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img: 1-a
sig: [N/A]

img: 1-b
sig: A1r

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

THE
CHRONICLE
HISTORIE
OF
PERKIN WARBECK.

In 0006

A Strange Truth.

In 0007

Acted (some-times) by the Queenes

In 0008

MAIESTIES Servants at the

In 0009

Phœnix in Drurie lane.

In 0010

Fide Honor.

In 0011

LONDON,

In 0012

Printed by *T. P.* for *Hugh Beeston*, and are to

In 0013

be sold at his Shop, neere the *Castle* in

In 0014

Cornehill. 1634.

ln 0001

The Scene,

ln 0002

The Continent of Great Britayne.

ln 0001

The Persons presented.

ln 0002

Henry the seaventh.

Iames the 4th King of *Scotl.*

ln 0003

Dawbney.

Earle of *Huntley.*

ln 0004

Sir *William Stanly.*

Earle of *Crawford.*

ln 0005

Oxford.

Lord *Daliell.*

ln 0006

Surrey.

Marchmount a He-

ln 0007

Bishop of *Durham.*

rauld.

ln 0008

Vrswicke Chaplaine to

ln 0009

King *Henry.*

Perkin Warbeck.

ln 0010

Sir *Robert Clifford.*

Frion his Secretarie.

ln 0011

Lambert Simnell.

Mayor of *Cork.*

ln 0012

Hialas a *Spanish* Agent.

Heron a Mercer.

ln 0013

Constable, Officers, Ser-

Sketon a Taylor.

ln 0014

vingmen, and Souldiers.

Astly — a Scrivener.

ln 0015

Women.

ln 0016

Ladie *Katherine Gourdon*, — wife to *Perkin.*

ln 0017

Countesse of *Crawford.*

ln 0018

Iane Douglas — Lady *Kath*: mayd.

TO

In 0001
In 0002
In 0003
In 0004
In 0005
In 0006
In 0007

TO
THE RIGHTLY
HONOURABLE,
WILLIAM CAVENDISH,
Earle of *New-Castle*, Vis-
count *Mansfield*, Lord
Boulfouer and *Ogle*.

In 0008

MY LORD:

In 0009
In 0010
In 0011
In 0012
In 0013
In 0014
In 0015
In 0016
In 0017
In 0018
In 0019

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

A2

such

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

In 0020
In 0021
In 0022
In 0023
In 0024
In 0025
In 0026
In 0027
In 0028
In 0029
In 0030
In 0031
In 0032
In 0033
In 0034
In 0035
In 0036

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

In 0037

IOHN FORD.

img: 3-b
sig: A3r

ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003

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

ln 0004
ln 0005
ln 0006
ln 0007
ln 0008
ln 0009
ln 0010
ln 0011
ln 0012
ln 0013
ln 0014
ln 0015
ln 0016
ln 0017
ln 0018
ln 0019
ln 0020

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

George Donne.

ln 0001
ln 0002

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

ln 0003
ln 0004

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

A3

Nor

img: 4-a
sig: A3v

ln 0005
ln 0006
ln 0007
ln 0008
ln 0009
ln 0010
ln 0011
ln 0012
ln 0013
ln 0014
ln 0015
ln 0016

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

Ra: E'ure
Baronis Primogen:

ln 0001
ln 0002

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

ln 0003
ln 0004
ln 0005
ln 0006
ln 0007
ln 0008
ln 0009
ln 0010
ln 0011
ln 0012

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

ln 0013

George Crymes, miles.

To

In 0001

In 0002

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

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

In 0007

In 0008

In 0009

In 0010

In 0011

In 0012

In 0013

In 0014

In 0015

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

John Brograuē: Ar:

In 0001

In 0002

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

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

In 0007

In 0008

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

In 0009

John Ford: Graiensis.

wln 0001

PROLOGVE.

wln 0002

STudies haue, of this Nature, been of late

wln 0003

So out of fashion, so vnfollow'd; that

wln 0004

It is become more Iustice, to reuiue

wln 0005

The antick follyes of the Times, then striue

wln 0006

To countenance wise Industrie: no want

wln 0007

Of Art, doth render witt, or lame, or scant,

wln 0008

Or slothfull, in the purchase of fresh bayes;

wln 0009

But want of Truth in Them, who giue the prayse

wln 0010

To their selfe-loue, presuming to out-doe

wln 0011

The Writer, or (for need) the Actor's too.

wln 0012

But such THIS AVTHOVR'S silence best befit's,

wln 0013

Who bidd's Them, be in loue, with their owne witt's:

wln 0014

From Him, to cleerer Iudgement's, wee can say,

wln 0015

Hee shew's a Historie, couch't in a Play:

wln 0016

A Historie of noble mention, knowne,

wln 0017

Famous, and true: most noble, 'cause our owne:

wln 0018

Not forg'd from Italie, from Fraunce, from Spaine,

wln 0019

But Chronicled at Home; as rich in strayne

wln 0020

Of braue Attempts, as ever, fertile Rage

wln 0021

In Action, could beget to grace the Stage.

wln 0022

Wee cannot limitt Scenes, for the whole Land

wln 0023

It selfe, appeard too narrow to with-stand

wln 0024

Competitors for Kingdomes: nor is heere

wln 0025

Vnnecessary mirth forc't, to indeere

wln 0026

A multitude; on these two, rest's the Fate

wln 0027

*Of worthy expectation; **TTVTH** and STATE.*

THE

img: 5-b
sig: B1r

wln 0028

wln 0029

wln 0030

wln 0031

wln 0032

THE
CHRONICLE
HISTORIE OF
PERKIN WARBECK.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

wln 0033

wln 0034

wln 0035

wln 0036

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

wln 0037

wln 0038

wln 0039

wln 0040

wln 0041

wln 0042

wln 0043

wln 0044

wln 0045

wln 0046

wln 0047

wln 0048

wln 0049

wln 0050

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

B

Dur: The

wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055
wln 0056
wln 0057
wln 0058
wln 0059
wln 0060
wln 0061
wln 0062
wln 0063
wln 0064
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wln 0069
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wln 0078
wln 0079
wln 0080
wln 0081
wln 0082
wln 0083
wln 0084
wln 0085
wln 0086
wln 0087

Dur: The rage of malice
Conjures fresh spirits with the spells of *Yorke*;
For ninetie yeares ten English Kings and Princes,
Threescore great Dukes and Earles, a thousand Lords
And valiant Knights, two hundred fiftie thousand
Of English Subiects haue in Ciuill Warres,
Beene sacrificed to an vnciuill thirst
Of *discord* and *ambition*: this hot vengeance
Of the just powers aboue, to vtter ruine
And Desolation had raign'd on, but that
Mercie did gently sheath the sword of *Iustice*,
In lending to this bloud-shrunck Common-wealth
A new soule, new birth in your *Sacred person*.
Daw: *Edward* the fourth after a doubtfull fortune
Yeelded to nature; leaving to his sonnes
Edward and *Richard*, the inheritance
Of a most bloody purchase; these young Princes
Richard the Tirant their vnnaturall Vncle
Forc'd to a violent graue, so just is Heauen.
Him hath your Majestie by your owne arme
Divinely strengthen'd, pulld from his *Boares stie*
And strucke the black Vsurper to a Carkasse:
Nor doth the House of *Yorke* decay in Honors,
Tho *Lancaster* doth repossesse his right.
For *Edwards* daughter is King *Henries* Queene.
A blessed Vnion, and a lasting blessing
For this poore panting Iland, if some shreds
Some vselesse remnant of the House of *Yorke*
Grudge not at this Content. *Ox:* *Margaret* of *Burgundy*
Blowes fresh Coales of Division. *Sur:* Painted fires
Without to heate or scortch or light to cheerish.
Daw: *Yorkes* headlesse trunck her Father, *Edwards* fate
Her brother King, the smothering of her Nephewes
By Tirant *Gloster*, brother to her nature;
Nor *Glosters* owne confusion, (all decrees
Sacred in Heauen) Can moue *this Woman-Monster*,
But that shee still from the vnbottom'd myne

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 0088 Of Devilish policies, doth vent the Ore
wln 0089 Of troubles and sedition. *Ox:* In her age
wln 0090 (Great Sir, obserue the Wonder) shee growes fruitfull,
wln 0091 Who in her strength of youth was alwayes barraine
wln 0092 Nor are her birthes as other Mothers are,
wln 0093 At nine or ten moneths end, shee has beene with childe
wln 0094 Eight or seaven yeares at least; whose twinnes being borne
wln 0095 (A prodegie in Nature) even the youngest
wln 0096 Is fiteene yeares of age at his first entrance
wln 0097 As soone as knowne 'ith world, tall striplings, strong
wln 0098 And able to giue battaile vnto Kings.
wln 0099 Idolls of *Yorkish* malice. *Ox:* And but Idolls,
wln 0100 A steelie hammer Crushes 'em to peices.
wln 0101 *K:* *Lambert* the eldest (Lords) is in our service,
wln 0102 Prefer'd by an officious care of Dutie
wln 0103 From the Scullery to a Faulkner (strange example!)
wln 0104 Which shewes the difference betweene noble natures
wln 0105 And the base borne: but for the *vpstart Duke*,
wln 0106 The new reuiu'd *Yorke, Edwards* second sonne,
wln 0107 Murder'd long since 'ith Towre; he liues againe
wln 0108 And vowes to be your King. *Stan:* The throne is filld Sir.
wln 0109 *K:* True *Stanlie*, and the lawfull heire sitts on it;
wln 0110 A guard of Angells, and the holy prayers
wln 0111 Of loyall Subjects are a sure defence
wln 0112 Against all force and Counsaile of Intrusion.
wln 0113 But now (my Lords) put case some of our Nobles,
wln 0114 Our GREAT ONES, should giue Countenance and Courage
wln 0115 To trim Duke *Perkin*; you will all confesse
wln 0116 Our bounties haue vnthriftily beene scatter'd
wln 0117 Amongst vnthankfull men. *Daw:* Vnthankfull beasts,
wln 0118 Dogges, villaines, traytors. *K:* *Dawbney* let the guiltie
wln 0119 Keepe silence, I accuse none, tho I know,
wln 0120 Forraigne attempts against a State and Kingdome
wln 0121 Are seldome without some great friends at home.
wln 0122 *Stan:* Sir, if no other abler reasons else
wln 0123 Of dutie or alegiance could diuert
wln 0124 A head-strong resolution, yet the dangers

wln 0125 So lately past by *men of bloud* and *fortunes*
wln 0126 In *Lambert Simnells* partie, must Command
wln 0127 More than a feare, a terror to Conspiracie,
wln 0128 The high-borne *Lincolne*, sonne to *De la Pole*,
wln 0129 The Earle of *Kildare*, Lord *Geraldine*,
wln 0130 *Francis* Lord *Louell*, and the German Baron,
wln 0131 Bould *Martin Swart*, with *Broughton* and the rest,
wln 0132 (Most spectacles of ruine, some of mercy;)
wln 0133 Are presidents sufficient to forewarne
wln 0134 The present times, or any that liue in them,
wln 0135 What follie, nay, what madnesse 'twere to lift
wln 0136 A finger vp in all defence but yours,
wln 0137 Which can be but impostorous in a title.
wln 0138 K. *Stanlie* wee know thou lou'st Vs, and thy heart
wln 0139 Is figur'd on thy tongue; nor thinke wee lesse
wln 0140 Of anie's here, how closely wee haue hunted
wln 0141 *This Cubb* (since he vnlodg'd) from hole to hole,
wln 0142 Your knowledge is our Chronicle: first *Ireland*
wln 0143 The common stage of Noveltie, presented
wln 0144 This *gewgaw* to oppose vs, there the *Geraldines*
wln 0145 And *Butlers* once againe stood in support
wln 0146 Of this *Colossicke* statue: *Charles* of *Fraunce*
wln 0147 Thence call'd him into his protection;
wln 0148 Dissembled him the lawfull heire of *England*;
wln 0149 Yet this was all but *French dissimulation*,
wln 0150 Ayming at peace *with vs*, which being granted
wln 0151 On honorable termes on our part, suddenly
wln 0152 This *smoake of straw* was packt from *Fraunce* againe,
wln 0153 T'infect some grosser ayre; and now wee learne
wln 0154 (Mauger the malice of the *bastard Nevill*,
wln 0155 Sir *Talor*, and a hundred *English* Rebels)
wln 0156 Thei'r all retir'd to *Flaunders*, to the *Dam*
wln 0157 That nurst this *eager Wholpe*, *Margaret* of *Burgundie*.
wln 0158 But wee will hunt him there too, wee will hunt him,
wln 0159 Hunt him to death euen in the *Beldams Closet*,
wln 0160 Tho the *Arch-duke* were his Buckler.

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

Daw: Iollie

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 0162
wln 0163

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

wln 0164

Enter Vrswick.

wln 0165

Vr: Gracious Soueraigne, please you peruse this paper.

wln 0166

Dur: The Kings Countenance, gathers a sprightly bloud:

wln 0167

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

wln 0168

wln 0169

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

wln 0170

K: No matter — phew, hee's but a running weede,

wln 0171

At pleasure to be pluck'd vp by the rootes:

wln 0172

But more of this anon — I haue bethought mee.

wln 0173

(My Lords) for reasons which you shall pertake,

wln 0174

It is our pleasure to remoue our Court

wln 0175

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

wln 0176

This very night there, giue Lord Chamberlaine

wln 0177

A present order for it.

wln 0178

Stan: The *Tower* — I shall sir.

wln 0179

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

wln 0180

wln 0181

Flourish.

wln 0182

Enter Huntley and Daliell.

wln 0183

Hun: You trifle time Sir. *Dal:* Oh my noble Lord,

wln 0184

You conster my griefes to so hard a sence,

wln 0185

That where the text is argument of pittie

wln 0186

Matter of earnest loue, your glosse corrupts it

wln 0187

With too much ill plac'd mirth.

wln 0188

Hunt: Much mirth Lord *Daliell*?

wln 0189

Not so I vow: obserue mee sprightly gallant:

wln 0190

I know thou art a noble ladd, a handsome,

wln 0191

Discended from an honorable Auncestrie,

wln 0192

Forward and actiue, do'st resolue to wrestle,

wln 0193

And ruffle in the world by noble actions

wln 0194

For a braue mention to posteritie:

wln 0195

I scorne not thy affection to my Daughter,

wln 0196 Not I by good St. *Andrew*; but this bugg-beare,
wln 0197 This whoresome tale of honor, (*honor Daliell*)
wln 0198 So hourelly chatts, and tattles in mine eare,
wln 0199 The peece of royaltie that is stitch'd vp
wln 0200 In my *Kates* bloud, that 'tis as dangerous
wln 0201 For thee young Lord, to pearch so neere an Eaglet,
wln 0202 As foolish for my gravitie to admit it.
wln 0203 I haue spoake all at once.
wln 0204 *Dal:* Sir, with this truth
wln 0205 You mix such Worme wood, that you leaue no hope
wln 0206 For my disorderd palate, ere to rellish
wln 0207 A wholesome taste againe; alas, I know Sir,
wln 0208 What an vnequall distance lies betweene
wln 0209 Great *Huntlies* Daughters birth, and *Daliells* fortunes.
wln 0210 Shee's the Kings kinswoman, plac'd neere the Crowne,
wln 0211 A Princesse of the bloud, and I a Subject.
wln 0212 *Hunt:* Right, but a noble Subject, put in that too.
wln 0213 *Dal:* I could adde more; and in the rightest line,
wln 0214 Deriue my pedigree from *Adam Mure*,
wln 0215 A Scottish Knight; whose daughter, was the mother
wln 0216 *To him* who first begot the race of *Iameses*,
wln 0217 That sway the Scepter to this very day
wln 0218 But kindreds are not ours, when once the date
wln 0219 Of many yeares, haue swallowed vp the memory
wln 0220 Of their originalls: So pasture fields
wln 0221 Neighbouring too neere *the Ocean*, are soopd vp
wln 0222 And knowne no more: for stood I in my first
wln 0223 And natiue greatnesse, if my Princely Mistresse
wln 0224 Voutsafd mee not her servant, 'twere as good
wln 0225 I were reduc'd to Clownery; to nothing
wln 0226 As to a throane of Wonder.
wln 0227 *Hunt:* Now by Saint *Andrew*
wln 0228 A sparke of mettall, a'has a braue fire in him.
wln 0229 I would a had my Daughter so I knewt not.
wln 0230 But must not bee so, must not: — well young Lord
wln 0231 This will not doe yet, if the girle be headstrong
wln 0232 And will not harken to good Counsaile, steale her

And

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 0233

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

wln 0234

wln 0235

wln 0236

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

wln 0237

wln 0238

wln 0239

Hunt: You are angrie — would a would beate me, I deserue it.
Daliell thy hand, w'are friends; follow thy Courtship
Take thine owne time and speake, if thou prevail'st

wln 0240

wln 0241

wln 0242

wln 0243

wln 0244

With passion more then I can with my Counsaile,

wln 0245

Shees thine, nay, shee is thine, tis a faire match

wln 0246

wln 0247

Free and allowed, Ile onely vse my tongue

wln 0248

Without a Fathers power, use thou thine:

wln 0249

Selfe doe selfe haue, no more words, winne and weare her.

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

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

wln 0250

Enter Katherine and Iane.

wln 0251

Kat: The King commands your presence Sir.

wln 0252

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

wln 0253

wln 0254

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

wln 0255

Dal: Your humblest Creature.

wln 0256

wln 0257

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

wln 0258

wln 0259

Dal: Princely Lady, — how most vnworthy I am to imploy
My services, in honour of your vertues,

wln 0260

How hopelesse my desires are to enjoy

wln 0261

Your faire opinion, and much more your loue;

wln 0262

Are onely matter of despaire, vnlesse

wln 0263

Your goodnesse giue large warrant to my boldnesse,

wln 0264

My feeble-wing'd ambition. *Hunt:* This is scurvie.

wln 0265

Kat: My Lord I interrupt you not. *Hunt:* Indeede?

wln 0266

Now on my life sheel Court him — nay, nay, on Sir.

wln 0267

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

wln 0268

But

wln 0269 But all in vaine: heere had my Comforts sunck
wln 0270 And never ris'n againe, to tell a storie
wln 0271 Of the *despairing Louer*, had not now
wln 0272 Even now the Earle your Father.
wln 0273 *Hunt:* A meanes mee sure.
wln 0274 *Dal:* After some fit disputes of your Condition,
wln 0275 Your highnesse and my lownesse, giv'n a licence
wln 0276 Which did not more embolden, then encourage
wln 0277 My faulting tongue. *Hunt:* How how? how's that?
wln 0278 Embolden? Encourage? I encourage yee? d'ee heare sir?
wln 0279 A subtill trick, a queint one, — will you heare (man)
wln 0280 What did I say to you, come come toth poynt.
wln 0281 *Kate:* It shall not neede my Lord.
wln 0282 *Hunt:* Then heare mee *Kate:*
wln 0283 Keepe you on that hand of her; I on this —
wln 0284 Thou standst betweene a *Father* and a *Suiter*,
wln 0285 Both striving for an interest in thy heart:
wln 0286 *Hee* Courts thee for affection, *I* for dutie;
wln 0287 *Hee* as a servant pleads, but by the priviledge
wln 0288 Of nature, tho I might Command, my care
wln 0289 Shall onely Counsaile what it shall not force.
wln 0290 Thou canst but make one choyce, the tyes of marriage
wln 0291 Are tenures not at will, but during life.
wln 0292 Consider whoes thou art, and who; a *Princesse*,
wln 0293 A *Princesse* of the royall bloud of *Scotland*.
wln 0294 In the full spring of youth, and fresh in beautie.
wln 0295 The King that sits vpon the throne is young
wln 0296 And yet vnmarried, forward in attempts
wln 0297 On any least occasion, to endanger
wln 0298 His person; Wherefore *Kate* as I am confident
wln 0299 Thou dar'st not wrong thy birth and education
wln 0300 By yeelding to a common servile rage
wln 0301 Of female wantonnesse, so I am confident
wln 0302 Thou wilt proportion all thy thoughts to side
wln 0303 Thy *equalls*, if not equall thy *superiors*.
wln 0304 My Lord of *Daliell* young in yeares, is old
wln 0305 In honors, but nor eminent in titles

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 0306
wln 0307
wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312
wln 0313
wln 0314
wln 0315
wln 0316
wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321
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wln 0330
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wln 0333
wln 0334
wln 0335
wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342

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

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

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

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

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

Hunt: Good wench, good girle y' fayth.

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

The Chronicle Historie

wln 0343 Leades you to worthy actions; and these guide yee
wln 0344 Richly to wedde an *honourable name*:
wln 0345 So every vertuous praise, in after ages,
wln 0346 Shall be your heyre, and I in your braue mention,
wln 0347 Be Chronicled *the* MOTHER of that *issue*,
wln 0348 *That glorious issue.* *Hunt:* Oh that I were young againe,
wln 0349 Sheed make mee Court proud danger, and sucke spirit
wln 0350 From reputation.

wln 0351 *Kat:* To the present motion,
wln 0352 Heeres all that I dare answer: when a ripenesse
wln 0353 Of more experience, and some vse of time,
wln 0354 Resolues to treat the freedome of my youth
wln 0355 Vpon exchange of troathes, I shall desire
wln 0356 No surer credit, of a match with vertue,
wln 0357 Then such as liues in you; meane time, my hopes are
wln 0358 Preser'd secure, in having you *a friend*.

wln 0359 *Dal:* You are a blessed Lady, and instruct
wln 0360 Ambition not to soare a farther flight,
wln 0361 Then in the perfum'd ayre of your soft voyce.
wln 0362 My noble *Lord of Huntley*, you haue lent
wln 0363 A full extent of bountie to this parley;
wln 0364 And for it, shall command your humblest servant.

wln 0365 *Hunt:* Enough; wee are still friends, and will continue
wln 0366 A heartie loue, oh *Kate*, thou art *mine owne*: —
wln 0367 No more, my Lord of *Crawford*.

Enter Crawford.

wln 0369 *Craw:* From the King I come my Lord of *Huntley*,
wln 0370 Who in Counsaile requires your present ayde.

wln 0371 *Hunt:* Some weightie businesse!

wln 0372 *Craw:* A Secretarie from a *Duke of Yorke*,
wln 0373 The second sonne to the late English *Edward*,
wln 0374 Conceal'd I know not where these fourteen yeares,
wln 0375 Craues audience from *our Maister*, and tis said
wln 0376 *The Duke* himselfe is following to the Court.

wln 0377 *Hunt:* *Duke* vpon *Duke*; tis well; 'tis well heeres bustling
wln 0378 For Majestie; my Lord, I will along with yee.

wln 0379 *Craw:* My service noble Lady. *Kat:* Please yee walke sir?

Dal: "Times

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382

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

wln 0383

Enter Durham, *Sir Robert Clifford*, and *Vrswick: Lights.*

wln 0384
wln 0385
wln 0386
wln 0387
wln 0388
wln 0389
wln 0390
wln 0391
wln 0392
wln 0393
wln 0394

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

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

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

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

Enter King Henry.

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

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

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

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wln 0416 The progresse of our enemies intents
wln 0417 Without corruption? *Cliff:* True, as I wish heaven;
wln 0418 Or my infected honor white againe.
wln 0419 *K: H:* Wee know all (*Clifford*) fully, since this meteor
wln 0420 This ayrie apparition first discredadled
wln 0421 From *Tournay* into *Portugall*; and thence
wln 0422 Advanc'd his firie blaze for adoration
wln 0423 Toth superstitious *Irish*; since the beard
wln 0424 Of this wilde *Comet*, Conjur'd into *Fraunce*,
wln 0425 Sparkled in antick flames in *Charles* his Court:
wln 0426 But shrunke againe from thence, and hid in darknesse,
wln 0427 Stole into *Flaunders*, flourishing the ragges
wln 0428 Of painted power on the shore of *Kent*,
wln 0429 Whence *hee* was beaten backe with shame and scorne,
wln 0430 Contempt, and slaughter of some naked out-lawes:
wln 0431 But tell me, what new course now shapes Duke *Perkin*?
wln 0432 *Cliff:* For *Ireland* (mightie *Henrie*;) so instructed
wln 0433 By *Stephen Frion*, sometimes Secretarie
wln 0434 In the *French* tongue vnto your sacred Excellence,
wln 0435 But *Perkins* tutor now. *K: H:* A subtill villaine!
wln 0436 That *Frion*, *Frion*, — you my Lord of *Durham*
wln 0437 Knew well the man. *Dur:* *French* both in heart and actions!
wln 0438 *K: H:* Some *Irish* heads worke in this mine of treason;
wln 0439 Speake em! *Cliff:* Not any of the best; your fortune
wln 0440 Hath dulld their spleenes; never had *Counterfeit*
wln 0441 Such a confused rabble of lost Banquerouts
wln 0442 For Counsellors: first *Heron* a broken Mercer,
wln 0443 Then *Iohn a Water*, sometimes Major of *Corke*,
wln 0444 *Sketon* a taylor aud a Scrivenor
wln 0445 Calld *Astley*: and what ere these list to treat of,
wln 0446 *Perkin* must harken to; but *Frion*, cunning
wln 0447 About these dull capacities, still prompts him,
wln 0448 To flie to *Scotland* to young *Iames* the fourth;
wln 0449 And sue for ayde to him; this is the latest
wln 0450 Of all their resolutions. *K. H.* Still more *Frion*.
wln 0451 Pestilent Adder, hee will hisse out poyson
wln 0452 As dang'rous as infections — we must match 'em.

Clifford

of PERKIN WARBECK.

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
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473
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
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489

Clifford thou hast spoke home, wee giue thee life:
But *Clifford*, there are people of our owne
Remaine behinde vntold, who are they *Clifford*?
Name those and wee are friends, and will to rest,
Tis thy last taske. *Cliff.* Oh Sir, here I must breake
A most vnlawfull Oath to keepe a just one.
K. H. Well, well, be briefe, be briefe. *Cliff.* The first in ranck
Shall be *John Ratcliffe*, Lord *Fitzwater*, then
Sir *Simon Mountford*, and Sir *Thomas Thwaites*,
With *William Dawbegney*, *Chesson*, *Astwood*,
Worsley the Deane of *Paules*, two other Fryars,
And *Robert Ratcliffe*. *K. H.* Church-men are turn'd Divells.
These are the principall. *Cliff.* One more remains
Vn-nam'd, whom I could willingly forget.
K. H. Ha *Clifford*, one more? *Cliff.* Great Sir, do not heare him:
For when Sir *William Stanlie* your Lord *Chamberlaine*
Shall come into the list, as he is chiefe
I shall loose credit with yee, yet this Lord,
Last nam'd, is first against you.
K. H. *Vrswick* the light, view well my face Sirs,
Is there bloud left in it? *Dur.* You alter
Strangely Sir. *K. H.* Alter Lord Bishop?
Why *Clifford* stab'd mee, or I dream'd a'stabd mee.
Sirra, it is a custome with the guiltie
To thinke they set their owne staines off, by laying
Aspersions on some nobler then themselues:
Lyes waite on treasons, as I finde it here.
Thy life againe is forfeit, I recall
My word of mercy, for I know thou dar'st
Repeate the name no more. *Cliff.* I dare, and once more
Vpon my knowledge, name Sir *William Stanlie*
Both in his counsaile, and his purse, the chiefe
Assistant, to the fain'd *Duke of Yorke*. *Dur.* Most strange!
Vrs. Most wicked! *K. H.* Yet againe, once more;
Cliff. Sir *William Stanlie* is your secret enemy,
And if time fit, will openly professe it.
K. H. Sir *William Stanlie*? Who? Sir *William Stanlie*

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wln 0490
wln 0491
wln 0492
wln 0493
wln 0494
wln 0495
wln 0496
wln 0497
wln 0498
wln 0499
wln 0500
wln 0501
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wln 0518
wln 0519
wln 0520
wln 0521
wln 0522
wln 0523
wln 0524
wln 0525
wln 0526
wln 0527

My Chamberlaine, my Counsellor, the loue,
The pleasure of my Court, my bosome friend,
The Charge, and the Controulement of my person
The keyes and secrets of my treasurie;
The *all of all* I am: I am vnhappy:
Miserie of confidence, — let mee turne traytor
To mine owne person, yeeld my Scepter vp
To *Edwards Sister*, and her *bastard Duke!*
 Dur. You loose your constant temper.
 K. H. Sir *William Stanlie!*
Oh doe not blame mee; *hee*, twas onely *hee*
Who having rescu'd mee in *Bosworth field*
From *Richards* bloody sword, snatch'd from his head
The Kingly Crowne, and plac'd it first on mine.
Hee never fail'd mee; what haue I deserv'd
To loose this good mans heart, or hee, his owne?
 Vrs. The night doth waste, this passion ill becomes yee;
Provide against your danger. *K. H.* Let it be so.
Vrswick command streight *Stanly* to his chamber.
Tis well wee are ith *Tower*; set a guard on him;
Clifford to bed; you must lodge here to night,
Weel talke with you to morrow: my sad soule
Devines strange troubles. *Dawb.* Ho, the King, the King,
I must haue entrance. *K. H.* *Dawbneys* voyce; admit him.
What new combustions huddle next to keepe
Our eyes from rest? — the newes?
 Enter Dawbney.
 Daw: Ten thousand *Cornish* grudging to pay your
Subsidies, haue gatherd a head, led by a
Blacksmith, and a Lawyer, they make for *London*,
And to them is joyn'd Lord *Audlie*, as they march,
Their number daily encreases, they are —
 K. H. Rascalls — talke no more;
Such are not worthie of my thoughts to night:
And if I cannot sleepe, Ile wake: — to bed.
When Counsailes faile, and theres in *man* no trust,
Even then, an arme from *heaven*, fights for the just.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.

Actus

of PERKIN WARBECK.

Actus Secundus: Scæna prima.

wln 0528

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

wln 0529

wln 0530

wln 0531

Coun. COME *Ladies*, heeres a solemne preparation
For entertainment of this *English Prince*;

wln 0532

wln 0533

The King intends grace more then ordinarie,

wln 0534

Twere pittie now, if a'should proue a *Counterfeit*.

wln 0535

Kat: Blesse the young man, our Nation would be laughd at

wln 0536

For honest soules through Christendome: my father

wln 0537

Hath a weake stomacke to the businesse (*Madam*)

wln 0538

But that the King must not be crost. *Coun:* A'brings

wln 0539

A goodly troope (they say) of gallants with him;

wln 0540

But very modest people, for they strive not

wln 0541

To fame their names too much; their god-fathers

wln 0542

May be beholding to them, but their fathers

wln 0543

Scarce owe them thanks: they are disguised Princes,

wln 0544

Brought vp it seemes to honest trades; no matter;

wln 0545

They will breake forth in season. *Iane.* Or breake out.

wln 0546

For most of em are broken by report; — The King,

wln 0547

Kat. Let vs obserue 'em and be silent.

wln 0548

Flourish.

wln 0549

Enter King Iames, Huntley, Crawford, and Daliell.

wln 0550

K. I. The right of Kings (my Lords) extends not onely

wln 0551

To the safe Conservation of their owne;

wln 0552

But also to the ayde of such Allies

wln 0553

As change of time, and state, hath often times

wln 0554

Hurld downe from carefull Crownes, to vndergoe

wln 0555

An exercise of sufferance in both fortunes:

wln 0556

So English *Richard* surnam'd *Cor-de-lyon*,

wln 0557

So *Robert Bruce* our royall Ancestor,

wln 0558

Forc'd by the tryall of the wrongs they felt,

wln 0559

Both sought, and found supplyes, from forraigne Kings

wln 0560

To repossesse their owne: then grudge not (Lords)

wln 0561

A much distressed Prince, King *Charles of Fraunce*,

wln 0562

And *Maximilian of Bohemia* both,

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wln 0563
wln 0564
wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570
wln 0571

Haue ratified his Credit by their Letters.
Shall wee then be distrustfull? No, Compassion
Is one rich Jewell that shines in our Crowne,
And we will haue it shine there. *Hunt.* Doe your will Sir.
K. I. The *young Duke* is at hand, *Daliell* from vs
First greete him, and conduct him on; then *Crawford*
Shall meete him next, and *Huntley* last of all
Present him to our armes; sound sprightly Musique,
Whilst Majestie encounters Majestie. *Hoboyes.*

wln 0572
wln 0573
wln 0574
wln 0575
wln 0576
wln 0577
wln 0578

*Daliell goes out, brings in Perkin at the doore where Crawford
entertaines him, and from Crawford, Huntley salutes him,
and presents him to the King: they embrace, Perkin in state
retires some few paces backe: During which Ceremony, the
Noblemen slightly salute Fryon, Heron a Mercer, Sketon a
Taylor, Astley a Scrivenor, with Iohn a Watring, all Per-
kins followers. Salutations ended: cease Musique.*

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
wln 0592
wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596
wln 0597
wln 0598

War: Most high, most mightie King! that now there stands
Before your eyes, in presence of your Peeres,
A subject of the rarest kinde of pittie
That hath in any age touchd noble hearts,
The vulgar storie of *a Princes* ruine,
Hath made it too apparent: *EVROPE* knowes,
And all the Westerne World what persecution
Hath ragd in malice, against *Vs*, sole heire
To the great throne, of old *Plantaginetts*.
How from our Nursery, wee haue beene hurried
Vnto the Sanctuarie, from the Sanctuarie
Forc'd to the Prison, from the Prison hald
By cruell hands, to the tormentors furie;
Is registred alreadie in the Volume
Of all mens tongues, whose true relation drawes
Compassion, melted into weeping eyes,
And bleeding soules: but our misfortunes since,
Haue rang'd a larger progresse through strange Lands.
Protected in our Innocence by Heaven.
Edward the Fift our brother, in his Tragedie

Quenchd

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 0599 Quenchd their hot thirst of bloud, whose hire to murther
wln 0600 Paid them their wages, of despaire and horroure;
wln 0601 The softnesse of *my childe-hood* smild vpon
wln 0602 The roughnesse of their taske, and rob'd them farther
wln 0603 Of hearts to dare, or hands to execute.
wln 0604 Great King *they* spard my life, *the butchers* spard it;
wln 0605 Returnd the tyrant, my vnnaturall Vncle,
wln 0606 A truth of my dispatch; I was conveyd
wln 0607 With secresie and speede to *Tournay*; fosterd
wln 0608 By obscure meanes, taught to vnlearne my selfe:
wln 0609 But as I grew in yeares, I grew in sence
wln 0610 Of feare, and of disdaine; feare, of the tyrant
wln 0611 Whose power swaide the throne then, when disdaine
wln 0612 Of living so vnknowne, in such a servile
wln 0613 And abject lownesse, prompted mee to thoughts
wln 0614 Of recollecting who I was; I shooke off
wln 0615 My bondage, and made hast to let my *Aunt*
wln 0616 *Of Burgundie* acknowledge mee her kinsman;
wln 0617 Heire to the Crowne of *England*, snatch'd by *Henry*
wln 0618 From *Richards* head; a thing scarce knowne ith world.
wln 0619 *K. I.* My Lord, it stands not with your Counsaile now
wln 0620 To flie vpon invectiues, if you can
wln 0621 Make this apparent what you haue discourst
wln 0622 In every Circumstance, wee will not studie
wln 0623 An answer, but are ready in your Cause.
wln 0624 *War:* You are a wise, and just King, by the powers
wln 0625 About, reserv'd beyond all other aydes
wln 0626 To plant mee in *mine owne inheritance*:
wln 0627 To marrie these two Kingdomes in a loue
wln 0628 Never to be divor'd, while time is time.
wln 0629 As for the manner first of my escape,
wln 0630 Of my Conveyance, next, of my life since,
wln 0631 The meanes, and persons, who were instruments;
wln 0632 Great Sir, tis fit I over-passe in silence:
wln 0633 Reserving the relation, to the secrecy
wln 0634 Of your owne Princely eare, since it concernes
wln 0635 Some *great Ones* living yet, and others dead,

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wln 0636
wln 0637
wln 0638
wln 0639
wln 0640
wln 0641
wln 0642
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wln 0659
wln 0660

Whose issue might be question'd. For your bountie,
Royall magnificence to him that seekes it,
WEE vow hereafter, to demeane our selfe,
As if wee were your owne, and naturall brother:
Omitting no occasion in *our person*,
To expresse a gratitude, beyond example.
K. I. Hee must bee more then subject, who can vtter
The language of a King, and such is thine.
Take this for answer, bee what ere thou art,
Thou never shalt repent that thou hast put
Thy cause, and person, into my protection.
Cosen of Yorke, thus once more Wee embrace thee;
Welcome to *James of Scotland*, for thy safetie,
Know such as loue thee not, shall never wrong thee.
Come, wee will taste a while our Court delights,
Dreame hence afflictions past, and then proceede
To high attempts of honor, on, leade on;
Both thou and thine are ours, and wee will guard yee.
Leade on. — *Exeunt, Manent Ladies aboue.*

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

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

Enter Crawford.

wln 0661

wln 0662
wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665

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

Flourish.

wln 0667

wln 0668
wln 0669

Enter King Henry: Oxford; Durham; Surrey.

K: H.: Haue yee condem'd my Chamberlaine?
Dur. His treasons condem'd him (Sir,) which were as

Cleere

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 0670 Cleere and manifest, as foule and dangerous:
wln 0671 Besides the guilt of his conspiracie prest him
wln 0672 So neerely, that it drew from him free
wln 0673 Confession without an importunitie.
wln 0674 *K: H::* Oh Lord Bishop,
wln 0675 This argued shame, and sorrow for his follie;
wln 0676 And must not stand in evidence against
wln 0677 Our mercie, and the softnesse of our nature
wln 0678 The rigor and extremitie of Law
wln 0679 Is sometimes too too bitter, but wee carry
wln 0680 *A Chancerie* of pittie in our bosome.
wln 0681 I hope wee may repreiue him from the sentence
wln 0682 Of death; I hope, we may. *Dur:* You may, you may;
wln 0683 And so perswade your Subjects, that the title
wln 0684 Of *Yorke* is better, nay, more just, and lawfull,
wln 0685 Then yours of *Lancaster*; so *Stanlie* houlds:
wln 0686 Which if it be not treason in the highest,
wln 0687 Then we are traytors all; perjurd and false,
wln 0688 Who haue tooke oath to *Henry*, and the justice
wln 0689 Of *Henries* title; *Oxford, Surrey, Dawbney*,
wln 0690 With all your other Peeres of State, and Church,
wln 0691 Forsworne, and *Stanlie* true alone to Heaven,
wln 0692 And *Englands* lawfull heire. *Ox:* By *Veres* old honors,
wln 0693 Ile cut his throate dares speake it. *Sur:* Tis a quarrell
wln 0694 To' ingage a soule in. *K: H::* What a coyle is here,
wln 0695 To keepe my gratitude sincere and perfect?
wln 0696 *Stanlie* was once my friend, and came in time
wln 0697 To saue my life; yet to say truth (my Lords,)
wln 0698 The man staid long enough t'indanger it:
wln 0699 But I could see no more into his heart,
wln 0700 Then what his outward actions did present;
wln 0701 And for 'em haue rewarded 'em so fullie,
wln 0702 As that there wanted nothing in our guift
wln 0703 To gratifie his merit, as I thought,
wln 0704 Vnlesse I should deuide my Crowne with him,
wln 0705 And giue him halfe; tho now I well perceiue
wln 0706 Twould scarce haue seru'd his turne, without the whole.

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wln 0741

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

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

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

Sur: 'Tis a King composd of gentlenesse.

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

Enter Stanly; Executioner: Vrswick and Dawbney.

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

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

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

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

I was

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 0742
wln 0743
wln 0744
wln 0745
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wln 0778

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

Enter Clifford.

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

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

Stan: Mercy, how deare is life to such as hugge it?
Come hether — *by this token* thinke on mee — } *Makes a Crosse*

Cliff: This token? What? I am abusd? } *on Cliffords face*

Stan: You are not. } *with his finger.*

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

Cliff: Shall I be disgrac'd without replie? *Dur:* Giue loosers
Leaue to talke; his losse is irrecoverable. *Stan:* Once more
To *all* a long farewell; the best of greatnesse
Preserue the King; my next suite is (my Lords)
To be remembred to my noble Brother,
Darby my much griev'd brother; Oh! perswade him,
That I shall stand no blemish to his house,
In Chronicles writ in another age.
My heart doth bleede for him; and for his sighes,
Tell him, hee must not thinke, the stile of *Darby,*
Nor being husband to King *Henries* Mother,
The league with Peeres, the smiles of Fortune, can
Secure his peace, about the state of man:

The Chronicle Historie

wln 0779

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

Exeunt.

wln 0780

wln 0781

wln 0782

wln 0783

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

wln 0784

Enter King Henry with a white staffe.

wln 0785

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

wln 0786

wln 0787

wln 0788

wln 0789

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

wln 0790

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

wln 0791

wln 0792

wln 0793

wln 0794

Cliff: I goe Sir.

Exit Clifford.

wln 0795

wln 0796

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

wln 0797

wln 0798

Dawb: I am your humblest servant.

wln 0799

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

wln 0800

wln 0801

wln 0802

wln 0803

wln 0804

wln 0805

wln 0806

wln 0807

wln 0808

wln 0809

K: H:: Wee know it *Dawbney*:

wln 0810

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

wln 0811

wln 0812

wln 0813

wln 0814

Oxf: I humbly

of PERKIN WARBECK.

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wln 0840

Ox: I humbly thanke your Majestie.

K: H: The next Devisiō wee assigne to *Dawbney*:
These must be men of action, for on those
The fortune of our fortunes, must relie.
The last and mayne, *our selfe* commands in person,
As readie to restore the fight at all times,
As to consummate an assured victorie.

Dawb: The King is still oraculous. *K: H:* But *Surrey*,
Wee haue imployment of more toyle for thee!
For our intelligence comes swiftly to vs,
That *James of Scotland*, late hath entertaind
Perkin the counterfeite, with more then common
Grace and respect; nay courts *him* with rare favours;
The *Scot* is young and forward, wee must looke for
A suddaine storme to *England* from the *North*:
Which to withstand, *Durham* shall post to *Norham*,
To fortifie the Castle, and secure
The frontiers, against an Invasion there.
Surrey shall follow soone, with such an Armie,
As may relieue the Bishop, and incounter
On all occasions, the *death-daring Scotts*.
You know your charges *all*, 'tis now a time
To execute, not talke, Heaven is our guard still.
Warre must breede peace, such is the fate of Kings.

Exeunt.

Enter Crawford and Daliell.

wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850

Crawf: Tis more then strange, my reason cannot answere
Such argument of fine Imposture, coucht
In witch-craft of perswasion, that it fashions
Impossibilities, as if appearance
Could cozen *truth it selfe*; this Duk-ling Mushrome
Hath doubtlesse charm'd the King. *Daliell:* A' courts the Ladies,
As if his strength of language, chaynd attention
By power of prerogatiue. *Crawf:* It madded
My very soule, to heare our *Maisters* motion:
What suretie both of amitie, and honor,

Must

The Chronicle Historie

wln 0851 Must of necessitie insue vpon
wln 0852 A match betwixt some noble of our Nation,
wln 0853 And this braue Prince forsooth. *Dali:* Twill proue to fatall,
wln 0854 Wise *Huntley* feares the threatning. Blesse the Ladie
wln 0855 From such a ruine *Cra:* How the Counsaile privie
wln 0856 Of this *young Phueton*, doe skrewe their faces
wln 0857 Into a gravitie, their trades (good people)
wln 0858 Were never guiltie of? the meanest of 'em
wln 0859 Dreames of at least an office in the State.
wln 0860 *Dal:* Sure not the Hangmans, tis bespoken alreadie
wln 0861 For service to their rogueshippes — silence.

wln 0862 *Enter King Iames and Huntley.*

wln 0863 *K: Iames,* Doe not —
wln 0864 Argue against our will; wee haue descended
wln 0865 Somewhat (as wee may tearme it) too familiarly
wln 0866 From Iustice of our birth-right, to examine
wln 0867 The force of your alleagence: — Sir, wee haue;
wln 0868 But finde it short of dutie!
wln 0869 *Hunt:* Breake my heart,
wln 0870 Doe, doe, King; haue my services, my loyaltie,
wln 0871 (Heaven knowes vntainted ever) drawne vpon mee
wln 0872 Contempt now in mine age? when I but wanted
wln 0873 A minute of a peace not to be troubled?
wln 0874 My last, my long one? Let me be a Dotard,
wln 0875 A Bedlame, a poore sot, or what you please
wln 0876 To haue me, so you will not staine your bloud,
wln 0877 Your owne bloud (royall Sir) though mixt with mine,
wln 0878 By marriage of this girle to a straggler!
wln 0879 Take, take my head Sir, whilst my tongue can wagge
wln 0880 It cannot name him other. *K: Ia:* Kings are counterfeits
wln 0881 In your repute (graue Oracle) not presently
wln 0882 Set on their thrones, with Scepters in their fists:
wln 0883 But vse your owne detraction: tis our pleasure
wln 0884 To giue our *Cosen Yorke* for wife our kinswoman
wln 0885 The *Ladie Katherine:* Instinct of soveraigntie
wln 0886 Designes the honor, though her peevisch Father
wln 0887 Vsurps our Resolution. *Hunt:* O tis well,

Exceeding

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 0888 Exceeding well, I never was ambitious
wln 0889 Of vsing Congeys to my *Daughter Queene*:
wln 0890 A *Queene*, perhaps a *Queene*? — Forgiue me *Daliell*
wln 0891 Thou honorable Gentleman, none here
wln 0892 Dare speake one word of Comfort? *Dal*: Cruell misery!
wln 0893 *Craw*: The Lady gracious Prince, may be hath setled
wln 0894 Affection on some former choyce.
wln 0895 *Dal*: Inforcement, would proue but tyrannie.
wln 0896 *Hunt*. I thanke 'ee heartily.
wln 0897 Let any yeoman of our Nation challenge
wln 0898 An interest in *the girle*: then the King
wln 0899 May adde a Ioynture of ascent in titles,
wln 0900 Worthy a free consent; now a' pulls downe
wln 0901 What olde Desert hath builded. *K. Ia.* Cease perswasions,
wln 0902 I violate no pawnes of faythes, intrude not
wln 0903 On private loues; that I haue play'd the Orator
wln 0904 For Kingly *Yorke* to vertuous *Kate*, her grant
wln 0905 Can iustifie, referring her contents
wln 0906 To our provision. the *Welch Harrie*, henceforth
wln 0907 Shall therefore know, and tremble to acknowledge,
wln 0908 That not the paynted Idoll of his pollicie,
wln 0909 Shall fright the *lawfull owner* from a Kingdome.
wln 0910 Wee are resolv'd. *Hunt*. Some of thy Subjects hearts
wln 0911 *King Iames* will bleede for this! *K. Ia.* Then shall their blouds
wln 0912 Be nobly spent; no more disputes, hee is not
wln 0913 Our friend who contradicts vs. *Hunt*. Farewell Daughter!
wln 0914 My care *by one* is lessened; thanke the King for't, *Enter.*
wln 0915 I and my griefes will daunce now, — Looke Lords looke,
wln 0916 Heeres hand in hand alreadie? *K. Ia.* Peace *olde phrensie*.

wln 0917 *Enter Warbeck leading Katherine, complementing;*
wln 0918 *Countesse of Crawford, Iane, Frion, Major*
wln 0919 *of Corke, Astley, Heron and Sketon.*

wln 0920 How like a' King a lookes? Lords, but obserue
wln 0921 The confidence of his aspect? Drosse cannot
wln 0922 Cleaue to so pure a mettall; royall youth!
wln 0923 *Plantaginett* vndoubted! *Hunt*: Ho braue Lady!

E

But

The Chronicle Historie

wln 0924 But no *Plantagenet* byr Lady yet
wln 0925 By *red Rose* or by *white*. *Warb.* An Vnion this way,
wln 0926 Settles possession in a Monarchie
wln 0927 Establisht rightly, as is my inheritance:
wln 0928 Acknowledge me but Sovereigne of this Kingdome,
wln 0929 *Your heart* (fayre Princes) and the hand of providence,
wln 0930 Shall crowne you Queene of me, and my best fortunes.
wln 0931 *Kath.* Where my obedience is (my Lord) a dutie,
wln 0932 Loue owes true service. *Warb:* Shall I? — *K. Ia:* Cossen yes,
wln 0933 Enjoy her; from my hand accept your bride;
wln 0934 And may they liue at enmitie with comfort,
wln 0935 Who grieue at such an equall pledge of trothes.
wln 0936 Y'are the Princes wife now. *Kath:* By your gift Sir;
wln 0937 *Warb:* Thus I take seisure of mine owne. *Kath:* I misse yet
wln 0938 A fathers blessing: Let me finde it; — humbly
wln 0939 Vpon my knees I seeke it. *Hunt:* I am *Huntley*
wln 0940 Olde *Alexander Guerdon*, a plaine subject,
wln 0941 Nor more, nor lesse; and Ladie, if you wish for
wln 0942 A blessing, you must bend your knees to Heaven;
wln 0943 For Heaven did giue me you; alas, alas,
wln 0944 What would you haue me say? may all the happinesse
wln 0945 My prayers ever sued to fall vpon you,
wln 0946 Preserue you in your vertues; — preethee *Daliell*
wln 0947 Come with me; for, I feele thy griefes as full
wln 0948 As mine, lets steale away, and cry together. *{Exeunt Huntley*
wln 0949 *Dal:* My hopes are in their ruines. *and Daliell.*
wln 0950 *K. Ia.* Good kinde *Huntley*
wln 0951 Is over-joy'd, a fit solemnitie,
wln 0952 Shall perfite these delights: *Crawford* attend
wln 0953 Our order for the preparation. *{Exeunt, manent, Frion, Ma-*
wln 0954 *jor, Astley, Heron, & Sketon.*
wln 0955 *Fri:* Now worthy Gentlemen, haue I not followed
wln 0956 My vndertakings with successe? Heeres entrance
wln 0957 Into a certaintie aboue a hope.
wln 0958 *Heron.* Hopes are but hopes, I was ever confident, when I tra-
wln 0959 ded but in remnants, that my starres had reserv'd me to the title of
wln 0960 a Viscount at least, honor is honor though cut out of any stuffes.

Sket:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O the toyle *(Exeunt, mane Frion*
Of humoring this abject scumme of mankinde?
Muddie-braynd peasants? Princes feele a miserie
Beyond impartiall sufferance, whose extreames
Must yeelde to such abettors; yet our tyde
Runnes smoothly without adverse windes; runne on

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 1035
wln 1036

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

Exit.

wln 1037

Actus Tertius: Scaena prima.

wln 1038
wln 1039

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

wln 1040

K: H:: HOw runnes the time of day?

wln 1041

Vrsw: Past tenne my Lord.

wln 1042

K: H:: A bloudie houre will it proue to some,

wln 1043

Whose disobedience, like the sonnes 'oth earth,

wln 1044

Throw a defiance 'gainst the face of Heaven.

wln 1045

Oxford, with *Essex*, and stout *De la Poole*,

wln 1046

Haue quietted the *Londoners* (I hope)

wln 1047

And set them safe from feare! *Vrs:* They are all silent.

wln 1048

K: H: From their owne battlements, they may behold,

wln 1049

Saint Georges fields orespred with armed men;

wln 1050

Amongst whom, our owne royall Standard threatens

wln 1051

Confusion to opposers; wee must learne

wln 1052

To practise warre againe in time of peace,

wln 1053

Or lay our Crowne before our Subjects feete,

wln 1054

Ha, *Vrswicke*, must we not? *Vrsw:* The powers, who seated

wln 1055

King Henry on his lawfull throne, will ever

wln 1056

Rise vp in his defence. *K: H:* Rage shall not fright

wln 1057

The bosome of our confidence; in *Kent*

wln 1058

Our *Cornish Rebels* cozen'd of their hopes,

wln 1059

Met braue resistance by that *Countrys Earle*,

wln 1060

George Aburgenie, *Cobham*, *Poynings*, *Guilford*,

wln 1061

And other loyall hearts; now if *Black heath*

wln 1062

Must be reserv'd the fatall tombe to swallow

wln 1063

Such stifneckt Abjects, as with wearie Marches,

wln 1064

Haue travaild from their homes, their wiues, and children,

wln 1065

To pay in stead of *Subsidies* their liues,

wln 1066

Wee may continue Soveraigne? yet *Vrswicke*

The Chronicle Historie

wln 1067 Wee'le not abate one pennie, what in *Parliament*
wln 1068 Hath freely beene contributed; wee must not;
wln 1069 *Money giues soule to action*; Our Competitor,
wln 1070 The *Flemish Counterfeit*, with *Iames of Scotland*,
wln 1071 Will proue, what courage *neede, and want*, can nourish
wln 1072 Without the foode of fit supplyes; but *Vrswicke*
wln 1073 I haue a charme in secret, that shall loose
wln 1074 The Witch-craft, wherewith young *King Iames* is bound,
wln 1075 And free it at my pleasure without bloud-shed.
wln 1076 *Vrsw:* Your Majestie's a wise King, sent from Heaven
wln 1077 Protector of the just.
wln 1078 *K. H.* Let dinner cheerefully
wln 1079 Be serv'd in; this day of the weeke is ours,
wln 1080 *Our day of providence*, for *Saturday*
wln 1081 Yet never fayld in all my vndertakings,
wln 1082 To yeeld me rest at night; what meanes this warning?
wln 1083 Good *Fate*, speake peace to *Henry*. A Flourish.

wln 1084 *Enter Dawbney, Oxford, and attendants.*

wln 1085 *Dawb:* Liue the King,
wln 1086 Triumphant in the ruine of his enemies.
wln 1087 *Oxf:* The head of strong rebellion is cut off,
wln 1088 The body hew'd in peeces: *K: H: Dawbney, Oxford,*
wln 1089 Minions to noblest fortunes, how yet stands
wln 1090 The comfort of your wishes? *Dawb:* Briefly thus:
wln 1091 The *Cornish* vnder *Awdley* disappoynted
wln 1092 Of flattered expectation, from the *Kentish*
wln 1093 (Your Majesties right trustie Liegemen) flewe,
wln 1094 Featherd by rage, and hartned by presumption,
wln 1095 To take the field, even at your Pallace gates,
wln 1096 And face you in your *chamber Royall*; Arrogance,
wln 1097 Improu'd their ignorance; for they supposing,
wln 1098 (Misled by rumor) that the day of battaile
wln 1099 Should fall on Munday, rather brav'd your forces
wln 1100 Then doubted any onset; yet this Morning,
wln 1101 When in the dawning I by your direction

Stroue

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 1102 Stroue to get *Dertford Strand bridge*, there I found
wln 1103 Such a resistance, as might shew what strength
wln 1104 Could make; here Arrowes hayld in showers vpon vs
wln 1105 *A full yard long at least*; but wee prevayld.
wln 1106 My *Lord of Oxford* with his fellow Peeres,
wln 1107 Invironing the hill, fell feircely on them
wln 1108 On the one side, I on the other, till (great Sir)
wln 1109 (Pardon the over-sight) eager of doing
wln 1110 Some memorable act, I was engagd
wln 1111 Almost a prisoner, but was freede as soone
wln 1112 As sensible of daunger: now the fight
wln 1113 Beganne in heate, which quenched in the bloud of
wln 1114 Two thousand Rebels, and as many more
wln 1115 Reserv'd to trie your mercy, haue return'd
wln 1116 A victory with safetie. *K: H:* Haue we lost
wln 1117 An equall number with them? *Oxf:* In the totall
wln 1118 Scarcely foure hundred: *Awdley, Flammock, Ioseph,*
wln 1119 The Ring-leaders of this Commotion,
wln 1120 Raled in ropes, fit *Ornaments* for traytors,
wln 1121 Waite your determinations. *K: H:* Wee must pay
wln 1122 Our thanks where they are onely due: Oh, Lords,
wln 1123 Here is no victorie, nor shall our people
wln 1124 Conceiue that wee can triumph in their falles.
wln 1125 Alas, poore soules! Let such as are escapt
wln 1126 Steale to the Countrey backe without pursuite:
wln 1127 There's not a drop of bloud spilt, but hath drawne
wln 1128 As much of mine, their swords could haue wrought wonders
wln 1129 On their Kings part, who faintly were vnsheath'd
wln 1130 Against their Prince, but wounded their owne breasts.
wln 1131 Lords wee are debtors to your care, our payment
wln 1132 Shall be both sure, and fitting your Deserts.
wln 1133 *Dawb:* Sir, will you please to see those Rebels, heads
wln 1134 Of this wilde Monster multitude? *K: H:* Deare friend,
wln 1135 My faithfull *Dawbney*, no; on them our Iustice
wln 1136 Must frowne in terror, I will not vouchsafe
wln 1137 An eye of pittie to them, let false *Awdley*
wln 1138 Be drawne vpon an hurdle from the *New-gate*

The Chronicle Historie

wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
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wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
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wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166

To *Tower-hill* in his owne coate of Armes
Paynted on paper, with the Armes reverst,
Defac'd, and torne, there let him loose his head.
The *Lawyer* and the *Black-smith* shall be hang'd,
Quartered, their quarters into *Cornwall* sent,
Examples to the rest, whom wee are pleasd
To pardon, and dismisse from further quest.
My Lord of *Oxford* see it done.
Oxf: I shall Sir. *K: H:* *Vrswicke.* *Vrsw:* My Lord.
K: H: To *Dinham* our high treasurer,
Say wee commaund Commissions be new graunted,
For the Collection of our Subsidies
Through all the West, and that speedily.
Lords wee acknowledge our engagements due
For your most constant services.
Dawb: Your Souldiers
Haue manfully and faithfully acquitted
Their severall duties.
K: H: For it, wee will throwe
A Largesse free amongst them, which shall harden
And cheerish vp their Loyalties, more yet
Remaines of like imployment, not a man
Can be dismiss, till enemies abroad
More dangerous then these at home, haue felt
The puissance of our Armes, oh happie Kings
Whose thrones are raised in their Subjects hearts.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Huntley and Daliell.

wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174

Hunt: Now, Sir a modest word with you (sad Gentleman)
Is not this fine, I trowe, to see the gambolds,
To heare the Iiggs, obserue the friskes, b'enchanted
With the rare discord of bells, pipes and tabors,
Hotchpotch of *Scotch* and *Irish* twingle twangles,
Like to so many Queresters of *Bedlam*,
Trowling a catch? the feasts, the manly stomaches,
The healthes in *Vsquabaugh*, and bonie clabbore,

The

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 1175 The Ale in dishes never fetcht from *China*,
wln 1176 The hundred thousand knackes not to be spoken of,
wln 1177 And all this for King *Oberon*, and Queene *Mab*,
wln 1178 Should put a soule int'ee: looke 'ee (good man)
wln 1179 How youthfull I am growne, but by your leaue,
wln 1180 This new Queene Bride, must henceforth be no more
wln 1181 My Daughter, no burladie, tis vnfit.
wln 1182 And yet you see how I doe beare this change,
wln 1183 Methinkes couragiously, then shake off care
wln 1184 In such a time of jollitie. *Dal.* Alas Sir,
wln 1185 How can you cast a mist vpon your griefes?
wln 1186 Which how so ere you shadow, but present
wln 1187 To any judging eye, the perfect substance
wln 1188 Of which mine are but counterfeits. *Hunt:* Fo *Daliell*
wln 1189 Thou interrupts the part I beare in Musicke
wln 1190 To this rare bridall feast, let vs be merry;
wln 1191 Whilst flattering calmes secure vs against stormes,
wln 1192 Tempests when they begin to roare, put out
wln 1193 The light of peace and cloud the Sunnes bright eye
wln 1194 In darknesse of despayre, yet wee are safe.
wln 1195 *Dal:* I wish you could as easily forget
wln 1196 The Iustice of your sorrowes, as my hopes
wln 1197 Can yeelde to destinie.
wln 1198 *Hunt:* Pish then I see
wln 1199 Thou doest not know the flexible condition
wln 1200 Of my ap't nature, I can laugh, laugh heartily
wln 1201 When the Gowt crampes my joynts, let but the stone
wln 1202 Stoppe in my bladder, I am streite a singing,
wln 1203 The Quartane feaver shrinking every limme,
wln 1204 Setts me a capring strait, doe but betray me
wln 1205 And binde me a friend ever. what I trust
wln 1206 The loosing of a Daughter, (though I doted
wln 1207 On every hayre that grew to trim her head)
wln 1208 Admitts not any paine like one of these.
wln 1209 Come th'art deceivd in me, giue me a blow,
wln 1210 A sound blow on the face, Ile thanke thee for't,
wln 1211 I loue my wrongs, still th'art deceiv'd in me.

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wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248

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

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

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

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

Dal: Good

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 1249

Dal: Good noble Sir.

wln 1250

Hunt: Oh harke, wee may be quiet,

wln 1251

The King and all the others come: a meeting

wln 1252

Of gawdie sights; this dayes the last of Revells;

wln 1253

To morrow sounds of warre; then new exchange:

wln 1254

Fiddles must turne to swords, vnhappie marriage!

wln 1255

Flourish.

wln 1256

Enter King Iames, Warbecke leading Katherine, Crawford,

wln 1257

Countesse, and Iane, Huntley, and Daliell fall among them.

wln 1258

K: Ia: *Cosen of Yorke*, you and your *Princely Bride*,

wln 1259

Haue liberally enjoy'd such soft delights,

wln 1260

As a new married couple could fore-thinke:

wln 1261

Nor ha's our bountie shortned expectation;

wln 1262

But after all those pleasures of repose,

wln 1263

Or amorous safetie, wee must rowse the ease

wln 1264

Of dalliance, with atchievements of more glorie,

wln 1265

Then sloath and sleepe can furnish: yet, for farewell,

wln 1266

Gladly wee entertaine a truce with time,

wln 1267

To grace the joynt endeavours of our servants.

wln 1268

Warb: My *Royall Cosen*, in your *Princely* favour,

wln 1269

The extent of bountie hath beene so vnlimited,

wln 1270

As onely an acknowledgement in words,

wln 1271

Would breede suspition in our state, and qualitie:

wln 1272

When *Wee* shall in the fulnesse of our fate

wln 1273

(Whose Minister *necessitie* will perfite,)

wln 1274

Sit on our *owne throne*; then our armes laid open

wln 1275

To gratitude, in sacred memory

wln 1276

Of these large benefits, shall twyne them close

wln 1277

Even to our thoughts, and heart, without distinction.

wln 1278

Then *Iames*, and *Richard*, being in effect

wln 1279

One person, shall vnite and rule *one people*.

wln 1280

Devisible in titles onely. *K: Ia:* Seate yee';

wln 1281

Are the presentors readie?

wln 1282

Crawf: All are entring.

wln 1283

Hunt: Daintie sport toward *Daliell*, sit, come sit,

wln 1284

Sit and be quiet, here are Kingly buggs words.

The Chronicle Historie

wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288

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

wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
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wln 1300
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wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320

K: Ia: To all a generall thanks!
Warb: In the next Roome
Take your owne shapes againe, you shall receiue
Particular acknowledgement. *K: Ia:* Enough
Of merriments; *Crawford*, how far's our Armie
Vpon the March? *Craw:* At *Hedenhall* (great King)
Twelue thousand well prepard. *K: Ia:* *Crawford*, to night
Post thither *Wee* in person with *the Prince*
By foure a clocke to morrow after dinner,
Will be w'ee; speede away! *Craw.* I flie my Lord.
K: I: Our businesse growes to head now, where's your
Secretarie that he attends'ee not to serue?
Warb: With *March-mont* your Herald.
K: Ia: Good: the Proclamations readie;
By that it will appeare, how the *English* stand
Affected to your title; *Huntley* comfort
Your Daughter in *her Husbands* absence; fight
With prayers at home for vs, who for your honors,
Must toyle in fight abroad.
Hunt: Prayers are the weapons,
Which men, so neere their graues as I, doe vse.
I've little else to doe.
K: Ia: To rest young beauties!
Wee must be early stirring, quickly part,
"A Kingdomes rescue craues both speede and art.
Cosens good night. *Flourish.*
Warb: Rest to our Cosen King. *Kath:* Your blessing Sir;
Hunt: Faire blessings on your Highnesse, sure you neede 'em.
Exeunt omnes, Manent, Warb. & Katherine.
Warb: *Iane* set the lights downe, and from vs returne
To those in the next roome, this little purse
Say we'ele deserue their loues. *Iane.* It shall be done Sir.

Warb: Now

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
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wln 1356
wln 1357

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

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

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

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

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
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wln 1400
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To fall on Ceremonie, would seeme vsesse,
Which shall not neede; for I will be as studious
Of your concealement in our Conference,
As any Counsell shall advise. *Hialas.* Then (Sir)
My chiefe request is, that on notice given
At my dispatch in *Scotland*, you will send
Some learned man of power and experience
To joyne in treatie with me. *K. H.* I shall doe it,
Being that way well provided by a servant
Which may attend 'ee ever. *Hialas.* If King *James*
By any indirection should perceiue
My comming neere your Court, I doubt the issue
Of my employment.

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

Hialas. Good dayes guard all your Princely thoughts.

K: H: *Vrswicke* no further
Then the next open Gallerie attend him.
A heartie loue goe with you.

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

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

Enter Vrswicke.

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

Vrsw: Right, right, Sir.
A humd it out, how that King *Ferdinand*

Swore

The Chronicle Historie

wln 1431 Swore, that the marriage 'twixt the Ladie *Katherine*
wln 1432 His Daughter, and the Prince of *Wales* your Sonne,
wln 1433 Should never be consummated, as long
wln 1434 As any *Earle of Warwicke* liv'd in *England*,
wln 1435 Except by newe Creation. *K: H:* I remember,
wln 1436 'Twas so indeede, the King his Maister swore it?
wln 1437 *Vrsw:* Directly, as he said. *K: H:* An *Earle of Warwicke!*
wln 1438 Provide a Messenger for Letters instantly
wln 1439 To *Bishop Fox*. Our newes from *Scotland* creepes,
wln 1440 It comes so slow; wee must haue ayrie spirits:
wln 1441 Our time requires dispatch, — the *Earle of Warwicke!*
wln 1442 Let him be sonne to *Clarence*, younger brother
wln 1443 To *Edward!* *Edwards* Daughter is I thinke
wln 1444 Mother to our *Prince Arthur*; get a Messenger. *Exeunt.*

wln 1445 *Enter* King Iames, Warbecke, Crawford, Daliell, Heron,
wln 1446 Astley, Major, Sketon, and Souldiers.

wln 1447 *K: Ia:* Wee trifle time against these Castle walls,
wln 1448 The *English Prelate* will not yeelde, once more
wln 1449 Giue him a Summons! *Parley.*

wln 1450 *Enter aboute* Durham armed, a Truncheon
wln 1451 in his hand, and Souldiers.

wln 1452 *Warb:* See, the jolly Clarke
wln 1453 Appeares trimd like a ruffian.
wln 1454 *K: Ia:* Bishop, yet
wln 1455 Set ope the portes, and to your lawfull Soveraigne
wln 1456 *Richard of Yorke* surrender vp this Castle,
wln 1457 And he will take thee to his Grace; else *Tweede*
wln 1458 Shall overflow his banckes with *English* bloud,
wln 1459 And wash the sande that cements those hard stones,
wln 1460 From their foundation.

wln 1461 *Dur:* Warlike King of *Scotland*,
wln 1462 Vouchsafe a few words from a man inforc't
wln 1463 To lay his Booke aside, and clap on Armes,
wln 1464 Vnsutable to my age, or my profession.
wln 1465 Courageous Prince, consider on what grounds,

You

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 1466 You rend the face of peace, and breake a League
wln 1467 With a confederate King that courts your amitie;
wln 1468 For whom too? for a vagabond, a straggler,
wln 1469 Not noted in the world by birth of name,
wln 1470 An obscure peasant, by the rage of Hell
wln 1471 Loosd from his chaynes, to set great Kings at strife.
wln 1472 What Nobleman? what common man of note?
wln 1473 What ordinary subject hath come in,
wln 1474 Since first you footed on our Territories,
wln 1475 To onely faine a wellcome? children laugh at
wln 1476 Your Proclamations, and the wiser pittie,
wln 1477 So great a Potentates abuse, by one
wln 1478 Who juggles meerly with the fawnes and youth
wln 1479 Of an instructed complement; such spoyles,
wln 1480 Such slaughters as the rapine of your Souldiers
wln 1481 Alreadie haue committed, is enough
wln 1482 To shew your zeale in a *conceited Iustice*.
wln 1483 Yet (great King) wake not yet my Maisters vengeance:
wln 1484 But shake that Viper off which gnawes your entrayles
wln 1485 I, and my fellow Subjects, are resolv'd
wln 1486 If you persist, to stand your vtmost furie,
wln 1487 Till our last bloud drop from vs.
wln 1488 *Warb:* O Sir, lend
wln 1489 Me eare to *this seducer* of my honor!
wln 1490 What shall I call thee, (thou gray bearded Scandall)
wln 1491 That kickst against the Soveraigntie to which
wln 1492 Thou owest alleagance? Treason is bold-fac'd,
wln 1493 And eloquent in mischief; sacred King
wln 1494 Be deafe to his knowne malice! *Dur:* Rather yeelde
wln 1495 Vnto those holy motions, which inspire
wln 1496 The sacred heart of an annoynted bodie!
wln 1497 It is the surest pollicie in Princes,
wln 1498 To governe well their owne, then seeke encroachment
wln 1499 Vpon anothers right. *Crawf:* The King is serious,
wln 1500 Deepe in his meditation. *Dal:* Lift them vp
wln 1501 To heaven his better genius!
wln 1502 *Warb:* Can you studie, while such a Devill raues? O Sir.

G

K: Ia: Well.

The Chronicle Historie

wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505
wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
wln 1509
wln 1510
wln 1511
wln 1512
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wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538
wln 1539

K: Ia: Well, — Bishopp,
You'le not be drawne to mercie? *Dur:* Conster me
In like case by a Subject of your owne!
My resolutions fixt, King *Iames* be counseld.
A greater fate waites on thee. *Exit Durham cum suis.*
K: Ia: Forrage through
The Countrey, spare no prey of life, or goods,
Warb: O Sir, then giue me leau to yeeld to nature,
I am most miserable; had I beene
Borne what this *Clergie man* would by defame
Baffle beliefe with, I had never sought
The truth of mine inheritance with rapes
Of women, or of infants murthered; Virgins
Defloured; olde men butchered; dwellings fir'd;
My Land depopulated; and my people
Afflicted with a Kingdomes devastation.
Shew more remorse great King, or I shall never
Endure to see such havocke with drie eyes:
Spare, spare, my deare deare *England*.
K: Ia: You foole your pietie
Ridiculously, carefull of an interest
Another man possesseth! Wheres your faction?
Shrewdly the Bishop ghest of your adherents,
When not a pettie Burgesse of some Towne,
No, not a Villager hath yet appear'd
In your assistance, that should make 'ee whine,
And not your Countreyes sufferance as you tearme it.
Dal: The King is angrie. *Crawf:* And the passionate Duke,
Effeminately dolent. *Warb:* The experience
In former tryalls (Sir) both of mine owne
Or other Princes, cast out of their thrones,
Haue so acquainted mee, how miserie
Is destitute of friends, or of reliefe,
That I can easily submit to taste
Lowest reproofe, without contempt or words.
Enter Frion.
K: Ia: An humble minded man, — now, what intelligence

Speakes

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
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wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566

Speakes Maister Secretarie *Frion*. *Frion*. *Henrie*
Of *England*, hath in open field ore'throwne
The Armies who opposd him, in the right
Of this young Prince.
K: Ia: His Subsidies you meane: more if you haue it?
Frion. *Howard Earle of Surrey*,
Backt by twelue Earles and Barons of the North,
An hundred Knights and Gentlemen of Name,
And twentie thousand Souldiers, is at hand
To raise your siege. *Brooke* with a goodly Navie
Is Admirall at Sea: and *Dawbney* followes
With an vnbroken Armie for a second.
Warb: 'Tis false! they come to side with vs. *K: Ia:* Retreat:
Wee shall not finde them stones and walls to cope with.
Yet *Duke of Yorke*, (for such thou sayest thou art,)
Ile trie thy fortune to the height; to *Surrey*
By *Marchmount*, I will send a braue Defiance
For single Combate; once a King will venter
His person to an Earle; with Condition
Of spilling lesser bloud, *Surrey* is bolde
And *Iames* resolv'd. *Warb:* O rather (gracious Sir,)
Create me to this glorie; since my cause
Doth interest this fayre quarrell; valued least
I am his equall. *K: I:* I will be the man;
March softly off, where Victorie can reape
"A harvest crown'd with triumph, toyle is cheape.

Exeunt omnes.

wln 1567

Actus Quartus: Scœna prima.

wln 1568
wln 1569

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

wln 1570
wln 1571

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

The Chronicle Historie

wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576
wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588

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

(*Trumpet.*

wln 1589
wln 1590

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

wln 1591
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
wln 1606
wln 1607

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

Surr: So

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 1608 *Surr:* So speakes King *Iames*; so like a King a' speakes.
wln 1609 Heralds, the *English Generall* returnes,
wln 1610 A sensible Devotion from his heart,
wln 1611 His very soule, to this vnfellowed grace.
wln 1612 For let the King know (gentle Haralds) truely
wln 1613 How his descent from his great throne, to honor
wln 1614 A stranger subject with so high a title
wln 1615 As his *Compeere in Armes*, hath conquered more
wln 1616 Then any sword could doe: for which (my loyaltie
wln 1617 Respected) I will serue his vertues ever
wln 1618 In all humilitie: but *Barwicke* say
wln 1619 Is none of mine to part with: In affayres
wln 1620 "Of Princes, Subjects cannot trafficke rights
wln 1621 "Inherent to the Crowne. My life is mine,
wln 1622 That I dare freely hazard; and (with pardon
wln 1623 To some vnbrib'd vaine-glorie) if *his Majestie*
wln 1624 Shall taste a chaunge of fate, his libertie
wln 1625 Shall meete no Articles. If I fall, falling
wln 1626 So brauely, I referre me to his pleasure
wln 1627 Without condition; and for this deare favour,
wln 1628 Say (if not countermaunded) I will cease
wln 1629 Hostilitie, vnlesse provokt. *March:* This answer
wln 1630 Wee shall relate unpartially.
wln 1631 *Durh:* With favour,
wln 1632 Pray haue a little patience — Sir, you finde
wln 1633 By these gay-flourishes, how wearied travayle
wln 1634 Inclines to willing rest; heeres but a Prologue
wln 1635 However confidently vtterd, meant
wln 1636 For some ensuing Acts of peace: consider
wln 1637 The time of yeare, vnseasonablenesse of weather,
wln 1638 Charge, barrennesse of profite, and occasion
wln 1639 Presents it selfe for honorable treatie,
wln 1640 Which wee may make good vse of; I will backe
wln 1641 As sent from you, in poynt of noble gratitude
wln 1642 Vnto King *Iames* with these his Heralds; you
wln 1643 Shall shortlie heare from me (my Lord) for order
wln 1644 Of breathing or proceeding; and King *Henrie*

The Chronicle Historie

wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
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wln 1659
wln 1660
wln 1661

(Doubt not) will thanke the service.
Surr: To your wisdome Lord Bishop I referre it.
Durh: Be it so then.
Surr: Haralds, accept this chaine, and these few Crownes
March: Our Dutie *Noble Generall.* *Dur:* In part
Of retribution for such Princely loue,
My Lord the *Generall* is pleasd to shew
The King your Maister, his sincerest zeale
By further treatie, by no common man;
I will my selfe returne with you. *Sur:* Y'oblige
My faithfullest affections t'ee (Lord Bishop.)
March: All happinesse attend your Lordship.
Surr: Come friends,
And fellow-Souldiers, wee I doubt shall meete
No enemies, but woods and hills to fight with:
Then twere as good to feede, and sleepe at home,
Wee may be free from daunger, not secure. *Exeunt omnes.*

wln 1662

Enter Warbeck and Frion.

wln 1663
wln 1664
wln 1665
wln 1666
wln 1667
wln 1668
wln 1669
wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680

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

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 1681

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

wln 1682

Frion. You grow too wilde in passion, if you will

wln 1683

Appeare a Prince indeede, confine your will

wln 1684

To moderation *Warb:* What a saucie rudenesse

wln 1685

Prompts this distrust? If, if I will appeare?

wln 1686

Appeare, a Prince? Death throttle such deceites

wln 1687

Even in their birth of vtterance; cursed cozenage

wln 1688

Of trust? Y'ee make me mad, twere best (it seemes)

wln 1689

That I should turne Imposter to *my selfe*,

wln 1690

Be mine owne counterfeite, belie the truth

wln 1691

Of my deare mothers wombe, the sacred bed

wln 1692

Of a *Prince* murdered, and a *living* baffeld!

wln 1693

Frion. Nay, if you haue no eares to heare, I haue

wln 1694

No breath to spend in vaine. *Warb.* Sir, sir, take heede

wln 1695

Golde, and the promise of promotion, rarely

wln 1696

Fayle in temptation. *Frion.* Why to me this?

wln 1697

Warb. Nothing

wln 1698

Speake what you will; wee are not suncke so low

wln 1699

But your advise, may peece againe the heart

wln 1700

Which many cares haue broken: you were wont

wln 1701

In all extremities to talke of comfort:

wln 1702

Haue yee' none left now? Ile not interrupt yee'.

wln 1703

Good, beare with my distractions! if King *James*

wln 1704

Denie vs dwelling here, next whither must I?

wln 1705

I preethee' be not angrie. *Frion.* Sir, I tolde yee'

wln 1706

Of Letters come from *Ireland*, how the *Cornish*

wln 1707

Stomacke their last defeate, and humblie sue

wln 1708

That with such forces, as you could partake,

wln 1709

You would *in person* land in *Cornwall*, where

wln 1710

Thousands will entertaine *your title* gladly.

wln 1711

Warb: Let me embrace thee, hugge thee! th'ast reuiud

wln 1712

My comforts, if my cosen King will fayle,

wln 1713

Our cause will never, welcome my tride friends.

wln 1714

Enter Major, Heron, Astley, Sketon.

wln 1715

You keepe your braines awake in our defence:

wln 1716

Frion, advise with them of these affaires,

wln 1717
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wln 1753

In which be wondrous secret; I will listen
What else concernes vs here, be quicke and warie. *Ex: Warbeck.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

More

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756

wln 1757

wln 1758
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wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787
wln 1788

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

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

Hialas. *France, Spaine and Germanie* combine a League
Of amitie with *England* nothing wants
For setling peace through Christendome, but loue
Betweene the *British* Monarchs, *Iames*, and *Henrie*.

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

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

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

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

Durh: But your suffrage
To such a sillie creature (mightie Sir?)
As is but in effect an apparition,
A shaddow, a meere trifle? *Hial.* To this vnion
The good of both the *Church* and *Common-wealth*
Invite ee' — *Dur:* To this vnitie, a mysterie
Of providence poynts out a greater blessing
For both these Nations, then our humane reason
Can search into; King *Henrie* hath a Daughter
The Princess *Margaret*; I neede not vrge,
What honor, what felicitie can followe
On such affinitie twixt two Christian Kings,
Inleagu'd by tyes of bloud; but sure I am,
If you Sir ratifie the peace propos'd,
I dare both motion, and effect this marriage.
For weale of both the Kingdomes.

K: Ia. Darst thou Lord Bishop?

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

H

Shall

wln 1789 Shall suite my mediation. *K. Ia.* Well; what Heaven
wln 1790 Hath poynted out to be, must be; you two
wln 1791 Are Ministers (I hope) of blessed fate.
wln 1792 But herein onely I will stand acquitted,
wln 1793 No bloud of Innocents shall buy my peace.
wln 1794 For *Warbecke* as you *nicke* him, came to me
wln 1795 Commended by the States of Christendome.
wln 1796 *A Prince*, though in distresse; his fayre demeanor,
wln 1797 Louely behaviour, vnappalled spirit,
wln 1798 Spoke him *not base in bloud*, how euer *clouded*.
wln 1799 The brute beasts haue both rockes and caues to flie to,
wln 1800 And men the Altars of the Church; to vs
wln 1801 He came for refuge, “Kings come neere in nature
wln 1802 “Vnto the Gods in being toucht with pittie.
wln 1803 Yet (noble friends) his mixture with our bloud,
wln 1804 Even with our owne, shall no way interrupt
wln 1805 A general peace; onely I will dismisse him
wln 1806 From my protection, throughout my Dominions
wln 1807 In safetie, but not ever, to returne.
wln 1808 *Hialas.* You are a just King.
wln 1809 *Durh.* Wise, and herein happie.
wln 1810 *K. Ia.* Nor will wee dallie in affayres of weight:
wln 1811 *Huntley* (Lord Bishop) shall with you to *England*
wln 1812 Ambassador from vs; wee will throw downe
wln 1813 Our weapons; peace on all sides now, repayre
wln 1814 Vnto our Counsayle, wee will soone be with you.
wln 1815 *Hial.* Delay shall question no dispatch,
wln 1816 Heaven crowne it. *Exeunt Durham and Hialas.*
wln 1817 *K: Ia:* A league with *Ferdinand*? a marriage
wln 1818 With *English Margaret*? a free release
wln 1819 From restitution for the late affronts?
wln 1820 Cessation from hostilitie! and all
wln 1821 For *Warbeck* not delivered, but dismist?
wln 1822 Wee could not wish it better, *Daliell* —
wln 1823 *Dal:* Here Sir. *Enter Daliell.*
wln 1824 *K: Ia:* Are *Huntley* and his Daughter sent for?
wln 1825 *Dal:* Sent for, and come (my Lord.)

K: Ia:

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 1826
wln 1827
wln 1828

K. Ia: Say to the *English Prince*,
Wee want his companie.
Dal: He is at hand Sir.

wln 1829
wln 1830

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

wln 1831
wln 1832
wln 1833
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wln 1859
wln 1860
wln 1861

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

Warb. It shall not
(Most glorious Prince.) the fame of my Designes,
Soares higher, then report of ease and sloath
Can ayme at; I acknowledge all your favours
Boundlesse, and singular, am onely wretched
In words as well as meanes, to thanke the grace
That flow'd so liberallie. *Two Empires* firmly
You're Lord of, *Scotland*, and *Duke Richards* heart.
My claime to *mine inheritance* shall sooner

wln 1862 Fayle, then my life to serue you, best of Kings.
wln 1863 And witsesse EDVVARDS *bloud in me*, I am
wln 1864 More loath to part, with such a great example
wln 1865 Of vertue, then all other meere respects.
wln 1866 But Sir my last suite is, you will not force
wln 1867 From me what you haue given, this *chast Ladie*,
wln 1868 Resolv'd on all extremes. *Kath:* I am your wife,
wln 1869 No humane power, can or shall divorce
wln 1870 My faith from dutie. *Warb:* Such another treasure
wln 1871 The earth is Banckrout of. *K: Ia:* I gaue her (Cosen)
wln 1872 And must avowe the guift: will adde withall
wln 1873 A furniture becomming her high birth
wln 1874 And vnsuspected constancie; provide
wln 1875 For your attendance — wee will part good friends.

Exit King and Daliell.

wln 1876
wln 1877 *Warb:* The *Tudor* hath beene cunning in his plotts:
wln 1878 His *Fox of Durham* would not fayle at last.
wln 1879 But what? our cause and courage are our owne:
wln 1880 Be men (my friends) and let our Cosen King,
wln 1881 See how wee followe fate as willingly
wln 1882 As malice followes vs. Y'are all resolv'd
wln 1883 For the West parts of *England?*

Omnes. *Cornwall, Cornwall.*

wln 1884
wln 1885 *Frion.* The Inhabitants expect you daily.
wln 1886 *Warb:* Chearefully
wln 1887 Draw all our shippes out of the harbour (friends)
wln 1888 Our time of stay doth seeme too long, wee must
wln 1889 Prevent Intelligence; about it suddenly.

Omnes. A Prince, a Prince, a Prince. *Exeunt Counsellors.*

wln 1890
wln 1891 *Warb:* Dearest; admit not into thy pure thoughts
wln 1892 The least of scruples, which may charge their softnesse
wln 1893 With burden of distrust. Should I proue wanting
wln 1894 To noblest courage now, here were the tryall:
wln 1895 But I am perfect (sweete) I feare no change,
wln 1896 More then thy being partner in my sufferance.
wln 1897 *Kath:* My fortunes (Sir) haue armd me to encounter
wln 1898 What chance so ere they meete with — *Iane* 'tis fit

Thou

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 1899

Thou stay behinde, for whither wilt thou wander?

wln 1900

Iane. Never till death, will I forsake my Mistresse,

wln 1901

Nor then, in wishing to dye with ee' gladly.

wln 1902

Kath: Alas good soule.

wln 1903

Frion. Sir, to your *Aunt of Burgundie*

wln 1904

I will relate your present vndertakings;

wln 1905

From her expect on all occasions, welcome.

wln 1906

You cannot finde me idle in your services.

wln 1907

Warb. Goe, *Frion*, goe! wisemen knowe how to soothe

wln 1908

Adversitie, not serue it: thou hast wayted

wln 1909

Too long on expectation; "never yet

wln 1910

"Was any Nation read of, so besotted

wln 1911

"In reason, as to adore the setting Sunne.

wln 1912

Flie to the *Arch-Dukes* Court; say to the *Dutchesse*,

wln 1913

Her *Nephewe*, with fayre *Katherine*, his wife,

wln 1914

Are on their expectation to beginne

wln 1915

The raising of an Empire. If they fayle,

wln 1916

Yet the report will never: farewell *Frion*.

Exit Frion.

wln 1917

This man *Kate* ha's beene true, though now of late,

wln 1918

I feare too much familiar with the *Foxe*.

wln 1919

Enter Huntley and Daliell.

wln 1920

Hunt: I come to take my leaue, you neede not doubt

wln 1921

My interest in this sometime-childe of mine.

wln 1922

Shees all yours now (good Sir) oh poore lost creature!

wln 1923

Heaven guard thee with much patience, if thou canst

wln 1924

Forget thy title to olde *Huntleyes* familie;

wln 1925

As much of peace will settle in thy minde

wln 1926

As thou canst wish to taste, (but in thy graue,)

wln 1927

Accept my teares yet, (preehee) they are tokens

wln 1928

Of charitie, as true as of affection.

wln 1929

Kath: This is the cruelst farewell!

wln 1930

Hunt: Loue (young Gentleman)

wln 1931

This modell of my griefes; shee calls you husband;

wln 1932

Then be not jealous of a parting kisse,

wln 1933

It is a Fathers not a Lovers offering;

wln 1934

Take it, may last, — I am too much a childe.

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wln 1935 Exchange of passion is to little vse,
wln 1936 So I should grow to foolish, — goodnes guide thee. *Exit Hunt.*
wln 1937 *Kath:* Most miserable Daughter! — haue you ought
wln 1938 To adde (Sir) to our sorrowes? *Daliell.* I resolue
wln 1939 (Fayre *Ladie*) with your leaue, to waite on all
wln 1940 Your fortunes in my person, if your Lord
wln 1941 Vouchsafe me entertainment.
wln 1942 *Warb:* Wee will be bosome friends, (most noble *Daliell*)
wln 1943 For I accept this tender of your loue
wln 1944 Beyond abilitie of thankes to speake it.
wln 1945 Cleere thy drownd eyes (my fayrest) time and industrie
wln 1946 Will shew vs better dayes, or end the worst. *Exeunt omnes.*

wln 1947 *Enter Oxford and Dawbney.*

wln 1948 *Oxf:* No newes from *Scotland* yet (my Lord!) *Daw:* Not any
wln 1949 But what King *Henrie* knowes himselfe; I thought
wln 1950 Our Armies should haue marcht that way, his minde
wln 1951 It seemes, is altered. *Oxf.* Victorie attends
wln 1952 His Standard every where. *Dawb:* Wise Princes (*Oxford*)
wln 1953 Fight not alone with forces. Providence
wln 1954 Directs and tutors strength; else Elephants,
wln 1955 And barbed Horses might as well preuaile,
wln 1956 As the most subtile stratagemes of warre.
wln 1957 *Oxf:* The *Scottish King* shew'd more then common braverie,
wln 1958 In proffer of a Combatt hand to hand
wln 1959 With *Surrey!* *Dawb:* And but shew'd it; Northern blouds
wln 1960 Are gallant being fir'd, but the cold climate
wln 1961 Without good store of fuell, quickly freeseth
wln 1962 The glowing flames. *Oxf:* *Surrey* vpon my life
wln 1963 Would not haue shrunke an hayres breadth.
wln 1964 *Dawb:* May a' forfeite
wln 1965 The honor of an *English name, and nature,*
wln 1966 Who would not haue embrac't it with a greedinesse,
wln 1967 As violent as hunger runnes to foode.
wln 1968 'Twas an addition, any worthie Spirit
wln 1969 Would covet next to immortalitie,
wln 1970 About all joyes of life: wee all mist shares
wln 1971 In that great opportunitie.

Enter

of PERKIN WARBECK.

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wln 2007
wln 2008

Enter King Henrie, and Vrswicke whispering.
Oxf: The King: see a' comes smiling!
Dawb: O the game runnes smooth
On his side then beleeeue it, Cards well shuffeld
And dealt with cunning, bring some gamester thrift,
But others must rise losers. *K: H:* The trayne takes?
Vrsw: Most prosperously. *K. H.* I knew it should not misse.
He fondly angles who will hurle his bayte
Into the water, 'cause the Fish at first
Playes round about the line, and dares not bite.
Lords, wee may reigne your King yet, *Dawbney, Oxford,*
Vrwicke, must *Perkin* weare the Crowne?
Dawb: A Slaue. *Oxf:* A Vagabond.
Vrsw: A Glow-worme. *K: H:* Now if *Frion,*
His practisd politician weare a brayne
Of prooffe, King *Perkin* will in progresse ride
Through all his large Dominions; let vs meete him,
And tender homage; Ha Sirs? Liegmen ought
To pay their fealtie. *Dawb:* Would the Rascall were
With all his rabble, within twentie miles
Of *London.* *K: H:* Farther off is neere enough
To lodge him in his home; he wager odds
Surrey and all his men are either idle,
Or hasting backe, they haue not worke (I doubt)
To keepe them busie. *Dawb:* 'Tis a strange conceite Sir.
K: H: Such voluntarie favours as our people
In dutie ayde vs with, wee never scatter'd
On *Cobweb Parasites,* or lavish't out
In ryot, or a needlesse hospitalitie:
No *vndeserving favourite* doth boast
His issues from our treasury; our charge
Flowes through all *Europe,* proving vs but steward
Of every contribution, which provides
Against the creeping Cankar of Disturbance.
Is it not rare then, in this toyle of State
Wherein wee are imbarckt, with breach of sleepe,
Cares, and the noyse of trouble, that our mercy

Returns

wln 2009 Returns nor thanks, nor comfort? Still the *West*
wln 2010 Murmure and threaten innovation,
wln 2011 Whisper our government tyrannicall,
wln 2012 Denie vs what is ours, nay, spurne their liues
wln 2013 Of which they are but owners by our gift.
wln 2014 It must not be. *Oxf:* It must not, should not.
wln 2015 *K: H:* So then. To whom? *Enter a Post.*
wln 2016 *Post.* This packett to your sacred Majestie.
wln 2017 *K: H:* Sirra attend without.
wln 2018 *Oxf:* Newes from the *North*, vpon my life. *Daw.* Wise *Henry*
wln 2019 Devines aforehand of events: with him
wln 2020 Attempts and execution are one act.
wln 2021 *K: H:* *Vrswicke* thine eare; *Frion* is caught, the man
wln 2022 Of cunning is out-reacht: wee must be safe:
wln 2023 Should reverend *Morton* our Arch-bishop moue
wln 2024 To a translation higher yet, I tell thee,
wln 2025 *My Durham* ownes a brayne deserues that See.
wln 2026 Hees nimble in his industrie, and mounting:
wln 2027 Thou hear'st me? *Vrsw:* And conceiue your Highnesse fitly:
wln 2028 *K. H.* *Dawbney*, and *Oxford*; since our Armie stands
wln 2029 Entire, it were a weakenesse to admit
wln 2030 The rust of lazinesse to eate amongst them:
wln 2031 Set forward toward *Salisburie*; the playnes
wln 2032 Are most commodious for their exercise.
wln 2033 Our selfe will take a Muster of them there:
wln 2034 And or disband them with reward, or else
wln 2035 Dispose as best concernes vs. *Dawb:* *Salisburie*?
wln 2036 Sir, all is peace at *Salisburie*. *K: H:* Deare friend —
wln 2037 The charge must be our owne; we would a little
wln 2038 Pertake the pleasure with our Subjects ease.
wln 2039 Shall I entreat your Loues? *Oxf:* command our Liues.
wln 2040 *K: H:* Y'are men know how to doe, not to forethinke:
wln 2041 *My Bishop* is a jewell try'd, and perfect;
wln 2042 A jewell (Lords) the Post who brought these Letters,
wln 2043 Must speed another to the *Mayor of Exceter*
wln 2044 *Vrswicke* dismisse him not. *Vrs:* He waites your pleasure.
wln 2045 *K: H:* *Perkin* a King? a King? *Vrs:* My gracious Lord.
K: H: Thoughts

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 2046
wln 2047
wln 2048
wln 2049
wln 2050
wln 2051

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

wln 2052

Enter Warbeck, Daliell, Katherine, and Iane.

wln 2053
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wln 2080
wln 2081

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

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

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

(Another shout.

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wln 2082
wln 2083
wln 2084
wln 2085
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wln 2116
wln 2117
wln 2118

Triumphant in our cause? **bolde c[◇]**
Marches on brauely, cannot quake at [◇].

Enter Sketon.

Sket. Saue King Richard the fourth, saue thee King of hearts?
the *Cornish* blades are men of mettall, **ha[*]le** proclaimed through
Bodnam and the whole Countie, my sweete Prince, *Monarch of*
England, foure thousand tall yeomen, with bow and sword alrea-
die vow to liue and dye at the foote of KING RICHARD.

Enter Astley.

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

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

She: & Astl: King Richard, King Richard.

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

Exeunt omnes.

Actus

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 2119

Actus Quintus: Scœna prima.

wln 2120

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

wln 2121

Kath: IT is decreede; and wee must yeeld to fate,

wln 2122

Whose angry Iustice though it threaten ruine,

wln 2123

Contempt, and povertie, is all but tryall

wln 2124

Of a weake womans constancie in suffering.

wln 2125

Here in a strangers, and an enemies Land

wln 2126

Forsaken, and vnfurnisht of all hopes,

wln 2127

(But such as waite on miserie,) I range

wln 2128

To meete affliction where so ere I treade.

wln 2129

My trayne, and pompe of servants, is reduc't

wln 2130

To one kinde Gentlewoman, and this groome.

wln 2131

Sweet *Iane*, now whither must wee? *Iane.* To your Shippes

wln 2132

Deare Lady: and turne home. *Kath:* Home! I haue none.

wln 2133

Flie thou to *Scotland*, thou hast friends will weepe

wln 2134

For joy to bid thee welcome; but ô *Iane*

wln 2135

My *Iane*, my friends are desperate of comfort

wln 2136

As I must be of them; the common charitie,

wln 2137

Good peoples almes, and prayers of the gentle

wln 2138

Is the revenue must support my state.

wln 2139

As for my natiue Countrey, since it once

wln 2140

Saw me a Princesse in the height of greatnesse

wln 2141

My birth allow'd me; here I make a vow,

wln 2142

Scotland shall never see me, being fallen

wln 2143

Or lessened in my fortunes. Never *Iane*;

wln 2144

Never to *Scotland* more will I returne.

wln 2145

Could I be *Englands Queene* (a glory *Iane*

wln 2146

I never fawn'd on) yet the King who gaue me,

wln 2147

Hath sent me with *my husband* from his presence:

wln 2148

Deliver'd vs suspected to his Nation:

wln 2149

Renderd vs spectacles to time, and pittie.

wln 2150

And is it fit I should returne to such

wln 2151

As onely listen after our descent

wln 2152

From happinesse enjoyd, to misery

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wln 2153
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wln 2155
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wln 2189

Expected, though vncertaine? Never, never;
Alas, why do'st thou weepe? and that poore creature,
Wipe his wett cheekes too? let me feele alone
Extremities, who know to giue them harbour:
Nor thou, nor he, ha's cause. You may liue safely.
Iane. There is no safetie whiles your dangers (Madam)
Are every way apparent. *Servant.* Pardon Ladie;
I cannot choose but shew my honest heart;
You were ever my good Ladie. *Kath:* O deare soules!
Your shares in grieffe are too too much.

Enter Daliell.

Daliell. I bring
(Fayre Princesse) newes of further sadnesse yet,
Then your sweet youth, hath beene acquainted with.
Kath: Not more (my Lord) then I can welcome; speake it;
The worst, the worst, I looke for. *Dal.* All the *Cornish*,
At *Exceter*, were by the Citizens
Repulst, encountred by the *Earle of Devonshire*
And other worthy Gentlemen of the Countrey.
Your husband marcht to *Taunton*, and was there
Affronted by King *Henries* Chamberlayne.
The King himselfe in person, with his Armie
Advancing neerer, to renew the fight
On all occasions. But the night before
The battayles were to joyne, *your husband* privately
Accompanied with some few horse, departed
From out the campe, and posted none knowes whither.
Kath: Fled without battayle given? *Dal:* Fled, but follow'd
By *Dawbney*, all his parties left to taste
King *Henries* mercie, for to that they yeilded;
Victorious without bloudshed. *Kath:* O my sorrowes!
If *both* our liues had prou'd the sacrifice
To *Henries* tyrannie, wee had fallen like Princes,
And rob'd him, of the glory of his pride.
Dal: Impute it not to faintnesse, or to weakenesse
Of noble courage Ladie, but foresight:
For by some secret friend he had intelligence

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
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wln 2225
wln 2226

Of being bought and solde, by his base followers.
Worse yet remaines vntold. *Kath:* No, no, it cannot.
Daliell. I feare y'are betray'd. The *Earle of Oxford*
Runnes hot in your pursuite. *Kath:* A' shall not neede,
Weele runne as hot in resolution, gladly
To make the Earle our Iaylor.
Iane. Madam, Madam, they come, they come!
Enter Oxford, with followers.
Daliell. Keepe backe, or he who dares
Rudely to violate the Law of honor,
Runnes on my sword. *Kath:* Most noble Sir, forbear!
What reason drawes you hither (Gentlemen!)
Whom seeke 'ee? *Oxf:* All stand off; with favour Ladie
From *Henry, Englands King*, I would present,
Vnto the beauteous *Princesse, Katherine Gourdon*,
The tender of a gracious entertainment.
Kath: Wee are that *Princesse*, whom your maister King
Pursues with reaching armes, to draw into
His power: let him vse his tyrannie,
Wee shall not bee his Subjects.
Oxf: My Commission, extends no further (excellentest Ladie)
Then to a service; 'tis King *Henries* pleasure,
That you, and all, that haue relation t'ee,
Be guarded as becomes your birth, and greatnesse.
For rest assur'd (*sweet Princesse*) that not ought
Of what you doe call yours, shall finde disturbance,
Or any welcome other, then what suits
Your high condition. *Kath:* By what title (Sir)
May I acknowledge you? *Oxf:* Your servant (Ladie)
Descended from the Line of *Oxfords Earles*,
Inherits what his auncestors before him
Were owners of. *Kath:* Your King is herein royall,
That by a Peere so auncient in desert
As well as bloud, commands Vs to his presence.
Oxf: Invites 'ee, *Princesse* not commands. *Kath:* Pray vse
Your owne phrase as you list; to your protection
Both I, and mine submit. *Oxf:* There's in your number

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wln 2227 A Nobleman, whom fame hath brauely spoken.
wln 2228 To him the King my Maister bad mee say
wln 2229 How willingly he courts his friendship. Far
wln 2230 From an enforcement, more then what in tearmes
wln 2231 Of courtesie, so great a Prince may hope for.
wln 2232 *Daliell.* My name is *Daliell.* *Oxf:* 'Tis a name, hath wonne
wln 2233 Both thanks, and wonder, from report; (my Lord)
wln 2234 The Court of *England* emulates your meritt,
wln 2235 And covetts to embrace 'ee. *Daliell.* I must waite on
wln 2236 The *Princesse* in her fortunes. *Oxf:* Will you please,
wln 2237 (Great Ladie) to set forward? *Kath:* Being driven
wln 2238 By fate, it were in vaine to striue with Heaven. *Exeunt omnes.*

wln 2239 *Enter* King Henry, Surrey, *Vrswicke,* and a guard of *Souldiers.*

wln 2240 *K: H:* The Counterfeit King *Perkin* is escap'd,
wln 2241 Escape, so let him; he is heg'd too fast
wln 2242 Within the Circuite of our English pale,
wln 2243 To steale out of our Ports, or leape the walls
wln 2244 Which garde our Land; the Seas are rough, and wider
wln 2245 Then his weake armes can tugge with; *Surrey* henceforth
wln 2246 Your King may raigne in quiet: turmoyles past
wln 2247 Like some vnquiet dreame, haue rather busied
wln 2248 Our fansie, then affrighted rest of State.
wln 2249 But *Surrey,* why in articling a peace
wln 2250 With *Iames of Scotland,* was not restitution
wln 2251 Of Losses, which our Subjects did sustaine
wln 2252 By the *Scotch* inrodes, questioned? *Sur:* Both demanded
wln 2253 And vrg'd (my Lord,) to which the *King* reply'd
wln 2254 In modest merriment, but smiling earnest,
wln 2255 How that our Master *Henrie* was much abler
wln 2256 To beare the detriments, then he repay them.

wln 2257 *K: H:* The young man I beleeeue spake honest truth,
wln 2258 'A studies to be wise betimes. Ha's *Vrswicke,*
wln 2259 Sir *Rice ap Thomas,* and Lord *Brooke* our Steward,
wln 2260 Return'd the westerne Gentlemen full thanks,
wln 2261 From *Vs,* for their try'd Loyalties? *Sur:* They haue:
wln 2262 Which as if health and life had raign'd amongst eem',

With

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269

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

wln 2270
wln 2271

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

wln 2272
wln 2273
wln 2274
wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277
wln 2278
wln 2279
wln 2280
wln 2281
wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298

Dawb: Life to the King, and safetie fixe his throne:
I here present you (royall Sir) a shadowe
Of *Majestie*, but in effect a substance
Of pittie; a young man, in nothing growne
To ripenesse, but th'ambition of your mercie:
Perkin the Christian worlds strange wonder.
K: H: *Dawbney*, Wee obserue no wonder; I behold (tis true)
An ornament of nature, fine, and pollisht,
A handsome youth indeede, but not admire him.
How came he to thy hands? *Dawb:* From Sanctuarie
At *Beweley*, neere *Southhampton*, registred
With these few followers, for persons priviledg'd.
K: H: I must not thanke you Sir! you were too blame
To infringe the Libertie of houses sacred:
Dare wee be irreligious? *Dawb:* Gracious Lord,
They voluntarily resign'd themselues,
Without compulsion. *K: H:* So? 'twas very well,
T'was very very well — turne now thine eyes
(Young man) vpon thy selfe, and thy past actions!
What revells in combustion through our Kingdome,
A frenzie of aspiring youth hath daunc'd,
Till wanting breath, thy feete of pride haue slipt
To breake thy necke. *Warb:* But not my heart; my heart
Will mount, till every drop of bloud be frozen
By deaths perpetuall Winter: If the *Sunne*
Of Maiestie be darkned, let the *Sunne*
Of Life be hid from mee, in an eclipse

Lasting

wln 2299 Lasting, and vniversall. Sir, remember
wln 2300 There was a shooting in of light, when *Richmond*
wln 2301 (Not ayming at a crowne) retyr'd, and gladly,
wln 2302 For comfort, to the *Duke of Britaines* Court.
wln 2303 *Richard* who swayed the Scepter, was reputed
wln 2304 A tyrant then; yet then, a dawning glimmer'd
wln 2305 To some few wandring remnants, promising day
wln 2306 When first they ventur'd, on a frightfull shore,
wln 2307 At *Milford* Haven. *Dawb:* Whither speeds his boldnesse?
wln 2308 Checke his rude tongue (great Sir!) *K: H:* O let him range:
wln 2309 The player's on the stage still, 'tis his part;
wln 2310 A' does but act: what followed? *Warb: Bosworth feild:*
wln 2311 Where at an instant, to the worlds amazement,
wln 2312 A morne to *Richmond*, and a night to *Richard*
wln 2313 Appear'd at once: the tale is soone applyde:
wln 2314 Fate which crown'd these attempts when lest assur'd,
wln 2315 Might haue befriended *others*, like resolv'd.
wln 2316 *K: H:* A prettie gallant! thus, *your Aunt of Burgundie*,
wln 2317 Your *Dutchesse Aunt* enform'd her Nephew; so
wln 2318 The lesson prompted, and well conn'd, was moulded
wln 2319 Into familiar Dialogue, oft rehearsed,
wln 2320 Till learnt by heart, 'tis now, receiv'd for truth.
wln 2321 *Warb: Truth* in her pure simplicitie wants art
wln 2322 To put a fayned blush on: *scorne* weares onely
wln 2323 Such fashion, as commends to gazers eyes
wln 2324 Sad vlcerrated *Noveltie*; farre beneath
wln 2325 The spheare of *Maiestie*: in such a *Court*,
wln 2326 *Wisedome*, and *gravitie*, are proper robes,
wln 2327 By which the Sovereigne is best distinguisht',
wln 2328 From *Zanyes* to his Greatnesse. *K: H:* Sirra, shift
wln 2329 Your anticke Pageantrie, and now appeare
wln 2330 In your owne nature, or y'oule taste the daunger
wln 2331 Of fooling out of season. *Warb:* I expect
wln 2332 No lesse, then what *severitie* calls *Iustice*,
wln 2333 And *Polititians*, *safetie*; let such begge,
wln 2334 As feed on almes: but if there can be mercie
wln 2335 In a protestedemie, then may it

Descend

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 2336
wln 2337
wln 2338
wln 2339
wln 2340
wln 2341
wln 2342
wln 2343
wln 2344
wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
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wln 2355
wln 2356
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wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370
wln 2371
wln 2372

Descend to these poore creatures, whose engagements
To th'bettering of their fortunes, haue incur'd

A losse of all; to them, if any charitie

Flowe from some noble Orator, in death

I owe the fee of thankfulnesse. *K: H:* So braue!

What a bold knaue is this? which of these Rebels

Ha's beene the *Mayor of Corke*? *Dawb:* This wise formalitie:

Kneele to the King 'ee Rascalls!

K: H: Canst thou hope,

A *Pardon*, where thy guilt is so apparant?

Mayor. Vnder your good favours, as men, are men, they may erre: for I confesse, respectiuey, in taking great parts, the one side preuailing, the other side must goe downe: herein the poynt is cleere, if the proverbe hold, that *hanging goes by destinie*, that it is to little purpose to say, this thing, or that, shall be thus, or thus; for as the fates will haue it, so it must be, and who can helpe it.

Dawb: O block-head! thou a priuie Counsellor?

Begg life, and cry aloude, Heaven saue *King Henrie*.

Mayor. Every man knowes what is best, as it happens: for my owne part, I beleeuue it is true, if I be not deceived, that Kings must be Kings, and Subjects, Subjects. But *which* is *which*; you shall pardon me for that; whether we speake or hold our peace, all are mortall, no man knowes his end.

K: H: Wee trifle time with follyes.

Omnes. Mercie, mercie.

K: H: *Vrswicke*, command the Dukeling, and these fellowes, To *Digby*, the Lieftenant of the Tower:
With safetie let them be convay'd to *London*.

It is our pleasure, no vncivill outrage,

Taunts, or abuse be suffred to their persons;

They shall meete fayrer Law then they deserue.

Time may restore their wits, whom vaine ambition

Hath many yeares distracted. *Warb:* Noble thoughts

Meete freedome in captivitie; the Tower?

Our Childhoods dreadfull nursery. *K: H.* No more.

Vrs: Come, come, you shall haue leisure to bethinke 'ee.

Exit Vrsw: with Perkin and his.

The Chronicle Historie

wln 2373
wln 2374
wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380

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

wln 2381
wln 2382

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

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
wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402
wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407
wln 2408

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

K: H: By

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 2409 *K: H:* By all descriptions, you are noble *Daliell*,
wln 2410 Whose generous truth hath fam'd a rare observance!
wln 2411 Wee thanke 'ee, 'tis a goodnesse giues addition
wln 2412 To every title, boasted from your Auncestrie,
wln 2413 In all most worthy. *Daliell.* Worthier then your prayes,
wln 2414 Right princely Sir, I neede not glorie in.
wln 2415 *K: H:* Embrace him (Lords,) who ever calls you Mistresse
wln 2416 Is lifted in our charge, — a goodlier beautie
wln 2417 Mine eyes yet neere incountred. *Kath:* Cruell misery
wln 2418 Of fate, what rests to hope for? *K: H:* Forward Lords
wln 2419 To *London:* (fayre) ere long, I shall present 'ee
wln 2420 With a glad object, peace, and *Hunleys* blessing. }*Exeunt omnes.*

wln 2421 *Enter Constable, and Officers, Warbeck, Vrswick, and Lam-*
wln 2422 *bert Simnell, like a Falconer.*

wln 2423 *A payre of Stocks.*

wln 2424 *Const* Make roome there, keepe off I require 'ee, and none come
wln 2425 within twelue foote of his Majesties new Stockes, vpon paine of
wln 2426 displeasure. Bring forward the Malefactors. Friend, you must to
wln 2427 this geere, — no remedie, — open the hole, and in with his legges,
wln 2428 just in the middle hole, there, that hole; keepe off, or Ile commit
wln 2429 you all. Shall not a man in authoritie be obeyed? So, so, there,
wln 2430 'tis as it should be: put on the padlocke, and giue me the key;
wln 2431 off I say, keepe off.

wln 2432 *Vrsw:* Yet *Warbecke* cleere thy Conscience, thou hast tasted
wln 2433 King *Henries* mercie liberallie; the Law
wln 2434 Ha's forfeited thy life, an equall Iurie
wln 2435 Haue doom'd thee to the Gallowes; wise, most wickedly,
wln 2436 Most desperately hast thou escapt the Tower:
wln 2437 Inveighling to thy partie with thy witch-craft,
wln 2438 Young *Edward, Earle of Warwicke*, sonne to *Clarence*;
wln 2439 Whose head must pay the price of that attempt;
wln 2440 Poore Gentleman — vnhappy in his fate —
wln 2441 And ruin'd by thy cunning! so a Mungrell
wln 2442 May plucke the true Stage downe: yet, yet, confesse
wln 2443 Thy parentage; for yet the King ha's mercy.

The Chronicle Historie

wln 2444
wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447
wln 2448
wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
wln 2452
wln 2453
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wln 2478
wln 2479
wln 2480

Lamb: You would be *Dicke the fourth*, very likely
Your pedigree is publisht, you are knowne
For *Osbecks* sonne of *Turney*, a loose runnagate,
A Landloper: your Father was a *Iewe*,
Turn'd Christian meerely to repayre his miseries.
Wheres now your Kingship? *Warb:* Bayted to my death?
Intollerable crueltie! I laugh at
The *Duke of Richmonds* practise on my fortunes.
Possession of a Crowne, ne're wanted Heralds.
Lamb: You will not know who I am!
Vrs: *Lambert Simnell;*
Your predecessor in a daungerous vproare;
But on submission, not alone receiu'd
To grace, but by the King, vouchsaft his service.
Lamb: I would be **Eare** of *Warwicke*, toyld and ruffled
Against my Maister, leapt to catch the Moone,
Vaunted my name, *Plantaginet*, as you doe:
An Earle forsooth! When as in truth I was,
As you are, a meere Rascall: yet, his Majestie,
(A Prince compos'd of sweetnes! Heaven protect him)
Forgaue mee all my villanies, repriv'd
The sentence of a shamefull end, admitted
My suretie of obedience to his service;
And I am now his Falkoner, liue plenteously;
Eate from the Kings purse, and enjoy the sweetnesse
Of libertie, and favour, sleepe securely:
And is not this now better, then to buffett
The Hangmans clutches? or to brave the Cordage
Of a tough halter, which will breake your necke?
So then the Gallant totters; preethee (*Perkin*)
Let my example leade thee, be no longer
A *Counterfeite*, confesse, and hope for pardon!
Warb: For pardon? hold my heartstrings, whiles contempt
Of injuries, in scorne, may bid defiance
To this base mans fowle language: thou poore vermin!
How darst thou creepe so neere mee? thou an Earle?
Why thou enjoyst as much of happinesse,

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 2481 As all the swinge of sleight ambition flew at.
wln 2482 A dunghill was thy Cradle. So a puddle
wln 2483 By vertue of the Sun-beames, breathes a vapour
wln 2484 To infect the purer ayre, which drops againe
wln 2485 Into the muddie wombe that first exhal'd it.
wln 2486 Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance
wln 2487 From the base Beadles whipp, crownd all thy hopes.
wln 2488 But (Sirra) ran there in thy veynes, one dropp
wln 2489 Of such a royall bloud, as flowes in mine;
wln 2490 Thou wouldst not change condition, to be *second*
wln 2491 In *Englands* State without the Crowne it selfe!
wln 2492 Course creatures are incapable of excellence.
wln 2493 But let the world, as all, to whom I am
wln 2494 This day a spectacle, to time, deliver,
wln 2495 And by tradition fixe posteritie,
wln 2496 Without another Chronicle then *truth*,
wln 2497 How constantly, my resolution suffer'd
wln 2498 *A martyrdome of Majestie!* *Lamb:* Hees past
wln 2499 Recovery, a *Bedlum* cannot cure him.
wln 2500 *Vrsw:* Away, enforme the King of his behaviour.
wln 2501 *Lamb:* *Perkin*, beware the rope, the Hangman's comming.
wln 2502 *Vrsw:* If yet thou hast no pittie of thy bodie,
wln 2503 Pittie thy soule! *Exit Simnell.*

wln 2504 *Enter* Katherine, Iane, Daliell, and Oxford.

wln 2505 *Iane.* Deare Ladie! *Oxf:* Whither will 'ee
wln 2506 Without respect of shame? *Kath:* Forbear me (Sir)
wln 2507 And trouble not the current of my dutie!
wln 2508 Oh my Lov'd Lord! Can any scorne be yours,
wln 2509 In which I haue no interest? some kinde hand
wln 2510 Lend me assistance, that I may partake
wln 2511 Th'infliction of this pennance; *my lifes deerest*
wln 2512 Forgiue me, I haue stayd too long, from tendring
wln 2513 Attendance on reproach, yet bid me welcome.
wln 2514 *Warb:* Great miracle of Constance! my miseries,
wln 2515 Were never bankrout of their confidence

wln 2516 In worst afflictions, till *this now*, I feele them.
wln 2517 Report, and thy Deserts, (*thou best of creatures*)
wln 2518 Might to eternitie, haue stood a patterne
wln 2519 For every vertuous wife, without this conquest.
wln 2520 Thou hast out-done beliefe, yet, may *their* ruine
wln 2521 In after marriages, be never pittied,
wln 2522 To whom thy Storie, shall appeare a fable.
wln 2523 Why wouldst thou proue so much vnkinde to greatnesse,
wln 2524 To glorifie thy vowes by such a seruitude?
wln 2525 I cannot weepe, but trust mee (*Deare*) my heart
wln 2526 Is liberall of passion; *Harrie Richmond!*
wln 2527 A womans faith, hath robd thy fame of triumph.
wln 2528 *Oxf:* Sirra, leaue off your jugling, and tye vp
wln 2529 The Devill, that raunges in your tongue. *Vrs:* Thus Witches,
wln 2530 Possest, even their deaths deluded, say,
wln 2531 They haue beene wolues, and dogs, and sayld in Eggshells
wln 2532 Over the Sea, and rid on fierie Dragons;
wln 2533 Past in the ayre more then a thousand miles,
wln 2534 All in a night; the enemie of mankinde
wln 2535 Is powerfull, but falfe; and falshood confident.
wln 2536 *Oxf:* Remember (*Ladie*) who you are; come from
wln 2537 That impudent Imposter! *Kath:* You abuse vs:
wln 2538 For when the holy *Church-man* joynd our hands,
wln 2539 Our Vowes were reall then; the Ceremonie
wln 2540 Was not in apparition, but in act.
wln 2541 Be what these people terme *Thee*, I am certaine
wln 2542 Thou art *my husband*, no Divorce in Heaven
wln 2543 Ha's beene sued out betweene vs; 'tis injustice
wln 2544 For any earthly power to devide vs.
wln 2545 Or wee will liue, or let vs dye together.
wln 2546 *There is a cruell mercie.*
wln 2547 *Warb:* Spight of tyrannie
wln 2548 Wee raigne in our affections, (*blessed Woman*)
wln 2549 Reade in my destinie, the wracke of honour;
wln 2550 Poynt out in my contempt of death, to memorie
wln 2551 Some miserable happinesse: since, herein,
wln 2552 Even when I fell, I stood, enthron'd a Monarch

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 2553 Of one chast wif's troth, pure, and vncorrupted.
wln 2554 *Fayre Angell of perfection; immortalitie*
wln 2555 Shall rayse thy name vp to an adoration;
wln 2556 Court every rich opinion of true merit;
wln 2557 And Saint it in the *Calender of vertue*,
wln 2558 When I am turn'd into the selfe same dust
wln 2559 Of which I was first form'd. *Oxf:* The Lord Embassador,
wln 2560 *Huntley*, your Father (Madam) should a' looke on
wln 2561 Your strange subjection, in a gaze so publicke,
wln 2562 Would blush on your behalfe, and wish his Countrey
wln 2563 Vnleft, for entertainment to such sorrow.
wln 2564 *Kath:* Why art thou angrie *Oxford*? I must be
wln 2565 More peremptorie in my dutie; — (Sir)
wln 2566 Impute it not vnto immodestie,
wln 2567 That I presume to presse you to a Legacie,
wln 2568 Before wee part for ever! *Warb:* Let it be then
wln 2569 My heart, the rich remaines, of all my fortunes.
wln 2570 *Kath:* Confirme it with a kisse pray! *Warb:* Oh, with that
wln 2571 I wish to breathe my last vpon thy lippes,
wln 2572 Those equall twinnes of comelinesse, I seale
wln 2573 The testament of honourable Vowes:
wln 2574 Who ever be that man, that shall vnkisse
wln 2575 This sacred print next, may he proue more thriftie
wln 2576 In this worlds just applause, not more desertfull.
wln 2577 *Kath:* By this sweet pledge of both our soules, I swears
wln 2578 To dye a faithfull widdow to thy bed:
wln 2579 Not to be **fore't**, or wonne. ô, never, never.

wln 2580 *Enter Surrey, Dawbney, Huntley, and Crawford.*

wln 2581 *Dawb:* Free the condemned person, quickly free him.
wln 2582 What ha's a yet confest? *Vrsw:* Nothing to purpose;
wln 2583 But still 'a will be King. *Surr:* Prepare your journey
wln 2584 To a new Kingdome then, (vnhappie Madam)
wln 2585 Wilfully foolish! See my *Lord Embassador*,
wln 2586 Your Ladie Daughter will not leaue the Counterfeite
wln 2587 In this disgrace of fate. *Hunt:* I never poynted

Thy

wln 2588
wln 2589
wln 2590
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wln 2613
wln 2614

Thy marriage (girle) but yet being married,
Enjoy thy dutie to a husband, freely:
The griefes are mine. I glorie in thy constancie;
And must not say, I wish, that I had mist
Some partage in these tryalls of a patience.
Kath: You will forgiue me noble Sir? *Hunt:* Yes, yes;
In every dutie of a wife, and daughter,
I dare not disavow thee, — to your husband
(For such you are Sir) I impart a farewell
Of manly pittie; what your life ha's past through,
The daungers of your end will make apparant?
And I can adde, for comfort to your sufferance,
No Cordiall, but the wonder of your frailtie,
Which keepe so firme a station. — Wee are parted.
Warb: Wee are a crowne of peace, renew thy age
Most honourable *Huntley:* worthie *Crawford?*
Wee may embrace, I never thought thee injurie.
Crawf: Nor was I ever guiltie of neglect
Which might procure such thought. I take my leaue (Sir.)
Warb: To you Lord *Daliell:* what? accept a sigh,
'Tis heartie, and in earnest. *Daliell.* I want vtterance:
My silence is my farewell. *Kath:* Oh — oh, —
Iane. Sweet Madam,
What doe you meane! — my Lord, your hand.
Dal: Deere Ladie,
Be pleasd that I may wayt 'ee to your lodging.
Exeunt Daliell, Katherine, Iane.

wln 2615
wln 2616

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

wln 2617
wln 2618
wln 2619
wln 2620
wln 2621
wln 2622

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

Innocent

of PERKIN WARBECK.

wln 2623 Innocent *Warwick's* head, (for we are Prologue
wln 2624 But to his tragedie) conclude the wonder
wln 2625 Of *Henries* feares; and then the glorious race
wln 2626 Of *fourteene Kings* PLANTAGINETTS, determines
wln 2627 In this *last issue male*, Heaven be obeyd.
wln 2628 Impoverish time of its amazement (friends)
wln 2629 And we will proue, as trustie in our payments,
wln 2630 As prodigall to *nature* in our debtes.
wln 2631 Death? pish, 'tis but a sound; a name of ayre;
wln 2632 A minutes storme; or not so much, to tumble
wln 2633 From bed to bed, be massacred aliue
wln 2634 By some *Physitians*, for a moneth, or two,
wln 2635 In hope of freedome from a Feavers torments,
wln 2636 Might stagger manhood; here, the paine is past
wln 2637 Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit!
wln 2638 Spurne coward passion! so illustrious mention,
wln 2639 Shall blaze *our names*, and stile vs KINGS O'RE DEATH.
wln 2640 *Daw:* Away—Impostor beyond president: } *Ex: all Officers*
wln 2641 No Chronicle records his fellow. } *and Prisoners.*
wln 2642 *Hunt:* I haue
wln 2643 Not thoughts left, 'tis sufficient in such cases
wln 2644 Iust Lawes ought to proceede.

wln 2645 *Enter King Henry, Durham, and Hialas.*

wln 2646 *K: H:* Wee are resolv'd:
wln 2647 Your businesse (noble Lords) shall finde successe,
wln 2648 Such as your King importunes. *Hunt:* You are gracious.
wln 2649 *K: H:* *Perkin*, wee are inform'd, is arm'd to dye:
wln 2650 In that weele honour him. Our Lords shall followe
wln 2651 To see the execution; and from hence
wln 2652 Wee gather this fit vse: that publicke States,
wln 2653 "As our particular bodyes, taste most good
wln 2654 "In health, when purged of corrupted bloud.
wln 2655 *Exeunt omnes.*

wln 2656 *FINIS.*

wln 2657

Epilogue.

wln 2658

wln 2659

wln 2660

wln 2661

wln 2662

wln 2663

wln 2664

wln 2665

wln 2666

wln 2667

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

wln 2668

FINIS.

img: 42-b
sig: [N/A]

Textual Notes

1. **14 (4-b)**: The regularized reading *eclipse* is amended from the original *ecclipfe*.
2. **27 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *TRUTH* is amended from the original *TTVTH*.
3. **856 (17-a)**: The regularized reading *Phaeton* is amended from the original *Phueton*.
4. **1102 (20-b)**: The regularized reading *Dertford* comes from the original *Dertford*, though possible variants include *Deptford*.
5. **1764 (29-b)**: The regularized reading *Combination* is supplied for the original *Combinati[*]n*.
6. **2082 (34-a)**: Both Huntington (base copy) and Folger shelfmark STC 11157 have faint printing on this page. Regularizations in this section are taken from the Folger copy.
7. **2082 (34-a)**: The regularized reading *confidence* is supplied for the original *c[◇]*.
8. **2083 (34-a)**: The regularized reading *danger* is supplied for the original *[◇]*.
9. **2086 (34-a)**: The regularized reading *have* is supplied for the original *ha[*]e*.
10. **2265 (36-b)**: The regularized reading *Lovely* is supplied for the original *L[*]uely*.
11. **2458 (39-a)**: The regularized reading *Earl* is amended from the original *Eare*.
12. **2579 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *forced* is amended from the original *fore't*.