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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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



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img: 1-a

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ln 0001

ln 0002

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ln 0005

THE  
True Chronicle History  
of King LEIR, and his three  
*daughters, Gonoril, Ragan,  
and Cordella.*

ln 0006

ln 0007

As it hath been divers and sundry  
times lately acted.

ln 0008

ln 0009

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ln 0012

LONDON,  
Printed by Simon Stafford for John  
Wright, and are to be sold at his shop at  
Christ's Church door, next Newgate Market.  
1605.

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wln 0001

wln 0002

The true Chronicle History of King  
*Leir and his three daughters.*

wln 0003

ACTUS I.

wln 0004

*Enter King Leir and Nobles.*

wln 0005

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

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THus to our grief the obsequies performed  
Of our (too late) deceased and dearest Queen,  
Whose soul I hope, possessed of heavenly joys,  
Doth ride in triumph 'mongst the Cherubins;  
Let us request your grave advice, my Lords,  
For the disposing of our princely daughters,  
For whom our care is specially employed,  
As nature bindeth to advance their states,  
In royal marriage with some princely mates:  
For wanting now their mother's good advice,  
Under whose government they have received  
A perfect pattern of a virtuous life:  
Left as it were a ship without a stern,  
Or silly sheep without a Pastor's care;  
Although ourselves do dearly tender them,  
Yet are we ignorant of their affairs:  
For fathers best do know to govern sons;  
But daughters' steps the mother's counsel turns.  
A son we want for to succeed our Crown,  
And course of time hath canceled the date  
Of further issue from our withered loins;

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wln 0036

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One foot already hangeth in the grave,  
And age hath made deep furrows in my face:  
The world of me, I of the world am weary,  
And I would fain resign these earthly cares,  
And think upon the welfare of my soul:  
Which by no better means may be effected,  
Than by resigning up the Crown from me,  
In equal dowry to my daughters three.  
*Skalliger.* A worthy care, my Liege, which well declares,  
The zeal you bare unto our *quondam* Queen:  
And since your Grace hath licensed me to speak,

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I censure thus; Your Majesty knowing well,  
What several Suitors your princely daughters have,  
To make them each a Jointure more or less,  
As is their worth, to them that love profess.  
*Leir.* No more, nor less, but even all alike,  
My zeal is fixed, all fashioned in one mold:  
Wherefore impartial shall my censure be,  
Both old and young shall have alike for me.  
*Noble* My gracious Lord, I heartily do wish,  
That God had lent you an heir indubitate,  
Which might have **sat** upon your royal throne,  
When fates should lose the prison of your life,  
By whose succession all this doubt might cease;  
And as by you, by him we might have peace.  
But after-wishes ever come too late,  
And nothing can revoke the course of fate:  
Wherefore, my Liege, my censure deems it best,  
To match them with some of your neighbor Kings,  
Bord'ring within the bounds of Albion,  
By whose united friendship, this our state  
May be protected 'gainst all foreign hate.  
*Leir.* Herein, my Lords, your wishes sort with mine,  
And mine (I hope) do sort with heavenly powers:  
For at this instant two near neighboring Kings  
Of Cornwall and of Cambria, motion love  
To my two daughters, *Gonoril* and *Ragan*.  
My youngest daughter, fair *Cordella*, vows  
No liking to a Monarch, unless love allows.  
She is solicited by divers Peers;  
But none of them her partial fancy hears.  
Yet, if my policy may her beguile,  
I'll match her to some King within this Isle,  
And so establish such a perfect peace,  
As fortune's force shall ne'er prevail to cease.  
*Perillus.* Of us and ours, your gracious care, my Lord,  
Deserves an everlasting memory,  
To be enrolled in Chronicles of fame,

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By never-dying perpetuity:

Yet to become so provident a Prince,  
Lose not the title of a loving father:  
Do not force love, where fancy cannot dwell,  
Lest streams being stopped, above the banks do swell.

*Leir.* I am resolved, and even now my mind  
Doth meditate a sudden stratagem,  
To try which of my daughters loves me best:  
Which till I know, I cannot be in rest.  
This granted, when they jointly shall contend,  
Each to exceed the other in their love:  
Then at the vantage will I take *Cordella*,  
Even as she doth protest she loves me best,  
I'll say, Then, daughter, grant me one request,  
To show thou lovest me as thy sisters do,  
Accept a husband, whom myself will woo.  
This said, she cannot well deny my suit,  
Although (poor soul) her senses will be mute:  
Then will I triumph in my policy,  
And match her with a King of Brittany.

*Skalliger* I'll to them before, and bewray your secrecy.  
*Perillus* Thus fathers think their children to beguile,  
And oftentimes themselves do first repent,  
When heavenly powers do frustrate their intent.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Gonoril and Ragan.*

*Gonoril* I marvel, *Ragan*, how you can endure  
To see that proud pert Peat, our youngest sister,  
So slightly to account of us, her elders,  
As if we were no better than herself!  
We cannot have a quaint device so soon,  
Or new-made fashion, of our choice invention;  
But if she like it, she will have the same,  
Or study newer to exceed us both.  
Besides, she is so nice and so demure;  
So sober, courteous, modest, and precise,  
That all the Court hath work enough to do,  
To talk how she exceedeth me and you.

*Ragan* What should I do? would it were in my power,  
To find a cure for this contagious ill:

Some desperate medicine must be soon applied,  
To dim the glory of her mounting fame;  
Else ere 't be long, she'll have both prick and praise,  
And we must be set by for working days.  
Do you not see what several choice of Suitors  
She daily hath, and of the best degree?

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Say, amongst all, she hap to fancy one,  
And have a husband whenas we have none:  
Why then, by right, to her we must give place,  
Though it be ne'er so much to our disgrace.

*Gonoril* By my virginity, rather than she shall have  
A husband before me,  
I'll marry one or other in his shirt:  
And yet I have made half a grant already  
Of my good will unto the King of Cornwall.

*Ragan* Swear not so deeply (sister) here cometh my Lord *Skalliger*,  
Something his hasty coming doth import. *Enter Skalliger*

*Skalliger* Sweet Princesses, I am glad I met you here so luckily,  
Having good news which doth concern you both,  
And craveth speedy expedition.

*Ragan* For God's sake tell us what it is, my Lord,  
I am with child until you utter it.

*Skalliger* Madam, to save your longing, this it is:  
Your father in great secrecy today,  
Told me, he means to marry you out of hand,  
Unto the noble Prince of Cambria;  
You, Madam, to the King of Cornwall's Grace:  
Your younger sister he would fain bestow  
Upon the rich King of Hibernia:  
But that he doubts, she hardly will consent;  
For hitherto she ne'er could fancy him.  
If she do yield, why then, between you three,  
He will divide his kingdom for your dowries.  
But yet there is a further mystery,  
Which, so you will conceal, I will disclose.

*Gonoril* Whate'er thou speak'st to us, kind *Skalliger*,  
Think that thou speak'st it only to thyself.

*Skalliger* He earnestly desireth for to know,

Which of you three do bear most love to him,  
And on your loves he so extremely dotes,  
As never any did, I think, before.  
He presently doth mean to send for you,  
To be resolved of this tormenting doubt:  
And look, whose answer pleaseth him the best,  
They shall have most unto their marriages.

*Ragan* O that I had some pleasing Mermaid's voice,  
For to enchant his senseless senses with!

*Skalliger* For he supposeth that *Cordella* will  
(Striving to go beyond you in her love)  
Promise to do whatever he desires:  
Then will he straight enjoin her for his sake,  
The Hibernian King in marriage for to take.  
This is the sum of all I have to say;  
Which being done, I humbly take my leave,

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Not doubting but your wisdoms will foresee,  
What course will best unto your good agree.  
*Gonoril* Thanks, gentle *Skalliger*, thy kindness undeserved,  
Shall not be unrequited, if we live. *Exit Skalliger.*  
*Ragan* Now have we fit occasion offered us,  
To be revenged upon her unperceived.  
*Gonoril* Nay, our revenge we will inflict on her,  
Shall be accounted piety in us:  
I will so flatter with my doting father,  
As he was ne'er so flattered in his life.  
Nay, I will say, that if it be his pleasure,  
To match me to a beggar, I will yield:  
For why, I know whatever I do say,  
He means to match me with the Cornwall King.  
*Ragan* I'll say the like: for I am well assured;  
Whate'er I say to please the old man's mind.  
Who dotes, as if he were a child again;  
I shall enjoy the noble Cambrian Prince:  
Only, to feed his humor, will **suffice**,  
To say, I am content with any one  
Whom he'll appoint me; this will please him more.  
Than e'er *Apollo's* music pleased *Jove*.

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*Gonoril* I smile to think, in what a woeful plight  
*Cordella* will be, when we answer thus:  
For she will rather die, than give consent  
To join in marriage with the Irish King:  
So will our father think, she loveth him not,  
Because she will not grant to his desire,  
Which we will aggravate in such bitter terms,  
That he will soon convert his love to hate:  
For he, you know, is always in extremes.  
*Ragan* Not all the world could lay a better plot,  
I long till it be put in practice. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Leir and Perillus.*  
*Leir.* *Perillus*, go seek my daughters,  
Will them immediately come and speak with me.  
*Perillus* I will, my gracious Lord. *Exit.*  
*Leir.* Oh, what a combat feels my panting heart,  
'Twi't children's love, and care of Common weal!  
How dear my daughters are unto my soul,  
None knows, but he, that knows my thoughts and secret deeds.  
Ah, little do they know the dear regard,  
Wherein I hold their future state to come:  
When they securely sleep on beds of down,  
These aged eyes do watch for their behalf:  
While they like wantons sport in youthful toys,  
This throbbing heart is pierced with dire annoys.  
As doth the Sun exceed the smallest Star,

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So much the father's love exceeds the child's.  
Yet my complaints are causeless: for the world  
Affords not children more conformable:  
And yet, methinks, my mind presageth still  
I know not what; and yet I fear some ill.

*Enter Perillus, with the three daughters.*

Well, here my daughters come: me: I have found out  
A present means to rid me of this doubt.

*Gonoril* Our royal Lord and father, in all duty,  
We come to know the tenor of your will,  
Why you so hastily have sent for us?

*Leir* Dear *Gonoril*, kind *Ragan*, sweet *Cordella*,

Ye flourishing branches of a Kingly stock,  
Sprung from a tree that once did flourish green,  
Whose blossoms now are nipped with Winter's frost,  
And pale grim death doth wait upon my steps,  
And summons me unto his next Assizes.  
Therefore, dear daughters, as ye tender the safety  
Of him that was the cause of your first being,  
Resolve a doubt which much molests my mind,  
Which of you three to me would prove most kind;  
Which loves me most, and which at my request  
Will soonest yield unto their father's hest.

*Gonoril* I hope, my gracious father makes no doubt  
Of any of his daughter's love to him:  
Yet for my part, to show my zeal to you,  
Which cannot be in windy words rehearsed,  
I prize my love to you at such a rate,  
I think my life inferior to my love.  
Should you enjoin me for to tie a millstone  
About my neck, and leap into the Sea,  
At your command I willingly would do it:  
Yea, for to do you good, I would ascend  
The highest Turret in all Brittany,  
And from the top leap headlong to the ground:  
Nay, more, should you appoint me for to marry  
The meanest vassal in the spacious world,  
Without reply I would accomplish it:  
In brief, command whatever you desire,  
And if I fail, no favor I require.

*Leir.* O, how thy words revive my dying soul!

*Cordella* O, how I do abhor this flattery!

*Leir.* But what saith *Ragan* to her father's will?

*Ragan* O, that my simple utterance could suffice,  
To tell the true intention of my heart,  
Which burns in zeal of duty to your grace,  
And never can be quenched, but by desire  
To show the same in outward forwardness.

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Oh, that there were some other maid that durst  
But make a challenge of her love with me;

I'd make her soon confess she never loved  
Her father half so well as I do you.  
Ay then, my deeds should prove in plainer case,  
How much my zeal aboundeth to your grace:  
But for them all, let this one mean suffice,  
To ratify my love before your eyes:  
I have right noble Suitors to my love,  
No worse than Kings, and happily I love one:  
Yet, would you have me make my choice anew,  
I'd bridle fancy, and be ruled by you.

*Leir.* Did never *Philomel* sing so sweet a note.

*Cordella* Did never flatterer tell so false a tale.

*Leir.* Speak now, *Cordella*, make my joys at full,  
And drop down Nectar from thy honey lips.

*Cordella* I cannot paint my duty forth in words,  
I hope my deeds shall make report for me:  
But look what love the child doth owe the father,  
The same to you I bear, my gracious Lord.

*Gonoril* Here is an answer answerless indeed:  
Were you my daughter, I should scarcely brook it.

*Ragan* Dost thou not blush, proud Peacock as thou art,  
To make our father such a slight reply?

*Leir.* Why how now, Minion, are you grown so proud?  
Doth our dear love make you thus peremptory?  
What, is your love become so small to us,  
As that you scorn to tell us what it is?  
Do you love us, as every child doth love  
Their father? True indeed, as some,  
Who by disobedience short their father's days,  
And so would you; some are so father-sick,  
That they make means to rid them from the world;  
And so would you: some are indifferent,  
Whether their aged parents live or die;  
And so are you. But, didst thou know, proud girl,  
What care I had to foster thee to this,  
Ah, then thou wouldst say as thy sisters do:  
Our life is less, than love we owe to you.

*Cordella* Dear father, do not so mistake my words,

Nor my plain meaning be misconstrued;  
My tongue was never used to flattery.

*Gonoril* You were not best say I flatter: if you do,  
My deeds shall show, I flatter not with you.  
I love my father better than thou canst.



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*Cordella* The praise were great, spoke from another's mouth:  
But it should seem your neighbors dwell far off.

*Ragan* Nay, here is one, that will confirm as much  
As she hath said, both for myself and her.  
I say, thou dost not wish my father's good.

*Cordella* Dear father. —

*Leir.* Peace, bastard Imp, no issue of King *Leir*,  
I will not hear thee speak one tittle more.  
Call not me father, if thou love thy life,  
Nor these thy sisters once presume to name:  
Look for no help henceforth from me nor mine;  
Shift as thou wilt, and trust unto thyself:  
My Kingdom will I equally divide  
'Twixt thy two sisters to their royal dower,  
And will bestow them worthy their deserts:  
This done, because thou shalt not have the hope,  
To have a child's part in the time to come,  
I presently will dispossess myself,  
And set up these upon my princely throne.

*Gonoril* I ever thought that pride would have a fall.

*Ragan* Plain dealing, sister: your beauty is so sheen,  
You need no dowry, to make you be a Queen.

*Exeunt Leir, Gonoril, Ragan.*

*Cordella* Now whither, poor forsaken, shall I go,  
When mine own sisters triumph in my woe?  
But unto him which doth protect the just,  
In him will poor *Cordella* put her trust.  
These hands shall labor, for to get my spending;  
And so i'll live until my days have ending.

*Perillus* Oh, how I grieve, to see my Lord thus fond,  
To dote so much upon vain flattering words.  
Ah, if he but with good advice had weighed,  
The hidden tenor of her humble speech,

Reason to rage should not have given place,  
Nor poor *Cordella* suffer such disgrace.

*Exit.*

*Enter the Gallian King with Mumford, and three  
Nobles more.*

*King.* Dissuade me not, my Lords, I am resolved,  
This next fair wind to sail for Brittany,  
In some disguise, to see if flying fame  
Be not too prodigal in the wondrous praise  
Of these three Nymphs, the daughters of King *Leir*.  
If present view do answer absent praise,  
And eyes allow of what our ears have heard,  
And *Venus* stand auspicious to my vows,  
And Fortune favor what I take in hand;  
I will return seized of as rich a prize  
As *Jason*, when he won the golden fleece.

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wln 0384  
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wln 0394  
wln 0395  
wln 0396  
wln 0397  
wln 0398  
wln 0399  
wln 0400  
wln 0401  
wln 0402  
wln 0403

*Mumford* Heavens grant you may; the match were full of honor,  
And well beseeeming the young Gallian King.  
I would your Grace would favor me so much,  
As make me partner of your Pilgrimage.  
I long to see the gallant British Dames,  
And feed mine eyes upon their rare perfections:  
For till I know the contrary, I'll say,  
Our Dames in France are far more fair than they.

*King* Lord *Mumford*, you have saved me a labor,  
In off'ring that which I did mean to ask:  
And I most willingly accept your company.  
Yet first I will enjoin you to observe  
Some few conditions which I shall propose.

*Mumford* So that you do not tie mine eyes for looking  
After the amorous glances of fair Dames:  
So that you do not tie my tongue from speaking,  
My lips from kissing when occasion serves,  
My hands from congés, and my knees to bow  
To gallant Girls; which were a task more hard,  
Than flesh and blood is able to endure:  
Command what else you please, I rest content.

*King* To bind thee from a thing thou canst not leave,  
Were but a mean to make thee seek it more:

And therefore speak, look, kiss, salute for me;  
In these myself am like to second thee.  
Now hear thy task. I charge thee from the time  
That first we set sail for the British shore,  
To use no words of dignity to me,  
But in the friendliest manner that thou canst,  
Make use of me as thy companion:  
For we will go disguised in Palmers' weeds,  
That no man shall mistrust us what we are.

*Mumford* If that be all, i'll fit your turn, I warrant you. I am  
some kin to the Blunts, and I think, the bluntest of all my kindred;  
therefore if I be too blunt with you, thank yourself for  
praying me to be so.

*King.* Thy pleasant company will make the way seem short.  
It resteth now, that in my absence hence,  
I do commit the government to you  
My trusty Lords and faithful Counselors.  
Time cutteth off the rest I have to say:  
The wind blows fair, and I must needs away.

*Nobles.* Heavens send your voyage to as good effect,  
As we your land do purpose to protect.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King of Cornwall and his man booted and  
spurred, a riding wand, and a letter in his hand.*

*Cornwall* But how far distant are we from the Court?  
*Servant* Some twenty miles, my Lord, or thereabouts.

wln 0404  
wln 0405  
wln 0406  
wln 0407  
wln 0408  
wln 0409  
wln 0410  
wln 0411  
wln 0412  
wln 0413  
wln 0414  
wln 0415

img: 8-a  
sig: B3v

*Cornwall* It seemeth to me twenty thousand miles:  
Yet hope I to be there within this hour.

*Servant* Then are you like to ride alone for me.  
I think, my Lord is weary of his life.

*to  
himself.*

*Cornwall* Sweet *Gonoril*, I long to see thy face,  
Which hast so kindly gratified my love.

*Enter the King of Cambria booted and spurred, and his  
man with a wand and a letter.*

*Cambria* Get a fresh horse: for by my soul I swear,  
I am past patience, longer to forbear  
The wished sight of my beloved mistress,  
Dear *Ragan*, stay and comfort of my life.

*He looks  
on the  
letter.*

*Servant* Now what in God's name doth my Lord intend? *to himself.*

wln 0417  
wln 0418  
wln 0419  
wln 0420  
wln 0421  
wln 0422  
wln 0423  
wln 0424  
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wln 0444  
wln 0445  
wln 0446  
wln 0447  
wln 0448  
wln 0449  
wln 0450  
wln 0451

He thinks he ne'er shall come at 's journey's end.  
I would he had old *Daedalus*' waxen wings,  
That he might fly, so I might stay behind:  
For ere we get to Troynovant, I see,  
He quite will tire himself, his horse and me.

*Cornwall and Cambria look one upon another, and  
start to see each other there.*

*Cornwall* Brother of Cambria, we greet you well,  
As one whom here we little did expect.

*Cambria* Brother of Cornwall, met in happy time:  
I thought as much to have met with the Souldan of Persia,  
As to have met you in this place, my Lord.  
No doubt, it is about some great affairs,  
That makes you here so slenderly accompanied.

*Cornwall* To say the truth, my Lord, it is no less,  
And for your part some hasty wind of chance  
Hath blown you hither thus upon the sudden.

*Cambria* My Lord, to break off further circumstances,  
For at this time I cannot brook delays:  
Tell you your reason, I will tell you mine.

*Cornwall* In faith content, and therefore to be brief;  
For I am sure my haste's as great as yours:  
I am sent for, to come unto King *Leir*,  
Who by these present letters promiseth  
His eldest daughter, lovely *Gonoril*,  
To me in marriage, and for present dowry,  
The moiety of half his Regiment.  
The Lady's love I long ago possessed:  
But until now I never had the father's.

*Cambria* You tell me wonders, yet I will relate  
Strange news, and henceforth we must brothers call;  
Witness these lines: his honorable age,  
Being weary of the troubles of his Crown,  
His princely daughter *Ragan* will bestow  
On me in marriage, with half his Signories,

wln 0452  
wln 0453  
wln 0454

img: 8-b  
sig: B4r

Whom I would gladly have accepted of,  
With the third part, her compliments are such.  
*Cornwall* If I have one half, and you have the other,

wln 0455  
wln 0456  
wln 0457  
wln 0458  
wln 0459  
wln 0460  
wln 0461  
wln 0462  
wln 0463  
wln 0464  
wln 0465  
wln 0466  
wln 0467  
wln 0468  
wln 0469

**Then** between us we must needs have the whole.  
*Cambria* The hole! how mean you that? 'Sblood, I hope,  
We shall have two holes between us.  
*Cornwall* Why, the whole Kingdom.  
*Cambria* Ay, that's very true.  
*Cornwall* What then is left for his third daughter's dowry,  
Lovely *Cordella*, whom the world admires?  
*Cambria* 'Tis very strange, I know not what to think,  
Unless they mean to make a Nun of her.  
*Cornwall* 'Twere pity such rare beauty should be hid  
Within the compass of a Cloister's wall:  
But howsoe'er, if *Leir*'s words prove true,  
It will be good, my Lord, for me and you.  
*Cambria* Then let us haste, all danger to prevent,  
For fear delays do alter his intent. *Exeunt.*

wln 0470  
wln 0471  
wln 0472  
wln 0473  
wln 0474  
wln 0475  
wln 0476  
wln 0477  
wln 0478  
wln 0479  
wln 0480  
wln 0481  
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wln 0484  
wln 0485  
wln 0486  
wln 0487  
wln 0488  
wln 0489  
wln 0490  
wln 0491

img: 9-a  
sig: B4v

*Enter Gonoril and Ragan.*

*Gonoril* Sister, when did you see *Cordella* last,  
That pretty piece, that thinks none good enough  
To speak to her, because (sir-reverence)  
She hath a little beauty extraordinary?  
*Ragan* Since time my father warned her from his presence,  
I never saw her, that I can remember.  
God give her joy of her surpassing beauty;  
I think, her dowry will be small enough.  
*Gonoril* I have incensed my father so against her,  
As he will never be reclaimed again.  
*Ragan* I was not much behind to do the like.  
*Gonoril* Faith, sister, what moves you to bear her such good will?  
*Ragan* In truth, I think, the same that moveth you;  
Because she doth surpass us both in beauty.  
*Gonoril* Beshrew your fingers, how right you can guess:  
I tell you true, it cuts me to the heart.  
*Ragan* But we will keep her low enough, I warrant,  
And clip her wings for mounting up too high.  
*Gonoril* Whoever hath her, shall have a rich marriage of her.  
*Ragan* She were right fit to make a Parson's wife:  
For they, men say, do love fair women well,

wln 0492  
wln 0493  
wln 0494  
wln 0495

And many times do marry them with nothing.  
*Gonoril* With nothing! marry God forbid: why, are there any such?  
*Ragan* I mean, no money.  
*Gonoril* I cry you mercy, I mistook you much:

wln 0496  
wln 0497  
wln 0498  
wln 0499  
wln 0500  
wln 0501  
wln 0502  
wln 0503  
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img: 9-b  
sig: C1r

wln 0530  
wln 0531  
wln 0532  
wln 0533  
wln 0534  
wln 0535  
wln 0536  
wln 0537  
wln 0538  
wln 0539  
wln 0540  
wln 0541  
wln 0542  
wln 0543

And she is far too stately for the Church;  
She'll lay her husband's Benefice on her back,  
Even in one gown, if she may have her will.

*Ragan* In faith, poor soul, I pity her a little.  
Would she were less fair, or more fortunate.

Well, I think long until I see my *Morgan*,  
The gallant Prince of Cambria, here arrive.

*Gonoril* And so do I, until the Cornwall King  
Present himself, to consummate my joys.  
Peace, here cometh my father.

*Enter Leir, Perillus and others.*

*Leir.* Cease, good my Lords, and sue not to reverse  
Our censure, which is now irrevocable.  
We have dispatched letters of contract  
Unto the Kings of Cambria and of Cornwall;  
Our hand and seal will justify no less:  
Then do not so dishonor me, my Lords,  
As to make shipwreck of our kingly word.  
I am as kind as is the Pelican,  
That kills itself, to save her young ones' lives:  
And yet as jealous as the princely Eagle,  
That kills her young ones, if they do but dazzle  
Upon the radiant splendor of the Sun.  
Within this two days I expect their coming.  
But in good time, they are arrived already.  
This haste of yours, my Lords, doth testify  
The fervent love you bear unto my daughters:  
And think yourselves as welcome to King *Leir*,  
As ever *Priam's* children were to him.

*Cornwall* My gracious Lord, and father too, I hope,  
Pardon, for that I made no greater haste:  
But were my horse as swift as was my will,  
I long ere this had seen your Majesty.

*Cambria* No other 'scuse of absence can I frame,

*Enter  
Kings of  
Cornwall and  
Cambria.*

Than what my brother hath informed your Grace:  
For our undeserved welcome, we do vow,  
Perpetually to rest at your command.

*Cornwall* But you, sweet Love, illustrious *Gonoril*,  
The Regent, and the Sovereign of my soul,  
Is *Cornwall* welcome to your Excellency?

*Gonoril* As welcome, as *Leander* was to *Hero*,  
Or brave *Aeneas* to the Carthage Queen:  
So and more welcome is your Grace to me.

*Cambria* O, may my fortune prove no worse than his,  
Since heavens do know, my fancy is as much.  
Dear *Ragan*, say, if welcome unto thee,  
All welcomes else will little comfort me.

*Ragan* As gold is welcome to the covetous eye,

wln 0544  
wln 0545  
wln 0546  
wln 0547  
wln 0548  
wln 0549  
wln 0550  
wln 0551  
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wln 0560  
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wln 0562  
wln 0563  
wln 0564  
wln 0565  
wln 0566  
wln 0567

img: 10-a  
sig: C1v

wln 0568  
wln 0569  
wln 0570  
wln 0571  
wln 0572  
wln 0573  
wln 0574  
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wln 0587  
wln 0588  
wln 0589  
wln 0590  
wln 0591

As sleep is welcome to the Traveler,  
As is fresh water to sea-beaten men,  
Or moistened showers unto the parched ground,  
Or any thing more welcomer than this,  
So and more welcome lovely *Morgan* is.

*Leir.* What resteth then, but that we consummate,  
The celebration of these nuptial Rites?  
My Kingdom I do equally divide.  
Princes, draw lots, and take your chance as falls.

*Then they draw lots.*

These I resign as freely unto you,  
As erst by true succession they were mine.  
And here I do freely dispossess myself,  
And make you two my true adopted heirs:  
Myself will sojourn with my son of Cornwall,  
And take me to my prayers and my beads.  
I know, my daughter *Ragan* will be sorry,  
Because I do not spend my days with her:  
Would I were able to be with both at once;  
They are the kindest Girls in Christendom.

*Perillus* I have been silent all this while, my Lord,  
To see if any worthier than myself,  
Would once have spoke in poor *Cordella's* cause:  
But love or fear ties silence to their tongues.

Oh, hear me speak for her, my gracious Lord,  
Whose deeds have not deserved this ruthless doom,  
As thus to disinherit her of all.

*Leir.* Urge this no more, and if thou love thy life:  
I say, she is no daughter, that doth scorn  
To tell her father how she loveth him.  
Whoever speaketh hereof to me again,  
I will esteem him for my mortal foe.  
Come, let us in, to celebrate with joy,  
The happy Nuptials of these lovely pairs.

*Exeunt omnes, manet Perillus.*

*Perillus* Ah, who so blind, as they that will not see  
The near approach of their own misery?  
Poor Lady, I extremely pity her:  
And whilst I live, each drop of my heart blood,  
Will I strain forth, to do her any good.

*Exit.*

*Enter the Gallian King, and Mumford, disguised  
like Pilgrims.*

*Mumford* My Lord, how do you brook this British air?  
*King of Gallia.* My Lord? I told you of this foolish humor,  
And bound you to the contrary, you know.

*Mumford* Pardon me for once, my Lord; I did forget.

*King of Gallia.* My Lord again? then let's have nothing else,  
And so be ta'en for spies, and then 'tis well.

wln 0592  
wln 0593  
wln 0594  
wln 0595  
wln 0596  
wln 0597  
wln 0598  
wln 0599  
wln 0600  
wln 0601  
wln 0602  
wln 0603  
wln 0604  
wln 0605

img: 10-b  
sig: C2r

*Mumford* 'Swounds, I could bite my tongue in two for anger:  
For God's sake name yourself some proper name.  
*King of Gallia.* Call me *Tresillus*: I'll call thee *Denapoll*.  
*Mumford* Might I be made the Monarch of the world,  
I could not hit upon these names, I swear.  
*King of Gallia.* Then call me *Will*, i'll call thee *Jack*.  
*Mumford* Well, be it so, for I have well deserved to be called *Jack*.  
*King of Gallia.* Stand close; for here a British Lady cometh: *Enter*  
A fairer creature ne'er mine eyes beheld. *Cordella.*  
*Cordella* This is a day of joy unto my sisters,  
Wherein they both are married unto Kings;  
And I, by birth, as worthy as themselves,  
Am turned into the world, to seek my fortune.  
How may I blame the fickle Queen of Chance,

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wln 0607  
wln 0608  
wln 0609  
wln 0610  
wln 0611  
wln 0612  
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wln 0637  
wln 0638  
wln 0639

That maketh me a pattern of her power?  
Ah, poor weak maid, whose imbecility  
Is far unable to endure these brunts.  
Oh, father *Leir*, how dost thou wrong thy child,  
Who always was obedient to thy will!  
But why accuse I fortune and my father?  
No, no, it is the pleasure of my God:  
And I do willingly embrace the rod.  
*King of Gallia.* It is no Goddess; for she doth **complain**  
On fortune, and th' unkindness of her father.  
*Cordella* These costly robes ill fitting my estate,  
I will exchange for other meaner habit.  
*Mumford* Now if I had a Kingdom in my hands,  
I would exchange it for a milkmaid's smock and petticoat,  
That she and I might shift our clothes together.  
*Cordella* I will betake me to my thread and Needle,  
And earn my living with my fingers' ends.  
*Mumford* O brave! God willing, thou shalt have my custom,  
By sweet Saint *Denis*, here I sadly swear,  
For all the shirts and night-gear that I wear.  
*Cordella* I will profess and vow a maiden's life.  
*Mumford* Then I protest thou shalt not have my custom.  
*King of Gallia.* I can forbear no longer for to speak:  
For if I do, I think my heart will break.  
*Mumford* 'Sblood, *Will*, I hope you are not in love with my Sempster.  
*King of Gallia.* I am in such a labyrinth of love,  
As that I know not which way to get out.  
*Mumford* You'll ne'er get out, unless you first get in.  
*King of Gallia.* I prithee *Jack*, cross not my passions.  
*Mumford* Prithee *Will*, to her, and try her patience.  
*King of Gallia.* Thou fairest creature, whatsoe'er thou art,  
That ever any mortal eyes beheld,  
Vouchsafe to me, who have o'erheard thy woes,  
To show the cause of these thy sad laments.

wln 0640  
wln 0641  
wln 0642  
wln 0643

img: 11-a  
sig: C2v

*Cordella* Ah Pilgrims, what avails to show the cause,  
When there's no means to find a remedy?  
*King of Gallia.* To utter grief, doth ease a heart o'ercharged.  
*Cordella* To touch a sore, doth aggravate the pain.

wln 0644  
wln 0645  
wln 0646  
wln 0647  
wln 0648  
wln 0649  
wln 0650  
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wln 0679  
wln 0680  
wln 0681

*King of Gallia.* The silly mouse, by virtue of her teeth,  
Released the princely Lion from the net.  
*Cordella* Kind Palmer, which so much desir'st to hear  
The tragic tale of my unhappy youth:  
Know this in brief, I am the hapless daughter  
Of *Leir*, sometimes King of Brittany.  
*King of Gallia.* Why, who debars his honorable age,  
From being still the King of Brittany?  
*Cordella* None, but himself hath dispossessed himself,  
And given all his Kingdom to the Kings  
Of Cornwall and of Cambria, with my sisters.  
*King of Gallia.* Hath he given nothing to your lovely self?  
*Cordella* He loved me not, and therefore gave me nothing,  
Only because I could not flatter him:  
And in this day of triumph to my sisters,  
Doth Fortune triumph in my overthrow.  
*King of Gallia.* Sweet Lady, say there should come a King,  
As good as either of your sisters' husbands,  
To crave your love, would you accept of him?  
*Cordella* Oh, do not mock with those in misery,  
Nor do not think, though fortune have the power,  
To spoil mine honor, and debase my state,  
That she hath any interest in my mind:  
For if the greatest Monarch on the earth,  
Should sue to me in this extremity,  
Except my heart could love, and heart could like,  
Better than any that I ever saw,  
His great estate no more should move my mind,  
Than mountains move by blast of every wind.  
*King of Gallia.* Think not, sweet Nymph, 'tis holy Palmer's guise,  
To grieved souls fresh torments to devise:  
Therefore in witness of my true intent,  
Let heaven and earth bear record of my words:  
There is a young and lusty Gallian King,  
So like to me, as I am to myself,  
That earnestly doth crave to have thy love,  
And join with thee in *Hymen's* sacred bonds.  
*Cordella* The like to thee did ne'er these eyes behold;

img: 11-b  
sig: C3r

wln 0682  
wln 0683  
wln 0684

Oh live to add new torments to my grief:  
Why didst thou thus entrap me unawares?  
Ah Palmer, my estate doth not befit



wln 0685  
wln 0686  
wln 0687  
wln 0688  
wln 0689  
wln 0690  
wln 0691  
wln 0692  
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img: 12-a  
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wln 0730  
wln 0731  
wln 0732

A kingly marriage, as the case now stands.  
Whilom whenas I lived in honor's height,  
A Prince perhaps might postulate my love:  
Now misery, dishonor and disgrace,  
Hath light on me, and quite reversed the case.  
Thy King will hold thee wise, if thou surcease  
The suit, whereas no dowry will ensue.  
Then be advised, Palmer, what to do:  
Cease for thy King, seek for thyself to woo.  
*King of Gallia.* Your birth's too high for any, but a King.  
*Cordella* My mind is low enough to love a Palmer,  
Rather than any King upon the earth.  
*King of Gallia.* O, but you never can endure their life,  
Which is so straight and full of penury.  
*Cordella* O yes, I can, and happy if I might:  
I'll hold thy Palmer's staff within my hand,  
And think it is the Sceptre of a Queen.  
Sometime i'll set thy Bonnet on my head,  
And think I wear a rich imperial Crown.  
Sometime i'll help thee in thy holy prayers,  
And think I am with thee in Paradise.  
Thus i'll mock fortune, as she mocketh me,  
And never will my lovely choice repent:  
For having thee, I shall have all content.  
*King of Gallia.* 'Twere sin to hold her longer in suspense,  
Since that my soul hath vowed she shall be mine.  
Ah, dear *Cordella*, cordial to my heart,  
I am no Palmer, as I seem to be,  
But hither come in this unknown disguise,  
To view th'admired beauty of those eyes.  
I am the King of Gallia, gentle maid,  
(Although thus slenderly accompanied)  
And yet thy vassal by imperious Love,  
And sworn to serve thee everlastingly.  
*Cordella* Whate'er you be, of high or low descent,

All's one to me, I do request but this:  
That as I am, you will accept of me,  
And I will have you whatsoever you be:  
Yet well I know, you come of royal race,  
I see such sparks of honor in your face:  
*Mumford* Have Palmer's weeds such power to win fair Ladies?  
Faith, then I hope the next that falls is mine:  
Upon condition I no worse might speed,  
I would for ever wear a Palmer's weed.  
I like an honest and plain-dealing wench,  
That swears (without exceptions) I will have you.  
These foppets, that know not whether to love a man or no, except  
they first go ask their mother's leave, by this hand, I hate

wln 0733  
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img: 12-b  
sig: C4r

wln 0758  
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wln 0760  
wln 0761  
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wln 0771  
wln 0772  
wln 0773  
wln 0774  
wln 0775  
wln 0776  
wln 0777  
wln 0778  
wln 0779  
wln 0780

them ten times worse than poison.

*King of Gallia.* What resteth then our happiness to procure?

*Mumford* Faith, go to Church, to make the matter sure.

*King of Gallia.* It shall be so, because the world shall say,  
King *Leir*'s three daughters were wedded in one day:

The celebration of this happy chance,  
We will defer, until we come to France.

*Mumford* I like the wooing, that's not long a-doing.

Well, for her sake, I know what I know:

I'll never marry whilst I live,  
Except I have one of these British Ladies,  
My humor is alienated from the maids of France.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Perillus solus.*

*Perillus* The King hath dispossessed himself of all,  
Those to advance, which scarce will give him thanks:

His youngest daughter he hath turned away,  
And no man knows what is become of her.

He sojourns now in Cornwall with the eldest,  
Who flattered him, until she did obtain  
That at his hands, which now she doth possess,  
And now she sees he hath no more to give,  
It grieves her heart to see her father live.

Oh, whom should man trust in this wicked age,  
When children thus against their parents rage?  
But he, the mirror of mild patience,

Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply:

Yet shames she not in most opprobrious sort,  
To call him fool and dotard to his face,  
And sets her Parasites of purpose oft,  
In scoffing wise to offer him disgrace.

Oh iron age! O times! O monstrous, vild,  
When parents are contemned of the child!  
His pension she hath half restrained from him,  
And will, ere long, the other half, I fear:

For she thinks nothing is bestowed in vain,  
But that which doth her father's life maintain.

Trust not alliance; but trust strangers rather,  
Since daughters prove disloyal to the father.

Well, I will counsel him the best I can:

Would I were able to redress his wrong.

Yet what I can, unto my utmost power,

He shall be sure of to the latest hour.

*Exit.*

*Enter Gonoril, and Skalliger.*

*Gonoril* I prithee, *Skalliger*, tell me what thou thinkst:

Could any woman of our dignity  
Endure such quips and peremptory taunts,  
As I do daily from my doting father?  
Doth 't not suffice that I him keep of alms,

wln 0781  
wln 0782  
wln 0783  
wln 0784  
wln 0785  
wln 0786  
wln 0787  
wln 0788  
wln 0789  
wln 0790  
wln 0791  
wln 0792  
wln 0793  
wln 0794  
wln 0795

img: 13-a  
sig: C4v

Who is not able for to keep himself?  
But as if he were our better, he should think  
To check and snap me up at every word.  
I cannot make me a new-fashioned gown,  
And set it forth with more than common cost;  
But his old doting doltish withered wit,  
Is sure to give a senseless check for it.  
I cannot make a banquet extraordinary,  
To grace myself, and spread my name abroad,  
But he, old fool, is captious by and by,  
And saith, the cost would well suffice for twice.  
Judge then, I pray, what reason is 't, that I  
Should stand alone charged with his vain expense,  
And that my sister *Ragan* should go free,  
To whom he gave as much, as unto me?

wln 0796  
wln 0797  
wln 0798  
wln 0799  
wln 0800  
wln 0801  
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wln 0825  
wln 0826  
wln 0827  
wln 0828

I prithee, *Skalliger*, tell me, if thou know,  
By any means to rid me of this woe.  
*Skalliger* Your many favors still bestowed on me,  
Bind me in duty to advise your Grace,  
How you may soonest remedy this ill.  
The large allowance which he hath from you,  
Is that which makes him so forget himself:  
Therefore abridge it half, and you shall see,  
That having less, he will more thankful be:  
For why, abundance maketh us forget  
The fountains whence the benefits do spring.  
*Gonoril* Well, *Skalliger*, for thy kind advice herein,  
I will not be ungrateful, if I live:  
I have restrained half his portion already,  
And I will presently restrain the other,  
That having no means to relieve himself,  
He may go seek elsewhere for better help. *Exit.*  
*Skalliger* Go, viperous woman, shame to all thy sex:  
The heavens, no doubt, will punish thee for this:  
And me a villain, that to curry favor,  
Have given the daughter counsel 'gainst the father.  
But us the world doth this experience give,  
That he that cannot flatter, cannot live. *Exit.*  
*Enter King of Cornwall, Leir, Perillus and Nobles.*  
*Cornwall* Father, what aileth you to be so sad?  
Methinks, you frolic not as you were wont.  
*Leir.* The nearer we do grow unto our graves,  
The less we do delight in worldly joys.  
*Cornwall* But if a man can frame himself to mirth,  
It is a mean for to prolong his life.  
*Leir.* Then welcome sorrow, *Leir's* only friend,  
Who doth desire his troubled days had end.  
*Cornwall* Comfort yourself, father, here comes your daughter,

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wln 0830  
wln 0831  
wln 0832  
wln 0833

img: 13-b  
sig: D1r

wln 0834  
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wln 0865  
wln 0866  
wln 0867  
wln 0868  
wln 0869  
wln 0870  
wln 0871

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sig: D1v

wln 0872  
wln 0873

Who much will grieve, I know, to see you sad.

*Leir.* But more doth grieve, I fear, to see me live.

*Cornwall* My *Gonoril*, you come in wished time,  
To put your father from these pensive dumps.  
In faith, I fear that all things go not well.

*Enter*  
*Gonoril.*

*Gonoril* What, do you fear, that I have angered him?  
Hath he complained of me unto my Lord?  
I'll provide him a piece of bread and cheese;  
For in a time he'll practice nothing else,  
Than carry tales from one unto another.  
'Tis all his practice for to kindle strife,  
'Twixt you, my Lord, and me your loving wife:  
But I will take an order, if I can,  
To cease th' effect, where first the cause began.

*Cornwall* Sweet, be not angry in a partial cause,  
He ne'er complained of thee in all his life.  
Father, you must not weigh a woman's words.

*Leir.* Alas, not I: poor soul, she breeds young bones,  
And that is it makes her so touchy sure.

*Gonoril* What, breeds young bones already! you will make  
An honest woman of me then, belike.  
O vild old wretch! whoever heard the like,  
That seeketh thus his own child to defame?

*Cornwall* I cannot stay to hear this discord sound.

*Exit.*

*Gonoril* For any one that loves your company,  
You may go pack, and seek some other place,  
To sow the seed of discord and disgrace.

*Exit.*

*Leir.* Thus, say or do the best that e'er I can,  
'Tis wrested straight into another sense.  
This punishment my heavy sins deserve,  
And more than this ten thousand thousand times:

Else aged *Leir* them could never find  
Cruel to him, to whom he hath been kind.

Why do I overlive myself, to see  
The course of nature quite reversed in me?

Ah, gentle Death, if ever any wight  
Did wish thy presence with a perfect zeal:  
Then come, I pray thee, even with all my heart,  
And end my sorrows with thy fatal dart.

*He weeps.*

*Perillus* Ah, do not so disconsolate yourself,  
Nor dew your aged cheeks with wasting tears.

*Leir.* What man art thou that takest any pity  
Upon the worthless state of old *Leir*?

*Perillus* One, who doth bear as great a share of grief,  
As if it were my dearest father's case.

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wln 0875  
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wln 0905  
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wln 0909

img: 14-b  
sig: D2r

wln 0910  
wln 0911  
wln 0912  
wln 0913  
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wln 0915  
wln 0916  
wln 0917  
wln 0918  
wln 0919  
wln 0920  
wln 0921

*Leir.* Ah, good my friend, how ill art thou advised,  
For to consort with miserable men:  
Go learn to flatter, where thou mayst in time  
Get favor 'mongst the mighty, and so climb:  
For now I am so poor and full of want.  
As that I ne'er can recompense thy love.

*Perillus* What's got by flattery, doth not long endure;  
And men in favor live not most secure.  
My conscience tells me, if I should forsake you,  
I were the hateful'st excrement on the earth:  
Which well do know, in course of former time,  
How good my Lord hath been to me and mine.

*Leir.* Did I e'er raise thee higher than the rest  
Of all thy ancestors which were before?

*Perillus* I ne'er did seek it; but by your good Grace,  
I still enjoyed my own with quietness.

*Leir.* Did I ere give thee living, to increase  
The due revenues which thy father left?

*Perillus* I had enough, my Lord, and having that,  
What should you need to give me any more?

*Leir.* Oh, did I ever dispossess myself,  
And give thee half my Kingdom in good will?

*Perillus* Alas, my Lord, there were no reason, why  
You should have such a thought, to give it me.

*Leir.* Nay, if thou talk of reason, then be mute;  
For with good reason I can thee confute.  
If they, which first by nature's sacred law,  
Do owe to me the tribute of their lives;  
If they to whom I always have been kind,  
And bountiful beyond comparison;  
If they, for whom I have undone myself,  
And brought my age unto this extreme want,  
Do now reject, contemn, despise, abhor me,  
What reason moveth thee to sorrow for me?

*Perillus* Where reason fails, let tears confirm my love,  
And speak how much your passions do me move.

Ah, good my Lord, condemn not all for one:  
You have two daughters left, to whom I know  
You shall be welcome, if you please to go.

*Leir.* Oh, how thy words add sorrow to my soul,  
To think of my unkindness to *Cordella*!  
Whom causeless I did dispossess of all,  
Upon th' unkind suggestions of her sisters:  
And for her sake, I think this heavy doom  
Is fall'n on me, and not without desert:  
Yet unto *Ragan* was I always kind,  
And gave to her the half of all I had:  
It may be, if I should to her repair,

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wln 0923  
wln 0924  
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wln 0949  
wln 0950  
wln 0951  
wln 0952  
wln 0953  
wln 0954  
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wln 0966  
wln 0967  
wln 0968  
wln 0969

She would be kinder, and entreat me fair.  
*Perillus* No doubt she would, and practice ere 't be long,  
By force of Arms for to redress your wrong.  
*Leir.* Well, since thou dost advise me for to go,  
I am resolved to try the worst of woe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ragan solus.*

*Ragan* How may I bless the hour of my nativity,  
Which bodeth unto me such happy Stars!  
How may I thank kind fortune, that vouchsafes  
To all my actions, such desired event!  
I rule the King of Cambria as I please:  
The States are all obedient to my will;  
And look whate'er I say, it shall be so;  
Not any one, that dareth answer no.  
My eldest sister lives in royal state,  
And wanteth nothing fitting her degree:  
Yet hath she such a cooling card withal,  
As that her honey savoreth much of gall.  
My father with her is quartermaster still,  
And many times restrains her of her will:  
But if he were with me, and served me so,  
I'd send him packing somewhere else to go.  
I'd entertain him **with** such slender cost,  
That he should quickly wish to change his host.

*Exit.*

*Enter Cornwall, Gonoril, and attendants.*

*Cornwall* Ah, *Gonoril*, what dire unhappy chance

Hath sequestered thy father from our presence,  
That no report can yet be heard of him?  
Some great unkindness hath been offered him,  
Exceeding far the bounds of patience:  
Else all the world shall never me persuade,  
He would forsake us without notice made.

*Gonoril* Alas, my Lord, whom doth it touch so near,  
Or who hath interest in this grief, but I,  
Whom sorrow had brought to her longest home,  
But that I know his qualities so well?  
I know, he is but stol'n upon my sister  
At unawares, to see her how she fares,  
And spend a little time with her, to note  
How all things go, and how she likes her choice:  
And when occasion serves, he'll steal from her,  
And unawares return to us again.  
Therefore, my Lord, be frolic, and resolve  
To see my father here again ere long.

*Cornwall* I hope so too; but yet to be more sure,  
I'll send a Post immediately to know  
Whether he be arrived there or no.

*Exit.*

*Gonoril* But I will intercept the Messenger,

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wln 0971  
wln 0972  
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wln 0983  
wln 0984  
wln 0985

img: 15-b  
sig: D3r

And temper him before he doth depart,  
With sweet persuasions, and with sound rewards,  
That his report shall ratify my speech,  
And make my Lord cease further to inquire.  
If he be not gone to my sister's Court,  
As sure my mind presageth that he is,  
He happily may, by traveling unknown ways,  
Fall sick, and as a common passenger,  
Be dead and buried: would God it were so well;  
For then there were no more to do, but this,  
He went away, and none knows where he is,  
But say he be in Cambria with the King,  
And there exclaim against me, as he will:  
I know he is as welcome to my sister,  
As water is into a broken ship.  
Well, after him I'll send such thunderclaps

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wln 0987  
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wln 1017

Of slander, scandal, and invented tales,  
That all the blame shall be removed from me,  
And unperceived rebound upon himself.  
Thus with one nail another I'll expel,  
And make the world judge, that I used him well.

*Enter the Messenger that should go to Cambria,  
with a letter in his hand.*

*Gonoril* My honest friend, whither away so fast?

*Messenger* To Cambria, Madam, with letters from the king.

*Gonoril* To whom?

*Messenger* Unto your father, if he be there.

*Gonoril* Let me see them. *She opens them.*

*Messenger* Madam, I hope your Grace will stand  
Between me and my neck-verse, if I be  
Called in question, for opening the King's letters.

*Gonoril* 'Twas was I that opened them, it was not thou.

*Messenger* Ay, but you need not care: and so must I,  
A handsome man, be quickly trussed up,  
And when a man's hanged, all the world cannot save him,

*Gonoril* He that hangs thee, were better hang his father,  
Or that but hurts thee in the least degree.

I tell thee, we make great account of thee.

*Messenger* I am o'erjoyed, I surfeit of sweet words:  
Kind Queen, had I a hundred lives, I would  
Spend ninety-nine of them for you, for that word.

*Gonoril* Ay, but thou wouldst keep one life still,  
And that's as many as thou art like to have.

*Messenger* That one life is not too dear for my good Queen; this  
sword, this buckler, this head, this heart, these hands, arms,  
legs, tripes, bowels, and all the members else whatsoever, are at  
your dispose; use me, trust me, command me: if I fail in any  
thing, tie me to a dung cart, and make a Scavenger's horse of

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wln 1019  
wln 1020  
wln 1021  
wln 1022  
wln 1023

img: 16-a  
sig: D3v

me, and whip me, so long as I have any skin on my back.

*Gonoril* In token of further employment, take that.

*Flings him a purse.*

*Messenger* A strong Bond, a firm Obligation, good in law, good in law: if I keep not the condition, let my neck be the forfeiture of my negligence.

wln 1024  
wln 1025  
wln 1026  
wln 1027  
wln 1028  
wln 1029  
wln 1030

*Gonoril* I like thee well, thou hast a good tongue.

*Messenger* And as bad a tongue if it be set on it, as any Oyster-wife at Billingsgate hath: why, I have made many of my neighbors forsake their houses with railing upon them, and go dwell elsewhere; and so by my means houses have been good cheap in our parish: My tongue being well whetted with choler, is more sharp than a Razor of Palermo.

*Gonoril* O, thou art a fit man for my purpose.

*Messenger* Commend me not, sweet Queen, before you try me. As my deserts are, so do think of me.

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wln 1047  
wln 1048

*Gonoril* Well said, then this is thy trial: Instead of carrying the King's letters to my father, carry thou these letters to my sister, which contain matter quite contrary to the other: there shall she be given to understand, that my father hath detracted her, given out sland'rous speeches against her; and that he hath most intolerably abused me, set my Lord and me at variance, and made mutinies amongst the commons.

These things (although it be not so)  
Yet thou must affirm them to be true,  
With oaths and protestations as will serve,  
To drive my sister out of love with him,  
And cause my will accomplished to be.  
This do, thou winn'st my favor for ever,  
And makest a highway of preferment to thee  
And all thy friends.

*Messenger* It sufficeth, conceit it is already done:  
I will so tongue-whip him, that *I* will  
Leave him as bare of credit, as a Poulter  
Leaves a Coney, when she pulls off his skin.

*Gonoril* Yet there is a further matter.

*Messenger* I thirst to hear it.

*Gonoril* If my sister thinketh convenient, as my letters importeth, to make him away, hast thou the heart to effect it?

*Messenger* Few words are best in so small a matter:  
These are but trifles. By this book *I* will.

*kiss the paper.*

img: 16-b  
sig: D4r

wln 1061

*Gonoril* About it presently, I long till it be done,



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wln 1063  
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img: 17-a  
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wln 1101  
wln 1102  
wln 1103  
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wln 1107  
wln 1108  
wln 1109

*Messenger* I fly, I fly.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Cordella solus.*

I have been over-negligent today,  
In going to the Temple of my God,  
To render thanks for all his benefits,  
Which he miraculously hath bestowed on me,  
In raising me out of my mean estate,  
Whenas I was devoid of worldly friends,  
And placing me in such a sweet content,  
As far exceeds the reach of my deserts.  
My kingly husband, mirror of his time,  
For zeal, for justice, kindness, and for care  
To God, his subjects, me, and Common weal,  
By his appointment was ordained for me.  
I cannot wish the thing that *I* do want;  
*I* cannot want the thing but *I* may have,  
Save only this which *I* shall ne'er obtain,  
My father's love, oh this *I* ne'er shall gain.  
*I* would abstain from any nutriment,  
And pine my body to the very bones:  
Barefoot *I* would on pilgrimage set forth  
Unto the furthest quarters of the earth,  
And all my lifetime would *I* sackcloth wear,  
And mourning-wise pour dust upon my head:  
So he but to forgive me once would please,  
That his gray hairs might go to heaven in peace.  
And yet *I* know not how *I* him offended,  
Or wherein justly *I* have deserved blame.  
Oh sisters! you are much to blame in this,  
It was not he, but you that did me wrong.  
Yet God forgive both him, and you and me,  
Even as *I* do in perfect charity.  
*I* will to Church, and pray unto my Savior,  
That ere *I* die, *I* may obtain his favor.

*Exit.*

*Enter Leir and Perillus faintly.*

*Perillus* Rest on me, my Lord, and stay yourself,  
The way seems tedious to your aged limbs.

*Leir.* Nay, rest on me, kind friend, and stay thyself,  
Thou art as old as I, but more kind.

*Perillus* Ah, good my Lord, it ill befits, that I  
Should lean upon the person of a King.

*Leir.* But it fits worse, that I should bring thee forth,  
That had no cause to come along with me,  
Through these uncouth paths, and tireful ways,  
And never ease thy fainting limbs a whit.  
Thou hast left all, Ay, all to come with me,  
And I, for all, have naught to guerdon thee.

*Perillus* Cease, good my Lord, to aggravate my woes,

wln 1110  
wln 1111  
wln 1112  
wln 1113  
wln 1114  
wln 1115  
wln 1116  
wln 1117  
wln 1118  
wln 1119  
wln 1120  
wln 1121  
wln 1122  
wln 1123  
wln 1124  
wln 1125  
wln 1126  
wln 1127  
wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130  
wln 1131  
wln 1132  
wln 1133  
wln 1134  
wln 1135  
wln 1136

img: 17-b  
sig: E1r

wln 1137  
wln 1138  
wln 1139  
wln 1140  
wln 1141  
wln 1142  
wln 1143  
wln 1144  
wln 1145  
wln 1146  
wln 1147  
wln 1148  
wln 1149  
wln 1150  
wln 1151  
wln 1152  
wln 1153  
wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156  
wln 1157

With these kind words, which cuts my heart in two,  
To think your will should want the power to do.

*Leir.* Cease, good *Perillus*, for to call me Lord,  
And think me but the shadow of myself.

*Perillus* That honorable title will I give,  
Unto my Lord, so long as I do live.

Oh, be of comfort; for I see the place  
Whereas your daughter keeps her residence.

And lo, in happy time the Cambrian Prince  
Is here arrived, to gratify our coming.

*Enter the Prince of Cambria, Ragan and Nobles: look  
upon them, and whisper together.*

*Leir.* Were I best speak, or sit me down and die?  
I am ashamed to tell this heavy tale.

*Perillus* Then let me tell it, if you please, my Lord:  
'Tis shame for them that were the cause thereof.

*Cambria* What two old men are those that seem so sad?  
Methinks, I should remember well their looks.

*Ragan* No, I mistake not, sure it is my father:  
I must dissemble kindness now of force.

*She runneth to him, and kneels down, saying:*

Father, I bid you welcome, full of grief,  
To see your Grace used thus unworthily,  
And ill befitting for your reverend age,  
To come on foot a journey so indurable.  
Oh, what disaster chance hath been the cause,  
To make your cheeks so hollow, spare and lean?

He cannot speak for weeping: for God's love, come,  
Let us refresh him with some needful things,  
And at more leisure we may better know,  
Whence springs the ground of this unlooked-for woe.

*Cambria* Come, father, ere we any further talk,  
You shall refresh you after this weary walk.

*Exeunt, manet  
Ragan.*

*Ragan* Comes he to me with finger in the eye,  
To tell a tale against my sister here?

Whom I do know, he greatly hath abused:  
And now like a contentious crafty wretch,  
He first begins for to complain himself,  
Whenas himself is in the greatest fault.

I'll not be partial in my sister's cause,  
Nor yet believe his doting vain reports:

Who for a trifle (safely) I dare say,  
Upon a spleen is stolen thence away:  
And here (forsooth) he hopeth to have harbor,  
And to be moaned and made on like a child:  
But ere 't be long, his coming he shall curse,  
And truly say, he came from bad to worse:  
Yet will I make fair weather, to procure

wln 1158  
wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161  
wln 1162  
wln 1163  
wln 1164  
wln 1165  
wln 1166  
wln 1167  
wln 1168  
wln 1169  
wln 1170  
wln 1171  
wln 1172  
wln 1173  
wln 1174

img: 18-a  
sig: E1v

wln 1175  
wln 1176  
wln 1177  
wln 1178  
wln 1179  
wln 1180  
wln 1181  
wln 1182  
wln 1183  
wln 1184  
wln 1185  
wln 1186  
wln 1187  
wln 1188  
wln 1189  
wln 1190  
wln 1191  
wln 1192  
wln 1193  
wln 1194  
wln 1195  
wln 1196  
wln 1197  
wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
wln 1202  
wln 1203  
wln 1204  
wln 1205

Convenient means, and then i'll strike it sure.

*Exit.*

*Enter Messenger solus.*

*Messenger* Now happily I am arrived here,  
Before the stately Palace of the Cambrian King:  
If *Leir* be here safe-seated, and in rest,  
To rouse him from it I will do my best.  
Now bags of gold, your virtue is (no doubt)  
To make me in my message bold and stout.  
The King of heaven preserve your Majesty.  
And send your Highness everlasting reign.

*Enter Ragan.*

*Ragan* Thanks, good my friend; but what imports thy message?

*Messenger* Kind greetings from the Cornwall Queen:  
The residue these letters will declare.

*She opens the letters.*

*Ragan* How fares our royal sister?

*Messenger* I did leave her at my parting, in good health.

*She reads the letter, frowns and stamps.*

See how her color comes and goes again,  
Now red as scarlet, now as pale as ash:  
She how she knits her brow, and bites her lips,  
And stamps, and makes a dumb show of disdain,  
Mixed with revenge, and violent extremes.  
Here will be more work and more crowns for me.

*Ragan* Alas, poor soul, and hath he used her thus?  
And is he now come hither, with intent  
To set divorce betwixt my Lord and me?  
Doth he give out, that he doth hear report,  
That I do rule my husband as I list,  
And therefore means to alter so the case,  
That I shall know my Lord to be my head?  
Well, it were best for him to take good heed,  
Or I will make him hop without a head,  
For his presumption, dotard that he is.  
In Cornwall he hath made such mutinies,  
First, setting of the King against the Queen;  
Then stirring up the Commons 'gainst the King;  
That had he there continued any longer,  
He had been called in question for his fact.  
So upon that occasion thence he fled,  
And comes thus slyly stealing unto us:  
And now already since his coming hither,  
My Lord and he are grown in such a league,  
That I can have no conference with his Grace:  
I fear, he doth already intimate  
Some forged cavillations 'gainst my state:  
'Tis therefore best to cut him off in time,  
Lest slanderous rumors once abroad dispersed,  
It is too late for them to be reversed.

wln 1206  
wln 1207  
wln 1208  
wln 1209  
wln 1210  
wln 1211  
wln 1212

img: 18-b  
sig: E2r

Friend, as the tenor of these letters shows,  
My sister puts great confidence in thee.  
*Messenger* She never yet committed trust to me,  
But that (I hope) she found me always faithful:  
So will I be to any friend of hers,  
That hath occasion to employ my help.  
*Ragan* Hast thou the heart to act a stratagem,

wln 1213  
wln 1214  
wln 1215  
wln 1216  
wln 1217  
wln 1218  
wln 1219  
wln 1220  
wln 1221  
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wln 1241  
wln 1242  
wln 1243  
wln 1244  
wln 1245  
wln 1246  
wln 1247  
wln 1248  
wln 1249  
wln 1250

And give a stab or two, if need require?  
*Messenger* I have a heart compact of Adamant,  
Which never knew what melting pity meant.  
I weigh no more the murd'ring of a man,  
Than I respect the cracking of a Flea,  
When I do catch her biting on my skin.  
If you will have your husband or your father,  
Or both of them sent to another world,  
Do but command me do 't, it shall be done.  
*Ragan* It is enough, we make no doubt of thee:  
Meet us tomorrow here, at nine o'clock:  
Meanwhile, farewell, and drink that for my sake. *Exit.*  
*Messenger* Ay, this is it will make me do the deed:  
Oh, had I every day such customers,  
This were the gainful'st trade in Christendom!  
A purse of gold given for a paltry stab!  
Why, here's a wench that longs to have a stab.  
Well, I could give it her, and ne'er hurt her neither.  
*Enter the Gallian King, and Cordella.*  
*King of Gallia.* When will these clouds of sorrow once disperse,  
And smiling joy triumph upon thy brow?  
When will this Scene of sadness have an end,  
And pleasant acts ensue, to move delight?  
When will my lovely Queen cease to lament,  
And take some comfort to her grieved thoughts?  
If of thyself thou deign'st to have no care,  
Yet pity me, whom thy grief makes despair.  
*Cordella* O, grieve not you, my Lord, you have no cause.  
Let not my passions move your mind a whit:  
For I am bound by nature, to lament  
For his ill will, that life to me first lent.  
If so the stock be dried with disdain,  
Withered and sere the branch must needs remain.  
*King of Gallia.* But thou art now graft in another stock;  
I am the stock, and thou the lovely branch:  
And from my root continual sap shall flow,  
To make thee flourish with perpetual spring.  
Forget thy father and thy kindred now,

img: 19-a  
sig: E2v

wln 1251  
wln 1252  
wln 1253  
wln 1254  
wln 1255  
wln 1256  
wln 1257  
wln 1258  
wln 1259  
wln 1260  
wln 1261  
wln 1262  
wln 1263  
wln 1264  
wln 1265  
wln 1266  
wln 1267  
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wln 1281  
wln 1282  
wln 1283  
wln 1284  
wln 1285  
wln 1286  
wln 1287  
wln 1288

img: 19-b  
sig: E3r

wln 1289  
wln 1290  
wln 1291  
wln 1292  
wln 1293  
wln 1294  
wln 1295  
wln 1296  
wln 1297  
wln 1298

Since they forsake thee like inhuman beasts,  
Think they are dead, since all their kindness dies,  
And bury them, where black oblivion **lies**.  
Think not thou art the daughter of old *Leir*,  
Who did unkindly disinherit thee:  
But think thou art the noble Gallian Queen,  
And wife to him that dearly loveth thee:  
Embrace the joys that present with thee dwell,  
Let sorrow pack and hide herself in hell.

*Cordella* Not that I miss my country or my kin,  
My old acquaintance or my ancient friends,  
Doth any whit distemperate my mind,  
Knowing you, which are more dear to me,  
Than Country, kin, and all things else can be.  
Yet pardon me, my gracious Lord, in this:  
For what can stop the course of nature's power?  
As easy is it for fourfooted beasts,  
To stay themselves upon the liquid air,  
And mount aloft into the element,  
And overstrip the feathered Fowls in flight:  
As easy is it for the slimy Fish,  
To live and thrive without the help of water:  
As easy is it for the Blackamoor,  
To wash the tawny color from his skin,  
Which all oppose against the course of nature,  
As I am able to forget my father.

*King of Gallia*. Mirror of virtue, Phoenix of our age!  
Too kind a daughter for an unkind father,  
Be of good comfort; for I will dispatch  
Ambassadors immediately for Britain,  
Unto the King of Cornwall's Court, whereas  
Your father keepeth now his residence,  
And in the kindest manner him entreat,  
That setting former grievances apart,  
He will be pleased to come and visit us.  
If no entreaty will suffice the turn,  
I'll offer him the half **of** all my Crown:  
If that moves not, we'll furnish out a Fleet,

And sail to Cornwall for to visit him;  
And there you shall be firmly reconciled  
In perfect love, as erst you were **before**.

*Cordella* Where tongue cannot **sufficient** thanks afford,  
The King of heaven remunerate my Lord.

*King of Gallia*. Only be blithe, and frolic (sweet) with me:  
This and much more i'll do to comfort thee.

*Enter Messenger solus.*

*Messenger* It is a world to see now I am flush,  
How many friends I purchase everywhere!

wln 1299  
wln 1300  
wln 1301  
wln 1302  
wln 1303  
wln 1304  
wln 1305  
wln 1306  
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wln 1318  
wln 1319  
wln 1320  
wln 1321  
wln 1322  
wln 1323  
wln 1324  
wln 1325  
wln 1326

img: 20-a  
sig: E3v

wln 1327  
wln 1328  
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

How many seeks to creep into my favor,  
And kiss their hands, and bend their knees to me!  
No more, here comes the Queen, now shall I know her mind,  
And hope for to derive more crowns from her. *Enter Ragan.*

*Ragan* My friend, I see thou mind'st thy promise well,  
And art before me here, methinks, today.

*Messenger* I am a poor man, and it like your Grace;  
But yet I always love to keep my word.

*Ragan* Well, keep thy word with me, and thou shalt see,  
That of a poor man I will make thee rich.

*Messenger* I long to hear it, it might have been dispatched,  
If you had told me of it yesternight.

*Ragan* It is a thing of right strange consequence,  
And well I cannot utter it in words.

*Messenger* It is more strange, that I am not by this  
Beside myself, with longing for to hear it.

Were it to meet the Devil in his den,  
And try a bout with him for a scratched face,  
I'd undertake it, if you would but bid me.

*Ragan* Ah, good my friend, that I should have thee do,  
Is such a thing, as I do shame to speak;  
Yet it must needs be done.

*Messenger* I'll speak it for thee, Queen: shall I kill thy father?  
I know 'tis that, and if it be so, say. *Ragan* Ay.

*Messenger* Why, that's enough.

*Ragan* And yet that is not all.

*Messenger* What else?

*Ragan* Thou must kill that old man that came with him.

*Messenger* Here are two hands, for each of them is one.

*Ragan* And for each hand here is a recompense  
*Give him two purses.*

*Messenger* Oh, that I had ten hands by miracle,  
I could tear ten in pieces with my teeth,  
So in my mouth you'd put a purse of gold.  
But in what manner must it be effected?

*Ragan* Tomorrow morning ere the break of day,  
I by a wile will send them to the thicket,  
That is about some two miles from the Court,  
And promise them to meet them there myself,  
Because I must have private conference,  
About some news I have received from Cornwall.  
This is enough, I know, they will not fail,  
And then be ready for to play thy part:  
Which done, thou mayst right easily escape,  
And no man once mistrust thee for the fact:  
But yet, before thou prosecute the act,  
Show him the letter, which my sister sent,  
There let him read his own indictment first,

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  
wln 1362  
wln 1363  
wln 1364

img: 20-b  
sig: E4r

wln 1365  
wln 1366  
wln 1367  
wln 1368  
wln 1369  
wln 1370  
wln 1371  
wln 1372  
wln 1373  
wln 1374  
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wln 1377  
wln 1378  
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wln 1380  
wln 1381  
wln 1382  
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wln 1384  
wln 1385  
wln 1386  
wln 1387  
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wln 1389  
wln 1390  
wln 1391  
wln 1392  
wln 1393  
wln 1394

And then proceed to execution:

But see thou faint not; for they will speak fair.

*Messenger* Could he speak words as pleasing as the pipe  
Of *Mercury*, which charmed the hundred eyes  
Of watchful *Argos*, and enforced him sleep:

Yet here are words so pleasing to my thoughts, *To the purse.*  
As quite shall take away the sound of his. *Exit.*

*Ragan* About it then, and when thou hast dispatched,  
I'll find a means to send thee after him. *Exit.*

*Enter Cornwall and Gonoril.*

*Cornwall* I wonder that the Messenger doth stay,  
Whom we dispatched for Cambria so long since:  
If that his answer do not please us well,  
And he do show good reason for delay,  
I'll teach him how to dally with his King,  
And to detain us in such long suspense.

*Gonoril* My Lord, I think the reason may be this:  
My father means to come along with him,

And therefore 'tis his pleasure he shall stay,  
For to attend upon him on the way.

*Cornwall* It may be so, and therefore till I know  
The truth thereof, I will suspend my judgement.

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant* An 't like your Grace, there is an Ambassador  
Arrived from Gallia, and craves admittance to your Majesty.

*Cornwall* From Gallia? what should his message  
Hither import? is not your father haply  
Gone thither? well, whatsoe'er it be,  
Bid him come in, he shall have audience.

*Enter Ambassador.*

What news from Gallia? speak Ambassador.

*Ambassador* The noble King and Queen of Gallia first salutes,  
By me, their honorable father, my Lord *Leir*:  
Next, they commend them kindly to your Graces,  
As those whose welfare they entirely wish,  
Letters I have to deliver to my Lord *Leir*,  
And presents too, if I might speak with him.

*Gonoril* If you might speak with him? why, do you think,  
We are afraid that you should speak with him?

*Ambassador* Pardon me, Madam; for I think not so,  
But say so only, 'cause he is not here.

*Cornwall* Indeed, my friend, upon some urgent cause,  
He is at this time absent from the Court:  
But if a day or two you here repose.  
'Tis very likely you shall have him here,  
Or else have certain notice where he is.

*Gonoril* Are not we worthy to receive your message?

*Ambassador* I had in charge to do it to himself.

wln 1395  
wln 1396  
wln 1397  
wln 1398  
wln 1399  
wln 1400  
wln 1401  
wln 1402

img: 21-a  
sig: E4v

wln 1403  
wln 1404  
wln 1405  
wln 1406  
wln 1407  
wln 1408  
wln 1409  
wln 1410  
wln 1411  
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wln 1435  
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wln 1437  
wln 1438  
wln 1439  
wln 1440

img: 21-b  
sig: F1r

*Gonoril* It may be then 'twill not be done in haste. *to herself.*  
How doth my sister brook the air of France?  
*Ambassador* Exceeding well, and never sick one hour,  
Since first she set her foot upon the shore.  
*Gonoril* I am the more sorry.  
*Ambassador* I hope, not so, Madam.  
*Gonoril* Didst thou not say, that she was ever sick,  
Since the first hour that she arrived there?

*Ambassador* No, Madam, I said quite contrary.  
*Gonoril* Then I mistook thee.  
*Cornwall* Then she is merry, if she have her health.  
*Ambassador* Oh no, her grief exceeds, until the time,  
That she be reconciled unto her father.  
*Gonoril* God continue it.  
*Ambassador* What, Madam?  
*Gonoril* Why, her health.  
*Ambassador* Amen to that: but God release her grief,  
And send her father in a better mind,  
Than to continue always so unkind.  
*Cornwall* I'll be a mediator in her cause,  
And seek all means to expiate his wrath.  
*Ambassador* Madam, I hope your Grace will do the like.  
*Gonoril* Should I be a mean to exasperate his wrath  
Against my sister, whom I love so dear? no, no.  
*Ambassador* To expiate or mitigate his wrath:  
For he hath misconceived without a cause.  
*Gonoril* O, Ay, what else?  
*Ambassador* 'Tis pity it should be so, would it were otherwise.  
*Gonoril* It were great pity it should be otherwise.  
*Ambassador* Then how, Madam?  
*Gonoril* Then that they should be reconciled again.  
*Ambassador* It shows you bear an honorable mind.  
*Gonoril* It shows thy understanding to be blind, *Speaks to herself.*  
And that thou hadst need of an Interpreter:  
Well, *I* will know thy message ere 't be long,  
And find a mean to cross it, if *I* can.  
*Cornwall* Come in, my friend, and frolic in our Court,  
Till certain notice of my father come. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Leir and Perillus.*  
*Perillus* My Lord, you are up today before your hour,  
'Tis news to you to be abroad so rathe.  
*Leir.* 'Tis news indeed, *I* am so extreme heavy,  
That *I* can scarcely keep my eyelids open.  
*Perillus* And so am *I*, but *I* impute the cause  
To rising sooner than we use to do.  
*Leir.* Hither my daughter means to come disguised:



wln 1441  
wln 1442  
wln 1443  
wln 1444  
wln 1445  
wln 1446  
wln 1447  
wln 1448  
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wln 1474  
wln 1475  
wln 1476  
wln 1477  
wln 1478

I'll sit me down, and read until she come.

*Pull out a book and sit down.*

*Perillus* She'll not be long, I warrant you, my Lord:  
But say, a couple of these they call good fellows,  
Should step out of a hedge, and set upon us,  
We were in good case for to answer them.

*Leir.* 'Twere not for us to stand upon our hands.

*Perillus* I fear, we scant should stand upon our legs.  
But how should we do to defend ourselves?

*Leir.* Even pray to God, to bless us from their hands:  
For fervent prayer much ill hap withstands.

*Perillus* I'll sit and pray with you for company;  
Yet was I ne'er so heavy in my life.

*They fall both asleep.*

*Enter the Messenger or murderer with two  
daggers in his hands.*

*Messenger* Were it not a mad jest, if two or three of my profession  
should meet me, and lay me down in a ditch, and play rob  
thief with me, and perforce take my gold away from me, whilst  
I act this stratagem, and by this means the gray beards should  
escape? Faith, when *I* were at liberty again, I would make no  
more to do, but go to the next tree, and there hang myself.

*See them and start.*

But stay, methinks, my youths are here already,  
And with pure zeal have prayed themselves asleep.  
I think, they know to what intent they came,  
And are provided for another world.

*He takes their books away.*

Now could I stab them bravely, while they sleep,  
And in a manner put them to no pain;  
And doing so, I showed them mighty friendship:  
For fear of death is worse than death itself.  
But that my sweet Queen willed me for to show  
This letter to them, ere *I* did the deed.  
Mass, they begin to stir: i'll stand aside;  
So shall I come upon them unawares.

*They wake and rise.*

*Leir.* I marvel, that my daughter stays so long.

img: 22-a  
sig: F1v

wln 1479  
wln 1480  
wln 1481  
wln 1482  
wln 1483  
wln 1484  
wln 1485  
wln 1486

*Perillus* I fear, we did mistake the place, my Lord.

*Leir.* God grant we do not miscarry in the place:  
I had a short nap, but so full of dread,  
As much amazeth me to think thereof.

*Perillus* Fear not, my Lord, dreams are but fantasies,  
And slight imaginations of the brain.

*Messenger* Persuade him so; but i'll make him and you  
Confess, that dreams do often prove too true.

wln 1487  
wln 1488  
wln 1489  
wln 1490  
wln 1491  
wln 1492  
wln 1493  
wln 1494  
wln 1495  
wln 1496  
wln 1497  
wln 1498  
wln 1499  
wln 1500  
wln 1501  
wln 1502  
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wln 1511  
wln 1512  
wln 1513  
wln 1514  
wln 1515  
wln 1516

img: 22-b  
sig: F2r

wln 1517  
wln 1518  
wln 1519  
wln 1520  
wln 1521  
wln 1522  
wln 1523  
wln 1524  
wln 1525  
wln 1526  
wln 1527  
wln 1528  
wln 1529  
wln 1530  
wln 1531  
wln 1532  
wln 1533  
wln 1534

*Perillus* I pray, my Lord, what was the effect of it?  
I may go near to guess what it pretends.

*Messenger* Leave that to me, I will expound the dream.

*Leir.* Methought, my daughters, *Gonoril* and *Ragan*,  
Stood both before me with such grim aspects,  
Each brandishing a Falchion in their hand,  
Ready to lop a limb off where it fell,  
And in their other hands a naked poniard,  
Wherewith they stabbed me in a hundred places,  
And to their thinking left me there for dead:  
But then my youngest daughter, fair *Cordella*,  
Came with a box of Balsam in her hand,  
And poured it into my bleeding wounds,  
By whose good means I was recovered well,  
In perfect health, as erst I was before:  
And with the fear of this I did awake,  
And yet for fear my feeble joints do quake.

*Messenger* I'll make you quake for something presently.  
Stand, Stand. *They reel.*

*Leir.* We do, my friend, although with much ado.

*Messenger* Deliver, deliver.

*Perillus* Deliver us, good Lord, from such as he.

*Messenger* You should have prayed before, while it was time,  
And then perhaps, you might have scaped my hands:  
But you, like faithful watchmen, fell asleep,  
The whilst I came and took your Halberds from you.

*Show their Books.*

And now you want your weapons of defense,  
How have you any hope to be delivered?  
This comes, because you have no better stay,

But fall asleep, when you should watch and pray.

*Leir.* My friend, thou seem'st to be a proper man.

*Messenger* 'Sblood, how the old slave claws me by the elbow?  
He thinks, belike, to scape by scraping thus.

*Perillus* And it may be, are in some need of money.

*Messenger* That to be false, behold my evidence.

*Shows his purses.*

*Leir.* If that I have will do thee any good,  
I give it thee, even with a right good will. *Take it.*

*Perillus* Here, take mine too, and wish with all my heart,  
To do thee pleasure, it were twice as much.

*Take his, and weigh them both in his hands.*

*Messenger* I'll none of them, they are too light for me.

*Puts them in his pocket.*

*Leir.* Why then farewell: and if thou have occasion  
In any thing, to use me to the Queen,  
'Tis like enough that I can pleasure thee.

*They proffer to go.*

wln 1535  
wln 1536  
wln 1537  
wln 1538  
wln 1539  
wln 1540  
wln 1541  
wln 1542  
wln 1543  
wln 1544  
wln 1545  
wln 1546  
wln 1547  
wln 1548  
wln 1549  
wln 1550  
wln 1551  
wln 1552  
wln 1553  
wln 1554

img: 23-a  
sig: F2v

wln 1555  
wln 1556  
wln 1557  
wln 1558  
wln 1559  
wln 1560  
wln 1561  
wln 1562  
wln 1563  
wln 1564  
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wln 1575  
wln 1576  
wln 1577  
wln 1578  
wln 1579  
wln 1580  
wln 1581  
wln 1582

*Messenger* Do you hear, do you hear, sir?  
If I had occasion to use you to the Queen,  
Would you do one thing for me I should ask?  
*Leir.* Ay, any thing that lies within my power.  
Here is my hand upon it, so farewell. *Proffer to go.*  
*Messenger* Hear you sir, hear you? pray, a word with you.  
Methinks, a comely honest ancient man  
Should not dissemble with one for a vantage.  
I know, when I shall come to try this gear,  
You will recant from all that you have said.  
*Perillus* Mistrust not him, but try him when thou wilt:  
He is her father, therefore may do much.  
*Messenger* I know he is, and therefore mean to try him:  
You are his friend too, I must try you both.  
*Ambo.* Prithee do, prithee do. *Proffer to go out.*  
*Messenger* Stay gray-beards then, and prove men of your words:  
The Queen hath tied me by a solemn oath,  
Here in this place to see you both dispatched:  
Now for the safeguard of my conscience,  
Do me the pleasure for to kill yourselves:

So shall you save me labor for to do it,  
And prove yourselves true old men of your words.  
And here I vow in sight of all the world,  
I ne'er will trouble you whilst I live again.  
*Leir.* Affright us not with terror, good my friend,  
Nor strike such fear into our aged hearts.  
Play not the Cat, which dallieth with the mouse;  
And on a sudden maketh her a prey:  
But if thou art marked for the man of death  
To me and to my *Damon*, tell me plain,  
That we may be prepared for the stroke,  
And make ourselves fit for the world to come.  
*Messenger* I am the last of any mortal race,  
That e'er your eyes are likely to behold,  
And hither sent of purpose to this place,  
To give a final period to your days,  
Which are so wicked, and have lived so long,  
That your own children seek to short your life.  
*Leir.* Cam'st thou from France, of purpose to do this?  
*Messenger* From France? 'zoons, do I look like a Frenchman?  
Sure I have not mine own face on; somebody hath changed  
faces with me, and I know not of it: But I am sure, my apparel  
is all English. Sirrah, what meanest thou to ask that question?  
I could spoil the fashion of this face for anger. A French face!  
*Leir.* Because my daughter, whom I have offended,  
And at whose hands I have deserved as ill,  
As ever any father did of child,  
Is Queen of France, no thanks at all to me,

wln 1583  
wln 1584  
wln 1585  
wln 1586  
wln 1587  
wln 1588  
wln 1589  
wln 1590  
wln 1591  
wln 1592

img: 23-b  
sig: F3r

wln 1593  
wln 1594  
wln 1595  
wln 1596  
wln 1597  
wln 1598  
wln 1599  
wln 1600  
wln 1601  
wln 1602  
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wln 1626  
wln 1627  
wln 1628  
wln 1629  
wln 1630

But unto God, who my injustice see.  
If it be so, that she doth seek revenge,  
As with good reason she may justly do,  
I will most willingly resign my life,  
A sacrifice to mitigate her ire:  
I never will entreat thee to forgive,  
Because I am unworthy for to live.  
Therefore speak soon, and I will soon make speed:  
Whether *Cordella* willed thee do this deed?  
*Messenger* As I am a perfect gentleman, thou speak'st French to me:

*I* never heard *Cordella's* name before,  
Nor never was in France in all my life:  
*I* never knew thou hadst a daughter there,  
To whom thou didst prove so unkind a churl:  
But thy own tongue declares that thou hast been  
A vile old wretch, and full of heinous sin.  
*Leir.* Ah no, my friend, thou art deceived much:  
For her except, whom I confess I wronged,  
Through doting frenzy, and o'er-jealous love.  
There lives not any under heaven's bright eye,  
That can convict me of impiety.  
And therefore sure thou dost mistake the mark:  
For I am in true peace with all the world.  
*Messenger* You are the fitter for the King of heaven:  
And therefore, for to rid thee of suspense,  
Know thou, the Queens of Cambria and Cornwall,  
Thy own two daughters, *Gonoril* and *Ragan*,  
Appointed me to massacre thee here.  
Why wouldst thou then persuade me, that thou art  
In charity with all the world? but now  
When thy own issue hold thee in such hate,  
That they have hired me t' abridge thy fate,  
Oh, fie upon such vile dissembling breath,  
That would deceive, even at the point of death.  
*Perillus* Am I awake, or is it but a dream?  
*Messenger* Fear nothing, man, thou art but in a dream,  
And thou shalt never wake until doomsday,  
By then, I hope, thou wilt have slept enough.  
*Leir.* Yet, gentle friend, grant one thing ere I die.  
*Messenger* I'll grant you any thing, except your lives.  
*Leir.* Oh, but assure me by some certain token,  
That my two daughters hired thee to this deed:  
If I were once resolved of that, then I  
Would wish no longer life, but crave to die.  
*Messenger* That to be true, in sight of heaven I swear.  
*Leir.* Swear not by heaven, for fear of punishment:  
The heavens are guiltless of such heinous acts.  
*Messenger* I swear by earth, the mother of us all.

img: 24-a  
sig: F3v

wln 1631  
wln 1632  
wln 1633  
wln 1634  
wln 1635  
wln 1636  
wln 1637  
wln 1638  
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wln 1666  
wln 1667  
wln 1668

*Leir.* Swear not by earth; for she abhors to bear  
Such bastards, as are murderers of her sons.  
*Messenger* Why then, by hell, and all the devils I swear.  
*Leir.* Swear not by hell; for that stands gaping wide,  
To swallow thee, and if thou do this deed.  
*Thunder and lightning.*  
*Messenger* I would that word were in his belly again,  
It hath frightened me even to the very heart:  
This old man is some strong Magician:  
His words have turned my mind from this exploit.  
Then neither heaven, earth, nor hell be witness;  
But let this paper witness for them all.  
*Shows Gonoril's letter.*  
Shall I relent, or shall I prosecute?  
Shall I resolve, or were I best recant?  
I will not crack my credit with two Queens,  
To whom I have already passed my word.  
Oh, but my conscience for this act doth tell,  
I get heaven's hate, earth's scorn, and pains of hell.  
*They bless themselves.*  
*Perillus* Oh just *Jehovah*, whose almighty power  
Doth govern all things in this spacious world,  
How canst thou suffer such outrageous acts  
To be committed without just revenge?  
O viperous generation and accursed,  
To seek his blood, whose blood did make them first!  
*Leir.* Ah, my true friend in all extremity,  
Let us submit us to the will of God:  
Things past all sense, let us not seek to know;  
It is God's will, and therefore must be so.  
My friend, I am prepared for the stroke:  
Strike when thou wilt, and I forgive thee here,  
Even from the very bottom of my heart.  
*Messenger* But I am not prepared for to strike.  
*Leir.* Farewell, *Perillus*, even the truest friend,  
That ever lived in adversity:  
The latest kindness i'll request of thee,  
Is that thou go unto my daughter *Cordella*,

img: 24-b  
sig: F4r

wln 1669  
wln 1670  
wln 1671  
wln 1672  
wln 1673  
wln 1674  
wln 1675

And carry her her father's latest blessing:  
Withal desire her, that she will forgive me;  
For I have wronged her without any cause.  
Now, Lord, receive me, for I come to thee,  
And die, I hope, in perfect charity.  
Dispatch, I pray thee, I have lived too long.  
*Messenger* Ay, but you are unwise, to send an errand

wln 1676  
wln 1677  
wln 1678  
wln 1679  
wln 1680  
wln 1681  
wln 1682  
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wln 1705  
wln 1706

img: 25-a  
sig: F4v

wln 1707  
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wln 1712  
wln 1713  
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wln 1720  
wln 1721  
wln 1722  
wln 1723

By him that never meaneth to deliver it:  
Why, he must go along with you to heaven:  
It were not good you should go all alone.

*Leir.* No doubt, he shall, when by the course of nature,  
He must surrender up his due to death:  
But that time shall not come, till God permit.

*Messenger* Nay, presently, to bear you company.  
I have a Passport for him in my pocket,  
Already sealed, and he must needs ride Post.

*Show a bag of money.*

*Leir.* The letter which I read, imports not so,  
It only toucheth me, no word of him.

*Messenger* Ay, but the Queen commands it must be so,  
And I am paid for him, as well as you.

*Perillus* I, who have borne you company in life,  
Most willingly will bear a share in death.  
It skilleth not for me, my friend, a whit,  
Nor for a hundred such as thou and I.

*Messenger* Marry, but it doth, sir, by your leave; your good days  
are past: though it be no matter for you, 'tis a matter for me,  
proper men are not so rife.

*Perillus* Oh, but beware, how thou dost lay thy hand  
Upon the high anointed of the Lord:  
O, be advised ere thou dost begin:  
Dispatch me straight, but meddle not with him.

*Leir.* Friend, thy commission is to deal with me,  
And I am he that hath deserved all:  
The plot was laid to take away my life:  
And here it is, I do entreat thee take it:  
Yet for my sake, and as thou art a man,  
Spare this my friend, that hither with me came:

*I* brought him forth, whereas he had not been,  
But for good will to bear me company.  
He left his friends, his country and his goods,  
And came with me in most extremity.  
Oh, if he should miscarry here and die,  
Who is the cause of it, but only *I*?

*Messenger* Why that am *I*, let that ne'er trouble thee.

*Leir.* O no, 'tis *I*. O, had *I* now to give thee  
The monarchy of all the spacious world  
To save his life, *I* would bestow it on thee:  
But *I* have nothing but these tears and prayer,  
And the submission of a bended knee.  
O, if all this to mercy move they mind,  
Spare him, in heaven thou shalt like mercy find.

*kneels.*

*Messenger* I am as hard to be moved as another, and yet  
methinks the strength of their persuasions stirs me  
a little.

wln 1724  
wln 1725  
wln 1726  
wln 1727  
wln 1728  
wln 1729  
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wln 1737  
wln 1738  
wln 1739  
wln 1740  
wln 1741  
wln 1742  
wln 1743  
wln 1744

img: 25-b  
sig: G1r

wln 1745  
wln 1746  
wln 1747  
wln 1748  
wln 1749  
wln 1750  
wln 1751  
wln 1752  
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wln 1766  
wln 1767  
wln 1768  
wln 1769  
wln 1770  
wln 1771

*Perillus* My friend, if fear of the almighty power  
Have power to move thee, we have said enough:  
But if thy mind be movable with gold,  
We have not presently to give it thee:  
Yet to thyself thou mayst do greater good,  
To keep thy hands still undefiled from blood:  
For do but well consider with thyself,  
When thou hast finished this outrageous act,  
What horror still will haunt thee for the deed:  
Think this again, that they which would incense  
Thee for to be the Butcher of their father,  
When it is done, for fear it should be known,  
Would make a means to rid thee from the world:  
Oh, then art thou for ever tied in chains  
Of everlasting torments to endure,  
Even in the hottest hole of grisly hell,  
Such pains, as never mortal tongue can tell.

*It thunders. He quakes, and lets fall the Dagger  
next to Perillus.*

*Leir.* O, heavens be thanked, he will spare my friend,  
Now when thou wilt come make an end of me.

*He lets fall the other dagger.*

*Perillus* Oh, happy sight! He means to save my Lord.  
The King of heaven continue this good mind.

*Leir.* Why stay'st thou to do execution?

*Messenger* I am as wilful as you for your life:  
I will not do it, now you do entreat me.

*Perillus* Ah, now I see thou hast some spark of grace.

*Messenger* Beshrew you for it, you have put it in me:  
The parlousest old men, that e'er I heard.  
Well, to be flat, i'll not meddle with you:  
Here I found you, and here i'll leave you:  
If any ask you why the case so stands?

Say that your tongues were better than your hands.

*Exit.  
Messenger*

*Perillus* Farewell. If ever we together meet,  
It shall go hard, but I will thee re-greet.  
Courage, my Lord, the worst is overpast;  
Let us give thanks to God, and hie us hence.

*Leir.* Thou art deceived; for I am past the best,  
And know not whither for to go from hence:  
Death had been better welcome unto me,  
Than longer life to add more misery.

*Perillus* It were not good to return from whence we came,  
Unto your daughter *Ragan* back again.  
Now let us go to France, unto *Cordella*,  
Your youngest daughter, doubtless she will succor you.

*Leir.* Oh, how can I persuade myself of that,  
Since the other two are quite devoid of love;

wln 1772  
wln 1773  
wln 1774  
wln 1775  
wln 1776  
wln 1777  
wln 1778  
wln 1779  
wln 1780  
wln 1781  
wln 1782

img: 26-a  
sig: G1v

wln 1783  
wln 1784  
wln 1785  
wln 1786  
wln 1787  
wln 1788  
wln 1789  
wln 1790  
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wln 1819

To whom I was so kind, as that my gifts,  
Might make them love me, if 'twere nothing else?  
*Perillus* No worldly gifts, but grace from God on high,  
Doth nourish virtue and true charity.  
Remember well what words *Cordella* spoke,  
What time you asked her, how she loved your Grace.  
**She** said, her love unto you was as much,  
As ought a child to bear unto her father.  
*Leir.* But she did find, my love was not to her,  
As should a father bear unto a child.  
*Perillus* That makes not her love to be any less,

If she do love you as a child should do:  
You have tried two, try one more for my sake,  
I'll ne'er entreat you further trial make.  
Remember well the dream you had of late,  
And think what comfort it foretells to us.

*Leir.* Come, truest friend, that ever man possessed,  
I know thou counsel'st all things for the best:  
If this third daughter play a kinder part,  
It comes of God, and not of my desert.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Gallian Ambassador solus.*

*Ambassador* There is of late news come unto the Court,  
That old Lord *Leir* remains in Cambria:  
I'll hie me thither presently, to impart  
My letters and my message unto him.  
I never was less welcome to a place  
In all my life time, than I have been hither,  
Especially unto the stately Queen,  
Who would not cast one gracious look on me,  
But still with louting and suspicious eyes,  
Would take exceptions at each word *I* spake,  
And fain she would have undermined me,  
To know what my Ambassage did import:  
But she is like to hop without her hope,  
And in this matter for to want her will,  
Though (by report) she'll have 't in all things else.

Well, *I* will post away for Cambria:

Within these few days I hope to be there,

*Exit.*

*Enter the King and Queen of Gallia, and Mumford.*

*King of Gallia.* By this, our father understands our mind,  
And our kind greetings sent to him of late;  
Therefore my mind presageth ere 't be long,  
We shall receive from Britain happy news.

*Cordella* I fear, my sister will dissuade his mind;  
For she to me hath always been unkind.

*King of Gallia.* Fear not, my love, since that we know the worst,  
The last means helps, if that we miss the first:  
If he'll not come to Gallia unto us,



wln 1820

img: 26-b  
sig: G2r

Then we will sail to Britain unto him.

wln 1821

*Mumford* Well, if I once see Britain again,  
I have sworn, i'll ne'er come home without my wench,  
wln 1822 And i'll not be forsworn,  
wln 1823 I'll rather never come home while I live.

wln 1824

*Cordella* Are you sure, *Mumford*, she is a maid still?

wln 1825

*Mumford* Nay, i'll not swear she is a maid, but she goes for one:  
wln 1826 I'll take her at all adventures, if I can get her.

wln 1827

*Cordella* Ay, that's well put in.

wln 1828

*Mumford* Well put in? nay, it was ill put in; for had it  
wln 1829 Been as well put in, as e're *I* put in, in my days,  
wln 1830 I would have made her follow me to France.

wln 1831

*Cordella* Nay, you'd have been so kind, as take her with you,  
wln 1832 Or else, were *I* as she,

wln 1833

I would have been so loving, as i'd stay behind you:

wln 1834

Yet I must confess, you are a very proper man,

wln 1835

And able to make a wench do more than she would do.

wln 1836

*Mumford* Well, I have a pair of slops for the nonce,  
wln 1837 Will hold all your mocks.

wln 1838

*King of Gallia.* Nay, we see you have a handsome hose.

wln 1839

*Cordella* Ay, and of the newest fashion.

wln 1840

*Mumford* More bobs, more: put them in still,  
wln 1841 They'll serve instead of bombast, yet put not in too many,  
wln 1842 lest the seams crack, and they fly out amongst you again:  
wln 1843 you must not think to outface me so easily in my mistress' quarrel,  
wln 1844 who if I see once again, ten team of horses shall  
wln 1845 not draw me away, till I have full and whole possession.

wln 1846

*King of Gallia.* Ay, but one team and a cart will serve the turn.

wln 1847

*Cordella* Not only for him, but also for his wench.

wln 1848

*Mumford* Well, you are two to one, i'll give you over:

wln 1849

And since I see you so pleasantly disposed,

wln 1850

Which indeed is but seldom seen, i'll claim

wln 1851

A promise of you, which you shall not deny me:

wln 1852

For promise is debt, and by this hand you promised it me.

wln 1853

Therefore you owe it me, and you shall pay it me,

wln 1854

Or i'll sue you upon an action of unkindness.

wln 1855

*King of Gallia.* Prithee, Lord *Mumford*, what promise did I make thee?

wln 1856

*Mumford* Faith, nothing but this,

wln 1857

That the next fair weather, which is very now,

wln 1858

img: 27-a  
sig: G2v

wln 1859

You would go in progress down to the seaside,

wln 1860

Which is very near.

wln 1861

*King of Gallia.* Faith, in this motion I will join with thee,

wln 1862

And be a mediator to my Queen.

wln 1863

Prithee, my Love, let this **match** go forward,

wln 1864

My mind foretells, 'twill be a lucky voyage.

wln 1865  
wln 1866  
wln 1867  
wln 1868  
wln 1869  
wln 1870  
wln 1871  
wln 1872  
wln 1873  
wln 1874  
wln 1875  
wln 1876  
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wln 1891  
wln 1892  
wln 1893  
wln 1894  
wln 1895  
wln 1896

*Cordella* Entreaty needs not, where you may command,  
So you be pleased, I am right well content:  
Yet, as the Sea *I* much desire to see;  
So am I most unwilling to be seen.  
*King of Gallia.* We'll go disguised, all unknown to any.  
*Cordella* Howsoever you make one, i'll make another.  
*Mumford* and *I* the third: oh, I am overjoyed!  
See what love is, which getteth with a word,  
What all the world besides could ne'er obtain!  
But what disguises shall we have, my Lord?  
*King of Gallia.* Faith thus: my Queen and I will be disguised,  
Like a plain country couple, and you shall be *Roger*  
Our man, and wait upon us: or if you will,  
You shall go first, and we will wait on you.  
*Mumford* 'Twere more than time; this device is excellent.  
Come le us about it. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cambria and Ragan, with Nobles.*

*Cambria* What strange mischance or unexpected hap  
Hath thus deprived us of our father's presence?  
Can no man tell us what's become of him,  
With whom we did converse not two days since?  
My Lords, let everywhere light horse be sent,  
To scour about through all our Regiment.  
Dispatch a Post immediately to Cornwall,  
To see if any news be of him there;  
Myself will make a strict inquiry here,  
And all about our Cities near at hand,  
Till certain news of his abode be brought.

*Ragan* All sorrow is but counterfeit to mine,  
Whose lips are almost sealed up with grief:  
Mine is the substance, whilst they do but seem  
To weep the less, which tears cannot redeem.

img: 27-b  
sig: G3r

wln 1897  
wln 1898  
wln 1899  
wln 1900  
wln 1901  
wln 1902  
wln 1903  
wln 1904  
wln 1905  
wln 1906  
wln 1907  
wln 1908  
wln 1909  
wln 1910  
wln 1911  
wln 1912

O, ne'er was heard so strange a misadventure,  
A thing so far beyond the reach of sense,  
Since no man's reason in the cause can enter.  
What hath removed my father thus from hence?  
O, *I* do fear some charm or invocation  
Of wicked spirits, or infernal fiends,  
Stirred by *Cordella*, moves this innovation,  
And brings my father timeless to his end.  
But might I know, that the detested Witch  
Were certain cause of this uncertain ill,  
Myself to France would go in some disguise,  
And with these nails scratch out her hateful eyes:  
For since *I* am deprived of my father,  
I loathe my life, and wish my death the rather.  
*Cambria* The heavens are just, and hate impiety,  
And will (no doubt) reveal such heinous crimes:

wln 1913  
wln 1914  
wln 1915  
wln 1916  
wln 1917  
wln 1918  
wln 1919  
wln 1920  
wln 1921  
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

img: 28-a  
sig: G3v

Censure not any, till you know the right:  
Let him be Judge, that bringeth truth to light.  
*Ragan* O, but my grief, like to a swelling tide,  
Exceeds the bounds of common patience:  
Nor can I moderate my tongue so much,  
To conceal them, whom I hold in suspect.  
*Cambria* This matter shall be sifted: if it be she,  
A thousand Frances shall not harbor her.  
*Enter the Gallian Ambassador.*  
*Ambassador* All happiness unto the Cambrian King.  
*Cambria* Welcome, my friend, from whence is thy Ambassage?  
*Ambassador* I came from Gallia, unto Cornwall sent,  
With letters to your honorable father,  
Whom there not finding, as *I* did expect,  
I was directed hither to repair.  
*Ragan* Frenchman, what is thy message to my father?  
*Ambassador* My letters, Madam, will import the same,  
Which my Commission is for to deliver.  
*Ragan* In his absence you may trust us with your letters.  
*Ambassador* I must perform my charge in such a manner,  
As I have strict commandment from the King.  
*Ragan* There is good packing twixt your King and you:

wln 1935  
wln 1936  
wln 1937  
wln 1938  
wln 1939  
wln 1940  
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  
wln 1954  
wln 1955  
wln 1956  
wln 1957  
wln 1958  
wln 1959  
wln 1960

You need not hither come to ask for him,  
You know where he is better than ourselves.  
*Ambassador* Madam, I hope, not far off.  
*Ragan* Hath the young murd'ress, your outrageous Queen,  
No means to color her detested deeds,  
In finishing my guiltless father's days,  
(Because he gave her nothing to her dower)  
But by the color of a feigned Ambassage,  
To send him letters hither to our Court?  
Go carry them to them that sent them hither,  
And bid them keep their scrolls unto themselves,  
They cannot blind us with such slight excuse,  
To smother up so monstrous vild abuse.  
And were it not, it is 'gainst law of Arms,  
To offer violence to a Messenger,  
We would inflict such torments on thyself,  
As should enforce thee to reveal the truth.  
*Ambassador* Madam, your threats no whit appall my mind,  
I know my conscience guiltless of this act;  
My King and Queen, I dare be sworn, are free  
From any thought of such impiety:  
And therefore, Madam, you have done them wrong,  
And ill beseeming with a sister's love,  
Who in mere duty tender him as much,  
As ever you respected him for dower.  
The King your husband will not say as much.

wln 1961  
wln 1962  
wln 1963  
wln 1964  
wln 1965  
wln 1966  
wln 1967  
wln 1968  
wln 1969  
wln 1970  
wln 1971  
wln 1972

img: 28-b  
sig: G4r

wln 1973  
wln 1974  
wln 1975  
wln 1976  
wln 1977  
wln 1978  
wln 1979  
wln 1980  
wln 1981  
wln 1982  
wln 1983  
wln 1984  
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wln 1999  
wln 2000  
wln 2001  
wln 2002  
wln 2003  
wln 2004  
wln 2005  
wln 2006  
wln 2007  
wln 2008

*Cambria* I will suspend my judgement for a time,  
Till more appearance give us further light:  
Yet to be plain, your coming doth enforce  
A great suspicion to our doubtful mind,  
And that you do resemble, to be brief,  
Him that first robs, and then cries, Stop the thief.

*Ambassador* Pray God some near you have not done the like.

*Ragan* Hence, saucy mate, reply no more to us; *She strikes*  
For law of Arms shall not protect thy tongue. *him.*

*Ambassador* Ne'er was I offered such discourtesy;  
God and my King, *I* trust, ere it be long,  
Will find a mean to remedy this wrong, *Exit Ambassador*

*Ragan* How shall I live, to suffer this disgrace,  
At every base and vulgar peasant's hands?  
It ill befitteth my imperial state,  
To be thus used, and no man take my part. *She weeps.*

*Cambria* What should I do? infringe the law of Arms,  
Were to my everlasting obloquy:  
But I will take revenge upon his master,  
Which sent him hither, to delude us thus.

*Ragan* Nay, if you put up this, be sure, ere long,  
Now that my father thus is made away.  
She'll come and claim a third part of your Crown,  
As due unto her by inheritance.

*Cambria* But *I* will prove her title to be naught  
But shame, and the reward of Parricide,  
And make her an example to the world,  
For after-ages to admire her penance.  
This will I do, as I am *Cambria's* King,  
Or lose my life, to prosecute revenge.  
Come, first let's learn what news is of our father,  
And then proceed, as best occasion fits. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Leir, Perillus, and two Mariners, in sea-gowns  
and sea-caps.*

*Perillus* My honest friends, we are ashamed to show  
The great extremity of our present state,  
In that at this time we are brought so low,  
That we want money for to pay our passage.  
The truth is so, we met with some good fellows,  
A little before we came aboard your ship,  
Which stripped us quite of all the coin we had,  
And left us not a penny in our purses:  
Yet wanting money, we will use the mean,  
To see you satisfied to the uttermost. *Look on Leir.*  
*1. Mariner* Here's a good gown, 'twould become me passing well,  
I should be fine in it. *Look on Perillus.*  
*2. Mariner* Here's a good cloak, I marvel how I should look in it.  
*Leir.* Faith, had we others to supply their room,

wln 2009

wln 2010

img: 29-a  
sig: G4v

wln 2011

wln 2012

wln 2013

wln 2014

wln 2015

wln 2016

wln 2017

wln 2018

wln 2019

wln 2020

wln 2021

wln 2022

wln 2023

wln 2024

wln 2025

wln 2026

wln 2027

wln 2028

wln 2029

wln 2030

wln 2031

wln 2032

wln 2033

wln 2034

wln 2035

wln 2036

wln 2037

wln 2038

wln 2039

wln 2040

wln 2041

wln 2042

wln 2043

wln 2044

wln 2045

wln 2046

wln 2047

wln 2048

img: 29-b  
sig: H1r

wln 2049

wln 2050

wln 2051

wln 2052

wln 2053

Though ne'er so mean, you willingly should have them.

1. *Mariner* Do you hear, sir? you look like an honest man;

I'll not stand to do you a pleasure: here's a good strong motley gaberdine, cost me fourteen good shillings at Billingsgate, give me your gown for it, and your cap for mine, and i'll forgive your passage.

*Leir.* With all my heart, and twenty thanks. *Leir and he changeth.*

2. *Mariner* Do you hear, sir? you shall have a better match than he, because you are my friend: here is a good sheep's russet sea-gown, will bide more stress, I warrant you, than two of his, yet for you seem to be an honest gentleman, I am content to change it for your cloak, and ask you nothing for your passage more.

*Pull off Perillus' cloak.*

*Perillus* My own I willingly would change with thee, And think myself indebted to thy kindness: But would my friend might keep his garment still. My friend, i'll give thee this new doublet, if thou wilt Restore his gown unto him back again.

1. *Mariner* Nay, if I do, would I might ne'er eat powdered beef and mustard more, nor drink Can of good liquor whilst I live. My friend, you have small reason to seek to hinder me of my bargain: but the best is, a bargain's a bargain.

*Leir.* Kind friend, it is much better as it is; *Leir to Perillus.* For by this means we may escape unknown; Till time and opportunity do fit.

2. *Mariner* Hark, hark, they are laying their heads together, They'll repent them of their bargain anon, 'Twere best for us to go while we are well.

1. *Mariner* God be with you, sir, for your passage back again, I'll use you as unreasonable as another.

*Leir.* I know thou wilt; but we hope to bring ready money With us, when we come back again. *Exeunt Mariners.*

Were ever men in this extremity, In a strange country, and devoid of friends, And not a penny for to help ourselves? Kind friend, what think'st thou will become of us?

*Perillus* Be of good cheer, my Lord, I have a doublet, Will yield us money enough to serve our turns, Until we come unto your daughter's Court: And then, I hope, we shall find friends enough.

*Leir.* Ah, kind *Perillus*, that is it I fear,

And makes me faint, or ever I come there.  
Can kindness spring out of ingratitude?  
Or love be reaped, where hatred hath been sown?  
Can Henbane join in league with Mithridate?  
Or Sugar grow in Wormwood's bitter stalk?

wln 2054  
wln 2055  
wln 2056  
wln 2057  
wln 2058  
wln 2059  
wln 2060  
wln 2061  
wln 2062  
wln 2063  
wln 2064  
wln 2065  
wln 2066  
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wln 2082  
wln 2083  
wln 2084  
wln 2085  
wln 2086  
wln 2087

It cannot be, they are too opposite:  
And so am I to any kindness here.  
I have thrown Wormwood on the sugared youth,  
And like to Henbane poisoned the Fount,  
Whence flowed the Mithridate of a child's goodwill:  
I, like an envious thorn, have pricked the heart,  
And turned sweet Grapes, to sour unrelished Sloes:  
The causeless ire of my respectless breast,  
Hath soured the sweet milk of dame Nature's paps:  
My bitter words have galled her honey thoughts,  
And weeds of rancor choked the flower of grace.  
Then what remainder is of any hope,  
But all our fortunes will go quite aslope?

*Perillus* Fear not, my Lord, the perfect good indeed,  
Can never be corrupted by the bad:  
A new fresh vessel still retains the taste  
Of that which first is poured into the same:  
And therefore, though you name yourself the thorn,  
The weed, the gall, the henbane and the wormwood;  
Yet she'll continue in her former state,  
The honey, milk, Grape, Sugar, Mithridate.

*Leir.* Thou pleasing Orator unto me in woe,  
Cease to beguile me with thy hopeful speeches:  
O join with me, and think of naught but crosses,  
And then we'll one lament another's losses.

*Perillus* Why, say the worst, the worst can be but death,  
And death is better than for to despair:  
Then hazard death, which may convert to life;  
Banish despair, which brings a thousand deaths.

*Leir.* O'ercome with thy strong arguments, *I* yield,  
To be directed by thee, as thou wilt:  
As thou yield'st comfort to my crazed thoughts,  
Would *I* could yield the like unto thy body,  
Which is full weak, I know, and ill apaid,

img: 30-a  
sig: H1v

wln 2088  
wln 2089  
wln 2090  
wln 2091  
wln 2092  
wln 2093  
wln 2094  
wln 2095  
wln 2096  
wln 2097  
wln 2098  
wln 2099  
wln 2100  
wln 2101

For want of fresh meat and due sustenance.

*Perillus* Alack, my Lord, my heart doth bleed, to think  
That you should be in such extremity.

*Leir.* Come, let us go, and see what God will send;  
When all means fail, he is the surest friend.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Gallian King and Queen, and Mumford, with a  
basket, disguised like Country folk.*

*King of Gallia.* This tedious journey all on foot, sweet Love,  
Cannot be pleasing to your tender joints,  
Which ne'er were used to these toilsome walks.

*Cordella* I never in my life took more delight  
In any journey, than I do in this:  
It did me good, whenas we happed to light  
Amongst the merry crew of country folk,

wln 2102  
wln 2103  
wln 2104  
wln 2105  
wln 2106  
wln 2107  
wln 2108  
wln 2109  
wln 2110  
wln 2111  
wln 2112  
wln 2113  
wln 2114  
wln 2115  
wln 2116  
wln 2117  
wln 2118  
wln 2119  
wln 2120  
wln 2121  
wln 2122  
wln 2123  
wln 2124  
wln 2125  
wln 2126

To see what industry and pains they took,  
To win them commendations 'mongst their friends.  
Lord, how they labor to bestir themselves,  
And in their quirks to go beyond the Moon,  
And so take on them with such antic fits,  
That one would think they were beside their wits!  
Come away, *Roger*, with your basket.

*Mumford* Soft, Dame, here comes a couple of old youths,  
I must needs make myself fat with jesting at them.

*Cordella* Nay, prithee do not, they do seem to be  
Men much o'ergone with grief and misery.  
Let's stand aside, and harken what they say.

*Enter Leir  
and Perillus  
very faintly.*

*Leir.* Ah, my *Perillus*, now I see we both  
Shall end our days in this untrustful soil.  
Oh, I do faint for want of sustenance:  
And thou, I know, in little better case.  
No gentle tree affords one taste of fruit,  
To comfort us, until we meet with men:  
No lucky path conducts our luckless steps  
Unto a place where any comfort dwells.  
Sweet rest betide unto our happy souls;  
For here I see our bodies must have end.

*Perillus* Ah, my dear Lord, how doth my heart lament,  
To see you brought to this extremity!  
O, if you love me, as you do profess,

img: 30-b  
sig: H2r

wln 2127  
wln 2128  
wln 2129  
wln 2130  
wln 2131  
wln 2132  
wln 2133  
wln 2134  
wln 2135  
wln 2136  
wln 2137  
wln 2138  
wln 2139  
wln 2140  
wln 2141  
wln 2142  
wln 2143  
wln 2144  
wln 2145  
wln 2146  
wln 2147  
wln 2148  
wln 2149

Or ever thought well of me in my life,  
Feed on this flesh, whose veins are not so dry,  
But there is virtue left to comfort you.  
O, feed on this, if this will do you good,  
I'll smile for joy, to see you suck my blood.

*He strips up his arm.*

*Leir.* I am no Cannibal, that I should delight  
To slake my hungry jaws with human flesh:  
I am no devil, or ten times worse than so,  
To suck the blood of such a peerless friend.  
O, do not think that I respect my life  
So dearly, as I do thy loyal love.  
Ah, Britain, I shall never see thee more,  
That hast unkindly banished thy King:  
And yet not thou dost make me to complain,  
But they which were more near to me than thou.

*Cordella* What do *I* hear: this lamentable voice,  
Methinks, ere now I oftentimes have heard.

*Leir.* Ah, *Gonoril*, was half my Kingdom's gift  
The cause that thou didst seek to have my life?  
Ah, cruel *Ragan*, did I give thee all,  
And all could not suffice without my blood?  
Ah, poor *Cordella*, did *I* give thee naught,  
Nor never shall be able for to give?

wln 2150  
wln 2151  
wln 2152  
wln 2153  
wln 2154  
wln 2155  
wln 2156  
wln 2157  
wln 2158  
wln 2159  
wln 2160  
wln 2161  
wln 2162  
wln 2163  
wln 2164  
wln 2165

img: 31-a  
sig: H2v

O, let me warn all ages that ensueth,  
How they trust flattery, and reject the truth.  
Well, unkind Girls, I here forgive you both,  
Yet the just heavens will hardly do the like;  
And only crave forgiveness at the end  
Of good *Cordella*, and of thee, my friend;  
Of God, whose Majesty I have offended,  
By my transgression many thousand ways:  
Of her, dear heart, whom I for no occasion  
Turned out of all, through flatterers' persuasion:  
Of thee, kind friend, who but for me, I know,  
Hadst never come unto this place of woe.

*Cordella* Alack, that ever I should live to see  
My noble father in this misery.

*King of Gallia.* Sweet Love, reveal not what thou art as yet,  
Until we know the ground of all this ill.

wln 2166  
wln 2167  
wln 2168  
wln 2169  
wln 2170  
wln 2171  
wln 2172  
wln 2173  
wln 2174  
wln 2175  
wln 2176  
wln 2177  
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wln 2190  
wln 2191  
wln 2192  
wln 2193  
wln 2194  
wln 2195  
wln 2196  
wln 2197

*Cordella* O, but some meat, some meat: do you not see,  
How near they are to death for want of food?

*Perillus* Lord, which didst help they servants at their need,  
Or now or never send us help with speed.

Oh comfort, comfort! yonder is a banquet,  
And men and women, my Lord: be of good cheer;  
For I see comfort coming very near.

O my Lord, a banquet, and men and women!

*Leir.* O, let kind pity mollify their hearts,  
That they may help us in our great extremes.

*Perillus* God save you, friends; and if this blessed banquet  
Affordeth any food or sustenance,  
Even for his sake that saved us all from death,  
Vouchsafe to save us from the gripe of famine.

*Cordella* Here father, sit and eat, here, sit and drink: *to the table*  
And would it were far better for your sakes.

*Perillus takes Leir by the hand to the table.*

*Perillus* I'll give you thanks anon: my friend doth faint,  
And needeth present comfort. *Leir drinks.*

*Mumford* I warrant, he ne'er stays to say grace:  
O, there's no sauce to a good stomach.

*Perillus* The blessed God of heaven hath thought upon us.

*Leir.* The thanks be his, and these kind courteous folk,  
By whose humanity we are preserved. *They eat hungrily, Leir*

*Cordella* And may that draught be unto him, as was *drinks.*

That which old *Aeson* drank, which did renew  
His withered age, and made him young again.

And may that meat be unto him, as was  
That which *Elias* ate, in strength whereof

He walked forty days, and never fainted.  
Shall I conceal me longer from my father?

Or shall I manifest myself to him?



wln 2198  
wln 2199  
wln 2200  
wln 2201  
wln 2202  
wln 2203  
wln 2204

img: 31-b  
sig: H3r

*King of Gallia.* Forbear a while, until his strength return,  
Lest being overjoyed with seeing thee,  
His poor weak senses should forsake their office,  
And so our **cause** of joy be turned to sorrow.  
*Perillus* What cheer, my Lord? how do you feel yourself?  
*Leir.* Methinks, I never ate such savory meat:  
It is as pleasant as the blessed Manna,

wln 2205  
wln 2206  
wln 2207  
wln 2208  
wln 2209  
wln 2210  
wln 2211  
wln 2212  
wln 2213  
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wln 2239  
wln 2240  
wln 2241  
wln 2242  
wln 2243

That rained from heaven amongst the Israelites:  
It hath recalled my spirits home again,  
And made me fresh, as erst I was before.  
But how shall we congratulate their kindness?  
*Perillus* In faith, I know not how sufficiently;  
But the best mean that I can think on, is this:  
I'll offer them my doublet in requital;  
For we have nothing else to spare.  
*Leir.* Nay, stay, *Perillus*, for they shall have mine.  
*Perillus* Pardon, my Lord, I swear they shall have mine.  
*Perillus proffers his doublet: they will not take it.*  
*Leir.* Ah, who would think such kindness should remain  
Among such strange and unacquainted men:  
And that such hate should harbor in the breast  
Of those, which have occasion to be best?  
*Cordella* Ah, good old father, tell to me thy grief,  
I'll sorrow with thee, if not add relief.  
*Leir.* Ah, good young daughter, I may call thee so;  
For thou art like a daughter I did owe.  
*Cordella* Do you not owe her still? what, is she dead?  
*Leir.* No, God forbid: but all my interest's gone,  
By showing myself too much unnatural:  
So have I lost the title of a father,  
and may be called a stranger to her rather.  
*Cordella* Your title's good still; for 'tis always known,  
A man may do as him list with his own.  
But have you but one daughter then in all?  
*Leir.* Yes, I have more by two, than would *I* had.  
*Cordella* O, say not so, but rather see the end:  
They that are bad, may have the grace to mend:  
But how have they offended you so much?  
*Leir.* If from the first I should relate the cause,  
'Twould make a heart of Adamant to weep;  
And thou, poor soul, kind-hearted as thou art,  
Dost weep already, ere *I* do begin.  
*Cordella* For God's love tell it, and when you have done,  
I'll tell the reason why *I* weep so soon.  
*Leir.* Then know this first, I am a Briton born,  
and had three daughters by one loving wife:

img: 32-a  
sig: H3v

wln 2244 And though *I* say it, of beauty they were sped;  
wln 2245 Especially the youngest of the three,  
wln 2246 For her perfections hardly matched could be:  
wln 2247 On these *I* doted with a jealous love,  
wln 2248 And thought to try which of them loved me best,  
wln 2249 By asking them, which would do most for me?  
wln 2250 The first and second flattered me with words,  
wln 2251 And vowed they loved me better than their lives:  
wln 2252 The youngest said, she loved me as a child  
wln 2253 Might do: her answer *I* esteemed most vild,  
wln 2254 And presently in an outrageous mood,  
wln 2255 *I* turned her from me to go sink or swim:  
wln 2256 And all *I* had, even to the very clothes,  
wln 2257 *I* gave in dowry with the other two:  
wln 2258 And she that best deserved the greatest share,  
wln 2259 *I* gave her nothing, but disgrace and care.  
wln 2260 Now mark the sequel: When *I* had done thus,  
wln 2261 *I* sojourned in my eldest daughter's house,  
wln 2262 Where for a time *I* was entreated well,  
wln 2263 And lived in state sufficing my content:  
wln 2264 But every day her kindness did grow cold,  
wln 2265 Which *I* with patience put up well enough,  
wln 2266 And seemed not to see the things *I* saw:  
wln 2267 But at the last she grew so far incensed  
wln 2268 With moody fury, and with causeless hate,  
wln 2269 That in most vild and contumelious terms,  
wln 2270 She bade me pack, and harbor somewhere else.  
wln 2271 Then was *I* fain for refuge to repair  
wln 2272 Unto my other daughter for relief,  
wln 2273 Who gave me pleasing and most courteous words;  
wln 2274 But in her actions showed herself so sore,  
wln 2275 As never any daughter did before:  
wln 2276 She prayed me in a morning out betime,  
wln 2277 To go to a thicket two miles from the Court,  
wln 2278 Pointing that there she would come talk with me:  
wln 2279 There she had set a shag-haired murd'ring wretch,  
wln 2280 To massacre my honest friend and me.  
wln 2281 Then judge yourself, although my tale be brief,  
wln 2282 If ever man had greater cause of grief.

img: 32-b  
sig: H4r

wln 2283 *King of Gallia.* Nor never like impiety was done,  
wln 2284 Since the creation of the world begun.  
wln 2285 *Leir.* And now *I* am constrained to seek relief  
wln 2286 Of her, to whom *I* have been so unkind;  
wln 2287 Whose censure, if it do award me death,  
wln 2288 *I* must confess she pays me but my due:  
wln 2289 But if she show a loving daughter's part,  
wln 2290 It comes of God and her, not my desert.

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*Cordella* No doubt she will, *I* dare be sworn she will.  
*Leir.* How know you that, not knowing what she is?  
*Cordella* Myself a father have a great way hence,  
Used me as ill as ever you did her;  
Yet, that his reverend age I once might see,  
I'd creep along, to meet him on my knee.  
*Leir.* O, no men's children are unkind but mine.  
*Cordella* Condemn not all, because of others' crime:  
But look, dear father, look, behold and see  
Thy loving daughter speaketh unto thee. *She kneels.*  
*Leir.* O, stand thou up, it is my part to kneel,  
And ask forgiveness for my former faults. *he kneels.*  
*Cordella* O, if you wish I should enjoy my breath,  
Dear father rise, or I receive my death. *he riseth.*  
*Leir.* Then I will rise, to satisfy your mind,  
But kneel again, till pardon be resigned. *he kneels.*  
*Cordella* I pardon you: the word beseems not me:  
But I do say so, for to ease your knee.  
You gave me life, you were the cause that I  
Am what I am, who else had never been.  
*Leir.* But you gave life to me and to my friend,  
Whose days had else, had an untimely end.  
*Cordella* You brought me up, whenas I was but young,  
And far unable for to help myself.  
*Leir.* I cast thee forth, whenas thou wast but young,  
And far unable for to help thyself.  
*Cordella* God, world and nature say I do you wrong,  
That can endure to see you kneel so long.  
*King of Gallia* Let me break off this loving controversy,  
Which doth rejoice my very soul to see.  
Good father, rise, she is your loving daughter, *He riseth*

And honors you with as respective duty,  
As if you were the Monarch of the world.  
*Cordella* But *I* will never rise from off my knee, *She kneels.*  
Until I have your blessing, and your pardon  
Of all my faults committed any way,  
From my first birth unto this present day.  
*Leir.* The blessing, which the God of *Abraham* gave  
Unto the tribe of *Judah*, light on thee,  
And multiply thy days, that thou mayst see  
Thy children's children prosper after thee.  
Thy faults, which are just none that *I* do know,  
God pardon on high, and *I* forgive below. *she riseth.*  
*Cordella* Now is my heart at quiet, and doth leap  
Within my breast, for joy of this good hap:  
And now (dear father) welcome to our Court,  
And welcome (kind *Perillus*) unto me,  
Mirror of virtue and true honesty.

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wln 2380  
wln 2381  
wln 2382  
wln 2383  
wln 2384  
wln 2385  
wln 2386

*Leir.* O, he hath been the kindest friend to me,  
That ever man had in adversity.  
*Perillus* My tongue doth fail, to say what heart doth think,  
I am so ravished with exceeding joy.  
*King of Gallia.* All you have spoke: now let me speak my mind,  
And in few words much matter here conclude: *he kneels.*  
If ere my heart do harbor any joy,  
Or true content repose within my breast,  
Till I have rooted out this viperous sect,  
And repossessed my father of his Crown,  
Let me be counted for the perjured'st man,  
That ever spake word since the world began. *rise.*  
*Mumford* Let me pray too, that never prayed before; *Mumford*  
If ere I resalute the British earth, *kneels.*  
(As (ere 't be long) I do presume I shall)  
And do return from thence without my wench,  
Let me be gelded for my recompense. *rise.*  
*King of Gallia.* Come, let's to arms for to redress this wrong:  
Till *I* am there, methinks, the time seems long. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Ragan sola.*  
*Ragan* I feel a hell of conscience in my breast,  
Tormenting me with horror for my fact,

And makes me in an agony of doubt,  
For fear the world should find my dealing out.  
The slave whom I appointed for the act,  
*I* ne'er set eye upon the peasant since:  
O, could I get him for to make him sure,  
My doubts would cease, and I should rest secure.  
But if the old men, with persuasive words,  
Have saved their lives, and made him to relent;  
Then are they fled unto the Court of France,  
And like a Trumpet manifest my shame.  
A shame on these white-livered slaves, say I,  
That with fair words so soon are overcome.  
O God, that I had been but made a man;  
Or that my strength were equal with my will!  
These foolish men are nothing but mere pity,  
And melt as butter doth against the Sun.  
Why should they have pre-eminence over us,  
Since we are creatures of more brave resolve?  
I swear, I am quite out of charity  
With all the heartless men in Christendom.  
A pox upon them, when they are afraid  
To give a stab, or slit a paltry Windpipe,  
Which are so easy matters to be done.  
Well, had I thought the slave would serve me so,  
Myself would have been executioner:  
'Tis now undone, and if that it be known,

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wln 2397  
wln 2398  
wln 2399

img: 34-a  
sig: 11v

I'll make as good shift as I can for one.  
He that repines at me, howe'er it stands,  
'Twere best for him to keep him from my hands. *Exit.*  
*Sound Drums and Trumpets: Enter the Gallian King,  
Leir, Mumford and the army.*  
*King of Gallia.* Thus have we brought our army to the sea,  
Whereas our ships are ready to receive us:  
The wind stands fair, and we in four hours' sail,  
May easily arrive on British shore,  
Where unexpected we may them surprise,  
And gain a glorious victory with ease.  
Wherefore, my loving Countrymen, resolve,  
Since truth and justice fighteth on our sides,

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That we shall march with conquest where we go.  
Myself will be as forward as the first,  
And step-by-step march with the hardiest wight:  
And not the meanest soldier in our Camp  
Shall be in danger, but i'll second him.  
To you, my Lord, we give the whole command  
Of all the army, next unto ourself,  
Not doubting of you, but you will extend  
Your wonted valor in this needful case,  
Encouraging the rest to do the like,  
By your approved magnanimity.  
*Mumford* My Liege, 'tis needless to spur a willing horse,  
That's apt enough to run himself to death:  
For here I swear by that sweet Saint's bright eye,  
Which are the stars, which guide me to good hap,  
Either to see my old Lord crowned anew,  
Or in his cause to bid the world adieu.  
*Leir.* Thanks, good Lord *Mumford*, 'tis more of your good will,  
Than any merit or desert in me.  
*Mumford* And now to you, my worthy Countrymen,  
Ye valiant race of **Genovestan** Gauls,  
Surnamed Redshanks, for your chivalry,  
Because you fight up to the shanks in blood;  
Show yourselves now to be right Gauls indeed,  
And be so bitter on your enemies,  
That they may say, you are as bitter as Gall.  
Gall them, brave Shot, with your Artillery:  
Gall them, brave Halberds, with your sharp-point Bills,  
Each in their pointed place, not one, but all,  
Fight for the credit of yourselves and Gaul.  
*King of Gallia.* Then what should more persuasion need to those,  
That rather wish to deal, than hear of blows?  
Let's to our ships, and if that God permit,  
In four hours' sail, I hope we shall be there.  
*Mumford* And in five hours more, I make no doubt,

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wln 2478  
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But we shall bring our wished desires about. *Exeunt*  
*Enter a Captain of the watch, and two watchmen.*  
*Captain* My honest friends, it is your turn tonight,  
To watch in this place, near about the Beacon.

And vigilantly have regard,  
If any fleet of ships pass hitherward:  
Which it you do, your office is to fire  
The beacon presently, and raise the town. *Exit.*

*1. Watchman* Ay, Ay, Ay, fear nothing; we know our charge, I warrant:  
I have been a watchman about this Beacon this thirty year, and  
yet I ne'er see it stir, but stood as quietly as might be.

*2. Watchman* Faith neighbor, and you'll follow my 'vice, instead of  
watching the Beacon, we'll go to goodman *Jennings*, and watch  
a pot of Ale and a rasher of Bacon: and if we do not drink ourselves  
drunk, then so; I warrant, the Beacon will see us when  
we come out again.

*1. Watchman* Ay, but how if somebody excuse us to the Captain?

*2. Watchman* 'Tis no matter, i'll prove by good reason that we watch  
the Beacon: as for example.

*1. Watchman* I hope you do not call me ass by craft, neighbor.

*2. Watchman* No, no, but for example: Say here stands the pot of ale,  
that's the Beacon. *1. Watchman* Ay, Ay, 'tis a very good Beacon.

*2. Watchman* Well, say here stands your nose, that's the fire.

*1. Watchman* Indeed I must confess, 'tis somewhat red.

*2. Watchman* I see come marching in a dish, half a score pieces of salt  
Bacon. *1. Watchman* I understand your meaning, that's as much to say,  
half a score ships. *2. Watchman* True, you conster right; presently, like  
a faithful watchman, I fire the Beacon, and call up the town.

*1. Watchman* Ay, that's as much as to say, you set your nose to the pot, and  
drink up the drink. *2. Watchman* You are in the right; come, let's go  
fire the Beacon. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King of Gallia with a still march, Mumford and soldiers.*

*King of Gallia.* Now march our ensigns on the British earth,  
And we are near approaching to the town:  
Then look about you, valiant Countrymen,  
And we shall finish this exploit with ease.  
Th' inhabitants of this mistrustful place,  
Are dead asleep, as men that are secure:  
Here shall we skirmish but with naked men,  
Devoid of sense, new waked from a dream,  
That know not what our coming doth pretend,  
Till they do feel our meaning on their skins:  
Therefore assail: God and our right for us. *Exeunt.*

*Alarum, with men and women half-naked: Enter two  
Captains without doublets, with swords.*

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1. *Captain* Where are these villains that were set to watch,  
And fire the Beacon, if occasion served,  
That thus have suffered us to be surprised,  
And never given notice to the town?  
We are betrayed, and quite devoid of hope,  
By any means to fortify ourselves.

2. *Captain* 'Tis ten to one the peasants are o'ercome with drink  
and sleep, and so neglect their charge.

1. *Captain* A whirlwind carry them quick to a whirlpool,  
That there the slaves may drink their bellies full.

2. *Captain* This 'tis, to have the Beacon so near the Alehouse.

*Enter the watchmen drunk, with each a pot.*

1. *Captain* Out on ye, villains, whither run you now?

1. *Watchman* To fire the town, and call up the Beacon.

2. *Watchman* No, no, sir, to fire the Beacon. *He drinks.*

2. *Captain* What, with a pot of ale, you drunken Rogues?

1. *Captain* You'll fire the Beacon, when the town is lost:  
I'll teach you how to tend your office better. *draw to stab them.*

*Enter Mumford, Captains run away.*

*Mumford* Yield, yield, yield. *He kicks down their pots.*

1. *Watchman* Reel? no, we do not reel:

You may lack a pot of Ale ere you die.

*Mumford* But in mean space, I answer, you want none.

Well, there's no dealing with you, y' are tall men, and well weaponed,  
I would there were no worse than you in the town. *Exit.*

2. *Watchman* 'A speaks like an honest man, my choler's passed already.  
Come, neighbor, let's go.

1. *Watchman* Nay, first let's see **an** we can stand. *Exeunt.*

*Alarum, excursions, Mumford after them, and some half-naked,  
Enter the Gallian King, Leir, Mumford, Cordella, Perillus, and soldiers,  
with the chief of the town bound.*

*King of Gallia.* Fear not, my friends, you shall receive no hurt,  
If you'll subscribe unto your lawful King,  
And quite revoke your fealty from *Cambria*,  
And from aspiring *Cornwall* too, whose wives  
Have practiced treason 'gainst their father's life.  
We come in justice of your wronged King,

And do intend no harm at all to you,  
So you submit unto your lawful King.

*Leir.* Kind Countrymen, it grieves me, that perforce,  
I am constrained to use extremities.

*Noble.* Long have you here been looked for, good my Lord,  
And wished for by a general consent:  
And had we known your Highness had arrived,  
We had not made resistance to your Grace:  
And now, my gracious Lord, you need not doubt,  
But all the Country will yield presently,  
Which since your absence have been greatly taxed,

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For to maintain their overswelling pride.  
We'll presently send word to all our friends;  
When they have notice, they will come apace.  
*Leir.* Thanks, loving subjects; and thanks, worthy son,  
Thanks, my kind daughter, thanks to you, my Lord,  
Who willingly adventured have your blood,  
(Without desert) to do me so much good.

*Mumford* O, say not so:  
I have been much beholding to your Grace:  
I must confess, I have been in some skirmishes,  
But I was never in the like to this:  
For where I was wont to meet with armed men,  
I was now encountered with naked women,

*Cordella* We that are feeble, and want use of Arms,  
Will pray to God, to shield you from all harms.

*Leir.* The while your hands do manage ceaseless toil,  
Our hearts shall pray, the foes may have the foil.

*Perillus* We'll fast and pray, whilst you for us do fight,  
That victory may prosecute the right.

*King of Gallia.* Methinks, your words do amplify (my friends)  
And add fresh vigor to my willing limbs: *Drum.*  
But hark, I hear the adverse Drum approach.

God and our right, Saint *Denis*, and Saint *George*,

*Enter Cornwall, Cambria, Gonoril, Ragan, and the army.*

*Cornwall* Presumptuous King of Gauls, how darest thou  
Presume to enter on our British shore?  
And more than that, to take our towns perforce,  
And draw our subjects' hearts from their true King?

Be sure to buy it at as dear a price,  
As e're you bought presumption in your lives.

*King of Gallia.* O'erordering *Cornwall*, know, we came in right,  
And just revengement of the wronged King,  
Whose daughters there, fell vipers as they are,  
Have sought to murder and deprive of life:  
But God protected him from all their spite,  
And we are come in justice of his right.

*Cambria* Nor he nor thou have any interest here,  
But what you win and purchase with the sword.  
Thy slanders to our noble virtuous Queens,  
We'll in the battle thrust them down thy throat,  
Except for fear of our revenging hands,  
Thou fly to sea, as not secure on lands.

*Mumford* Welshman, i'll so ferret you ere night for that word,  
That you shall have no mind to crake so well this twelvemonth.

*Gonoril* They lie, that say, we sought our father's death.

*Ragan* 'Tis merely forged for a color's sake,  
To set a gloss on your invasion.  
Methinks, an old man ready for to die,



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wln 2593  
wln 2594

img: 36-b  
sig: 14r

wln 2595  
wln 2596  
wln 2597  
wln 2598  
wln 2599  
wln 2600  
wln 2601  
wln 2602  
wln 2603  
wln 2604  
wln 2605  
wln 2606  
wln 2607  
wln 2608  
wln 2609  
wln 2610  
wln 2611  
wln 2612  
wln 2613  
wln 2614  
wln 2615  
wln 2616  
wln 2617  
wln 2618  
wln 2619  
wln 2620  
wln 2621  
wln 2622  
wln 2623

Should be ashamed to broach so foul a lie.

*Cordella* Fie, shameless sister, so devoid of grace,  
To call our father liar to his face.

*Gonoril* Peace (Puritan) dissembling hypocrite,  
Which art so good, that thou wilt prove stark naught:  
Anon, whenas I have you in my fingers,  
I'll make you wish yourself in Purgatory.

*Perillus* Nay, peace thou monster, shame unto thy sex:  
Thou fiend in likeness of a human creature.

*Ragan* I never heard a fouler-spoken man.

*Leir.* Out on thee, viper, scum, filthy parricide,  
More odious to my sight than is a Toad.  
Knowest thou these letters? *She snatches them and tears them.*

*Ragan* Think you to outface me with your paltry scrolls?  
You come to drive my husband from his right,  
Under the color of a forged letter.

*Leir.* Whoever heard the like impiety?

*Perillus* You are our debtor of more patience:  
We were more patient when we stayed for you,

Within the thicket two long hours and more.

*Ragan* What hours? what thicket?

*Perillus* There, where you sent your servant with your letters,  
Sealed with your hand, to send us both to heaven,  
Where, as I think, you never mean to come.

*Ragan* Alas, you are grown a child again with age,  
Or else your senses dote for want of sleep.

*Perillus* Indeed you made us rise betimes, you know,  
Yet had a care we should sleep where you bade us stay,  
But never wake more till the latter day.

*Gonoril* Peace, peace, old fellow, thou art sleepy still.

*Mumford* Faith, and if you reason till tomorrow,  
You get no other answer at their hands.

'Tis pity two such good faces  
Should have so little grace between them.

Well, let us see if their husbands with their hands,  
Can do as much, as they do with their tongues.

*Cambria* Ay, with their swords they'll make your tongue unsay  
What they have said, or else they'll cut them out.

*King of Gallia.* To 't, gallants, to 't, let's not stand brawling thus.  
*Exeunt both armies.*

*Sound alarum: excursions. Mumford must chase Cambria  
away: then cease. Enter Cornwall.*

*Cornwall* The day is lost, our friends do all revolt,  
And join against us with the adverse part:  
There is no means of safety but by flight,  
And therefore i'll to Cornwall with my Queen.

*Exit.*

*Enter Cambria.*

*Cambria* I think, there is a devil in the Camp hath haunted

wln 2624  
wln 2625  
wln 2626  
wln 2627  
wln 2628  
wln 2629  
wln 2630  
wln 2631  
wln 2632

img: 37-a  
sig: I4v

me today: he hath so tired me, that in a manner I can fight no  
more. *Enter Mumford.*  
Zounds, here he comes, I'll take me to my horse. *Exit.*  
*Mumford follows him to the door, and returns.*  
*Mumford* Farewell (Welshman) give thee but thy due,  
Thou hast a light and nimble pair of legs:  
Thou are more in debt to them than to thy hands:  
But if I meet thee once again today,  
I'll cut them off, and set them to a better heart. *Exit.*

wln 2633  
wln 2634  
wln 2635  
wln 2636  
wln 2637  
wln 2638  
wln 2639  
wln 2640  
wln 2641  
wln 2642  
wln 2643  
wln 2644  
wln 2645  
wln 2646  
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wln 2648  
wln 2649  
wln 2650  
wln 2651  
wln 2652  
wln 2653  
wln 2654  
wln 2655  
wln 2656  
wln 2657  
wln 2658  
wln 2659  
wln 2660  
wln 2661  
wln 2662  
wln 2663  
wln 2664  
wln 2665  
wln 2666  
wln 2667

*Alarums and excursions, then sound victory. Enter Leir, Perillus,  
King, Cordella, and Mumford.*  
*King of Gallia.* Thanks be to God, your foes are overcome,  
And you again possessed of your right.  
*Leir.* First to the heavens, next, thanks to you, my son,  
By whose good means I repossess the same:  
Which if it please you to accept yourself,  
With all my heart I will resign to you:  
For it is yours by right, and none of mine.  
First, have you raised, at your own charge, a power  
Of valiant Soldiers; (this comes all from you)  
Next have you ventured your own person's scathe.  
And lastly, (worthy *Gallia* never stained)  
My kingly title I by thee have gained.  
*King of Gallia.* Thank heavens, not me, my zeal to you is such,  
Command my utmost, I will never grutch.  
*Cordella* He that with all kind love entreats his Queen,  
Will not be to her father unkind seen.  
*Leir.* Ah, my *Cordella*, now I call to mind,  
The modest answer, which I took unkind:  
But now I see, I am no whit beguiled,  
Thou loved'st me dearly, and as ought a child.  
And thou (*Perillus*) partner once in woe,  
Thee to requite, the best I can, I'll do:  
Yet all I can, Ay, were it ne'er so much,  
Were not sufficient, thy true love is such.  
Thanks (worthy *Mumford*) to thee last of all,  
Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small;  
No, thou hast Lion-like laid on today,  
Chasing the Cornwall King and Cambria;  
Who with my daughters, daughters did I say?  
To save their lives, the fugitives did play.  
Come, son and daughter, who did me advance,  
Repose with me awhile, and then for France.  
*Sound Drums and Trumpets. Exeunt.*

img: 37-b  
sig: [N/A]

FINIS.

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## Textual Notes

1. **25 (2-b)** : The regularized reading : is supplied for the original [·].
2. **47 (3-a)** : The regularized reading *sat* is amended from the original *set*.
3. **185 (4-b)** : The regularized reading *suffice* is supplied for the original [\*\*]ffice.
4. **455 (8-b)** : The regularized reading *Then* is supplied for the original [·]en.
5. **456 (8-b)** : The regularized reading *Cambria* is supplied for the original [·]m..
6. **614 (10-b)** : The regularized reading *complain* is supplied for the original *complayn*[·].
7. **944 (14-b)** : The regularized reading *with* is supplied for the original *wi*[·].
8. **1030 (16-a)** : The regularized reading *Palermo* is amended from the original *Palerno*.
9. **1253 (19-a)** : The regularized reading *lies* is supplied for the original *lye*[·].
10. **1287 (19-a)** : The regularized reading *of* is supplied for the original *o*[·].
11. **1291 (19-b)** : The regularized reading *before* is supplied for the original [·]fore.
12. **1292 (19-b)** : The regularized reading *sufficient* is supplied for the original *suffic*[··].
13. **1427 (21-a)** : The regularized reading *Goneril* is amended from the original *Con*.
14. **1778 (25-b)** : The regularized reading *She* is amended from the original *Se*.
15. **1863 (27-a)** : The regularized reading *match* is supplied for the original *m*[·]ch.
16. **1945 (28-a)** : The regularized reading . is supplied for the original [·].
17. **2201 (31-a)** : The regularized reading *cause* is supplied for the original *c*[·]se.
18. **2420 (34-a)** : The regularized reading *Genovestan* comes from the original *Genouestan*, though possible variants include *Cenovestan*.
19. **2447 (34-b)** : The regularized reading *Jennings* is supplied for the original *Gen*[·]jings.
20. **2507 (35-a)** : The regularized reading *an* is amended from the original *and*.
21. **2556 (36-a)** : The regularized reading *sure* is amended from the original *sute*.