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



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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A1r

ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003
ln 0004
ln 0005

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

ln 0006
ln 0007
ln 0008
ln 0009
ln 0010

As it was sundry times publicly acted
in the honourable city of London, by the
right honourable the Earl of Pembroke
his servants.
Written by Christopher Marlowe *Gent.*

ln 0011
ln 0012
ln 0013

Imprinted at London for *William Jones*
dwelling near Holborn conduit, at the
sign of the Gun. 1594.

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: A2r

wln 0001
wln 0002
wln 0003
wln 0004

The troublesome reign and lamentable
death of Edward *the*
second, king of England: with the
tragical fall of proud Mortimer.

wln 0005
wln 0006

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

wln 0007
wln 0008
wln 0009
wln 0010
wln 0011
wln 0012
wln 0013
wln 0014
wln 0015
wln 0016
wln 0017
wln 0018
wln 0019
wln 0020
wln 0021
wln 0022
wln 0023
wln 0024

MY father is deceased, come *Gaveston*,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend
Ah words that make me surfeit with delight:
What greater bliss can hap to *Gaveston*,
Than live and be the favourite of a king?
Sweet prince I come, these these thy amorous lines,
Might have enforced me to have swum from France,
And like *Leander* gasped upon the sand,
So thou wouldst smile and take me in thy arms.
The sight of London to my exiled eyes,
Is as Elysium to a new come soul,
Not that I love the city or the men,
But that it harbours him I hold so dear,
The king, upon whose bosom let me die,
And with the world be still at enmity:
What need the arctic people love starlight,
To whom the sun shines both by day and night.
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers,

img: 3-a
sig: A2v

wln 0025
wln 0026
wln 0027
wln 0028
wln 0029
wln 0030
wln 0031
wln 0032
wln 0033
wln 0034
wln 0035
wln 0036
wln 0037
wln 0038
wln 0039
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wln 0045
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wln 0047
wln 0048
wln 0049
wln 0050
wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055
wln 0056

My knee shall bow to none but to the king,
As for the multitude that are but sparks,
Raked up in embers of their poverty,
Tanti: I'll fan first on the wind,
That glanceth at my lips and flieth away;
But how now, what are these?

Enter three poor men.

Poor men. Such as desire your worship's service.

Gaveston What canst thou do?

1. poor. I can ride.

Gaveston But I have no horses. What art thou?

2. poor. A traveller.

Gaveston Let me see, thou wouldst do well

To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner time,

And as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.

And what art thou?

3. poor. A soldier, that hath served against the Scot.

Gaveston Why there are hospitals for such as you,
I have no war, and therefore sir be gone.

Soldier Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,
That wouldst reward them with an hospital.

Gaveston Ay, ay, these words of his move me as much,
As if a Goose should play the Porpentine,
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast,
But yet it is no pain to speak men fair,
I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope:
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not viewed my Lord the king,
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

Omnes. We thank your worship.

Gaveston I have some business, leave me to myself.

Omnes. We will wait here about the court.

Exeunt.

img: 3-b
sig: A3r

wln 0057
wln 0058
wln 0059
wln 0060
wln 0061
wln 0062
wln 0063
wln 0064
wln 0065
wln 0066
wln 0067
wln 0068
wln 0069

Gaveston Do: these are not men for me,
I must have wanton Poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please:
Music and poetry is his delight,
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows,
And in the day when he shall walk abroad,
Like *Sylvan* Nymphs my pages shall be clad,
My men like Satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their Goat feet dance an antic hay,
Sometime a lovely boy in *Dian's* shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,

wln 0070
wln 0071
wln 0072
wln 0073
wln 0074
wln 0075
wln 0076
wln 0077
wln 0078
wln 0079
wln 0080

Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an Olive tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring, and there hard by,
One like *Actaeon* peeping through the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transformed,
And running in the likeness of an Hart,
By yelping hounds pulled down, and seem to die,
Such things as these best please his majesty.
My lord, here comes the king and the nobles
From the parliament, I'll stand aside.

wln 0081
wln 0082
wln 0083

*Enter the King, Lancaster, Mortimer senior, Mortimer
junior, Edmund Earl of Kent, Guy Earl of Warwick,
etc.*

wln 0084
wln 0085
wln 0086

Edward. Lancaster.
Lancaster My Lord.
Gaveston That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor.

img: 4-a
sig: A3v

wln 0087
wln 0088
wln 0089
wln 0090
wln 0091
wln 0092
wln 0093
wln 0094
wln 0095
wln 0096
wln 0097
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wln 0106
wln 0107
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wln 0109
wln 0110
wln 0111
wln 0112
wln 0113
wln 0114
wln 0115

Edward Will you not grant me this? in spite of them
I'll have my will, and these two *Mortimers*,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeased.
Mortimer senior If you love us my lord, hate *Gaveston*.
Gaveston That villain *Mortimer* I'll be his death.
Mortimer junior Mine uncle here, this Earl, and I myself,
Were sworn to your father at his death,
That he should ne'er return into the realm:
And know my lord, ere I will break my oath,
This sword of mine that should offend your foes,
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For *Mortimer* will hang his armour up.
Gaveston *Mort. dieu.*
Edward Well *Mortimer*, I'll make thee rue these words,
Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?
Frown'st thou thereat aspiring Lancaster,
The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,
And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff,
I will have *Gaveston*, and you shall know,
What danger 'tis to stand against your king.
Gaveston Well done, *Ned.*
Lancaster My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,
That naturally would love and honour you:
But for that base and obscure *Gaveston*,
four Earldoms have I besides Lancaster,
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester,
These will I sell to give my soldiers pay,
Ere *Gaveston* shall stay within the realm,

wln 0116
wln 0117
wln 0118

img: 4-b
sig: A4r

wln 0119
wln 0120
wln 0121
wln 0122
wln 0123
wln 0124
wln 0125
wln 0126
wln 0127
wln 0128
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wln 0143
wln 0144
wln 0145
wln 0146
wln 0147
wln 0148
wln 0149
wln 0150

img: 5-a
sig: A4v

wln 0151
wln 0152
wln 0153
wln 0154
wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161

Therefore if he be come, expel him straight.

Edmund Barons and Earls, your pride hath made me mute,
But now I'll speak, and to the proof I hope:

I do remember in my father's days,
Lord *Percy* of the North being highly moved,
Braved *Mowbry* in presence of the king,
For which, had not his highness loved him well,
He should have lost his head, but with his look,
The undaunted spirit of *Percy* was appeased,
And *Mowbry* and he were reconciled:
Yet dare you brave the king unto his face,
Brother revenge it, and let these their heads,
Preach upon poles for trespass of their tongues.

Warwick. O our heads.

Edward Ay yours, and therefore I would wish you grant.

Warwick Bridle thy anger gentle *Mortimer*.

Mortimer junior I cannot, nor I will not, I must speak,
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.
Come uncle, let us leave the brainsick king,
And henceforth parley with our naked swords.

Mortimer senior Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.

Warwick All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.

Lancaster And Northward *Gaveston* hath many friends,
Adieu my Lord, and either change your mind,
Or look to see the throne where you should sit,
To float in blood, and at thy wanton head,
The glozing head of thy base minion thrown.

Exeunt Nobiles.

Edward I cannot brook these haughty menaces:
Am I a king and must be overruled?
Brother display my ensigns in the field,
I'll bandy with the Barons and the Earls,
And either die, or live with *Gaveston*.

Gaveston I can no longer keep me from my lord.

Edward What *Gaveston*, welcome: kiss not my hand,
Embrace me *Gaveston* as I do thee:
Why shouldst thou kneel,
Knowest thou not who I am?
Thy friend, thyself, another *Gaveston*,
Not *Hilas* was more mourned of *Hercules*,
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile.

Gaveston And since I went from hence, no soul in hell
Hath felt more torment than poor *Gaveston*.

Edward I know it, brother welcome home my friend,
Now let the treacherous *Mortimers* conspire,

wln 0162
wln 0163
wln 0164
wln 0165
wln 0166
wln 0167
wln 0168
wln 0169
wln 0170
wln 0171
wln 0172
wln 0173
wln 0174
wln 0175
wln 0176
wln 0177
wln 0178
wln 0179
wln 0180
wln 0181
wln 0182

img: 5-b
sig: B1r

wln 0183
wln 0184
wln 0185
wln 0186

wln 0187
wln 0188
wln 0189
wln 0190
wln 0191
wln 0192
wln 0193
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wln 0205
wln 0206
wln 0207
wln 0208
wln 0209

And that high minded earl of Lancaster,
I have my wish, in that *I* joy thy sight,
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land,
Then bear the ship that shall transport thee hence:
I here create thee Lord high Chamberlain,
Chief Secretary to the state and me,
Earl of Cornwall, king and lord of Man.

Gaveston My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

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

Edward Cease brother, for I cannot brook these words,
Thy worth sweet friend is far above my gifts,
Therefore to equal it receive my heart,
If for these dignities thou be envied,
I'll give thee more, for but to honour thee,
Is *Edward* pleased with kingly regiment.
Fearest thou thy person? thou shalt have a guard:
Wants thou gold? go to my treasury,
Wouldst thou be loud and feared? receive my seal,
Save or condemn, and in our name command,
What so thy mind affects or fancy likes.

Gaveston It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great,
As *Caesar* riding in the Roman street,
With captive kings at his triumphant Car.

Enter the Bishop of Coventry.

Edward Whither goes my Lord of Coventry so fast?

Bishop To celebrate your father's exequies,
But is that wicked *Gaveston* returned?

Edward Ay priest, and lives to be revenged on thee,
That wert the only cause of his exile.

Gaveston 'Tis true, and but for reverence of these robes,
Thou shouldst not plod one foot beyond this place.

Bishop I did no more than I was bound to do,
And *Gaveston* unless thou be reclaimed,
As then I did incense the parliament,
So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

Gaveston Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.

Edward Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,
And in the channel christen him anew.

Kent. Ah brother, lay not violent hands on him,
For he'll complain unto the see of Rome.

Gaveston Let him complain unto the see of hell,
I'll be revenged on him for my exile.

Edward No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods,
Be thou lord bishop, and receive his rents,
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain,
I give him thee, here use him as thou wilt.

wln 0210
wln 0211
wln 0212
wln 0213
wln 0214

img: 6-a
sig: B1v

Gaveston He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.
Edward Ay to the tower, the fleet, or where thou wilt.
Bishop For this offence be thou accurst of God.
Edward Who's there? convey this priest to the tower.
Bishop True, true.

wln 0215
wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220
wln 0221
wln 0222
wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
wln 0228
wln 0229
wln 0230
wln 0231
wln 0232
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wln 0238
wln 0239
wln 0240
wln 0241
wln 0242
wln 0243
wln 0244
wln 0245
wln 0246
wln 0247

Edward But in the meantime *Gaveston* away,
And take possession of his house and goods,
Come follow me, and thou shalt have my guard,
To see it done, and bring thee safe again.
Gaveston What should a priest do with so fair a house?
A prison may beseem his holiness.
*Enter both the Mortimers, Warwick,
and Lancaster.*
Warwick 'Tis true, the Bishop is in the tower,
And goods and body given to *Gaveston*.
Lancaster What? will they tyrannize upon the Church?
Ah wicked king, accursed *Gaveston*,
This ground which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timeless sepulchre, or mine.
Mortimer junior Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him sure
Unless his breast be swordproof he shall die.
Mortimer senior How now, why droops the earl of Lancaster?
Mortimer junior Wherefore is *Guy* of Warwick discontent?
Lancaster That villain *Gaveston* is made an Earl.
Mortimer senior An Earl!
Warwick Ay, and besides, lord Chamberlain of the realm,
And secretary too, and lord of Man.
Mortimer senior We may not, nor we will not suffer this.
Mortimer junior Why post we not from hence to levy men?
Lancaster My lord of Cornwall, now at every word,
And happy is the man, whom he vouchsafes
For vailing of his bonnet one good look,
Thus arm in arm, the king and he doth march:
Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits:
And all the court begins to flatter him.
Warwick Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king.
He nods, and scorns, and smiles at those that pass.
Mortimer senior Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?

img: 6-b
sig: B2r

wln 0248
wln 0249
wln 0250
wln 0251
wln 0252
wln 0253
wln 0254
wln 0255
wln 0256

Lancaster All stomach him, but none dare speak a word.
Mortimer junior Ah that bewrays their baseness Lancaster,
Were all the Earls and Barons of my mind,
we'll hale him from the bosom of the king,
And at the court gate hang the peasant up,
Who swollen with venom of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruin of the realm and us.
Enter the Bishop of Canterbury.
Warwick Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace.

wln 0257
wln 0258
wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
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wln 0272
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wln 0274
wln 0275
wln 0276
wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280

img: 7-a
sig: B2v

wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283
wln 0284
wln 0285
wln 0286
wln 0287
wln 0288
wln 0289
wln 0290
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wln 0292
wln 0293
wln 0294
wln 0295
wln 0296
wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304

Lancaster His countenance bewrays he is displeas'd.

Bishop First were his sacred garments rent and torn,
Then laid they violent hands upon him next,
Himself imprisoned, and his goods asseized,
This certify the Pope, away take horse.

Lancaster My lord, will you take arms against the king?

Bishop What need I, God himself is up in arms,
When violence is offer'd to the church.

Mortimer junior Then will you join with us that be his peers
To banish or behead that *Gaveston*?

Bishop What else my lords, for it concerns me near,
The Bishopric of Coventry is his.

Enter the Queen.

Mortimer junior Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?

Queen Unto the forest gentle *Mortimer*,
To live in grief and baleful discontent,
For now my lord the king regards me not,
But dotes upon the love of *Gaveston*,
He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears,
And when I come, he frowns, as who should say,
Go whither thou wilt seeing I have *Gaveston*.

Mortimer senior Is it not strange, that he is thus bewitched?

Mortimer junior Madam, return unto the court again:

That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,
Or lose our lives: and yet ere that day come,
The king shall lose his crown, for we have power,
And courage to, to be revenged at full.

Bishop But yet lift not your swords against the king.

Lancaster No, but we'll lift *Gaveston* from hence.

Warwick And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.

Queen. Then let him stay, for rather than my lord
Shall be oppress'd by civil mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolic with his minion.

Bishop My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak,
We and the rest that are his counsellors,
Will meet, and with a general consent,
Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.

Lancaster What we confirm the king will frustrate.

Mortimer junior Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

Warwick But say my lord, where shall this meeting be?

Bishop At the new temple.

Mortimer junior Content:

And in the mean time I'll entreat you all,
To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

Lancaster Come then let's away.

Mortimer junior Madam farewell.

wln 0305
wln 0306
wln 0307

Queen Farewell sweet *Mortimer*, and for my sake,
Forbear to levy arms against the king.
Mortimer junior Ay, if words will serve, if not, I must.

wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312

Enter Gaveston and the earl of Kent.
Gaveston *Edmund* the mighty prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,
And both the *Mortimers* two goodly men,
With *Guy* of Warwick that redoubted knight,

img: 7-b
sig: B3r

wln 0313
wln 0314

Are gone towards Lambeth, there let them remain.

Exeunt.

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

Enter Nobiles.
Lancaster Here is the form of *Gaveston's* exile:
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.
Bishop Give me the paper.
Lancaster Quick quick my lord,
I long to write my name.
Warwick But I long more to see him banished hence.
Mortimer junior The name of *Mortimer* shall fright the king,
Unless he be declined from that base peasant.

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

Enter the King and Gaveston.
Edward What? are you moved that *Gaveston* sits here?
It is our pleasure, we will have it so.
Lancaster Your grace doth well to place him by your side,
For nowhere else the new earl is so safe.
Mortimer senior What man of noble birth can brook this
sight?
Quam male conveniunt:
See what a scornful look the peasant casts.
Pembroke Can kingly Lions fawn on creeping Ants?
Warwick Ignoble vassal that like *Phaeton*,
Aspirest unto the guidance of the sun.
Mortimer junior Their downfall is at hand, their forces down,
We will not thus be faced and overpeered.
Edward Lay hands on that traitor *Mortimer*.
Mortimer senior Lay hands on that traitor *Gaveston*.
Kent. Is this the duty that you owe your king?
Warwick We know our duties, let him know his peers.
Edward Whither will you bear him, stay or ye shall die,
Mortimer senior We are no traitors, therefore threaten not.

img: 8-a
sig: B3v

wln 0344
wln 0345
wln 0346

Gaveston No, threaten not my lord, but pay them home.
Were I a king.
Mortimer junior Thou villain, wherefore talks thou of a king,

wln 0347
wln 0348
wln 0349
wln 0350
wln 0351
wln 0352
wln 0353
wln 0354
wln 0355
wln 0356
wln 0357
wln 0358
wln 0359
wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370
wln 0371
wln 0372
wln 0373
wln 0374
wln 0375
wln 0376

img: 8-b
sig: B4r

wln 0377
wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382
wln 0383
wln 0384
wln 0385
wln 0386
wln 0387
wln 0388
wln 0389
wln 0390
wln 0391
wln 0392
wln 0393
wln 0394
wln 0395

That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

Edward Were he a peasant being my minion,
I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.

Lancaster My lord, you may not thus disparage us,
Away I say with hateful *Gaveston*.

Mortimer senior And with the earl of Kent that favours him.

Edward Nay, then lay violent hands upon your king,
Here *Mortimer*, sit thou in *Edward's* throne,
Warwick and *Lancaster*, wear you my crown,
Was ever king thus overruled as I?

Lancaster Learn then to rule us better and the realm.

Mortimer junior What we have done,
our heart blood shall maintain.

Warwick Think you that we can brook this upstart pride?

Edward Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.

Bishop Why are you moved, be patient my lord,
And see what we your councillors have done.

Mortimer junior My lords, now let us all be resolute,
And either have our wills, or lose our lives.

Edward Meet you for this, proud overbearing peers,
Ere my sweet *Gaveston* shall part from me,
This Isle shall fleet upon the Ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Ind.

Bishop You know that I am legate to the Pope,
On your allegiance to the see of Rome,
Subscribe as we have done to his exile.

Mortimer junior Curse him, if he refuse, and then may we
Depose him and elect another king.

Edward Ay there it goes, but yet *I* will not yield,
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.

Lancaster Then linger not my lord but do it straight.

Bishop Remember how the Bishop was abused,
Either banish him that was the cause thereof.
Or *I* will presently discharge these lords,
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.

Edward It boots me not to threat, *I* must speak fair,
The Legate of the Pope will be obeyed:
My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm,
Thou *Lancaster*, high admiral of our fleet,
Young *Mortimer* and his uncle shall be earls,
And you lord *Warwick*, president of the North,
And thou of *Wales*, if this content you not,
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,
And share it equally amongst you all,
So *I* may have some nook or corner left,
To frolic with my dearest *Gaveston*.

Bishop Nothing shall alter us, we are resolved.

Lancaster Come, come, subscribe.

Mortimer junior Why should you love him,

wln 0396
wln 0397
wln 0398
wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404
wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409

img: 9-a
sig: B4v

whom the world hates so?

Edward Because he loves me more than all the world:
Ah none but rude and savage minded men,
Would seek the ruin of my *Gaveston*,
You that be noble born should pity him.

Warwick. You that are princely born should shake
him off,
For shame subscribe, and let the loon depart.

Mortimer senior Urge him my lord.

Bishop Are you content to banish him the realm?

Edward I see *I* must, and therefore am content,
Instead of ink, I'll write it with my tears.

Mortimer junior The king is lovesick for his minion.

Edward 'Tis done, and now accursed hand fall off.

wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413
wln 0414
wln 0415
wln 0416
wln 0417
wln 0418
wln 0419
wln 0420
wln 0421
wln 0422
wln 0423
wln 0424
wln 0425
wln 0426
wln 0427
wln 0428

Lancaster Give it me, I'll have it published in the streets.

Mortimer junior. I'll see him presently dispatched away.

Bishop Now is my heart at ease.

Warwick And so is mine.

Pembroke This will be good news to the common sort.

Mortimer senior Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

Exeunt Nobiles.

Edward How fast they run to banish him *I* love,
They would not stir, were it to do me good:
Why should a king be subject to a priest?
Proud Rome, that hatchest such imperial grooms,
For these thy superstitious taperlights,
Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,
I'll fire thy crazed buildings, and enforce
The papal towers, to kiss the lowly ground,
With slaughtered priests may *Tiber's* channel swell
And banks raised higher with their sepulchres:
As for the peers that back the clergy thus,
If *I* be king, not one of them shall live.

Enter Gaveston.

Gaveston My lord I hear it whispered everywhere,
That *I* am banished, and must fly the land.

Edward 'Tis true sweet *Gaveston*, o were it false,
The Legate of the Pope will have it so,
And thou must hence, or *I* shall be deposed,
But *I* will reign to be revenged of them,
And therefore sweet friend, take it patiently,
Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough,
And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou dost,
I'll come to thee, my love shall ne'er decline.

Gaveston Is all my hope turned to this hell of grief.

Edward Rend not my heart with thy too piercing words,

img: 9-b

wln 0442
wln 0443
wln 0444
wln 0445
wln 0446
wln 0447
wln 0448
wln 0449
wln 0450
wln 0451
wln 0452
wln 0453
wln 0454
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

Thou from this land, I from myself am banished.

Gaveston To go from hence, grieves not poor *Gaveston*,
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks
The blessedness of *Gaveston* remains,
For nowhere else seeks he felicity.

Edward And only this torments my wretched soul,
That whether *I* will or no thou must depart:
Be governor of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here take my picture, and let me wear thine,
O might I keep thee here, as I do this,
Happy were I, but now most miserable.

Gaveston 'Tis something to be pitied of a king.

Edward Thou shalt not hence, I'll hide thee *Gaveston*.

Gaveston I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.

Edward Kind words, and mutual talk, makes our
grief greater.

Therefore with dumb embracement let us part,
Stay *Gaveston* I cannot leave thee thus.

Gaveston For every look, my lord drops down a tear,
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.

Edward The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And therefore give me leave to look my fill,
But come sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way.

Gaveston The peers will frown.

Edward I pass not for their anger, come let's go,
O that we might as well return as go.

Enter Edmund and Queen Isabell.

Queen Whither goes my lord?

Edward Fawn not on me French strumpet, get thee
gone.

Queen On whom but on my husband should I fawn?

wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473

img: 10-a
sig: C1v

wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479
wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486

Gaveston On *Mortimer*, with whom ungentle Queen,
I say no more, judge you the rest my lord.

Queen In saying this, thou wrong'st me *Gaveston*,
Is't not enough, that thou corrupts my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honour thus in question?

Gaveston I mean not so, your grace must pardon me.

Edward Thou art too familiar with that *Mortimer*,
And by thy means is *Gaveston* exiled,
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconciled to me.

Queen Your highness knows, it lies not in my power.

Edward Away then, touch me not, come *Gaveston*.

wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489
wln 0490
wln 0491
wln 0492
wln 0493
wln 0494
wln 0495
wln 0496
wln 0497
wln 0498
wln 0499
wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502
wln 0503
wln 0504
wln 0505
wln 0506

Queen Villain, 'tis thou that rob'st me of my lord.
Gaveston Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.
Edward Speak not unto her, let her droop and pine.
Queen Wherein my lord, have I deserved these words?
Witness the tears that *Isabella* sheds,
Witness this heart, that sighing for thee breaks,
How dear my lord is to poor *Isabell*.
Edward And witness heaven how dear thou art to me.
There weep, for till my *Gaveston* be repealed,
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.

Exeunt Edward and Gaveston.

Queen O miserable and distressed Queen!
Would when I left sweet France and was embarked,
That charming *Circe's* walking on the waves,
Had changed my shape, or at the marriage day
The cup of *Hymen* had been full of poison,
Or with those arms that twined about my neck,
I had been stifled, and not lived to see,
The king my lord thus to abandon me:
Like frantic *Juno* will I fill the earth,

img: 10-b
sig: C2r

wln 0507
wln 0508
wln 0509
wln 0510
wln 0511
wln 0512
wln 0513
wln 0514
wln 0515
wln 0516
wln 0517
wln 0518
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wln 0525
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wln 0529
wln 0530
wln 0531
wln 0532
wln 0533

With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries,
For never doted *Jove* on *Ganymede*,
So much as he on cursed *Gaveston*,
But that will more exasperate his wrath,
I must entreat him, I must speak him fair,
And be a means to call home *Gaveston*:
And yet he'll ever dote on *Gaveston*,
And so am I forever miserable.

Enter the Nobles to the Queen.

Lancaster Look where the sister of the king of France,
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast.

Warwick The king I fear hath ill entreated her.

Pembroke Hard is the heart, that injures such a saint.

Mortimer junior I know 'tis long of *Gaveston* she weeps.

Mortimer senior Why? he is gone.

Mortimer junior Madam, how fares your grace?

Queen Ah *Mortimer*! now breaks the king's hate forth,
And he confesseth that he loves me not.

Mortimer junior Cry quittance Madam then, and love not him.

Queen No, rather will I die a thousand deaths,
And yet I love in vain, he'll ne'er love me.

Lancaster Fear ye not Madam, now his minion's gone,
His wanton humour will be quickly left.

Queen O never *Lancaster*! I am enjoined,
To sue unto you all for his repeal:
This wills my lord, and this must I perform,
Or else be banished from his highness' presence.

wln 0534
wln 0535
wln 0536
wln 0537
wln 0538
wln 0539

img: 11-a
sig: C2v

Lancaster For his repeal, Madam, he comes not back,
Unless the sea cast up his shipwreck body.
Warwick And to behold so sweet a sight as that,
There's none here, but would run his horse to death.
Mortimer junior But madam, would you have us call him home?
Queen *Ay Mortimer*, for till he be restored,

wln 0540
wln 0541
wln 0542
wln 0543
wln 0544
wln 0545
wln 0546
wln 0547
wln 0548
wln 0549
wln 0550
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wln 0564
wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570
wln 0571
wln 0572

The angry king hath banished me the court:
And therefore as thou lovest and tend'rest me,
Be thou my advocate unto these peers.
Mortimer junior What, would ye have me plead for *Gaveston*?
Mortimer senior Plead for him he that will, I am resolved.
Lancaster And so am I my lord, dissuade the Queen.
Queen O *Lancaster*, let him dissuade the king,
For 'tis against my will he should return.
Warwick Then speak not for him, let the peasant go.
Queen 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him.
Pembroke No speaking will prevail, and therefore cease.
Mortimer junior Fair Queen forbear to angle for the fish,
Which being caught, strikes him that takes it dead,
I mean that vile *Torpedo*, *Gaveston*,
That now I hope floats on the Irish seas.
Queen Sweet *Mortimer*, sit down by me a while,
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight,
As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.
Mortimer junior It is impossible, but speak your mind.
Queen Then thus, but none shall hear it but ourselves.
Lancaster My Lords albeit the Queen win *Mortimer*,
will you be resolute and hold with me?
Mortimer senior Not I against my nephew.
Pembroke Fear not, the queen's words cannot alter him.
Warwick No, do but mark how earnestly she pleads.
Lancaster And see how coldly his looks make denial.
Warwick She smiles, now for my life his mind is changed.
Lancaster I'll rather lose his friendship I, then grant.
Mortimer junior Well of necessity it must be so,
My Lords, that *I* abhor base *Gaveston*,
I hope your honours make no question,
And therefore though *I* plead for his repeal,
'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail:

img: 11-b
sig: C3r

wln 0573
wln 0574
wln 0575
wln 0576
wln 0577
wln 0578

Nay for the realm's behoof and for the king's.
Lancaster Fie *Mortimer*, dishonour not thyself,
Can this be true 'twas good to banish him?
And is this true to call him home again?
Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.
Mortimer junior My Lord of Lancaster, mark the respect.

wln 0579
wln 0580
wln 0581
wln 0582
wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
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wln 0598
wln 0599
wln 0600
wln 0601
wln 0602
wln 0603
wln 0604
wln 0605

img: 12-a
sig: C3v

wln 0606
wln 0607
wln 0608
wln 0609
wln 0610
wln 0611
wln 0612
wln 0613
wln 0614
wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618
wln 0619
wln 0620
wln 0621
wln 0622
wln 0623
wln 0624
wln 0625
wln 0626

Lancaster In no respect can contraries be true.

Queen Yet good my lord, hear what he can allege.

Warwick All that he speaks, is nothing, we are resolved.

Mortimer junior Do you not wish that *Gaveston* were dead?

Pembroke I would he were.

Mortimer junior Why then my lord, give me but leave to speak.

Mortimer senior But nephew, do not play the sophister.

Mortimer junior This which I urge, is of a burning zeal,

To mend the king, and do our country good:

Know you not *Gaveston* hath store of gold,

Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,

As he will front the mightiest of us all,

And whereas he shall live and be beloved,

'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.

Warwick Mark you but that my lord of Lancaster.

Mortimer junior But were he here, detested as he is,

How easily might some base slave be suborned,

To greet his lordship with a poniard,

And none so much as blame the murderer,

But rather praise him for that brave attempt,

And in the Chronicle, enrol his name,

For purging of the realm of such a plague.

Pembroke He saith true.

Lancaster Ay, but how chance this was not done before?

Mortimer junior Because my lords, it was not thought upon:

Nay more, when he shall know it lies in us,

To banish him, and then to call him home,

'Twill make him vail the topflag of his pride,

And fear to offend the meanest noble man.

Mortimer senior But how if he do not Nephew?

Mortimer junior Then may we with some colour rise in arms,

For howsoever we have borne it out,

'Tis treason to be up against the king,

So shall we have the people of our side,

Which for his father's sake lean to the king,

But cannot brook a night grown mushroom,

Such a one as my Lord of Cornwall is,

Should bear us down of the nobility,

And when the commons and the nobles join,

'Tis not the king can buckler *Gaveston*.

we'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath,

My lords, if to perform this I be slack,

Think me as base a groom as *Gaveston*.

Lancaster On that condition Lancaster will grant.

Warwick And so will *Pembroke* and *I*.

Mortimer senior And *I*.

Mortimer junior In this *I* count me highly gratified,

And *Mortimer* will rest at your command.

wln 0627
wln 0628
wln 0629
wln 0630
wln 0631
wln 0632
wln 0633
wln 0634

Queen And when this favour *Isabell* forgets,
Then let her live abandoned and forlorn,
But see in happy time, my lord the king,
Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his way,
Is new returned, this news will glad him much,
Yet not so much as me, *I* love him more
Than he can *Gaveston*, would he loved me
But half so much, then were *I* treble blessed.

wln 0635
wln 0636
wln 0637

Enter king Edward mourning.

Edward He's gone, and for his absence thus *I* mourn,
Did never sorrow go so near my heart,

img: 12-b
sig: C4r

wln 0638
wln 0639
wln 0640
wln 0641
wln 0642
wln 0643
wln 0644
wln 0645
wln 0646
wln 0647
wln 0648
wln 0649
wln 0650
wln 0651
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wln 0654
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wln 0658
wln 0659
wln 0660
wln 0661
wln 0662
wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
wln 0668
wln 0669

As doth the want of my sweet *Gaveston*,
And could my crown's revenue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think *I* gained, having bought so dear a friend.

Queen Hark how he harps upon his minion.

Edward My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my *Gaveston*:
Ah had some bloodless fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre stroke me dead,
When *I* was forced to leave my *Gaveston*.

Lancaster *Diablo*, what passions call you these

Queen My gracious lord, *I* come to bring you news.

Edward That you have parled with your *Mortimer*.

Queen That *Gaveston* my Lord shall be repealed.

Edward Repealed, the news is too sweet to be true.

Queen But will you love me, if you find it so?

Edward If it be so, what will not *Edward* do?

Queen For *Gaveston*, but not for *Isabell*.

Edward For thee fair Queen, if thou lovest *Gaveston*,
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.

Queen No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these my lord, nor let me have more wealth,
Than *I* may fetch from this rich treasury:
O how a kiss revives poor *Isabell*.

Edward Once more receive my hand, and let this be,
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.

Queen And may it prove more happy than the first,
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,
That wait attendance for a gracious look,
And on their knees salute your majesty.

img: 13-a
sig: C4v

wln 0671
wln 0672

Edward Courageous *Lancaster*, embrace thy king,
And as gross vapours perish by the sun,

wln 0673
wln 0674
wln 0675
wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
wln 0679
wln 0680
wln 0681
wln 0682
wln 0683
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wln 0698
wln 0699
wln 0700
wln 0701
wln 0702
wln 0703

img: 13-b
sig: D1r

wln 0704
wln 0705
wln 0706
wln 0707
wln 0708
wln 0709
wln 0710
wln 0711
wln 0712
wln 0713
wln 0714
wln 0715
wln 0716
wln 0717
wln 0718
wln 0719
wln 0720

Even so let hatred with thy sovereign smile,
Live thou with me as my companion.

Lancaster This salutation overjoys my heart.

Edward Warwick, shall be my chiefest counsellor:
These silver hairs will more adorn my court,
Then gaudy silks, or rich embroidery,
Chide me sweet Warwick, if *I* go astray.

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

Edward In solemn triumphs, and in public shows,
Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king.

Pembroke And with this sword, *Pembroke* will fight for you.

Edward But wherefore walks young *Mortimer* aside?
Be thou commander of our royal fleet,
Or if that lofty office like thee not,
I make thee here lord Marshal of the realm.

Mortimer junior My lord, I'll marshal so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

Edward And as for you, lord *Mortimer* of Chirke,
Whose great achievements in our foreign war,
Deserves no common place, nor mean reward:
Be you the general of the levied troops,
That now are ready to assail the Scots.

Mortimer senior In this your grace hath highly honoured me,
For with my nature war doth best agree.

Queen Now is the king of England rich and strong.
Having the love of his renowned peers.

Edward *Ay Isabell*, ne'er was my heart so light,
Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth,
For *Gaveston* to Ireland: *Beaumont* fly,
As fast as *Iris*, or *Jove's mercury*.

Beaumont It shall be done my gracious Lord.

Edward Lord *Mortimer*, we leave you to your charge
Now let us in, and feast it royally:

Against our friend the earl of Cornwall comes,
We'll have a general tilt and tournament,
And then his marriage shall be solemnised,
For wot you not that *I* have made him sure,
Unto our cousin, the earl of Gloucester's heir.

Lancaster Such news we hear my lord.

Edward That day, if not for him. yet for my sake,
Who in the triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost, we will requite your love.

Warwick. In this, or aught, your highness shall command
us.

Edward. Thanks gentle Warwick, come let's in and
revel.

Exeunt.

Manent Mortimers.

Mortimer senior Nephew, *I* must to Scotland, thou stayest here,

wln 0721
wln 0722
wln 0723
wln 0724
wln 0725
wln 0726
wln 0727
wln 0728
wln 0729
wln 0730
wln 0731
wln 0732
wln 0733
wln 0734
wln 0735
wln 0736

img: 14-a
sig: D1v

wln 0737
wln 0738
wln 0739
wln 0740
wln 0741
wln 0742
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wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765
wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768

Leave now to oppose thyself against the king,
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,
And seeing his mind so dotes on *Gaveston*,
Let him without controlment have his will,
The mightiest kings have had their minions,
Great *Alexander* loved *Ephestion*,
The conquering *Hector*, for *Hilas* wept,
And for *Patroclus* stern *Achilles* drooped,
And not kings only, but the wisest men,
The Roman *Tully* loved *Octavis*,
Grave *Socrates*, wild *Alcibiades*:
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain light-headed earl,
For riper years will wean him from such toys.

Mortimer junior Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not me,

But this *I* scorn, that one so basely born,
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
And riot it with the treasure of the realm,
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,
And *Midas*-like he jets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heels,
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show,
As if that *Proteus* god of shapes appeared,
I have not seen a dapper jack so brisk,
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and in his tuscan cap
A jewel of more value than the crown,
Whiles other walk below, the king and he
From out a window, laugh at such as we,
And flout our train, and jest at our attire:
Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.

Mortimer senior But nephew, now you see the king is changed.

Mortimer junior Then so am I, and live to do him service,
But whiles *I* have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstart.
You know my mind, come uncle let's away.

Exeunt.

Enter Spencer and Baldock.

Baldock *Spencer*, seeing that our Lord th'earl of Gloucester's
dead,

Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?

Spencer Not *Mortimer*, nor any of his side,
Because the king and he are enemies,
Baldock: learn this of me, a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us,
But he that hath the favour of a king,

wln 0769

img: 14-b
sig: D2r

wln 0770

wln 0771

wln 0772

wln 0773

wln 0774

wln 0775

wln 0776

wln 0777

wln 0778

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wln 0794

wln 0795

wln 0796

wln 0797

wln 0798

wln 0799

wln 0800

wln 0801

wln 0802

img: 15-a
sig: C2v

wln 0803

wln 0804

wln 0805

wln 0806

wln 0807

wln 0808

wln 0809

wln 0810

wln 0811

wln 0812

wln 0813

May with one word, advance us while we live:

The liberal earl of Cornwall is the man,

On whose good fortune *Spencer's* hope depends.

Baldock What, mean you then to be his follower?

Spencer No, his companion, for he loves me well,
And would have once preferred me to the king.

Baldock But he is banished, there's small hope of him.

Spencer Ay for a while, but *Baldock* mark the end,
A friend of mine told me in secrecy,

That he's repealed, and sent for back again,

And even now, a post came from the court,

With letters to our lady from the King,

And as she read, she smiled, which makes me think,

It is about her lover *Gaveston*.

Baldock 'Tis like enough, for since he was exiled,

She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight:

But I had thought the match had been broke off,

And that his banishment had changed her mind.

Spencer Our Lady's first love is not wavering,

My life for thine she will have *Gaveston*.

Baldock Then hope *I* by her means to be preferred,

Having read unto her since she was a child.

Spencer Then *Baldock*, you must cast the scholar off,

And learn to court it like a Gentleman,

'Tis not a black coat and a little band,

A Velvet capped cloak, faced before with Serge,

And smelling to a Nosegay all the day,

Or holding of a napkin in your hand,

Or saying a long grace at a table's end,

Or making low legs to a noble man,

Or looking downward, with your eye lids close,

And saying, truly an't may please your honour,

Can get you any favour with great men,

You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,

And now and then, stab as occasion serves.

Baldock *Spencer*, thou knowest I hate such formal toys,

And use them but of mere hypocrisy.

Mine old lord whiles he lived, was so precise,

That he would take exceptions at my buttons,

And being like pins heads, blame me for the bigness,

Which made me curate-like in mine attire,

Though inwardly licentious enough,

And apt for any kind of villainy.

I am none of these common **pedants** *I*,

That cannot speak without *propterea quod*.

wln 0814
wln 0815
wln 0816
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wln 0832
wln 0833
wln 0834
wln 0835

img: 15-b
sig: D3r

wln 0836
wln 0837
wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850
wln 0851
wln 0852
wln 0853
wln 0854
wln 0855
wln 0856
wln 0857
wln 0858
wln 0859
wln 0860
wln 0861

Spencer But one of those that saith *quandoquidem*,
And hath a special gift to form a verb.

Baldock Leave off this jesting, here my lady comes.

Enter the Lady.

Lady. The grief for his exile was not so much,
As is the joy of his returning home,
This letter came from my sweet *Gaveston*,
What needst thou love, thus to excuse thyself?
I know thou couldst not come and visit me,
I will not long be from thee though *I* die:
This argues the entire love of my Lord,
When *I* forsake thee, death seize on my heart,
But rest thee here where *Gaveston* shall sleep.
Now to the letter of my Lord the King,
He wills me to repair unto the court,
And meet my *Gaveston*: why do *I* stay,
Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage day?
Who's there, *Baldock*?

See that my coach be ready, *I* must hence.

Baldock It shall be done madam.

Exit.

Lady And meet me at the park pale presently:
Spencer, stay you and bear me company,

For *I* have joyful news to tell thee of,
My lord of Cornwall is a coming over,
And will be at the court as soon as we.

Spencer *I* knew the King would have him home again.

Lady If all things sort out, as *I* hope they will,
Thy service *Spencer* shall be thought upon.

Spencer *I* humbly thank your ladyship.

Lady Come lead the way, *I* long till *I* am there.

*Enter Edward, the Queen, Lancaster, Mortimer,
Warwick, Pembroke, Kent, attendants.*

Edward The wind is good, *I* wonder why he stays,
I fear me he is wracked upon the sea.

Queen. Look *Lancaster* how passionate he is,
And still his mind runs on his minion.

Lancaster My Lord.

Edward How now, what news, is *Gaveston* arrived?

Mortimer junior Nothing but *Gaveston*, what means your grace?
You have matters of more weight to think upon,
The King of France sets foot in Normandy.

Edward A trifle, we'll expel him when we please:
But tell me *Mortimer*, what's thy device,
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

Mortimer A homely one my lord, not worth the telling.

Edward Prithee let me know it.

Mortimer junior But seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:
A lofty Cedar tree fair flourishing,

wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868

img: 16-a
sig: D3v

On whose top-branches Kingly Eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets unto the highest bough of all,
The motto: *Aeque tandem*.
Edward And what is yours my lord of *Lancaster*?
Lancaster My lord, mines more obscure than *Mortimer*'s,
Pliny reports, there is a flying Fish,

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

img: 16-b
sig: D4r

Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore being pursued, it takes the air:
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl,
That seizeth it: this fish my lord I bear,
The motto this: *Undique mors est*.
Edward Proud *Mortimer*, ungentle *Lancaster*,
Is this the love you bear your sovereign?
Is this the fruit your reconciliation bears?
Can you in words make show of amity,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds?
What call you this but private libelling,
Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother?
Queen Sweet husband be content, they all love you.
Edward They love me not that hate my *Gaveston*,
I am that Cedar, shake me not too much,
And you the Eagles, soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the jesses that will pull you down,
And *Aeque tandem* shall that canker cry,
Unto the proudest peer of Britainy:
Though thou compar'st him to a flying Fish,
And threatenest death whether he rise or fall,
'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor foulest Harpy that shall swallow him.
Mortimer junior If in his absence thus he favours him,
What will he do when as he shall be present?
Lancaster That shall we see, look where his lordship
comes.
Enter Gaveston.
Edward My *Gaveston*, welcome to *Tynemouth*, welcome
to thy friend,
Thy absence made me droop, and pine away,
For as the lovers of fair *Danae*,
When she was locked up in a brazen tower,

wln 0902
wln 0903
wln 0904
wln 0905
wln 0906

Desired her more, and waxed outrageous,
So did it sure with me: and now thy sight
Is sweeter far, then was thy parting hence
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.
Gaveston Sweet Lord and King, your speech preventeth

wln 0907
wln 0908
wln 0909
wln 0910
wln 0911
wln 0912
wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
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wln 0934

img: 17-a
sig: D4v

wln 0935
wln 0936
wln 0937
wln 0938
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wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
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wln 0946
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wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954

mine,
Yet have *I* words left to express my joy:
The shepherd nipped with biting winter's rage,
Frolicks not more to see the painted spring,
Than *I* do to behold your Majesty.
Edward Will none of you salute my *Gaveston*?
Lancaster Salute him? yes welcome Lord Chamberlain.
Mortimer junior Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall
Warwick Welcome Lord governor of the Isle of man.
Pembroke Welcome master secretary.
Edward Brother do you hear them?
Edward Still will these Earls and Barons use me thus?
Gaveston My Lord *I* cannot brook these injuries.
Queen Aye me poor soul when these begin to jar.
Edward Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant.
Gaveston Base leaden Earls that glory in your birth,
Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef:
And come not here to scoff at *Gaveston*,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low,
As to bestow a look on such as you.
Lancaster Yet I disdain not to do this for you.
Edward Treason, treason: where's the traitor?
Pembroke Here here King: convey hence *Gaveston*, they'll
murder him.
Gaveston The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.
Mortimer junior Villain thy life, unless *I* miss mine aim.
Queen Ah furious *Mortimer* what hast thou done?
Mortimer No more than *I* would answer were he slain.

Edward Yes more than thou canst answer though he live,
Dear shall you both abyee this riotous deed:
Out of my presence, come not near the court.
Mortimer junior I'll not be barred the court for *Gaveston*.
Lancaster We'll hail him by the ears unto the block.
Edward Look to your own heads, his is sure enough.
Warwick Look to your own crown, if you back him
thus.
Edmund *Warwick*, these words do ill beseem thy years.
Edward Nay all of them conspire to cross me thus,
But if I live, I'll tread upon their heads,
That think with high looks thus to tread me down,
Come *Edmund* let's away, and levy men,
'Tis war that must abate these Barons' pride.
Exit the King.
Warwick Let's to our castles, for the king is moved.
Mortimer junior Moved may he be, and perish in his wrath.
Lancaster Cousin it is no dealing with him now,
He means to make us stoop by force of arms,
And therefore let us jointly here protest,

wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958
wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966
wln 0967

img: 17-b
sig: E1r

wln 0968
wln 0969
wln 0970
wln 0971
wln 0972
wln 0973
wln 0974
wln 0975
wln 0976
wln 0977
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wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000

img: 18-a
sig: E1v

To prosecute that *Gaveston* to the death.
Mortimer junior By heaven, the abject villain shall not live.
Warwick I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.
Pembroke The like oath *Pembroke* takes.
Lancaster And so doth *Lancaster*:
Now send our Heralds to defy the King,
And make the people swear to put him down.
Enter a Post.
Mortimer junior Letters, from whence?
Messenger From Scotland my lord.
Lancaster Why how now cousin, how fares all our friends?
Mortimer junior My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.
Lancaster We'll have him ransomed man, be of good cheer.

Mortimer They rate his ransom at five thousand pound,
Who should defray the money, but the King,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?
I'll to the King.
Lancaster Do cousin, and I'll bear thee company.
Warwick Mean time my lord of *Pembroke* and myself,
Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.
Mortimer junior About it then, and we will follow you.
Lancaster Be resolute, and full of secrecy.
Warwick I warrant you.
Mortimer junior Cousin, and if he will not ransom him,
I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,
As never subject did unto his King.
Lancaster Content, I'll bear my part, holla who's there?
Mortimer junior Ay marry, such a guard as this doth well.
Lancaster Lead on the way.
Guard. Whither will your lordships?
Mortimer junior Whither else but to the King.
Guard His highness is disposed to be alone.
Lancaster Why, so he may, but we will speak to him.
Guard. You may not in my lord.
Mortimer junior May we not.
Edward How now, what noise is this?
Who have we there, is't you?
Mortimer Nay, stay my lord, I come to bring you news,
Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.
Edward Then ransom him.
Lancaster 'Twas in your wars, you should ransom him.
Mortimer junior And you shall ransom him, or else.
Edmund What *Mortimer*, you will not threaten him?
Edward Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal,
To gather for him throughout the realm.
Lancaster Your minion *Gaveston* hath taught you this.

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wln 1002
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wln 1032
wln 1033

img: 18-b
sig: E2r

Mortimer junior My lord, the family of the *Mortimers*
Are not so poor, but would they sell their land,
Would levy men enough to anger you,
We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

Edward Shall I still be haunted thus?

Mortimer junior Nay, now you are here alone, I'll speak my
mind.

Lancaster And so will I, and then my lord farewell.

Mortimer The idle triumphs, masques, lascivious shows
And prodigal gifts bestowed on *Gaveston*,
Have drawn thy treasure dry, and made thee weak,
The murmuring commons overstretched hath.

Lancaster Look for rebellion, look to be deposed,
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates,
The wild *O'Neill*, with swarms of Irish Kerns,
Lives uncontrolled within the English pale,
Unto the walls of York the Scots made road,
And unresisted, drave away rich spoils.

Mortimer junior The haughty *Dane* commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigged.

Lancaster What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?

Mortimer Who loves thee? but a sort of flatterers.

Lancaster Thy gentle Queen, sole sister to *Valois*,
Complains, that thou hast left her all forlorn.

Mortimer Thy court is naked, being bereft of those,
That makes a king seem glorious to the world,
I mean the peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love:
Libels are cast again thee in the street,
Ballads and rhymes, made of thy overthrow.

Lancaster The Northern borderers seeing the houses burnt
Their wives and children slain, run up and down,
Cursing the name of thee and *Gaveston*.

Mortimer When wert thou in the field with banner spread?
But once, and then thy soldiers marched like players,
With garish robes, not armour, and thyself
Bedaubed with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favours hung like labels down.

Lancaster And thereof came it, that the fleeing Scots,
To England's high disgrace, have made this Jig,
Maids of England, sore may you mourn,
For your lemans you have lost, at Bannocksbourn,
With a heave and a ho,
What weeneth the king of England,
So soon to have won Scotland,
With a rumbelow.

wln 1034
wln 1035
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wln 1066

img: 19-a
sig: E2v

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

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wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094

Mortimer *Wigmore* shall fly, to set my uncle free.
Lancaster And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase
more,
If ye be moved, revenge it as you can,
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.

Exeunt Nobiles.

Edward My swelling heart for very anger breaks,
How oft have *I* been baited by these peers?
And dare not be revenged, for their power is great:
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels,
Affright a Lion? *Edward*, unfold thy paws,
And let their lives' blood slake thy furies hunger:
If I be cruel, and grow tyrannous,
Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.

Kent. My lord, I see your love to *Gaveston*,
Will be the ruin of the realm and you,
For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars,
And therefore brother banish him for ever.

Edward Art thou an enemy to my *Gaveston*?

Kent. Ay, and it grieves me that I favoured him.

Edward Traitor be gone, whine thou with *Mortimer*.

Kent. So will I, rather than with *Gaveston*.

Edward Out of my sight, and trouble me no more.

Kent. No marvel though thou scorn thy noble
peers,
When I thy brother am rejected thus.

Exit.

Edward Away poor *Gaveston*, that hast no friend but me,
Do what they can, we'll live in *Tynemouth* here,
And so I walk with him about the walls,
What care *I* though the Earls begirt us round,
Here comes she that's cause of all these jars.

*Enter the Queen, Ladies 3, Baldock,
and Spencer.*

Queen My lord, 'tis thought, the Earls are up in arms.

Edward Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you favour him.

Queen Thus do you still suspect me without cause.

Lady Sweet uncle speak more kindly to the queen.

Gaveston My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.

Edward Pardon me sweet, *I* forgot myself.

Queen Your pardon is quickly got of *Isabell*.

Edward The younger *Mortimer* is grown so brave,
That to my face he threatens civil wars.

Gaveston Why do you not commit him to the tower?

Edward *I* dare not, for the people love him well.

Gaveston Why then we'll have him privily made away.

Edward Would *Lancaster* and he had both caroused,
A bowl of poison to each others' health:

wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098

img: 19-b
sig: E3r

But let them go, and tell me what are these.
Lady Two of my father's servants whilst he lived,
May't please your grace to entertain them now.
Edward Tell me, where wast thou born?

wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123

What is thine arms?
Baldock My name is *Baldock*, and my gentry
I fetched from Oxford, not from Heraldry.
Edward The fitter art thou *Baldock* for my turn,
Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.
Baldock I humbly thank your majesty.
Edward Knowest thou him *Gaveston*?
Gaveston Ay my lord, his name is *Spencer*, he is well allied,
For my sake let him wait upon your grace,
Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.
Edward Then *Spencer* wait upon me, for his sake
I'll grace thee with a higher style ere long.
Spencer No greater titles happen unto me,
Than to be favoured of your majesty.
Edward Cousin, this day shall be your marriage feast,
And *Gaveston*, think that I love thee well,
To wed thee to our niece, the only heir
Unto the Earl of Gloucester late deceased.
Gaveston I know my lord, many will stomach me,
But I respect neither their love nor hate.
Edward The headstrong Barons shall not limit me.
He that I list to favour shall be great:
Come let's away, and when the marriage ends,
Have at the rebels, and their complices.
Exeunt omnes.

wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130

img: 20-a
sig: E3v

*Enter Lancaster, Mortimer, Warwick,
Pembroke, Kent.*
Kent. My lords, of love to this our native land,
I come to join with you, and leave the king,
And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof,
Will be the first that shall adventure life.
Lancaster I fear me you are sent of policy,

wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138

To undermine us with a show of love.
Warwick He is your brother, therefore have we cause
To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.
Edmund Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth,
If that will not suffice, farewell my lords.
Mortimer junior Stay *Edmund*, never was Plantagenet
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.
Pembroke But what's the reason you should leave him now?

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
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wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163

img: 20-b
sig: E4r

wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186

Kent. I have informed the Earl of Lancaster.
Lancaster And it sufficeth: now my lords know this,
That *Gaveston* is secretly arrived,
And here in *Tynemouth* frolics with the king,
Let us with these our followers scale the walls,
And suddenly surprise them unawares.
Mortimer junior I'll give the onset.
Warwick And I'll follow thee.
Mortimer junior This tottered ensign of my ancestors,
Which swept the desert shore of that dead sea,
Whereof we got the name of *Mortimer*,
Will *I* advance upon this castle walls,
Drums strike alarum, raise them from their sport,
And ring aloud the knell of *Gaveston*.
Lancaster None be so hardy as to touch the King,
But neither spare you *Gaveston*, nor his friends.

Exeunt.

*Enter the king and Spencer, to them
Gaveston, etc.*

Edward O tell me *Spencer*, where is *Gaveston*?
Spencer I fear me he is slain my gracious lord.
Edward No, here he comes, now let them spoil and kill:
Fly, fly, my lords, the earls have got the hold,
Take shipping and away to Scarborough,
Spencer and I will post away by land.

Gaveston O stay my lord, they will not injure you.

Edward I will not trust them, *Gaveston* away.

Gaveston Farewell my Lord.

Edward Lady, farewell.

Lady Farewell sweet uncle till we meet again.

Edward Farewell sweet *Gaveston*, and farewell Niece.

Queen No farewell, to poor *Isabell*, thy Queen?

Edward Yes, yes, for *Mortimer* your lover's sake.

Exeunt omnes, manet Isabella.

Queen Heavens can witness, I love none but you,
From my embracements thus he breaks away,
O that mine arms could close this Isle about,
That *I* might pull him to me where *I* would,
Or that these tears that drizzle from mine eyes,
Had power to mollify his stony heart,
That when I had him we might never part.

Enter the Barons alarms.

Lancaster I wonder how he 'scaped.

Mortimer junior Who's this, the Queen?

Queen Ay *Mortimer*, the miserable Queen,
Whose pining heart, her inward sighs have blasted,
And body with continual mourning wasted:
These hands are tired, with haling of my lord

wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196

img: 21-a
sig: E4v

From *Gaveston*, from wicked *Gaveston*,
And all in vain, for when *I* speak him fair,
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.
Mortimer junior Cease to lament, and tell us where's the king?
Queen What would you with the king, is't him you seek?
Lancaster No madam, but that cursed *Gaveston*,
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster,
To offer violence to his sovereign,
We would but rid the realm of *Gaveston*,
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.

wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
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wln 1229

img: 21-b
sig: F1r

Queen He's gone by water unto Scarborough,
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot 'scape,
The king hath left him, and his train is small.
Warwick Forslow no time, sweet Lancaster let's march.
Mortimer How comes it, that the king and he is parted?
Queen That this your army going several ways,
Might be of lesser force, and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easily suppressed: and therefore be gone.
Mortimer Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy,
let's all aboard, and follow him amain.
Lancaster The wind that bears him hence, will fill our sails,
Come, come aboard, 'tis but an hour's sailing.
Mortimer Madam, stay you within this castle here.
Queen No *Mortimer*, I'll to my lord the king.
Mortimer Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.
Queen You know the king is so suspicious,
As if he hear *I* have but talked with you,
Mine honour will be called in question,
And therefore gentle *Mortimer* be gone.
Mortimer Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,
But think of *Mortimer* as he deserves.
Queen So well hast thou deserved sweet *Mortimer*,
As *Isabel* could live with thee for ever,
In vain I look for love at *Edward's* hand,
Whose eyes are fixed on none but *Gaveston*:
Yet once more I'll importune him with prayers,
If he be strange and not regard my words,
My son and I will over into France,
And to the king my brother there complain,
How *Gaveston* hath robbed me of his love:
But yet *I* hope my sorrows will have end,
And *Gaveston* this blessed day be slain. *Exeunt.*

wln 1230
wln 1231

Enter Gaveston pursued.
Gaveston Yet lusty lords I have escaped your hands,

wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
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wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262

Your threats, your larums, and your hot pursuits,
And though divorced from king *Edward's* eyes,
Yet liveth *Pierce of Gaveston* unsurprised,
Breathing, in hope (*malgrado* all your beards,
That muster rebels thus against your king)
To see his royal sovereign once again.

Enter the Nobles.

Warwick Upon him soldiers, take away his weapons.

Mortimer Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,
Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils,
Base flatterer, yield, and were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,
Upon my weapon's point here shouldst thou fall,
And welter in thy gore.

Lancaster Monster of men, that like the Greekish strumpet
Trained to arms and bloody wars,
So many valiant knights,
Look for no other fortune wretch than death,
Kind *Edward* is not here to buckler thee.

Warwick Lancaster, why talkest thou to the slave?
Go soldiers take him hence,
For by my sword, his head shall off:
Gaveston, short warning shall serve thy turn:
It is our country's cause,
That here severely we will execute,
Upon thy person: hang him at a bough:

Gaveston My Lord.

Warwick soldiers, have him away:
But for thou wert the favourite of a King,
Thou shalt have so much honour at our hands.

Gaveston I thank you all my lords, then I perceive,

img: 22-a
sig: F1v

wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279

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

Enter earl of Arundel.

Lancaster How now my lord of *Arundel*?

My lords, king *Edward* greets you all by me.

Warwick *Arundel*, say your message.

Arundel His majesty, hearing that you had taken *Gaveston*,
Intreateth you by me, yet but he may
See him before he dies, for why he says,
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall,
And if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.

Warwick How now?

Gaveston Renowned *Edward*, how thy name
Revives poor *Gaveston*.

Warwick No, it needeth not,
Arundel, we will gratify the king

wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295

img: 22-b
sig: F2r

wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
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wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327

In other matters, he must pardon us in this,
Soldiers away with him.

Gaveston Why my Lord of Warwick,
Will not these delays beget my hopes?
I know it lords, it is this life you aim at,
Yet grant king *Edward* this.

Mortimer junior Shalt thou appoint what we shall grant?
Soldiers away with him:

Thus we'll gratify the king,
We'll send his head by thee, let him bestow
His tears on that, for that is all he gets
Of *Gaveston*, or else his senseless trunk.

Lancaster Not so my Lord, lest he bestow more cost,
In burying him, than he hath ever earned.

Arundel My lords, it is his majesty's request,
And in the honour of a king he swears,

He will but talk with him and send him back.

Warwick When can you tell? *Arundel* no, we wot,
He that the care of realm remits,
And drives his nobles to these exigents
For *Gaveston*, will if he seize him once,
Violate any promise to possess him.

Arundel Then if you will not trust his grace in keep,
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.

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

Gaveston How meanst thou *Mortimer*? that is over base.

Mortimer Away base groom, robber of king's renown,
Question with thy companions and thy mates.

Pembroke My lord *Mortimer*, and you my lords each one,
To gratify the king's request therein,
Touching the sending of this *Gaveston*,
Because his majesty so earnestly
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will upon mine honour undertake
To carry him, and bring him back again,
Provided this, that you my lord of *Arundel*
Will join with me.

Warwick *Pembroke*, what wilt thou do?
Cause yet more bloodshed: is it not enough
That we have taken him, but must we now
Leave him on had-I-wist, and let him go?

Pembroke My lords, I will not over woo your honours,
But if you dare trust *Pembroke* with the prisoner,
Upon mine oath I will return him back.

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

wln 1328

img: 23-a
sig: F2v

Lancaster Why *I* say, let him go on *Pembroke's* word.

wln 1329

Pembroke And you lord *Mortimer*.

wln 1330

Mortimer junior How say you my lord of *Warwick*.

wln 1331

Warwick Nay, do your pleasures,

wln 1332

I know how 'twill prove.

wln 1333

Pembroke Then give him me.

wln 1334

Gaveston Sweet sovereign, yet I come

wln 1335

To see thee ere *I* die.

wln 1336

Warwick Yet not perhaps,

wln 1337

If *Warwick's* wit and policy prevail.

wln 1338

Mortimer junior My lord of *Pembroke*, we deliver him you,

wln 1339

Return him on your honour, sound away. *Exeunt.*

wln 1340

*Manent Pembroke, Matrevis Gaveston. and Pembroke's
men, four soldiers.*

wln 1341

Pembroke My Lord, you shall go with me,

wln 1342

My house is not far hence out of the way,

wln 1343

A little, but our men shall go along,

wln 1344

We that have pretty wenches to our wives,

wln 1345

Sir, must not come so near and balk their lips.

wln 1346

Matrevis 'Tis very kindly spoken my lord of *Pembroke*,

wln 1347

Your honour hath an adamant of power,

wln 1348

To draw a prince.

wln 1349

Pembroke So my lord, come hither *James*,

wln 1350

I do commit this *Gaveston* to thee,

wln 1351

Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning

wln 1352

We will discharge thee of thy charge, be gone.

wln 1353

Gaveston Unhappy *Gaveston*, whither goest thou now.

wln 1354

Exit cum servis Pembroke.

wln 1355

Horse boy. My lord, we'll quickly be at *Cobham*.

wln 1356

Exeunt ambo.

wln 1357

*Enter Gaveston mourning, and the earl
of Pembroke's men.*

wln 1358

wln 1359

Gaveston O treacherous *Warwick* thus to wrong thy
friend!

wln 1360

wln 1361

img: 23-b
sig: F3r

wln 1362

James *I* see it is your life these arms pursue.

wln 1363

Gaveston Weaponless must *I* fall and die in bands,

wln 1364

Oh must this day be period of my life!

wln 1365

Centre of all my bliss, and ye be men,

wln 1366

Speed to the king.

wln 1367

Enter Warwick and his company.

wln 1368

Warwick My lord of *Pembroke's* men,

wln 1369

Strive you no longer, *I* will have that *Gaveston*.

wln 1370

James Your lordship doth dishonour to yourself,

wln 1371

And wrong our lord, your honourable friend.

wln 1371

Warwick No *James*, it is my country's cause *I* follow,

wln 1372

wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394

img: 24-a
sig: F3v

wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
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wln 1414
wln 1415
wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418
wln 1419
wln 1420

Go, take the villain, soldiers come away,
We'll make quick work, commend me to your master
My friend, and tell him that *I* watched it well,
Come, let thy shadow parley with king *Edward*.
 Gaveston Treacherous earl, shall I not see the king?
 Warwick The king of heaven perhaps, no other king,
Away. *Exeunt Warwick and his men, with Gaveston.*
 Manet James cum caeteris.
Come fellows, it booteth not for us to strive,
We will in haste go certify our Lord. *Exeunt.*
 Enter king Edward and Spencer, with
 Drums and Fifes.
 Edward I long to hear an answer from the Barons
Touching my friend, my dearest *Gaveston*,
Ah *Spencer*, not the riches of my realm
Can ransom him, ah he is marked to die,
I know the malice of the younger *Mortimer*,
Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
Inexorable, and I shall never see
My lovely *Pierce*, my *Gaveston* again,
The Barons overbear me with their pride.
 Spencer. Were I king *Edward* England's sovereign,

Son to the lovely *Eleanor* of Spain,
Great *Edward Longshanks*' issue: would *I* bear
These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontrolled
These Barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine own realm? my lord pardon my speech,
Did you retain your father's magnanimity?
Did you regard the honour of your name?
You would not suffer thus your majesty
Be counterbuffed of your nobility,
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles,
No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learn obedience to their lawful king.
 Edward Yea gentle *Spencer*, we have been too mild,
Too kind to them, but now have drawn our sword,
And if they send me not my *Gaveston*,
We'll steel it on their crest, and poll their tops.
 Baldock This haught resolve becomes your majesty,
Not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highness were a schoolboy still,
And must be awed and governed like a child.
 Enter Hugh Spencer an old man, father to
 the young Spencer, with his truncheon,
 and soldiers.
 Spencer pater Long live my sovereign the noble *Edward*,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars.

wln 1421
wln 1422
wln 1423
wln 1424
wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427

img: 24-b
sig: F4r

Edward Welcome old man, com'st thou in *Edward's* aid?
Then tell thy prince, of whence, and what thou art.
Spencer pater Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
Brown bills, and targeteers, 400 strong,
Sworn to defend king *Edward's* royal right,
I come in person to your majesty,
Spencer, the father of *Hugh Spencer* there,

wln 1428
wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431
wln 1432
wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435
wln 1436
wln 1437
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wln 1454
wln 1455
wln 1456
wln 1457
wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460

Bound to your highness everlastingly,
For favours done in him, unto us all.
Edward Thy father *Spencer*?
Spencer filius. True, and it like your grace,
That powers in lieu of all your goodness shown,
His life my lord, before your princely feet.
Edward Welcome ten thousand times, old man again,
Spencer, this love, this kindness to thy King,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition:
Spencer, I here create thee earl of Wiltshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favour,
That as the sunshine shall reflect o'er thee:
Beside, the more to manifest our love,
Because we hear Lord *Bruce* doth sell his land,
And that the *Mortimers* are in hand withal,
Thou shalt have crowns of us, t'outbid the Barons,
And *Spenser*, spare them not, but lay it on.
Soldiers a largesse, and thrice welcome all.
Spencer My lord, here comes the Queen.
*Enter the Queen and her son, and
Levune a Frenchman.*
Edward Madam, what news?
Queen News of dishonour lord, and discontent,
Our friend *Levune*, faithful and full of trust,
Informeth us, by letters and by words,
That lord *Valois* our brother, king of France,
Because your highness hath been slack in homage,
Hath seized Normandy into his hands,
These be the letters, this the messenger.
Edward Welcome *Levune*, tush *Sib*, if this be all,
Valois and *I* will soon be friends again,
But to my *Gaveston*: shall I never see,
Never behold thee now? Madam in this matter

img: 25-a
sig: F4v

wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464
wln 1465

We will employ you and your little son,
You shall go parley with the king of France,
Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,
And do your message with a majesty.
Prince Commit not to my youth things of more weight

wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468
wln 1469
wln 1470
wln 1471
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wln 1491
wln 1492
wln 1493

img: 25-b
sig: G1r

wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505
wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
wln 1509
wln 1510
wln 1511
wln 1512
wln 1513

Then fits a prince so young as I to bear,
And fear not lord and father, heaven's great beams
On *Atlas*' shoulder, shall not lie more safe,
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.

Queen A boy, this towardness makes thy mother fear
Thou art not marked to many days on earth.

Edward Madam, we will that you with speed be shipped,
And this our son, *Levune* shall follow you,
With all the haste we can dispatch him hence,
Choose of our lords to bear you company,
And go in peace, leave us in wars at home.

Queen Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their king,
God end them once, my lord *I* take my leave,
To make my preparation for France.

Enter lord Matre.

Edward What lord *Matre*. dost thou come alone?

Matrevis Yea my good lord, for *Gaveston* is dead.

Edward Ah traitors, have they put my friend to death,
Tell me *Matre*. died he ere thou cam'st,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?

Matrevis Neither my lord, for as he was surprised,
Begirt with weapons, and with enemies round,
I did your highness' message to them all,
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, upon the honour of my name,
That I would undertake to carry him
Unto your highness, and to bring him back.

Edward And tell me, would the rebels deny me that?

Spencer Proud recreants.

Edward Yea *Spencer*, traitors all.

Matrevis I found them at the first inexorable,
The earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly, *Pembroke* and *Lancaster*
Spake least: and when they flatly had denied,
Refusing to receive me pledge for him,
The earl of *Pembroke* mildly thus bespake.
My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe returned,
I will this undertake, to have him hence,
And see him redelivered to your hands.

Edward Well, and how fortunes that he came not?

Spencer Some treason, or some villainy was cause.

Matrevis The earl of Warwick seized him on his way,
For being delivered unto *Pembroke*'s men,
Their lord road home, thinking his prisoner safe,
But ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
And bore him to his death, and in a trench
Strake off his head, and marched unto the camp.

wln 1514
wln 1515
wln 1516
wln 1517
wln 1518
wln 1519
wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
wln 1524
wln 1525
wln 1526

img: 26-a
sig: G1v

Spencer A bloody part, flatly against law of arms.
Edward O shall *I* speak, or shall *I* sigh and die!
Spencer My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword,
Upon these Barons, hearten up your men,
Let them not unrevenged murder your friends,
Advance your standard *Edward* in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting holes.

Edward kneels, and saith.

By earth, the common mother of us all,
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof,
By this right hand, and by my father's sword,
And all the honours longing to my crown,
I will have heads, and lives for him as many,

wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530
wln 1531
wln 1532
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wln 1534
wln 1535
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wln 1558
wln 1559

As *I* have manors, castles, towns, and towers,
Traucherous *Warwick*, traitorous *Mortimer*:
If *I* be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
And stain my royal standard with the same,
That so my bloody colours may suggest
Remembrance of revenge immortally,
On your accursed traitorous progeny:
You villains that have slain my *Gaveston*,
And in this place of honour and of trust,
Spencer, sweet *Spencer*, I adopt thee here,
And merely of our love we do create thee
Earl of Gloucester, and lord chamberlain,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.
Spencer My lord, here's is a messenger from the Barons,
Desires access unto your majesty.

Edward Admit him near.

*Enter the Herald from the Barons,
with his coat of arms.*

Messenger Long live king *Edward*, England's lawful lord.

Edward So wish not they Iwis that sent thee hither,
Thou com'st from *Mortimer* and his complices,
A ranker rout of rebels never was:
Well, say thy message.

Messenger The Barons up in arms, by me salute
Your highness, with long life and happiness,
And bid me say as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of blood,
You will this grief have ease and remedy,
That from your princely person you remove
This *Spencer*, as a putrifying branch,
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves

img: 26-b
sig: G2r

wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
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wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581

Impale your princely head, your diadem,
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,
Say they, and lovingly advise your grace,
To cherish virtue and nobility,
And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:
This granted, they, their honours, and their lives,
Are to your highness vowed and consecrate.

Spencer Ay traitors, will they still display their pride?

Edward Away, tarry no answer, but be gone,

Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign
His sports, his pleasures, and his company:

Yet ere thou go, see how I do divorce

Spencer from me: now get thee to thy lords,

And tell them I will come to chastise them,

For murdering *Gaveston*: hie thee, get thee gone,

Edward with fire and sword, follows at thy heels,

My lord, perceive you how these rebels swell:

Soldiers, good hearts, defend your sovereign's right,

For now, even now, we march to make them stoop,

Away.

Embrace

Spencer.

Exeunt.

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

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

*Enter the king, Spencer the father, Spencer the son,
and the noblemen of the king's side.*

Edward Why do we sound retreat? upon them lords,

This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword

On those proud rebels that are up in arms,

And do confront and countermand their king.

Spencer son. I doubt it not my lord, right will prevail.

Spencer father 'Tis not amiss my liege for either part,

To breathe a while, our men with sweat and dust

All choked well near, begin to faint for heat,

img: 27-a
sig: G2v

wln 1592
wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605

And this retire refresheth horse and man.

Spencer son. Here come the rebels.

*Enter the Barons, Mortimer, Lancaster, Warwick,
Pembroke, cum caeteris.*

Mortimer Look *Lancaster*, yonder is *Edward* among his
flatterers.

Lancaster And there let him be, till he pay dearly for
their company.

Warwick And shall or *Warwick's* sword shall smite in vain.

Edward What rebels, do you shrink, and sound retreat?

Mortimer junior No *Edward*, no, thy flatterers faint and fly.

Lancaster Th'ad best betimes forsake **them** and their trains,
For they'll betray thee, traitors as they are.

Spencer son. Traitor on thy face, rebellious *Lancaster*.

wln 1606
wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
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wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618
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wln 1620
wln 1621
wln 1622
wln 1623
wln 1624

img: 27-b
sig: G3r

wln 1625
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wln 1633
wln 1634
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wln 1652
wln 1653

Pembroke Away base upstart, brav'st thou nobles thus.
Spencer father A noble attempt, and honourable deed,
Is it not trow ye, to assemble aid,
And levy arms against your lawful king?
Edward For which ere long, their heads shall satisfy,
T'appease the wrath of their offended king.
Mortimer junior Then *Edward*, thou wilt fight it to the last,
And rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood,
Than banish that pernicious company.
Edward Ay traitors all, rather than thus be braved,
Make England's civil towns huge heaps of stones,
And plows to go about our palace gates.
Warwick A desperate and unnatural resolution,
Alarum to the fight, saint George for England,
And the Barons right.
Edward Sir George for England, and king *Edward's* right.
Enter Edward, with the Barons captives.
Edward Now lusty lords, now not by chance of war,
But justice of the quarrel and the cause

Vailed is your pride, methinks you hang the **heads**
But we'll advance them traitors, now 'tis time
To be avenged on you for all your braves,
And for the murder of my dearest friend,
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,
Good *Pierce of Gaveston* my sweet favourite,
Ay rebels, recreants, you made him away.
Edmund Brother, in regard of thee and of thy land,
Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.
Edward So sir, you have spoke, away, avoid our presence,
Accursed wretches, was't in regard of us,
When we had sent our messenger to request
He might be spared to come to speak with us,
And *Pembroke* undertook for his return,
That thou proud *Warwick* watched the prisoner,
Poor *Pierce*, and headed him against law of arms,
For which thy head shall over look the rest.
As much as thou in rage out wentest the rest?
Warwick Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces,
'Tis but temporal that thou canst inflict.
Lancaster The worst is death, and better die to live,
Than live in infamy under such a king.
Edward Away with them my lord of Winchester,
These lusty leaders Warwick and Lancaster,
I charge you roundly off with both their heads, away.
Warwick Farewell vain world.
Lancaster Sweet *Mortimer* farewell.
Mortimer junior England, unkind to thy nobility,
Groan for this grief, behold how thou art maimed.

wln 1654
wln 1655
wln 1656
wln 1657

img: 28-a
sig: G3v

Edward Go take that haughty *Mortimer* to the tower,
There see him safe bestowed, and for the rest,
Do speedy execution on them all, be gone.
Mortimer junior What *Mortimer*? can ragged stony wall

wln 1658
wln 1659
wln 1660
wln 1661
wln 1662
wln 1663
wln 1664
wln 1665
wln 1666
wln 1667
wln 1668
wln 1669
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wln 1681
wln 1682
wln 1683
wln 1684
wln 1685
wln 1686
wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690

img: 28-b
sig: G4r

Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven,
No *Edward*, England's scourge, it may not be,
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.
Edward Sound drums and trumpets, march with me
my friends,
Edward this day hath crowned him king a new. *Exit.*
Manent Spencer filius, Levune and Baldock.
Spencer *Levune*, the trust that we repose in thee,
Begets the quiet of king *Edward's* land,
Therefore be gone in haste, and with advice,
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France,
That therewith all enchanted like the guard,
That suffered *Jove* to pass in showers of gold
To *Danae*, all aid may be denied
To *Isabell* the Queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son,
And step into his father's regiment.
Levune That's it these Barons and the subtle Queen,
Long levied at.
Baldock Yea, but *Levune* thou seest,
These Barons lay their heads on blocks together,
What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean.
Levune. Have you no doubts my lords, I'll claps close,
Among the lords of France with England's gold,
That *Isabell* shall make her complaints in vain,
And France shall be obdurate with her tears.
Spencer Then make for France, amain *Levune* away,
Proclaim king *Edward's* wars and victories. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Edmund.

Edmund Fair blows the wind for France, blow
gentle gale,
Till *Edmund* be arrived for England's good,

wln 1691
wln 1692
wln 1693
wln 1694
wln 1695
wln 1696
wln 1697
wln 1698

Nature, yield to my country's cause in this,
A brother, no, a butcher of thy friends,
Proud *Edward*, dost thou banish me thy presence?
But I'll to France, and cheer the wronged Queen,
And certify what *Edward's* looseness is,
Unnatural king, to slaughter noble men
And cherish flatterers: *Mortimer* I stay
Thy sweet escape, stand gracious gloomy night to his

wln 1699
wln 1700
wln 1701
wln 1702
wln 1703
wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709
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wln 1711
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wln 1714
wln 1715
wln 1716
wln 1717
wln 1718
wln 1719
wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723

img: 29-a
sig: G4v

wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
wln 1727
wln 1728
wln 1729
wln 1730
wln 1731
wln 1732
wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735
wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742
wln 1743
wln 1744
wln 1745
wln 1746

device.

Enter Mortimer disguised.

Mortimer junior Holla, who walketh there, is't you my lord?

Edmund Mortimer 'tis I, but hath thy potion wrought so happily?

Mortimer junior It hath my lord, the warders all asleep, I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace:
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?

Edmund Fear it not.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queen and her son.

Queen A boy, our friends do fail us all in France,
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind,
What shall we do?

Prince. Madam, return to England,
And please my father well, and then a Fig
For all my uncle's friendship here in France,
I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly,
'A loves me better than a thousand *Spencers*.

Queen A boy, thou art deceived at least in this,
To think that we can yet be tuned together,
No, no, we war too far, unkind *Valois*,
Unhappy *Isabell*, when France rejects,
Whither, O whither dost thou bend thy steps.

Enter sir John of Hainault.

Sir John Madam, what cheer?

Queen A good sir *John* of *Hainault*,
Never so cheerless, nor so far distressed.

Sir John I hear sweet lady of the king's unkindness,
But droop not madam, noble minds contemn
Despair: will your grace with me to *Hainault*?
And there stay time's advantage with your son,
How say you my Lord, will you go with your friends,
And shake off all our fortunes equally.

Prince So pleaseth the Queen my mother, me it likes,
The king of England, nor the court of France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,
Till I be strong enough to break a staff,
And then have at the proudest *Spencer's* head.

Sir John. Well said my lord.

Queen Oh my sweet heart, how do I moan thy wrongs?
Yet triumph in the hope of thee my joy,
Ah sweet sir *John*, even to the utmost verge
Of *Europe*, or the shore of *Tanais*,
Will we with thee to *Hainault*, so we will,
The Marquis is a noble Gentleman,
His grace I dare presume will welcome me,
But who are these?

Enter Edmund and Mortimer.

wln 1747
wln 1748
wln 1749
wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756

img: 29-b
sig: H1r

Edmund Madam, long may you live,
Much happier than your friends in England do.
Queen Lord *Edmund* and lord *Mortimer* alive,
Welcome to France: the news was here my lord,
That you were dead, or very near your death.
Mortimer junior Lady, the last was truest of the twain,
But *Mortimer* reserved for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldom of the tower,
And lives t'advance your standard good my lord.
Prince How mean you, and the king my father lives?

wln 1757
wln 1758
wln 1759
wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763
wln 1764
wln 1765
wln 1766
wln 1767
wln 1768
wln 1769
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wln 1781
wln 1782
wln 1783
wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787
wln 1788
wln 1789

No my lord *Mortimer*, not I, I trow.
Queen Not son, why not? I would it were no worse,
But gentle lords, friendless we are in France.
Mortimer junior Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
Told us at our arrival all the news,
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
Hath showed himself: but madam, right makes room,
Where weapons want, and though a many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our party and faction,
Yet have we friends, assure your grace in England,
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,
To see us there appointed for our foes.
Edmund Would all were well, and *Edward* well reclaimed,
For England's honour, peace, and quietness.
Mortimer But by the sword, my lord, it must be deserved.
The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers.
Sir John My Lords of England, sith the ungentle king
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms,
To this distressed Queen his sister here,
Go you with her to *Hainault*, doubt ye not,
We will find comfort, money, men, and friends
Ere long, to bid the English king a base,
How say young Prince, what think you of the match?
Prince I think king *Edward* will out run us all.
Queen Nay son, not so, and you must not discourage
Your friends that are so forward in your aid.
Edmund Sir *John* of *Hainault*, pardon us I pray,
These comforts that you give our woeful queen,
Bind us in kindness all at your command.
Queen Yea gentle brother, and the God of heaven,
Prosper your happy motion good sir *John*.
Mortimer junior This noble gentleman forward in arms,

img: 30-a
sig: H1v

wln 1790
wln 1791

Was born I see to be our anchor hold,
Sir *John* of *Hainault*, be it thy renown,

wln 1792
wln 1793
wln 1794
wln 1795
wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
wln 1801
wln 1802
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wln 1816
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wln 1818
wln 1819
wln 1820
wln 1821
wln 1822

img: 30-b
sig: H2r

wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826
wln 1827
wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831
wln 1832
wln 1833
wln 1834
wln 1835
wln 1836
wln 1837
wln 1838
wln 1839

That England's Queen, and nobles in distress,
Have been by thee restored and comforted.

Sir John. Madam along, and you my lord with me,
That England's peers may *Hainault's* welcome see.

Enter the king, Matrevis the two Spencers, with others.

Edward Thus after many threats of wrathful war,
Triumpheth England's *Edward* with his friends,
And triumph *Edward* with his friends uncontrolled,
My lord of Gloucester, do you hear the news?

Spencer junior What news my lord?

Edward Why man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realm, my lord of *Arundel*
You have the note, have you not?

Matrevis From the lieutenant of the tower my lord.

Edward I pray let us see it, what have we there?
Read it *Spencer.* *Spencer reads their names.*

Why so, they barked a pace a month ago,
Now on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite.
Now sirs, the news from France, Gloucester *I* trow,
The lords of France love England's gold so well,
As *Isabell* gets no aid from thence.

What now remains, have you proclaimed, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in *Mortimer*?

Spencer junior My lord, we have, and if he be in England,
'A will be had ere long I doubt it not.

Edward If, dost thou say? *Spencer*, as true as death,
He is in England's ground, our port-masters
Are not so careless of their king's command.

Enter a Post.

How now, what news with thee, from whence come these?

Post. Letters my lord, and tidings forth of France,

To you my lord of Gloucester from *Levune*.

Edward. read.

Spencer reads the letter.

My duty to your honour promised, etc. *I* have according
to instructions in that behalf, dealt with the king
of France his lords, and effected, that the Queen all
discontented and discomforted, is gone, whither if
you ask, with sir *John* of *Hainault*, brother to the Marquis,
into Flanders: with them are gone lord *Edmund*,
and the lord *Mortimer*, having in their company
divers of your nation, and others, and as constant report
goeth, they intend to give king *Edward* battle in
England, sooner than he can look for them: this is all
the news of import.

Your honours in all service, *Levune*.

Edward Ay villains, hath that *Mortimer* escaped?
With him is *Edmund* gone associate?

wln 1840
wln 1841
wln 1842
wln 1843
wln 1844
wln 1845
wln 1846
wln 1847
wln 1848
wln 1849
wln 1850
wln 1851
wln 1852
wln 1853
wln 1854
wln 1855

img: 31-a
sig: H2v

And will sir *John of Hainault* lead the round?
Welcome a God's name Madam and your son,
England shall welcome you, and all your rout,
Gallop a pace bright *Phoebus* through the sky,
And dusky night, in rusty iron car,
Between you both, shorten the time *I* pray,
That I may see that most desired day,
When we may meet these traitors in the field.
Ah nothing grieves me but my little boy,
Is thus misled to countenance their ills,
Come friends to Bristol, there to make us strong,
And winds as equal be to bring them in,
As you injurious were to bear them forth.

*Enter the Queen, her son, Edmund, Mortimer,
and sir John.*

Queen Now lords, our loving friends and countrymen,

wln 1856
wln 1857
wln 1858
wln 1859
wln 1860
wln 1861
wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865
wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
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wln 1874
wln 1875
wln 1876
wln 1877
wln 1878
wln 1879
wln 1880
wln 1881
wln 1882
wln 1883
wln 1884
wln 1885
wln 1886
wln 1887

Welcome to England all with prosperous winds,
Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,
To cope with friends at home: a heavy case,
When force to force is knit and sword and glaive,
In civil broils makes kin and country men,
Slaughter themselves in others and their sides
With their own weapons gored, but what's the help?
Misgoverned kings are cause of all this wrack,
And *Edward* thou art one among them all,
Whose looseness hath betrayed thy land to spoil,
And made the channels overflow with blood,
Of thine own people patron shouldst thou be, but thou.

Mortimer junior Nay madam, if you be a warrior,
Ye must not grow so passionate in speeches:
Lords, sith that we are by sufferance of heaven,
Arrived and armed in this prince's right,
Here for our country's cause swear we to him
All homage, fealty and forwardness,
And for the open wrongs and injuries
Edward hath done to us, his Queen and land,
We come in arms to wreck it with the swords:
That England's queen in peace may repossess
Her dignities and honours, and withal
We may remove these flatterers from the king,
That havocs England's wealth and treasury.

Sir John Sound trumpets my lord and forward let us march,
Edward will think we come to flatter him.

Edmund I would he never had been flattered more.

*Enter the King, Baldock, and Spencer the
son, flying about the stage.*

Spencer Fly, fly, my Lord, the Queen is overstrong.
Her friends do multiply and yours do fail,

wln 1888

img: 31-b
sig: H3r

Shape we our course to Ireland there to breathe.

wln 1889

Edward What, was *I* born to fly and run away,
And leave the *Mortimers* conquerors behind?

wln 1890

Give me my horse and let's reinforce our troops

wln 1891

And in this bed of honour die with fame.

wln 1892

wln 1893

Baldock O no my lord, this princely resolution
Fits not the time, away, we are pursued.

wln 1894

wln 1895

*Edmund alone with a sword
and target.*

wln 1896

wln 1897

Edmund This way he fled, but *I* am come too late,

wln 1898

Edward, alas my heart relents for thee,

wln 1899

Proud traitor *Mortimer* why dost thou chase

wln 1900

Thy lawful king thy sovereign with thy sword?

wln 1901

Vild wretch, and why hast thou of all unkind,

wln 1902

Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?

wln 1903

Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head

wln 1904

Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs,

wln 1905

To punish this unnatural revolt:

wln 1906

Edward, this *Mortimer* aims at thy life:

wln 1907

O fly him then, but *Edmund* calm this rage,

wln 1908

Dissemble or thou diest, for *Mortimer*

wln 1909

And *Isabell* do kiss while they conspire,

wln 1910

And yet she bears a face of love forsooth:

wln 1911

Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate.

wln 1912

Edmund away, Bristol to Longshanks' blood

wln 1913

Is false, be not found single for suspect:

wln 1914

Proud *Mortimer* pries near into thy walks.

wln 1915

*Enter the Queen, Mortimer, the
young Prince and Sir John
of Hainault.*

wln 1916

wln 1917

wln 1918

Queen Successful battles gives the God of kings,

wln 1919

To them that fight in right and fear his wrath:

wln 1920

Since then successfully we have prevailed,

wln 1921

Thanks be heaven's great architect and you,

img: 32-a
sig: H3v

wln 1922

Ere farther we proceed my noble lords,

wln 1923

We here create our well-beloved son,

wln 1924

Of love and care unto his royal person,

wln 1925

Lord warden of the realm, and sith the fates

wln 1926

Have made his father so infortunate,

wln 1927

Deal you my lords in this, my loving lords,

wln 1928

As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

wln 1929

Edmund Madam, without offence if I may ask,

wln 1930

How will you deal with *Edward* in his fall?

wln 1931

Prince. Tell me good uncle, what *Edward* do you
mean?

wln 1932

wln 1933
wln 1934
wln 1935
wln 1936
wln 1937
wln 1938
wln 1939
wln 1940
wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
wln 1944
wln 1945
wln 1946

Edmund Nephew, your father, *I* dare not call him king.
Mortimer My lord of Kent, what needs these questions?
'Tis not in her controlment, nor in ours,
But as the realm and parliament shall please,
So shall your brother be disposed of,
I like not this relenting mood in *Edmund*,
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.
Queen My lord, the Mayor of Bristol knows our mind.
Mortimer Yea madam, and they scape not easily,
That fled the field.
Queen *Baldock* is with the king,
A goodly chancellor, is he not my lord?
Sir John So are the *Spencers*, the father and the son.
Edmund This *Edward* is the ruin of the realm.

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

*Enter Rice ap Howell, and the Mayor of Bristow,
with Spencer the father.*
Rice. God save Queen *Isabell*, and her princely son,
Madam, the Mayor and Citizens of Bristol,
In sign of love and duty to this presence,
Present by me this traitor to the state,
Spencer, the father to that wanton *Spencer*,

img: 32-b
sig: H4r

wln 1954
wln 1955
wln 1956
wln 1957
wln 1958
wln 1959
wln 1960
wln 1961
wln 1962
wln 1963
wln 1964
wln 1965
wln 1966
wln 1967
wln 1968
wln 1969
wln 1970
wln 1971
wln 1972
wln 1973
wln 1974
wln 1975
wln 1976
wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979

That like the lawless *Catiline* of Rome,
Revelled in England's wealth and treasury.
Queen We thank you all.
Mortimer junior Your loving care in this,
Deserveth princely favours and rewards,
But where's the king and the other *Spencer* fled?
Rice. *Spencer* the son, created earl of Gloucester,
Is with that smooth tongued scholar *Baldock* gone,
And shipped but late for Ireland with the king.
Mortimer junior Some whirlwind fetch them back,
or sink them all:
They shall be started thence I doubt it not.
Prince Shall *I* not see the king my father yet?
Edmund. Unhappy *Edward*, chased from England's
bounds.
Sir John Madam, what resteth, why stand ye in a muse?
Queen I rue my lords ill fortune, but alas,
Care of my country called me to this war.
Mortimer Madam, have done with care and sad complain,
Your king hath wronged your country and himself,
And we must seek to right it as we may,
meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block,
Your lordship cannot privilege your head.
Spencer pater Rebel is he that fights against his prince,
So fought not they that fought in *Edward's* right.
Mortimer Take him away, he prates, you *Rice ap howell*,

wln 1980
wln 1981
wln 1982
wln 1983
wln 1984
wln 1985
wln 1986

img: 33-a
sig: H4v

Shall do good service to her Majesty,
Being of countenance in your country here,
To follow these rebellious runagates,
We in meanwhile madam, must take advice,
How *Baldock*, *Spencer*, and their complices,
May in their fall be followed to their end.

Exeunt omnes.

wln 1987
wln 1988
wln 1989
wln 1990
wln 1991
wln 1992
wln 1993
wln 1994
wln 1995
wln 1996
wln 1997
wln 1998
wln 1999
wln 2000
wln 2001
wln 2002
wln 2003
wln 2004
wln 2005
wln 2006
wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009
wln 2010
wln 2011
wln 2012
wln 2013
wln 2014
wln 2015
wln 2016
wln 2017
wln 2018
wln 2019

img: 33-b
sig: I1r

*Enter the Abbot, Monks, Edward, Spencer,
and Baldock.*

Abbot. Have you no doubt my Lord, have you no
fear,

As silent and as careful will we be,
To keep your royal person safe with us,
Free from suspect, and fell invasion
Of such as have your majesty in chase,
yourself, and those your chosen company,
As danger of this stormy time requires.

Edward Father, thy face should harbour no deceit,
Oh hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart
Pierced deeply with sense of my distress,
Could not but take compassion of my state,
Stately and proud, in riches and in train,
Whilom I was powerful and full of pomp,
But what is he, whom rule and empery
Have not in life or death made miserable?
Come *Spencer*, come *Baldock*, come sit down by me,
Make trial now of that philosophy,
That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suckedst from *Plato*, and from *Aristotle*.
Father, this life contemplative is heaven,
O that I might this life in quiet lead,
But we alas are chased, and you my friends,
Your lives and my dishonour they pursue
Yet gentle monks, for treasure, gold nor fee,
Do you betray us and our company.

Monks. Your grace may sit secure, if none but we
do wot of your abode.

Spencer Not one alive, but shrewdly I suspect,
A gloomy fellow in a mead below,
'A gave a long look after us my lord,

wln 2020
wln 2021
wln 2022
wln 2023
wln 2024

And all the land I know is up in arms,
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.
Baldock We were embarked for Ireland, wretched we,
With awkward winds, and sore tempests driven
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear

wln 2025
wln 2026
wln 2027
wln 2028
wln 2029
wln 2030
wln 2031
wln 2032
wln 2033
wln 2034

Of *Mortimer* and his confederates.
Edward Mortimer, who talks of *Mortimer*,
Who wounds me with the name of *Mortimer*
That bloody man? good father on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care,
O might I never open these eyes again,
Never again lift up this drooping head,
O never more lift up this dying heart!
Spencer son. Look up my lord. *Baldock*, this drowsiness
Betides no good, here even we are betrayed.

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
wln 2049
wln 2050
wln 2051

*Enter with Welsh hooks, Rice ap Howell, a Mower,
and the Earl of Leicester.*
Mower. Upon my life, those be the men ye **seek**
Rice. Fellow enough, my lord I pray be short,
A fair commission warrants what we do.
Leicester The Queen's commission, urged by *Mortimer*,
What cannot gallant *Mortimer* with the Queen?
Alas, see where he sits, and hopes unseen,
T'escape their hands that seek to reave his life:
Too true it is, *quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.
But Leicester leave to grow so passionate,
Spencer and *Baldock*, by no other names,
I arrest you of high treason here,
Stand not on titles, but obey th'arrest,
'Tis in the name of *Isabell* the Queen:
My lord, why droop you thus?

img: 34-a
sig: IIv

wln 2052
wln 2053
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
wln 2067
wln 2068
wln 2069
wln 2070
wln 2071

Edward O day! the last of all my bliss on earth;
Center of all misfortune. O my stars!
Why do you lower unkindly on a king?
Comes Leicester then in *Isabella's* name,
To take my life, my company from me?
Here man, rip up this panting breast of mine,
And take my heart, in rescue of my friends.
Rice. Away with them.
Spencer junior It may be come thee yet,
To let us take our farewell of his grace.
Abbot My heart with pity earns to see this sight,
A king to bear these words and proud commands.
Edward Spencer, ah sweet *Spencer*, thus then must we part.
Spencer junior We must my lord, so will the angry heavens.
Edward Nay so will hell, and cruel *Mortimer*,
The gentle heavens have not to do in this.
Baldock My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm,
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves,
Our lots are cast, I fear me so is thine.
Edward In heaven we may, in earth never shall we

wln 2072
wln 2073
wln 2074
wln 2075
wln 2076
wln 2077
wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080
wln 2081
wln 2082
wln 2083
wln 2084

img: 34-b
sig: I2r

meet,
And Leicester say, what shall become of us?
Leicester Your majesty must go to Killingworth.
Edward Must! 'tis somewhat hard, when kings must go.
Leicester Here is a Litter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.
Rice. As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.
Edward A litter hast thou, lay me in a hearse,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence,
Let *Pluto's* bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at *Charon's* shore,
For friends hath *Edward* none, but these, and these,
And these must die under a tyrant's sword.

wln 2085
wln 2086
wln 2087
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
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

Rice. My lord, be going, care not for these,
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.
Edward Well, that shall be, shall be: part we must,
Sweet *Spencer*, gentle *Baldock*, part we must,
Hence feigned weeds, unfeigned are my woes,
Father, farewell: Leicester, thou stayest for me,
And go I must, life farewell with my friends.
Exeunt Edward and Leicester.
Spencer junior O is he gone! is noble *Edward* gone,
Parted from hence, never to see us more,
Rent sphere of heaven, and fire forsake thy orb,
Earth melt to air, gone is my sovereign,
Gone, gone alas, never to make return.
Baldock *Spencer*, I see our souls are fled hence,
We are deprived the sunshine of our life,
Make for a new life man, throw up thy eyes,
And heart and hand to heaven's immortal throne,
Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance,
Reduce we all our lessons unto this,
To die sweet *Spencer*, therefore live we all,
Spencer, all live to die, and rise to fall.
Rice. Come, come, keep these preachments till
you come to the place appointed
You, and such as you are, have made wise work in
England.
Will your Lordships away?
Mower. Your worship I trust will remember me?
Rice. Remember thee fellow? what else,
Follow me to the town.

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

Leicester Be patient good my lord, cease to lament,

img: 35-a
sig: I2v

wln 2117
wln 2118
wln 2119
wln 2120
wln 2121
wln 2122
wln 2123
wln 2124
wln 2125
wln 2126
wln 2127
wln 2128
wln 2129
wln 2130
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

Imagine Killingworth castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.
Edward Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows,
For kind and loving hast thou always been:
The griefs of private men are soon allayed,
But not of kings, the forest Deer being struck
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds,
But when the imperial Lion's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
Highly scorning, that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up into the air,
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
The ambitious *Mortimer* would seek to curb,
And that unnatural Queen false *Isabell*,
That thus hath pent and mewed me in a prison,
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,
As with the wings of rancour and disdain,
Full often am I soaring up to heaven,
To plain me to the gods against them both
But when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I should revenge me of the wrongs,
That *Mortimer* and *Isabell* have done.
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king,
I wear the crown, but am controlled by them,
By *Mortimer*, and my unconstant Queen,
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy,
Whilst I am lodged within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,

img: 35-b
sig: I3r

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

That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping *Mortimer* a king?
Bishop Your grace mistakes, it is for England's good,
And princely *Edward's* right we crave the crown.
Edward No, 'tis for *Mortimer*, not *Edward's* head,
For he's a lamb, encompassed by Wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life:
But if proud *Mortimer* do wear this crown,
Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire,
Or like the snaky wreath of *Tisiphon*,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head,
So shall not England's Vines be perished,
But *Edward's* name survives, though *Edward* dies.

wln 2164
wln 2165
wln 2166
wln 2167
wln 2168
wln 2169
wln 2170
wln 2171
wln 2172
wln 2173
wln 2174
wln 2175
wln 2176
wln 2177
wln 2178
wln 2179
wln 2180
wln 2181
wln 2182

img: 36-a
sig: I3v

wln 2183
wln 2184
wln 2185
wln 2186
wln 2187
wln 2188
wln 2189
wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193
wln 2194
wln 2195
wln 2196
wln 2197
wln 2198
wln 2199
wln 2200
wln 2201
wln 2202
wln 2203
wln 2204
wln 2205
wln 2206
wln 2207
wln 2208
wln 2209
wln 2210
wln 2211

Leicester My lord, why waste you thus the time away,
They stay your answer, will you yield your crown?

Edward Ah Leicester, way, how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom, without cause,
To give ambitious *Mortimer* my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss.
In which extreme my mind here murdered is:
But what the heavens appoint, I must obey,
Here, take my crown, the life of *Edward* too,
Two kings in England cannot reign at once:
But stay a while, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown,
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head, the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wished right.
Continue ever thou celestial sun,
Let never silent night possess this clime,
Stand still you watches of the element,
All times and seasons rest you at a stay,

That *Edward* may be still fair England's king:
But day's bright beams doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wished crown,
Inhuman creatures, nursed with Tiger's milk,
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow?
My diadem I mean, and guiltless life,
See monsters see, I'll wear my crown again,
What, fear you not the fury of your king?
But hapless *Edward*, thou art fondly led,
They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seeks to make a new elected king,
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyred with endless torments.
And in this torment, comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head,
And therefore let me wear it yet a while.

Trussell My Lord, the parliament must have present
news,
And therefore say, will you resign or no.

The king rageth.

Edward I'll not resign, but whilst I live,
Traitors be gone, and join you with *Mortimer*,
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will,
Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries.

Bishop This answer we'll return, and so farewell.

Leicester Call them again my lord, and speak them
fair,
For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

Edward. Call thou them back, I have no power to

wln 2212
wln 2213
wln 2214
wln 2215

img: 36-b
sig: 14r

wln 2216
wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219
wln 2220
wln 2221
wln 2222
wln 2223
wln 2224
wln 2225
wln 2226
wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230

Speak.

Leicester My lord, the king is willing to resign.

Bishop If he be not, let him choose.

Edward O would I might, but heavens and earth conspire

To make me miserable: here receive my crown,
Receive it? no, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime,
He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be called the murderer of a king,
Take it: what are you moved, pity you me?
Then send for unrelenting *Mortimer*
And *Isabell*, whose eyes been turned to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear:
Yet stay, for rather than I will look on them,
Here, here: now sweet God of heaven,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for aye enthronized in heaven,
Come death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or if I live, let me forget myself.

wln 2231
wln 2232
wln 2233
wln 2234
wln 2235
wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238
wln 2239
wln 2240
wln 2241
wln 2242
wln 2243
wln 2244
wln 2245
wln 2246
wln 2247

Enter Bartley.

Bartley. My lord.

Edward Call me not lord,

Away, out of my sight, ah pardon me,

Grief makes me lunatic,

Let not that *Mortimer* protect my son,

More safety is there in a Tiger's jaws,

This his embracements, bear this to the queen,

Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs,

If with the sight thereof she be not moved,

Return it back and dip it in my blood,

Commend me to my son, and bid him rule

Better than I, yet how have I transgressed,

Unless it be with too much clemency?

Trussell And thus, most humbly do we take our leave.

Edward. Farewell, I know the next news that they
bring,

img: 37-a
sig: 14v

wln 2248
wln 2249
wln 2250
wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
wln 2255

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

Leicester Another post, what news brings he?

Edward Such news as I expect, come *Bartley*, come,
And tell thy message to my naked breast.

Bartley My lord, think not a thought so villainous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.
To do your highness service and devoir,

wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262
wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
wln 2273
wln 2274
wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277
wln 2278
wln 2279
wln 2280

And save you from your foes, *Bartley* would die.
Leicester My lord, the counsel of the Queen
commands,
That I resign my charge.
Edward And who must keep me now, must you my
lord?
Bartley Ay, my most gracious lord, so 'tis decreed.
Edward By *Mortimer*, whose name is written here,
Well may *I* rent his name, that rends my heart,
This poor revenge hath something eased my mind,
So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper,
Hear me immortal *Jove*, and grant it too.
Bartley Your grace must hence with me to *Bartley*
straight.
Edward Whither you will, all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.
Leicester Favour him my lord, as much as lieth in you.
Bartley even so betide my soul as I use him.
Edward Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And that's the cause that I am now removed.
Bartley. And thinks your grace that *Bartley* will be
cruel?
Edward I know not, but of this am I assured,
That death ends all, and I can die but once,
Leicester, farewell.

img: 37-b
sig: K1r

wln 2281
wln 2282
wln 2283

wln 2284
wln 2285

wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301

Leicester. Not yet my lord, I'll bear you on your
way.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Mortimer, and Queen
Isabell.*

Mortimer junior Fair *Isabell*, now have we our desire,
The proud corrupters of the light-brained king,
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself lies in captivity,
Be ruled by me, and we will rule the realm,
In any case, take heed of childish fear,
For now we hold an old Wolf by the ears,
That if he slip will seize upon us both,
And grip the sorer being gripped himself,
Think therefore madam that imports as much,
To erect your son withal the speed we may,
And that I be protector over him,
For our behoof will bear the greater sway
Whenas a king's name shall be under writ.
Queen Sweet *Mortimer*, the life of *Isabell*,
Be thou persuaded, that *I* love thee well,

wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308

And therefore so the prince my son be safe,
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I myself will willingly subscribe.
Mortimer junior First would I hear news that he were
deposed,
And then let me alone to handle him.

img: 38-a
sig: K1v

wln 2309

Enter Messenger.

wln 2310
wln 2311
wln 2312
wln 2313
wln 2314
wln 2315
wln 2316
wln 2317
wln 2318
wln 2319
wln 2320
wln 2321
wln 2322
wln 2323
wln 2324
wln 2325
wln 2326
wln 2327
wln 2328
wln 2329
wln 2330
wln 2331
wln 2332
wln 2333
wln 2334
wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337
wln 2338

Mortimer junior Letters, from whence?
Messenger From Killingworth my lord.
Queen How fares my lord the king?
Messenger In health madam, but full of pensiveness.
Queen. Alas poor soul, would I could ease his
grief,
Thanks gentle Winchester, sirrah, be gone.
Winchester. The king hath willingly resigned his
crown.
Queen O happy news, send for the prince my son.
Bishop Further, or this letter was sealed, Lord *Bartley*
came,
So that he now is gone from Killingworth,
And we have heard that *Edmund* laid a plot,
To set his brother free, no more but so,
The lord of *Bartley* is so pitiful,
As Leicester that had charge of him before.
Queen Then let some other be his guardian.
Mortimer junior Let me alone, here is the privy seal,
Who's there, call hither *Gurney* and *Matrevis*,
To dash the heavy headed *Edmund's* drift,
Bartley shall be discharged, the king removed,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.
Queen But *Mortimer*, as long as he survives
What safety rests for us, or for my son?
Mortimer junior Speak, shall he presently be dispatched
and die?
Queen. I would he were, so it were not by my
means.

img: 38-b
sig: K2r

wln 2339

Enter Matrevis and Gurney.

wln 2340
wln 2341
wln 2342

Mortimer junior Enough *Matrevis*, write a letter
presently
Unto the Lord of *Bartley* from ourself,

wln 2343
wln 2344
wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
wln 2356
wln 2357
wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368

img: 39-a
sig: K2v

That he resign the king to thee and *Gurney*,
And when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name.

Matrevis It shall be done my lord.

Mortimer junior Gurney.

Gurney My Lord.

Mortimer junior As thou intendest to rise by *Mortimer*,
Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he please,
Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,
And neither give him kind word, nor good look.

Gurney I warrant you my lord.

Mortimer junior And this above the rest, because we hear
That *Edmund* casts to work his liberty,
Remove him still from place to place by night,
And at the last, he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to *Bartley* back again:
And by the way to make him fret the more,
Speak curstly to him, and in any case
Let no man comfort him, if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words.

Matrevis Fear not my Lord, we'll do as you
command.

Mortimer junior So now away, post thitherwards amain.

Queen Whither goes this letter, to my lord the king?
Commend me humbly to his Majesty,
And tell him, that *I* labour all in vain,
To ease his grief, and work his liberty:

And bear him this, as witness of my love.

Matrevis I will madam.

Exeunt Matrevis and Gurney.

Manent Isabell and Mortimer.

*Enter the young Prince, and the Earl of Kent
talking with him.*

Mortimer junior Finely dissembled, do so still sweet Queen,
Here comes the young prince, with the Earl of Kent.

Queen Something he whispers in his childish ears.

Mortimer junior If he have such access unto the prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dashed.

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

Mortimer junior How fares my honourable lord of Kent?

Edmund In health sweet *Mortimer*, how fares your
grace.

Queen. Well, if my Lord your brother were
enlarged.

wln 2369
wln 2370

wln 2371

wln 2372

wln 2373
wln 2374

wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380
wln 2381
wln 2382
wln 2383
wln 2384
wln 2385

wln 2386
wln 2387
wln 2388
wln 2389
wln 2390
wln 2391
wln 2392
wln 2393
wln 2394
wln 2395
wln 2396

img: 39-b
sig: K3r

wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402
wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407
wln 2408
wln 2409
wln 2410
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wln 2419
wln 2420
wln 2421
wln 2422
wln 2423
wln 2424
wln 2425
wln 2426
wln 2427
wln 2428

img: 40-a
sig: K3v

wln 2429
wln 2430

Edmund I hear of late he hath deposed himself.

Queen. The more my grief.

Mortimer junior And mine.

Edmund Ah they do dissemble.

Queen. Sweet son come hither, I must talk with thee.

Mortimer junior Thou being his uncle, and the next of blood,

Do look to be protector over the prince.

Edmund Not I my lord: who should protect the son,
But she that gave him life, I mean the Queen?

Prince Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown,
Let him be king, I am too young to reign.

Queen. But be content, seeing it his highness' pleasure.

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

Edmund. Ay do sweet Nephew.

Queen Brother, you know it is impossible.

Prince. Why, is he dead?

Queen. No, God forbid.

Edmund I would these words proceeded from your heart.

Mortimer junior Inconstant *Edmund*, dost thou favour him,
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?

Edmund The more cause have I now to make amends.

Mortimer junior I tell thee 'tis not meet, that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince,
My lord, he hath betrayed the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.

Prince. But he repents, and sorrows for it now.

Queen. Come son, and go with this gentle Lord
and me.

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

Mortimer junior Why youngling, 'sdain'st thou so of *Mortimer*?
Then I will carry thee by force away.

Prince Help uncle Kent, *Mortimer* will wrong me.

Queen Brother *Edmund*, strive not, we are his friends,
Isabell is nearer than the earl of Kent.

Edmund Sister, *Edward* is my charge, redeem him.

Queen. *Edward* is my son, and I will keep him.

Edmund *Mortimer* shall know that he hath wronged
me.

Hence will I haste to Killingworth castle,

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

wln 2431

Exeunt omnes.

wln 2432

*Enter Matrevis and Gurney with
the king.*

wln 2433

wln 2434

Matrevis My lord, be not pensive, we are your friends,
Men are ordained to live in misery,
Therefore come, dalliance dangereth our lives.

wln 2435

wln 2436

wln 2437

Edward Friends, whither must unhappy *Edward* go,
Will hateful *Mortimer* appoint no rest?

wln 2438

wln 2439

wln 2440

Must I be vexed like the nightly bird,
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowls?

wln 2441

wln 2442

When will the fury of his mind assuage?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?

wln 2443

wln 2444

If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,
And give my heart to *Isabell* and him,

wln 2445

It is the chiefest mark they level at.

wln 2446

wln 2447

Gurney. Not so my liege, the Queen hath given
this charge,

wln 2448

To keep your grace in safety,

wln 2449

Your passions make your dolours to increase.

wln 2450

wln 2451

Edward This usage makes my misery increase.

wln 2452

But can my air of life continue long,
When all my senses are annoyed with stench?

wln 2453

Within a dungeon England's king is kept,

wln 2454

Where I am starved for want of sustenance,

wln 2455

My daily diet, is heart breaking sobs,

wln 2456

That almost rends the closet of my heart,

wln 2457

Thus lives old *Edward* not relieved by any,

img: 40-b
sig: K4r

wln 2458

And so must die, though pitied by many.

wln 2459

O water gentle friends to cool my thirst,

wln 2460

And clear my body from foul excrements.

wln 2461

Matrevis Here's channel water, as our charge is given,
Sit down, for we'll be Barbers to your grace.

wln 2462

wln 2463

Edward Traitors away, what will you murder me,
Or choke your sovereign with puddle water?

wln 2464

wln 2465

Gurney No, but wash your face, and shave away your
beard,

wln 2466

Lest you be known, and so be rescued.

wln 2467

Matrevis Why strive you thus, your labour is in vain?

wln 2468

Edward. The Wren may strive against the Lion's
strength.

wln 2469

But all in vain, so vainly do I strive,

wln 2470

To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

wln 2471

wln 2472

wln 2473

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

wln 2474

wln 2475
wln 2476
wln 2477
wln 2478
wln 2479
wln 2480
wln 2481
wln 2482
wln 2483
wln 2484
wln 2485
wln 2486
wln 2487
wln 2488
wln 2489

img: 41-a
sig: K4v

Immortal powers, that knows the painful cares,
That waits upon my poor distressed soul,
O level all your looks upon these daring men,
That wrongs their liege and sovereign, England's
king,
O *Gaveston*, it is for thee that *I* am wronged,
For me, both thou, and both the *Spencers* died,
And for your sakes, a thousand wrongs I'll take,
The *Spencers* ghosts, wherever they remain,
Wish well to mine, then tush for them I'll die.

Matrevis Twixt theirs and yours, shall be no enmity,
Come, come, away, now put the torches out,
we'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

Enter Edmund.

Gurney How now, who comes there?

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

Matrevis Guard the king sure, it is the earl of Kent.

Edward O gentle brother, help to rescue me.

Matrevis Keep them asunder, thrust in the king.

Edmund Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.

Gurney Lay hands upon the earl for this assault.

Edmund Lay down your weapons, traitors yield the
king.

Matrevis *Edmund*, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.

Edmund Base villains, wherefore do you grip me
thus?

Gurney. Bind him, and so convey him to the court.

Edmund Where is the court but here, here is the king,
And I will visit him, why stay you me?

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

Exeunt Matrevis and Gurney, with the king.

Manent Edmund and the soldiers.

Edmund O miserable is that commonweal, where lords
Keep courts, and kings are locked in prison!

Soldier Wherefore stay we? on sirs to the court.

Edmund Ay, load me whither you will, even to my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be released.

Exeunt omnes.

wln 2513

Enter Mortimer alone.

wln 2514
wln 2515
wln 2516
wln 2517
wln 2518

Mortimer junior The king must die, or *Mortimer* goes down,
The commons now begin to pity him,
Yet he that is the cause of *Edward's* death,
Is sure to pay for it when his son is of age,
And therefore will I do it cunningly,

img: 41-b

wln 2519 This letter written by a friend of ours,
 wln 2520 Contains his death, yet bids them save his life.
 wln 2521 *Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.*
 wln 2522 Fear not to kill the king 'tis good he die.
 wln 2523 But read it thus, and that's another sense:
 wln 2524 *Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.*
 wln 2525 Kill not the king 'tis good to fear the worst.
 wln 2526 Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,
 wln 2527 That being dead, if it chance to be found,
 wln 2528 *Matrevis* and the rest may bear the blame,
 wln 2529 And we be quit that caused it to be done:
 wln 2530 Within this room is locked the messenger,
 wln 2531 That shall convey it, and perform the rest,
 wln 2532 And by a secret token that he bears,
 wln 2533 Shall he be murdered when the deed is done.
 wln 2534 *Lightborn*, come forth, art thou as resolute as thou wast?
 wln 2535 *Lightborne* What else my lord? and far more resolute.
 wln 2536 *Mortimer junior* And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?
 wln 2537 *Lightborne* Ay, ay, and none shall know which way he died.
 wln 2538 *Mortimer junior* But at his looks *Lightborne* thou wilt
 wln 2539 relent.
 wln 2540 *Lightborne* Relent, ha, ha, I use much to relent.
 wln 2541 *Mortimer junior* Well, do it bravely, and be secret.
 wln 2542 *Lightborne* You shall not need to give instructions,
 wln 2543 'Tis not the first time I have killed a man,
 wln 2544 I learned in Naples how to poison flowers,
 wln 2545 To strangle with a lawn thrust through the throat,
 wln 2546 To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point,
 wln 2547 Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill
 wln 2548 And blow a little powder in his ears,
 wln 2549 Or open his mouth, and pour quick silver down,
 wln 2550 But yet I have a braver way than these.

wln 2551 *Mortimer junior* what's that?
 wln 2552 *Lightborne* Nay, you shall pardon me, none shall know
 wln 2553 my tricks.
 wln 2554 *Mortimer junior* I care not how it is, so it be not spied,
 wln 2555 Deliver this to *Gurney* and *Matrevis*,
 wln 2556 At every ten miles' end thou hast a horse.
 wln 2557 Take this, away, and never see me more.
 wln 2558 *Lightborne*. No.
 wln 2559 *Mortimer junior* No, unless thou bring me news of *Edward's*
 wln 2560 death.
 wln 2561 *Lightborne* That will I quickly do, farewell my lord.
 wln 2562 *Mortimer* The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
 wln 2563 And with a lowly congé to the ground,
 wln 2564 The proudest lords salute me as I pass,

wln 2565
wln 2566
wln 2567
wln 2568
wln 2569
wln 2570
wln 2571
wln 2572
wln 2573
wln 2574
wln 2575
wln 2576
wln 2577
wln 2578
wln 2579
wln 2580
wln 2581
wln 2582

img: 42-b
sig: L2r

I seal, I cancel, I do what I will,
Feared am I more than loved, let me be feared,
And when I frown, make all the court look pale,
I view the prince with *Aristarchus*' eyes,
Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy,
They thrust upon me the Protectorship,
And sue to me for that that I desire,
While at the council table, grave enough,
And not unlike a bashful Puritan,
First I complain of imbecility,
Saying it is, *onus quam gravissimum*,
Till being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that *provinciam* as they term it,
And to conclude, I am Protector now,
Now is all sure, the Queen and *Mortimer*
Shall rule the realm, the king, and none rule us,
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance,
And what I list command, who dare control,

wln 2583
wln 2584
wln 2585
wln 2586

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

wln 2587
wln 2588

*Enter the young King, Bishop, Champion,
Nobles, Queen.*

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

Bishop Long live king *Edward*, by the grace of God
King of England, and lord of Ireland.
Chamberlain If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
Dares but affirm, that *Edward's* not true king.
And will avouch his saying with the sword,
I am the Champion that will combat him.
Mortimer junior None comes, sound trumpets.
King. Champion, here's to thee.
Queen Lord *Mortimer*, now take him to your charge.

wln 2598
wln 2599

*Enter Soldiers with the Earl of
Kent prisoner.*

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

Mortimer junior What traitor have we there with blades
and bills?
Soldier *Edmund* the Earl of Kent.
King. What hath he done?
Soldier 'A would have taken the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.
Mortimer. junior Did you attempt his rescue, *Edmund*
speak?
Edmund *Mortimer*, I did, he is our king,

wln 2609

img: 43-a
sig: L2v

And thou compel'st this prince to wear the crown.

wln 2610

Mortimer junior Strike off his head, he shall have martial law.

wln 2611

Edmund Strike off my head, base traitor *I* defy thee.

wln 2612

King. My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.

wln 2613

Mortimer junior My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.

wln 2614

Edmund. Stay villains.

wln 2615

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

wln 2616

Queen Son, be content, *I* dare not speak a word.

wln 2617

King. Nor *I*, and yet methinks *I* should command,

wln 2618

But seeing *I* cannot, I'll entreat for him:

wln 2619

My lord, if you will let my uncle live,

wln 2620

I will requite it when *I* come to age.

wln 2621

Mortimer junior 'Tis for your highness' good, and for the realm's,

wln 2622

How often shall *I* bid you bear him hence?

wln 2623

Edmund Art thou king, must *I* die at thy command?

wln 2624

Mortimer junior At our command, once more away with him.

wln 2625

Edmund Let me but stay and speak, *I* will not go,
Either my brother or his son is king,

wln 2626

And none of both, then thirst for *Edmund's* blood,

wln 2627

And therefore soldiers whither will you hale me?

wln 2628

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

wln 2629

wln 2630

wln 2631

wln 2632

wln 2633

wln 2634

wln 2635

King. What safety may *I* look for at his hands,
If that my Uncle shall be murdered thus?

wln 2636

Queen. Fear not sweet boy, I'll guard thee from thy foes,

wln 2637

Had *Edmund* lived, he would have sought thy death,
Come son, we'll ride a hunting in the park.

wln 2638

wln 2639

King. And shall my Uncle *Edmund* ride with us?

wln 2640

wln 2641

wln 2642

Queen. He is a traitor, think not on him, come.

wln 2643

Exeunt omnes.

wln 2644

Enter Matrevis and Gurney.

wln 2645

Matrevis *Gurney*, *I* wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the castle run,
From whence a damp continually ariseth,

wln 2646

wln 2647

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 2649
wln 2650
wln 2651
wln 2652
wln 2653
wln 2654
wln 2655
wln 2656
wln 2657
wln 2658

That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king brought up so tenderly.
Gurney And so do *I, Matrevis*: yesternight
I opened but the door to throw him meat,
And *I* was almost stifled with the savour.
Matrevis He hath a body able to endure,
More than we can inflict, and therefore now,
Let us assail his mind another while.
Gurney Send for him out thence, and *I* will anger him.
Matrevis But stay, who's this?

wln 2659

Enter Lightborne.

wln 2660
wln 2661
wln 2662
wln 2663
wln 2664
wln 2665
wln 2666
wln 2667
wln 2668

Lightborne My lord protector greets you.
Gurney What's here? *I* know not how to construe it.
Matrevis *Gurney*, it was left unpointed for the nonce,
Edwardum occidere nolite timere,
That's his meaning.
Lightborne Know you this token, *I* must have the king?
Matrevis *Ay* stay a while, thou shalt have answer straight.
This villain's sent to make away the king.
Gurney. *I* thought as much.

img: 44-a
sig: L3v

wln 2669
wln 2670
wln 2671
wln 2672
wln 2673
wln 2674
wln 2675
wln 2676
wln 2677
wln 2678
wln 2679
wln 2680
wln 2681
wln 2682
wln 2683
wln 2684
wln 2685
wln 2686
wln 2687
wln 2688
wln 2689
wln 2690
wln 2691
wln 2692
wln 2693
wln 2694

Matrevis And when the murder's done,
See how he must be handled for his labour,
Pereat iste: let him have the king,
What else, here is the keys, this is the lake,
Do as you are commanded by my lord.
Lightborne I know what I must do, get you away,
Yet be not far off, I shall need your help,
See that in the next room *I* have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red hot.
Matrevis Very well.
Gurney Need you any thing besides?
Lightborne What else, a table and a featherbed.
Gurney That's all.
Lightborne *Ay, ay*, so when *I* call you, bring it in.
Matrevis Fear not you that.
Gurney here's a light to go into the dungeon.
Lightborne So now must *I* about this gear, ne'er was
there any
So finely handled as this king shall be,
Foh, here's a place in deed with all my heart.
Edward. Who's there, what light is that, wherefore
comes thou?
Lightborne To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
Edward. Small comfort finds poor *Edward* in thy
looks,
Villain, *I* know thou com'st to murder me.

wln 2695
wln 2696
wln 2697
wln 2698
wln 2699
wln 2700

img: 44-b
sig: L4r

Lightborne To murder you my most gracious lord,
Far is it from my heart to do you harm,
The Queen sent me, to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery.
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?

wln 2701
wln 2702
wln 2703
wln 2704
wln 2705
wln 2706
wln 2707
wln 2708
wln 2709
wln 2710
wln 2711
wln 2712
wln 2713
wln 2714
wln 2715
wln 2716
wln 2717
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wln 2719
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wln 2721
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wln 2723
wln 2724
wln 2725
wln 2726
wln 2727
wln 2728
wln 2729
wln 2730
wln 2731
wln 2732

Edward Weepst thou already, list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as *Gurney's* is,
Or as *Matrevis*, hewn from the *Caucasus*,
Yet will it melt, ere *I* have done my tale,
This dungeon where they keep me, is the sink,
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Lightborne O villains!

Edward And there in mire and puddle have *I* stood,
This ten days' space, and lest that *I* should sleep,
One plays continually upon a Drum,
They give me bread and water being a king,
So that for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed,
And whether *I* have limbs or no, *I* know not,
O would my blood dropped out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes:
Tell *Isabell* the Queen, *I* looked not thus,
When for her sake *I* ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the duke of *Cleremont*.

Lightborne O speak no more my lord, this breaks my
heart.

Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while,

Edward These looks of thine can harbour naught but
death.

I see my tragedy written in thy brows,
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That and even then when *I* shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Lightborne What means your highness to mistrust me
thus?

Edward What means thou to dissemble with me thus?

img: 45-a
sig: L4v

wln 2733
wln 2734
wln 2735
wln 2736
wln 2737
wln 2738
wln 2739

Lightborne These hands were never stained with innocent
blood,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

Edward. Forgive my thought, for having such a
thought,

One jewel have I left, receive thou this,
Still fear *I*, and I know not what's the cause,

wln 2740
wln 2741
wln 2742
wln 2743
wln 2744
wln 2745
wln 2746
wln 2747
wln 2748
wln 2749
wln 2750
wln 2751
wln 2752
wln 2753
wln 2754
wln 2755
wln 2756
wln 2757
wln 2758
wln 2759
wln 2760
wln 2761
wln 2762
wln 2763
wln 2764

But every joint shakes as I give it thee:
O if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul,
Know that I am a king, oh at that name,
I feel a hell of grief, where is my crown?
Gone, gone, and do I remain alive?
Lightborne you're overwatched my lord, lie down and rest.
Edward But that grief keeps me waking, *I* should
sleep,
For not these ten days have these eyes' lids closed,
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again, O wherefore sits thou here?
Lightborne If you mistrust me, I'll be gone my lord.
Edward No, no, for if thou meanst to murder me,
Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay.
Lightborne He sleeps.
Edward O let me not die, yet stay, O stay a while.
Lightborne How now my Lord.
Edward Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep *I* never wake,
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus,
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?
Lightborne To rid thee of thy life, *Matrevis* come,
Edward I am too weak and feeble to resist,
Assist me sweet God, and receive my soul.

img: 45-b
sig: M1r

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

Lightborne Run for the table.
Edward O spare me, or dispatch me in a trice.
Lightborne So, lay the table down, and stamp on it
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.
Matrevis. I fear me that this cry will raise the
town,
And therefore let us take horse and away.
Lightborne Tell me sirs, was it not brave lie done?
Gurney Excellent well, take this for thy reward,
Then Gurney stabs Lightborne.
Come let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the king's to *Mortimer* our lord, away.

wln 2777

Exeunt omnes.

wln 2778

Enter Mortimer and Matrevis.

wln 2779
wln 2780
wln 2781
wln 2782
wln 2783
wln 2784

Mortimer junior Is't done, *Matrevis*, and the murderer
dead?
Matrevis Ay my good Lord, I would it were undone.
Mortimer junior *Matrevis*, if thou now growest penitent
I'll be thy ghostly father, therefore choose,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,

wln 2785
wln 2786
wln 2787
wln 2788
wln 2789
wln 2790
wln 2791
wln 2792
wln 2793

img: 46-a
sig: M1v

wln 2794

Or else die by the hand of *Mortimer*.

Matrevis *Gurney* my lord is fled, and will *I* fear,
Betray us both, therefore let me fly.

Mortimer junior Fly to the Savages.

Matrevis I humbly thank your honour.

Mortimer junior As for myself, I stand as *Jove's* huge tree,
And others are but shrubs compared to me,
All tremble at my name, and *I* fear none,
let's see who dare impeach me for his death?

Enter the Queen.

wln 2795

Queen. A *Mortimer*, the king my son hath news,
His father's dead, and we have murdered him.

wln 2796

Mortimer junior What if he have? the king is yet a child.

wln 2797

Queen. Ay, ay, but he tears his hair, and wrings his
hands,

wln 2798

wln 2799

And vows to be revenged upon us both,
Into the council chamber he is gone,
To crave the aid and succour of his peers,
Aye me, see where he comes, and they with him,
Now *Mortimer* begins our tragedy.

wln 2800

wln 2801

wln 2802

wln 2803

wln 2804

wln 2805

Enter the king, with the lords.

wln 2806

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

wln 2807

King. Villain.

wln 2808

Mortimer junior How now my lord?

wln 2809

King. Think not that I am frightened with thy words,

wln 2810

My father's murdered through thy treachery,
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse,

wln 2811

Thy hateful and accursed head shall lie,

wln 2812

To witness to the world, that by thy means,
His kingly body was too soon interred.

wln 2813

wln 2814

Queen Weep not sweet son.

wln 2815

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

wln 2816

And had you loved him half so well as *I*,
You could not bear his death thus patiently,

wln 2817

But you *I* fear, conspired with *Mortimer*.

wln 2818

wln 2819

Lords. Why speak you not unto my lord the king?

wln 2820

Mortimer junior Because *I* think scorn to be accused,

wln 2821

img: 46-b
sig: M2r

wln 2822

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

wln 2823

King. Traitor, in me my loving father speaks,

wln 2824

And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murderedst him.

wln 2825

Mortimer junior But hath your grace no other proof than
this?

wln 2826

wln 2827
wln 2828
wln 2829
wln 2830
wln 2831
wln 2832
wln 2833
wln 2834
wln 2835
wln 2836
wln 2837
wln 2838
wln 2839
wln 2840
wln 2841
wln 2842
wln 2843
wln 2844
wln 2845
wln 2846
wln 2847
wln 2848
wln 2849
wln 2850
wln 2851
wln 2852
wln 2853

img: 47-a
sig: M2v

wln 2854
wln 2855
wln 2856
wln 2857
wln 2858
wln 2859
wln 2860
wln 2861
wln 2862
wln 2863
wln 2864
wln 2865
wln 2866
wln 2867
wln 2868
wln 2869
wln 2870
wln 2871
wln 2872
wln 2873
wln 2874

King. Yes, if this be the hand of *Mortimer*.
Mortimer junior False *Gurney* hath betrayed me and himself.
Queen. I feared as much, murder cannot be hid.
Mortimer junior 'Tis my hand, what gather you by this.
King. That thither thou didst send a murderer.
Mortimer junior What murderer? bring forth the man I sent.
King. A *Mortimer*, thou knowest that he is slain, And so shalt thou be too: why stays he here? Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth, Hang him *I* say, and set his quarters up, But bring his head back presently to me.
Queen. For my sake sweet son pity *Mortimer*.
Mortimer junior Madam, entreat not, *I* will rather die, Then sue for life unto a paltry boy.
King. Hence with the traitor, with the murderer.
Mortimer junior Base fortune, now *I* see, that in thy wheel There is a point, to which when men aspire, They tumble headlong down, that point *I* touched, And seeing there was no place to mount up higher, Why should *I* grieve at my declining fall, Farewell fair *Queen*, weep not for *Mortimer*, That scorns the world, and as a traveller, Goes to discover countries yet unknown.
King. What, suffer you the traitor to delay?
Queen. As thou receivedst thy life from me,

Spill not the blood of gentle *Mortimer*.
King. This argues, that you spilt my father's blood, Else would you not entreat for *Mortimer*.
Queen. I spill his blood? no.
King. Ay madam you, for so the rumor runs.
Queen. That rumor is untrue, for loving thee, Is this report raised on poor *Isabell*.
King. *I* do not think her so unnatural.
Lords. My lord, *I* fear me it will prove too true.
King. Mother, you are suspected for his death, And therefore we commit you to the Tower, Till further trial may be made thereof, If you be guilty, though *I* be your son, Think not to find me slack or pitiful.
Queen. Nay, to my death, for too long have *I* lived, when as my son thinks to abridge my days.
King. Away with her, her words enforce these tears, And *I* shall pity her if she speak again.
Queen. Shall *I* not mourn for my beloved lord? And with the rest accompany him to his grave.

wln 2875
wln 2876
wln 2877
wln 2878
wln 2879
wln 2880
wln 2881
wln 2882
wln 2883
wln 2884
wln 2885

img: 47-b
sig: M3r

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

wln 2893

ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003
ln 0004

Lords. Thus madam, 'tis the king's will you shall
hence.
Queen He hath forgotten me, stay, *I* am his mother.
Lords. That boots not, therefore gentle madam
go.
Queen. Then come sweet death, and rid me of this
grief.
Lords. My lord, here is the head of *Mortimer*.
King. Go fetch my father's hearse, where it shall
lie,
And bring my funeral robes: accursed head,

Could *I* have ruled thee then, as I do now,
Thou hadst not hatched this monstrous treachery?
Here comes the hearse, help me to mourn my lords,
Sweet father here, unto thy murdered ghost,
I offer up this wicked traitor's head,
And let these tears distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and innocence.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for *William*
Jones, and are to be sold at his
shop, near unto Holborn
Conduit. 1594.

Textual Notes

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