and threaten innovation,
Whisper our government tyrannicall,
Denie vs what is ours, nay, spurne their liues
Of which they are but owners by our giuft.
It must not be. *Oxf*: It must not, should not.

K: H: So then. To whom?

Enter a Post.

Post. This packett to your sacred Majestie.

K: H: Sirra attend without.

Oxf: Newes from the *North*, vpon my life. *Daw*. Wife *Henry*
Devines aforehand of events: with him
Attempts and execution are one act.

K: H: *Vrswicke* thine eare; *Friou* is caught, the man
Of cunning is out-reacht: wee must be safe:
Should reverend *Morton* our Arch-bishop moue
To a translation higher yet, I tell thee,
My Durham ownes a brayne deserues that See.
Hees nimble in his industrie, and mounting:

Thou hear'st me? *Vrsw*: And conceiue your Highnesse fitly:

K. H. *Dawbney*, and *Oxford*; since our Armie stands
Entire, it were a weakenesse to admit
The rust of lazinesse to eate amongst them:
Set forward toward *Salisburie*; the playnes
Are most commodious for their exercise.
Our selfe will take a Muster of them there:
And or disband them with reward, or else
Dispose as best concernes vs. *Dawb*: *Salisburie*?
Sir, all is peace at *Salisburie*. *K: H*: Deare friend——
The charge must be our owne; we would a little
Pertake the pleasure with our Subjects ease.

Shall I entreat your Loues? *Oxf*: command our Liues.

K: H: Y^eare men know how to doe, not to forethinke:
My Bishop is a jewell try'd, and perfect;
A jewell (Lords) the Post who brought these Letters,
Must speed another to the *Mayor of Exceter*,
Vrswicke dismisse him not. *Vrsw*: He waites your pleasure.

K: H: *Perkin* a King? a King? *Vrsw*: My gracious Lord.

K: H: Thoughts

of PERKIN WARBECK.

K: H: Thoughts, busied in the spheare of Royaltie,
Fixe not on creeping wormes, without their stings;
Meere excrements of earth. The vse of time
Is thriving safetie, and a wise prevention
Ofills expected. W'are resolv'd for *Salisburie*. *Exe: omnes.*
A generall shout within.

Enter Warbeck, Dalieſh, Katherine, and Iane.

Warb: After so many stormes as winde and Seas,
Haue threatned to our weather-beaten Shippes,
At last (sweet fayrest) wee are safe arriv'd
On our deare *mother earth*, ingratefull onely
To heaven and vs, in yeelding sustenance
To flie *Vsarpers of our throne and right*.
These generall acclamations, are an O M E N
Of happie processe to their welcome Lord:
They flocke in troopes, and from all parts with wings
Of dutie flie, to lay their hearts before vs,
Vnequal'd patterne of a matchlesse wife,
How fares my dearest yet? *Kath:* Confirm'd in health:
By which I may the better vndergoe
The roughest face of change; but I shall learne
Patience to hope, since silence courts affliction
For comforts, to this truely *noble Gentleman*;
Rare vnexampled patterne of a friend?
And my beloved *Iane*, the willing follower
Of all misfortunes. *Dal:* Ladie, I returne
But barren cropps, of early protestations,
Frost-bitten in the spring of fruitlesse hopes.

Iane, I waite but as the shaddow to the bodie,
For Madam without you let me be nothing.

Warb: None talke of sadnesse, wee are on the way
Which leades to Victorie: keepe cowards thoughts
With desperate fullennesse! the Lyon faints not
Lockt in a grate, but loose, disdaines all force
Which barres his prey; and wee are Lyon-hearted,
Or else no King of beasts. Harke how they shout. (*Another shout.*

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Triumph ant in our cause ? bolde confidence
Marches on brauely, cannot quake at daunger.

Enter Sketon.

Sket. Saue King Richard the fourth, saue thee King of hearrs
the Cornish blades are men of mettall, ha e proclaimed throug
Bodnam and the whole Countie, my sweete Prince, *Monarch*
England, foure thousand tall yeomen, with bow and sword aires
die vow to liue and dye at the foote of KING RICHARD.

Enter Astley.

Astley. The Mayor our fellow Counseller, is seruant for a
Emperour. *Exceter* is appointed for the *Rend-a-vous*, and no
thing wants to victory but courage, and resolution. *Sigillatum*
& *datum decimo Septembris, Anno Regni Regis primo & cetera*
confirmatum est. Al's cocke sure.

Warb: To *Exceter*, to *Exceter*, march on.
Commend vs to our people ; wee in person
Will lend them double spirits, tell them so.

She: & Astl: King Richard, King Richard.

Warb: A thousand blessings guard our lawfull Armes ?
A thousand horrors peirce our enemies soules !
Pale feare vnedge their weapons sharpest poynts,
And when they draw their arrowes to the head,
Numnesse shall strike their sinewes ; such advantage
Hath *Majestie* in its pursuite of Iustice,
That on the proppers vp, of truths olde throne,
It both enlightens counsell, and giues heart
To execution : whiles the throates of traytors
Lye bare before our mercie. O Divinitie
Of royall birth ? how it strikes dumbe the tongues
Whose prodigallitie of breath is brib'd
By traynes to greatnesse ? Princes are but men,
Distinguisht in the finenesse of their frailtie.
Yet not so grosse in beautie of the minde,
For there's a fire more sacred, purifies
The drosse of mixture. Herein stands the odds
“ Subjects are men, on earth Kings men and gods.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus

Actus Quintus : Scena prima.

Enter Katherine, and Iane, in riding suits, with one servant:

Kath: **I**T is decreede; and wee must yeeld to fate,
 Whose angry Iustice though it threaten ruine,
 Contempt, and povertie, is all but tryall
 Of a weake womans constancie in suffering.
 Here in a strangers, and an enemies Land
 Forsaken, and vnfurnisht of all hopes,
 (But such as waite on miserie,) I range
 To meete affliction where so ere I treade.
 My trayne, and pompe of servants, is reduc't
 To one kinde Gentlewoman, and this groom.
 Sweet *Iane*, now whither must wee? *Iane.* To your Shippes
 Deare Lady: and turne home. *Kath:* Home! I haue none,
 Flie thou to *Scotland*, thou hast friends will weepe
 For joy to bid thee welcome; but ô *Iane*
 My *Iane*, my friends are desperate of comfort
 As I must be of them; the common charitie,
 Good peoplesalmes, and prayers of the gentle
 Is the revenue must support my state.
 As for my native Countrey, since it once
 Saw me a Princessse in the height of greatnesse
 My birth allow'd me; here I make a vow,
Scotland shall never see me, being fallen
 Or lessened in my fortunes. Never *Iane*;
 Never to *Scotland* more will I returne.
 Could I be *Englands* Queene (a glory *Iane*
 I never fawn'd on) yet the King who gaue me,
 Hath sent me with my husband from his presence:
 Deliver'd vs suspected to his Nation:
 Renderd vs spectacles to time, and pittie.
 And is it fit I should returne to such
 As onely listen after our descent
 From happinesse enjoyd, to misery

The Chronicle Historie

Expected, though vncertaine? Never, never;
Alas, why dost thou weepe? and that poore creature,
Wipe his wet cheekes too? let me feele alone
Extremities, who know to giue them harbour:
Nor thou, nor he, ha's cause. You may liue safely.

Iane. There is no safetie whiles your dangers (Madam)
Are every way apparent. *Servant.* Pardon Ladie;
I cannot choose but shew my honest heart;
You were ever my good Ladie. *Kath:* O deare soules!
Your shares in griefe are too too much.

Enter Daliell.

Daliell. I bring
(*Fayre Princeesse*) newes of further sadnesse yet,
Then your sweet youth, hath beene acquainted with.
Kath: Not more (my Lord) then I can welcome; speake it;
The worst, the worst, I looke for. *Dal.* All the *Cornish*,
At *Excester*, were by the Citizens
Repulst, encountered by the *Earle of Devonshire*
And other worthy Gentlemen of the Countrey.
Your husband marcht to *Taunton*, and was there
Affronted by King *Henries* Chamberlayne.
The King himselfe in person, with his Armie
Advancing neerer, to renew the fight
On all occasions. But the night before
The battayles were to joyne, *your husband* privately
Accompanied with some few horse, departed
From out the campe, and posted none knowes whither.

Kath: Fled without battayle given? *Dal:* Fled, but follow'd
By *Dawbney*, all his parties left to taste
King *Henries* mercie, for to that they yeelded;
Victorious without bloudshed. *Kath:* O my sorrowes!
If both our liues had prou'd the sacrifice
To *Henries* tyrannie, wee had fallen like Princes,
And rob'd him, of the glory of his pride.

Dal: Impute it not to faintnesse, or to weaknesse
Of noble courage Ladie, but foresight:
For by some secret friend he had intelligence

of PERKIN WARBECK.

Of being bought and solde, by his base followers.

Worse yet remains untold. *Kath*: No, no, it cannot.

Daliell. I feare y^e are betray'd. The *Earle of Oxford*
Runnes hot in your pursuite. *Kath*: A^t shall not neede,
Weele runne as hot in resolution, gladly
To make the Earle our Iaylor.

Jane. Madam, Madam, they come, they come!

Enter Oxford, with followers.

Daliell. Keepe backe, or he who dares
Rudely to violate the Law of honor,
Runnes on my sword. *Kath*: Most noble Sir, forbear!
What reason drawes you hither (Gentlemen !)
Whom seeke 'ee ? *Oxf*: All stand off; with favour Ladie
From *Henry, Englands King*, I would present,
Vnto the beauteous *Princesse, Katherine Gourdon*,
The tender of a gracious entertainment.

Kath: Wee are that *Princesse*, whom your maister King
Pursues with reaching armes, to draw into
His power: let him vse his tyrannie,
Wee shall not bee his Subjects.

Oxf: My Commission, extends no further (excellentest Ladie)
Then to a service; 'tis King *Henries* pleasure,
That you, and all, that haue relation t^o 'ee,
Be guarded as becomes your birth, and greatnesse.
For rest assur'd (*sweet Princesse*) that not ought
Of what you doe call yours, shall finde disturbance,
Or any welcome other, then what suits
Your high condition. *Kath*: By what title (Sir)
May I acknowledge you ? *Oxf*: Your servant (Ladie)
Descended from the Line of *Oxfords Earles*,
Inherits what his auncestors before him
Were owners of. *Kath*: Your King is herein royall,
That by a Peere so auncient in desert
As well as bloud, commands Vs to his presence.

Oxf: Invites 'ee, *Princesse* not commands. *Kath*: Pray vse
Your owne phrase as you list; to your protection
Both I, and mine submit. *Oxf*: There's in your number

The Chronicle Historie

A Nobleman, whom fame hath brauely spoken,
To him the King my Maister bad mee say
How willingly he courts his friendship. Far
From an enforcement, more then what in tearmes
Of courtesie, so great a Prince may hope for.

Daliell. My name is *Daliell.* *Oxf:* 'Tis a name, hath wonne
Both thankes, and wonder, from report; (my Lord)
The Court of *England* emulates your meritt,
And covetts to embrace 'ee. *Daliell.* I must waite on
The *Princesse* in her fortunes. *Oxf:* Will you please,
(Great Ladie) to set forward? *Kath:* Being driven
By fate, it were in vaine to strue with Heaven. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter King Henry, Surrey, Vrswicke, and a guard of Souldiers,

K: H: The Counterfeit King *Perkin* is escap'd,
Escape, so let him; he is heg'd too fast
Within the Circuite of our English pale,
To steale out of our Ports, or leape the walls
Which garde our Land; the Seas are rough, and wider
Then his weake armes can tugge with; *Surrey* henceforth
Your King may raigne in quiet: turmoyles past
Like some vnquiet dreame, haue rather busied
Our fansie, then affrighted rest of State.
But *Surrey*, why in articling a peace
With *James of Scotland*, was not restitution
Of Losses, which our Subjects did sustaine
By the *Scotch* inrodes, questioned? *Sur:* Both demanded
And vrg'd (my Lord,) to which the *King* reply'd
In modest merriment, but smiling earnest,
How that our Maister *Henrie* was much abler
To beare the detriments, then he repay them.

K: H: The young man I beleeeue spake honest truth,
'A studies to be wise betimes. Ha's *Vrswicke*,
Sir Rice ap Thomas, and Lord *Brooke* our Steward,
Return'd the westerne Gentlemen full thankes,
From *V's*, for their try'd Loyalties? *Sur:* They haue:
Which as if health and life had raign'd amongst eem',

With

of PERKIN WARBECK.

With open hearts, they joyfully receiu'd.

*K: H: Young Buckingham is a fayre natur'd Prince,
Luely in hopes, and worthie of his Father :
Attended by an hundred Knights and Squires,
Of speciall name, he tendred humble service,
Which wee must n'ere forget : and Devonshires wounds
Though sleight, shall find sound cure, in our respect.*

*Enter Dawbney, with Warbeck, Heron,
John a Water, Astley, Sketon,*

*Dawb: Life to the King, and safetie fixe his throne :
I here present you (royall Sir) a shadowe
Of Majestie, but in effect a substance
Of pittie; a young man, in nothing growne
To ripenesse, but th'ambition of your mercie :
Perkin the Christian worlds strange wonder.*

*K: H: Dawbney, Wee obserue no wonder; I behold (tis true)
An ornament of nature, fine, and pollisht;
A handsome youth indeede, but not admire him.
How came he to thy hands? Dawb: From Sanctuarie
At Beweley, neere Southhampton, registred
With these few followers, for persons priviledg'd.*

*K: H: I must not thanke you Sir! you were too blame
To infringe the Libertie of houses sacred :
Dare wee be irreligious? Dawb: Gracious Lord,
They voluntarily resign'd thems'ues,
Without compulsion. K: H: So? 'twas very well,
'twas very very well — turne now thine eyes
(Young man) vpon thy selfe, and thy past actions!
What revells in combustion through our Kingdome,
A frenzie of aspiring youth hath daunc'd,
Till wanting breath, thy feete of pride haue slippt
To breake thy necke. Warb: But not my heart; my heart
Will mount, till every drop of bloud be frozen
By deaths perpetuall Winter : If the Sunne
Of Maiestie be darkned, let the Sunne
Of Life be hid from mee, in an eclipse.*

Lasting.

The Chronicle Historie

K: H: Was ever so much impudence in forgery?
The custome sure of being stil'd a *King*,
Hath fastend in his thought that *H E I S S V C H*.
But wee shall teach the ladd, another language;
'Tis good we haue him fast. *Dawb:* The Hangmans physicke
Will purge this saucie humor. **K: H:** Very likely;
Yet, wee could, temper mercie, with extremitie,
Being not too far provok'd.

*Enter Oxford, Katherine in her richest attyre,
Iane, and attendants.*

Oxf: Great Sir, be pleas'd
With your accustomed grace, to entertaine
The Princesse Katherine Gourdon. **K: H:** *Oxford*, herein
Wee must beshrew thy knowledge of our nature.
A Ladie of her birth and vertues, could not
Haue found *Vs* so vnturnisht of good manners,
As not on notice given, to haue mett her
Halfe way in poynt of Loue. Excuse (*sayre Cosen*)
The oversight! ô fye, you may not kneele:
'Tis most vnfitting; first, vouchsafe this welcome;
A welcome to your owne, for you shall finde *Vs*
But guardian to your fortune, and your honours.
Kath: My fortunes, and mine honors, are weake champions,
As both are now befriended (*Sir!*) however
Both bow before your clemencie. **K: H:** Our armes
Shall circle them from malice — 'A sweete Ladie?
Beautie incomparable? Here liues Majestie
At league with Loue. **Kath:** O Sir, I haue a husband.
K: H: Wee'le proue your father, husband, friend, and servant,
Proue what you wish to graunt vs, (*Lords*) be carefull.
A Pattent presently be drawne, for issuing
A thousand pounds from our Exchequer yearly,
During our *Cosens* life: our *Queene* shall be
Your chiefe companion, our owne Court your Home,
Our Subjects, all your servants.
Kath: But my husband?

K: H: By

of PERKIN WARBECK.

K: H: By all descriptions, you are noble *Daliell*,
Whose generous truth hath sam'd a rare observance!
Wee thanke 'ee, 'tis a goodnesse giues addition
To every title, boasted from your Auncestrie,
In all most worthy. *Daliell*. Worthier then your prayes,
Right princely Sir, I neede not glorie in.

K: H: Embrace him (Lords,) who ever calls you Mistresse
Is lifted in our charge, — a goodlier beautie
Mine eyes yet neere incountred. *Kath:* Cruell misery
Of fate, what rests to hope for? **K: H:** Forward Lords
To *London*: (*tayre*) ere long, I shall present 'ee } *Exeunt omnes.*
With a glad object, peace, and *Hunleys* blessing. }

Enter Constable, and Officers, Warbeck, Vrswick, and Lambert Simnell, like a Falconer.

A payre of Stocks.

Const: Make roome there, keepe off I require 'ee, and none come
within twelue foote of his Majesties new Stockes, vpon paine of
displeasure. Bring forward the Malefactors. Friend, you must to
this geere, — no remedie, — open the hole, and in with his legges,
just in the middle hole, there, that hole; keepe off, or Ile commit
you all. Shall not a man in authoritie be obeyed? So, so, there,
'tis as it should be: put on the padlocke, and giue me the key;
off I say, keepe off.

Vrsw: Yet *Warbecke* cleere thy Conscience, thou hast tasted
King *Henries* mercie liberallie; the Law
Ha's forfeited thy life, an equall Iurie
Haue doom'd thee to the Gallowes; twise, most wickedly,
Most desperately hast thou escapt the Tower:
Inveigling to thy partie with thy witch-craft,
Young *Edward*, Earle of *Warwicke*, sonne to *Clarence*;
Whose head must pay the price of that attempt;
Poore Gentleman — vnhappy in his fate —
And ruin'd by thy cunning! so a Mungrell
May plucke the true Stagge downe: yet, yet, confesse
Thy parentage; for yet the King ha's mercy.

The Chronicle Historie

Lamb: You would be *Dicke the fourth*, very likely!
Your pedigree is published, you are knowne
For *Osbecks* sonne of *Turney*, a loose runnagate,
A Landloper: your Father was a *Jewe*,
Turn'd Christian meerely to repayre his miseries.
Wheres now your Kingship? *Warb:* Bayted to my death?
Intollerable crueltie! I laugh at
The *Duke of Richmonds* practise on my fortunes.
Possession of a Crowne, ne're wanted Heraulds.

Lamb: You will not know who I am!

Vrs: *Lambert Simnell;*

Your predecessor in a daungerous vproare;
But on submission, not alone receiu'd
To grace, but by the King, vouchsaf't his service.

Lamb: I would be Earle of *Warwicke*, toyld and ruffled
Against my Maister, leapt to catch the Moone,
Vaunted my name, *Plantaginet*, as you doe:
An Earle forsooth! When as in truth I was,
As you are, a meere Rascall: yet, his Majestie,
(A Prince compos'd of sweetnes! Heaven protect him)
Forgaue mee all my villanies, repriv'd
The sentence of a shamefull end, admitted
My suretie of obedience to his service;
And I am now his Falkoner, liue plenteously;
Eate from the Kings purse, and enjoy the sweetnesse
Of libertie, and favour, sleepe securely:
And is not this now better, then to buffett
The Hangmans clutches? or to brave the Cordage
Of a tough halter, which will breake your necke?
So then the Gallant totters; preethee (*Perkin*)
Let my example leade thee, be no longer
A *Counterfeite*, confesse, and hope for pardon!

Warb: For pardon? hold my heartstrings, whiles contempt
Of injuries, in scorne, may bid defiance
To this base mans fowle language: thou poore vermin!
How darst thou creepe so neere mee? thou an Earle?
Why thou enjoyst as much of happinesse,

of PERKIN WARBECK.

As all the swinge of sleight ambition flew at.
A dunghill was thy Cradle. So a puddle
By vertue of the Sun-beames, breathes a vapour
To infect the purer ayre, which drops againe
Into the muddie wombe that first exhald it.
Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance
From the base Beadles whipp, crownd all thy hopes.
But (Sirra) ran there in thy veynes, one dropp
Of such a royall bloud, as flowes in mine;
Thou wouldst not change condition, to be *second*
In *Englands* State without the Crowne it selfe!
Courte creatures are incapable of excellence.
But let the world, as all, to whom I am
This day a spectacle, to time, deliver,
And by tradition fixe posteritie,
Without another Chronicle then *truth*,
How constantly, my resolution suffer'd
A martyrdome of Majestie! *Lamb:* Hees past
Recovery, a *Bedlum* cannot cure him.

Vrsw: Away, enforme the King of his behaviour.

Lamb: *Perkin*, beware the rope, the Hangman's comming.

Vrsw: If yet thou hast no pittie of thy bodie,
Pittie thy soule!

Exit Simnel.

Enter Katherine, Iane, Daliell, and Oxford.

Iane. Deare Ladie! *Oxf:* Whither will'ee
Without respect of shame? *Kath:* Forbeare me (Sir)
And trouble not the current of my dutie!
Oh my Lov'd Lord! Can any scorne be yours,
In which I haue no interest? some kinde hand
Lend me assistance, that I may partake
Th'instruction of this pennance; *my lifes dearest*
Forgiue me, I haue stayd too long, from tendring
Attendance on reproach, yet bid me welcome.

Warb: Great miracle of Constancie! my miseries,
Were never banckrout of their confidence

The Chronicle Historie

In worst afflictions, till *this now*, I feele them.
Report, and thy Deserts, (*thou best of creatures*)
Might to eternitie, haue stood a patterne
For every vertuous wife, without this conquest.
Thou hast out-done beliefe, yet, may *their* ruine
In after marriages, be never pittied,
To whom thy Storie, shall appeare a fable.
Why wouldst thou proue so much vnkinde to greatnesse,
To glorifie thy vowes by such a servitude?
I cannot weepe, but trust mee (*Deare*) my heart
Is liberall of passion; *Harrie Richmond!*
A womans faith, hath robd thy fame of triumph.

Oxf: Sirra, leaue off your juggling, and tye vp
The Devill, that raunges in your tongue. *Vrs:* Thus Witches,
Possess, even their deaths deluded, say,
They haue beene wolues, and dogs, and sayld in Eggshells
Over the Sea, and rid on fierie Dragons;
Past in the ayre more then a thousand miles,
All in a night; the enemye of mankind
Is powerfull, but false; and falshood confident.

Oxf: Remember (*Ladie*) who you are; come from
That impudent Imposter! *Kath:* You abuse vs:
For when the holy *Church-man* joynd our hands,
Our Vowes were real then; the Ceremonie
Was not in apparition, but in act.

Be what these people terme *Thee*, I am certaine
Thou art *my husband*, no Divorce in Heaven
Ha's beene sued out betweene vs; 'tis injustice
For any earthly power to deuide vs.
Or wee will liue, or let vs dye together.

There is a cruell mercie.

Warb: Spight of tyrannie
Wee raigne in our affections, (*blessed woman!*)
Reade in my destinie, the wracke of honour;
Poynt out in my contempt of death, to memorie
Some miserable happinesse: since, herein,
Even when I fell, I stood, enthron'd a Monarch

of PERKIN WARBECK.

Of one chaste wif's troth, pure, and vncorrupted.

Fayre Angell of perfection ; immortalitie

Shall rayse thy name vp to an adoration ;

Court every rich opinion of true merit ;

And Saint it in the *Calender of vertue*,

When I am turn'd into the selfe same dust

Of which I was first form'd. *Oxf*: The Lord Embassador,

Huntley, your Father (Madam) should a'looke on

Your strange subjection, in a gaze so publicke,

Would blush on your behalfe, and wish his Countrey

Vnlest, for entertainment to such sorrow.

Kath: Why art thou angrie *Oxford* ? I must be

More peremptorie in my dutie ; — (Sir)

Impute it not vnto immodestie,

That I presume to presse you to a Legacie,

Before wee part for ever ! *Warb*: Let it be then

My heart, the rich remaines, of all my fortunes.

Kath: Confirme it with a kisse pray ! *Warb*: Oh, with that

I wish to breathe my last vpon thy lippes,

Those equall twinnes of comelinesse, I seale

The testament of honourable Vowes :

Who ever be that man, that shall vnkisse

This sacred print next, may he proue more thriftie

In this worlds just applause, not more desertfull.

Kath: By this sweet pledge of both our soules, I sweare

To dye a faithfull widdow to thy bed :

Not to be forc't, or wonne. ô, never, never.

Enter Surrey, Dambney, Huntley, and Crawford.

Damb: Free the condemned person, quickly free him.

What ha's a yet confest ? *Vrsu*: Nothing to purpose ;

But still 'a will be King. *Surr*: Prepare your journey

To a new Kingdome then, (vnhappie Madam)

Wilfully foolish ! See my Lord Embassador,

Your Ladie Daughter will not leaue the Counterfeite

In this disgrace of fate. *Hunt*: I never poynted

The Chronicle Historie

Thy marriage (girl) but yet being married,
Enjoy thy dutie to a husband, freely:
The griefes are mine, I glorie in thy constancie;
And must not say, I wish, that I had mist
Some partage in these tryalls of a patience.

Kath: You will forgine me noble Sir? *Hunt:* Yes, yes;
In every dutie of a wife, and daughter,
I dare not disavow thee, — to your husband
(For such you are Sir) I impart a farewell
Of manly pittie; what your life ha's past through,
The daungers of your end will make apparant?
And I can adde, for comfort to your sufferance,
No Cordiall, but the wonder of your frailtie,
Which keeps so firme a station. — Wee are parted.

Warb: Wee are a crowne of peace, renew thy age
Most honourable *Huntley*: worthie *Crawford*?
Wee may embrace, I never thought thee injurie.

Crawf: Nor was I ever guiltie of neglect
Which might procure such thought. I take my leaue (Sir.)

Warb: To you Lord *Daliell*: what? accept a sigh,
'Tis heartie, and in earnest. *Daliell*, I want vtterance:
My silence is my farewell. *Kath:* Oh—oh, —

Iane. Sweet Madam,
What doe you meane! — my Lord, your hand.

Dal: Deere Ladie,
Be pleas'd that I may wayt 'ee to your lodging.

Exeunt Daliell, Katherine, Iane.

*Enter Sheriffe, and Officers, Sketon, Astley, Heron,
and Mayor with halters about their neckes.*

Oxf: Looke 'ee, beholde your followers, appointed
To waite on 'ee in death. *Warb:* Why Peeres of England,
Weele leade 'em on couragiously. I reade
A triumph over tyrannie vpon
Their severall foreheads. Faint not in the moment
Of Victorie! our ends, and *Warwick's* head,

Of PERKIN WARBECK
nocent *Warwick's* head, (for we are Prologue
it to his tragedie) conclude the wonder
of *Henries* feares; and then the glorious race
of *fourteene Kings* PLANTAGINETTS, determines
this last issue male, Heaven be obeyd.
In povertie time of its amazement (friends)
and we will proue, as trustie in our payments,
as prodigall to nature in our debtes.
Death? pish, 'tis but a sound; a name of ayre;
minutes storme; or not so much; to tumble
from bed to bed, be massacred aliue
by some *Physicians*, for a moneth, or two,
in hope of freedome from a Feavers torments,
Might stagger manhood; here, the paine is past
Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit!
Spurne coward passion! so illustrious mention,
shall blaze our names, and stile vs *KINGS O'RE DEATH.*

Dawb: Away - Impostor beyond president: } *Ex: all Officers*
No Chronicle records his fellow. } *and Prisoners.*

Hunt: I haue
Not thoughts left, 'tis sufficient in such cases
Just Lawes ought to proceede.

Enter King Henry, Durham, and Hialas.

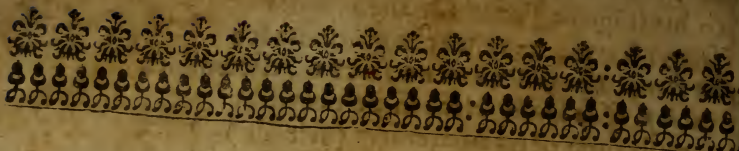
K: H: Wee are resolv'd:
Your businesse (noble Lords) shall finde successe,
Such as your King importunes. *Hunt:* You are gracious.

K: H: *Perkin*, wee are inform'd, is arm'd to dye:
In that wee le honour him. Our Lords shall followe
To see the execution; and from hence

Wee gather this fit vse; that publicke States,
As our particular bodyes, taste most good
In health, when purged of corrupted blood.

Exeunt omnes.

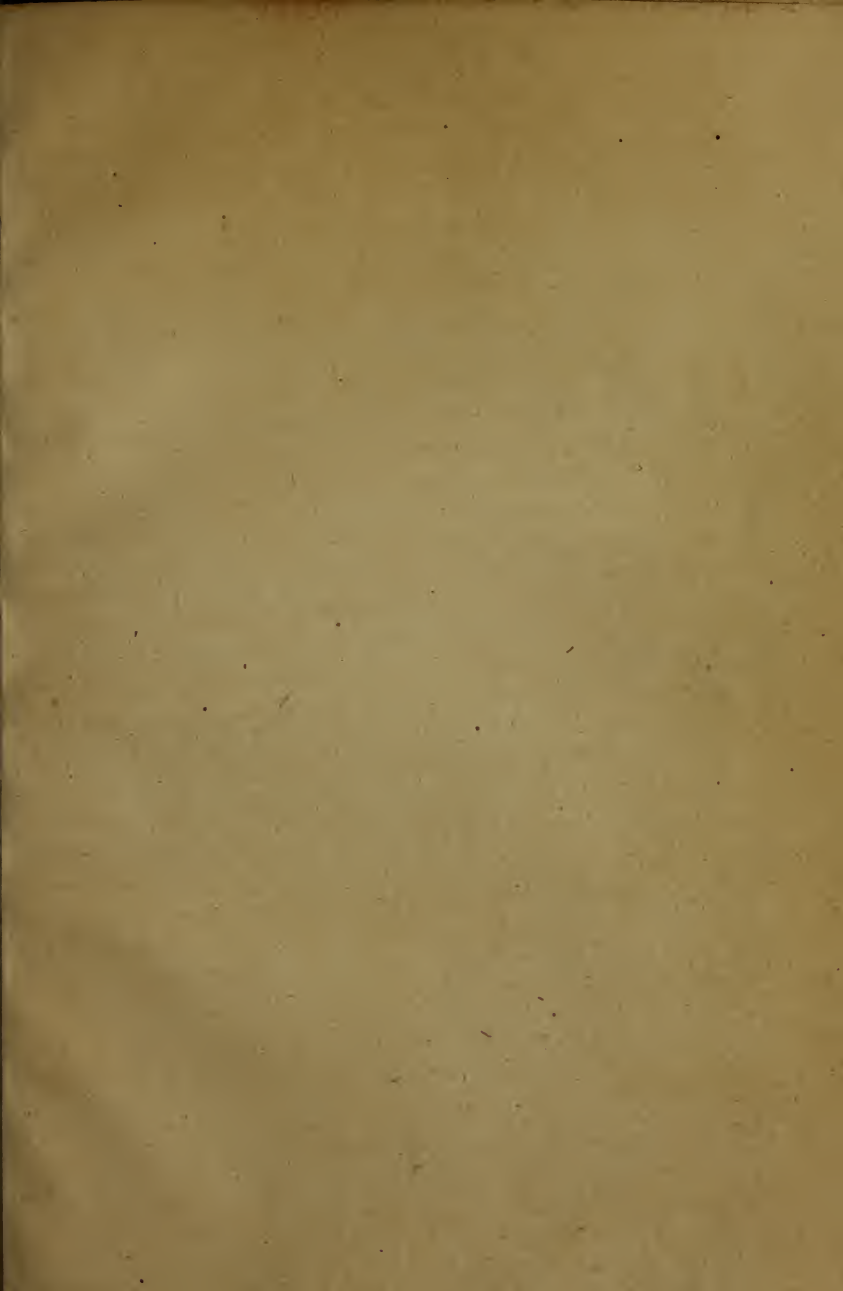
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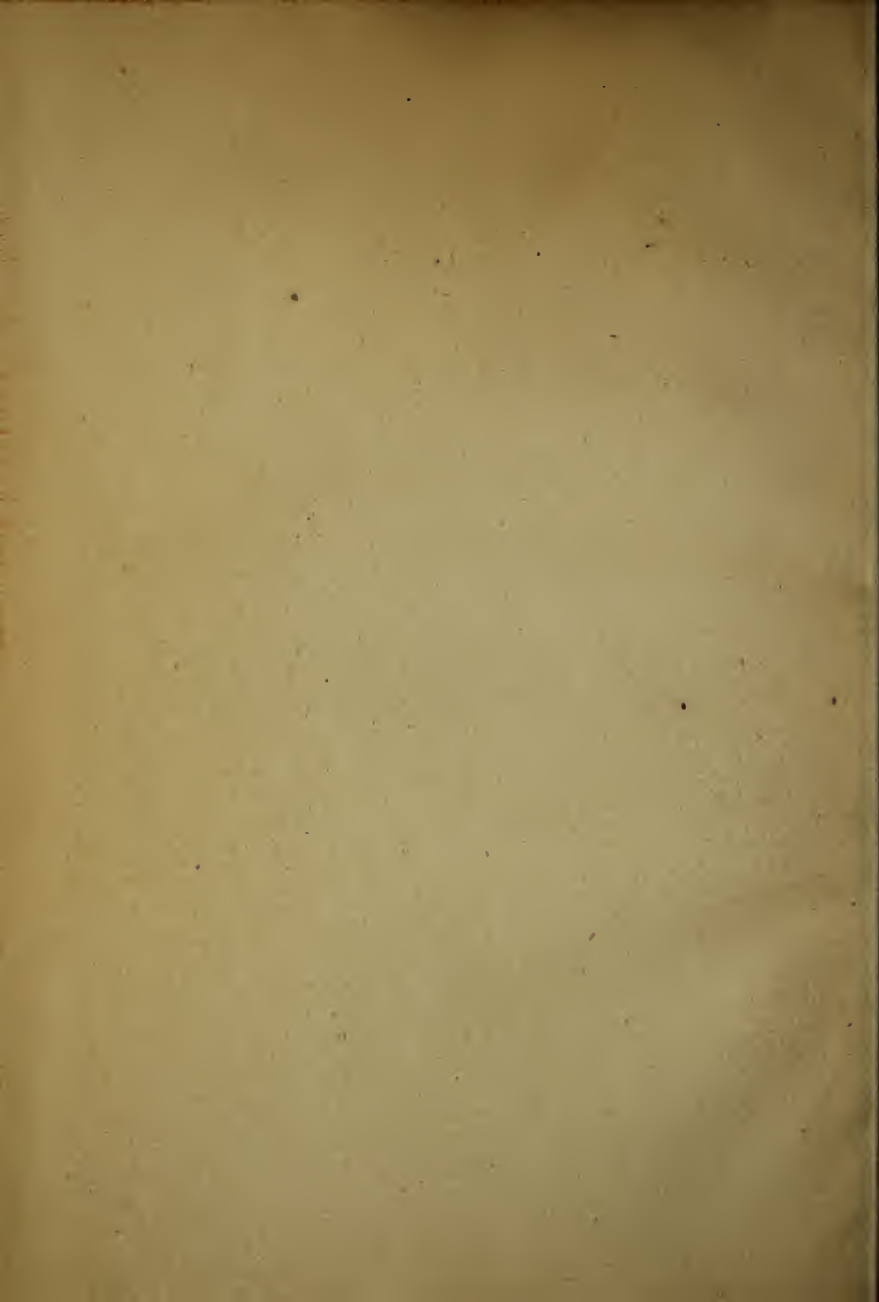


Epilogue.

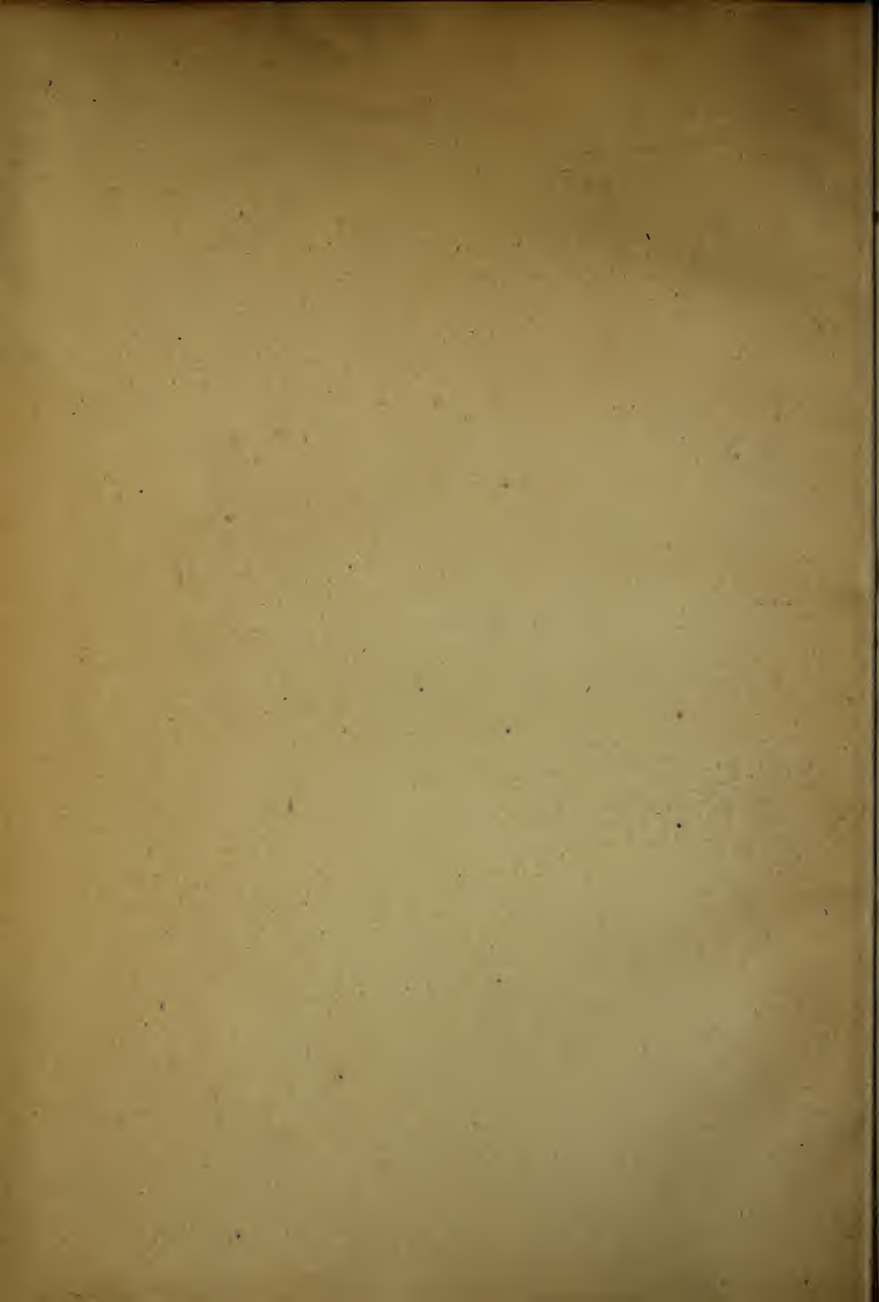
Here ha's appear'd, though in a severall fashion,
The Threats of Majestie; the strength of passion;
Hopes of an Empire; change of fortunes; All
What can to Theater's of Greatnesse fall;
Proving their weake foundations: who will please
Amongst such severall Sight's, to censure These
No birth's abortive, nor a bastard-brood
(Shame to a parentage, or fosterhood)
May warrant by their tones, all just excuses,
And often finde a welcome to the Muses.

F I N I S.

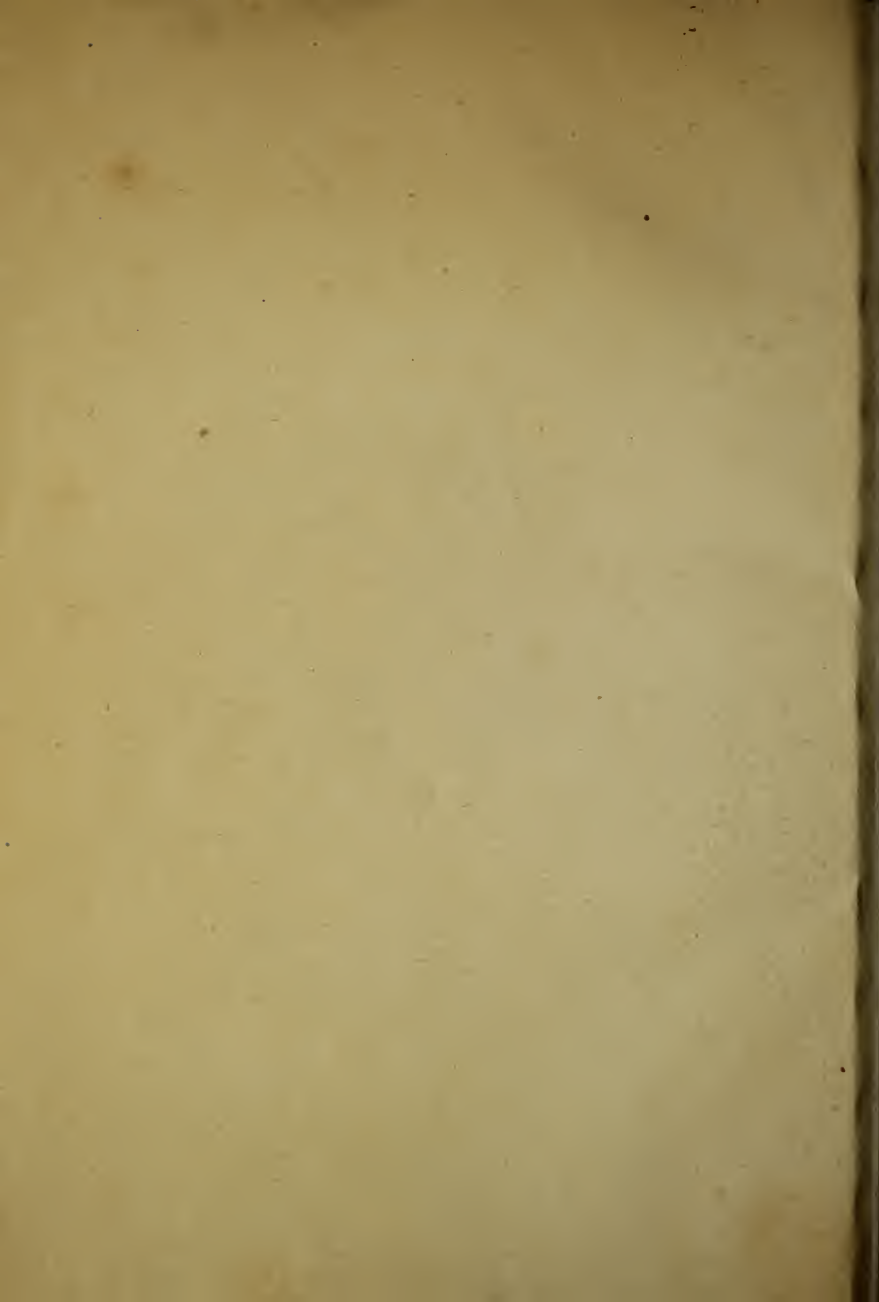












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