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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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img: 1-a

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ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

The first part  
Of the true and honorable  
history, of the life of Sir  
*John Oldcastle, the good*  
Lord Cobham.

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

*As it hath been lately acted by the right  
honorable the Earl of Nottingham  
Lord high Admiral of England his  
servants.*

ln 0010

ln 0011

ln 0012

ln 0013

LONDON  
Printed by V.S. for Thomas Pavier, and are to be sold at  
his shop at the sign of the Cat and Parrots  
near the Exchange. 1600.

img: 2-a

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wln 0001

The Prologue.

wln 0002

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

wln 0015

*THE doubtful Title (Gentlemen) prefixed  
Upon the Argument we have in hand,  
May breed suspense, and wrongfully disturb  
The peaceful quiet of your settled thoughts:  
To stop which scruple, let this brief suffice.  
It is no pampered glutton we present,  
Nor aged Councillor to youthful sin,  
But one, whose virtue shone above the rest,  
A valiant Martyr, and a virtuous peer,  
In whose true faith and loyalty expressed  
Unto his sovereign, and his country's weal:  
We strive to pay that tribute of our Love,  
Your favor's merit, let fair Truth be graced,  
Since forged invention former time defaced.*

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wln 0016

wln 0017

wln 0018

The true and honorable History, of  
*the life of Sir John Oldcastle, the*  
good Lord Cobham.

wln 0019

*In the fight, enter the Sheriff and two of his men.*

wln 0020

*Sheriff.*

wln 0021

wln 0022  
wln 0023  
wln 0024  
wln 0025  
wln 0026  
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wln 0039  
wln 0040

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MY Lords, I charge ye in his Highness' name,  
To keep the peace, you, and your followers.  
*Herbert* Good Master Sheriff, look unto yourself.  
*Powis* Do so, for we have other business.  
*Proffer to fight again*  
*Sheriff* Will ye disturb the Judges, and the Assize?  
Hear the King's proclamation ye were best.  
*Powis* Hold then, let's hear it.  
*Herbert* But be brief, ye were best.  
*Bailiff* O yes.  
*Davy* Cosson, make shorter O, or shall mar your Yes.  
*Bailiff* O yes.  
*Owen* What, has her nothing to say but O yes?  
*Bailiff* O yes.  
*Davy* O nay, pye Cosse plut down with her, down with her,  
A Pawesse a Pawesse.  
*Gough* A Herbert a Herbert, and down with Powis.  
*Helter-skelter again.*  
*Sheriff* Hold, in the King's name, hold.  
*Owen* Down e tha kanave's name, down.

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wln 0067  
wln 0068

*In this fight, the Bailiff is knocked down, and the Sheriff  
and the other run away.*  
*Herbert* Powis, I think thy Welsh and thou do smart.  
*Powis* Herbert, I think my sword came near thy heart.  
*Herbert* Thy heart's best blood shall pay the loss of mine.  
*Gough* A Herbert a Herbert.  
*Davy* A Pawesse a Pawesse.  
*As they are lifting their weapons, enter the Mayor of Hereford,  
and his Officers and Townsmen with clubs.*  
*Mayor* My Lords, as you are liege men to the Crown,  
True noblemen, and subjects to the King,  
Attend his Highness' proclamation,  
Commanded by the Judges of Assize,  
For keeping peace at this assembly.  
*Herbert* Good Master Mayor of Hereford be brief.  
*Mayor* Sergeant, without the ceremony of O yes.  
Pronounce aloud the proclamation.  
*Sergeant* The King's Justices, perceiving what public mischief  
may ensue this private quarrel: in his majesty's name do  
straightly charge and command all persons, of what degree  
soever, to depart this city of Hereford, except such as are  
bound to give attendance at this Assize, and that no man presume  
to wear any weapon, especially welsh hooks, forest  
bills.  
*Owen* Haw, no pill nor wells hoog? ha?  
*Mayor* Peace, and hear the proclamation.  
*Sergeant* And that the Lord Powis do presently disperse and  
discharge his retinue, and depart the city in the King's peace,

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wln 0076

img: 4-b  
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he and his followers, on pain of imprisonment.

*Davy* Haw? pud her Lord Pawesse in prison, A Pawesse  
A Pawesse, cosson live and tie with her Lord.

*Gough* A Herbert a Herbert.

*In this fight the Lord Herbert is wounded, and falls to the ground,  
the Mayor and his company go away crying clubs, Powis  
runs away, Gough and other of Herbert's faction busy themselves  
about Herbert: enters the two Judges in their robes,*

*the Sheriff and his Bailiffs afore them, etc.*

*1. Judge* Where's the Lord Herbert? is he hurt or slain?

*Sheriff* He's here my Lord.

*2. Judge* How fares his Lordship, friends?

*Gough* Mortally wounded, speechless, he cannot live.

*1. Judge* Convey him hence, let not his wounds take air,

And get him dressed with expedition, *Exeunt Herbert and Gough*

Master Mayor of Hereford Master Shrieve o' th' shire,

Commit Lord Powis to safe custody,

To answer the disturbance of the peace,

Lord Herbert's peril, and his high contempt

Of us, and you the King's commissioners,

See it be done with care and diligence.

*Sheriff* Please it your Lordship, my Lord Powis is gone,  
Past all recovery.

*2. Judge* Yet let search be made,

To apprehend his followers that are left.

*Sheriff* There are some of them, sirs, lay hold on them,

*Owen* Of us, and why? what has her done I pray you?

*Sheriff* Disarm them Bailiffs.

*Mayor* Officers assist.

*Davy* Hear you Lor' shudge, what resson is for this?

*Owen* Cosson pe puse for fighting for our Lord?

*1. Judge* Away with them.

*Davy* Harg you my Lord.

*Both at once*

*Owen* Gough my Lord Herbert's man's a shitten knave, *all this*

*Davy* Ise live and tie in good quarrel.

*Owen* Pray you do shustice, let awl be preson.

*Davy* Prison no,

Lord shudge I wool give you pale, good surety.

*2. Judge* What Bail? what sureties?

*Davy* Her coozin ap Ries, ap Evan, ap Morrice, ap Morgan,

ap Llewellyn, ap Madoc, ap Meredith,

ap Griffen, ap Davy, ap Owen ap Shinken Shones.

*2. Judge.* Two of the most, sufficient are enow,

*Sheriff* An 't please your Lordship these are all but one.

img: 5-a  
sig: A4v

wln 0113

*1. Judge* To Jail with them, and the Lord Herbert's men,

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wln 0160  
wln 0161

We'll talk with them, when the Assize is done,  
Riotous, audacious, and unruly Grooms,  
Must we be forced to come from the Bench,  
To quiet brawls, which every Constable  
In other civil places can suppress?

2. *Judge* What was the quarrel that caused all this stir?

*Sheriff* About religion (as I heard) my Lord.

Lord Powis detracted from the power of Rome,  
Affirming Wycliffe's doctrine to be true,  
And Rome's erroneous: hot reply was made  
By the lord Herbert, they were traitors all  
That would maintain it: Powis answered,  
They were as true, as noble, and as wise  
As he, that would defend it with their lives,  
He named for instance sir John Oldcastle  
The Lord Cobham: Herbert replied again,  
He, thou, and all are traitors that so hold.  
The lie was given, the several factions drawn,  
And so enraged, that we could not appease it.

1. *Judge* This case concerns the King's prerogative,  
And's dangerous to the State and common wealth.  
Gentlemen, Justices, master Mayor, and master Shrieve,  
It doth behove us all, and each of us  
In general and particular, to have care  
For the suppressing of all mutinies,  
And all assemblies, except soldiers' musters  
For the King's preparation into France.  
We hear of secret conventicles made,  
And there is doubt of some conspiracies,  
Which may break out into rebellious arms  
When the King's gone, perchance before he go:  
Note as an instance, this one perilous fray,  
What factions might have grown on either part,  
To the destruction of the King and Realm,  
Yet, in my conscience, sir John Oldcastle

*Exeunt.*

Innocent of it, only his name was used.  
We therefore from his Highness give this charge.  
You master Mayor, look to your citizens,  
You master Sheriff unto your shire, and you  
As Justices in everyone's precinct  
There be no meetings. When the vulgar sort  
Sit on their Alebench, with their cups and cans,  
Matters of state be not their common talk,  
Nor pure religion by their lips profaned.  
Let us return unto the Bench again,  
And there examine further of this fray.

*Sheriff* Sirs, have ye taken the lord Powis yet?

*Bailiff* No, nor heard of him.

*Enter a Bailie and  
a Sergeant*

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wln 0209

*Sergeant* No, he's gone far enough.  
2. *Judge* They that are left behind, shall answer all. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Suffolk, Bishop of Rochester, Butler, parson of Wrotham.*  
*Suffolk* Now my lord Bishop, take free liberty  
To speak your mind: what is your suit to us?  
*Bishop* My noble Lord, no more than what you know,  
And have been oftentimes invested with:  
Grievous complaints have passed between the lips  
Of envious persons to upbraid the Clergy,  
Some carping at the livings which we have,  
And others spurning at the ceremonies  
That are of ancient custom in the church.  
Amongst the which, Lord Cobham is a chief:  
What inconvenience may proceed hereof,  
Both to the King and to the common wealth,  
May easily be discerned, when like a frenzy  
This innovation shall possess their minds.  
These upstarts will have followers to uphold  
Their damned opinion, more than Harry shall  
To undergo his quarrel 'gainst the French.  
*Suffolk* What proof is there against them to be had,  
That what you say the law may justify?  
*Bishop* They give themselves the name of Protestants,

And meet in fields and solitary groves.  
*sir John* Was ever heard (my Lord) the like till now?  
That thieves and rebels, 'sblood heretics,  
Plain heretics, I'll stand to 't to their teeth,  
Should have to color, their vile practices,  
A title of such worth, as Protestant? *enter one with a letter.*  
*Suffolk* O but you must not swear, it ill becomes  
One of your coat, to rap out bloody oaths.  
*Bishop* Pardon him good my Lord, it is his zeal,  
An honest country prelate, who laments  
To see such foul disorder in the church.  
*Sir John* There's one they call him Sir John Oldcastle,  
He has not his name for naught: for like a castle  
Doth he encompass them within his walls,  
But till that castle be subverted quite,  
We ne'er shall be at quiet in the realm.  
*Bishop* That is our suit, my Lord, that he be ta'en,  
And brought in question for his heresy,  
Beside, two letters brought me out of Wales,  
Wherein my Lord Hereford writes to me,  
What tumult and sedition was begun,  
About the Lord Cobham, at the 'Sizes there,  
For they had much ado to calm the rage,  
And that the valiant Herbert is there slain.  
*Suffolk* A fire that must be quenched; well, say no more,

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The King anon goes to the counsel chamber,  
There to debate of matters touching France:  
As he doth pass by, I'll inform his grace  
Concerning your petition: Master Butler,  
If I forget, do you remember me,  
*Butler* I will my Lord.  
*Bishop* Not for a recompense,  
But as a token of our love to you,  
By me my Lords of the clergy do present  
This purse, and in it full a thousand Angels,  
Praying your Lordship to accept their gift.

*Offer him a purse.*

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*Suffolk* I thank them, my Lord Bishop, for their love,  
But will not take their money, if you please  
To give it to this gentleman, you may.

*Bishop* Sir, then we crave your furtherance herein.

*Butler* The best I can my Lord of Rochester.

*Bishop* Nay, pray ye take it, trust me but you shall,

*sir John* Were ye all three upon New Market heath,  
You should not need strain court'sy who should ha't,  
Sir John would quickly rid ye of that care.

*Suffolk* The King is coming, fear ye not my Lord,  
The very first thing I will break with him,  
Shall be about your matter.

*Enter King Harry and Huntington  
in talk.*

*Harpoole* My Lord of Suffolk,  
Was it not said the Clergy did refuse

To lend us money toward our wars in France?

*Suffolk* It was my Lord, but very wrongfully.

*Harpoole* I know it was, for Huntington here tells me,  
They have been very bountiful of late.

*Suffolk* And still they vow my gracious Lord to be so,  
Hoping your majesty will think of them,  
As of your loving subjects, and suppress  
All such malicious errors as begin  
To spot their calling, and disturb the church.

*Harpoole* God else forbid: why Suffolk, is there  
Any new rupture to disquiet them?

*Suffolk* No new my Lord, the old is great enough,  
And so increasing, as if not cut down,  
Will breed a scandal to your royal state,  
And set your Kingdom quickly in an uproar,  
The Kentish knight, Lord Cobham, in despite  
Of any law, or spiritual discipline,  
Maintains this upstart new religion still,  
And divers great assemblies by his means  
And private quarrels, are commenced abroad,  
As by this letter more at large my liege,  
Is made apparent.

img: 7-a

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*Harpoole* We do find it here,  
There was in Wales a certain fray of late,  
Between two noblemen, but what of this?  
Follows it straight Lord Cobham must be he  
Did cause the same? I dare be sworn (good knight)  
He never dreamt of any such contention.  
*Bishop* But in his name the quarrel did begin,  
About the opinion which he held (my liege.)  
*Harpoole* How if it did? was either he in place,  
To take part with them, or abet them in it?  
If brabbling fellows, whose enkindled blood,  
Seethes in their fiery veins, will needs go fight,  
Making their quarrels of some words that passed,  
Either of you, or you, amongst their cups,  
Is the fault yours, or are they guilty of it?  
*Suffolk* With pardon of your Highness (my dread lord)  
Such little sparks neglected, may in time  
Grow to a mighty flame: but that's not all,  
He doth beside maintain a strange religion,  
And will not be compelled to come to mass.  
*Bishop* We do beseech you therefore gracious prince,  
Without offense unto your majesty  
We may be bold to use authority.  
*Harry* As how?  
*Bishop* To summon him unto the Arches,  
Where such offenses have their punishment.  
*Harry* To answer personally, is that your meaning?  
*Bishop* It is, my lord.  
*Harry* How if he appeal?  
*Bishop* He cannot (my Lord) in such a case as this.  
*Suffolk* Not where Religion is the plea, my lord.  
*Harry* I took it always, that ourself stood on 't,  
As a sufficient refuge, unto whom  
Not any but might lawfully appeal.  
But we'll not argue now upon that point:  
For sir John Oldcastle whom you accuse,

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Let me entreat you to dispense awhile  
With your high title of pre-eminence.  
Report did never yet condemn him so,  
But he hath always been reputed loyal:  
And in my knowledge I can say thus much,  
That he is virtuous, wise, and honorable:  
If any way his conscience be seduced,  
To waver in his faith: I'll send for him,  
And school him privately, if that serve not,  
Then afterward you may proceed against him.

*in scorn.*



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Butler, be you the messenger for us,  
And will him presently repair to court.

*exeunt.*

*sir John* How now my lord, why stand you discontent?  
In sooth, methinks the King hath well decreed.

*Bishop* Yea, yea, sir John, if he would keep his word,  
But I perceive he favors him so much,  
As this will be to small effect, I fear.

*sir John* Why then I'll tell you what y' are best to do:  
If you suspect the King will be but cold  
In reprehending him, send you a process too  
To serve upon him: so you may be sure  
To make him answer 't, howsoe'er it fall.

*Bishop* And well remembered, I will have it so,  
A Sumner shall be sent about it straight

*Exit.*

*sir John* Yea, do so, in the mean space this remains  
For kind sir John of *Wrotham* honest Jack.  
Methinks the purse of gold the Bishop gave,  
Made a good show, it had a tempting look,  
Beshrew me, but my fingers' ends do itch  
To be upon those ruddocks: well, 'tis thus:  
I am not as the world does take me for:  
If ever wolf were clothed in sheep's coat,  
Then I am he, old huddle and twang, i' faith,  
A priest in show, but in plain terms, a **thief**,  
Yet let me tell you too, an honest thief.  
One that will take it where it may be **spared**.

And spend it freely in good fellowship.  
I have as many shapes as *Proteus* had,  
That still when any villainy is done,  
There may be none suspect it was sir John.  
Besides, to comfort me, for what's this life,  
Except the crabbed bitterness thereof  
Be sweetened now and then with lechery?  
I have my Doll, my concubine as 'twere,  
To frolic with, a lusty bouncing girl.  
But whilst I loiter here the gold, may scape,  
And that must not be so, it is mine own,  
Therefore I'll meet him on his way to court,  
And shrive him of it: there will be the sport.

*Exit.*

*Enter three or four poor people, some soldiers, some old men.*

*1 Soldier* God help, God help, there's law for punishing,  
But there's no law for our necessity:  
There be more stocks to set poor soldiers in,  
Than there be houses to relieve them at.

*Old man* Faith, housekeeping decays in every place,  
Even as Saint *Peter* writ, still worse and worse

*4. Soldier* Master mayor of Rochester has given commandment,  
that none shall go abroad out of the parish, and they

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wln 0396  
wln 0397  
wln 0398

have set an order down forsooth, what every poor householder  
must give towards our relief: where there be some cessed  
I may say to you, had almost as much need to beg as we.

*1 Soldier* It is a hard world the while.

*Old man* If a poor man come to a door to ask for God's  
sake, they ask him for a license, or a certificate from a Justice.

*2 Soldier* Faith we have none, but what we bear upon our bodies,  
our maimed limbs, God help us.

*4 Soldier* And yet, as lame as I am, I'll with the king into France,  
if I can crawl but a shipboard, I had rather be slain in  
France, than starve in England.

*Old man.* Ha, were I but as lusty as I was at the battle of  
Shrewsbury, I would not do as I do: but we are now come  
to the good lord Cobham's, to the best man to the poor that

is in all Kent.

*4 Soldier* God bless him, there be but few such.

*Enter Lord Cobham with Harpoole.*

*Cobham* Thou peevish froward man, what wouldst thou have?

*Harpoole* This pride, this pride, brings all to beggary,  
I served your father, and your grandfather,  
Show me such two men now: no, no,  
Your backs, your backs, the devil and pride,  
Has cut the throat of all good housekeeping,  
They were the best Yeomen's masters, that  
Ever were in England.

*Cobham* Yea, except thou have a crew of seely knaves,  
And sturdy rogues, still feeding at my gate,  
There is no hospitality with thee.

*Harpoole* They may sit at the gate well enough, but the devil  
of any thing you give them, except they will eat stones.

*Cobham* 'Tis long then of such hungry knaves as you, *pointing*  
Yea sir, here's your retinue, your guests be come, *to the*  
They know their hours I warrant you. *beggars*

*Old man* God bless your honor, God save the good Lord  
Cobham, and all his house,

*Soldier* Good your honor, bestow your blessed alms,  
Upon poor men.

*Cobham* Now sir, here be your Alms-knights.  
Now are you as safe as the Emperor.

*Harpoole* My Alms-knights: nay, th' are yours,  
It is a shame for you, and I'll stand to 't,  
Your foolish alms maintains more vagabonds,  
Than all the noblemen in Kent beside.  
Out you rogues, you knaves, work for your livings,  
Alas poor men, O Lord, they may beg their hearts out,  
There's no more charity amongst men,  
Than amongst so many mastiff dogs,  
What make you here, you needy knaves?

wln 0399

wln 0400

img: 9-a  
sig: B4v

wln 0401

wln 0402

wln 0403

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wln 0406

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wln 0410

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img: 9-b  
sig: C1r

wln 0437

wln 0438

wln 0439

wln 0440

wln 0441

wln 0442

wln 0443

Away, away, you villains.

2. *soldier* I beseech you sit, be good to us.

*Cobham* Nay, nay, they know thee well enough, I think that all the beggars in this land are thy acquaintance, go bestow your alms, none will control you sir.

*Harpoole* What should I give them? you are grown so beggarly, you have scarce a bit of bread to give at your door: you talk of your religion so long, that you have banished charity from amongst you, a man may make a flax shop in your kitchen chimneys, for any fire there is stirring.

*Cobham* If thou wilt give them nothing, send them hence, let them not stand here starving in the cold.

*Harpoole* Who I drive them hence? if I drive poor men from your door, I'll be hanged, I know not what I may come to myself: yea, God help you poor knaves, ye see the world i' faith, well, you had a mother: well, God be with thee good Lady, thy soul's at rest: she gave more in shirts and smocks to poor children, than you spend in your house, and yet you live a beggar too.

*Cobham* Even the worst deed that e'er my mother did, was in relieving such a fool as thou.

*Harpoole* Yea, yea, I am a fool still, with all your wit you will die a beggar, go to.

*Cobham* Go you old fool, give the poor people something, go in poor men into the inner court, and take such alms as there is to be had.

*Soldier* God bless your honor.

*Harpoole* Hang you rogues, hang you, there's nothing but misery amongst you, you fear no law you.

*Exit.*

*Old man* God bless you good master Rafe, God save your life, you are good to the poor still.

*Enter the Lord Powis disguised, and shroud himself.*

*Cobham* What fellow's yonder comes along the grove? Few passengers there be that know this way: Methinks he stops as though he stayed for me, And meant to shroud himself amongst the bushes. I know the Clergy hate me to the death, And my religion gets me many foes:

And this may be some desperate rogue,  
Suborned to work me mischief: As it  
Pleaseth God, if he come toward me, sure  
I'll stay his coming, be he but one man,  
Whatsoe'er he be:

*The Lord Powis comes on.*

I have been well acquainted with that face.

*Powis* Well met my honorable lord and friend.

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wln 0445  
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wln 0470  
wln 0471  
wln 0472

img: 10-a  
sig: C1v

wln 0473  
wln 0474  
wln 0475  
wln 0476  
wln 0477  
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wln 0489  
wln 0490  
wln 0491

*Cobham* You are welcome sir, whate'er you be,  
But of this sudden sir, I do not know you.

*Powis* I am one that wisheth well unto your honor,  
My name is Powis, an old friend of yours.

*Cobham* My honorable lord, and worthy friend,  
What makes your lordship thus alone in Kent,  
And thus disguised in this strange attire?

*Powis* My Lord, an unexpected accident,  
Hath at this time enforced me to these parts:  
And thus it happed, not yet full five days since,  
Now at the last Assize at Hereford,  
It chanced that the lord Herbert and myself,  
'Mongst other things, discoursing at the table,  
To fall in speech about some certain points  
Of *Wycliffe's* doctrine, 'gainst the papacy,  
And the religion catholic, maintained  
Through the most part of Europe at this day.  
This wilful testy lord stuck not to say,  
That *Wycliffe* was a knave, a schismatic,  
His doctrine devilish and heretical,  
And whatsoe'er he was maintained the same,  
was traitor both to God and to his country.  
Being moved at his peremptory speech,  
I told him, some maintained those opinions,  
Men, and truer subjects than lord Herbert was:  
And he replying in comparisons:  
Your name was urged, my lord, 'gainst his challenge,  
To be a perfect favorer of the truth.  
And to be short, from words we fell to blows,

Our servants, and our tenants taking parts,  
Many on both sides hurt: and for an hour  
The broil by no means could be pacified,  
Until the Judges rising from the bench,  
Were in their persons forced to part the fray.

*Cobham* I hope no man was violently slain.

*Powis* Faith none I trust, but the lord Herbert's self,  
Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,  
As it is doubted he can hardly scape.

*Cobham* I am sorry, my good lord, of these ill news.

*Powis* This is the cause that drives me into Kent,  
To shroud myself with you so good a friend,  
Until I hear how things do speed at home.

*Cobham* Your lordship is most welcome unto Cobham,  
But I am very sorry, my good lord,  
My name was brought in question in this matter,  
Considering I have many enemies,  
That threaten malice, and do lie in wait  
To take advantage of the smallest thing.

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wln 0495  
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img: 10-b  
sig: C2r

wln 0509  
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wln 0539

But you are welcome, and repose your lordship,  
And keep yourself here secret in my house,  
Until we hear how the lord Herbert speeds:  
Here comes my man. *Enter Harpoole.*  
Sirrah, what news?  
*Harpoole* Yonder's one master Butler of the privy chamber,  
is sent unto you from the King.  
*Powis* I pray God the lord Herbert be not dead, and the  
King hearing whither I am gone, hath sent for me.  
*Cobham* Comfort yourself my lord, I warrant you.  
*Harpoole* Fellow, what ails thee? dost thou quake? dost  
thou shake? dost thou tremble? ha?  
*Cobham* Peace you old fool, sirrah, convey this gentleman  
in the back way, and bring the other into the walk.  
*Harpoole* Come sir. you are welcome, if you love my lord.  
*Powis* God have mercy gentle friend. *exeunt.*  
*Cobham* I thought as much, that it would not be long before I

heard of something from the King, about this matter.  
*Enter Harpoole with Master Butler.*  
*Harpoole* Sir, yonder my lord walks, you see him,  
I'll have your men into the Cellar the while.  
*Cobham* welcome good master Butler.  
*Butler* Thanks, my good lord: his Majesty doth commend  
his love unto your lordship, and wills you to repair unto  
the court.  
*Cobham* God bless his Highness, and confound his enemies,  
I hope his Majesty is well.  
*Butler* In health, my lord.  
*Cobham* God long continue it: methinks you look as  
though you were not well, what ails you sir?  
*Butler* Faith I have had a foolish odd mischance, that angers  
me: coming over Shooter's hill, there came a fellow to  
me like a Sailor, and asked me money, and whilst I stayed my  
horse to draw my purse, he takes th'advantage of a little bank  
and leaps behind me, whips my purse away, and with a sudden  
jerk I know not how, threw me at least three yards out  
of my saddle. I never was so robbed in all my life.  
*Cobham* I am very sorry sir for your mischance, we will send  
our warrant forth, to stay such suspicious persons as shall be  
found, then master Butler, we will attend you.  
*Butler* I humbly thank your lordship, I will attend you.  
*Enter the Sumner.*  
*Sumner* I have the law to warrant what I do, and though the  
Lord Cobham be a noble man, that dispenses not with law,  
I dare serve process were a five noble men, though we Sumners  
make sometimes a mad slip in a corner with a pretty  
wench, a Sumner must not go always by seeing, a man  
may be content to hide his eyes, where he may feel his profit:

wln 0540  
wln 0541  
wln 0542  
wln 0543  
wln 0544

img: 11-a  
sig: C2v

well, this is my Lord Cobham's house, if I can devise to speak with him, if not, I'll clap my citation upon 's door, so my lord of Rochester bid me, but methinks here comes one of his men.

*Enter Harpoole.*

*Harpoole* Welcome good fellow, welcome, who wouldst thou

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wln 0579  
wln 0580

Speak with?

*Sumner* With my lord Cobham, I would speak, if thou be one of his men.

*Harpoole* Yes I am one of his men, but thou canst not speak with my lord.

*Sumner* May I send to him then?

*Harpoole* I'll tell thee that, when I know thy errand.

*Sumner* I will not tell my errand to thee.

*Harpoole* Then keep it to thyself, and walk like a knave as thou camest.

*Sumner* I tell thee my lord keeps no knaves, sirrah.

*Harpoole* Then thou servest him not, I believe, what lord is thy master?

*Sumner* My lord of Rochester.

*Harpoole* In good time, and what wouldst thou have with my lord Cobham?

*Sumner* I come by virtue of a process, to ascite him to appear before my lord, in the court at Rochester.

*Harpoole aside.* Well, God grant me patience, I could eat this conger. My lord is not at home, therefore it were good Sumner you carried your process back.

*Sumner* Why, if he will not be spoken withal, then will I leave it here, and see you that he take knowledge of it.

*Harpoole* 'Swounds you slave, do you set up your bills here, go to, take it down again, dost thou know what thou dost, dost thee know on whom thou servest process?

*Sumner* Yes marry do I, Sir John Oldcastle Lord Cobham.

*Harpoole* I am glad thou knowest him yet, and sirrah dost not thou know, that the lord Cobham is a brave lord, that keeps good beef and beer in his house, and every day feeds a hundred poor people at 's gate, and keeps a hundred tall fellows?

*Sumner* What's that to my process?

*Harpoole* Marry this sir, is this process parchment?

*Sumner* Yes marry.

img: 11-b  
sig: C3r

wln 0581  
wln 0582  
wln 0583  
wln 0584

*Harpoole* And this seal wax?

*Sumner* It is so.

*Harpoole* If this be parchment, and this wax, eat you this parchment, and this wax, or I will make parchment of your skin,

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wln 0586  
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wln 0632

and beat your brains into wax: Sirrah Sumner dispatch,  
devour, sirrah devour.

*Sumner* I am my lord of Rochester's Sumner, I came to do my  
office, and thou shalt answer it.

*Harpoole* Sirrah, no railing, but betake you to your teeth, thou  
shalt eat no worse than thou bring'st with thee, thou bring'st  
it for my lord, and wilt thou bring my lord worse than thou  
wilt eat thyself?

*Sumner* Sir, I brought it not my lord to eat.

*Harpoole* O do you sir me now, all's one for that, but i'll make  
you eat it, for bringing it.

*Sumner* I cannot eat it.

*Harpoole* Can you not? 'sblood i'll beat you until you have a  
stomach. *he beats him.*

*Sumner* O hold, hold, good master servingman, I will eat it.

*Harpoole* Be champing, be chawing sir, or I'll chaw you, you  
rogue, the purest of the honey.

*Sumner* Tough wax, is the purest of the honey.

*Harpoole* O Lord sir, oh oh, *he eats.*  
Feed, feed, wholesome rogue, wholesome.

Cannot you like an honest Sumner walk with the devil your  
brother, to fetch in your Bailiff's rents, but you must come to  
a nobleman's house with process? 'Sblood if thy seal were as  
broad as the lead that covers Rochester church, thou shouldst  
eat it.

*Sumner* O I am almost choked, I am almost choked.

*Harpoole* Who's within there? will you shame my Lord, is  
there no beer in the house? Butler I say.

*Butler* Here, here. *Enter Butler.*

*Harpoole* Give him Beer. *he drinks.*

There, tough old sheepskins, bare dry meat.

*Sumner* O sir, let me go no further, I'll eat my word.

*Harpoole* Yea marry sir, so I mean you shall eat more than  
your own word, for i'll make you eat all the words in the process.  
Why you drab monger, cannot the secrets of all the wenches  
in a shire serve your turn, but you must come hither  
with a citation with a pox? I'll cite you. *he has then done.*  
A cup of sack for the Sumner.

*Butler* Here sir here.

*Harpoole* Here slave I drink to thee.

*Sumner* I thank you sir.

*Harpoole* Now if thou findst thy stomach well, because thou  
shalt see my Lord keeps meat in 's house, if thou wilt go in  
thou shalt have a piece of beef to thy breakfast.

*Sumner* No I am very well good Master servingman, I thank  
you, very well sir.

*Harpoole* I am glad on 't, then be walking towards Rochester to  
keep your stomach warm: and Sumner, if I may know you

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wln 0680

disturb a good wench within this Diocese, if I do not make thee eat her petticoat, if there were four yards of Kentish cloth in 't, I am a villain.

*Sumner* God be with you Master servingman.

*Harpoole* Farewell Sumner. *Enter Constable.*

*Constable* God save you Master Harpoole.

*Harpoole* Welcome Constable, welcome Constable, what news with thee?

*Constable* An 't please you Master Harpoole, I am to make hue to cry, for a fellow with one eye that has robbed two Clothiers, and am to crave your hindrance, for to search all suspected places, and they say there was a woman in the company.

*Harpoole* Hast thou been at the Alehouse, hast thou sought there?

*Constable* I durst not search sir, in my Lord Cobham's liberty, except I had some of his servants, which are for my warrant.

*Harpoole* An honest Constable, an honest Constable, call forth him that keeps the Alehouse there.

*Constable* Ho, who's within there?

*Aleman* Who calls there, come near i' God's name, oh is't

you Master Constable and Master Harpoole, you are welcome with all my heart, what make you here so early this morning?

*Harpoole* Sirrah, what strangers do you lodge, there is a robbery done this morning, and we are to search for all suspected persons.

*Aleman.* God's bores, I am sorry for 't, i' faith sir I lodge nobody but a good honest merry priest, they call him sir John o' Wrotham, and a handsome woman that is his niece, that he says he has some suit in law for, and as they go up and down to London, sometimes they lie at my house.

*Harpoole* What, is he here in thy house now?

*Constable* She is sir, I promise you sir he is a quiet man, and because he will not trouble too many rooms, he makes the woman lie every night at his bed's feet.

*Harpoole* Bring her forth Constable, bring her forth, let's see her, let's see her.

*Constable* Dorothy, you must come down to Master Constable.

*Doll* Anon forsooth. *she enters.*

*Harpoole* Welcome sweet lass, welcome.

*Doll* I thank you good Master servingman, and master Constable also.

*Harpoole* A plump girl by the mass, a plump girl, ha Doll ha, wilt thou forsake the priest, and go with me.

*Constable* A well said Master Harpoole, you are a merry old man i' faith, i' faith you will never be old: now by the mack, a pretty wench indeed.

*Harpoole* Ye old mad merry Constable, art thou advised of that ha, well said Doll, fill some ale here.



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wln 0682  
wln 0683  
wln 0684  
wln 0685  
wln 0686  
wln 0687  
wln 0688

img: 13-a  
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*Doll aside* Oh if I wist this old priest would not stick to me,  
by Jove I would ingle this old servingman.

*Harpoole* Oh you **old** mad colt, i' faith I'll feak you: fill all the  
pots in the house there.

*Constable* Oh well said Master Harpoole, you are heart of oak when  
all's done.

*Harpoole* Ha Doll, thou hast a sweet pair of lips by the  
mass.

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*Doll* Truly you are a most sweet old man, as ever I saw,  
by my troth, you have a face, able to make any woman in love  
with you.

*Harpoole* Fill sweet Doll, I'll drink to thee.

*Doll* I pledge you sir, and thank you therefore, and I pray  
you let it come.

*Harpoole embracing her* Doll, canst thou love me? a mad merry  
lass, would to God I had never seen thee.

*Doll* I warrant you you will not out of my thoughts this  
twelvemonth, truly you are as full of favor, as a man may  
be. Ah these sweet gray locks, by my troth, they are most  
lovely.

*Constable* God's bores master Harpoole, I will have one  
buss too.

*Harpoole* No licking for you Constable, hand off, hand off.

*Constable* By 'r lady I love kissing as well as you.

*Doll* Oh you are an odd boy, you have a wanton eye of your  
own: ah you sweet sugar-lipped wanton, you will win as many  
women's hearts as come in your company. *Enter Priest.*

*Wrotham* Doll, come hither.

*Harpoole* Priest, she shall not.

*Doll* I'll come anon, sweet love.

*Wrotham* Hand off, old fornicator.

*Harpoole* Vicar, I'll sit here in spite of thee, is this fit stuff  
for a priest to carry up and down with him?

*Wrotham* Ah sirrah, dost thou not know, that a good fellow  
parson may have a chapel of ease, where his parish Church is  
far off?

*Harpoole* You whoreson stoned Vicar.

*Wrotham* You old stale ruffian, you lion of Cotswold.

*Harpoole* 'Swounds Vicar, I'll geld you. *flies upon him.*

*Constable* Keep the King's peace.

*Doll* Murder, murder, murder.

*Ale man* Hold, as you are men, hold, for God's sake be  
quiet: put up your weapons, you draw not in my house.

*Harpoole* You whoreson bawdy priest.

img: 13-b  
sig: D1r

wln 0725

*Wrotham* You old mutton monger.

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wln 0773

*Constable* Hold sir John, hold.

*Doll to the Priest* I pray thee sweet heart be quiet, I was but sitting to drink a pot of ale with him, even as kind a man as ever I met with.

*Harpoole* Thou art a thief I warrant thee.

*Wrotham* Then I am but as thou hast been in thy days, let's not be ashamed of our trade, the King has been a thief himself.

*Doll* Come, be quiet, hast thou sped?

*Wrotham* I have wench, here be crowns i' faith.

*Doll* Come, let's be all friends then.

*Constable* Well said mistress Dorothy i' faith.

*Harpoole* Thou art the mad'st priest that ever I met with.

*Wrotham* Give me thy hand, thou art as good a fellow, I am a singer, a drinker, a bencher, a wench, I can say a mass, and kiss a lass: faith I have a parsonage, and because I would not be at too much charges, this wench serves me for a sexton.

*Harpoole* Well said mad priest, we'll in and be friends, *exeunt.*

*Enter sir Roger Acton, master Bourne, master Beverley,  
and William Murley the brewer of Dunstable.*

*Acton* Now master Murley, I am well assure  
You know our arrant, and do like the cause,  
Being a man affected as we are?

*Murley* Marry God dild ye dainty my dear, no master, good Sir Roger Acton Knight, master Bourne, and master Beverley esquires, gentlemen, and justices of the peace, no master I, but plain William Murley the brewer of Dunstable your honest neighbor, and your friend, if ye be men of my profession.

*Beverley* Professed friends to Wickliff, foes to Rome.

*Murley* Hold by me lad, lean upon that staff good master Beverley, all of a house, say your mind, say your mind.

*Acton* You know our faction now is grown so great,  
Throughout the realm; that it begins to smoke  
Into the Clergy's eyes, and the King's ears,

High time it is that we were drawn to head,  
Our general and officers appointed.  
And wars ye wot will ask great store of coin.  
Able to strength our action with your purse,  
You are elected for a colonel  
Over a regiment of fifteen bands.

*Murley* Phew paltry paltry, in and out, to and fro, be it more or less, upon occasion, Lord have mercy upon us, what a world is this? Sir Roger Acton, I am but a Dunstable man, a plain brewer, ye know: will lusty Cavaliering captains gentlemen come at my calling, go at my bidding? Dainty my dear, they'll do a dog of wax, a horse of cheese, a prick and a pudding, no, no, ye must appoint some lord or knight

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wln 0821

at least to that place.

*Bourne* Why master Murley, you shall be a Knight:  
Were you not in election to be shrieve?  
Have ye not passed all offices but that?  
Have ye not wealth to make your wife a lady?  
I warrant you, my lord, our General  
Bestows that honor on you at first sight.

*Murley* Marry God dild ye dainty my dear:  
But tell me, who shall be our General?  
Where's the lord Cobham, sir John Oldcastle,  
That noble almsgiver, housekeeper, virtuous,  
Religious gentleman? Come to me there boys,  
Come to me there.

*Acton* Why who but he shall be our General?

*Murley* And shall he knight me, and make me colonel?

*Acton* My word for that, sir William Murley knight.

*Murley* Fellow sir Roger Acton knight, all fellows, I  
mean in arms, how strong are we? how many partners? our  
enemies beside the King are mighty, be it more or less upon  
occasion, reckon our force.

*Acton* There are of us, our friends, and followers,  
Three thousand and three hundred at the least,  
Of northern lads four thousand, beside horse,

From Kent there comes with sir John Oldcastle  
Seven thousand, then from London issue out,  
Of masters, servants, strangers, prentices  
Forty odd thousands into Ficket field,  
Where we appoint our special rendezvous.

*Murley* **Phew paltry** paltry, in and out, to and fro, Lord have  
**mercy upon us, what** a world is this, where's that Ficket field,  
sir Roger?

*Acton* Behind saint Giles in the field near Holborn.

*Murley* Newgate, up Holborn, Saint Giles in the field, and to  
Tyburn, an old saw: for the day, for the day?

*Acton* On friday next the fourteenth day of January.

*Murley* Tilly-vally, trust me never if I have any liking of  
that day: phew paltry paltry, friday quoth 'a, dismal day, Childermas  
day this year was friday.

*Beverley* Nay master Murley, if you observe such days,  
We make some question of your constancy,  
All days are like to men resolved in right.

*Murley* Say Amen, and say no more, but say, and hold master  
Beverley, friday next, and Ficket field, and William Murley,  
and his merry men shall be all one, I have half a score jades  
that draw my beer carts, and every jade shall bear a knave,  
and every knave shall wear a jack, and every jack shall have  
a skull, and every skull shall show a spear, and every spear shall  
kill a foe at Ficket field, at Ficket field, John and Tom, and

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wln 0868

img: 15-b

Dick and Hodge, and Rafe and Robin, William and George,  
and all my knaves shall fight like men, at Ficket field on friday  
next.

*Bourne* What sum of money mean you to disburse?

*Murley* It may be modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomely  
I may bring five hundred pound.

*Acton* Five hundred man? five thousand's not enough,  
A hundred thousand will not pay our men  
Two months together, either come prepared  
Like a brave Knight, and martial Colonel,  
In glittering gold, and gallant furniture,

Bringing in coin, a cart load at the least,  
And all your followers mounted on good horse,  
Or never come disgraceful to us all.

*Beverley* Perchance you may be chosen Treasurer,  
Ten thousand pound's the least that you can bring.

*Murley* Paltry paltry, in and **out**, to and fro, vpon **occasion** I  
have ten thousand pound to **spend**, and **ten too**. And rather  
than the Bishop shall have his will of me for my conscience,  
it shall out all. Flame and flax, flame and flax, it was  
got with water and malt, and it shall fly with fire and gunpowder.  
Sir Roger, a cart load of money till the ax-tree crack,  
myself and my men in Ficket field on friday next: remember  
my Knighthood, and my place: there's my hand I'll be  
there.

*Exit.*

*Acton* See what Ambition may persuade men to,  
In hope of honor he will spend himself.

*Bourne* I never thought a Brewer half so rich.

*Beverley* Was never bankrupt Brewer yet but one,  
With using too much malt, too little water.

*Acton* That's no fault in Brewers nowadays:  
Come, away about our business.

*exeunt.*

*Enter King Harry, Suffolk, Butler, and Oldcastle kneeling  
to the King.*

*Harry* 'Tis not enough Lord Cobham to submit.  
You must forsake your gross opinion,  
The Bishops find themselves much injured,  
And though for some good service you have done,  
We for our part are pleased to pardon you,  
Yet they will not so soon be satisfied,

*Cobham* My gracious Lord unto your Majesty,  
Next unto my God, I owe my life,  
And what is mine, either by nature's gift,  
Or fortune's bounty, all is at your service,  
But for obedience to the Pope of Rome,  
I owe him none, nor shall his shaveling priests  
That are in England, alter my belief.

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wln 0903  
wln 0904

If out of holy Scripture they can prove,  
That I am in an error, I will yield,  
And gladly take instruction at their hands,  
But otherwise, I do beseech your grace,  
My conscience may not be encroached upon.

*Harry* We would be loath to press our subjects' bodies,  
Much less their souls, the dear redeemed part,  
Of him that is the ruler of us all,  
Yet let me counsel ye, that might command,  
Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,  
Nor suffer any meetings to be had  
Within your house, but to the uttermost,  
Disperse the flocks of this new gathering sect.

*Cobham* My liege, if any breathe, that dares come forth,  
And say, my life in any of these points  
Deserves th' attainder of ignoble thoughts  
Here stand I, craving no remorse at all,  
But even the utmost rigor may be shown.

*Harry* Let it suffice we know your loyalty,  
What have you there?

*Cobham* A deed of clemency,  
Your Highness' pardon for Lord Powis' life,  
Which I did beg, and you my noble Lord,  
Of gracious favor did vouchsafe to grant.

*Harry* But yet it is not signed with our hand.

*Cobham* Not yet my Liege.

*one ready with pen  
and ink.*

*Harry* The fact, you say, was done,  
Not of prepensed malice, but by chance.

*Cobham* Upon mine honor so, no otherwise.

*Harry* There is his pardon, bid him make amends,  
And cleanse his soul to God for his offense,  
What we remit, is but the body's scourge,  
How now Lord Bishop?

*writes.*

*Enter Bishop.*

*Bishop* Justice dread Sovereign.

As thou art King, so grant I may have justice.

*Harry* What means this exclamation, let us know?

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wln 0906  
wln 0907  
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wln 0909  
wln 0910  
wln 0911  
wln 0912  
wln 0913  
wln 0914

*Bishop* Ah my good Lord, the state's abused,  
And our decree's most shamefully profaned.

*Harry* How, or by whom?

*Bishop* Even by this heretic,  
This Jew, this Traitor to your majesty.

*Cobham* Prelate, thou liest, even in thy greasy maw,  
Or whosoever twits me with the name,  
Of either traitor, or of heretic.

*Harry* Forbear I say, and Bishop, show the cause  
From whence this late abuse hath been derived,

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wln 0916  
wln 0917  
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wln 0919  
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wln 0940

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*Bishop* Thus mighty King, by general consent,  
A messenger was sent to cite this Lord,  
To make appearance in the consistory,  
And coming to his house, a ruffian slave,  
One of his daily followers, met the man,  
Who knowing him to be a paritor,  
Assaults him first, and after in contempt  
Of us, and our proceedings, makes him eat  
The written process, parchment, seal and all:  
Whereby his master neither was brought forth,  
Nor we but scorned, for our authority.

*Harry* When was this done?

*Bishop* At six o'clock this morning.

*Harry* And when came you to court?

*Cobham* Last night my Lord.

*Harry* By this it seems, he is not guilty of it,  
And you have done him wrong t' accuse him so.

*Bishop* But it was done my lord by his appointment,  
Or else his man durst ne'er have been so bold.

*Harry* Or else you durst be bold, to interrupt,  
And fill our ears with frivolous complaints,  
Is this the duty you do bear to us?  
Was't not sufficient we did pass our word  
To send for him, but you misdoubting it,  
Or which is worse, intending to forestall  
Our regal power, must likewise summon him?

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wln 0959  
wln 0960  
wln 0961  
wln 0962

This savors of Ambition, not of zeal,  
And rather proves, you malice his estate,  
Than any way that he offends the law.  
Go to, we like it not, and he your officer,  
That was employed so much amiss herein,  
Had his desert for being insolent:

*Enter Huntington*

So Cobham when you please you may depart.

*Cobham* I humbly bid farewell unto my liege.

*Exit*

*Harry* Farewell, what's the news by Huntington?

*Huntington* Sir Roger Acton, and a crew, my Lord,  
Of bold seditious rebels, are in Arms,  
Intending reformation of Religion.  
And with their Army they intend to pitch,  
In Ficket field, unless they be repulsed.

*Harry* So near our presence? dare they be so bold?  
And will proud war, and eager thirst of blood,  
Whom we had thought to entertain far off,  
Press forth upon us in our native bounds?  
Must we be forced to handsel our sharp blades  
In England here, which we prepared for France?  
Well, a' God's name be it, what's their number? say,  
Or who's the chief commander of this rout?

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wln 0977  
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wln 1009  
wln 1010

*Huntington* Their number is not known, as yet (my Lord)  
But 'tis reported Sir John Oldcastle  
Is the chief man, on whom they do depend.  
*Harry* How, the Lord Cobham?  
*Huntington* Yes my gracious Lord.  
*Bishop* I could have told your majesty as much  
Before he went, but that I saw your Grace  
Was too much blinded by his flattery.  
*Suffolk* Send post my Lord to fetch him back again.  
*Butler* Traitor unto his country, how he smoothed,  
And seemed as innocent as Truth itself?  
*Harry* I cannot think it yet, he would be false,  
But if he be, no matter let him go,  
We'll meet both him and them unto their woe.

*Bishop* This falls out well, and at the last I hope *Exeunt*  
To see this heretic die in a rope.

*Enter Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroop, Gray, and  
Chartres the French factor.*

*Scroop.* Once more my Lord of Cambridge make rehearsal,  
How you do stand entitled to the Crown,  
The deeper shall we print it in our minds,  
And every man the better be resolved,  
When he perceives his quarrel to be just.

*Cambridge* Then thus Lord Scroop, sir Thomas Gray, and you  
Monsieur de Chartres, agent for the French,  
This Lionell Duke of Clarence, as I said,  
Third son of Edward (England's King) the third  
Had issue Philip his sole daughter and heir,  
Which Philip afterward was given in marriage,  
To Edmund Mortimer the Earl of March,  
And by him had a son called Roger Mortimer,  
Which Roger likewise had of his descent,  
Edmund, Roger, Anne, and Eleanor,  
Two daughters and two sons, but those three  
Died without issue, Anne that did survive,  
And now was left her father's only heir,  
My fortune was to marry, being too  
By my grandfather of King Edward's line,  
So of his surname, I am called you know,  
Richard Plantagenet, my father was,  
Edward the Duke of York, and son and heir  
To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's first son.

*Scroop* So that it seems your claim comes by your wife,  
As lawful heir to Roger Mortimer,  
The son of Edmund, which did marry Philip  
Daughter and heir to Lionel Duke of Clarence.

*Cambridge* True, for this Harry, and his father both  
Harry the **first**, as plainly doth appear,

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wln 1012

img: 17-b  
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sig: E1v

wln 1049

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wln 1052

wln 1053

wln 1054

wln 1055

Are false intruders, and usurp the Crown.  
For when young Richard was at Pomfret slain,

In him the title of prince Edward died,  
That was the eldest of king Edward's sons:  
William of Hatfield, and their second brother,  
Death in his nonage had before bereft:  
So that my wife derived from Lionell,  
Third son unto king Edward, ought proceed,  
And take possession of the Diadem  
Before this Harry, or his father king,  
Who fetched their title but from Lancaster,  
Forth of that royal line. And being thus,  
What reason is't but she should have her right?

*Scroop* I am resolved our enterprise is just.

*Gray* Harry shall die, or else resign his crown.

*Chartres* Perform but that, and Charles the king of France  
Shall aid you lords, not only with his men,  
But send you money to maintain your wars,  
Five hundred thousand crowns he bade me proffer,  
If you can stop but Harry's voyage for France.

*Scroop* We never had a fitter time than now  
The realm in such division as it is.

*Cambridge* Besides, you must persuade ye there is due,  
Vengeance for Richard's murder, which although  
It be deferred, yet will it fall at last,  
And now as likely as another time.  
Sin hath had many years to ripen in,  
And now the harvest cannot be far off,  
Wherein the weeds of usurpation,  
Are to be cropped, and cast into the fire.

*Scroop* No more earl Cambridge, here I plight my faith,  
To set up thee, and thy renowned wife.

*Gray* Gray will perform the same, as he is knight.

*Chartres* And to assist ye, as I said before,  
Charters doth gage the honor of his king.

*Scroop* We lack but now Lord Cobham's fellowship,  
And then our plot were absolute indeed.

*Cambridge* Doubt not of him, my lord, his life's pursued

By th' incensed Clergy, and of late,  
Brought in displeasure with the king, assures  
He may be quickly won unto our faction.  
Who hath the articles were drawn at large  
Of our whole purpose?

*Gray* That have I my Lord.

*Cambridge* We should not now be far off from his house,



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wln 1084

Our serious conference hath beguiled the way,  
See where his castle stands, give me the writing.  
When we are come unto the speech of him,  
Because we will not stand to make recount,  
Of that which hath been said, here he shall read *enter Cobham.*  
Our minds at large, and what we crave of him.

*Scroop* A ready way: here comes the man himself  
Booted and spurred, it seems he hath been riding.

*Cambridge* Well met lord Cobham.

*Cobham* My lord of Cambridge?  
Your honor is most welcome into Kent,  
And all the rest of this fair company.  
I am new come from London, gentle Lords:  
But will ye not take Cooling for your host,  
And see what entertainment it affords?

*Cambridge* We were intended to have been your guests:  
But now this lucky meeting shall suffice  
To end our business, and defer that kindness.

*Cobham* Business my lord? what business should you have  
But to be merry? we have no delicates,  
But this I'll promise you, a piece of venison,  
A cup of wine, and so forth: hunter's fare:  
And if you please, we'll strike the stag ourselves  
Shall fill our dishes with his well-fed flesh.

*Scroop* That is indeed the thing we all desire.

*Cobham* My lords, and you shall have your choice with me.

*Cambridge* Nay but the stag which we desire to strike,  
Lives not in Cooling: if you will consent,  
And go with us, we'll bring you to a forest,

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sig: E2r

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wln 1103

Where runs a lusty herd: amongst the which  
There is a stag superior to the rest,  
A stately beast, that when his fellows run,  
He leads the race, and beats the sullen earth,  
As though he scorned it with his trampling hooves,  
Aloft he bears his head, and with his breast,  
Like a huge bulwark counterchecks the wind:  
And when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth  
His proud ambitious neck, as if he meant  
To wound the firmament with forked horns.

*Cobham* 'Tis pity such a goodly beast should die.

*Cambridge* Not so, sir John, for he is tyrannous,  
And gores the other deer, and will not keep  
Within the limits are appointed him.  
Of late he's broke into a several,  
Which doth belong to me, and there he spoils  
Both corn and pasture, two of his wild race  
Alike for stealth, and covetous encroaching,  
Already are removed, if he were dead,

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wln 1105  
wln 1106  
wln 1107  
wln 1108  
wln 1109  
wln 1110  
wln 1111  
wln 1112  
wln 1113  
wln 1114  
wln 1115  
wln 1116  
wln 1117  
wln 1118  
wln 1119  
wln 1120

img: 19-a  
sig: E2v

I should not only be secure from hurt,  
But with his body make a royal feast.  
*Scroop* How say you then, will you first hunt with us?  
*Cobham* Faith Lords, I like the pastime, where's the place?  
*Cambridge* Peruse this writing, it will show you all,  
And what occasion we have for the sport. *he reads*  
*Cobham* Call ye this hunting, my lords? Is this the stag  
You fain would chase, Harry our dread king?  
So we may make a banquet for the devil,  
And in the stead of wholesome meat, prepare  
A dish of poison to confound ourselves.  
*Cambridge* Why so lord Cobham? see you not our claim?  
And how imperiously he holds the crown?  
*Scroop* Besides, you know yourself is in disgrace,  
Held as a recreant, and pursued to death.  
This will defend you from your enemies,  
And 'stablish your religion through the land.

wln 1121  
wln 1122  
wln 1123  
wln 1124  
wln 1125  
wln 1126  
wln 1127  
wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130  
wln 1131  
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wln 1144  
wln 1145  
wln 1146  
wln 1147  
wln 1148  
wln 1149  
wln 1150  
wln 1151

*Cobham* Notorious treason! yet I will conceal *aside*  
My secret thoughts, to sound the depth of it.  
My lord of Cambridge, I do see your claim,  
And what good may redound unto the land,  
By prosecuting of this enterprise.  
But where are men? where's power and furniture  
To order such an action? we are weak,  
Harry, you know's a mighty potentate.  
*Cambridge* Tut, we are strong enough, you are beloved,  
And many will be glad to follow you,  
We are the light, and some will follow us:  
Besides, there is hope from France: here's an ambassador  
That promiseth both men and money too.  
The commons likewise (as we hear) pretend  
A sudden tumult, we will join with them.  
*Cobham* Some likelihood, I must confess, to speed:  
But how shall I believe this is plain truth?  
You are (my lords) such men as live in Court,  
And highly have been favored of the king,  
Especially lord Scroop, whom oftentimes  
He maketh choice of for his bedfellow.  
And you lord Gray are of his privy council:  
Is not this a train to entrap my life?  
*Cambridge* Then perish may my soul: what think you so?  
*Scroop* We'll swear to you.  
*Gray* Or take the sacrament.  
*Cobham* Nay you are noble men, and I imagine,  
As you are honorable by birth and blood,  
So you will be in heart, in thought, in word.  
I crave no other testimony but this.  
That you would all subscribe, and set your hands

wln 1152  
wln 1153  
wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156

img: 19-b  
sig: E3r

Unto this writing which you gave to me.  
*Cambridge* With all our hearts: who hath any pen and ink?  
*Scroop* My pocket should have one: yea, here it is.  
*Cambridge* Give it me lord Scroop: there is my name.  
*Scroop* And there is my name.

wln 1157  
wln 1158  
wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161  
wln 1162  
wln 1163  
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wln 1186  
wln 1187  
wln 1188  
wln 1189  
wln 1190  
wln 1191  
wln 1192

*Gray* And mine.  
*Cobham* Sir, let me crave,  
That you would likewise write your name with theirs,  
For confirmation of your master's word,  
The king of France.  
*Chartres* That will I noble Lord.  
*Cobham* So now this action is well knit together,  
And I am for you: where's our meeting, lords?  
*Cambridge* Here if you please, the tenth of July next.  
*Cobham* In Kent? agreed: now let us in to supper,  
I hope your honors will not away tonight.  
*Cambridge* Yes presently, for I have far to ride,  
About soliciting of other friends.  
*Scroop* And we would not be absent from the court,  
Lest thereby grow suspicion in the king.  
*Cobham* Yet taste a cup of wine before ye go.  
*Cambridge* Not now my lord, we thank you: so farewell.  
*Cobham* Farewell my noble lords: my noble lords?  
My noble villains, base conspirators,  
How can they look his Highness in the face,  
Whom they so closely study to betray?  
But i'll not sleep until I make it known.  
This head shall not be burdened with such thoughts,  
Nor in this heart will I conceal a deed  
Of such impiety against my king.  
Madam, how now? *Enter Harpoole and the rest.*  
*Lady cobham* You are welcome home, my Lord,  
Why seem ye so disquiet in your looks?  
What hath befall'n you that disquiets your mind?  
*Lady Powis* Bad news I am afraid touching my husband.  
*Cobham* Madam, not so: there is your husband's pardon,  
Long may ye live, each joy unto the other.  
*Powis* So great a kindness as I know not how to make  
reply, my sense is quite confounded.  
*Cobham* Let that alone: and madam stay me not,  
For I must back unto the court again

img: 20-a  
sig: E3v

wln 1193  
wln 1194  
wln 1195  
wln 1196

With all the speed I can: Harpoole, my horse.  
*Lady Cobham* So soon my Lord? what will you ride all night?  
*Cobham* All night or day, it must be so, sweet wife,  
Urge me not why, or what my business is,

wln 1197  
wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
wln 1202  
wln 1203  
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wln 1205  
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wln 1226  
wln 1227  
wln 1228

img: 20-b  
sig: E4r

wln 1229  
wln 1230  
wln 1231  
wln 1232  
wln 1233  
wln 1234  
wln 1235  
wln 1236  
wln 1237  
wln 1238  
wln 1239  
wln 1240  
wln 1241  
wln 1242  
wln 1243  
wln 1244

But get you in: Lord Powis, bear with me,  
And madam, think your welcome ne'er the worse:  
My house is at your use. Harpoole, away.  
*Harpoole* Shall I attend your lordship to the court?  
*Cobham* Yea sir, your gelding, mount you presently *exeunt.*  
*Lady Cobham* I prithee Harpoole, look unto thy Lord,  
I do not like this sudden posting back.  
*Powis* Some earnest business is afoot belike,  
Whate'er it be, pray God be his good guide.  
*Lady Powis* Amen that hath so highly us bested.  
*Lady Cobham* Come madam, and my lord, we'll hope the best,  
You shall not into Wales till he return.  
*Powis* Though great occasion be we should depart, yet  
madam will we stay to be resolved, of this unlooked for doubtful  
accident. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Murley and his men, prepared in some filthy order for war.*  
*Murley.* Come my hearts of flint, modestly, decently, soberly,  
and handsomely, no man afore his Leader, follow your  
master, your Captain, your Knight that shall be, for the  
honor of Mealmen, Millers, and Maltmen dun is the  
mouse, Dick and Tom for the credit of Dunstable, ding  
down the enemy tomorrow, ye shall not come into the field  
like beggars, where be Leonard and Laurence my two loaders,  
Lord have mercy upon us, what a world is this? I would  
give a couple of shillings for a dozen of good feathers for ye,  
and forty pence for as many scarves to set ye out withal,  
frost and snow, a man has no heart to fight till he be brave.  
*Dick* Master I hope we be no babes, for our manhood,  
our bucklers, and our town footballs can bear witness:  
and this light 'parel we have shall off, and we'll fight naked afore  
we run away.  
*Tom.* Nay, I am of Laurence' mind for that, for he means

to leave his life behind him, he and Leonard your two loaders  
are making their wills because they have wives, now we Bachelors  
bid our friends scramble for our goods if we die: but  
master, pray ye let me ride upon Cut.  
*Murley* Meal and salt, wheat and malt, fire and tow, frost  
and snow, why Tom thou shalt: let me see, here are you, William  
and George are with my cart, and Robin and Hodge  
holding my own two horses, proper men, handsome men, tall  
men, true men.  
*Dick* But master, master, methinks you are a mad man,  
to hazard your own person and a cart load of money too.  
*Tom.* Yea, and master there's a worse matter in 't, if it be  
as I heard say, we go to fight against all the learned Bishops,  
that should give us their blessing, and if they curse us, we shall  
speed ne'er the better.  
*Dick* Nay by 'r lady, some say the King takes their part, and

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wln 1250  
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wln 1256  
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wln 1258  
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wln 1262  
wln 1263  
wln 1264

img: 21-a  
sig: E4v

wln 1265  
wln 1266  
wln 1267  
wln 1268  
wln 1269  
wln 1270  
wln 1271  
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wln 1287  
wln 1288  
wln 1289  
wln 1290  
wln 1291  
wln 1292

master, dare you fight against the King?

*Murley* Fie paltry, paltry in and out, to and fro upon occasion, if the King be so unwise to come there, we'll fight with him too.

*Tom.* What if ye should kill the King?

*Murley* Then we'll make another.

*Dick* Is that all, do ye not speak treason?

*Murley* If we do, who dare trip us? we come to fight for our conscience, and for honor, little know you what is in my bosom, look here mad knaves, a pair of guilt spurs.

*Tom.* A pair of golden spurs? why do you not put them on your heels? your bosom's no place for spurs.

*Murley* Be 't more or less upon occasion, Lord have mercy us, Tom th' art a fool, and thou speakest treason to knighthood, dare any wear golden or silver spurs till he be a knight? no, I shall be knighted tomorrow, and then they shall on: sirs, was it ever read in the church book of Dunstable, that ever maltman was made knight?

*Tom.* No but you are more, you are mealman, maltman, miller, corn-master and all.

*Dick* Yea, and half a brewer too, and the devil and all for wealth, you bring more money with you, than all the rest.

*Murley* The more's my honor, I shall be a knight tomorrow, let me 'spose my men, Tom upon cut, Dick upon hob, Hodge upon Ball, Rafe upon Sorrel, and Robin upon the fore-horse.

*Enter Acton, Bourne, and Beverley.*

*Tom.* Stand, who comes there?

*Acton* All friends, good fellow.

*Murley* Friends and fellows indeed sir Roger.

*Acton* Why thus you show yourself a Gentleman, To keep your day, and come so well prepared, Your cart stands yonder, guarded by your men, Who tell me it is loaden well with coin, What sum is there?

*Murley* Ten thousand pound sir Roger, and modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomely, see what I have here against I be knighted.

*Acton* Gilt spurs? 'tis well.

*Murley* But where's our army sir?

*Acton* Dispersed in sundry villages about, Some here with us in Highgate, some at Finchley, Totnam, Enfield, Edmonton, Newington, Islington, Hogsdon, Pancrudge, Kensington, Some nearer Thames, Ratcliffe, Blackwall and Bow, But our chief strength must be the Londoners, Which ere the Sun tomorrow shine,

wln 1293  
wln 1294  
wln 1295  
wln 1296  
wln 1297  
wln 1298  
wln 1299  
wln 1300

img: 21-b  
sig: F1r

Will be near fifty thousand in the field.

*Murley* Marry God dild ye dainty my dear, but upon occasion  
sir Roger Acton, doth not the King know of it, and gather  
his power against us.

*Acton* No, he's secure at Eltham.

*Murley* What do the Clergy?

*Acton* Fear extremely, yet prepare no force.

*Murley* In and out, to and fro, Bully my **boikin**, we shall

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wln 1335  
wln 1336

carry the world afore us, I vow by my worship, when I am  
knighted, we'll take the King napping, if he stand on their  
part.

*Acton* This night we few in Highgate will repose,  
With the first cock we'll rise and arm ourselves,  
To be in Ficket field by break of day,  
And there expect our General.

*Murley* Sir John Oldcastle, what if he come not?

*Bourne* Yet our action stands,  
Sir Roger Acton may supply his place.

*Murley* True Master Bourne, but who shall make me knight?

*Beverley* He that hath power to be our General.

*Acton* Talk not of trifles, come let's away,  
Our friends of London long till it be day.

*exeunt.*

*Enter sir John of Wrotham and Doll.*

*Doll.* By my troth, thou art as jealous a man as lives.

*Priest* Canst thou blame me Doll, thou art my lands, my  
goods, my jewels, my wealth, my purse, none walks within forty  
miles of London, but 'a plies thee as truly, as the parish does  
the poor man's box.

*Doll* I am as true to thee, as the stone is in the wall, and thou  
knowest well enough sir John, I was in as good doing, when I  
came to thee, as any wench need to be: and therefore thou  
hast tried me, that thou hast: by God's body, I will not be kept  
as I have been, that I will not.

*Priest* Doll, if this blade hold, there's not a pedlar walks  
with a pack, but thou shalt as boldly choose of his wares, as with  
thy ready money in a Merchant's shop, we'll have as good silver  
as the King coins any.

*Doll* What is all the gold spent you took the last day from  
the Courtier?

*Priest* 'Tis gone Doll, 'tis flown, merrily come, merrily gone,  
he comes o' horseback that must pay for all, we'll have as  
good meat, as money can get, and as good gowns, as can be  
bought for gold, be merry wench, the maltman comes on  
monday.

img: 22-a  
sig: F1v

wln 1337

*Doll* You might have left me at Cobham, until you had been

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wln 1372

img: 22-b  
sig: F2r

wln 1373  
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wln 1381  
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wln 1383  
wln 1384  
wln 1385

better provided for.

*Priest.* No sweet Doll, no, I do not like that, yond old ruffian  
is not for the priest, I do not like a new clerk should come  
in the old belfry.

*Doll* Ah thou art a mad priest i' faith.

*Priest* Come Doll, I'll see thee safe at some alehouse here  
at Cray, and the next sheep that comes shall leave his  
fleece.

*exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Suffolk and Butler.*

*King in great haste.* My lord of Suffolk, post away for life,  
And let our forces of such horse and foot,  
As can be gathered up by any means,  
Make speedy rendezvous in Tuttle fields,  
It must be done this evening my Lord,  
This night the rebels mean to draw to head  
Near Islington, which if your speed prevent not,  
If once they should unite their several forces,  
Their power is almost thought invincible,  
Away my Lord I will be with you soon.

*Suffolk* I go my Sovereign with all happy speed.

*exit*

*King* Make haste my lord of Suffolk as you love us,  
Butler, post you to London with all speed.  
Command the Mayor, and shrieves, on their allegiance,  
The city gates be presently shut up,  
And guarded with a strong sufficient watch,  
And not a man be suffered to pass,  
Without a special warrant from ourself.  
Command the Postern by the Tower be kept,  
And proclamation on the pain of death,  
That not a citizen stir from his doors,  
Except such as the Mayor and Shrieves shall choose,  
For their own guard, and safety of their persons,  
Butler away, have care unto my charge.

*Butler* I go my Sovereign.

*King* Butler.

*Butler* My Lord.

*King* Go down by Greenwich, and command a boat,  
At the Friar's bridge attend my coming down.

*Butler* I will my Lord.

*exit*

*King* It's time I think to look unto rebellion,  
When Acton doth expect unto his aid,  
No less than fifty thousand Londoners,  
Well, I'll to Westminster in this disguise,  
To hear what news is stirring in these brawls.

*Enter sir John.*

*Sir John* Stand true man says a thief?

*King* Stand thief, says a true man, how if a thief?

*Sir John* Stand thief too.

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wln 1387  
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wln 1406  
wln 1407  
wln 1408

img: 23-a  
sig: F2v

*King* Then thief or true man I see I must stand, I see howsoever  
the world wags, the trade of thieving yet will never  
down, what art thou?

*sir John* A good fellow.

*King* So am I too, I see thou dost know me.

*sir John.* If thou be a good fellow, play the good fellow's  
part, deliver thy purse without more ado.

*King* I have no money.

*sir John* I must make you find some before we part, if you  
have no money you shall have ware, as many sound dry blows  
as your skin can carry.

*King* Is that the plain truth?

*sir John* Sirrah no more ado, come, come, give me the money  
you have, dispatch, I cannot stand all day.

*King* Well, if thou wilt needs have it, there 'tis: just the proverb,  
one thief robs another, where the devil are all my old thieves,  
that were wont to keep this walk? Falstaff the villain is so  
fat, he cannot get on's horse, but methinks Poin and Peto  
should be stirring hereabouts.

*sir John* How much is there on 't of thy word?

*King* A hundred pound in Angels, on my word,  
The time has been I would have done as much  
For thee, if thou hadst passed this way, as I have now.

*sir. John* Sirrah, what art thou, thou seem'st a gentleman?

*King* I am no less, yet a poor one now, for thou hast all  
my money.

*sir John* From whence cam'st thou?

*King* From the court at Eltham.

*sir John* Art thou one of the King's servants?

*King* Yes that I am, and one of his chamber.

*sir John* I am glad thou art no worse, thou mayst the better  
spare thy money, and think'st thou thou might'st get a poor thief  
his pardon if he should have need.

*King.* Yes that I can.

*sir John* Wilt thou do so much for me, when I shall have  
occasion?

*King* Yes faith will I, so it be for no murder.

*sir John* Nay, I am a pitiful thief, all the hurt I do a man, I  
take but his purse, I'll kill no man.

*King* Then of my word I'll do it.

*sir John* Give me thy hand of the same.

*King* There 'tis.

*sir John* Methinks the King should be good to thieves because  
he has been a thief himself, though I think now he be  
turned true man.

*King* Faith I have heard indeed he has had an ill name that  
way in his youth, but how canst thou tell he has been a  
thief?

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img: 23-b  
sig: F3r

wln 1445  
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wln 1471

*sir John* How? because he once robbed me before I fell to the trade myself, when that foul villainous guts, that led him to all that roguery, was in 's company there, that Falstaff.

*King aside.* Well if he did rob thee then, thou art but even with him now I'll be sworn: thou knowest not the king now, I think, if thou sawest him?

*sir John* Not I i' faith.

*King aside.* So it should seem.

*sir John* Well, if old King Henry had lived, this King that is now, had made thieving the best trade in England.

*King* Why so?

*sir John* Because he was the chief warden of our company, it's pity that ere he should have been a King, he was so brave a thief, but sirrah, wilt remember my pardon if need be?

*King* Yes faith will I.

*sir John* Wilt thou? well then because thou shalt go safe, for thou mayest hap (being so early) be met with again, before thou come to Southwark, if any man when he should bid thee good morrow, bid thee stand, say thou but sir John, and he will let thee pass.

*King* Is that the word? well then let me alone.

*sir John* Nay sirrah, because I think indeed I shall have some occasion to use thee, and as thou com'st oft this way, I may light on thee another time not knowing thee, here, i'll break this Angel, take thou half of it, this is a token betwixt thee and me.

*King.* God have mercy, farewell.

*exit*

*sir John* O my fine golden slaves, here's for thee wench i' faith, now Doll, we will revel in our bever, this is a tithe pig of my vicarage, God have mercy neighbor Shooters hill, you paid your tithe honestly. Well I hear there is a company of rebels up against the King, got together in Ficket field near Holborn, and as it is thought here in Kent, the King will be there tonight in 's own person, well i'll to the King's camp, and it shall go hard, but if there be any doings, I'll make some good boot amongst them.

*exit.*

*Enter King Henry, Suffolk, Huntington, and two with lights.*

*King Henry* My Lords of Suffolk and of Huntington, Who scouts it now? or who stands Sentinels? What men of worth? what Lords do walk the round?

*Suffolk* May it please your Highness.

*King Henry* Peace, no more of that, The King's asleep, wake not his majesty,

img: 24-a

wln 1480  
wln 1481  
wln 1482  
wln 1483  
wln 1484  
wln 1485  
wln 1486  
wln 1487  
wln 1488  
wln 1489  
wln 1490  
wln 1491  
wln 1492  
wln 1493  
wln 1494  
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wln 1498  
wln 1499  
wln 1500  
wln 1501  
wln 1502  
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wln 1504  
wln 1505  
wln 1506  
wln 1507  
wln 1508  
wln 1509  
wln 1510  
wln 1511  
wln 1512  
wln 1513  
wln 1514  
wln 1515

With terms nor titles, he's at rest in bed,  
Kings do not use to watch themselves, they sleep,  
And let rebellion and conspiracy,  
Revel and havoc in the common wealth,  
Is London looked unto?

*Huntington* It is my Lord,  
Your noble Uncle Exeter is there,  
Your brother Gloucester and my Lord of Warwick,  
Who with the mayor and the Aldermen,  
Do guard the gates, and keep good rule within,  
The Earl of Cambridge, and sir Thomas Gray,  
Do walk the Round, Lord Scroop and Butler scout,  
So though it please your majesty to jest,  
Were you in bed, well might you take your rest,

*King Henry* I thank ye Lords, but you do know of old,  
That I have been a perfect night-walker,  
London you say is safely looked unto,  
Alas poor rebels, there your aid must fail,  
And the Lord Cobham sir John Oldcastle,  
He's quiet in Kent, Acton ye are deceived,  
Reckon again, you count without your host,  
Tomorrow you shall give account to us,  
Till when my friends, this long cold winter's night,  
How can we spend? King Harry is asleep,  
And all his Lords, these garments tell us so,  
All friends at football, fellows all in field,  
Harry, and Dick, and George, bring us a drum,  
Give us square dice, we'll keep this court of guard,  
For all good fellows' companies that come.  
Where's that mad priest ye told me was in Arms,  
To fight, as well as pray, if need required?

*Suffolk* He's in the Camp, and if he knew of this,  
I undertake he would not be long hence.

*Harry* Trip Dick, Trip George.

*they trip.*

*Huntington* I must have the dice,  
What do we play at?

*they play at dice*

wln 1516  
wln 1517  
wln 1518  
wln 1519  
wln 1520  
wln 1521  
wln 1522  
wln 1523  
wln 1524  
wln 1525

*Suffolk* Passage if ye please.

*Huntington* Set round then, so, at all.

*Harry* George, you are out.

Give me the dice, I pass for twenty pound,  
Here's to our lucky passage into France.

*Huntington* Harry you pass indeed for you sweep all.

*Suffolk* A sign king Harry shall sweep all in France. *enter sir John*

*sir John* Edge ye good fellows, take a fresh gamester in.

*Harry* Master Parson? we play nothing but gold?

*sir John.* And fellow, I tell thee that the priest hath gold, gold?

wln 1526  
wln 1527  
wln 1528  
wln 1529  
wln 1530  
wln 1531  
wln 1532  
wln 1533  
wln 1534  
wln 1535  
wln 1536  
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wln 1544  
wln 1545  
wln 1546  
wln 1547  
wln 1548  
wln 1549  
wln 1550  
wln 1551

img: 25-a  
sig: F4v

wln 1552  
wln 1553  
wln 1554  
wln 1555  
wln 1556  
wln 1557  
wln 1558  
wln 1559  
wln 1560  
wln 1561  
wln 1562  
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wln 1566  
wln 1567  
wln 1568  
wln 1569  
wln 1570  
wln 1571  
wln 1572  
wln 1573

'sblood ye are but beggarly soldiers to me, I think I have more gold than all you three.

*Huntington* It may be so, but we believe it not.

*Harry* Set priest set, I pass for all that gold.

*sir John* Ye pass indeed.

*Harry* Priest, hast thou any more?

*sir John* Zounds what a question's that?

I tell thee I have more than all you three,

At these ten Angels.

*Harry.* I wonder how thou com'st by all this gold,  
How many benefices hast thou priest?

*sir John* I' faith but one, dost wonder how I come by gold?  
I wonder rather how poor soldiers should have gold, for  
I'll tell thee good fellow, we have every day tithes, offerings,  
christenings, weddings, burials: and you poor snakes come  
seldom to a booty. I'll speak a proud word, I have but one  
parsonage, Wrotham, 'tis better than the Bishopric of Rochester,  
there's ne'er a hill, heath, nor down in all Kent, but 'tis  
in my parish, Barham down, Cobham down, Gadshill,  
Wrotham hill, Blackheath, Coxheath, Birchen wood,  
all pay me tithe, gold quoth 'a? ye pass not for that.

*Suffolk* Harry ye are out, now parson shake the dice.

*sir John.* Set, set I'll cover ye at all: A plague on 't I am out,  
the devil, and dice, and a wench, who will trust them?

*Suffolk* Say'st thou so priest? set fair, at all for once.

*Harry* Out sir, pay all.

*sir John* 'Sblood pay me angel gold,  
I'll none of your cracked French crowns nor pistolets,  
Pay me fair angel gold, as I pay you.

*Harry* No cracked french crowns? I hope to see more cracked  
french crowns ere long.

*sir John* Thou meanest of French men's crowns, when the  
King is in France.

*Huntington* Set round, at all.

*sir John* Pay all: this is some luck.

*Harry* Give me the dice, 'tis I must shred the priest:  
At all sir John.

*sir John* The devil and all is yours: at that: 'sdeath, what  
**casting** is this?

*Suffolk* Well thrown Harry i' faith.

*Harry* I'll cast better yet.

*sir John* Then I'll be hanged. Sirrah, hast thou not given thy  
soul to the devil for casting?

*Harry* I pass for all.

*sir John* Thou passest all that e'er I played withal:  
Sirrah, dost thou not cog, nor foist, nor slur?

*Harry* Set parson, set, the dice die in my hand:  
When parson, when? what can ye find no more?

wln 1574  
wln 1575  
wln 1576  
wln 1577  
wln 1578  
wln 1579  
wln 1580  
wln 1581  
wln 1582  
wln 1583  
wln 1584  
wln 1585  
wln 1586  
wln 1587

img: 25-b  
sig: G1r

Already dry? was't you bragged of your store?  
*sir John* All's gone but that.  
*Huntington* What, half a broken angel?  
*sir John* Why sir, 'tis gold.  
*Harry* Yea, and I'll cover it.  
*sir John* The devil do ye good on 't, I am blind, ye have  
blown me up.  
*Harry* Nay tarry priest, ye shall not leave us yet,  
Do not these pieces fit each other well?  
*sir John* What if they do?  
*Harry* Thereby begins a tale:  
There was a thief, in face much like sir John,  
But was not he, that thief was all in green,  
Met me last day on Black Heath, near the park,

wln 1588  
wln 1589  
wln 1590  
wln 1591  
wln 1592  
wln 1593  
wln 1594  
wln 1595  
wln 1596  
wln 1597  
wln 1598  
wln 1599  
wln 1600  
wln 1601  
wln 1602  
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wln 1610  
wln 1611  
wln 1612  
wln 1613  
wln 1614  
wln 1615  
wln 1616  
wln 1617  
wln 1618  
wln 1619  
wln 1620  
wln 1621

With him a woman, I was all alone,  
And weaponless, my boy had all my tools,  
And was before providing me a boat:  
Short tale to make, sir John, the thief I mean,  
Took a just hundred pound in gold from me.  
I stormed at it, and **swore to** be revenged  
If e'er we met, he like a **lusty thief**,  
Brake with his teeth this **Angel just** in two,  
To be a token at our meeting next,  
Provided, I should charge no Officer  
To apprehend him, but at weapon's point  
Recover that, and what he had beside.  
Well met sir John, betake ye to your tools  
By torch light, for master parson you are he  
That had my gold.  
*sir John* Zounds I won 't in play, in fair square play of the  
keeper of Eltham park, and that I will maintain with this  
poor whinyard, be you two honest men to stand and look  
upon 's, and let's alone, and take neither part.  
*Harry* Agreed, I charge ye do not budge afoot foot,  
Sir John have at ye.  
*sir John* Soldier 'ware your sconce.  
*Here as they are ready to strike, enter Butler and draws his  
weapon and steps betwixt them.*  
*Butler* Hold villains hold, my Lords, what do ye mean,  
To see a traitor draw against the King?  
*sir John* The King! God's will, I am in a proper pickle.  
*Harry* Butler what news? why dost thou trouble us?  
*Butler* Please it your Highness, it is break of day,  
And as I scouted near to Islington,  
The gray-eyed morning gave me glimmering,  
Of armed men coming down Highgate hill,  
Who by their course are coasting hitherward.  
*Harry* Let us withdraw, my Lords, prepare our troops,

wln 1622

wln 1623

img: 26-a  
sig: G1v

wln 1624

wln 1625

wln 1626

wln 1627

wln 1628

wln 1629

wln 1630

wln 1631

wln 1632

wln 1633

wln 1634

wln 1635

wln 1636

wln 1637

wln 1638

wln 1639

wln 1640

wln 1641

wln 1642

wln 1643

wln 1644

wln 1645

wln 1646

wln 1647

wln 1648

wln 1649

wln 1650

wln 1651

wln 1652

wln 1653

wln 1654

wln 1655

wln 1656

wln 1657

wln 1658

wln 1659

img: 26-b  
sig: G2r

wln 1660

wln 1661

wln 1662

wln 1663

wln 1664

wln 1665

wln 1666

To charge the rebels, if there be such cause,  
For this lewd priest this devilish hypocrite,

That is a thief, a gamester, and what not,  
Let him be hanged up for example sake.

*sir John* Not so my gracious sovereign, I confess I am a  
frail man, flesh and blood as other are: but set my imperfections  
aside, by this light ye have not a taller man, nor a truer subject  
to the Crown and State, than sir **John** of Wrotham.

*Harry* Will a true subject rob his King?

*sir John* Alas 'twas ignorance and want, my gracious liege.

*Harry* 'Twas want of grace: why, you should be as salt  
To season others with good document,  
Your lives as lamps to give the people light,  
As shepherds, not as wolves to spoil the flock,  
Go hang **him** Butler.

*Butler* Didst thou not rob me?

*sir John* I must confess I saw some of your gold, but my  
dread Lord, I am in no humor for death, therefore save my life,  
God will that sinners live; do not you cause me die, once in  
their lives the best may go astray, and if the world say true,  
yourself (my liege) have been a thief.

*Harry* I confess I have,  
But I repent and have reclaimed myself.

*sir John* So will I do if you will give me time.

*Harry* Wilt thou? my lords, will you be his sureties?

*Huntington* That when he robs again, he shall be hanged.

*sir John* I ask no more.

*Harry* And we will grant thee that,  
Live and repent, and prove an honest man,  
Which when I hear, and safe return from France,  
I'll give thee living, till when take thy gold,  
But spend it better than at cards or wine,  
For better virtues fit that coat of thine.

*sir John* *Vivat Rex et currat lex*, my liege, if ye have cause  
of battle, ye shall see sir John of Wrotham bestir himself in  
your quarrel. *exeunt.*

*After an alarum enter Harry, Suffolk, Huntington, sir John, bringing  
forth Acton, Beverley, and Murley prisoners.*

*Harry* Bring in those traitors, whose aspiring minds,  
Thought to have triumphed in our overthrow,  
But now ye see, base villains, what success  
Attends ill actions wrongfully attempted.  
Sir Roger Acton, thou retain'st the name  
Of knight, and shouldst be more discreetly tempered,  
Than join with peasants, gentry is divine,

wln 1667  
wln 1668  
wln 1669  
wln 1670  
wln 1671  
wln 1672  
wln 1673  
wln 1674  
wln 1675  
wln 1676  
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wln 1689  
wln 1690  
wln 1691  
wln 1692  
wln 1693  
wln 1694  
wln 1695

img: 27-a  
sig: G2v

wln 1696  
wln 1697  
wln 1698  
wln 1699  
wln 1700  
wln 1701  
wln 1702  
wln 1703  
wln 1704  
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wln 1709  
wln 1710  
wln 1711  
wln 1712  
wln 1713  
wln 1714

But thou hast made it more than popular.

*Acton* Pardon my Lord, my conscience urged me to it,

*Harry* Thy conscience? then thy conscience is corrupt,  
For in thy conscience thou art bound to us,  
And in thy conscience thou shouldst love thy country,  
Else what's the difference twixt a Christian,  
And the uncivil manners of the Turk?

*Beverley* We meant no hurt unto your majesty,  
But reformation of Religion.

*Harry* Reform Religion? was it that ye sought?  
I pray who gave you that authority?  
Belike then we do hold the sceptre up,  
And sit within the throne but for a cipher,  
Time was, good subjects would make known their grief,  
And pray amendment, not enforce the same,  
Unless their King were tyrant, which I hope  
You cannot justly say that Harry is,  
What is that other?

*Suffolk* A maltman my Lord,  
And dwelling in Dunstable as he says.

*Harry* Sirrah what made you leave your barley broth,  
To come in armor thus against your King?

*Murley* Fie paltry, paltry to and fro, in and out upon occasion,  
what a world's this? knighthood (my liege) 'twas knighthood  
brought me hither, they told me I had wealth enough  
to make my wife a lady.

*Harry* And so you brought those horses which we saw,  
Trapped all in costly furniture, and meant  
To wear these spurs when you were knighted once.

*Murley* In and out upon occasion I did.

*Harry* In and out upon occasion, therefore you shall be  
hanged, and in the stead of wearing these spurs upon your  
heels, about your neck they shall bewray your folly to the  
world.

*sir John* In and out upon occasion, that goes hard.

*Murley* Fie paltry paltry, to and fro, good my liege a pardon,  
I am sorry for my fault.

*Harry* That comes too late: but tell me, went there none  
Beside sir Roger Acton, upon whom  
You did depend to be your governor?

*Murley* None none my Lord, but sir John Oldcastle.

*Harry* Bears he part in this conspiracy. *enter Bishop*

*Acton* We looked my Lord that he would meet us here.

*Harry* But did he promise you that he would come.

*Acton* Such letters we received forth of Kent.

*Bishop* Where is my Lord the King? health to your grace,  
Examining my Lord some of these caitiff rebels,  
It is a general voice amongst them all,

wln 1715  
wln 1716  
wln 1717  
wln 1718  
wln 1719  
wln 1720  
wln 1721  
wln 1722  
wln 1723  
wln 1724  
wln 1725  
wln 1726  
wln 1727  
wln 1728  
wln 1729  
wln 1730  
wln 1731

img: 27-b  
sig: G3r

wln 1732  
wln 1733  
wln 1734  
wln 1735  
wln 1736  
wln 1737  
wln 1738  
wln 1739  
wln 1740  
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wln 1758  
wln 1759  
wln 1760  
wln 1761  
wln 1762

That they had never come unto this place,  
But to have met their valiant general,  
The good Lord Cobham as they title him,  
Whereby, my Lord, your grace may now perceive,  
His treason is apparent, which before  
He sought to color by his flattery.

*Harry* Now by my royalty I would have sworn,  
But for his conscience, which I bear withal,  
There had not lived a more true-hearted subject.

*Bishop* It is but counterfeit, my gracious lords,  
And therefore may it please your majesty,  
To set your hand unto this precept here,  
By which we'll cause him forthwith to appear,  
And answer this by order of the law.

*Harry* Bishop, not only that, but take commission,  
To search, attach, imprison, and condemn,  
This most notorious traitor as you please.

*Bishop* It shall be done, my Lord, without delay:  
So now I hold Lord Cobham in my hand,  
That which shall finish thy disdained life.

*Harry* I think the iron age begins but now,  
(Which learned poets have so often taught)  
Wherein there is no credit to be given,  
To either words, or looks, or solemn oaths,  
For if there were, how often hath he sworn,  
How gently tuned the music of his tongue,  
And with what amiable face beheld he me,  
When all, God knows, was but hypocrisy.

*enter Cobham.*

*Cobham* Long life and prosperous reign unto my Lord.

*Harry* Ah villain, canst thou wish prosperity,  
Whose heart includeth naught but treachery?  
I do arrest thee here myself, false knight,  
Of treason capital against the state.

*Cobham* Of treason mighty prince, your grace mistakes,  
I hope it is but in the way of mirth.

*Harry* Thy neck shall feel it is in earnest shortly,  
Dar'st thou intrude into our presence, knowing  
How heinously thou hast offended us?  
But this is thy accustomed deceit,  
Now thou perceiv'st thy purpose is in vain,  
With some excuse or other thou wilt come,  
To clear thyself of this rebellion.

*Cobham* Rebellion good my Lord, I know of none.

*Harry* If you deny it, here is evidence,  
See you these men, you never counselled,  
Nor offered them assistance in their wars

*Cobham* Speak sirs, not one but all, I crave no favor,  
Have ever I been conversant with you,

wln 1763  
wln 1764  
wln 1765  
wln 1766  
wln 1767

img: 28-a  
sig: G3v

wln 1768  
wln 1769  
wln 1770  
wln 1771  
wln 1772  
wln 1773  
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wln 1798  
wln 1799  
wln 1800  
wln 1801  
wln 1802  
wln 1803

img: 28-b  
sig: G4r

wln 1804  
wln 1805  
wln 1806  
wln 1807

Or written letters to encourage you,  
Or kindled but the least or smallest part,  
Of this your late unnatural rebellion?  
Speak for I dare the uttermost you can.  
*Murley* In and out upon occasion I know you not.

*Harry* No, didst not say that sir John Oldcastle,  
Was one with whom you purposed to have met?  
*Murley* True, I did say so, but in what respect?  
Because I heard it was reported so.  
*Harry* Was there no other argument but that?  
*Acton* To clear my conscience ere I die my lord,  
I must confess, we have no other ground  
But only Rumor, to accuse this lord,  
Which now I see was merely fabulous.  
*Harry* The more pernicious you to taint him then,  
Whom you knew not was faulty yea or no.  
*Cobham* Let this my Lord, which I present your grace  
Speak for my loyalty, read these articles,  
And then give sentence of my life or death.  
*Harry* Earl Cambridge, Scroop, and Gray corrupted  
With bribes from Charles of France, either to win  
My Crown from me, or secretly contrive  
My death by treason? Is this possible?  
*Cobham* There is the platform, and their hands, my lord,  
Each severally subscribed to the same.  
*Harry* Oh never heard of base ingratitude!  
Even those I hug within my bosom most,  
Are readiest evermore to sting my heart.  
Pardon me Cobham, I have done thee wrong,  
Hereafter I will live to make amends.  
Is then their time of meeting so near hand?  
We'll meet with them, but little for their ease,  
If God permit: go take these rebels hence,  
Let them have martial law: but as for thee,  
Friend to thy king and country, still be free. *Exeunt.*  
*Murley* Be it more or less, what a world is this?  
Would I had continued still of the order of knaves,  
And never sought knighthood, since it costs  
So dear: sir Roger, I may thank you for all.  
*Acton* Now 'tis too late to have it remedied,  
I prithee *Murley* do not urge me with it.

*Huntington* Will you away, and make no more to do?  
*Murley* Fie paltry paltry, to and fro, as occasion serves,  
If you be so hasty take my place.  
*Huntington* No good sir knight, you shall begin in your hand.



wln 1808

*Murley* I could be glad to give my betters place.

*Exeunt.*

wln 1809

*Enter Bishop, lord Warden, Cromer the Shrieve, Lady Cobham and attendants.*

wln 1810

wln 1811

*Bishop* I tell ye Lady, it's not possible  
But you should know where he conveys himself,  
And you have hid him in some secret place.

wln 1813

wln 1814

*Lady* My Lord, believe me, as I have a soul,  
I know not where my lord my husband is.

wln 1815

wln 1816

*Bishop* Go to, go to ye are an heretic,  
And will be forced by torture to confess,  
If fair means will not serve to make ye tell.

wln 1818

wln 1819

*Lady* My husband is a noble gentleman,  
And need not hide himself for any fact  
That e'er I heard of, therefore wrong him not.

wln 1820

wln 1821

*Bishop* Your husband is a dangerous schismatic,  
Traitor to God, the King, and commonwealth,  
And therefore master Cromer shrieve of Kent,  
I charge you take her to your custody,  
And seize the goods of Sir John Oldcastle  
To the King's use, let her go in no more,  
To fetch so much as her apparel out,  
There is your warrant from his majesty.

wln 1823

wln 1824

wln 1825

wln 1826

wln 1827

wln 1828

wln 1829

wln 1830

*Lord Warden* Good my Lord Bishop pacify your wrath  
Against the Lady.

wln 1831

wln 1832

*Bishop* Then let her confess  
Where Oldcastle her husband is concealed.

wln 1833

wln 1834

*Lord Warden* I dare engage mine honor and my life,  
Poor gentlewoman, she is ignorant,  
And innocent of all his practices,  
If any evil by him be practiced.

wln 1835

wln 1836

wln 1837

wln 1838

*Bishop* If my Lord Warden? nay then I charge you,

img: 29-a

sig: G4v

wln 1839

That all the cinque Ports whereof you are chief,  
Be laid forthwith, that he escape us not,  
Show him his highness' warrant Master Shrieve.

wln 1840

wln 1841

*Lord Warden* I am sorry for the noble gentleman, *Enter Oldcastle*

wln 1842

*Bishop* Peace, he comes here, now do your office. *and Harpoole*

wln 1843

*Oldcastle* Harpoole what business have we here in hand?

wln 1844

What makes the Bishop and the Sheriff here,  
I fear my coming home is dangerous,  
I would I had not made such haste to Cobham.

wln 1845

wln 1846

wln 1847

*Harpoole* Be of good cheer my Lord, if they be foes we'll  
scramble shrewdly with them, if they be friends they are welcome:  
one of them (my Lord Warden) is your friend, but methinks  
my lady weeps, I like not that.

wln 1848

wln 1849

wln 1850

wln 1851

*Cromer* Sir John Oldcastle Lord Cobham, in the King's  
majesty's name, I arrest ye of high treason.

wln 1852

wln 1853

*Oldcastle* Treason Master Cromer?

wln 1854

wln 1855  
wln 1856  
wln 1857  
wln 1858  
wln 1859  
wln 1860  
wln 1861  
wln 1862  
wln 1863  
wln 1864  
wln 1865  
wln 1866  
wln 1867  
wln 1868  
wln 1869  
wln 1870  
wln 1871  
wln 1872  
wln 1873  
wln 1874

*Harpoole* Treason Master Shrieve, 'sblood what treason?  
*Oldcastle* Harpoole I charge thee stir not, but be quiet still,  
Do ye arrest me Master Shrieve for treason?  
*Bishop* Yea of high treason, traitor, heretic.  
*Oldcastle* Defiance in his face that calls me so,  
I am as true a loyal gentleman  
Unto his highness, as my proudest enemy,  
The King shall witness my late faithful service,  
For safety of his sacred majesty.  
*Bishop* What thou art, the king's hand shall testify,  
Show 't him Lord Warden.  
*Oldcastle* Jesu defend me,  
Is't possible your cunning could so temper  
The princely disposition of his mind,  
To sign the damage of a royal subject?  
Well, the best is, it bears an antedate,  
Procured by my absence, and your malice,  
But I, since that, have showed myself as true,  
As any churchman that dare challenge me,  
Let me be brought before his majesty,

img: 29-b  
sig: H1r

wln 1875  
wln 1876  
wln 1877  
wln 1878  
wln 1879  
wln 1880  
wln 1881  
wln 1882  
wln 1883  
wln 1884  
wln 1885  
wln 1886  
wln 1887  
wln 1888  
wln 1889  
wln 1890  
wln 1891  
wln 1892  
wln 1893  
wln 1894  
wln 1895  
wln 1896  
wln 1897  
wln 1898  
wln 1899  
wln 1900  
wln 1901  
wln 1902

If he acquit me not, then do your worst.  
*Bishop* We are not bound to do kind offices  
For any traitor, schismatic, nor heretic,  
The king's hand is our warrant for our work,  
Who is departed on his way for France,  
And at Southampton doth repose this night.  
*Harpoole* O that it were the blessed will of God, that thou  
and I were within twenty mile of it, on Salisbury plain! I  
would lose my head if ever thou brought'st thy head hither  
again. *aside.*  
*Oldcastle* My Lord Warden o' th cinque Ports, and my Lord of  
Rochester, ye are joint Commissioners, favor me so much,  
On my expense to bring me to the king.  
*Bishop* What, to Southampton?  
*Oldcastle* Thither my god Lord,  
And if he do not clear me of all guilt,  
And all suspicion of conspiracy,  
Pawning his princely warrant for my truth:  
I ask no favor, but extremest torture.  
Bring me, or send me to him, good my Lord,  
Good my Lord Warden, Master Shrieve, entreat.  
*Here the Lord Warden, and Cromer uncover to the Bishop, and  
secretly whispers with him.*  
Come hither lady, nay, sweet wife forbear,  
To heap one sorrow on another's neck,  
'Tis grief enough falsely to be accused,  
And not permitted to acquit myself,  
Do not thou with thy kind respective tears,

wln 1903  
wln 1904  
wln 1905  
wln 1906  
wln 1907  
wln 1908  
wln 1909  
wln 1910

img: 30-a  
sig: H1v

Torment thy husband's heart that bleeds for thee,  
But be of comfort, God hath help in store,  
For those that put assured trust in him.  
Dear wife, if they commit me to the Tower,  
Come up to London to your sister's house:  
That being near me, you may comfort me.  
One solace find I settled in my soul,  
That I am free from treason's very thought,

wln 1911  
wln 1912  
wln 1913  
wln 1914  
wln 1915  
wln 1916  
wln 1917  
wln 1918  
wln 1919  
wln 1920  
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wln 1938  
wln 1939  
wln 1940  
wln 1941  
wln 1942  
wln 1943  
wln 1944  
wln 1945

Only my conscience for the Gospel's sake,  
Is cause of all the troubles I sustain.

*Lady.* O my dear Lord, what shall betide of us?

You to the Tower, and I turned out of doors,  
Our substance seized unto his highness' use,  
Even to the garments 'longing to our backs.

*Harpoole* Patience good madam, things at worst will mend,  
And if they do not, yet our lives may end.

*Bishop* Urge it no more, for if an Angel spake,  
I swear by sweet saint Peter's blessed keys,  
First goes he to the Tower, then to the stake.

*Cromer* But by your leave, this warrant doth not stretch  
To imprison her.

*Bishop* No, turn her out of doors, *Lord Warden and*  
Even as she is, and lead him to the Tower, *Oldcastle whisper.*  
With guard enough for fear of rescuing.

*Lady* O God requite thee thou bloodthirsty man.

*Oldcastle* May it not be my Lord of Rochester?  
Wherein have I incurred your hate so far,  
That my appeal unto the King's denied?

*Bishop* No hate of mine, but power of holy church,  
Forbids all favor to false heretics.

*Oldcastle* Your private malice more than public power,  
Strikes most at me, but with my life it ends.

*Harpoole* O that I had the Bishop in that fear, *aside*  
That once I had his Sumner by ourselves.

*Cromer* My Lord yet grant one suit unto us all,  
That this same ancient serving-man may wait  
Upon my lord his master in the Tower.

*Bishop* This old iniquity, this heretic?  
That in contempt of our church discipline,  
Compelled my Sumner to devour his process?  
Old Ruffian past-grace, upstart schismatic,  
Had not the King prayed us to pardon ye,  
Ye had fried for it, ye grizzled heretic.

*Harpoole* 'Sblood my lord Bishop, ye do me wrong, I am neither

img: 30-b  
sig: H2r

wln 1947

heretic nor puritan, but of the old church, i'll swear,

wln 1948  
wln 1949  
wln 1950  
wln 1951  
wln 1952  
wln 1953  
wln 1954  
wln 1955  
wln 1956  
wln 1957  
wln 1958  
wln 1959  
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wln 1961  
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wln 1971  
wln 1972  
wln 1973  
wln 1974  
wln 1975  
wln 1976  
wln 1977  
wln 1978  
wln 1979  
wln 1980  
wln 1981  
wln 1982

drink ale, kiss a wench, go to mass, eat fish all Lent, and fast  
fridays with cakes and wine, fruit and spicery, shrive me of  
my old sins afore Easter, and begin new afore  
whitsuntide.

*Cromer* A merry mad conceited knave my lord.

*Harpoole* That knave was simply put upon the Bishop.

*Bishop* Well, God forgive him and I pardon him.

Let him attend his master in the Tower,

For I in charity wish his soul no hurt.

*Oldcastle* God bless my soul from such cold charity,

*Bishop* To th' Tower with him, and when my leisure serves,

I will examine him of Articles,

Look my lord Warden as you have in charge,

The Shrieve perform his office.

*Lord Warden.* Yes my lord.

*Enter the Sumner with  
books.*

*Bishop* What bring'st thou there? what? books of heresy.

*Sumner* Yea my lord, here's not a latin book,

No not so much as our lady's Psalter,

Here's the Bible, the testament, the Psalms in meter,

The sickman's salve, the treasure of gladness,

And all in English, not so much but the Almanac's English.

*Bishop* Away with them, to th' fire with them Clun,

Now fie upon these upstart heretics,

All English, burn them, burn them quickly Clun.

*Harpoole* But do not Sumner as you'll answer it, for I have  
there English books my lord, that i'll not part with for your  
Bishopric, Bevis of Hampton, Owlglass, the Friar and  
the Boy, Ellen of Ruming, Robin hood, and other such  
godly stories which if ye burn, by this flesh i'll make ye drink  
their ashes in Saint Marg'et's ale.

*exeunt.*

*Enter the Bishop of Rochester with his men, in  
livery coats.*

*1. Servant* Is it your honor's pleasure we shall stay,  
Or come back in the afternoon to fetch you.

img: 31-a  
sig: H2v

wln 1983  
wln 1984  
wln 1985  
wln 1986  
wln 1987  
wln 1988  
wln 1989  
wln 1990  
wln 1991  
wln 1992  
wln 1993  
wln 1994  
wln 1995

*Bishop* Now you have brought me here into the Tower,  
You may go back unto the Porter's Lodge,  
And send for drink or such things as you want,  
Where if I have occasion to employ you,  
I'll send some officer to call you to me.

Into the city go not, I command you,

Perhaps I may have present need to use you.

*2. Servant* We will attend your worship here without.

*Bishop* Do so, I pray you.

*3. Servant* Come, we may have a quart of wine at the Rose at Barking,  
I warrant you, and come back an hour before he be  
ready to go.

*1. Servant* We must hie us then.

wln 1996  
wln 1997  
wln 1998  
wln 1999  
wln 2000  
wln 2001  
wln 2002  
wln 2003  
wln 2004  
wln 2005  
wln 2006  
wln 2007  
wln 2008  
wln 2009  
wln 2010  
wln 2011  
wln 2012  
wln 2013  
wln 2014  
wln 2015  
wln 2016  
wln 2017  
wln 2018

img: 31-b  
sig: H3r

wln 2019  
wln 2020  
wln 2021  
wln 2022  
wln 2023  
wln 2024  
wln 2025  
wln 2026  
wln 2027  
wln 2028  
wln 2029  
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wln 2031  
wln 2032  
wln 2033  
wln 2034  
wln 2035  
wln 2036  
wln 2037  
wln 2038  
wln 2039  
wln 2040  
wln 2041  
wln 2042  
wln 2043

3. *Servant* Let's away. *exeunt.*  
*Bishop* Ho, Master Lieutenant.  
*Lieutenant* Who calls there?  
*Bishop* A friend of yours.  
*Lieutenant* My lord of Rochester, your honor's welcome.  
*Bishop* Sir here's my warrant from the Council,  
For conference with sir John Oldcastle,  
Upon some matter of great consequence.  
*Lieutenant* Ho, sir John.  
*Harpoole* Who calls there?  
*Lieutenant* Harpoole, tell Sir John, that my lord of Rochester  
comes from the council to confer with him.  
*Harpoole* I will sir.  
*Lieutenant* I think you may as safe without suspicion,  
As any man in England as I hear,  
For it was you most labored his commitment.  
*Bishop* I did sir, and nothing repent it I assure you.  
*Enter sir John Oldcastle.*  
Master Lieutenant I pray you give us leave,  
I must confer here with sir John a little.  
*Lieutenant* With all my heart my lord.  
*Harpoole aside.* My lord be ruled by me, take this occasion  
while 'tis offered, and on my life your lordship shall escape.  
  
*Oldcastle* No more I say, peace lest he should suspect it.  
*Bishop* Sir John I am come unto you from the lords of his  
highness most honorable council, to know if yet you do recant  
your errors, conforming you unto the holy church.  
*Oldcastle* My lord of Rochester on good advice,  
I see my error, but yet understand me,  
I mean not error in the faith I hold,  
But error in submitting to your pleasure,  
Therefore your lordship without more to do.  
Must be a means to help me to escape.  
*Bishop* What means? thou heretic?  
Dar'st thou but lift thy hand against my calling?  
*sir John* No not to hurt you for a thousand pound,  
*Harpoole* Nothing but to borrow your upper garments a little;  
not a word more, for if you do, you die: peace, for waking  
the children, there, put them on, dispatch, my lord, the window  
that goes out into the leads, is sure enough, I told you that before,  
there, make you ready, i'll convey him after, and bind  
him surely in the inner room.  
*Oldcastle* This is well begun, God send us happy speed,  
Hard shift you see men make in time of need: Harpoole.  
*Harpoole* Here my Lord, come come away.  
*Enter serving-men again.*  
1. *Servant* I marvel that my lord should stay so long.  
2. *Servant* He hath sent to seek us, I dare lay my life.

wln 2044  
wln 2045  
wln 2046  
wln 2047  
wln 2048  
wln 2049  
wln 2050  
wln 2051  
wln 2052  
wln 2053  
wln 2054

img: 32-a  
sig: H3v

wln 2055  
wln 2056  
wln 2057  
wln 2058  
wln 2059  
wln 2060  
wln 2061  
wln 2062  
wln 2063  
wln 2064  
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wln 2067  
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wln 2085  
wln 2086  
wln 2087  
wln 2088  
wln 2089  
wln 2090

3. *Servant* We come in good time, see where he is coming.  
*Harpoole* I beseech you good my lord of Rochester, be favorable  
to my lord and master.  
*Oldcastle* The inner rooms be very hot and close,  
I do not like this air here in the Tower.  
*Harpoole* His case is hard my lord, you shall safely get out of  
the Tower, but I will down upon them, in which time get  
you away.  
*Oldcastle* Fellow thou troublest me.  
*Harpoole* Hear me my Lord, hard under Islington wait you  
my coming, I will bring my Lady ready, with horses

to convey you hence.  
*Oldcastle* Fellow, go back again unto thy Lord and counsel  
him.  
*Harpoole* Nay my good lord of Rochester, i'll bring you to Saint  
Albans through the woods, I warrant you.  
*Oldcastle* Villain away.  
*Harpoole* Nay since I am past the Tower's liberty, thou part'st  
not so. *he draws.*  
*Bishop* Clubs clubs, clubs.  
1. *Servant* Murder, murder murder.  
2. *Servant* Down with him. *they fight.*  
3. *Servant* A villain traitor.  
*Harpoole* You cowardly rogues. *sir John escapes.*  
*Enter Lieutenant and his men.*  
*Lieutenant* Who is so bold as dare to draw a sword,  
So near unto the entrance of the Tower?  
1. *Servant* This ruffian servant to sir John Oldcastle was like to  
have slain my Lord.  
*Lieutenant* Lay hold on him.  
*Harpoole* Stand off if you love your puddings.  
*Rochester calls within.*  
*Rochester within.* Help help, help, Master Lieutenant help.  
*Lieutenant* Who's that within? some treason in the Tower upon  
my life, look in, who's that which calls? *enter Rochester bound.*  
*Lieutenant* Without your cloak my lord of Rochester?  
*Harpoole* There, now it works, then let me speed, for now is  
the fittest time for me to scape away. *exit*  
*Lieutenant* Why do you look so ghastly and affrighted?  
*Rochester* Oldcastle that traitor and his man,  
When you had left me to confer with him,  
Took, bound, and stripped me, as you see,  
And left me lying in his inner chamber,  
And so departed, and I  
*Lieutenant* And you! ne'er say that the Lord Cobham's man  
Did here set upon you like to murder you.  
1. *Servant* And so he did.

img: 32-b

wln 2091  
wln 2092  
wln 2093  
wln 2094  
wln 2095  
wln 2096  
wln 2097  
wln 2098  
wln 2099  
wln 2100  
wln 2101  
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wln 2116  
wln 2117  
wln 2118  
wln 2119  
wln 2120  
wln 2121  
wln 2122  
wln 2123  
wln 2124  
wln 2125  
wln 2126

*Rochester* It was upon his master then he did,  
That in the brawl the traitor might escape.  
*Lieutenant* Where is this Harpoole?  
2. *Servant* Here he was even now.  
*Lieutenant* Where can you tell? they are both escaped,  
Since it so happens that he is escaped,  
I am glad you are a witness of the same,  
It might have else been laid unto my charge,  
That I had been consenting to the fact.  
*Rochester* Come, search shall be made for him with expedition,  
the havens laid that he shall not escape, and hue and cry continue  
through England, to find this damned dangerous  
heretic. *exeunt.*  
*Enter Cambridge, Scroop, and Gray, as in a chamber, and set  
down at a table, consulting about their treason: King Harry  
and Suffolk list'ning at the door.*  
*Cambridge* In mine opinion, Scroop hath well advised,  
Poison will be the only aptest mean,  
And fittest for our purpose to dispatch him.  
*Gray* But yet there may be doubt in their delivery,  
Harry is wise, therefore Earl of Cambridge,  
I Judge that way not so convenient.  
*Scroop* What think ye then of this? I am his bedfellow,  
And unsuspected nightly sleep with him.  
What if I venture in those silent hours,  
When sleep hath sealed up all mortal eyes,  
To murder him in bed? how like ye that?  
*Cambridge* Herein consists no safety for yourself,  
And you disclosed, what shall become of us?  
But this day (as ye know) he will aboard,  
The wind so fair, and set away for France,  
If as he goes, or ent'ring in the ship,  
It might be done, then it were excellent,  
*Gray* Why any of these, or if you will,  
I'll cause a present sitting of the Council,  
Wherein I will pretend some matter of such weight,

wln 2127  
wln 2128  
wln 2129  
wln 2130  
wln 2131  
wln 2132  
wln 2133  
wln 2134  
wln 2135  
wln 2136

As needs must have his royal company,  
And to dispatch him in the Council chamber.  
*Cambridge* Tush, yet I hear not any thing to purpose,  
I wonder that lord Cobham stays so long,  
His counsel in this case would much avail us.  
*They rise from the table, and the King steps  
in to them with his Lords.*  
*Scroop* What shall we rise thus, and determine nothing?  
*Harry* That were a shame indeed, no, sit again,  
And you shall have my counsel in this case,

wln 2137  
wln 2138  
wln 2139  
wln 2140  
wln 2141  
wln 2142  
wln 2143  
wln 2144  
wln 2145  
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wln 2156  
wln 2157  
wln 2158  
wln 2159  
wln 2160  
wln 2161  
wln 2162

img: 33-b  
sig: Ilr

wln 2163  
wln 2164  
wln 2165

wln 2166  
wln 2167  
wln 2168  
wln 2169  
wln 2170  
wln 2171  
wln 2172  
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wln 2179  
wln 2180  
wln 2181  
wln 2182  
wln 2183

If you can find no way to kill this King,  
Then you shall see how I can further ye,  
Scroope's way by poison was indifferent,  
But yet being bedfellow unto the King,  
And unsuspected sleeping in his bosom,  
In mine opinion, that's the likelier way,  
For such false friends are able to do much,  
And silent night is Treason's fittest friend,  
Now, Cambridge in his setting hence for France,  
Or by the way, or as he goes aboard,  
To do the deed, that was indifferent too,  
Yet somewhat doubtful; might I speak my mind,  
For many reasons needless now to urge.  
Marry Lord Gray came something near the point,  
To have the King at council, and there murder him,  
As Caesar was amongst his dearest friends:  
None like to that, if all were of his mind.  
Tell me oh tell me you bright honor's stains,  
For which of all my kindnesses to you,  
Are ye become thus traitors to your king?  
And France must have the spoil of Harry's life?

*All.* Oh pardon us dread lord.

*all kneeling.*

*Harry* How pardon ye? that were a sin indeed,  
Drag them to death, which justly they deserve,  
And France shall dearly buy this villainy,  
So soon as we set footing on her breast,

*they lead  
them away.*

God have the praise for our deliverance,  
And next, our thanks (Lord Cobham) is to thee,  
True perfect mirror of nobility.

*exeunt.*

*Enter the host, sir John Oldcastle, and Harpoole.*

*Host* Sir, you are welcome to this house, to such as here is  
with all my heart, but by the mass I fear your lodging will be  
the worst, I have but two beds, and they are both in a chamber,  
and the carrier and his daughter lies in the one, and you and  
your wife must lie in the other.

*Lord Cobham* In faith sir, for myself I do not greatly pass,  
My wife is weary, and would be at rest,  
For we have traveled very far today,  
We must be content with such as you have.

*Host* But I cannot tell how to do with your man.

*Harpoole* What, hast thou never an empty room in thy  
house for me?

*Host* Not a-bed bed by my troth: there came a poor Irish  
man, and I lodged him in the barn, where he has fair straw,  
though he have nothing else.

*Harpoole* Well mine host, I pray thee help me to a pair of  
fair sheets, and I'll go lodge with him.



wln 2184  
wln 2185  
wln 2186  
wln 2187  
wln 2188  
wln 2189  
wln 2190  
wln 2191  
wln 2192  
wln 2193  
wln 2194  
wln 2195  
wln 2196  
wln 2197

img: 34-a  
sig: 11v

wln 2198  
wln 2199  
wln 2200  
wln 2201  
wln 2202  
wln 2203  
wln 2204  
wln 2205  
wln 2206  
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wln 2222  
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wln 2224  
wln 2225  
wln 2226  
wln 2227  
wln 2228  
wln 2229  
wln 2230  
wln 2231

*Host* By the mass that thou shalt, a good pair of hempen  
sheets, were never lain in: Come. *exeunt.*

*Enter Constable, Mayor, and Watch.*

*Mayor* What have you searched the town?

*Constable* All the town sir, we have not left a house unsearched  
that uses to lodge.

*Mayor* Surely my lord of Rochester was then deceived,  
Or ill informed of sir John Oldcastle,  
Or if he came this way, he's past the town,  
He could not else have scaped you in the search.

*Constable* The privy watch hath been abroad all night,  
And not a stranger lodgeth in the town  
But he is known, only a lusty priest  
We found in bed with a pretty wench,

That says she is his wife, yonder at the shears:  
But we have charged the host with his forthcoming  
Tomorrow morning.

*Mayor* What think you best to do?

*Constable* Faith master mayor, here's a few straggling houses beyond  
the bridge, and a little Inn where carriers use to lodge,  
though I think surely he would ne'er lodge there: but we'll  
go search, and the rather, because there came notice to the town  
the last night of an Irish man, that had done a murder, whom  
we are to make search for.

*Mayor* Come I pray you, and be circumspect. *exeunt*

*Constable* First beset the house, before you begin the search.

*Officer* Content, every man take a several place.

*here is heard a great noise within.*

Keep, keep, strike him down there, down with him.

*Enter Constable with the Irish man in Harpoole's apparel.*

*Constable* Come you villainous heretic, confess where your  
master is.

*Irish man* Vat mester?

*Mayor* Vat mester, you counterfeit rebel, this shall not  
serve your turn.

*Irish man* Be sent Patrick I ha' no mester.

*Constable* Where's the lord Cobham sir John Oldcastle that  
lately is escaped out of the Tower.

*Irish man* Vat lort Cobham?

*Mayor* You counterfeit, this shall not serve you, we'll torture  
you, we'll make you to confess where that arch-heretic  
Lord Cobham is: come bind him fast.

*Irish man* Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree.

*Constable* Ahone, you crafty rascal? *exeunt.*

*Lord Cobham comes out in his gown stealing.*

*Cobham* Harpoole, Harpoole, I hear a marvelous noise about  
the house, God warrant us, I fear we are pursued: what  
Harpoole.

wln 2232

wln 2233

img: 34-b  
sig: I2r

wln 2234

wln 2235

wln 2236

wln 2237

wln 2238

wln 2239

wln 2240

wln 2241

wln 2242

wln 2243

wln 2244

wln 2245

wln 2246

wln 2247

wln 2248

wln 2249

wln 2250

wln 2251

wln 2252

wln 2253

wln 2254

wln 2255

wln 2256

wln 2257

wln 2258

wln 2259

wln 2260

wln 2261

wln 2262

wln 2263

wln 2264

wln 2265

wln 2266

wln 2267

wln 2268

wln 2269

img: 35-a  
sig: I2v

wln 2270

wln 2271

wln 2272

wln 2273

wln 2274

wln 2275

wln 2276

*Harpoole within.* Who calls there?

*Cobham* 'Tis I, dost thou not hear a noise about the house?

*Harpoole* Yes marry do I, 'swounds, I can not find my hose, this Irish rascal that was lodged with me all night, hath stolen my apparel, and has left me nothing but a lousy mantle, and a pair of brogues. Get up, get up, and if the carrier and his wench be asleep, change you with them as he hath done with me, and see if we can escape.

*A noise again heard about the house, a pretty while, then enter the Constable meeting Harpoole in the Irish man's apparel.*

*Constable* Stand close, here comes the Irish man that did the murder, by all tokens, this is he.

*Mayor* And perceiving the house beset, would get away: stand sirrah.

*Harpoole* What art thou that bidst me stand?

*Constable* I am the Officer, and am come to search for an Irish man, such a villain as thyself, that hast murdered a man this last night by the highway.

*Harpoole* 'Sblood Constable, art thou mad? am I an Irish man?

*Mayor* Sirrah, we'll find you an Irish man before we part: lay hold upon him.

*Constable* Make him fast: O thou bloody rogue!

*Enter Lord Cobham and his lady in the carrier and wench's apparel.*

*Cobham* What will these Ostlers sleep all day? Good morrow, good morrow, Come wench, come, Saddle, saddle, now afore God too ford-days, ha?

*Constable* Who comes there?

*Mayor* Oh 'tis Lancashire carrier, let him pass.

*Cobham* What, will nobody open the gates here? Come, let's int' stable to look to our capons.

*The carrier calling.*

*Club calling* Host, why ostler, zwooks, here's such abomination company of boys: a pox of this pigsty at the house end, it fills all the house full of fleas, ostler, ostler.

*Ostler* Who calls there, what would you have?

*Club* Zwooks, do you rob your guests? do you lodge rogues and slaves, and scoundrels, ha? they ha' stol'n our clothes here: why ostler?

*Ostler* A murrain choke you, what a bawling you keep.

*Host* How now, what would the carrier have? look up there.

*Ostler* They say that the man and woman that lay by them

wln 2277  
wln 2278  
wln 2279  
wln 2280  
wln 2281  
wln 2282  
wln 2283  
wln 2284  
wln 2285  
wln 2286  
wln 2287  
wln 2288  
wln 2289  
wln 2290  
wln 2291  
wln 2292  
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wln 2295  
wln 2296  
wln 2297  
wln 2298  
wln 2299  
wln 2300  
wln 2301  
wln 2302  
wln 2303  
wln 2304  
wln 2305

img: 35-b  
sig: I3r

wln 2306  
wln 2307  
wln 2308  
wln 2309  
wln 2310  
wln 2311  
wln 2312  
wln 2313  
wln 2314  
wln 2315  
wln 2316  
wln 2317  
wln 2318  
wln 2319  
wln 2320  
wln 2321  
wln 2322  
wln 2323  
wln 2324

have stol'n their clothes.

*Host* What, are the strange folks up yet that came in yesternight?

*Constable* What mine host, up so early?

*Host* What, master Mayor, and master Constable!

*Mayor* We are come to seek for some suspected persons, and such as here we found, have apprehended.

*Enter the Carrier and Kate in lord Cobham and lady's apparel.*

*Constable* Who comes here?

*Club* Who comes here? a plague found o' me, you bawl quoth 'a, od's hat, I'll forswear your house, you lodged a fellow and his wife by us that ha' run away with our 'parel, and left us such gewgaws here, come Kate, come to me, thowse **dizard** i' faith.

*Mayor* Mine host, know you this man?

*Host* Yes master Mayor, I'll give my word for him, why neighbor Club, how comes this gear about?

*Kate* Now a foul on 't, I can not make this gewgaw stand on my head, now the lads and the lasses won flout me too too

*Constable* How came this man and woman thus attired?

*Host* Here came a man and woman hither this last night, which I did take for substantial people, and lodged all in one chamber by these folks: methinks, have been so bold to change apparel, and gone away this morning ere they rose.

*Mayor* That was that villain traitor Oldcastle, that thus escaped us: make out hue and cry yet after him, keep fast that traitorous rebel his servant there: farewell mine host.

*Carrier* Come Kate Owdham, thou and Ise trimly **dizard**.

*Kate* I' faith neam Club, Ise wot ne'er what to do, Ise be so

flouted and so shouted at: but by th' mess Ise cry.

*exeunt.*

*Enter Priest and Doll.*

*sir John* Come Doll, come, be merry wench,  
Farewell Kent, we are not for thee,  
Be lusty my lass, come for Lancashire,  
We must nip the Bung for these crowns.

*Doll* Why is all the gold spent already that you had the other day?

*sir John* Gone Doll, gone, flown, spent, vanished, the devil, drink and the dice, has devoured all.

*Doll* You might have left me in Kent, that you might, until you had been better provided, I could have stayed at Cobham.

*sir John* No Doll, no, i'll none of that, Kent's too hot Doll, Kent's too hot: the weathercock of Wrotham will crow no longer, we have plucked him, he has lost his feathers, I have pruned him bare, left him thrice, is moulted, is moulted, wench.

*Doll* Faith sir John, I might have gone to service again, old master Harpoole told me he would provide me a mistress.

*sir John* Peace Doll, peace, come mad wench, I'll make thee

wln 2325  
wln 2326  
wln 2327  
wln 2328  
wln 2329  
wln 2330  
wln 2331  
wln 2332  
wln 2333  
wln 2334  
wln 2335  
wln 2336  
wln 2337  
wln 2338  
wln 2339  
wln 2340  
wln 2341

img: 36-a  
sig: I3v

wln 2342  
wln 2343  
wln 2344  
wln 2345  
wln 2346  
wln 2347  
wln 2348  
wln 2349  
wln 2350  
wln 2351  
wln 2352  
wln 2353  
wln 2354  
wln 2355  
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wln 2357  
wln 2358  
wln 2359  
wln 2360  
wln 2361  
wln 2362  
wln 2363  
wln 2364  
wln 2365  
wln 2366  
wln 2367  
wln 2368  
wln 2369  
wln 2370  
wln 2371  
wln 2372

an honest woman, we'll into Lancashire to our friends, the  
troth is, I'll marry thee, we want but a little money to buy us a  
horse, and to spend by the way, the next sheep that comes shall  
lose his fleece, we'll have these crowns wench I warrant  
thee: stay, who comes here? some Irish villain methinks that

*enter the Irish man with his master slain.*

has slain a man, and draws him out of the way to rifle him:  
stand close Doll, we'll see the end.

*The Irish man falls to rifle his master.*

Alas po' mester, Sir Rishard Lee, be saint Patrick is rob and  
cut thy t'roat, for dee shain, and de money, and de gold ring,  
be me truly is love thee well, but now dow be kill thee, beshitten  
knave.

*sir John.* Stand sirrah, what art thou?

*Irishman.* Be saint Patrick mester i's poor Irishman, i's a leufter.

*sir John* Sirrah, sirrah, you are a damned rogue, you have killed  
a man here, and rifled him of all that he has, 'sblood you

rogue deliver, or i'll not leave you so much as an Irish hair above  
your shoulders, you whoreson Irish dog, sirrah untruss  
presently, come off and dispatch, or by this cross i'll fetch your  
head off as clean as a bark.

*Irishman.* Wee's me saint Patrick, Ise kill me mester for  
chain and his ring, and nows be rob of all, mees undo.

*Priest robs him.*

*sir John* Avaunt you rascal, go sirrah, be walking, come Doll  
the devil laughs, when one thief robs another, come mad  
wench, we'll to saint Albans, and revel in our bower, hey my  
brave girl.

*Doll* O thou art old sir John, when all's done i' faith.

*Enter the host of the Bell with the Irish man.*

*Irishman* Be me trow mester i's poor Irishman, i's want judging,  
i's have no money, i's starve and cold, good mester give her some  
meat, is famise and tie.

*Host* I' faith my fellow I have no lodging, but what I keep  
for my **guests**, that I may not disappoint, as for meat thou shalt  
have such as there is, and if thou wilt lie in the barn, there's fair  
straw, and room enough.

*Irishman* I's thank my mester heartily, de straw is good bed  
for me.

*Host* Ho Robin?

*Robin* Who calls?

*Host* Show this poor Irishman into the barn, go sirrah.

*exeunt.*

*Enter carrier and Kate.*

*Club.* Ho, who's within here, who looks to the horses?  
God's hat here's fine work, the hens in the manger, and the  
hogs in the litter, a bots 'found you all, here's a house well looked  
to i' vaith.

wln 2373  
wln 2374  
wln 2375  
wln 2376  
wln 2377

img: 36-b  
sig: 14r

wln 2378  
wln 2379  
wln 2380  
wln 2381  
wln 2382  
wln 2383  
wln 2384  
wln 2385  
wln 2386  
wln 2387  
wln 2388  
wln 2389  
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wln 2391  
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wln 2410  
wln 2411  
wln 2412  
wln 2413

img: 37-a  
sig: 14v

wln 2414  
wln 2415  
wln 2416  
wln 2417

*Kate* Mass goff Club, Ise very cawd.  
*Club* Get in Kate, get in to fire and warm thee.  
*Club* Ho John Ostler.  
*Ostler* What gaffer Club, welcome to saint Albans,  
How does all our friends in Lancashire?

*Club* Well God have mercy John, how does Tom, where's he?

*Ostler* O Tom is gone from hence, he's at the three horse-loaves at Stony stratford, how does old Dick Dun?

*Club* God's hat old Dun has been mired in a slough in Brickhill lane, a plague found it, yonder is such abomination weather as never was seen.

*Ostler.* God's hat thief, have one half peck of peas and oats more for that, as I am John Ostler, he has been ever as good a jade as ever traveled.

*Club* Faith well said old Jack, thou art the old lad still.

*Ostler* Come Gaffer Club, unload, unload, and get to supper, and I'll rub dun the while. Come. *exeunt.*

*Enter sir John Oldcastle, and his Lady disguised.*

*Oldcastle* Come Madam, happily escaped, here let us sit,  
This place is far remote from any path,  
And here awhile our weary limbs may rest,  
To take refreshing, free from the pursuit  
Of envious Winchester.

*Lady* But where (my Lord,)  
Shall we find rest for our disquiet minds?  
There dwell untamed thoughts that hardly stoop,  
To such abasement of disdained rags,  
We were not wont to travel thus by night,  
Especially on foot.

*Oldcastle* No matter love,  
Extremities admit no better choice,  
And were it not for thee, say froward time,  
Imposed a greater task, I would esteem it  
As lightly as the wind that blows upon us,  
But in thy sufferance I am doubly tasked,  
Thou wast not wont to have the earth thy stool,  
Nor the moist dewy grass thy pillow, nor  
Thy chamber to be the wide horizon,

*Lady* How can it seem a trouble, having you  
A partner with me, in the worst I feel?

No gentle Lord, your presence would give ease  
To death itself, should he now seize upon me,  
Behold what my foresight hath underta'en  
For fear we faint, they are but homely cates,

*here's bread and  
cheese and a bottle.*

wln 2418  
wln 2419  
wln 2420  
wln 2421  
wln 2422  
wln 2423  
wln 2424  
wln 2425  
wln 2426  
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wln 2440  
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wln 2444  
wln 2445  
wln 2446  
wln 2447  
wln 2448  
wln 2449

Yet sauced with hunger, they may seem as sweet,  
As greater dainties we were wont to taste.  
*Oldcastle* Praise be to him whose plenty sends both this,  
And all things else our mortal bodies need,  
Nor scorn we this poor feeding, nor the state  
We now are in, for what is it on earth,  
Nay under heaven, continues at a stay?  
Ebbs not the sea, when it hath overflown?  
Flows not darkness when the day is gone?  
And see we not sometime the eye of heaven,  
Dimmed with overflying clouds: there's not that work  
Of careful nature, or of cunning art,  
(How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be)  
But falls in time to ruin: here gentle Madam,  
In this one draught I wash my sorrow down.

*drinks.*

*Lady* And I encouraged with your cheerful speech,  
Will do the like.

*Oldcastle* Pray God poor Harpoole come,  
If he should fall into the Bishop's hands,  
Or not remember where we bade him meet us,  
It were the thing of all things else, that now  
Could breed revolt in this new peace of mind.

*Lady* Fear not my Lord, he's witty to devise,  
And strong to execute a present shift.

*Oldcastle* That power be still his guide hath guided us,  
My drowsy eyes wax heavy, early rising,  
Together with the travel we have had,  
Make me that I could gladly take a nap,  
Were I persuaded we might be secure.

*Lady* Let that depend on me, whilst you do sleep,  
I'll watch that no misfortune happen us,  
Lay then your head upon my lap sweet Lord,

img: 37-b  
sig: K1r

wln 2450  
wln 2451  
wln 2452  
wln 2453  
wln 2454  
wln 2455  
wln 2456  
wln 2457  
wln 2458  
wln 2459  
wln 2460  
wln 2461  
wln 2462  
wln 2463  
wln 2464  
wln 2465

And boldly take your rest.

*Oldcastle* I shall dear wife,  
Be too much trouble to thee.

*Lady* Urge not that,  
My duty binds me, and your love commands.  
I would I had the skill with tuned voice,  
To draw on sleep with some sweet melody,  
But imperfection and unaptness too,  
Are both repugnant, fear inserts the one,  
The other nature hath denied me use.  
But what talk I of means to purchase that,  
Is freely happened? sleep with gentle hand,  
Hath shut his eyelids, oh victorious labor,  
How soon thy power can charm the body's sense?  
And now thou likewise climb'st unto my brain,  
Making my heavy temples stoop to thee,

wln 2466  
wln 2467  
wln 2468  
wln 2469  
wln 2470  
wln 2471  
wln 2472  
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wln 2474  
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wln 2480  
wln 2481  
wln 2482  
wln 2483  
wln 2484  
wln 2485

img: 38-a  
sig: K1v

wln 2486  
wln 2487  
wln 2488  
wln 2489  
wln 2490  
wln 2491  
wln 2492  
wln 2493  
wln 2494  
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wln 2512  
wln 2513

Great God of heaven from danger keep us free. *both sleeps.*  
*Enter sir Richard Lee, and his men*  
*Lee.* A murder closely done and in my ground?  
Search carefully, if anywhere it were,  
This obscure thicket is the likeliest place.  
*servant.* Sir I have found the body stiff with cold,  
And mangled cruelly with many wounds.  
*Lee* Look if thou knowest him, turn his body up,  
Alack it is my son, my son and heir,  
Whom two years since, I sent to Ireland,  
To practice there the discipline of war,  
And coming home (for so he wrote to me)  
Some savage heart, some bloody devilish hand,  
Either in hate, or thirsting for his coin,  
Hath here sluiced out his blood, unhappy hour,  
Accursed place, but most inconstant fate,  
That hadst reserved him from the bullet's fire,  
And suffered him to scape the wood-kern's fury,  
Didst here ordain the treasure of his life,  
(Even here within the arms of tender peace,

And where security gat greatest hope)  
To be consumed by treason's wasteful hand?  
And what is most afflicting to my soul,  
That this his death and murder should be wrought,  
Without the knowledge by whose means 'twas done,  
*2 servant* Not so sir, I have found the authors of it,  
See where they sit, and in their bloody fists,  
The fatal instruments of death and sin.  
*Lee* Just judgement of that power, whose gracious eye,  
Loathing the sight of such a heinous fact,  
Dazzled their senses with benumbing sleep,  
Till their unhallowed treachery were known:  
Awake ye monsters, murderers awake,  
Tremble for horror, blush you cannot choose,  
Beholding this inhuman deed of yours.  
*Oldcastle* What mean you sir to trouble weary souls,  
And interrupt us of our quiet sleep?  
*Lee* Oh devilish! can you boast unto yourselves  
Of quiet sleep, having within your hearts  
The guilt of murder waking, that with cries  
Deafs the loud thunder, and solicits heaven,  
With more than Mandrake's shrieks for your offense?  
*Lady Oldcastle* What murder? you upbraid us wrongfully.  
*Lee* Can you deny the fact? see you not here,  
The body of my son by you misdome?  
Look on his wounds, look on his purple hue:  
Do we not find you where the deed was done?  
Were not your knives fast closed in your hands?

wln 2514  
wln 2515  
wln 2516  
wln 2517  
wln 2518  
wln 2519  
wln 2520  
wln 2521

img: 38-b  
sig: K2r

Is not this cloth an argument beside,  
Thus stained and spotted with his innocent blood?  
These speaking characters, were nothing else  
To plead against ye, would convict you both.  
Bring them away, bereavers of my joy,  
At Hartford where the 'Sizes now are kept,  
Their lives shall answer for my son's lost life.  
*Oldcastle* As we are innocent, so may we speed.

wln 2522  
wln 2523  
wln 2524  
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wln 2556  
wln 2557

*Lee* As I am wronged, so may the law proceed. *exeunt.*  
*Enter bishop of Rochester, constable of Saint Albans, with sir John  
of Wrotham, Doll his wench, and the Irishman in Harpooles  
apparel.*

*Bishop* What intricate confusion have we here?  
Not two hours since we apprehended one,  
In habit Irish, but in speech, not so:  
And now you bring another, that in speech  
Is altogether Irish, but in habit  
Seems to be English: yea and more than so,  
The servant of that heretic Lord Cobham.

*Irishman* Fait' me be no servant of the lord Cobham's,  
Me be MacShane of Ulster.

*Bishop* Otherwise called Harpoole of Kent, go to sir,  
You cannot blind us with your broken Irish.

*sir John* Trust me, my Lord Bishop, whether Irish,  
Or English, Harpoole or not Harpoole, that  
I leave to be decided by the trial:  
But sure I am this man by face and speech  
Is he that murdered young sir Richard Lee:  
I met him presently upon the fact,  
And that he slew his master for that gold,  
Those jewels, and that chain I took from him.

*Bishop* Well, our affairs do call us back to London,  
So that we cannot prosecute the cause  
As we desire to do, therefore we leave  
The charge with you, to see they be conveyed  
To Hartford 'Size: both this counterfeit  
And you sir John of Wrotham, and your wench,  
For you are culpable as well as they,  
Though not for murder, yet for felony.  
But since you are the means to bring to light  
This graceless murder, you shall bear with you,  
Our letters to the Judges of the bench,  
To be your friends in what they lawful may.

*sir John* I thank your Lordship.

img: 39-a  
sig: K2v

wln 2558

*Bishop* So, away with them. *exeunt.*



wln 2559  
wln 2560  
wln 2561  
wln 2562  
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wln 2593

img: 39-b  
sig: K3r

wln 2594  
wln 2595  
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wln 2597  
wln 2598  
wln 2599  
wln 2600  
wln 2601  
wln 2602  
wln 2603  
wln 2604  
wln 2605  
wln 2606

*Enter Jailer and his man, bringing forth Oldcastle.*

*Jailer* Bring forth the prisoners, see the court prepared,  
The Justices are coming to the bench.  
So, let him stand, away, and fetch the rest.

*exeunt.*

*Oldcastle* Oh give me patience to endure this scourge,  
Thou that art fountain of that virtuous stream,  
And though contempt, false witness, and reproach  
Hang on these iron gyves, to press my life  
As low as earth, yet strengthen me with faith,  
That I may mount in spirit above the clouds.

*Enter Jailer bringing in Lady Oldcastle, and Harpoole.*

Here comes my lady, sorrow 'tis for her,  
Thy wound is grievous, else I scoff at thee.  
What and poor Harpoole! art thou i' th' briars too?

*Harpoole* I' faith my Lord, I am in, get out how I can.

*Lady* Say (gentle Lord) for now we are alone,  
And may confer, shall we confess in brief,  
Of whence, and what we are, and so prevent  
The accusation is commenced against us?

*Oldcastle* What will that help us? being known, sweet love,  
We shall for heresy be put to death,  
For so they term the religion we profess.  
No, if it be ordained we must die,  
And at this instant, this our comfort be,  
That of the guilt imposed, our souls are free.

*Harpoole* Yea, yea my lord, Harpoole is so resolved,  
I reckon of death the less, in that I die  
Not by the sentence of that envious priest  
The Bishop of Rochester, oh were it he,  
Or by his means that I should suffer here,  
It would be double torment to my soul.

*Lady* Well, be it then according as heaven please.

*Enter lord Judge, two Justices, Mayor of Saint Albans, lord  
Powis and his lady, and old sir Richard Lee: the Judge  
and Justices take their places.*

*Judge* Now Master Mayor, what gentleman is that,  
You bring with you, before us and the bench?

*Mayor* The Lord Powis if it like your honor,  
And this his Lady, traveling toward Wales,  
Who for they lodged last night within my house,  
And my Lord Bishop did lay search for such,  
Were very willing to come on with me,  
Lest for their sakes, suspicion we might wrong.

*Judge* We cry your honor mercy good my Lord,  
Wilt please ye take your place, madam your ladyship,  
May here or where you will repose yourself,  
Until this business now in hand be passed.

*Lady Powis* I will withdraw into some other room,

wln 2607  
wln 2608  
wln 2609  
wln 2610  
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wln 2625  
wln 2626  
wln 2627  
wln 2628  
wln 2629

img: 40-a  
sig: K3v

So that your Lordship, and the rest be pleased.

*Judge* With all our hearts: attend the Lady there.

*Lord Powis* Wife, I have eyed yond prisoners all this while,  
And my conceit doth tell me, 'tis our friend,  
The noble Cobham, and his virtuous Lady.

*Lady Powis* I think no less, are they suspected trow ye  
For doing of this murder?

*Lord Powis* What it means,  
I cannot tell, but we shall know anon,  
Mean space as you pass by them, ask the question,  
But do it secretly, you be not seen,  
And make some sign that I may know your mind.

*Lady Powis* My Lord Cobham, madam? *as she passeth over the*  
*Oldcastle* No Cobham now, nor madam as you love us, *stage by*  
But John of Lancashire, and Joan his wife. *them.*

*Lady Powis* Oh tell, what is it that our love can do,  
To pleasure you, for we are bound to you.

*Oldcastle* Nothing but this, that you conceal our names,  
So gentle lady pass for being spied.

*Lady Powis* My heart I leave, to bear part of your grief. *exit.*

*Judge* Call the prisoners to the bar: sir Richard Lee,  
What evidence can you bring against these people,  
To prove them guilty of the murder done?

*Lee.* This bloody towel, and these naked knives,  
Beside we found them sitting by the place,  
Where the dead body lay within a bush.

*Judge* What answer you why law should not proceed,  
According to this evidence given in,  
To tax ye with the penalty of death?

*Oldcastle* That we are free from murder's very thought,  
And know not how the gentleman was slain.

*I Justice* How came this linen cloth so **bloody** then?

*Lady Cobham* My husband hot with traveling my lord,  
His nose gushed out a-bleeding, that was it.

*2 Justice* But wherefore were your sharp-edged knives unsheathed?

*Lady Cobham* To cut such simple victual as we had.

*Judge* Say we admit this answer to those articles,  
What made ye in so private a dark nook,  
So far remote from any common path,  
As was the thick where the dead corpse was thrown?

*Oldcastle* Journeying my lord from London from the term,  
Down into Lancashire where we do dwell,  
And what with age and travel being faint,  
We gladly sought a place where we might rest,  
Free from resort of other passengers,  
And so we strayed into that secret corner.

*Judge* These are but ambages to drive off time,  
And linger Justice from her purposed end.

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wln 2631  
wln 2632  
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wln 2650  
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wln 2655  
wln 2656  
wln 2657  
wln 2658  
wln 2659  
wln 2660  
wln 2661  
wln 2662  
wln 2663  
wln 2664  
wln 2665

img: 40-b  
sig: K4r

wln 2666  
wln 2667  
wln 2668  
wln 2669  
wln 2670  
wln 2671  
wln 2672  
wln 2673  
wln 2674  
wln 2675  
wln 2676  
wln 2677  
wln 2678  
wln 2679  
wln 2680  
wln 2681  
wln 2682  
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wln 2684  
wln 2685  
wln 2686  
wln 2687  
wln 2688  
wln 2689  
wln 2690  
wln 2691  
wln 2692  
wln 2693  
wln 2694  
wln 2695  
wln 2696  
wln 2697  
wln 2698  
wln 2699  
wln 2700  
wln 2701

But who are these?

*Enter the Constable, bringing in the Irishman, sir John of Wrotham, and Doll*

*Constable* Stay Judgement, and release those innocents,  
For here is he, whose hand hath done the deed,  
For which they stand indicted at the bar,  
This savage villain, this rude Irish slave,  
His tongue already hath confessed the fact,  
And here is witness to confirm as much.

*sir John* Yes my good Lords, no sooner had he slain  
His loving master for the wealth he had,

But I upon the instant met with him,  
And what he purchased with the loss of blood:  
With strokes I presently bereaved him of,  
Some of the which is spent, the rest remaining,  
I willingly surrender to the hands  
Of old sir Richard Lee, as being his,  
Beside my Lord Judge, I greet your honor,  
With letters from my Lord of Winchester.

*delivers a letter.*

*Lee* Is this the wolf whose thirsty throat did drink  
My dear son's blood? art thou the snake  
He cherished, yet with envious piercing sting,  
Assailed'st him mortally? foul stigmatic,  
Thou venom of the country where thou livd'st,  
And pestilence of this: were it not that law  
Stands ready to revenge thy cruelty,  
Traitor to God, thy master, and to me,  
These hands should be thy executioner.

*Judge* Patience sir Richard Lee, you shall have justice,  
And he the guerdon of his base desert,  
The fact is odious, therefore take him hence,  
And being hanged until the wretch be dead,  
His body after shall be hanged in chains,  
Near to the place, where he did act the murder.

*Irishman* Prithee Lord shudge let me have mine own clothes,  
my strouces there, and let me be hanged in a with after my country,  
the Irish fashion. *exit.*

*Judge* Go to, away with him, and now sir John,  
Although by you, this murder came to light,  
And therein you have well deserved, yet upright law,  
So will not have you be excused and quit,  
For you did rob the Irishman, by which  
You stand attained here of felony,  
Beside, you have been lewd, and many years  
Led a lascivious unbeseeing life.

*sir John* Oh but my Lord, he repents, sir John repents and  
he will mend.

img: 41-a

wln 2702  
wln 2703  
wln 2704  
wln 2705  
wln 2706  
wln 2707  
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wln 2735  
wln 2736

*Judge* In hope thereof, together with the favor,  
My Lord of Winchester entreats for you,  
We are content you shall be proved.

*sir John* I thank your good Lordship.

*Judge* These other falsely here, accused, and brought  
In peril wrongfully, we in like sort  
Do set at liberty, paying their fees.

*Lord Powis* That office if it please ye I will do,  
For country's sake, because I know them well,  
They are my neighbors, therefore of my cost,  
Their charges shall be paid.

*Lee.* And for amends,  
Touching the wrong unwittingly I have done,  
There are a few crowns more for them to drink.

*gives them*

*Judge.* Your kindness merits praise sir Richard Lee, *a purse.*  
So let us hence. *exeunt all but Lord Powis and Oldcastle.*

*Lord Powis* But Powis still must stay,  
There yet remains a part of that true love,  
He owes his noble friend unsatisfied,  
And unperformed, which first of all doth bind me,  
To gratulate your lordship's safe delivery,  
And then entreat, that since unlooked for thus,  
We here are met, your honor would vouchsafe,  
To ride with me to Wales, where though my power,  
(Though not to quittance those great benefits,  
I have received of you) yet both my house,  
My purse, my servants, and what else I have,  
Are all at your command, deny me not,  
I know the Bishop's hate pursues ye so,  
As there's no safety in abiding here.

*Oldcastle* 'Tis true my Lord, and God forgive him for it.

*Lord Powis* Then let us hence, you shall be straight provided  
Of lusty geldings, and once entered Wales,  
Well may the Bishop hunt, but spite his face,  
He nevermore shall have the game in chase.

*exeunt.*

FINIS.

## Textual Notes

1. **326 (7-b)**: The regularized reading *thief* is supplied for the original *th[\*]efe*.
2. **328 (7-b)**: The regularized reading *spared* is supplied for the original *sp[\*\*\*\*]*.
3. **636 (12-a)**: The regularized reading *servingman* is amended from the original *seruingmaan*.
4. **683 (12-b)**: The regularized reading *old* is supplied for the original *o[\*]d*.
5. **802 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *Murley* is supplied for the original *[\*\*\*\*\*]*.
6. **802 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *Phew* is supplied for the original *[\*\*\*]*.
7. **802 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *Paltry* is supplied for the original *[\*]altry*.
8. **803 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *mercy* is supplied for the original *mer[\*\*\*]*.
9. **803 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *upon* is supplied for the original *[\*\*\*\*]*.
10. **803 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *us* is supplied for the original *[\*\*]*.
11. **803 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *what* is supplied for the original *[\*\*\*\*\*]*.
12. **838 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *out* is supplied for the original *o[·]*.
13. **838 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *,* is supplied for the original *[·]*.
14. **838 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *occasion* is supplied for the original *[····]sion*.
15. **839 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *spend* is supplied for the original *s[····]*.
16. **839 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *ten* is supplied for the original *[····]*.
17. **839 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *too* is supplied for the original *[··]*.
18. **1010 (17-a)**: The regularized reading *first* comes from the original *first*, though possible variants include *fifth*.
19. **1300 (21-a)**: The regularized reading *boikin* comes from the original *boikin*, though possible variants include *bodkin*.
20. **1515 (24-a)**: The regularized reading *they* is amended from the original *the*.
21. **1564 (25-a)**: The regularized reading *casting* is supplied for the original *[·]asting*.
22. **1593 (25-b)**: The regularized reading *swore* is supplied for the original *[····]*.
23. **1593 (25-b)**: The regularized reading *to* is supplied for the original *[·]*.
24. **1594 (25-b)**: The regularized reading *lusty* is supplied for the original *[····]*.
25. **1594 (25-b)**: The regularized reading *thief* is supplied for the original *[··]efe*.
26. **1595 (25-b)**: The regularized reading *Angel* is supplied for the original *Ang[·]*.
27. **1595 (25-b)**: The regularized reading *just* is supplied for the original *[·]ust*.
28. **1629 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *John* is supplied for the original *I[\*\*\*]*.
29. **1636 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *him* is amended from the original *hm*.
30. **1707 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Murley* is amended from the original *Mar.*
31. **2290 (35-a)**: The regularized reading *dizeard* comes from the original *dizeard*, though possible variants include *dizened*.
32. **2304 (35-a)**: Club is the Lancashire carrier.
33. **2304 (35-a)**: The regularized reading *dizard* comes from the original *dizard*, though possible variants include *dizened*.
34. **2359 (36-a)**: The regularized reading *guests* is amended from the original *guesse*.

35. 2638 (40-a): The regularized reading *bloody* is amended from the original *boudy*.