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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, Elizabeth Williamson, and Michael Poston, 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
sig: [N/A]

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ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003
ln 0004
ln 0005

The troublesome
raigne and lamentable death of
Edward *the second, King of*
England: with the tragicall
fall of proud Mortimer:

ln 0006
ln 0007
ln 0008
ln 0009
ln 0010

As it was sundrie times publiquely acted
in the honourable citie of London, by the
right honourable the Earle of Pem-
brooke his seruants.
Written by Chri. Marlow Gent.

ln 0011
ln 0012
ln 0013

Imprinted at London for *William Iones*
dwelling neere Holbourne conduit, at the
signe of the Gunne. 1594.

img: 2-a
sig: A1v

img: 2-b
sig: A2r

wln 0001
wln 0002
wln 0003
wln 0004

wln 0005
wln 0006

wln 0007
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wln 0009
wln 0010
wln 0011
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wln 0018
wln 0019
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wln 0021
wln 0022
wln 0023
wln 0024

The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the second, king of England: with the tragicall fall of proud Mortimer.

Enter Gauestone reading on a letter that was brought him from the king.

MY father is deceast, come *Gaueston*,
And share the kingdom with thy deerest friend
Ah words that make me surfet with delight:
What greater blisse can hap to *Gaueston*,
Then liue and be the fauorit of a king?
Sweete prince I come, these these thy amorous lines,
Might haue enforst me to haue swum from France,
And like *Leander* gaspt vpon the sande,
So thou wouldst smile and take me in thy armes.
The sight of London to my exiled eyes,
Is as Elizium to a new come soule,
Not that I loue the citie or the men,
But that it harbors him I hold so deare,
The king, vpon whose bosome let me die,
And with the world be still at enmitie:
What neede the artick people loue star-light,
To whom the sunne shines both by day and night.
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peeres,

A2

M[*]

The Tragedie

wln 0025
wln 0026
wln 0027
wln 0028
wln 0029
wln 0030
wln 0031
wln 0032
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wln 0054
wln 0055
wln 0056

My knee shall bowe to none but to the king,
As for the multitude that are but sparkes,
Rakt vp in embers of their pouertie,
Tanti: Ile fanne first on the winde,
That glaunceth at my lips and flieth away;
But how now, what are these?

Enter three poore men.

Poore men. Such as desire your worships seruice.

Gauest. What canst thou doe?

1. poore. I can ride.

Gauest. But I haue no horses. What art thou?

2. poore. A traueller.

Gauest. Let me see, thou wouldst do well

To waite at my trencher, & tell me lies at dinner time,

And as I like your discoursing, ile haue you.

And what art thou?

3. poore. A souldier, that hath seru'd against the Scot.

Gauest. Why there are hospitals for such as you,

I haue no warre, and therefore sir be gone.

Sold. Farewell, and perish by a souldiers hand,

That wouldst reward them with an hospitall.

Gau. I, I, these wordes of his moue me as much,

As if a Goose should play the Porpentine,

And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my brest,

But yet it is no paine to speake men faire,

Ile flatter these, and make them liue in hope:

You know that I came lately out of France,

And yet I haue not viewd my Lord the king,

If I speed well, ile entertaine you all.

Omnes. We thanke your worship.

Gauest. I haue some busines, leaue me to my selfe.

Omnes. We will wait heere about the court.

Exeunt.

Gauest.

of Edward the second.

wln 0057 *Gauest.* Do: these are not men for me,
wln 0058 I must haue wanton Poets, pleasant wits,
wln 0059 Musicians, that with touching of a string
wln 0060 May draw the pliant king which way I please:
wln 0061 Musicke and poetrie is his delight,
wln 0062 Therefore ile haue Italian maskes by night,
wln 0063 Sweete speeches, comedies, and pleasing showes,
wln 0064 And in the day when he shall walke abroad,
wln 0065 Like *Siluian* Nimphes my pages shall be clad,
wln 0066 My men like Satyres grazing on the lawnes,
wln 0067 Shall with their Goate feete daunce an antick hay,
wln 0068 Sometime a louelie boye in *Dians* shape,
wln 0069 With haire that gilds the water as it glides,
wln 0070 Crownets of pearle about his naked armes,
wln 0071 And in his sportfull hands an Oliue tree,
wln 0072 To hide those parts which men delight to see,
wln 0073 Shall bathe him in a spring, and there hard by,
wln 0074 One like *Actæon* peeping through the groue,
wln 0075 Shall by the angrie goddessse be transformde,
wln 0076 And running in the likenes of an Hart,
wln 0077 By yelping hounds puld downe, and seeme to die,
wln 0078 Such things as these best please his maiestie.
wln 0079 My lord, heere comes the king and the nobles
wln 0080 From the parlament, ile stand aside.

wln 0081 *Enter the King, Lancaster, Mortimer senior, Mortimer*
wln 0082 *iunior, Edmund Earle of Kent, Guie Earle of War-*
wln 0083 *wicke, &c.*

wln 0084 *Edward.* Lancaster.
wln 0085 *Lancast.* My Lorde.
wln 0086 *Gauest.* That Earle of Lancaster do I abhorre.

A3

Edwa.

The Tragedie

wln 0087
wln 0088
wln 0089
wln 0090
wln 0091
wln 0092
wln 0093
wln 0094
wln 0095
wln 0096
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wln 0117
wln 0118

Edw. Will you not graunt me this? in spight of them
Ile haue my will, and these two *Mortimers*,
That crosse me thus, shall know I am displeasd.

Mor. se. If you loue vs my lord, hate *Gaueston*.

Gauest. That villaine *Mortimer* ile be his death.

Mor. iu. Mine vnckle heere, this Earle, & I my selfe,
Were sworne to your father at his death,
That he should nere returne into the realme:
And know my lord, ere I will breake my oath,
This sword of mine that should offend your foes,
Shall sleepe within the scabberd at thy neede,
And vnderneath thy banners march who will,
For *Mortimer* will hang his armor vp.

Gauest. *Mort. dieu.*

Edw. Well *Mortimer*, ile make thee rue these words,
Beseemes it thee to contradict thy king?
Frownst thou thereat aspiring Lancaster,
The sworde shall plane the furrowes of thy browes,
And hew these knees that now are growne so stiffe,
I will haue *Gaueston*, and you shall know,
What danger tis to stand against your king.

Gauest. Well doone, *Ned.*

Lan. My lord, why do you thus incense your peeres,
That naturally would loue and honour you:
But for that base and obscure *Gaueston*,
Foure Earldomes haue I besides Lancaster,
Darbie, Salsburie, Lincolne, Leicester,
These will I sell to giue my souldiers paye,
Ere *Gaueston* shall stay within the realme,
Therefore if he be come, expell him straight.

Edm. Barons & Earls, your pride hath made me mute,
But now ile speake, and to the prooffe I hope:

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wln 0120
wln 0121
wln 0122
wln 0123
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wln 0150

I do remember in my fathers dayes,
Lord *Percie* of the North being highly mou'd,
Brau'd *Mowberie* in presence of the king,
For which, had not his highnes lou'd him well,
He should haue lost his head, but with his looke,
The vndaunted spirit of *Percie* was appeasd,
And *Mowberie* and he were reconcild:
Yet dare you braue the king vnto his face,
Brother reuenge it, and let these their heads,
Preach vpon poles for trespasse of their tongues.
Warwicke. O our heads.
Edw. I yours, and therefore I would wish you graunt.
Warw. Bridle thy anger gentle *Mortimer*.
Mor. iu. I cannot, nor I will not, I must speake,
Cosin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten vs.
Come vnckle, let vs leaue the brainsick king,
And henceforth parle with our naked swords.
Mor. se. Wilshire hath men enough to saue our heads.
Warw. All Warwickshire will loue him for my sake.
Lanc. And Northward *Gaueston* hath many friends,
Adew my Lord, and either change your minde,
Or looke to see the throne where you should sit,
To floate in bloud, and at thy wanton head,
The glozing head of thy base minion throwne.
Exeunt Nobiles.
Edw. I cannot brooke these hautie menaces:
Am I a king and must be ouer rulde?
Brother displaie my ensignes in the field,
Ile bandie with the Barons and the Earles,
And eyther die, or liue with *Gaueston*.
Gau. I can no longer keepe me from my lord.

Edw.

The Tragedie

Edw. What *Gaueston*, welcome: kis not my hand,
Embrace me *Gaueston* as I do thee:

Why shouldst thou kneele,
Knowest thou not who I am?

Thy friend, thy selfe, another *Gaueston*,
Not *Hilas* was more mourned of *Hercules*,
Then thou hast beene of me since thy exile.

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

Edw. I know it, brother welcome home my friend,
Now let the treacherous *Mortimers* conspire,
And that high minded earle of Lancaster,
I haue my wish, in that *I* ioy thy sight,
And sooner shall the sea orewhelme my land,
Then beare the ship that shall transport thee hence:
I heere create thee Lord high Chamberlaine,
Cheefe Secretarie to the state and me,
Earle of Cornewall, king and lord of Man.

Gauest. My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

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

Edw. Cease brother, for I cannot brooke these words,
Thy woorth sweet friend is far aboue my guifts,
Therefore to equall it receiue my hart,
If for these dignities thou be enuied,
Ile giue thee more, for but to honour thee,
Is *Edward* pleazd with kinglie regiment.
Fearst thou thy person? thou shalt haue a guard:
Wants thou gold? go to my treasure,
Wouldst thou be loude and fearde? receiue my seale,
Saue or condemne, and in our name commaund,
What so thy minde affectes or fancie likes.

Gaue.

wln 0183
wln 0184
wln 0185
wln 0186

wln 0187
wln 0188
wln 0189
wln 0190
wln 0191
wln 0192
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wln 0212
wln 0213
wln 0214

of Edward the second.

Gaue. It shall suffice me to enioy your loue,
Which whiles I haue, I thinke my selfe as great,
As *Cæsar* riding in the Romaine streete,
With captiue kings at his triumphant Carre.

Enter the Bishop of Couentrie.

Edw. Whether goes my Lord of Couentrie so fast?

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

Edw. I priest, and liues to be reuengd on thee,
That wert the onely cause of his exile.

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

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

Gaue. Sauing your reuerence, you must pardon me.

Edw. Throwe of his golden miter, rend his stole,
And in the channell christen him a new.

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

Gaue. Let him complaine vnto the sea of hell,
Ile be reuengd on him for my exile.

Edw. No, spare his life, but seaze vpon his goods,
Be thou lord bishop, and receiue his rents,
And make him serue thee as thy chaplaine,
I giue him thee, here vse him as thou wilt.

Gaue. He shall to prison, and there die in boult.

Edw. I to the tower, the fleete, or where thou wilt.

Bish. For this offence be thou accurst of God.

Edw. Whose there? conueie this priest to the tower.

Bish. True, true.

B

Edw.

The Tragedie

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

Gaue. What should a priest do with so faire a house?
A prison may be seeme his holinesse.

*Enter both the Mortimers, Warwicke,
and Lancaster.*

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

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

Mor. iu. Wel, let that peeuish Frenchmā guard him sure
Vnlesse his brest be sword prooffe he shall die.

Mor. se. How now, why droops the earle of Lancaster?

Mor. iu. Wherefore is *Guy* of Warwicke discontent?

Lan. That villaine *Gaueston* is made an Earle.

Mortim. sen. An Earle!

War. I, and besides, lord Chamberlaine of the realme,
And secretary to, and lord of Man.

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

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

Lan. My lord of Cornewall, now at euery worde,
And happie is the man, whom he vouchsafes
For vailing of his bonnet one good looke,
Thus arme in arme, the king and he dooth marche:
Nay more, the garde vpon his lordship waites:
And all the court begins to flatter him.

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

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

Lan.

wln 0215
wln 0216
wln 0217
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wln 0276
wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280

of Edward the second.

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

Mor. iu. Ah that bewraies their basenes Lancaster,
Were all the Earles and Barons of my minde,
Weele hale him from the bosome of the king,
And at the court gate hang the pessant vp,
Who swolne with venome of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruine of the realme and vs.

Enter the Bishop of Canterburie.

War. Here comes my lord of Canterburies grace.

Lan. His countenance bewraies he is displeasd.

Bish. First were his sacred garments rent and torne,
Then laide they violent hands vpon him next,
Himselfe imprisoned, and his goods asceasd,
This certifie the Pope, away take horsse.

Lan. My lord, will you take armes against the king?

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

Mor. iu. Then wil you ioine with vs that be his peeres
To banish or behead that *Gaueston*?

Bish. VVhat els my lords, for it concernes me neere,
The Bishoprick of Couentrie is his.

Enter the Queene.

Mor. iu. Madam, whether walks your maiestie so fast?

Que. Vnto the forrest gentle *Mortimer*,
To liue in greefe and balefull discontent,
For now my lord the king regards me not,
But dotes vpon the loue of *Gaueston*,
He claps his cheekes, and hanges about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his eares,
And when I come, he frownes, as who should say,
Go whether thou wilt seeing I haue *Gaueston*.

Mor. se. Is it not straunge, that he is thus bewicht?

Mor. iu. Madam, returne vnto the court againe:

The Tragedie

wln 0281

That slie inueigling Frenchman weele exile,

wln 0282

Or lose our liues: and yet ere that day come,

wln 0283

The king shall lose his crowne, for we haue power,

wln 0284

And courage to, to be reuengde at full.

wln 0285

Bish. But yet lift not your swords against the king.

wln 0286

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

wln 0287

War. And war must be the meanes, or heele stay stil.

wln 0288

Queen. Then let him stay, for rather then my lord

wln 0289

Shall be opprest by ciuill mutinies,

wln 0290

I wil endure a melancholie life,

wln 0291

And let him frolick with his minion.

wln 0292

Bish. My lords, to eaze all this, but heare me speake,

wln 0293

VVe and the rest that are his counsellors,

wln 0294

VVill meete, and with a generall consent,

wln 0295

Confirme his banishment with our handes and seales.

wln 0296

Lan. VVhat we confirme the king will frustrate.

wln 0297

Mor. iu. Then may we lawfully reuolt from him.

wln 0298

War. But say my lord, where shall this meeting bee?

wln 0299

Bish. At the new temple.

wln 0300

Mor. iu. Content:

wln 0301

And in the meane time ile intreat you all,

wln 0302

To crosse to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

wln 0303

Lan. Come then lets away.

wln 0304

Mor. iu. Madam farewell.

wln 0305

Qu. Farewell sweet *Mortimer*, and for my sake,

wln 0306

Forbeare to leuie armes against the king.

wln 0307

Mor. iu. I, if words will serue, if not, I must.

wln 0308

Enter Gaueston and the earle of Kent.

wln 0309

Gau. *Edmund* the mightie prince of Lancaster,

wln 0310

That hath more earldomes then an asse can beare,

wln 0311

And both the *Mortimers* two goodly men,

wln 0312

VVith *Guie* of VVarwick that redoubted knight,

Are

of Edward the second.

wln 0313
wln 0314

Are gone towards Lambeth, there let them remaine.

Exeunt.

wln 0315
wln 0316
wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321
wln 0322
wln 0323

Enter Nobiles.

Lan. Here is the forme of *Gauestons* exile:
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.

Bish. Giue me the paper.

Lan. Quick quick my lorde,
I long to write my name.

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

Mor. iu. The name of *Mortimer* shall fright the king,
Vnlesse he be declinde from that base pesant.

wln 0324
wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332
wln 0333
wln 0334
wln 0335
wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342
wln 0343

Enter the King and Gaueston.

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

Lan. Your grace doth wel to place him by your side,
For no where else the new earle is so safe.

Mor. se. VVhat man of noble birth can brooke this
sight?

Quam male conueniunt:

See what a scornfull looke the pesant casts.

Penb. Can kinglie Lions fawne on creeping Ants?

War. Ignoble vassaile that like *Phaeton*,
Aspir'st vnto the guidance of the sunne.

Mor. iu. Their downfall is at hand, their forces downe,
VVe will not thus be facst and ouerpeerd.

Edw. Lay hands on that traitor *Mortimer*.

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

Kent. Is this the dutie that you owe your king?

War. VVe know our duties, let him know his peeres.

Edw. Whether will you beare him, stay or ye shall die,

Mor. se. VVe are no traitors, therefore threaten not.

B3

Gau.

The Tragedie

wln 0344
wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347
wln 0348
wln 0349
wln 0350
wln 0351
wln 0352
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wln 0364
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wln 0368
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wln 0370
wln 0371
wln 0372
wln 0373
wln 0374
wln 0375
wln 0376

Gau. No, threaten not my lord, but pay them home.
VVere I a king.
Mor. iu. Thou villaine, wherfore talkes thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?
Edw. VVere he a peasant being my minion,
Ile make the prowdest of you stoope to him.
Lan. My lord, you may not thus disparage vs,
Away I say with hatefull *Gaueston*.
Mort. se. And with the earle of Kent that fauors him.
Edw. Nay, then lay violent hands vpon your king,
Here *Mortimer*, sit thou in *Edwards* throne,
Warwicke and *Lancaster*, weare you my crowne,
VVas euer king thus ouer rulde as I?
Lan. Learne then to rule vs better and the realme.
Mor. iu. VVhat we haue done,
our hart bloud shall maintaine.
War. Think you that we can brooke this vpstart pride?
Edw. Anger and wrathfull furie stops my speech.
Bish. VVhy are you moou'd, be patient my lord,
And see what we your councellers haue done.
Mor. iu. My lords, now let vs all be resolute,
And either haue our wils, or lose our liues.
Edw. Meete you for this, proud ouerdaring peeres,
Ere my sweete *Gaueston* shall part from me,
This Ile shall fleete vpon the Ocean,
And wander to the vnfrequented Inde.
Bish. You know that I am legate to the Pope,
On your allegeance to the sea of Rome,
Subscribe as we haue done to his exile.
Mor. iu. Curse him, if he refuse, and then may we
Depose him and elect an other king.
Edw. I there it goes, but yet *I* will not yeeld,
Curse me, depose me, doe the worst you can.

Lan.

wln 0377
wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382
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wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409

of Edward the second.

Lan. Then linger not my lord but do it straight.

Bish. Remember how the Bishop was abusde,
Either banish him that was the cause thereof.

Or *I* will presentlie discharge these lords,
Of dutie and allegiance due to thee.

Edw. It bootes me not to threat, *I* must speake faire,
The Legate of the Pope will be obeyd:
My lord, you shalbe Chauncellor of the realme,
Thou Lancaster, high admirall of our fleete,
Yong *Mortimer* and his vnckle shalbe earles,
And you lord *VVarwick*, president of the North,
And thou of *VVales*, if this content you not,
Make seuerall kingdomes of this monarchie,
And share it equally amongst you all,
So *I* may haue some nooke or corner left,
To frolike with my deerest *Gaueston*.

Bish. Nothing shall alter vs, wee are resolu'd.

Lan. Come, come, subscribe.

Mor. iu. *VV*hy should you loue him,
whome the world hates so?

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

Warwicke. You that are princely borne should shake
him off,
For shame subscribe, and let the lowne depart.

Mor. se. Vrge him my lord.

Bish. Are you content to banish him the realme?

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

Mor. iu. The king is loue-sick for his minion.

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

Lan.

The Tragedie

wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413
wln 0414
wln 0415
wln 0416
wln 0417
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wln 0419
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wln 0425
wln 0426
wln 0427
wln 0428

Lan. Giue it me, ile haue it published in the streetes.
Mor. in. Ile see him presently dispatched away.
Bish. Now is my heart at ease.
Warw. And so is mine.
Penb. This will be good newes to the common sort.
Mor. se. Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

Exeunt Nobiles.

Edw. How fast they run to banish him *I* loue,
They would not stir, were it to do me good:
Why should a king be subiect to a priest?
Proud Rome, that hatchest such imperiall groomes,
For these thy superstitious taperlights,
Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,
Ile fire thy crased buildings, and enforce
The papall towers, to kisse the lowlie ground,
With slaughtered priests may *Tibers* channell swell
And bankes raisd higher with their sepulchers:
As for the peeres that backe the cleargie thus,
If *I* be king, not one of them shall liue.

Enter Gaueston.

Gau. My lord I heare it whispered euery where,
That *I* am banishd, and must flie the land.

Edw. Tis true sweete *Gaueston*, oh were it false,
The Legate of the Pope will haue it so,
And thou must hence, or *I* shall be deposd,
But *I* will raigne to be reueng'd of them,
And therefore sweete friend, take it patiently,
Lieu where thou wilt, ile send thee gould enough,
And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou doost,
Ile come to thee, my loue shall neare decline.

Gau. Is all my hope turnd to this hell of greefe.

Edw. Rend not my hart with thy too piercing words,

Thou

wln 0429
wln 0430
wln 0431
wln 0432
wln 0433
wln 0434
wln 0435
wln 0436
wln 0437
wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441

of Edward the second.

wln 0442

Thou from this land, I from my selfe am banisht.

wln 0443

Gau. To go from hence, grieues not poore *Gaueston*,

wln 0444

But to forsake you, in whose gracious lookes

wln 0445

The blessednes of *Gaueston* remaines,

wln 0446

For no where else seekes he felicitie.

wln 0447

Edw. And onely this torments my wretched soule,

wln 0448

That whether *I* will or no thou must depart:

wln 0449

Be gouernour of Ireland in my stead,

wln 0450

And there abide till fortune call thee home.

wln 0451

Here take my picture, and let me weare thine,

wln 0452

O might I keepe thee heere, as I doe this,

wln 0453

Happie were I, but now most miserable.

wln 0454

Gauest. Tis something to be pitied of a king.

wln 0455

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

wln 0456

Gau. I shal be found, and then twil grieue me more.

wln 0457

Edwa. Kinde wordes, and mutuall talke, makes our

wln 0458

greefe greater.

wln 0459

Therefore with dum imbracement let vs part,

wln 0460

Stay *Gaueston* I cannot leaue thee thus.

wln 0461

Gau. For euey looke, my lord drops downe a teare,

wln 0462

Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.

wln 0463

Edwa. The time is little that thou hast to stay,

wln 0464

And therefore giue me leaue to looke my fill,

wln 0465

But come sweete friend, ile beare thee on thy way.

wln 0466

Gau. The peeres will frowne.

wln 0467

Edw. I passe not for their anger, come lets go,

wln 0468

O that we might as well returne as goe.

wln 0469

Enter Edmund and Queen Isabell.

wln 0470

Qu. Whether goes my lord?

wln 0471

Edw. Fawne not on me French strumpet, get thee gone.

wln 0472

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

wln 0473

The Tragedie

wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479
wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
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wln 0503
wln 0504
wln 0505
wln 0506

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

Qu. In saying this, thou wrongst me *Gaueston*,
Ist not enough, that thou corrupts my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honor thus in question?

Gau. I meane not so, your grace must pardon me.

Edw. Thou art too familiar with that *Mortimer*,
And by thy meanes is *Gaueston* exilde,
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt nere be reconcild to me.

Qu. Your highnes knowes, it lies not in my power.

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

Qu. Villaine, tis thou that robst me of my lord.

Gau. Madam, tis you that rob me of my lord.

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

Qu. Wherein my lord, haue I deserud these words?
Witnesse the teares that *Isabella* sheds,
Witnesse this hart, that sighing for thee breakes,
How deare my lord is to poore *Isabell*.

Edw. And witnesse heauen how deere thou art to me.
There weepe, for till my *Gaueston* be repeald,
Assure thy selfe thou comst not in my sight.

Exeunt Edward and Gaueston.

Qu. O miserable and distressed Queene!
Would when I left sweet France and was imbarckt,
That charming *Circes* walking on the waues,
Had chaungd my shape, or at the mariage day
The cup of *Hymen* had beene full of poyson,
Or with those armes that twind about my neck,
I had beene stifled, and not liued to see,
The king my lord thus to abandon me:
Like frantick *Iuno* will I fill the earth,

With

wln 0507
wln 0508
wln 0509
wln 0510
wln 0511
wln 0512
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wln 0538
wln 0539

With gastlie murmure of my sighes and cries,
For neuer doted *Ioue* on *Ganimed*,
So much as he on cursed *Gaueston*,
But that will more exasperate his wrath,
I must entreat him, I must speake him faire,
And be a meanes to call home *Gaueston*:
And yet heele euer dote on *Gaueston*,
And so am I for euer miserable.

Enter the Nobles to the Queene.

Lanc. Looke where the sister of the king of Fraunce,
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her brest.

Warw. The king I feare hath ill intreated her.

Pen. Hard is the hart, that iniures such a saint.

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

Mor. se. Why? he is gone.

Mor. iu. Madam, how fares your grace?

Qu. Ah *Mortimer*! now breaks the kings hate forth,
And he confesseth that he loues me not.

Mor. iu. Crie quittance Madam then, & loue not him.

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

Lan. Feare ye not Madam, now his minions gone,
His wanton humor will be quicklie left.

Qu. O neuer Lancaster! I am inioynde,
To sue vnto you all for his repeale:

This wils my lord, and this must I performe,
Or else be banisht from his highnesse presence.

Lan. For his repeale, Madam, he comes not back,
Vnlesse the sea cast vp his shipwrack body.

War. And to behold so sweete a sight as that,
Theres none here, but would run his horse to death.

Mor. iu. But madam, would you haue vs cal him home?

Qu. *I Mortimer*, for till he be restorde,

The Tragedie

wln 0540
wln 0541
wln 0542
wln 0543
wln 0544
wln 0545
wln 0546
wln 0547
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wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570
wln 0571
wln 0572

The angrie king hath banished me the court:
And therefore as thou louest and tendrest me,
Be thou my aduocate vnto these peeres.
Mor. iu. What, would ye haue me plead for *Gaueston*?
Mor. se. Plead for him he that will, I am resolute.
Lan. And so am I my lord, diswade the Queene.
Qu. O *Lancaster*, let him diswade the king,
For tis against my will he should returne.
War. Then speake not for him, let the pesant go.
Qu. Tis for my selfe I speake, and not for him.
Pen. No speaking will preuaile, and therefore cease.
Mor. iu. Faire Queene forbear to angle for the fish,
Which being caught, strikes him that takes it dead,
I meane that vile *Torpedo*, *Gaueston*,
That now I hope flotes on the Irish seas.
Qu. Sweete *Mortimer*, sit downe by me a while,
And I will tell thee reasons of such waighte,
As thou wilt soone subscribe to his repeale.
Mor. iu. It is impossible, but speake your minde.
Qu. Then thus, but none shal heare it but our selues.
Lanc. My Lords albeit the Queen winne *Mortimer*,
will you be resolute and hold with me?
Mor. se. Not I against my nephew.
Pen. Feare not, the queens words cannot alter him.
War. No, doe but marke how earnestly she pleads.
Lan. And see how coldly his lookes make deniall.
War. She smiles, now for my life his mind is changd.
Lanc. Ile rather loose his friendship I, then graunt.
Mor. iu. Well of necessitie it must be so,
My Lords, that *I* abhorre base *Gaueston*,
I hope your honors make no question,
And therefore though *I* pleade for his repeall,
Tis not for his sake, but for our auaile:

wln 0573
wln 0574
wln 0575
wln 0576
wln 0577
wln 0578
wln 0579
wln 0580
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wln 0603
wln 0604
wln 0605

Nay for the realms behoofe and for the kings.
Lanc. Fie *Mortimer*, dishonor not thy selfe,
Can this be true twas good to banish him?
And is this true to call him home againe?
Such reasons make white blacke, and darke night day.
Mor. iu. My Lord of Lancaster, marke the respect.
Lan. In no respect can contraries be true.
Qu. Yet good my lord, heare what he can alledge.
War. All that he speakes, is nothing, we are resolu'd.
Mor. iu. Do you not wish that *Gaueston* were dead?
Pen. I would he were.
Mor. iu. Why then my lord, giue me but leaue to speak.
Mor. se. But nephew, do not play the sophister.
Mor. iu. This which I vrge, is of a burning zeale,
To mend the king, and do our countrie good:
Know you not *Gaueston* hath store of golde,
Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,
As he will front the mightiest of vs all,
And whereas he shall liue and be beloude,
Tis hard for vs to worke his ouerthrow.
War. Marke you but that my lord of Lancaster.
Mor. iu. But were he here, detested as he is,
How easilie might some base slaue be subbornd,
To greet his lordship with a poniard,
And none so much as blame the murtherer,
But rather praise him for that braue attempt,
And in the Chronicle, enrowle his name,
For purging of the realme of such a plague.
Pen. He saith true.
Lan. I, but how chance this was not done before?
Mor. iu. Because my lords, it was not thought vpon:
Nay more, when he shall know it lies in vs,
To banish him, and then to call him home,

The Tragedie

wln 0606
wln 0607
wln 0608
wln 0609
wln 0610
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wln 0633
wln 0634

Twill make him vaile the topflag of his pride,
And feare to offend the meanest noble man.
Mor. se. But how if he do not Nephew?
Mor. iu. Then may we with some colour rise in armes,
For howsoeuer we haue borne it out,
Tis treason to be vp against the king,
So shall we haue the people of our side,
Which for his fathers sake leane to the king,
But cannot brooke a night growne mushrump,
Such a one as my Lord of Cornwall is,
Should beare vs downe of the nobilitie,
And when the commons and the nobles ioyne,
Tis not the king can buckler *Gaueston*.
Weele pull him from the strongest hould he hath,
My lords, if to performe this I be slack,
Thinke me as base a groome as *Gaueston*.
Lan. On that condition Lancaster will graunt.
War. And so will *Penbrooke* and *I*.
Mor. se. And *I*.
Mor. iu. In this *I* count me highly gratified,
And *Mortimer* will rest at your commaund.
Qu. And when this fauour *Isabell* forgets,
Then let her liue abandond and forlorne,
But see in happie time, my lord the king,
Hauing brought the Earle of Cornwall on his way,
Is new returnd, this newes will glad him much,
Yet not so much as me, *I* loue him more
Then he can *Gaueston*, would he lou'd me
But halfe so much, then were *I* treble blest.

wln 0635
wln 0636
wln 0637

Enter king Edward moorning.
Edw. Hees gone, and for his absence thus *I* moorne,
Did neuer sorrow go so neere my heart,

wln 0638
wln 0639
wln 0640
wln 0641
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wln 0667
wln 0668
wln 0669
wln 0670

As dooth the want of my sweete *Gaueston*,
And could my crownes reuenew bring him back,
I would freelie giue it to his enemies,
And thinke *I* gaind, hauing bought so deare a friend.
Qu. Harke how he harpes vpon his minion.
Edw. My heart is as an anuill vnto sorrow,
Which beates vpon it like the Cyclops hammers,
And with the noise turnes vp my giddie braine,
And makes me frantick for my *Gaueston*:
Ah had some bloudlesse furie rose from hell,
And with my kinglie scepter stroke me dead,
When *I* was forst to leaue my *Gaueston*.
Lan. *Diablo*, what passions call you these
Qu. My gracious lord, *I* come to bring you newes.
Edw. That you haue parled with your *Mortimer*.
Qu. That *Gaueston* my Lord shalbe repeald.
Edw. Repeald, the newes is too sweet to be true.
Qu. But will you loue me, if you finde it so?
Edw. If it be so, what will not *Edward* do?
Qu. For *Gaueston*, but not for *Isabell*.
Edw. For thee faire Queene, if thou louest *Gaueston*,
Ile hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good successe.
Qu. No other iewels hang about my neck
Then these my lord, nor let me haue more wealth,
Then *I* may fetch from this ritch treasure:
O how a kisse reuiues poore *Isabell*.
Edw. Once more receiue my hand, and let this be,
A second mariage twixt thy selfe and me.
Qu. And may it prooue more happie then the first,
My gentle lord, bespeake these nobles faire,
That waite attendance for a gracious looke,
And on their knees salute your maiestie.

The Tragedie

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

Lan. This salutation ouerioyes my heart.

Edw. Warwick, shalbe my chiefest counseller:
These siluer hairees will more adorne my court,
Then gaudie silkes, or rich imbrotherie,
Chide me sweete Warwick, if *I* go astray.

War. Slay me my lord, when *I* offend your grace.

Edw. In sollemne triumphes, and in publike showes,
Penbrooke shall beare the sword before the king.

Pen. And with this sword, *Penbrooke* wil fight for you.

Edw. But wherefore walkes yong *Mortimer* aside?
Be thou commaunder of our royall fleete,
Or if that loftie office like thee not,
I make thee heere lord Marshall of the realme.

Mor. iu. My lord, ile marshall so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

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

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

Qu. Now is the king of England riche and strong.
Hauing the loue of his renowned peeres.

Edw. *I Isabell*, nere was my heart so light,
Clarke of the crowne, direct our warrant forth,
For *Gaueston* to Ireland: *Beamont* flie,
As fast as *Iris*, or *Ioues Mercurie*.

Beam. It shalbe done my gracious Lord.

Edw.

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of Edward the second.

wln 0704
wln 0705
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wln 0736

Edw. Lord *Mortimer*, we leaue you to your charge:
Now let vs in, and feast it roiallie:
Against our friend the earle of Cornewall comes,
Weele haue a generall tilt and turnament,
And then his mariage shalbe solemnized,
For wot you not that I haue made him sure,
Vnto our cosin, the earle of Glosters heire.

Lan. Such newes we heare my lord.

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

Warwick. In this, or ought, your highnes shall com-
maund vs.

Edward. Thankes gentle Warwick, come lets in and
reuell.

Exeunt.

Manent Mortimers.

Mor. se. Nephue, I must to Scotland, thou staiest here,
Leaue now to oppose thy selfe against the king,
Thou seest by nature he is milde and calme,
And seeing his minde so dotes on *Gaueston*,
Let him without controulement haue his will,
The mightiest kings haue had their minions,
Great *Alexander* loude *Ephestion*,
The conquering *Hector*, for *Hilas* wept,
And for *Patroclus* sterne *Achillis* droopt,
And not kings onelie, but the wisest men,
The Romaine *Tullie* loued *Octauius*,
Graue *Socrates*, wilde *Alcibiades*:
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enioy that vaine light-headed earle,
For riper yeares will weane him from such toyes.

Mor. iu. Vnckle, his wanton humor greeues not me,

D

But

The Tragedie

wln 0737
wln 0738
wln 0739
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wln 0769

But this *I* scorne, that one so baselie borne,
Should by his soueraignes fauour grow so pert,
And riote it with the treasure of the realme,
While souldiers mutinie for want of paie,
He weares a lords reuenewe on his back,
And *Midas* like he iets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heeles,
Whose proud fantastick liueries make such show,
As if that *Proteus* god of shapes appearde,
I haue not seene a dapper iack so briske,
He weares a short Italian hooded cloake,
Larded with pearle, and in his tuskan cap
A iewell of more value then the crowne,
Whiles other walke below, the king and he
From out a window, laugh at such as we,
And floute our traine, and iest at our attire:
Vnckle, tis this that makes me impatient.

Mor. se. But nephew, now you see the king is changd.

Mor. iu. Then so am I, and liue to do him seruice,
But whiles *I* haue a sword, a hand, a hart,
I will not yeeld to any such vpstart.
You know my minde, come vnckle lets away.

Exeunt.

Enter Spencer and Balduck.

Bald. *Spencer*, seeing that our Lord th'earle of Glosters dead,

Which of the nobles dost thou meane to serue?

Spen. Not *Mortimer*, nor any of his side,
Because the king and he are enemies,

Baldock: learne this of me, a factious lord
Shall hardly do himselfe good, much lesse vs,
But he that hath the fauour of a king,
May with one word, aduaunce vs while we liue:

The

wln 0770
wln 0771
wln 0772
wln 0773
wln 0774
wln 0775
wln 0776
wln 0777
wln 0778
wln 0779
wln 0780
wln 0781
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wln 0794
wln 0795
wln 0796
wln 0797
wln 0798
wln 0799
wln 0800
wln 0801
wln 0802

The liberall earle of Cornewall is the man,
On whose good fortune *Spencers* hope depends.
Bald. What, meane you then to be his follower?
Spen. No, his companion, for he loues me well,
And would haue once preferd me to the king.
Bald. But he is banisht, theres small hope of him.
Spen. I for a while, but *Baldock* marke the end,
A friend of mine told me in secrecie,
That hees repeald, and sent for back againe,
And euen now, a poast came from the court,
With letters to our ladie from the King,
And as she red, she smild, which makes me thinke,
It is about her louer *Gaueston*.
Bald. Tis like enough, for since he was exild,
She neither walkes abroad, nor comes in sight:
But I had thought the match had beene broke off,
And that his banishment had changd her minde.
Spen. Our Ladies first loue is not wauering,
My life for thine she will haue *Gaueston*.
Bald. Then hope *I* by her meanes to be preferd,
Hauing read vnto her since she was a childe.
Spen. Then *Balduck*, you must cast the scholler off,
And learne to court it like a Gentleman,
Tis not a black coate and a little band,
A Veluet cap'de cloake, fac'st before with Serge,
And smelling to a Nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a tables end,
Or making lowe legs to a noble man,
Or looking downward, with your eye lids close,
And saying, trulie ant may please your honor,
Can get you any fauour with great men,
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,

The Tragedie

wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805
wln 0806
wln 0807
wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812
wln 0813
wln 0814
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wln 0831
wln 0832
wln 0833
wln 0834
wln 0835

And now and then, stab as occasion serues.
Bald. *Spencer*, thou knowest I hate such formall toies,
And vse them but of meere hypocrisie.
Mine old lord whiles he liude, was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And being like pins heads, blame me for the bignesse,
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough,
And apt for any kinde of villanie.
I am none of these common **pendants** *I*,
That cannot speake without *propterea quod*.
Spen. But one of those that saith *quandoquidem*,
And hath a speciall gift to forme a verbe.
Bald. Leauē of this iesting, here my lady comes.
Enter the Ladie.
Lady. The greefe for his exile was not so much,
As is the ioy of his returning home,
This letter came from my sweete *Gaueston*,
VVhat needst thou loue, thus to excuse thy selfe?
I know thou couldst not come and visit me,
I will not long be from thee though *I* die:
This argues the entire loue of my Lord,
VVhen I forsake thee, death seaze on my heart,
But rest thee here where *Gaueston* shall sleepe.
Now to the letter of my Lord the King,
He wils me to repaire vnto the court,
And meete my *Gaueston*: why do I stay,
Seeing that he talkes thus of my mariage day?
VVhose there, *Balduck*?
See that my coche be readie, I must hence.
Bald. It shall be done madam. *Exit.*
Lad. And meete me at the parke pale presentlie:
Spencer, stay you and beare me companie,

For

of Edward the second.

wln 0836
wln 0837
wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849
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wln 0859
wln 0860
wln 0861
wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868

For I haue ioyfull newes to tell thee of,
My lord of Cornewall is a comming ouer,
And will be at the court as soone as we.
Spen. I knew the King would haue him home againe.
Lad. If all things sort out, as *I* hope they will,
Thy seruice *Spencer* shalbe thought vpon.
Spen. I humbly thanke your Ladieship.
Lad. Come lead the way, *I* long till I am there.
Enter Edward, the Queene, Lancaster, Mortimer,
Warwicke, Penbrooke, Kent, attendants.
Edw. The winde is good, *I* wonder why he stayes,
I feare me he is wrackt vpon the sea.
Queen. Looke *Lancaster* how passionate he is,
And still his minde runs on his minion.
Lan. My Lord.
Edw. How now, what newes, is *Gaueston* arriude?
Mor. i. Nothing but *Gaueston*, what means your grace?
You haue matters of more waight to thinke vpon,
The King of Fraunce sets foote in Normandie.
Edw. A trifle, weele expell him when we please:
But tell me *Mortimer*, whats thy deuise,
Against the stately triumph we decreed?
Mor. A homely one my lord, not worth the telling.
Edw. Prethee let me know it.
Mor. iu. But seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:
A loftie Cedar tree faire flourishing,
On whose top-branches Kinglie Eagles perch,
And by the barke a canker creepes me vp,
And gets vnto the highest bough of all,
The motto: *Æque tandem.*
Edw. And what is yours my lord of *Lancaster*?
Lan. My lord, mines more obscure then *Mortimers*,
Plinie reports, there is a flying Fish,

The Tragedie

wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
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wln 0892
wln 0893
wln 0894
wln 0895
wln 0896
wln 0897
wln 0898
wln 0899
wln 0900
wln 0901

Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore being pursued, it takes the aire:
No sooner is it vp, but thers a foule,
That seaseth it: this fish my lord I beare,
The motto this: *Vndique mors est.*

Edw. Proud *Mortimer*, vngentle *Lancaster*,
Is this the loue you beare your soueraigne?
Is this the fruite your reconcilment beares?
Can you in words make showe of amitie,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds?
What call you this but priuate libelling,
Against the Earle of Cornewall and my brother?

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

Edw. They loue me not that hate my *Gaueston*,
I am that Cedar, shake me not too much,
And you the Eagles, sore ye nere so high,
I haue the gresses that will pull you downe,
And *Æque tandem* shall that canker crie,
Vnto the proudest peere of Britanie:
Though thou comparst him to a flying Fish,
And threatenest death whether he rise or fall,
Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor fowlest Harpie that shall swallow him.

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

Lan. That shall wee see, looke where his lordship
comes.

Enter Gaueston.

Edw. My *Gaueston*, welcome to *Tinmouth*, welcome
to thy friend,
Thy absence made me droope, and pine away,
For as the louers of faire *Danae*,
When she was lockt vp in a brasen tower,

Desirde

wln 0902
wln 0903
wln 0904
wln 0905
wln 0906
wln 0907
wln 0908
wln 0909
wln 0910
wln 0911
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wln 0932
wln 0933
wln 0934

Desirde her more, and waxt outrageous,
So did it sure with me: and now thy sight
Is sweeter farre, then was thy parting hence
Bitter and irkesome to my sobbing heart.
Gau. Sweet Lord and King, your speech preuenteth
mine,
Yet haue *I* words left to expresse my ioy:
The sheepeherd nipt with biting winters rage,
Frolicks not more to see the paynted springe,
Then *I* doe to behold your Maiestie.
Edw. Will none of you salute my *Gaueston*?
Lan. Salute him? yes welcome Lord Chamberlaine.
Mor. iu. Welcome is the good Earle of Cornewall
War. Welcome Lord gouernour of the Ile of man.
Pen. Welcome maister secretarie.
Edw. Brother doe you heare them?
Edw. Stil wil these Earles and Barrons vse me thus?
Gau. My Lord *I* cannot brooke these iniuries.
Qu. Aye me poore soule when these begin to iarre.
Edw. Returne it to their throtes, ile be thy warrant.
Gau. Base leaden Earles that glorie in your birth,
Goe sit at home and eate your tenants beefe:
And come not here to scoffe at *Gaueston*,
Whose mounting thoughts did neuer creepe so low,
As to bestow a looke on such as you.
Lan. Yet I disdaine not to doe this for you.
Edw. Treason, treason: whers the traitor?
Pen. Heere here King: conuey hence *Gaueston*, thaile
murder him.
Gau. The life of thee shall salue this foule disgrace.
Mor. iu. Villaine thy life, vnlesse *I* misse mine aime.
Qu. Ah furious *Mortimer* what hast thou done?
Mor. No more then *I* would answere were he slaine.

Edw.

The Tragedie

wln 0935
wln 0936
wln 0937
wln 0938
wln 0939
wln 0940
wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
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wln 0962
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wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966
wln 0967

Ed. Yes more then thou canst answer though he liue,
Deare shall you both abie this riotous deede:
Out of my presence, come not neere the court.

Mor. iu. Ile not be barde the court for *Gaueston*.

Lan. Weele haile him by the eares vnto the block.

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

War. Looke to your owne crowne, if you back him
thus.

Edm. *Warwicke*, these words do ill beseeme thy yeares.

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

Exit the King.

War. Lets to our castels, for the king is mooude.

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

Lan. Cosin it is no dealing with him now,
He meanes to make vs stoope by force of armes,
And therefore let vs iointlie here protest,
To prosecute that *Gaueston* to the death.

Mor. iu. By heauen, the abiect villaine shall not liue.

War. Ile haue his bloud, or die in seeking it.

Pen. The like oath *Penbrooke* takes.

Lan. And so doth *Lancaster*:

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

Enter a Poast.

Mor. iu. Letters, from whence?

Messen. From Scotland my lord.

Lan. Why how now cosin, how fares all our friends?

Mor. iu. My vnckles taken prisoner by the Scots.

Lā. Weel haue him ransomd man, be of good cheere.

Mor.

wln 0968
wln 0969
wln 0970
wln 0971
wln 0972
wln 0973
wln 0974
wln 0975
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wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000

Mor. They rate his ransome at fiue thousand pound,
Who should defray the money, but the King,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his warres?
Ile to the King.

Lan. Do cosin, and ile beare thee companie.

War. Meane time my lord of *Penbrooke* and my selfe,
Will to Newcastell heere, and gather head.

Mor. iu. About it then, and we will follow you.

Lan. Be resolute, and full of secrecie.

War. I warrant you.

Mor. iu. Cosin, and if he will not ransome him,
Ile thunder such a peale into his eares,
As neuer subject did vnto his King.

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

Mor. iu. I marry, such a garde as this dooth well.

Lan. Lead on the way.

Guard. Whither will your lordships?

Mor. iu. Whither else but to the King.

Guar. His highnes is disposde to be alone.

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

Guard. You may not in my lord.

Mor. iu. May we not.

Edw. How now, what noise is this?
Who haue we there, ist you?

Mor. Nay, stay my lord, *I* come to bring you newes,
Mine vnckles taken prisoner by the Scots.

Edw. Then ransome him.

Lan. Twas in your wars, you should ransome him.

Mor. iu. And you shall ransome him, or else.

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

Edw. Quiet your self, you shall haue the broad seale,
To gather for him thoroughout the realme.

Lan. Your minion *Gaueston* hath taught you this.

The Tragedie

wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
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wln 1031
wln 1032
wln 1033

Mor. iu. My lord, the familie of the *Mortimers*
Are not so poore, but would they sell their land,
Would leuie men enough to anger you,
We neuer beg, but vse such praier as these.
Edw. Shall I still be haunted thus?
Mor. iu. Nay, now you are heere alone, ile speake my
minde.
Lan. And so will I, and then my lord farewell.
Mor. The idle triumphes, maskes, lasciuious showes
And prodigall gifts bestowed on *Gaueston*,
Haue drawne thy treasure drie, and made thee weake,
The murmuring commons ouerstretched hath.
Lan. Looke for rebellion, looke to be deposde,
Thy garrisons are beaten out of Fraunce,
And lame and poore, lie groning at the gates,
The wilde *Oneye*, with swarmes of Irish Kernes,
Liues vncontroulde within the English pale,
Vnto the walles of Yorke the Scots made rode,
And vnresisted, draue away riche spoiles.
Mor. iu. The hautie *Dane* commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbor ride thy ships vnrigd.
Lan. What forraine prince sends thee ambassadors?
Mor. Who loues thee? but a sort of flatterers.
Lan. Thy gentle Queene, sole sister to *Valoys*,
Complaines, that thou hast left her all forlorne.
Mor. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those,
That makes a king seeme glorious to the world,
I meane the peeres, whom thou shouldst dearly loue:
Libels are cast againe thee in the streete,
Ballads and rimes, made of thy ouerthrow.
Lan. The Northren borderers seeing the houses burnt
Their wiues and children slaine, run vp and downe,
Cursing the name of thee and *Gaueston*.

Mor.

of Edward the second.

wln 1034
wln 1035
wln 1036
wln 1037
wln 1038
wln 1039
wln 1040
wln 1041
wln 1042
wln 1043
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wln 1064
wln 1065
wln 1066

Mor. When wert thou in the field with banner spread?
But once, and then thy souldiers marcht like players,
With garish robes, not armor, and thy selfe
Bedaubd with golde, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where womens fauors hung like labels downe.

Lan. And thereof came it, that the fleering Scots,
To Englands high disgrace, haue made this lig,
Maids of England, sore may you moorne,
For your lemmons you haue lost, at Bannocks borne,
With a heaue and a ho,
VVhat weeneth the king of England,
So soone to haue woone Scotland,
With a rombelow.

Mor. *Wigmore* shall flie, to set my vnckle free.

Lan. And when tis gone, our swordes shall purchase
more,
If ye be moou'de, reuenge it as you can,
Looke next to see vs with our ensignes spread.

Exeunt Nobiles.

Edwa. My swelling hart for very anger breakes,
How oft haue *I* beene baited by these peeres?
And dare not be reuengde, for their power is great:
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels,
Affright a Lion? *Edward*, vnfolde thy pawes,
And let their liues bloud slake thy furies hunger:
If I be cruell, and growe tyrannous,
Now let them thanke themselues, and rue too late.

Kent. My lord, I see your loue to *Gaueston*,
VVill be the ruine of the realme and you,
For now the wrathfull nobles threaten warres,
And therefore brother banish him for euer.

Edw. Art thou anemie to my *Gaueston*?

The Tragedie

wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073
wln 1074
wln 1075
wln 1076
wln 1077
wln 1078

Kent. I, and it greeues me that I fauoured him.
Edw. Traitor be gone, whine thou with *Mortimer*.
Kent. So will I, rather then with *Gaueston*.
Edw. Out of my sight, and trouble me no more.
Kent. No maruell though thou scorne thy noble
peeres,
VVhen I thy brother am reiected thus.
Edw. Away poore *Gaueston*, that hast no friend but me,
Do what they can, weele liue in *Tinmoth* here,
And so I walke with him about the walles,
VVhat care *I* though the Earles be girt vs round,
Heere comes she thats cause of all these iarres.

Exit.

wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087
wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098

*Enter the Queene, Ladies 3, Baldock,
and Spencer.*
Qu. My lord, tis thought, the Earles are vp in armes.
Edw. *I*, and tis likewise thought you fauour him.
Qu. Thus do you still suspect me without cause.
La. Sweet vnckle speake more kindly to the queene.
Gau. My lord, dissemble with her, speake her faire.
Edw. Pardon me sweet, *I* forgot my selfe.
Qu. Your pardon is quicklie got of *Isabell*.
Edw. The yonger *Mortimer* is growne so braue,
That to my face he threatens ciuill warres.
Gau. VVhy do you not commit him to the tower?
Edw. *I* dare not, for the people loue him well.
Gau. Why then weele haue him priuilie made away.
Edw. VVould Lancaster and he had both carroust,
A bowle of poison to each others health:
But let them go, and tell me what are these.
Lad. Two of my fathers seruants whilst he liu'de,
Mait please your grace to entertaine them now.
Edw. Tell me, where wast thou borne?

VVhat

wln 1099

VWhat is thine armes?

wln 1100

Bald. My name is *Baldock*, and my gentrie
I fetcht from Oxford, not from Heraldrie.

wln 1101

wln 1102

Edw. The fitter art thou *Baldock* for my turne,
VWaite on me, and ile see thou shalt not want.

wln 1103

wln 1104

Bald. I humblie thanke your maiestie.

wln 1105

Edw. Knowest thou him *Gaueston*?

wln 1106

Gau. I my lord, his name is *Spencer*, he is well alied,

wln 1107

For my sake let him waite vpon your grace,

wln 1108

Scarce shall you finde a man of more desart.

wln 1109

Edw. Then *Spencer* waite vpon me, for his sake

wln 1110

Ile grace thee with a higher stile ere long.

wln 1111

Spen. No greater titles happen vnto me,

wln 1112

Then to be fauoured of your maiestie.

wln 1113

Edw. Cosin, this day shalbe your mariage feast,

wln 1114

And *Gaueston*, thinke that I loue thee well,

wln 1115

To wed thee to our neece, the onely heire

wln 1116

Vnto the Earle of Gloster late deceased.

wln 1117

Gau. I know my lord, many will stomack me,

wln 1118

But I respect neither their loue nor hate.

wln 1119

Edw. The head-strong Barons shall not limit me.

wln 1120

He that I list to fauour shall be great:

wln 1121

Come lets away, and when the mariage ends,

wln 1122

Haue at the rebels, and their complices.

wln 1123

Exeunt omnes.

wln 1124

Enter Lancaster, Mortimer, Warwick,

wln 1125

Penbrooke, Kent.

wln 1126

Kent. My lords, of loue to this our natiue land,

wln 1127

I come to ioine with you, and leaue the king,

wln 1128

And in your quarrell and the realmes behoofe,

wln 1129

VWill be the first that shall aduenture life.

wln 1130

Lan. I feare me you are sent of pollicie,

The Tragedie

wln 1131

To vndermine vs with a showe of loue.

wln 1132

Warw. He is your brother, therefore haue we cause

wln 1133

To cast the worst, and doubt of your reuolt.

wln 1134

Edm. Mine honor shalbe hostage of my truth,

wln 1135

If that will not suffice, farewell my lords.

wln 1136

Mor. iu. Stay *Edmund*, neuer was Plantagenet

wln 1137

False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

wln 1138

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

wln 1139

Kent. I haue enformd the Earle of Lancaster.

wln 1140

Lan. And it sufficeth: now my lords know this,

wln 1141

That *Gaueston* is secretlie arriude,

wln 1142

And here in *Tinmoth* frolicks with the king,

wln 1143

Let vs with these our followers scale the walles,

wln 1144

And sodenly surprize them vnawares.

wln 1145

Mor. iu. Ile giue the onset.

wln 1146

War. And ile follow thee.

wln 1147

Mor. iu. This tottered ensigne of my auncesters,

wln 1148

Which swept the desart shore of that dead sea,

wln 1149

Whereof we got the name of *Mortimer*,

wln 1150

Will *I* aduaunce vpon this castell walles,

wln 1151

Drums strike alarum, raise them from their sport,

wln 1152

And ring aloude the knell of *Gaueston*.

wln 1153

Lanc. None be so hardie as to touche the King,

wln 1154

But neither spare you *Gaueston*, nor his friends.

wln 1155

Exeunt.

wln 1156

Enter the king and Spencer, to them

wln 1157

Gaueston, &c.

wln 1158

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

wln 1159

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

wln 1160

Edw. No, here he comes, now let them spoile and kill:

wln 1161

Flie, flie, my lords, the earles haue got the holde,

wln 1162

Take shipping and away to Scarborough,

wln 1163

Spencer and *I* will post away by land.

Gau.

of Edward the second.

wln 1164

Gau. O stay my lord, they will not iniure you.

wln 1165

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

wln 1166

Gau. Farewell my Lord.

wln 1167

Edw. Ladie, farewell.

wln 1168

Lad. Farewell sweete vnckle till we meete againe.

wln 1169

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

wln 1170

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

wln 1171

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

wln 1172

Exeunt omnes, manet Isabella.

wln 1173

Qu. Heauens can witnesse, I loue none but you,

wln 1174

From my imbracements thus he breakes away,

wln 1175

O that mine armes could close this Ile about,

wln 1176

That *I* might pull him to me where *I* would,

wln 1177

Or that these teares that drissell from mine eyes,

wln 1178

Had power to mollifie his stonie hart,

wln 1179

That when I had him we might neuer part.

wln 1180

Enter the Barons alarums.

wln 1181

Lan. I wonder how he scapt.

wln 1182

Mor. iu. Whose this, the Queene?

wln 1183

Qu. *I Mortimer*, the miserable Queene,

wln 1184

Whose pining heart, her inward sighes haue blasted,

wln 1185

And body with continuall moorning wasted:

wln 1186

These hands are tir'd, with haling of my lord

wln 1187

From *Gaueston*, from wicked *Gaueston*,

wln 1188

And all in vaine, for when *I* speake him faire,

wln 1189

He turnes away, and smiles vpon his minion.

wln 1190

Mor. iu. Cease to lament, and tell vs wheres the king?

wln 1191

Qu. What would you with the king, ist him you seek?

wln 1192

Lan. No madam, but that cursed *Gaueston*,

wln 1193

Farre be it from the thought of Lancaster,

wln 1194

To offer violence to his soueraigne,

wln 1195

We would but rid the realme of *Gaueston*,

wln 1196

Tell vs where he remaines, and he shall die.

Qu.

The Tragedie

wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208
wln 1209
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wln 1223
wln 1224
wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228
wln 1229

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

War. Forslowe no time, sweet Lancaster lets march.

Mor. How comes it, that the king and he is parted?

Qu. That this your armie going seuerall waies,
Might be of lesser force, and with the power
That he intendeth presentlie to raise,
Be easilie suppress: and therefore be gone.

Mor. Heere in the riuer rides a Flemish hoie,
Lets all aboard, and follow him amaine.

Lan. The wind that bears him hence, wil fil our sailes,
Come, come aboard, tis but an houres sailing.

Mor. Madam, stay you within this castell here.

Qu. No *Mortimer*, ile to my lord the king.

Mor. Nay, rather saile with vs to Scarborough.

Qu. You know the king is so suspitious,
As if he heare *I* haue but talkt with you,
Mine honour will be cald in question,
And therefore gentle *Mortimer* be gone.

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

Qu. So well hast thou deseru'de sweete *Mortimer*,
As *Isæbell* could liue with thee for euer,
In vaine I looke for loue at *Edwards* hand,
Whose eyes are fixt on none but *Gaueston*:
Yet once more ile importune him with praiers,
If he be straunge and not regarde my wordes,
My sonne and I will ouer into France,
And to the king my brother there complaine,
How *Gaueston* hath robd me of his loue:
But yet *I* hope my sorrowes will haue end,
And *Gaueston* this blessed day be slaine.

Exeunt.

Enter

of Edward the second.

Enter Gaueston pursued.

Gau. Yet lustie lords I haue escapt your handes,
Your threats, your larums, and your hote pursutes,
And though deuorsed from king *Edwards* eyes,
Yet liueth *Pierce of Gaueston* vnsurprizd,
Breathing, in hope (*malgrado* all your beards,
That muster rebels thus against your king)
To see his royall soueraigne once againe.

Enter the Nobles.

War. Vpon him souldiers, take away his weapons.

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

Lan. Monster of men, that like the Greekish strumpet
Traind to armes and bloudie warres,
So many valiant knights,
Looke for no other fortune wretch then death,
Kind *Edward* is not heere to buckler thee.

War. Lancaster, why talkst thou to the slaue?
Go souldiers take him hence,
For by my sword, his head shall off:
Gaueston, short warning shall serue thy turne:
It is our countries cause,
That here seuerelie we will execute,
Vpon thy person: hang him at a bough:

Gau. My Lord.

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

Gau. I thanke you all my lords, then *I* perceiue,

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
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262

The Tragedie

That heading is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

Enter earle of Arundell.

Lan. How now my lord of *Arundell*?

Arun. My lords, king *Edward* greetes you all by me.

War. *Arundell*, say your message.

Aru. His maiesty, hearing that you had takē *Gaueston*,
Intreateth you by me, yet but he may
See him before he dies, for why he saies,
And sends you word, he knowes that die he shall,
And if you gratifie his grace so farre,
He will be mindfull of the curtesie.

Warw. How now?

Gau. Renowned *Edward*, how thy name
Reuiues poore *Gaueston*.

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

Gauest. Why my Lord of *VVarwicke*,
Will not these delaies beget my hopes?
I know it lords, it is this life you aime at,
Yet graunt king *Edward* this.

Mor. iu. Shalt thou appoint what we shall graunt?
Souldiers away with him:
Thus weele gratifie the king,
Weele send his head by thee, let him bestow
His teares on that, for that is all he gets
Of *Gaueston*, or else his sencelesse trunck.

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

Arun. My lords, it is his maiesties request,
And in the honor of a king he sweares,

He

wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
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wln 1288
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wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295

of Edward the second.

wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
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wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328

He will but talke with him and send him backe.

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

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

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

Gaue. How meanst thou *Mortimer*? that is ouer base.

Mor. Away base groome, robber of kings renownme,
Question with thy companions and thy mates.

Pen. My lord *Mortimer*, and you my lords each one,
To gratifie the kings request therein,
Touching the sending of this *Gaueston*,
Because his maiestie so earnestlie
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will vpon mine honor vndertake
To carrie him, and bring him back againe,
Prouided this, that you my lord of *Arundell*
Will ioyne with me.

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

Pen. My lords, I will not ouer wooe your honors,
But if you dare trust *Penbrooke* with the prisoner,
Vpon mine oath *I* will returne him back.

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

Lan. Why *I* say, let him go on *Penbrookes* word.

The Tragedie

wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361

Pen. And you lord *Mortimer*.
Mor. iu. How say you my lord of Warwick.
War. Nay, do your pleasures,
I know how twill prooue.
Pen. Then giue him me.
Gau. Sweete soueraigne, yet I come
To see thee ere *I* die.
Warw. Yet not perhaps,
If Warwickes wit and policie preuaile.
Mor. iu. My lord of Penbrooke, we deliuer him you,
Returne him on your honor, sound away. *Exeunt.*
Manent Penbrooke, Mat. Gauest. & Pen-
brookes men, foure souldiers.
Pen. My Lord, you shall go with me,
My house is not farre hence out of the way,
A little, but our men shall go along,
We that haue prettie wenches to our wiues,
Sir, must not come so neare and balke their lips.
Mat. Tis verie kindlie spoke my lord of *Penbrooke*,
Your honor hath an adamant of power,
To drawe a prince.
Pen. So my lord, come hether *Iames*,
I do commit this *Gaueston* to thee,
Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning
We will discharge thee of thy charge, be gon.
Gau. Vnhappie *Gaueston*, whether goest thou now.
Exit cum seruis Pen.
Horse boy. My lord, weele quicklie be at *Cobham*.
Exeunt ambo.
Enter Gaueston moorning, and the earle
of Penbrookes men.
Gau. O treacherous Warwicke thus to wrong thy
friend!

Iames.

of Edward the second.

wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
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wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394

Iames. I see it is your life these armes pursue.

Gau. Weaponles must I fall and die in bands,
O must this day be period of my life!
Center of all my blisse, and yee be men,
Speede to the king.

Enter Warwicke and his companie.

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

Iam. Your lordship doth dishonor to your selfe,
And wrong our lord, your honorable friend.

War. No *Iames*, it is my countries cause *I* follow,
Goe, take the villaine, soldiers come away,
Weel make quick worke, cōmend me to your maister
My friend, and tell him that *I* watcht it well,
Come, let thy shadow parley with king *Edward*.

Gau. Treacherous earle, shall I not see the king?

War. The king of heauen perhaps, no other king,
Away. *Exeunt Warwike and his men, with Gauest.*

Manet Iames cum cæteris.

Come fellowes, it booted not for vs to striue,
We will in hast go certifie our Lord.

Exeunt.

*Enter king Edward and Spencer, with
Drummes and Fifes.*

Edw. I long to heare an answer from the Barons
Touching my friend, my deerest *Gaueston*,
Ah *Spencer*, not the riches of my realme
Can ransome him, ah he is markt to die,
I know the malice of the yonger *Mortimer*,
VVarwick I know is roughe, and Lancaster
Inexorable, and I shall neuer see
My louely *Pierce*, my *Gaueston* againe,
The Barons ouerbeare me with their pride.

Spencer. Were I king *Edward* Englands soueraigne,

Sonne

The Tragedie

wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
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wln 1426
wln 1427

Sonne to the louelie *Elenor* of Spaine,
Great *Edward Longshankes* issue: would *I* bear
These braues, this rage, and suffer vncontrowld
These Barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine owne realme? my lord pardon my speeche,
Did you retaine your fathers magnanimitie?
Did you regard the honor of your name?
You would not suffer thus your maiestie
Be counterbuft of your nobilitie,
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles,
No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learne obedience to their lawfull king.
Edw. Yea gentle *Spencer*, we haue beene too milde,
Too kinde to them, but now haue drawne our sword,
And if they send me not my *Gaueston*,
Weele steele it on their crest, and powle their tops.
Bald. This haught resolute becomes your maiestie,
Not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highnes were a schoole boy still,
And must be awde and gouerned like a child.
*Enter Hugh Spencer an old man, father to
the yong Spencer, with his trunchion,
and soldiers.*
Spen. pa. Long liue my soueraigne the noble *Edward*,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in warres.
Edw. Welcome old man, comst thou in *Edwards* aide?
Then tell thy prince, of whence, and what thou art.
Spen. pa. Loe, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
Browne bils, and targetiers, 400 strong,
Sworne to defend king *Edwards* royall right,
I come in person to your maiestie,
Spencer, the father of *Hugh Spencer* there,

Bound

of Edward the second.

wln 1428
wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431
wln 1432
wln 1433
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wln 1435
wln 1436
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wln 1457
wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460

Bound to your highnes euerlastinglie,
For fauors done in him, vnto vs all.

Edw. Thy father *Spencer*?

Spen. filius. True, and it like your grace,
That powres in lieu of all your goodnes showne,
His life my lord, before your princely feete.

Edw. Welcome ten thousand times, old man againe,
Spencer, this loue, this kindnes to thy King,
Argues thy noble minde and disposition:

Spencer, I heere create thee earle of Wilshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our fauour,
That as the sun-shine shall reflect ore thee:
Beside, the more to manifest our loue,
Because we heare Lord *Bruse* dooth sell his land,
And that the *Mortimers* are in hand withall,
Thou shalt haue crownes of vs, t'out bid the Barons,
And *Spenser*, spare them not, but lay it on.
Souldiers a largis, and thrice welcome all.

Spen. My lord, here comes the Queene.

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

Edw. Madam, what newes?

Qu. Newes of dishonor lord, and discontent,
Our friend *Lewne*, faithfull and full of trust,
Informeth vs, by letters and by words,
That lord *Valoyes* our brother, king of Fraunce,
Because your highnesse hath beene slack in homage,
Hath seazed Normandie into his hands,
These be the letters, this the messenger.

Edw. Welcome *Lewne*, tush *Sib*, if this be all,
Valoys and *I* will soone be friends againe,
But to my *Gaueston*: shall I neuer see,
Neuer behold thee now? Madam in this matter

We

The Tragedie

wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464
wln 1465
wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468
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wln 1491
wln 1492
wln 1493

We will employ you and your little sonne,
You shall go parley with the king of Fraunce,
Boye, see you beare you brauelie to the king,
And do your message with a maiestie.
Prin. Commit not to my youth things of more waight
Then fits a prince so yong as I to beare,
And feare not lord and father, heauens great beames
On *Atlas* shoulder, shall not lie more safe,
Then shall your charge committed to my trust.
Qu. A boye, this towardnes makes thy mother feare
Thou art not markt to many daies on earth.
Edw. Madam, we will that you with speed be shipt,
And this our sonne, *Lewne* shall follow you,
With all the hast we can dispatch him hence,
Choose of our lords to beare you companie,
And go in peace, leaue vs in warres at home.
Qu. Vnnatural wars, where subiects braue their king,
God end them once, my lord *I* take my leaue,
To make my preparation for Fraunce.
Enter lord Matre.
Edw. What lord *Matre.* dost thou come alone?
Mat. Yea my good lord, for *Gaueston* is dead.
Edw. Ah traitors, haue they put my friend to death,
Tell me *Matre.* died he ere thou camst,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?
Matr. Neither my lord, for as he was surprizd,
Begirt with weapons, and with enemies round,
I did your highnes message to them all,
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, vpon the honour of my name,
That I would vndertake to carrie him
Vnto your highnes, and to bring him back.
Edw. And tell me, would the rebels denie me that?

Spen.

of Edward the second.

wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
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wln 1524
wln 1525
wln 1526

Spen. Proud recreants.

Edw. Yea *Spencer*, traitors all.

Matr. I found them at the first inexorable,
The earle of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly, *Penbrooke* and *Lancaster*
Spake least: and when they flatly had denyed,
Refusing to receiue me pledge for him,
The earle of *Penbrooke* mildlie thus bespake.
My lords, because our soueraigne sends for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe returnd,
I will this vndertake, to haue him hence,
And see him redeliuered to your hands.

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

Spen. Some treason, or some villanie was cause.

Mat. The earle of Warwick seazde him on his way,
For being deliuered vnto *Penbrookes* men,
Their lord rode home, thinking his prisoner safe,
But ere he came, Warwick in ambush laie,
And bare him to his death, and in a trenche
Strake off his head, and marcht vnto the campe.

Spen. A bloudie part, flatly against law of armes.

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

Spen. My lord, referre your vengeance to the sword,
Vpon these Barons, harten vp your men,
Let them not vnreuengd murther your friends,
Aduance your standard *Edward* in the field,
And marche to fire them from their starting holes.

Edward kneeles, and saith.

By earth, the common mother of vs all,
By heauen, and all the moouing orbes thereof,
By this right hand, and by my fathers sword,
And all the honors longing to my crowne,
I will haue heads, and liues for him as many,

G

As

of Edward the second

wln 1527 As *I* haue manors, castels, townes, and towers,
wln 1528 Tretcherous *Warwicke*, traiterous *Mortimer*:
wln 1529 If *I* be Englands king, in lakes of gore
wln 1530 Your headles trunkes, your bodies will I traile,
wln 1531 That you may drinke your fill, and quaffe in bloud,
wln 1532 And staine my roiall standard with the same,
wln 1533 That so my bloudie colours may suggest
wln 1534 Remembrance of reuenge immortallie,
wln 1535 On your accursed traiterous progenie:
wln 1536 You villaines that haue slaine my *Gaueston*,
wln 1537 And in this place of honor and of trust,
wln 1538 *Spencer*, sweet *Spencer*, I adopt thee heere,
wln 1539 And meerely of our loue we do create thee
wln 1540 Earle of Gloster, and lord Chamberlaine,
wln 1541 Despite of times, despite of enemies.
wln 1542 *Spen.* My lord, heres is a messenger from the Barons,
wln 1543 Desires accesse vnto your maiestie.
wln 1544 *Edw.* Admit him neere.
wln 1545 *Enter the Herald from the Barons,*
wln 1546 *with his coate of armes.*
wln 1547 *Messen.* Long liue king *Edward*, Englands lawful lord.
wln 1548 *Edw.* So wish not they Iwis that sent thee hither,
wln 1549 Thou comst from *Mortimer* and his complices,
wln 1550 A ranker route of rebels neuer was:
wln 1551 Well, say thy message.
wln 1552 *Messen.* The Barons vp in armes, by me salute
wln 1553 Your highnes, with long life and happines,
wln 1554 And bid me say as plainer to your grace,
wln 1555 That if without effusion of bloud,
wln 1556 You will this greefe haue ease and remedie,
wln 1557 That from your princely person you remooue
wln 1558 This *Spencer*, as a putrifying branche,
wln 1559 That deads the royall vine, whose golden leaues

Empale

of Edward the second.

wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571
wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576
wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581

Empale your princelie head, your diadem,
Whose brightnes such pernicious vpstarts dim,
Say they, and louinglie aduise your grace,
To cherish vertue and nobilitie,
And haue old seruitors in high esteeme,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:
This graunted, they, their honors, and their liues,
Are to your highnesse vowd and consecrate.

Spn. A traitors, will they still display their pride?

Edw. Away, tarrie no answer, but be gon,
Rebels, will they appoint their soueraigne
His sports, his pleasures, and his companie:

Yet ere thou go, see how I do deuorce
Spencer from me: now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them,
For murdering *Gaueston*: hie thee, get thee gone,
Edward with fire and sword, followes at thy heeles,
My lord, perceiue you how these rebels swell:
Souldiers, good harts, defend your soueraignes right,
For now, euen now, we marche to make them stoope,
Away.

*Embrace
Spencer.*

Exeunt.

Alarums, excursions, a great fight, and a retreat.

wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591

*Enter the king, Spencer the father, Spencer the sonne,
and the noblemen of the kings side.*

Edw. Why do we sound retreat? vpon them lords,
This day I shall powre vengeance with my sword
On those proud rebels that are vp in armes,
And do confront and countermaund their king.

Spn. son. I doubt it not my lord, right will preuaile.

Spn. fa. Tis not amisse my liege for eyther part,
To breathe a while, our men with sweat and dust
All chockt well neare, begin to faint for heate,

G2

And

The Tragedie

wln 1592
wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
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wln 1622
wln 1623
wln 1624

And this retire refresheth horse and man.
Spem. son. Heere come the rebels.
*Enter the Barons, Mortimer, Lancaster, Warwick,
Penbrooke, cum cæteris.*
Mor. Looke *Lancaster*, yonder is *Edward* among his
flatterers.
Lan. And there let him bee, till hee pay deerely for
their companie.
War. And shall or *Warwicks* sword shal smite in vaine.
Edw. What rebels, do you shrink, and sound retreat?
Mor. iu. No *Edward*, no, thy flatterers faint and flie.
Lan. Th'ad best betimes forsake **thee** and their trains,
For theile betray thee, traitors as they are.
Spem. so. Traitor on thy face, rebellious *Lancaster*.
Pen. Away base vpstart, brau'st thou nobles thus.
Spem. fa. A noble attempt, and honourable deed,
Is it not trowe ye, to assemble aide,
And leuie armes against your lawfull king?
Edw. For which ere long, their heads shall satisfie,
T'appeaze the wrath of their offended king.
Mor. iu. Then *Edward*, thou wilt fight it to the last,
And rather bathe thy sword in subiects bloud,
Then banish that pernicious companie.
Edw. I traitors all, rather then thus be braude,
Make Englands ciuill townes huge heapes of stones,
And plowes to go about our pallace gates.
War. A desperat and vnnaturall resolution,
Alarum to the fight, saint George for England,
And the Barons right.
Edw. S. George for England, and king *Edwards* right.
Enter Edward, with the Barons captiues.
Edw. Now lustie lords, now not by chance of warre,
But iustice of the quarrell and the cause

wln 1625
wln 1626
wln 1627
wln 1628
wln 1629
wln 1630
wln 1631
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wln 1654
wln 1655
wln 1656
wln 1657

Vaild is your pride, me thinkes you hang the hea[**]
But weele aduance them traitors, now tis time
To be auengd on you for all your braues,
And for the murther of my deerest friend,
To whome right well you knew our soule was knit,
Good *Pierce* of *Gaueston* my sweet fauoret,
A rebels, recreants, you made him away.

Edm. Brother, in regard of thee and of thy land,
Did they remooue that flatterer from thy throne.

Edw. So sir, you haue spoke, away, auoid our presence,
Accursed wretches, wast in regard of vs,
When we had sent our messenger to request
He might be spared to come to speake with vs,
And *Penbrooke* vndertooke for his returne,
That thou proud *Warwicke* watcht the prisoner,
Poore *Pierce*, and headed him against lawe of armes,
For which thy head shall ouer looke the rest.
As much as thou in rage out wentst the rest?

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

Lan. The worst is death, and better die to liue,
Then liue in infamie vnder such a king.

Edw. Away with them my lord of Winchester,
These lustie leaders Warwicke and Lancaster,
I charge you roundly off with both their heads, away.

War. Farewell vaine worlde.

Lan. Sweete *Mortimer* farewell.

Mor. iu. England, vnkinde to thy nobilitie,
Grone for this greefe, behold how thou art maimed.

Edw. Go take that haughtie *Mortimer* to the tower,
There see him safe bestowed, and for the rest,
Do speedie execution on them all, be gon.

Mor. iu. What *Mortimer*? can ragged stonie walle

The Tragedie

wln 1658
wln 1659
wln 1660
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wln 1689
wln 1690

[**]mure thy vertue that aspires to heauen,

[**] Edward, Englands scourge, it may not be,
Mortimers hope surmounts his fortune farre.

Edw. Sound drums and trumpets, marche with me
my friends,

Edward this day hath crownd him king a new.

Exit.

Manent Spencer filius, Lewne & Baldock.

Spen. Lewne, the trust that we repose in thee,
Begets the quiet of king Edwards land,
Therefore be gon in hast, and with aduice,
Bestowe that treasure on the lords of Fraunce,
That therewith all enchanted like the garde,
That suffered Ioue to passe in showers of golde
To Danae, all aide may be denied
To Isabell the Queene, that now in France
Makes friends, to crosse the seas with her yong sonne,
And step into his fathers regiment.

Lew. Thats it these Barons and the subtill Queene,
Long leuied at.

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

Lewn. Haue you no doubts my lords, ile claps close,
Among the lords of France with Englands golde,
That Isabell shall make her plaints in vaine,
And Fraunce shall be obdurat with her teares.

Spen. Then make for Fraunce, amaine Lewne away,
Proclaime king Edwards warres and victories.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Edmund.

Edm. Faire blowes the winde for Fraunce, blowe
gentle gale,
Till Edmund be arriude for Englands good,

Nature

of Edward the second.

wln 1691
wln 1692
wln 1693
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wln 1723

Nature, yeeld to my countries cause in this,
A brother, no, a butcher of thy friends,
Proud *Edward*, doost thou banish me thy presence?
But ile to Fraunce, and cheere the wronged Queene,
And certifie what *Edwards* loosenes is,
Vnnaturall king, to slaughter noble men
And cherish flatterers: *Mortimer I* stay
Thy sweet escape, stand gracious gloomie night to his
deuice.

Enter Mortimer disguised.

Mor. iu. Holla, who walketh there, ist you my lord?

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

Mor. iu. It hath my lord, the warders all a sleepe,
I thanke them, gaue me leaue to passe in peace:
But hath your grace got shipping vnto Fraunce?

Edm. Feare it not.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queene and her sonne.

Qu. A boye, our friends do faile vs all in Fraunce,
The lords are cruell, and the king vnkinde,
What shall we doe?

Prince. Madam, returne to England,
And please my father well, and then a Fig
For all my vnckles frienship here in Fraunce,
I warrant you, ile winne his highnes quicklie,
A loues me better than a thousand *Spencers*.

Qu. A boye, thou art deceiude at least in this,
To thinke that we can yet be tun'd together,
No, no, we warre too farre, vnkinde *Valoys*,
Vnhappie *Isabell*, when Fraunce reiects,
Whether, O whether doost thou bend thy steps.

Enter sir Iohn of Henolt.

S. Ioh. Madam, what cheere?

Qu.

The Tragedie

wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
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wln 1756

Qu. A good sir *Iohn* of *Henolt*,
Neuer so cheereles, nor so farre distrest.
S. Ioh. I heare sweete lady of the kings vnkindenes,
But droope not madam, noble mindes contemne
Despaire: will your grace with me to *Henolt*?
And there stay times aduantage with your sonne,
How say you my Lord, will you go with your friends,
And shake off all our fortunes equallie.
Prin. So pleaseth the Queene my mother, me it likes,
The king of England, nor the court of Fraunce,
Shall haue me from my gracious mothers side,
Till I be strong enough to breake a staffe,
And then haue at the proudest *Spencers* head.
Sir Iohn. Well said my lord.
Qu. Oh my sweet hart, how do *I* mone thy wrongs?
Yet triumphe in the hope of thee my ioye,
Ah sweete sir *Iohn*, euen to the vtmost verge
Of *Europe*, or the shore of *Tanaise*,
Will we with thee to *Henolt*, so we will,
The Marques is a noble Gentleman,
His grace I dare presume will welcome me,
But who are these?
Enter Edmund and Mortimer.
Edm. Madam, long may you liue,
Much happier then your friends in England do.
Qu. Lord *Edmund* and lord *Mortimer* alieue,
Welcome to Fraunce: the newes was heere my lord,
That you were dead, or very neare your death.
Mor. iu. Lady, the last was truest of the twaine,
But *Mortimer* reserude for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldome of the tower,
And liues t'aduance your standard good my lord.
Prin. How meane you, and the king my father liues?

No

wln 1757
wln 1758
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wln 1761
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wln 1787
wln 1788
wln 1789

No my lord *Mortimer*, not I, I trow.

Qu. Not sonne, why not? I would it were no worse,
But gentle lords, friendles we are in Fraunce.

Mor. iu. Mounsier le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
Tould vs at our arriuall all the newes,
How hard the nobles, how vnkinde the king
Hath shewed himself: but madam, right makes roome,
Where weapons want, and though a many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our partie and faction,
Yet haue we friends, assure your grace in England,
Would cast vp cappes, and clap their hands for ioy,
To see vs there appointed for our foes.

Edm. Would all were well, and *Edward* well reclaimd,
For Englands honor, peace, and quietnes.

Mort. But by the sword, my lord, it must be deseru'd.
The king will nere forsake his flatterers.

S. Ioh. My Lords of England, sith the vngentle king
Of Fraunce refuseth to giue aide of armes,
To this distressed Queene his sister heere,
Go you with her to *Henolt*, doubt yee not,
We will finde comfort, money, men, and friends
Ere long, to bid the English king a base,
How say yong Prince, what thinke you of the match?

Prin. I thinke king *Edward* will out run vs all.

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

Edm. Sir *Iohn* of *Henolt*, pardon vs I pray,
These comforts that you giue our wofull queene,
Binde vs in kindenes all at your commaund.

Qu. Yea gentle brother, and the God of heauen,
Prosper your happie motion good sir *Iohn*.

Mor. iu. This noble gentleman forward in armes,

The Tragedie

wln 1790
wln 1791
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wln 1822

Was borne I see to be our anchor hold,
Sir *Iohn of Henolt*, be it thy renowne,
That Englands Queene, and nobles in distresse,
Hauē beene by thee restored and comforted.
S. Iohn. Madam along, and you my lord with me,
That Englands peeres may *Henolts* welcome see.
Enter the king, Matr. the two Spencers, with others.
Edw. Thus after many threats of wrathfull warre,
Triumpheth Englands *Edward* with his friends,
And triumph *Edward* with his friends vncontrould,
My lord of Gloster, do you heare the newes?
Spē. iu. What newes my lord?
Edw. Why man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realme, my lord of *Arundell*
You haue the note, haue you not?
Matr. From the lieutenant of the tower my lord.
Edw. I pray let vs see it, what haue we there?
Read it *Spencer.* *Spencer reads their names.*
Why so, they barkt a pace a month a goe,
Now on my life, theile neither barke nor bite.
Now sirs, the newes from Fraunce, Gloster *I* trowe,
The lords of Fraunce loue Englands gold so well,
As *Isabell* gets no aide from thence.
What now remaines, haue you proclaimed, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in *Mortimer*?
Spē. iu. My lord, we haue, and if he be in England,
A will be had ere long I doubt it not.
Edw. If; doost thou say? *Spencer*, as true as death,
He is in Englands ground, our port-maisters
Are not so careles of their kings commaund.
Enter a Poaste. (these?
How now, what newes with thee, from whence come
Post. Letters my lord, and tidings foorth of Fraunce,

To

wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
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wln 1853
wln 1854
wln 1855

To you my lord of Gloster from *Lewne*.

Edward. Reade.

Spencer reads the letter.

My dutie to your honor promised, &c. *I* haue according to instructions in that behalfe, dealt with the king of Fraunce his lords, and effected, that the Queene all discontented and discomforted, is gone, whither if you aske, with sir *John* of *Henolt*, brother to the Marquesse, into Flaunders: with them are gone lord *Edmund*, and the lord *Mortimer*, hauing in their company diuers of your nation, and others, and as constant report goeth, they intend to giue king *Edward* battell in England, sooner then he can looke for them: this is all the newes of import.

Your honors in all seruice, *Lewne*.

Edw. A villaines, hath that *Mortimer* escapt?

With him is *Edmund* gone associate?

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

Welcome a Gods name Madam and your sonne,

England shall welcome you, and all your route,

Gallop a pace bright *Phæbus* through the skie,

And duskie night, in rustie iron carre,

Betweene you both, shorten the time *I* pray,

That *I* may see that most desired day,

When we may meet these traitors in the field.

Ah nothing grieues me but my little boye,

Is thus misled to countenance their ils,

Come friends to Bristow, there to make vs strong,

And windes as equall be to bring them in,

As you iniurious were to beare them foorth.

Enter the Queene, her sonne, Edmund, Mortimer, and sir John.

Qu. Now lords, our louing friends and countrimen,

The Tragedie

wln 1856 Welcome to England all with prosperous windes,
wln 1857 Our kindest friends in Belgia haue we left,
wln 1858 To cope with friends at home: a heauie case,
wln 1859 When force to force is knit and sword and gleaue,
wln 1860 In ciuill broiles makes kin and country men,
wln 1861 Slaughter themselues in others and their sides
wln 1862 With their owne weapons gorde, but whats the helpe?
wln 1863 Misgouerned kings are cause of all this wrack,
wln 1864 And *Edward* thou art one among them all,
wln 1865 Whose loosnes hath betrayed thy land to spoyle,
wln 1866 And made the channels ouerflow with blood,
wln 1867 Of thine own people patrō shouldst thou be, but thou.
wln 1868 *Mor. iu.* Nay madam, if you be a warriar,
wln 1869 Ye must not grow so passionate in speeches:
wln 1870 Lords, sith that we are by sufferance of heauen,
wln 1871 Arriude and armde in this princes right,
wln 1872 Heere for our countries cause sweare we to him
wln 1873 All homage, fealtie and forwardnes,
wln 1874 And for the open wronges and iniuries
wln 1875 *Edward* hath done to vs, his Queene and land,
wln 1876 We come in armes to wrecke it with the swords:
wln 1877 That Englands queene in peace may reposesse
wln 1878 Her dignities and honors, and withall
wln 1879 We may remooue these flatterers from the king,
wln 1880 That hauocks Englands wealth and tresurie.
wln 1881 *S. Io.* Sound trūpets my lord & forward let vs martch,
wln 1882 *Edward* will thinke we come to flatter him.
wln 1883 *Edm.* I would he neuer had bin flattered more.
wln 1884 *Enter the King, Baldock, and Spencer the*
wln 1885 *sonne, flying about the stage.*
wln 1886 *Spe.* Fly, fly, my Lord, the Queene is ouerstrong.
wln 1887 Her friends doe multiply and yours doe fayle,
wln 1888 Shape we our course to Ireland there to breath.

Edward.

of Edward the second.

wln 1889
wln 1890
wln 1891
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wln 1920
wln 1921

Edw. What, was *I* borne to flye and runne away,
And leaue the *Mortimers* conquerers behind?
Giue me my horse and lets r'enforce our troupes:
And in this bed of honor die with fame.

Bal. O no my lord, this princely resolution
Fits not the time, away, we are pursu'd.

*Edmund alone with a sword
and target.*

Edm. This way he fled, but *I* am come too late,
Edward, alas my hart relents for thee,
Proud traytor *Mortimer* why doost thou chase
Thy lawfull king thy soueraigne with thy sword?
Vilde wretch, and why hast thou of all vnkinde,
Borne armes against thy brother and thy king?
Raigne showers of vengeance on my cursed head
Thou God, to whom in iustice it belongs,
To punish this vnnaturall reuolt:

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

*Enter the Queene, Mortimer, the
young Prince and Sir Iohn
of Henolt.*

Qu. Succesfull battells giues the God of kings,
To them that fight in right and feare his wrath:
Since then succesfully we haue preuayled,
Thankes be heauens great architect and you,

Ere

The Tragedie

wln 1922
wln 1923
wln 1924
wln 1925
wln 1926
wln 1927
wln 1928
wln 1929
wln 1930
wln 1931
wln 1932
wln 1933
wln 1934
wln 1935
wln 1936
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wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
wln 1944
wln 1945
wln 1946

wln 1947
wln 1948
wln 1949
wln 1950
wln 1951
wln 1952
wln 1953

Ere farther we proceede my noble lordes,
We heere create our welbeloued sonne,
Of loue and care vnto his royall person,
Lord warden of the realme, and sith the fates
Haue made his father so infortunate,
Deale you my lords in this, my louing lords,
As to your wisdomes fittest seemes in all.
Edm. Madam, without offence if I may aske,
How will you deale with *Edward* in his fall?
Prince. Tell me good vnckle, what *Edward* doe you
meane?
Edm. Nephew, your father, *I* dare not call him king.
Mor. My lord of Kent, what needes these questions?
Tis not in her controulment, nor in ours,
But as the realme and parlement shall please,
So shall your brother be disposed of,
I like not this relenting moode in *Edmund*,
Madam, tis good to looke to him betimes.
Qu. My lord, the Maior of Bristow knows our mind.
Mor. Yea madam, and they scape not easilie,
That fled the feeld.
Qu. *Baldock* is with the king,
A goodly chauncelor, is he not my lord?
S. Ioh. So are the *Spencers*, the father and the sonne.
Edm. This *Edward* is the ruine of the realme.

*Enter Rice ap Howell, and the Maior of Bristow,
with Spencer the father.*
Rice. God saue Queene *Isabell*, & her princely sonne,
Madam, the Maior and Citizens of Bristow,
In signe of loue and dutie to this presence,
Present by me this traitor to the state,
Spencer, the father to that wanton *Spencer*,

That

wln 1954
wln 1955
wln 1956
wln 1957
wln 1958
wln 1959
wln 1960
wln 1961
wln 1962
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wln 1976
wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979
wln 1980
wln 1981
wln 1982
wln 1983
wln 1984
wln 1985
wln 1986

That like the lawles *Catiline* of Rome,
Reueld in Englands wealth and treasurie.
Qu. We thanke you all.
Mor. iu. Your louing care in this,
Deserueth princelie fauors and rewardes,
But wheres the king and the other *Spencer* fled?
Rice. *Spencer* the sonne, created earle of Gloster,
Is with that smoothe toongd scholler *Baldock* gone,
And shipt but late for Ireland with the king.
Mort. iu. Some whirle winde fetche them backe,
or sincke them all:
They shalbe started thence I doubt it not.
Prin. Shall *I* not see the king my father yet?
Edmund. Vnhappie *Edward*, chaste from Englands
bounds.
S. Ioh. Madam, what resteth, why stand ye in a muse?
Qu. I rue my lords ill fortune, but alas,
Care of my countrie cald me to this warre.
Mort. Madam, haue done with care & sad complaine,
Your king hath wrongd your countrie and himselfe,
And we must seeke to right it as we may,
Meane while, haue hence this rebell to the blocke,
Your lordship cannot priuiledge your head.
Spen. pa. Rebell is he that fights against his prince,
So fought not they that fought in *Edwards* right.
Mort. Take him away, he prates, you *Rice ap howell*,
Shall do good seruice to her Maiestie,
Being of countenance in your countrey here,
To follow these rebellious runnagates,
We in meane while madam, must take aduise,
How *Baldocke*, *Spencer*, and their complices,
May in their fall be followed to their end.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter

The Tragedie

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

Abbot. Haue you no doubt my Lorde, haue you no
feare,
As silent and as carefull will we be,
To keepe your royall person safe with vs,
Free from suspect, and fell inuasion
Of such as haue your maiestie in chase,
Your selfe, and those your chosen companie,
As daunger of this stormie time requires.

Edwa. Father, thy face should harbor no deceit,
O hadst thou euer beene a king, thy hart
Pierced deeply with sence of my distresse,
Could not but take compassion of my state,
Stately and proud, in riches and in traine,
Whilom I was powerfull and full of pompe,
But what is he, whome rule and emperie
Haue not in life or death made miserable?
Come *Spencer*, come *Baldocke*, come sit downe by me,
Make triall now of that philosophie,
That in our famous nurseries of artes
Thou suckedst from *Plato*, and from *Aristotle*.
Father, this life contemplatiue is heauen,
O that I might this life in quiet lead,
But we alas are chaste, and you my friends,
Your liues and my dishonor they pursue
Yet gentle monkes, for treasure, golde nor fee,
Do you betray vs and our companie.

Monks. Your grace may sit secure, if none but wee
doe wot of your abode.

Spen. Not one aliue, but shrewdly I suspect,
A gloomie fellow in a meade belowe,
A gaue a long looke after vs my lord,

And

wln 1987
wln 1988
wln 1989
wln 1990
wln 1991
wln 1992
wln 1993
wln 1994
wln 1995
wln 1996
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wln 1998
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wln 2009
wln 2010
wln 2011
wln 2012
wln 2013
wln 2014
wln 2015
wln 2016
wln 2017
wln 2018
wln 2019

of Edward the second.

wln 2020

And all the land I know is vp in armes,
Armes that pursue our liues with deadly hate.

wln 2021

wln 2022

Bald. We were imbarkt for Ireland, wretched we,

wln 2023

With awkward windes, and sore tempests driuen

wln 2024

To fall on shoare, and here to pine in feare

wln 2025

Of *Mortimer* and his confederates.

wln 2026

Edw. *Mortimer*, who talkes of *Mortimer*,

wln 2027

Who wounds me with the name of *Mortimer*

wln 2028

That bloody man? good father on thy lap

wln 2029

Lay I this head, laden with mickle care,

wln 2030

O might I neuer open these eyes againe,

wln 2031

Neuer againe lift vp this drooping head,

wln 2032

O neuer more lift vp this dying hart!

wln 2033

Spem. son. Looke vp my lord. *Baldock*, this drowsines

wln 2034

Betides no good, here euen we are betrayed.

wln 2035

*Enter with Welch hookes, Rice vp Howell, a Mower,
and the Earle of Leicester.*

wln 2036

Mower. Vpon my life, those be the men ye **see[*]**

wln 2037

Rice. Fellow enough, my lord I pray be short,

wln 2038

A faire commission warrants what we do.

wln 2039

Lei. The Queenes commission, vrgd by *Mortimer*,

wln 2041

What cannot gallant *Mortimer* with the Queene?

wln 2042

Alas, see where he sits, and hopes vnseene,

wln 2043

T'escape their hands that seeke to reauie his life:

wln 2044

Too true it is, *quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*

wln 2045

Hunc dies vidit fugiens iacentem.

wln 2046

But Leister leaue to growe so passionate,

wln 2047

Spencer and *Baldocke*, by no other names,

wln 2048

I arrest you of high treason here,

wln 2049

Stand not on titles, but obey th'arrest,

wln 2050

Tis in the name of *Isabell* the Queene:

wln 2051

My lord, why droope you thus?

Edw.

The Tragedie

wln 2052
wln 2053
wln 2054
wln 2055
wln 2056
wln 2057
wln 2058
wln 2059
wln 2060
wln 2061
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wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080
wln 2081
wln 2082
wln 2083
wln 2084

Edw. O day! the last of all my blisse on earth;
Center of all misfortune. O my starres!
Why do you lowre vnkindly on a king?
Comes Leister then in *Isabellas* name,
To take my life, my companie from me?
Here man, rip vp this panting brest of mine,
And take my heart, in reskew of my friends.
Rice. Away with them.
Spen. iu. It may be come thee yet,
To let vs take our farewell of his grace.
Abb. My heart with pittie earnes to see this sight,
A king to beare these words and proud commaunds.
Edw. *Spencer*, a sweet *Spencer*, thus then must we part.
Spen. iu. We must my lord, so will the angry heauens.
Edw. Nay so will hell, and cruell *Mortimer*,
The gentle heauens haue not to do in this.
Bald. My lord, it is in vaine to greeue or storme,
Here humblie of your grace we take our leaues,
O[]** lots are cast, I feare me so is thine.
Edwa. In heauen wee may, in earth neuer shall wee
meete,
And Leister say, what shall become of vs?
Leist. Your maiestie must go to Killingworth.
Edw. Must! tis somewhat hard, when kings must go.
Leist. Here is a Litter readie for your grace,
That waites your pleasure, and the day growes old.
Rice. As good be gon, as stay and be benighted.
Edw. A litter hast thou, lay me in a hearse,
And to the gates of hell conuay me hence,
Let *Plutos* bells ring out my fatall knell,
And hags howle for my death at *Charons* shore,
For friends hath *Edward* none, but these, and these,
And these must die vnder a tyrants sword.

Rice.

of Edward the second.

wln 2085
wln 2086
wln 2087
wln 2088
wln 2089
wln 2090
wln 2091
wln 2092
wln 2093
wln 2094
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wln 2106
wln 2107
wln 2108
wln 2109
wln 2110
wln 2111
wln 2112
wln 2113

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

Edw. Well, that shalbe, shalbe: part we must,
Sweete *Spencer*, gentle *Baldocke*, part we must,
Hence fained weeds, vnfained are my woes,
Father, farewell: Leister, thou staist for me,
And go I must, life farewell with my friends.

Exeunt Edward and Leicester.

Spen. iu. O is he gone! is noble *Edward* gone,
Parted from hence, neuer to see vs more,
Rent sphere of heauen, and fier forsake thy orbe,
Earth melt to ayre, gone is my soueraigne,
Gone, gone alas, neuer to make returne.

Bald. *Spencer*, I see our soules are fleeted hence,
We are depriude the sun-shine of our life,
Make for a new life man, throw vp thy eyes,
And hart and hand to heuens immortall throne,
Pay natures debt with cheerefull countenance,
Reduce we all our lessons vnto this,
To die sweet *Spencer*, therefore liue wee all,
Spencer, all liue to die, and rise to fall.

Rice. Come, come, keepe these preachments till
you come to the place appointed
You, and such as you are, haue made wise worke in
England.

Will your Lordships away?

Mower. Your worship I trust will remember me?

Rice. Remember thee fellow? what else,
Follow me to the towne.

wln 2114
wln 2115
wln 2116

*Enter the king, Leicester, with a Bishop
for the crowne.*

Lei. Be patient good my lord, cease to lament,

The Tragedie

wln 2117
wln 2118
wln 2119
wln 2120
wln 2121
wln 2122
wln 2123
wln 2124
wln 2125
wln 2126
wln 2127
wln 2128
wln 2129
wln 2130
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wln 2145
wln 2146
wln 2147
wln 2148
wln 2149

Imagine Killingworth castell were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or neceissitie.
Edw. Leister, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long agoe had easde my sorrowes,
For kinde and louing hast thou alwaies beene:
The greefes of priuate men are soone allayde,
But not of kings, the forrest Deare being strucke
Runnes to an herbe that closeth vp the wounds,
But when the imperiall Lions flesh is gorde,
He rends and teares it with his wrathfull pawe,
Highly scorning, that the lowly earth
Should drinke his bloud, mounts vp into the ayre,
And so it fares with me, whose dauntlesse minde
The ambitious *Mortimer* would seeke to curbe,
And that vnnaturall Queene false *Isabell*,
That thus hath pent and mu'd me in a prison,
For such outragious passions cloye my soule,
As with the wings of rancor and disdaine,
Full often am I sowing vp to heauen,
To plaine me to the gods against them both:
But when I call to minde I am a king,
Me thinkes I should reuenge me of the wronges,
That *Mortimer* and *Isabell* haue done.
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadowes in a sun-shine day?
My nobles rule, I beare the name of king,
I weare the crowne, but am contrould by them,
By *Mortimer*, and my vnconstant Queene,
Who spots my nuptiall bed with infamie,
Whilst I am lodgd within this caue of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To companie my hart with sad laments,

That

wln 2150
wln 2151
wln 2152
wln 2153
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wln 2159
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wln 2161
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wln 2176
wln 2177
wln 2178
wln 2179
wln 2180
wln 2181
wln 2182

That bleedes within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resigne my crowne,
To make vsurping *Mortimer* a king?
Bish. Your grace mistakes, it is for Englands good,
And princely *Edwards* right we craue the crowne.
Edw. No, tis for *Mortimer*, not *Edwards* head,
For hees a lambe, encompassed by Woolues,
Which in a moment will abridge his life:
But if proud *Mortimer* do weare this crowne,
Heuens turne it to a blaze of quenchelesse fier,
Or like the snakie wreathe of *Tisiphon*,
Engirt the temples of his hatefull head,
So shall not Englands Vines be perished,
But *Edwards* name suruiues, though *Edward* dies.
Lei. My lord, why waste you thus the time away,
They stay your answer, will you yeeld your crowne?
Edw. Ah Leister, way, how hardly I can brooke
To loose my crowne and kingdome, without cause,
To giue ambitious *Mortimer* my right,
That like a mountaine ouerwhelmes my blisse.
In which extreame my minde here murdered is:
But what the heuens appoint, I must obaye,
Here, take my crowne, the life of *Edward* too,
Two kings in England cannot raigne at once:
But stay a while, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze vpon this glittering crowne,
So shall my eyes receiue their last content,
My head, the latest honor dew to it,
And ioyntly both yeeld vp their wished right.
Continue euer thou celestiall sunne,
Let neuer silent night possesse this clime,
Stand still you watches of the element,
All times and seasons rest you at a stay,

The Tragedie

wln 2183
wln 2184
wln 2185
wln 2186
wln 2187
wln 2188
wln 2189
wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
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wln 2211
wln 2212
wln 2213
wln 2214
wln 2215

That *Edward* may be still faire Englands king:
But dayes bright beames dooth vanish fast away,
And needes *I* must resigne my wished crowne,
Inhumaine creatures, nurst with Tigers milke,
Why gape you for your soueraignes ouerthrow?
My diadem I meane, and guiltlesse life,
See monsters see, ile weare my crowne againe,
What, feare you not the furie of your king?
But haplesse *Edward*, thou art fondly led,
They passe not for thy frownes as late they did,
But seekes to make a new elected king,
Which fils my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyred with endles torments.
And in this torment, comfort finde I none,
But that I feele the crowne vpon my head,
And therefore let me weare it yet a while.
Tru. My Lorde, the parlement must haue present
newes,
And therefore say, will you resigne or no.
The king rageth.
Edw. Ile not resigne, but whilst I liue,
Traitors be gon, and ioine you with *Mortimer*,
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will,
Their bloud and yours shall seale these treacheries.
Bish. This answer weele returne, and so farewell.
Leist. Call them againe my lorde, and speake them
faire,
For if they goe, the prince shall lose his right.
Edward. Call thou them back, I haue no power to
speake.
Lei. My lord, the king is willing to resigne.
Bish. If he be not, let him choose.
Edw. O would I might, but heuens & earth conspire

To

of Edward the second.

wln 2216 To make me miserable: heere receiue my crowne,
wln 2217 Receiue it? no, these innocent hands of mine
wln 2218 Shall not be guiltie of so foule a crime,
wln 2219 He of you all that most desires my bloud,
wln 2220 And will be called the murtherer of a king,
wln 2221 Take it: what are you mooude, pitie you me?
wln 2222 Then send for vnrelenting *Mortimer*
wln 2223 And *Isabell*, whose eyes beene turnd to steele,
wln 2224 Will sooner sparkle fire then shed a teare:
wln 2225 Yet stay, for rather then I will looke on them,
wln 2226 Heere, heere: now sweete God of heauen,
wln 2227 Make me despise this transitorie pompe,
wln 2228 And sit for aye inthronized in heauen,
wln 2229 Come death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
wln 2230 Or if I liue, let me forget my selfe.

Enter Bartley.

wln 2231 *Bartley.* My lorde.
wln 2232 *Edw.* Call me not lorde,
wln 2233 Away, out of my sight, ah pardon me,
wln 2234 Greefe makes me lunatick,
wln 2235 Let not that *Mortimer* protect my sonne,
wln 2236 More safetie is there in a Tigers iawes,
wln 2237 This his imbracements, beare this to the queene,
wln 2238 Wet with my teares, and dried againe with sighes,
wln 2239 If with the sight thereof she be not mooued,
wln 2240 Returne it backe and dip it in my bloud,
wln 2241 Commend me to my sonne, and bid him rule
wln 2242 Better then I, yet how haue I transgrest,
wln 2243 Vnlesse it be with too much clemencie?
wln 2244 *Tru.* And thus, most humbly do we take our leaue.
wln 2245 *Edward.* Farewell, I know the next newes that they
wln 2246 bring,
wln 2247

Will

The Tragedie

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
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wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
wln 2273
wln 2274
wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277
wln 2278
wln 2279
wln 2280

Will be my death, and welcome shall it be,
To wretched men death is felicitie.

Leist. An other poast, what newes bringes he?

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

Bart. My lord, thinke not a thought so villanous
Can harbor in a man of noble birth.

To do your highnes seruice and deuoire,
And saue you from your foes, *Bartley* would die.

Leist. My lorde, the counsell of the Queene com-
maunds,
That I resigne my charge.

Edw. And who must keepe mee now, must you my
lorde?

Bart. I, my most gracious lord, so tis decreed.

Edw. By *Mortimer*, whose name is written here,
Well may *I* rent his name, that rends my hart,
This poore reuenge hath something easd my minde,
So may his limmes be torne, as is this paper,
Heare me immortall *Ioue*, and graunt it too.

Bart. Your grace must hence with mee to *Bartley*
straight.

Edw. Whether you will, all places are alike,
And euey earth is fit for buriall.

Leist. Fauor him my lord, as much as lieth in you.

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

Edw. Mine enemie hath pitied my estate,
And thats the cause that I am now remooude.

Bartley. And thinkes your grace that *Bartley* will bee
cruell?

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

Leist.

of Edward the second.

Leicester. Not yet my lorde, ile beare you on your
waye.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Mortimer, and Queene
Isabell.*

Mor. iu. Faire *Isabell*, now haue we our desire,
The proud corrupters of the light-brainde king,
Haue done their homage to the loftie gallowes,
And he himselfe lies in captiuitie,
Be rulde by me, and we will rule the realme,
In any case, take heed of childish feare,
For now we hould an old Wolfe by the eares,
That if he slip will seaze vpon vs both,
And gripe the sorer being gript himselfe,
Thinke therefore madam that imports as much,
To erect your sonne withall the speed we may,
And that I be protector ouer him,
For our behoofe will beare the greater sway
When as a kings name shall be vnder writ.

Qu. Sweet *Mortimer*, the life of *Isabell*,
Be thou perswaded, that *I* loue thee well,
And therefore so the prince my sonne be safe,
Whome I esteeme as deare as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I my selfe will willinglie subscribe.

Mort. iu. First would I heare newes that hee were
deposde,
And then let me alone to handle him.

K

Enter

wln 2281
wln 2282
wln 2283

wln 2284
wln 2285

wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
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wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308

The Tragedie

wln 2309

Enter Messenger.

wln 2310

Mor. iu. Letters, from whence?

wln 2311

Messen. From Killingworth my lorde.

wln 2312

Qu. How fares my lord the king?

wln 2313

Messen. In health madam, but full of pensiuenes.

wln 2314

Queene. Alas poore soule, would I could ease his
greefe,

wln 2315

Thankes gentle Winchester, sirra, be gon.

wln 2316

Winchester. The king hath willingly resignde his
crowne.

wln 2317

Qu. O happie newes, send for the prince my sonne.

wln 2318

Bish. Further, or this letter was sealed, Lord *Bartley*
came,

wln 2319

So that he now is gone from Killingworth,

wln 2320

And we haue heard that *Edmund* laid a plot,

wln 2321

To set his brother free, no more but so,

wln 2322

The lord of *Bartley* is so pitifull,

wln 2323

As Leicester that had charge of him before.

wln 2324

Qu. Then let some other be his guardian.

wln 2325

Mor. iu. Let me alone, here is the priuie seale,

wln 2326

Whose there, call hither *Gurney* and *Matreuis*,

wln 2327

To dash the heauie headed *Edmunds* drift,

wln 2328

Bartley shall be dischargd, the king remooude,

wln 2329

And none but we shall know where he lieth.

wln 2330

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

wln 2331

What safetie rests for vs, or for my sonne?

wln 2332

Mort. iu. Speake, shall he presently be dispatch'd
and die?

wln 2333

Queene. I would hee were, so it were not by my
meanes.

wln 2334

wln 2335

wln 2336

wln 2337

wln 2338

Enter

of Edward the second.

wln 2339

Enter Matreuis and Gurney.

wln 2340

Mortim. iu. Inough *Matreuis*, write a letter presently

wln 2341

Vnto the Lord of *Bartley* from our selfe,

wln 2342

That he resigne the king to thee and *Gurney*,

wln 2343

And when tis done, we will subscribe our name.

wln 2344

Matr. It shall be done my lord.

wln 2345

Mort. iu. Gurney.

wln 2346

Gurn. My Lorde.

wln 2347

Mort. iu. As thou intendest to rise by *Mortimer*,

wln 2348

Who now makes Fortunes wheele turne as he please,

wln 2349

Seeke all the meanes thou canst to make him droope,

wln 2350

And neither giue him kinde word, nor good looke.

wln 2351

Gurn. I warrant you my lord.

wln 2352

Mort. iu. And this aboue the rest, because we heare

wln 2353

That *Edmund* casts to worke his libertie,

wln 2354

Remooue him still from place to place by night,

wln 2355

And at the last, he come to Killingworth,

wln 2356

And then from thence to *Bartley* back againe:

wln 2357

And by the way to make him fret the more,

wln 2358

Speake curstlie to him, and in any case

wln 2359

Let no man comfort him, if he chaunce to weepe,

wln 2360

But amplifie his greefe with bitter words.

wln 2361

Matre. Feare not my Lord, weele do as you commaund.

wln 2362

Mor. iu. So now away, post thither wards amaine.

wln 2363

Qu. Whither goes this letter, to my lord the king?

wln 2364

Commend me humblie to his Maiestie,

wln 2365

And tell him, that *I* labour all in vaine,

wln 2366

To ease his greefe, and worke his libertie:

wln 2367

The Tragedie

wln 2369

And beare him this, as witnessse of my loue.

wln 2370

Matre. I will madam.

wln 2371

Exeunt Matreuis and Gurney.

wln 2372

Manent Isabell and Mortimer.

wln 2373

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

wln 2374

wln 2375

Mor. iu. Finely dissembled, do so still sweet Queene,
Heere comes the yong prince, with the Earle of Kent.

wln 2376

Qu. Some thing he whispers in his childish eares.

wln 2377

Mort. iu. If he haue such accesse vnto the prince,

wln 2378

Our plots and stratagemes will soone be dasht.

wln 2379

Queen. Vse *Edmund* friendly, as if all were well.

wln 2380

Mor. iu. How fares my honorable lord of Kent?

wln 2381

Edmun. In health sweete *Mortimer*, how fares your
grace.

wln 2382

Queene. Well, if my Lorde your brother were en-
largde.

wln 2383

Edm. I heare of late he hath deposde himselfe.

wln 2384

Queen. The more my greefe.

wln 2385

Mortim. iu. And mine.

wln 2386

Edmun. Ah they do dissemble.

wln 2387

Queen. Sweete sonne come hither, I must talke with
thee.

wln 2388

Mortim. iu. Thou being his vnckle, and the next of
bloud,

wln 2389

Doe looke to be protector ouer the prince.

wln 2390

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

wln 2391

wln 2392

wln 2393

wln 2394

wln 2395

wln 2396

Prin.

of Edward the second.

wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402
wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407
wln 2408
wln 2409
wln 2410
wln 2411
wln 2412
wln 2413
wln 2414
wln 2415
wln 2416
wln 2417
wln 2418
wln 2419
wln 2420
wln 2421
wln 2422
wln 2423
wln 2424
wln 2425
wln 2426
wln 2427
wln 2428

Prin. Mother, perswade me not to weare the crowne,
Let him be king, I am too yong to raigne.

Queene. But bee content, seeing it his highnesse
pleasure.

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

Edmund. I do sweete Nephew.

Quee. Brother, you know it is impossible.

Prince. Why, is he dead?

Queen. No, God forbid.

Edmun. *I* would these wordes proceeded from your
heart.

Mort. iu. Inconstant *Edmund*, doost thou fauor him,
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?

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

Mort. iu. *I* tell thee tis not meet, that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince,
My lord, he hath betraied the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.

Prince. But hee repents, and sorrowes for it now.

Queen. Come sonne, and go with this gentle Lorde
and me.

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

Mort. iu. Why yongling, s'dainst thou so of *Mortimer*?
Then *I* will carrie thee by force away.

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

Quee. Brother *Edmund*, striue not, we are his friends,
Isabell is neerer then the earle of Kent.

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

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

Edmu. *Mortimer* shall know that he hath wrongd
mee.

Hence will *I* haste to Killingworth castle,

And

The Tragedie

wln 2429
wln 2430

And rescue aged *Edward* from his foes,
To be reuengde on *Mortimer* and thee.

wln 2431

Exeunt omnes.

wln 2432
wln 2433

*Enter Matreuis and Gurney with
the king.*

wln 2434
wln 2435
wln 2436

Matr. My lord, be not pensiue, we are your friends,
Men are ordaind to liue in miserie,
Therefore come, dalliance dangereth our liues.

wln 2437
wln 2438
wln 2439
wln 2440

Edw. Friends, whither must vnhappy *Edward* go,
Will hatefull *Mortimer* appoint no rest?
Must I be vexed like the nightly birde,
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowles?

wln 2441
wln 2442
wln 2443
wln 2444

When will the furie of his minde asswage?
When will his hart be satisfied with bloud?
If mine will serue, vnbowell straight this brest,
And giue my heart to *Isabell* and him,
It is the chiefest marke they leuell at.

wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447
wln 2448

Gurney. Not so my liege, the Queene hath giuen
this charge,
To keepe your grace in safetie,
Your passions make your dolours to increase.

wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
wln 2452

Edw. This vsage makes my miserie increase.
But can my ayre of life continue long,
When all my sences are annoy with stenche?

wln 2453
wln 2454
wln 2455
wln 2456

Within a dungeon Englands king is kept,
Where I am staru'd for want of sustenance,
My daily diet, is heart breaking sobs,
That almost rents the closet of my heart,
Thus liues old *Edward* not relieu'd by any,

wln 2457

And

of Edward the second.

wln 2458
wln 2459
wln 2460
wln 2461
wln 2462
wln 2463
wln 2464
wln 2465
wln 2466
wln 2467
wln 2468
wln 2469
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wln 2478
wln 2479
wln 2480
wln 2481
wln 2482
wln 2483
wln 2484
wln 2485
wln 2486
wln 2487
wln 2488
wln 2489

And so must die, though pitied by many.

O water gentle friends to coole my thirst,

And cleare my bodie from foule excrements.

Matr. Heeres channell water, as our charge is giuen,
Sit downe, for wee be Barbaras to your grace.

Edw. Traitors away, what will you murder me,
Or choake your soueraigne with puddle water?

Gurn. No, but wash your face, and shaue away your
beard,
Least you be knowne, and so be rescued.

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

Edward. The Wrenne may striue against the Lions
strength.

But all in vaine, so vainely do I striue,
To seeke for mercie at a tyrants hand.

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

Immortall powers, that knowes the painfull cares,
That waites vpon my poore distressed soule,
O leuell all your lookes vpon these daring men,
That wronges their liege and soueraigne, Englands
king,

O *Gaueston*, it is for thee that *I* am wrongd,
For me, both thou, and both the *Spencers* died,
And for your sakes, a thousand wronges ile take,
The *Spencers* ghostes, where euer they remaine,
Wish well to mine, then tush for them ile die.

Matr. Twixt theirs and yours, shall be no enmitie,
Come, come, away, now put the torches out,
Wee enter in by darkenes to Killingworth.

Enter Edmund.

Gurn. How now, who comes there?

Matr.

The Tragedie

wln 2490
wln 2491
wln 2492
wln 2493
wln 2494
wln 2495
wln 2496
wln 2497
wln 2498
wln 2499
wln 2500
wln 2501
wln 2502
wln 2503
wln 2504
wln 2505
wln 2506
wln 2507
wln 2508
wln 2509
wln 2510
wln 2511
wln 2512

Matr. Guarde the king sure, it is the earle of Kent.

Edw. O gentle brother, helpe to rescue me.

Matr. Keepe them a sunder, thrust in the king.

Edm. Souldiers, let me but talke to him one worde.

Gur. Lay hands vpon the earle for this assault.

Edmu. Lay downe your weapons, traitors yeeld the king.

Matr. *Edmund*, yeeld thou thy self, or thou shalt die.

Edmu. Base villaines, wherefore doe you gripe mee thus?

Gurney. Binde him, and so conuey him to the court.

Edm. Where is the court but heere, heere is the king,
And I will visit him, why stay you me?

Matr. The court is where lord *Mortimer* remains,
Thither shall your honour go, and so farewell.

Exeunt Matr. and Gurney, with the king.

Manent Edmund and the souldiers.

Edm. O miserable is that commonweale, where lords
Keepe courts, and kings are lockt in prison!

Sould. Wherefore stay we? on sirs to the court.

Edm. I, load me whether you will, euen to my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be releast.

Exeunt omnes.

wln 2513

Enter Mortimer alone.

wln 2514
wln 2515
wln 2516
wln 2517
wln 2518

Mort. iu. The king must die, or *Mortimer* goes downe,
The commons now begin to pitie him,
Yet he that is the cause of *Edwards* death,
Is sure to pay for it when his sonne is of age,
And therefore will I do it cunninglie,

This

wln 2519
wln 2520
wln 2521
wln 2522
wln 2523
wln 2524
wln 2525
wln 2526
wln 2527
wln 2528
wln 2529
wln 2530
wln 2531
wln 2532
wln 2533
wln 2534
wln 2535
wln 2536
wln 2537
wln 2538
wln 2539
wln 2540
wln 2541
wln 2542
wln 2543
wln 2544
wln 2545
wln 2546
wln 2547
wln 2548
wln 2549
wln 2550

This letter written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them saue his life.
Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.
Feare not to kill the king tis good he die.
But read it thus, and thats an other sence:
Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.
Kill not the king tis good to feare the worst.
Vnpointed as it is, thus shall it goe,
That being dead, if it chaunce to be found,
Matreuis and the rest may beare the blame,
And we be quit that causde it to be done:
Within this roome is lockt the messenger,
That shall conueie it, and performe the rest,
And by a secret token that he beares,
Shall he be murdered when the deed is done.
Lightborn, come forth, art thou as resolute as thou wast?
Light. What else my lord? and farre more resolute.
Mort. iu. And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?
Light. I, I, and none shall know which way he died.
Mortim. iu. But at his lookes *Lightborne* thou wilt
relent.
Light. Relent, ha, ha, I vse much to relent.
Mort. iu. Well, do it brauely, and be secret.
Light. You shall not need to giue instructions,
Tis not the first time I haue killed a man,
I learnde in Naples how to poison flowers,
To strangle with a lawne thrust through the throte,
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needles point,
Or whilst one is a sleepe, to take a quill
And blowe a little powder in his eares,
Or open his mouth, and powre quick siluer downe,
But yet I haue a brauer way then these.

L

Mort.

wln 2551
wln 2552
wln 2553
wln 2554
wln 2555
wln 2556
wln 2557
wln 2558
wln 2559
wln 2560
wln 2561
wln 2562
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wln 2573
wln 2574
wln 2575
wln 2576
wln 2577
wln 2578
wln 2579
wln 2580
wln 2581
wln 2582

Mort. iu. Whats that?

Light. Nay, you shall pardon me, none shall knowe
my trickes.

Mort. iu. I care not how it is, so it be not spide,
Deliuier this to *Gurney* and *Matreuis*,
At euery ten miles end thou hast a horse.
Take this, away, and neuer see me more.

Lightborne. No.

Mort. iu. No, vnlesse thou bring me newes of *Ed-*
wards death.

Light. That will I quicklie do, farewell my lord.

Mor. The prince I rule, the queene do I commaund,
And with a lowly conge to the ground,
The proudest lords salute me as I passe,
I seale, I cancell, I do what I will,
Feard am I more then lou'd, let me be feard,
And when I frowne, make all the court looke pale,
I view the prince with *Aristorchus* eyes,
Whose lookes were as a breeching to a boye,
They thrust vpon me the Protectorship,
And sue to me for that that I desire,
While at the councell table, graue enough,
And not vnlike a bashfull paretaine,
First I complaine of imbecilitie,
Saying it is, *onus quam grauissimum*,
Till being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that *prouinciam* as they terme it,
And to conclude, I am Protector now,
Now is all sure, the Queene and *Mortimer*
Shall rule the realme, the king, and none rule vs,
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends aduance,
And what I list commaund, who dare controwle,

of Edward the second

wln 2583
wln 2584
wln 2585
wln 2586

Maior sum quam cui possit fortuna nocere,
And that this be the coronation day,
It pleaseth me, and *Isabell* the Queene,
The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

wln 2587
wln 2588

*Enter the yong King, Bishop, Champion,
Nobles, Queene.*

wln 2589
wln 2590
wln 2591
wln 2592
wln 2593
wln 2594
wln 2595
wln 2596
wln 2597

Bish. Long liue king *Edward*, by the grace of God
King of England, and lorde of Ireland.
Cham. If any Christian, Heathen, Turke, or Iew,
Dares but affirme, that *Edwards* not true king.
And will auouche his saying with the sworde,
I am the Champion that will combate him.
Mort. iu. None comes, sound trumpets.
King. Champion, heeres to thee.
Qu. Lord *Mortimer*, now take him to your charge.

wln 2598
wln 2599

*Enter Souldiers with the Earle of
Kent prisoner.*

wln 2600
wln 2601
wln 2602
wln 2603
wln 2604
wln 2605
wln 2606
wln 2607
wln 2608
wln 2609

Mor. iu. What traitor haue wee there with blades
and billes?
Sould. *Edmund* the Earle of Kent.
King. What hath he done?
Sould. *A* would haue taken the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.
Mortimer. iu. Did you attempt his rescue, *Edmund*
speake?
Edm. *Mortimer*, *I* did, he is our king,
And thou compelst this prince to weare the crowne.

L2

Mort.

The Tragedie

wln 2610
wln 2611
wln 2612
wln 2613
wln 2614
wln 2615
wln 2616
wln 2617
wln 2618
wln 2619
wln 2620
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wln 2627
wln 2628
wln 2629
wln 2630
wln 2631
wln 2632
wln 2633
wln 2634

Mort. iu. Strike off his head, he shall haue marshall
lawe.

Edm. Strike of my head, base traitor *I* defie thee.

King. My lord, he is my vnckle, and shall liue.

Mort. iu. My lord, he is your enemie, and shall die.

Edmund. Staie villaines.

King. Sweete mother, if *I* cannot pardon him,
Intreate my lord Protector for his life.

Qu. Sonne, be content, *I* dare not speake a worde.

King. Nor *I*, and yet me thinkes *I* should commaund,
But seeing *I* cannot, ile entreate for him:
My lord, if you will let my vnckle liue,
I will requite it when *I* come to age.

Mort. iu. Tis for your highnesse good, and for the
realmes,
How often shall *I* bid you beare him hence?

Edm. Art thou king, must *I* die at thy commaund?

Mort. iu. At our commaund, once more away with
him.

Edm. Let me but stay and speake, *I* will not go,
Either my brother or his sonne is king,
And none of both, then thirst for *Edmunds* bloud,
And therefore soldiers whether will you hale me?

*They hale Edmund away, and carie him
to be beheaded.*

wln 2635
wln 2636
wln 2637
wln 2638
wln 2639
wln 2640
wln 2641

King. What safetie may *I* looke for at his hands,
If that my Vnckle shall be murdered thus?

Queen. Feare not sweete boye, ile garde thee from
thy foes,
Had *Edmund* liu'de, he would haue sought thy death,
Come sonne, weele ride a hunting in the parke.

King. And shall my Vnckle *Edmund* ride with vs?

Queene.

of Edward the second.

wln 2642

Queene. He is a traitor, thinke not on him, come.

wln 2643

Exeunt omnes.

wln 2644

Enter Matr. and Gurney.

wln 2645

Matr. *Gurney*, I wonder the king dies not,

wln 2646

Being in a vault vp to the knees in water,

wln 2647

To which the channels of the castell runne,

wln 2648

From whence a dampe continually ariseth,

wln 2649

That were enough to poison any man,

wln 2650

Much more a king brought vp so tenderlie.

wln 2651

Gurn. And so do *I*, *Matreuis*: yesternight

wln 2652

I opened but the doore to throw him meate,

wln 2653

And *I* was almost stifeled with the sauor.

wln 2654

Matr. He hath a body able to endure,

wln 2655

More then we can enflit, and therefore now,

wln 2656

Let vs assaile his minde another while.

wln 2657

Gurn. Send for him out thence, and *I* will anger him.

wln 2658

Matr. But stay, whose this?

wln 2659

Enter Lightborne.

wln 2660

Light. My lord protector greetes you.

wln 2661

Gurn. Whats heere? *I* know not how to conster it.

wln 2662

Matr. *Gurney*, it was left vnpointed for the nonce,

wln 2663

Edwardum occidere nolite timere,

wln 2664

Thats his meaning.

wln 2665

Light. Know you this token, *I* must haue the king?

wln 2666

Matr. *I* stay a while, thou shalt haue answer straight.

wln 2667

This villain's sent to make away the king.

wln 2668

Gurney. *I* thought as much.

Matr.

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
wln 2683
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

Matr. And when the murders done,
See how he must be handled for his labour,
Pereat iste: let him haue the king,
What else, heere is the keyes, this is the lake,
Doe as you are commaunded by my lord.

Light. I know what I must do, get you away,
Yet be not farre off, I shall need your helpe,
See that in the next roome *I* haue a fier,
And get me a spit, and let it be red hote.

Matre. Very well.

Gurn. Neede you any thing besides?

Light. What else, a table and a fetherbed.

Gurn. Thats all.

Light. *I, I,* so when *I* call you, bring it in.

Matre. Feare not you that.

Gurn. Heeres a light to go into the dungeon.

Lightbor. So now must *I* about this geare, nere was
there any
So finely handled as this king shalbe,
Foh, heeres a place in deed with all my hart.

Edward. VVhose there, what light is that, where-
fore comes thou?

Light. To comfort you, and bring you ioyfull newes.

Edward. Small comfort findes poore *Edward* in thy
lookes,
Villaine, *I* know thou comst to murther me.

Light. To murther you my most gracious lorde,
Farre is it from my hart to do you harme,
The Queene sent me, to see how you were vsed,
For she relents at this your miserie.
And what eyes can refraine from shedding teares,
To see a king in this most pittious state?

Edw.

wln 2701
wln 2702
wln 2703
wln 2704
wln 2705
wln 2706
wln 2707
wln 2708
wln 2709
wln 2710
wln 2711
wln 2712
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wln 2726
wln 2727
wln 2728
wln 2729
wln 2730
wln 2731
wln 2732

Edw. VVeepst thou already, list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as *Gurneys* is,
Or as *Matreuis*, hewne from the *Caucasus*,
Yet will it melt, ere *I* haue done my tale,
This dungeon where they keepe me, is the sincke,
Wherein the filthe of all the castell falles.

Light. O villaines!

Edw. And there in mire and puddle haue *I* stood,
This ten dayes space, and least that *I* should sleepe,
One plaies continually vpon a Drum,
They giue me bread and water being a king,
So that for want of sleepe and sustenance,
My mindes distempered, and my bodies numde,
And whether *I* haue limmes or no, *I* know not,
O would my bloud dropt out from euey vaine,
As doth this water from my tattered robes:
Tell *Isabell* the Queene, *I* lookt not thus,
VVhen for her sake *I* ran at tilt in Fraunce,
And there vnhorste the duke of *Cleremont*.

Light. O speake no more my lorde, this breakes my
heart.

Lie on this bed, and rest your selfe a while,

Edw. These lookes of thine can harbor nought but
death.

I see my tragedie written in thy browes,
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloudie hande,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That and euen then when *I* shall lose my life,
My minde may be more stedfast on my God.

Light. VVhat meanes your highnesse to mistrust me
thus?

Edwa. What meanes thou to dissemble with me thus?

Light.

The Tragedie

wln 2733
wln 2734
wln 2735
wln 2736
wln 2737
wln 2738
wln 2739
wln 2740
wln 2741
wln 2742
wln 2743
wln 2744
wln 2745
wln 2746
wln 2747
wln 2748
wln 2749
wln 2750
wln 2751
wln 2752
wln 2753
wln 2754
wln 2755
wln 2756
wln 2757
wln 2758
wln 2759
wln 2760
wln 2761
wln 2762
wln 2763
wln 2764

Light. These handes were neuer staine with innocent bloud,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a kings.

Edward. Forgiue my thought, for hauing such a thought,
One ieuell haue I left, receiue thou this,
Still feare *I*, and I know not whats the cause,
But euerie iointe shakes as I giue it thee:
O if thou harborst murther in thy hart,
Let this gift change thy minde, and saue thy soule,
Know that I am a king, oh at that name,
I feele a hell of greefe, where is my crowne?
Gone, gone, and doe I remaine aliue?

Light. Your ouerwatchde my lord, lie downe and rest.

Edw. But that greefe keepes me waking, *I* shoulde sleepe,
For not these ten daies haue these eyes lids closd,
Now as I speake they fall, and yet with feare
Open againe, O wherefore sits thou heare?

Light. If you mistrust me, ile be gon my lord.

Edw. No, no, for if thou meanst to murther me,
Thou wilt returne againe, and therefore stay.

Light. He sleepe.

Edw. O let me not die, yet stay, O stay a while.

Light. How now my Lorde.

Edw. Something still busseth in mine eares,
And tels me, if I sleepe *I* neuer wake,
This feare is that which makes me tremble thus,
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

Light. To rid thee of thy life, *Matreuis* come,

Edw. I am too weake and feeble to resist,
Assist me sweete God, and receiue my soule.

Light.

of Edward the second.

wln 2765
wln 2766
wln 2767
wln 2768
wln 2769
wln 2770
wln 2771
wln 2772
wln 2773
wln 2774
wln 2775
wln 2776

Light. Runne for the table.
Edw. O spare me, or dispatche me in a trice.
Light. So, lay the table downe, and stampe on it,
But not too hard, least that you bruse his body.
Matreuis. I feare mee that this crie will raise the
towne,
And therefore let vs take horse and away.
Light. Tell me sirs, was it not braue lie done?
Gurn. Excellent well, take this for thy rewarde,
Then Gurney stabs Lightborne.
Come let vs cast the body in the mote,
And beare the kings to *Mortimer* our lord, away.

wln 2777

Exeunt omnes.

wln 2778

Enter Mortimer and Matreuis.

wln 2779
wln 2780
wln 2781
wln 2782
wln 2783
wln 2784
wln 2785
wln 2786
wln 2787
wln 2788
wln 2789
wln 2790
wln 2791
wln 2792
wln 2793

Mortim. iu. Ist done, *Matreuis*, and the murtherer
dead?
Matr. I my good Lord, I would it were vndone.
Mort. iu. *Matreuis*, if thou now growest penitent
Ile be thy ghostly father, therefore choose,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
Or else die by the hand of *Mortimer*.
Matr. *Gurney* my lord is fled, and will I feare,
Betray vs both, therefore let me flie.
Mort. iu. Flie to the Sauages.
Matr. I humblie thanke your honour.
Mor. iu. As for my selfe, I stand as *Ioues* huge tree,
And others are but shrubs compard to me,
All tremble at my name, and I feare none,
Lets see who dare impeache me for his death?

M

Queen.

of Edward the second

wln 2794

Enter the Queene.

wln 2795

Queen. A *Mortimer*, the king my sonne hath news,
His fathers dead, and we haue murdered him.

wln 2796

Mor. iu. What if he haue? the king is yet a childe.

wln 2797

wln 2798

Queene. I, I, but he teares his haire, and wrings his
handes,

wln 2799

wln 2800

And vowes to be reuengd vpon vs both,

wln 2801

Into the councell chamber he is gone,

wln 2802

To craue the aide and succour of his peeres,

wln 2803

Aye me, see where he comes, and they with him,

wln 2804

Now *Mortimer* begins our tragedie.

wln 2805

Enter the king, with the lords.

wln 2806

Lords. Feare not my lord, know that you are a king.

wln 2807

King. Villaine.

wln 2808

Mort. iu. How now my lord?

wln 2809

King. Thinke not that I am frighted with thy words,

wln 2810

My father's murdered through thy treacherie,

wln 2811

And thou shalt die, and on his mournfull hearse,

wln 2812

Thy hatefull and accursed head shall lie,

wln 2813

To witnesse to the world, that by thy meanes,

wln 2814

His kingly body was too soone interrde.

wln 2815

Qu. Weepe not sweete sonne.

wln 2816

King. Forbid not me to weepe, he was my father,

wln 2817

And had you lou'de him halfe so well as *I*,

wln 2818

You could not beare his death thus patiently,

wln 2819

But you I feare, conspird with *Mortimer*.

wln 2820

Lords. Why speake you not vnto my lord the king?

wln 2821

Mor. iu. Because *I* thinke scorne to be accusde,

Who

wln 2822
wln 2823
wln 2824
wln 2825
wln 2826
wln 2827
wln 2828
wln 2829
wln 2830
wln 2831
wln 2832
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wln 2843
wln 2844
wln 2845
wln 2846
wln 2847
wln 2848
wln 2849
wln 2850
wln 2851
wln 2852
wln 2853

Who is the man dare say *I* murderedd him?

King. Traitor, in me my louing father speakes,
And plainely saith, twas thou that murdredst him.

Mort. iu. But hath your grace no other prooffe then
this?

King. Yes, if this be the hand of *Mortimer*.

Mortim. iu. False *Gurney* hath betraide me and him-
selfe.

Queen. I feard as much, murther cannot be hid.

Mort. iu. Tis my hand, what gather you by this.

King. That thither thou didst send a murtherer.

Mort. iu. What murtherer? bring foorth the man I
sent.

King. A *Mortimer*, thou knowest that he is slaine,
And so shalt thou be too: why staies he heere?
Bring him vnto a hurdle, drag him foorth,
Hang him *I* say, and set his quarters vp,
But bring his head back presently to me.

Queen. For my sake sweete sonne pittie *Mortimer*.

Mort. iu. Madam, intreat not, *I* will rather die,
Then sue for life vnto a paltrie boye.

King. Hence with the traitor, with the murderer.

Mort. iu. Base fortune, now *I* see, that in thy wheele
There is a point, to which when men aspire,
They tumble hedlong downe, that point I touchte,
And seeing there was no place to mount vp higher,
Why should I greeue at my declining fall,
Farewell faire Queene, weepe not for *Mortimer*,
That scornes the world, and as a traueller,
Goes to discouer countries yet vnknowne.

King. What, suffer you the traitor to delay?

Queen. As thou receiuedst thy life from me,

The Tragedie

wln 2854
wln 2855
wln 2856
wln 2857
wln 2858
wln 2859
wln 2860
wln 2861
wln 2862
wln 2863
wln 2864
wln 2865
wln 2866
wln 2867
wln 2868
wln 2869
wln 2870
wln 2871
wln 2872
wln 2873
wln 2874
wln 2875
wln 2876
wln 2877
wln 2878
wln 2879
wln 2880
wln 2881
wln 2882
wln 2883
wln 2884
wln 2885

Spill not the bloud of gentle *Mortimer*.
King. This argues, that you spilt my fathers bloud,
Els would you not intreate for *Mortimer*.
Queen. I spill his bloud? no.
King. I madam you, for so the rumor runnes.
Queen. That rumor is vntrue, for louing thee,
Is this report raisde on poore *Isabell*.
King. I doe not thinke her so vnnaturall.
Lords. My lord, I feare me it will prooue too true.
King. Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,
Till further triall may be made thereof,
If you be guiltie, though I be your sonne,
Thinke not to finde me slack or pitifull.
Qu Nay, to my death, for too long haue I liued,
when as my sonne thinkes to abridge my daies.
King. Awaye with her, her wordes inforce these
teares,
And *I* shall pitie her if she speake againe.
Queen. Shall *I* not moorne for my beloued lord?
And with the rest accompanie him to his graue.
Lords. Thus madam, tis the kings will you shall
hence.
Quee. He hath forgotten me, stay, *I* am his mother.
Lords. That bootes not, therefore gentle madam
goe.
Queen. Then come sweete death, and rid me of this
greefe.
Lords. My lord, here is the head of *Mortimer*.
King. Goe fetche my fathers hearse, where it shall
lie,
And bring my funerall robes: accursed head,

Could

of Edward the second.

wln 2886
wln 2887
wln 2888
wln 2889
wln 2890
wln 2891
wln 2892

Could *I* haue rulde thee then, as I do now,
Thou hadst not hatcht this monstrous treacherie?
Heere comes the hearse, helpe me to moorne my lords,
Sweete father heere, vnto thy murdered ghost,
I offer vp this wicked traitors head,
And let these teares distilling from mine eyes,
Be witnessse of my greefe and innocencie.

wln 2893

FINIS.

ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003
ln 0004

Imprinted at London for *William*
Ihones, and are to be solde at his
shop, neere vnto Houlburne
Conduit. 1594.

Textual Notes

1. **812 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *pedants* is amended from the original *pendants*.
2. **1603 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *them* is amended from the original *thee*.
3. **1625 (27-b)**: The regularized reading *heads* is supplied for the original *hea[*]*.
4. **1658 (28-a)**: The regularized reading *Immure* is supplied for the original *[**]mure*.
5. **1659 (28-a)**: The regularized reading *No* is supplied for the original *[**]*.
6. **2037 (33-b)**: The regularized reading *seek* is supplied for the original *see[*]*.
7. **2070 (34-a)**: The regularized reading *Our* is supplied for the original *O[**]*.
8. **4 (47-b)**: Date changed in ink to read 1694.